

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 21

### Chapter 21: Eyes

A month later.

I finished the last book I was reading and kept it together with the others. I stared at the pile of books and smiled at myself. I did an amazing job on finishing the books and in such a short time. I had over 30 novels piled up against each other and I finished it in a month time.

But then again, I was completely jobless and useless in that house so it wasn't something special.

I yawned and my stomach grumbled after wards. It was time for lunch and I was so looking forward to it because Margaret had told me they were going to make a french dish all through out that day. When I was at Paris, the french dishes I tasted were heavenly and I didn't mind having more of it for a week. I stood up from the bed and walked out of my room. I went downstairs just in time because the food was being placed on the dinning when I arrived and I couldn't help but shrieked like a child.

The maids stared at me and grinned widely at my outburst.

"You look happy ma'am" Anna said and I smiled at her.

"shouldn't I be happy?" I asked and she shook her head violently.

"No, no...you should be always. I just want to partake in your joy" she said and I smiled widely.

"Well I am happy because....." I thought for a while to think of the reason I would be happy but I couldn't come up with anything

"I don't really know" I said and took my sit.

"Anna leave the master's wife alone, we have more job in the kitchen" Margaret said to her and she pouted and walked away.

I chuckled at her and my stomach grumbled again. I quickly turned to the food in front of me. I stood up and dished out my food.

"Ma'am, let me do that" One of the maids said quickly and walked towards me.

"Don't bother yourself, I am really famished" I said.

"The master won't like you doing that yourself ma'am" she protested and I rolled my eyes.

"He doesn't care about the things I do, more over he isn't home" I said ignoring her protest.

Of course I knew he wasn't home that was exactly why I came down for lunch.

I always had breakfast and dinner in my room because I knew that he was always at home during those time but once it was noon I was always downstairs.

"Ma'am he is....."

"You really love daring me don't you?" Jordan's voice was the next thing I had and I became frozen at that spot. The maid who was protesting looked at me apologetically before she turned away.

The sitting room became really quiet and I could suddenly perceive Jordan's perfume all over me.

Jordan was good at being silent, so many times he had walked up to me from behind, I never saw him or heard his footstep behind. When his perfume enveloped me, I knew he was right behind me and that made me nervous.

The last time I had been close to him was the day I went over to the library. Jordan had caught me glancing through a book I realized I shouldn't have touch and he almost skinned me alive for it.

I actually thought he would do that with how angry he was but he didn't. He had ordered me to get out after staring at me for so long and I did that without hesitation. And I never showed my face to him since then. Knowing he was close again to me sent chills down my spine.

"Leave" his voice reverberated in the room and all the maids scurried away like rats being chased by cats and I was left alone with Jordan.

He said nothing, he said absolutely nothing for so long. It felt like no one was even there with me but I knew he was right there because of his powerful cologne.

Suddenly he held my arm and pulled me so hard, I turned towards him and hit myself against his body. My heart suddenly started beating fast and nervousness took over my system. My eyes slowly looked up to his and I regretted it the minute I tried doing that.

His eyes were brown but dark, it was so beautiful yet so cold and hateful.

I looked away immediately and realized I was still placed against his body. I moved away gently but he pulled me back, to my surprise.

"What are you doing?" he said something for the first time since all the maid left and the chill came back again.

"I was going...to have lunch" I replied and tried moving away from him again but he gripped my arm tighter making me stand still immediately. .

Then it went quiet again.

"Can you just let me go" I blurted out and he tightened his grip on my arms. I whimpered and tried moving away from him.

"Jordan" I called out and he groaned.

"There are rules and orders in this house" he growled.

"There are things you should and shouldn't do" he added. I looked up at him with tear filled eyes and he tightened his grip on my arm and I cried with a low tone and looked away from him. But he didn't let go even when he knew he was clearly hurting me. I felt like he enjoyed hurting me, he enjoyed seeing me so weak.

"Let go..." I growled and pulled away from him forcefully. And by so doing, I crashed against the table and glared at him.

"You can't keep hurting me when ever you set your eyes on me Jordan" I said boldly. I didn't know where it was coming from, I didn't know how I was becoming so bold, neither have I ever felt like I could say something like that. But I said it none the less like it was something I had been planning to say for a while.

His expression was unreadable and his eyes seemed to get more furious with everything I did or say.

"I see" he stalked closer to me and I immediately looked around for an escape. I turned to my left and tried making a move but he read my thoughts.

With a sudden movement he pulled me by my arm, making me hit against his body again and held me tightly. His other hand grabbed my other hand and the same way he gripped my arm, he did the same to the other and intentionally held it tighter. I felt my bones would crush under his grip and tears burned the back of my eyes.

My body was held against his so tightly, so closely there was no space between us.

I looked at him with eyes that were almost clouded with tears and tried pleading but for

some reason he gripped my arms tighter and I looked away. And the tears flowed with a little whimper from me.

"I will hurt you when ever I choose to" he whispered coldly.

"And that's because you took away the only dream that can truly make me happy till my demise" he growled and tightened his grip on my arms.

I cried out openly and placed my hands against his chest, forcefully hitting at him so he could let me go but he didn't.

"I'm sorry..." I cried knowing exactly what he was talking about.

He was talking about his marriage to Samantha. He loved that bitch so much, getting married to her was the only dream he had. He loved her so much and had no clue what she really was.

"I'm sorry I swear. I ..... didn't mean it.... It...was never my intention" I tried explaining to him. I never meant to get married to him, I never meant to steal his wife or love.

"Next thing I hate apart from being a deceiver is lies" he growled and I shook my head violently and looked up to his face again with tear stained eyes

"I promise I am not any of them" I cried and his hands suddenly loosened against my arms.

He pulled away to my surprise and stared at my face like he saw something alien. I stared back at him unable to react, I still felt the pain of his grip on my arms and my heart was heavy from a lot of things he said.

He lifted his hands from his side and gently placed it on my cheeks. I stiffened at his touch, I was scared he was going to do something worse from what he had just done. But he didn't, instead, he slowly wiped my tears like he never meant to make me cry in the first place.

"What are you doing?" Someone yelled from the stairs and I jerked away. I turned to the stairs

and saw Samantha storming towards us. I could tell she was angry about seeing Jordan so close to me but I had more going through my mind and I didn't want to be there for another drama.

I walked away before she got to us and didn't turn back.

My mom's name popped up on the screen of my phone for the fifth time that day.

It had been over a month since I last spoke to her, neither have I seen her. She lied to me, she hurt me and that was it for me.

After lunch, I went back to my studies just so I could think and think clearly.

I ignored the call and just sat on my sit and did nothing till my phone beeped. I picked up the phone and went through it.

"Son, believe me or not... Everything I did was for your own good. Though I went extreme for it but my love for you pushed me to do so.

I and your father would be going on a vacation for a while. You will take care of things ofcourse but we have series of events we won't be able to meet up with it. But that won't be a problem, you and your wife are to represent us in each and everyone of them. I repeat your wife...not your stupid childhood crush. My p.a would be sending you the invitations. Mom loves you"

I immediately picked up my phone and dialled her number after that text. My mom couldn't do that, she knew too well.

"Now...you call me" she said from her end of the line

"What's the meaning of this?" I said coldly.

"Meaning of what?" she asked back and I balled my hands into a fist.

"Don't play dumb with me mom" I growled into the phone.

"Oh! Shut up son" she retorted.

"The text is the text, do as you are told. It's your responsibility, you and your wife are a Chase, represent us" she said and hung up.

"What's going on?" Samantha's voice came from the door and my muscles relaxed. I took a deep breath and turned towards her, while I thought of ways to tell her the news. I knew she didn't like the way she saw me with her enemy earlier and I didn't want to get her more pissed.

"Talk to me" she said, walking deeper into my studies.

"Events would be coming up soon. Mom and dad were supposed to be there but they would be

going on a vacation" I looked away.

"I would have to attend those events and parties with..."

"No... don't tell me" she interrupted knowing exactly what I had to say.

"You can't do that...you can't do that to me" she flared with rage immediately.

"I don't have an option, this is a family thing. I either do it this way or end up having reporters all over me" I replied.

"No... you can't... you can't do this to me" she started crying immediately. Her tears made my heart bleed in pain. I walked over to her and tried touching her but she moved away.

"Nothing will happen. It is just going to be us pretending" I tried calming her down.

"Don't you dare tell me that" she snapped with more tears flooding her eyes.

"I was supposed to be the one going on events with you. Not her" she said and the pain and anger I have carried for a while returned.

Samantha was the love for my life. She was the only one I wanted to be with, she was my dream and it was taken away from me. The only person I could be with was some one I couldn't show to the world because she wasn't my legal wife.

"Sam...don't you think I know that" I said harshly and she sighed.

"I'm just scared she would take you away from me" she said and I moved closer to her without saying a word.

"I saw the way you were with her" she added and I pulled her into my arms.

"She is a liar and a deciever. I am scared she might easily wrap you around her fingers"

Two days after

I just finished having my bath for the fifth time that day. And it wasn't even time for dinner yet. I applied lotion, packed my hair into a bun and wore a mini singlet that came with a marching short. It was actually a short short because it only covered my butt. I wasn't planning to leave my room and no one excepts the maids came into my room so I was perfectly fine. I smiled at how beautiful I was and how my skin glowed.

I stood at the mirror admiring myself when the door forcefully opened and I turned away from the mirror angrily to look at who had the guts to walk into my room that way. Only to be met with Jordan's hateful eyes.

My bones went cold and I immediately stole a glance at my arm, the place he had hurt me days back, as I looked away from him immediately. They were a faint pink from the

last time I had seen him.

“What are you doing here?” I couldn’t help but ask. Not out of bravery but out of fear, fear of being hurt again.

He said nothing, instead he walked deeper into the room and stopped exactly in front of me. He stared at me for a long time and I looked down. And I suddenly became conscious of what I was wearing. I cursed inwardly, I was always picking a wrong time to put on certain clothes.

“Your presence in my life is causing me pain” his cold voice sent more chills down my spine. But at the same time, his words got me pissed. I was also human, I was also someone’s child, I had people I loved just as he loved

“You ain’t the only one going through pain. My presence in this house and my life as a chase is a painful one too” I retorted and he scoffed and forcefully held my arms again. Exactly at that spot he had held me the last time.

“Jordan...” I cried out and looked up at him. He stared right back at me and for a second his hateful eyes softened and so was his grip on my arms.

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 22

### Chapter 22: To die

Jordan stared at me differently and I couldn’t help but ask myself what happened. He took his hands off my arm and stepped back a little, then his eyes roamed my body again and again and again. I shifted uncomfortably under his gaze and would have probably used something to cover myself at that moment if it were possible.

My room was silent and it felt like time slowed for a moment, it stretched for so long I couldn’t help but speak up.

“what ..what are you doing here?” I found myself asking?” and he jerked like he had been in a trance for a while and my voice woke him up from it.

He stared back into my eyes and I stared back at him till I broke the gaze.

I had to.

I felt him watch me for sometime, then he sighed and walked away without saying a single word to me.

I breathed out heavily, I was unaware that I was even holding my breath. I found my way back to the bed and sat there while my thoughts went back to his weird behavior. If there was anything at all I had come to understand about my husband. One was that he was completely weird.

After a while, I decided to go to bed myself but not without taking a glance at my phone. I still had a social life....ish and needed to find out what was going on. I went on my social media app

That a lot of my classmates actually found out I was Genesis Jordan Chase and didn’t stop talking about it in the group chat Tiana had forced me to join. Some were happy for me and some of them were not. I read through the things they said before a message popped into my phone from WhatsApp.

I immediately opened it when I realized it was from my group chat with the squad.

“Finally you are online. What the fuck have you been doing?”

“Lol....taking care of my husband..... ish”

Tiana



"That bastard...how are you doing? Hope he isn't maltreating you in anyway?"

I sighed at her question and thought of what to say to her. Jordan was maltreating ofcourse, he just did it secretly. He was literally tormenting my body and mind, making me have this fear for him. But I couldn't tell that to no one.

Genesis

"He isn't...he does his things and I do mine"

"Better, because I am ready to kill for you"

"We miss you"

"I miss you guys more" I said with teary eyes.

"We were going through some old boxes in the house and found somethings"

"Your parents also found some things that were very dear to you"

Then they both send some pictures and my heart dropped for a second.

It was a picture of my paintings and drawings back when I had the time to do all that.

"Oh my" I exclaimed with teary eyes.

"Hope you like it?"

"Yeah ..we will be out of reach for a while. Going camping"

"Yeah...take care. Love you.... Hearts hearts hearts"

I stared through the phone with a lot of emotions going through my heart. Those were pictures of my work and back then my work meant every thing to me. It helped me express myself more and I couldn't help but wonder what happened.

After going through them, I made a decision that night and slept off.

Anna woke me up from sleep with her soft gentle voice and I didn't hesitate to get up from the bed. I had to go shopping after all and I had to do everything soon.

I had my breakfast as quickly as I could and took my bath. Then I waited patiently for my

husband to leave the house. Margaret came in to my room the moment he left and smiled sadly at me.

"Finally" I groaned

"Where to ma'am?" she asked respectfully.

"I need some art tools. A lot of them infact" I said and went over to my wardrobe.

"Is there any art room in this entire building?" I asked.

"Uhhmm...yes" Margaret replied reluctantantly.

"Well where is it, because I would be using it" I said and brought out a crop top.

"The master doesn't let anybody in there"she said and I groaned and turned to her.

"Why?"

"I don't know...but he just doesn't" she said and looked away. I turned back to looking for something suitable to wear.

"Well, ask the guards to clear up one of the rooms in the left wing, I am going to use it as my studio" I said without waving. I had thought about it so long, I was not going to let anyone or thing ruin it.

"Yes ma'am" she said and turned to the door.

I picked up a jean, a torn, crazy like jean. That was what I wore with some heels. My hair was backed in a pony tail and I came out of my room. A room was already being cleared out and I grinned at myself and walked out of the house.

When I came out, Samantha was outside, she was about entering the Rolls Royce. The only car I had been wanting to make use of for a while.

When I saw her, something snapped in me. I mean who gave her such rights? She was in my house, with my husband. My staffs did her bidding and even the guards obeyed her. She was about using a car I had not made use of yet and guards were at her service. Ohh I was just pissed.

Saw me

She smirked when she saw me and I walked towards her angrily ignoring the bows the guards gave.

“You look like yourself” she scoffed.

“Rogue and useless” she added and I smirked. I said nothing and turned to the guards instead.

“I need to leave now. I am in a haste” I said and watched them stare at me confused for a second.

Other guards were already preparing the other car for me and when they were done, they drove up to me and waited for me to walk away from the Roll Royce. But I didn't, that was the car I wanted and I needed to put Samantha in her place.

“I want this car” I said boldly and Samantha scoffed. The guards immediately ran along to do the things they were supposed to do.

“You wish..you have...” I pushed her out of the way before she completed her statement. She was a bitch after my husband's wealth, she deserved more than that.

“Who do you think you are?” she yelled creating a scene.

I stopped at the door of the car and turned to her.

“I am the wife of the man who kept you in this house. You have no right here Sam. Get a life and never ever touch anything here” I said hatefully and got into the car. I shut the door and focused on what I had planned for the day, ignoring whatever she had to say before we drove out.

I walked around the studio, picking brushes, pallettes, chinks, woodcutter, acrylic and so much more. People took pictures of me, a lot of pictures and I didn't budge. I was slowly getting used to having such attention all around me as Genesis Jordan Chase. I did a lot of my shopping and just didn't stop, I literally really wanted to buy the whole of everything. Everything seemed perfect, I felt like I needed every thing though I knew I did not.

When I finished, I paid for them and watch as they were gently taken back to my car.

I walked back into the house, furious and raging. I didn't feel like going out anymore.

Genesis had stepped on my toes and I needed to fight back and fight back hard. Jordan despised her and after what she did that morning, I took it upon myself to make sure she left the house even before her five years would be up.

“Hey babe, I need a favour” I texted Jordan.

“Yeah...what is it?” he replied.

“I kinda need to go for a check-up. I feel sick” I lied and smiled at myself.

“And you said nothing all this while, Sam is something wrong with you?” I rolled my eyes at his reply.

“I'm sorry... I didn't know it would suddenly feel so serious” I lied again and waited for his reply.

“Take one of the cars. There are a lot of cars at home” he said and that was what I hoped to hear.

“I can't do that” I said.

“Why?” he asked.

“Your wife made sure none of the guards let me use any of them. She claims I own nothing and have no rights” I said and waited.

No reply came forth for a while. I beamed at myself knowing I had gotten him where I wanted and he was going to do exactly what I expected.

“I am sending a doctor over. But I will be seeing you soon” he texted back

I walked back into the house while my staffs helped me to carry most of the stuffs I bought upstairs. Sam was at the top of the stairs when I came back home and I could see the devilish grin on her face. But I ignored her, I was way too excited to allow her ruin my mood.

“What do you think you are doing?” she asked the moment I came up the steps.

I ignored her and walked past her.

“You have no right to do whatever you want...this is...”

“My husband’s house and you are just a mistress” I concluded for her and smirked at myself for a job well done. She said nothing after that, and I felt victorious.

After the stuffs were all brought into the room that was cleared out, I decided I needed to work on a lot before I started painting fully.

With the help of the maids, I was able to set up the studio just the way I wanted and by evening it was completely my style. I couldn’t wait to get my hands on the brushes, I couldn’t wait to pour my feelings and thoughts out into those boards.

“You haven’t had anything since afternoon. You need to eat” Margaret whined for the 100th time and I groaned.

She had repeatedly asked me to eat, but I was so busy, too busy and excited to actually get hungry. So when she came in again, it was like she was a parasite that wouldn’t leave me alone

I did my last minute arrangements while she watched and waited for me to leave the studio. I arranged my brush and paints and somehow got a paint on my hands.

“Shit...” I cursed and turned towards her. She smirked at me in a mocking way and I glared at her before I turned back around to get turpentine. I searched the stock of things I bought and realized I didn’t get one.

I groaned and marched out of the studio to my room. I walked over to my bathroom and tried washing off the paint from my hand but just like I thought, it wasn’t coming off as it should have.

“Margaret...” I called out to her knowing she would be out in my room.

“Yes ma’am” she replied.

“Where is the other studio?” I asked with the thought of going over there. If it was really a studio, I felt like I could borrow the turpentine.

“11th room on the right wing” she replied reluctantly.

“The master’s bedroom is located at....” I stressed.

“The 10th room” she said and I sighed.

“What about the studies?” I asked, not willing to give up.

“7th room” she replied. I groaned and thought of what to do, I really needed the turp. I knew I couldn’t go over to the studio late at night because it was too close to the master’s bedroom and Jordan wasn’t the person you would want to see everyday.

“Where is Jordan right now?” I asked one more time.

“At the dinning” she replied and I quickly jerk and ran out of the bathroom. It was my



only opportunity to get what I wanted.

Without saying a word, I dashed out of the room and turned to the right wing.

“Ma’am... please you really don’t want to do what I think you are about to do” Margaret whined following behind me in horrid steps

“Go down and stall, make sure Jordan doesn’t come up anytime soon” I ordered and ran off to the right wing.

I was stubborn I know, but I quickly searched for the 11th room, I didn’t want to see Jordan especially after I had met him at the library and realizing how much he always wanted to hurt me.

When I found the room I was looking for, I walked in rather quickly and almost bumped into something. It was dark in there and dusty. My hands found the switch and I turned on the light.

The studio was huge and dirty and dusty. A lot of things were covered to avoid the dust from reaching them. I walked through the studio, mesmerized at how Magical and beautiful that place felt till I pulled my mind away from it and focused on why I was there. I quickly started searching for the tools and did the job of uncovering and covering back everything till I uncovered a painting

Cove

I paused and my heart dropped at the sight of the painting. It was a painting of a boy’s eyes, it felt like it called to me. It pulled me and kept pulling me. There was so much pain in his eyes, so much hurt, so much more and my eyes couldn’t tear off it.

I ran my hand through it and felt like I was connected to that particular painting. Who ever did that was a great artist because I could see the hidden details of every single piece of it.

I forgot about the reason I was there and glued my eyes to the eyes of the painting. I felt like I should help him, his eyes pleaded for my help, those eyes pulled me.

Then the familiar dreadful cologne of my husband filled my senses and brought me back to reality. My heart skipped and I immediately twirled around to be met by his furious, hateful eyes again. A scream escaped my mouth and I moved back so quickly almost bumping against the painting but he held me as quickly, like he was protecting the painting itself. He gripped my hair and jammed me against the wall. Dizziness washed over me for a second there, but he came quickly and held my throat.

My hands instinctively held his hands as I tried pulling them away from my neck.

He was choking me, he was taking away my life without any fear or remorse.

“I told you to stay away .....” he growled with eyes as hateful as .....

I gasp, feeling the air leaving my lungs. My hands kept hitting against his but he didn’t budge.

“But you ways seem to be exactly at the place I don’t want you to be. Do you want to die” he growled and I shook my head a little. Tears filled my eyes and oxygen leaving my system.

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 23

### Chapter 23: Blue eye princess

“Please... please” my thoughts screamed. I couldn’t scream it out because I was being choked and I couldn’t speak. Jordan didn’t budge at all, neither did he feel remorse at

some point. He didn't stop choking the life out of me and I didn't stop hitting at his hand. At that point, I wasn't so scared of having a panic attack, that happened when I was breathing way too much but in this case, I wasn't breathing.

I was ready to tell him how sorry I was, I was ready to even promise that I wasn't going to ever come to the right wing. I was ready to promise that I would never come out of my room and he would never see my face. I was just so ready to do anything so he could let go of me.

"Stay away...I am not going to warn you again, stay completely away from me or else...." He growled and I felt dizziness wash over me, I was literally seeing nothing but darkness at that point. Then he let go of me forcefully, just in time and I fell to the floor and coughed hard while I gasped for air at the same time.

"Jordan..." I heard Margaret screamed at Jordan and immediately ran to my side. I circled my hands around my neck, feeling the pain he had inflicted on me and gasped for more oxygen.

"The rubbish stunt you pulled with Samantha earlier today" his voice erupted from the door and my heart skipped. I was scared he was going to return to do something terrible to me. I literally crawled closer to Margaret for some sort of protection.

"Don't ever do that again. She is my everything, don't step on my toes" he said and with that he walked out of the room.

"I'm so sorry. He was no longer at the dining when I got there" Margaret apologized and helped me up. I slowly and painfully walked back to my room and slumped on the bed. Thoughts of going back home came to my mind and tears flooded my eyes all over again. I was literally in a prison yard where I could be maltreated and mistreated when and however he pleased. And I could not tell anyone about it, how could I?

At that point of my weakness, my door opened and Samantha walked in with a victorious smile on her face.

"Poor little useless thing" she sang and I couldn't even afford to glare at her.

"look at you now" she said

"A lot more will be coming from where that came from. Don't worry, you will be out of this house the moment you know it" she said and smirked before she left. I felt terribly weak and tired, again I tried reminding myself what I was fighting for.

My phone rang at that moment and Margaret stared at me with concern. But I picked the call anyways, without checking the caller.

"My dear..." Mom Leona's voice came from the other end of the line and I sniffed and cried more. I didn't know why but I felt I could be myself with her, more over she was the reason I was

in such a mess in the first place.

"What is it?" she asked. Her voice revealed how concerned and panicked she was just like my mom would have been if she was the one calling. I cried more, unable to say anything to her.

"Genesis dear...you have to say something" she urged.

"Jordan..."I managed to say and the line went quiet from her end.

"What did he do?" she asked instead. But I didn't say a thing, I couldn't say a word.

She hung up and gave me some breathing space, then she called later on a video call and I picked.

I wasn't crying as much so I had more control of myself. When I picked the call, she

stared at me hard, like she was accessing me then her eyes grew hard.

"Tell me he didn't do that" she said angrily but I couldn't say anything. The mark on my neck and any other place in my body was caused by Jordan, her son. And I knew she noticed it.

"That ungrateful son of a bitch" she cursed and hung up immediately.

I stared at space unable to comprehend the feelings I felt. Anger, anger, pain, sadness, remorse, anger again, all mixed together made me completely thrown out of balance. My phone rang and I picked it up. It was a video call from my mom and I groaned. I ignored it but her calls didn't stop coming in, it became so irritating and at the end of it all I had to pick up.

"I never trained you up to beat up women Jordan Chase" her voice sounded harsh and angry. I scoffed, her little princess had reported me and it was funny. She was the one poking at where she shouldn't and yet she was the one complaining about everything.

"She doesn't deserve all this. Why are you doing this?" she asked

"She deserved everything, every fucking thing. I asked her to stay away from me and whatever belongs to me but your little blue eye princess won't listen" I barked and regretted it the minute I said it.

"Blue eye, blue eye...where the fuck is that coming from" I queried myself and cursed inwardly. I shouldn't have noticed that, I shouldn't have even said it and that was what pissed me most about

My mother's face softened and she stared at me for a while, like she was trying to read me then she smiled a faint smile.

"Jordan listen carefully" she said more calmly.

"You don't beat up women, she doesn't deserve...."

"You and her both plotted to deceive me and take away my happiness" I snapped

"No... no...I was the only one who did the planning. She had no idea, she...."

"Don't mom...each time you want to defend her. I would want to hurt her" I threatened

"Lay your hands on her one more time and watch the way I will destroy every piece of you through Samantha. You love her don't you, I know you don't want to find out the things I can do to her" she threatened and my eyes widened.

Then she hung up.

I groaned and got up angrily before I smashed my phone at the wall. Everything they did fueled me but they didn't just realize it.

I walked back to the master's bedroom and saw Samantha laying down. I closed the door quietly and walked over to my side of the bed before I lied down.

She cuddled closer and placed her head on my chest while her hands wrapped around my body.

"Are you okay?" she asked and I breathed in and then out

"Probably. How are you feeling?" I asked remembering she had told me she wasn't feeling so sound.

"I am better. Thank goodness the doctor came just in time, I didn't know what would have happened if I didn't get the proper attention I needed at that given time because of...." she paused and I stiffened. I knew what she was going to say and I couldn't afford to hear her call anyone my wife again.

"I think it's high time I returned to my place and my business. I have a car of my own and I can easily make use of it rather than put up with her" she added and I cursed

inwardly.

“No...” I simply said

“But ...”

“No...” I insisted and she grumbled and cursed underneath her breath. I sighed heavily, I didn't want her out of my sight, I couldn't afford to have her away from me

“What about I get you more cars. They will solely belong to you and you alone. I can get you your personal guards too” I suggested

“That would be fine but my business, my father's company.” She asked worried.

“Shhhh. I will take care of everything. Don't just leave me” I said and she grinned  
Weeks after.

I got home and went straight to my bed room. I was so famished. I took my bath and changed before I went downstairs and had my dinner.

“When did you get back?” Samantha was at the table as usual with a smile on her face. My heart leaped at how happy she looked and I just couldn't get enough.

“Not long ago” I said and took my seat next to her. And just as she knew I liked it, she said nothing and remained quiet. We ate in silence and peace till my phone beeped. I checked what just came in and immediately lost my appetite. I dropped the fork I held and felt like hurting someone.

“What is it?” Samantha asked the moment she noticed and I stared at her for a while. I said nothing, one, because I knew she was going to react, and two because I didn't feel like talking about something so sensitive in the open.

“Jordan...talk to me” she added and leaned closer so I could speak. I wasn't sure I was going to say anything... but you can't tell because my phone rang immediately. Mom was calling and I was slowly losing interest in speaking to her as time went on.

I picked up the call and placed it on my ear.

“First event would be tomorrow. Get a dress for her, there is a code for the dresses and don't you dare lay your hands on her Jordan. I am warning you” she simply said and hung up like it was some thing she had been planning to do for a while.

I stared at Samantha and then I looked upstairs and back at her.

“What is it?” she asked raising her voice. She was trying to keep calm but I could hear the fear in her voice as she spoke. I got up from the chair I was sitting and headed up stairs. The event was

something I had to do, and it was something I had to do with one person. Though I dreaded the feeling, I just had to do it for a whole lot of reasons.

I had not seen her for weeks, after I had met her at the Studio. It was pleasant to not see her though most times I felt like asking after her. Don't get me wrong, she was in my house and I wouldn't want someone dying on

When I got to the top, I turned to the left wing and walked straight to her room. When I got there, I stood at the other and just stared at it. I didn't like being there, I did not like staring at her neither did I in away like her being so close to me but I knew I had to do what I had to do.

My hands was about to knock on the door when it suddenly opened up widely and my eyes met her blue bright ones. She went pale immediately and without hesitation, she shut the door at my face and locked it up.

I held the handle and tried to open the door but it didn't budge. Then I decided to give knocking a trial. I knocked and knocked again, but she didn't open up.

Again, I knocked and waited and still, she didn't open up.  
"Open the door..." I ordered feeling enraged.  
"Go to hell" she said and my hands balled into a fist. She was worse than a wrecking ball, always pissing me off.  
I kept quiet and knocked again and again and again and yet she didn't open up. I decided to give my message from the point where I stood.  
"There is an event coming up tomorrow" I started hating the next line that was going to come out of my mouth.  
"We have to attend to represent mom and dad who picked this time to be on a vacation" I said between gritted teeth.  
Then the door opened and she stood and stared at me in the face.  
"We...?" She asked and I gave her a slow nod.  
"What happened to your mistress and you...?" She asked and my chest tightened.  
"Yeah...she is your every thing, take her along with you" she added and I glared at her.  
"You never want to see me. You told me to stay away yourself and I am doing a pretty good job at that. So get away because I won't be seen anywhere close to you, both in public and in private just as you wanted." She said and again banged the door on my face.

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 24

### Chapter 24: Her kidnap

I remained dumbstruck and numb at the way things turned out. I was too shocked, I couldn't even move from where I stood and I kept staring at her door like she had said something mystical to me.  
I banged the door again, I didn't find it funny, not in the least.  
"Open the door" I groaned loudly and banged harder on the door.  
"Open the door damn it" I cursed louder but the door didn't open in as much as I wanted it to. I glared at the door for a while, I couldn't stop glaring but I knew I was powerless against an empty door.  
I walked away angrily and went to my room without uttering another word. I was pissed at her guts, I was pissed at her boldness and I was pissed that I had to say something that she could use against me.  
I went back to the master's bedroom and saw Samantha sitting on the bed looking tensed. She got up the moment she saw me and stared at me for a while.  
"What is going on? What did she say?" She asked again and I could see the worry in her voice. I sighed and walked deeper into the room. I swallowed the lump in my throat as I thought of ways I was going to say what I had to say.  
"Will you say something Jordan" she raised her voice unable to suppress her panic. I turned away from her and sat at the leg side of the bed, making sure I was going to back her because I couldn't afford to see her hurt or angry.  
"She refused coming with me" I said between gritted teeth as I remembered the disrespect she had shown me.  
"Well..." Sam started relieved.  
"You can go alone, she shouldn't be that important" she added and I groaned. I knew Sam was relieved that her enemy won't be the one to go with me, any woman in her



shoes would feel insecure and I didn't really blame her for it. But it was my name that was at stake.

She walked towards my side of the bed and sat down beside me.

"She isn't important..you can do this yourself, you can make it good and just go to the event without being questioned. Don't stress over nothing hun...she is nothing" she voiced out and placed her hands on mine.

"But she is not nothing" I blurted out with some sort of rage. My mouth burned with what I had to say next when I thought of the way things actually were.

"She is the wife of Jordan Chase" I added and her hands stiffened on mine. I regretted saying it the way I did but it was the bitter truth I had to face.

I knew that there was no way I would have gone to an event without her and explaining why she is not with me was going to be hard. No matter how much I wished she wouldn't be with me at that time, I knew it was important that she was.

"Yeah...I keep forgetting she is your wife and I am just the mis..."

"Shhhhhh" I shushed her before she could continue what she had to say. I turned to where she sat and made her look at me by holding her chin.

"Don't ever say that. You might not be my wife now but you are literally my everything Sam... don't ever compare yourself to her" I said and wiped the stray tears that came running down her cheeks. Seeing her that way tore at my heart

"Everything just seems to remind me that I am not your wife" she said amidst tears and I pulled her to myself protectively and tried calming her down.

"I'm sorry" were the only thing I could mutter because I knew she was saying the truth and waiting for five years to get rid of the other lady was far too long, I wasn't so sure I wanted to stay that long myself.

"Do you think we will ever be married?" She suddenly asked and my heart dropped at her question. That was the same question I had been asking myself for so long and yet I was still scared of the answer.

"Yes... I think we still have a chance" I lied knowing I had little to no time left.

"Just stay by my side please. Do not leave me Please" I said from the deepest part of my heart. She pulled away from the hug and stared at me straight up in my face.

"I won't, I will remain here and never leave your side again" she said and I smiled warmly at her. I kissed her head and lifted her chin so I could look at her face. My world was complete because of her, my happiness was filled because of her and I wasn't going to ever let her go. I leaned closer and brushed my lips against hers before taking her lips in mine and suckling all the contents I could derive from it.

We kissed for a while till I started feeling like someone was watching me. I opened my eyes a little and my eyes met those blue ones that enticed the soul and I jerked like I had been caught in a terrible act. But at the same time also, I realized it was my room and she was still a nobody to me but I couldn't break free from those enchanting eyes of hers. I kept staring, locke match with her and I was losing terribly. She stood at the door with her arms crossed together below her chest while she stared at me.

"You disrespect me Jordan" she said boldly and walked into the room. At her words, I broke away from the gaze that held mine and Anger filled my system all over again. She had no right to be in that room and she had no right to speak to me that way. She interrupted something and had no right to do that either and she was the same person I had been knocking at her door so she could open up with no avail. My hands suddenly

tightened in a fist and the urge to hurt her over came me.

“What are you doing here?” Samantha was the one to ask her and she scoffed.

“It’s ironic isn’t it?” She asked with a smile.

“I am the one that is supposed to ask you that question but then again, Jordan himself has disrespected me over and over again so you have the rights to have a little wing” she said with a smirk.

“Just be careful because I am not far away from cutting off those wings of yours” she added and walked deeper into the room. She ignored me and attempted to walk past me to who knows where before I held her by the arm and glared down at her.

She looked up at me defiantly and I couldn’t help but wonder where it was she was getting her boldness from. She smiled at me and her eyes smiled with her.

“I keep wondering what the press would think when they see red dark marks all over my body” she said and my eyes widened with shock but was soon waved away by anger. My grip on her tightened and I drew her closer.

“What are you doing here?” I growled but she didn’t flinch as she always did.

“Let go” she growled back at me and I stared at her openly and surprised.

“Let go” she yelled and yanked her arms away from my grip forcefully. She glared at me for a while and turned to Samantha. She glared at her before she started smiling evilly,

“Have you ever thought that Samantha isn’t safe with me in this house” she said

“Oh I know...you cunning little thief. You stole my right as a wife, what else would you do?” Samantha fired and she smirked.

“You threw away your right as a wife from the onset so stop your rubbish and keep your gold digging tongue to yourself already” she snapped at her and Samantha stared at her wide eyed like she had also been electrified.

“Each time you hurt me, I will hurt her” she said to me with all seriousness.

“For each grip, for each choking, for each slaps, for each yanking. Whatever you do, Samantha would get hurt and you don’t want to know how evil minded this innocent little girl can be” she added and I smirked. But then again, everything she was doing and everything she did or said baffled me.

“What do you want here?” Samantha asked this time again.

“I lost two of my bracelet and a leg chain here” she replied.

“There is no such thing here” Sam fired.

“Oh shut up” she commanded and turned to my pouch. Without another word, she started walking and opened the curtain before she opened the door and stepped into the pouch. I followed behind and watched her look around the pouch before she bent down to pick up something

She wore the bracelet and bent down to put on the leg chain while I watched. The longer I stared at her, the more my anger dissolve into absolute wonder and I just hated that feeling.

She got up when she was done and turned to me before we suddenly heard a gunshot.

“What was that? she asked petrified.

“Get inside” I ordered, but she didn’t make any move at all. I immediately found myself walking towards her slowly just to take a closer look at what was happening outside, then we heard another gunshot and this time it was louder and closer. I took a step back towards my room and took another while she stood there completely shocked. And it was lame, she was supposed to run, but she wasn’t doing any of that.

Then another gunshot came and another and I could tell my men were firing back at the enemy but she still stood pale.

"Come inside" I yelled from the door but she didn't make a move. The gunshots came nearer and louder and it didn't cease till it felt like I was having a war in my house.

"Are you dumb? Get inside" I yelled again and that was when she came out of her trance. She turned to me while I held out my hand so she could take it.

"Come on, get in" I ordered. She immediately took my hand and I pulled her inside. She bumped into me and I held her protectively before locking up the door.

"Jordan, what is going on?" Sam asked walking towards me. She stopped in front of me and I could see the worry in her eyes but her gaze shifted from me and I followed. Then I realized I was still holding the other woman and immediately pulled away.

I walked over to Sam and I held her arms and stared into her eyes.

"It would be fine, it's nothing. Stay in here okay" I simply said and turned to the door

"Jordan... Jordan where the fuck are you going to?" She yelled behind me but I didn't stop.

"None of you should leave this room" I simply said and dashed off.

It wasn't part of the plan. I just came for my bracelet and I didn't want anymore troubles. I only came to show that I wasn't the scared cat anymore and warn Jordan to stop hurting me.

After what happened the last time, I grew a heart, I just suddenly grew balls and decided that Jordan wasn't going to do whatever he wanted with me and go away with it. And mom Leona had helped with my resolve, that lady was a rock and had advised me deeply. And I just knew I couldn't take it anymore, I was tired of being his punching bag and being scared all the time. He

After all and I was his wife, no matter his hatred for me, I decided he was going to see a different side of me no one had ever seen. A side of me I never thought I even had till recently and I made sure I acted on my words.

But the gunshots outside petrified me, I had only ever heard that in movies and hearing it up close was slowly creating a panic inside of me. At that moment, I and Samantha didn't have the time to fight or argue, we were both scared out of our minds and I was slowly losing mine because the gunshot intensified and didn't cease. Then the lights went off and I froze.

The gunshots ceased too but that was only for a second. It started again, louder and closer and more intense and my heart was at the brink of running away from my chest. I started finding it hard to breathe and immediately started taking slow steps to the door in the dark.

I knew I wasn't going to bump into anything because I knew how spacious the room was and I knew if I kept walking straight up, I wouldn't bump into anything. I didn't know where I was going but I felt like running away and staying in that room wasn't helping. My heart beat increased and my chest tightened. I took deep breathes and stretched my hands towards my front so I could tell when I got to the door. Somehow I found the door and opened it before walking outside. The hallway was as dark as night and I couldn't see anyone at all. I placed my hands at the wall and started walking slowly while the gun fire didn't cease. I could feel a panic attack coming up but I held it as much as I could. I didn't know where I was going but I was trying to escape the gun fire as much as I could. Suddenly I heard chaos downstairs and people started screaming none stop.

My heart dropped and I paused, I didn't make another move and I waited and kept taking deep breathes. When the chaos subsided, it was only the gunshots I could hear so I started walking again with my hands on the door. I touched a door handle and knew immediately that I was in front of a room which I didn't know yet. Then I saw touch lights, dread fill my stomach and my eyes tried adjusting to the darkness that surrounded me but it was overwhelming.

The gunfire seized and everywhere suddenly went really quiet. A pin falling could Suddenly be held over the house and I didn't make another move.

"Check in the other room, she has to be somewhere" I heard a voice say and fear gripped me. I didn't want to figure out who it was they were looking for neither did I wait to find out if it was the bad guys or the good guys. I pushed the knob of the door I held and pushed the door open when I started hearing footsteps before I walked into the room slowly and locked the door.

I was sweaty and the light was back. The men who had attacked us had been subdued and I found my legs running back to my room just to make sure Sam was fine. When I got there, I opened the door and Sam immediately jumped on me the moment she saw me. I hugged her tightly and breathed in relieved that she was doing okay.

"How could you leave that way huh....I was so worried" she started and I stroke her back gently.

"I'm sorry" I simply said and tightened my grip around her waist. It was warm and comfortable in her arms. I pulled away from the hug and looked around the room, I didn't find the other lady and my heart immediately skipped at the thoughts that came into my mind. I knew those guys were able to get into the house though they were all subdued, I had not yet figured out how they got in or what they wanted neither did I figure out if they destroyed some thing yet.

"Where is she?" I asked panicked.

"Who..." Sam asked and I glared at her.

"I don't know" she replied and I groaned and immediately headed out of the door.

"Sir. We can't find your wife" Margaret said the moment I came out of my room.

"Have you looked around, search very well" I said feeling my heart racing in my chest.

"We have, but we can't find her" she said amidst tears and a certain dread fill my stomach. I shook my head at the thought of her being kidnapped, it was impossible though I knew some men escaped I just didn't want to accept that something terrible might have happened.

I took to my heels and started searching for her myself.

"Call me the head security..." I said to Margaret who followed me everywhere.

"Yes sir..." she said and left while I continued my search. I searched every room, every hiding place, every corner of the house and yet I didn't find her. I got exhausted and feared the inevitable as I sat on the step like a man who lost something dear.

"Is every thing okay" Sam asked me when she came out of the room and saw me looking restless. I stared at her but I couldn't say a word, dread filled my stomach and my heart wasn't at rest.

"Sir.... You sent for me" the security guard came in with Margaret.

"How many lost their lives?" I asked.

"Four of my men sir..." He said and certain sadness overwhelmed me.

"How many injured...?" I asked again

"Two but they are just mere bruises and nothing else" he replied.

"Is anyone missing." I asked and he went quiet.

I stared up at him and felt a chill run down my spine.

"Is anyone missing?" I asked coldly.

"The security men are complete, the domestic staffs are also complete. No one is missing except for your...."

"Your wife sir" he said.

My heart dropped, questions filled my head. Who could have taken her? Why would they come for her? Is she safe? What have I done?

At this questions, guilt filled me and I shut my eyes tightly. Blue eyes stared back at me, those eyes that haunted my thoughts and reasoning, the eyes that could see through my soul and break all my walls. They stared at me and I just had to open my eyes to shut my thoughts up.

"Get the cops and I need to know who those guys are immediately... No one touches what is mine" I growled.

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 25

### Chapter 25: pick an option

"sir, do you know who might actually be behind this?" The inspector asked me and I shook my head slightly. I knew I had a lot of enemies but none ever dared come to my house, they stayed far and could attack me anywhere and anytime but not my house. It was surprising that someone had entered into my house and by passed all the security and left with her without a trace.

"Did she have any enemies?" He asked and I turned to Samantha. I knew they were both enemies but there was no way Sam would have done something like this, she was incapable of hurting her that way.

"Who is she, is she her enemy?" He asked when he followed my gaze. I shook my head again and he sighed.

"Would you mind if we ask her some questions?" He asked again and I waved my hands at them giving him the go ahead to do what ever he wanted.

He got up from the couch he sat and walked towards Samantha.

"Who might you be ma'am?" He asked and my head jerked at their direction. Pain soared in my heart when she stole a glance at me and looked away immediately. It was difficult to explain the situation, I could not even think of how I would introduce her as the woman I loved when I was already married to someone else.

"I am a friend" she said with bitterness, I felt and heard the pain in her voice as she called herself my friend.

"A friend to his wife or Mr Chase here?" He asked again.

"Mr Chase" she replied and wrapped her arms across her chest protectively.

"Did you have a conducive relationship with his wife?"

"No...uhmmm" she stuttered and I couldn't help but stare at her. Something was wrong, I could sense it.

"Why?" The inspector asked and moved closer to her like a predator about to devour his prey.

"Nothing we just don't relate. So I give her space and she gives me my space too" she



added and I breathed in relieved.

“When was the last time you saw her?” The questions were beginning to cross some boundaries that should be kept away from them.

“When she walked out of the master’s bedroom” she replied.

“And....”

“I don’t think your question here will help save her would it now?” I interrupted him before he could ask more questions.

“We need to be sure someone from your household didn’t do this sir” he replied and I groaned.

“No... no one would dare, just go look for her” I explained and ended the question section as quickly as possible.

He bowed his head and turned to the door without saying another word while a security guard ran to me immediately.

“Lots of reporters are outside asking for some information” he explained and I groaned loudly. The headache I was feeling already increased by a thousand and I placed my hands on my head as a way to ward of the nagging pain.

“Are you alright sweet?” Samantha came closer and sat beside me. But how could I be fine when so many things were going wrong at the same time.

“Go talk to the press. Tell them anything and everything that happened last night but do not tell them that she isn’t here” I said and she stiffened at where she sat.

“You want me to shield her” she said sadly. I could tell she didn’t want to shield her, to defend her as my wife was hurtful but I didn’t want to face the press. Without saying a word, she walked away and went outside while I went back upstairs to get myself some painkillers.

I went out grudgingly and everywhere stung of blood and dry blood, it turned my stomach and I almost threw up but I didn’t want to do that in front of so many people. Outside was messy and it was still being cleaned up while the cops looked around, searching for something that might be useful to them in their search for Genesis, it made me grin inwardly knowing my plans were working

It took a long time to get to the gate, knowing it was further away from the house but when I actually got there, reporters started taking pictures of me like they always did. I smiled a faint smile and hated what I was about to do.

“Who are you please?”

“What’s your relationship with the family?”

“Can you tell us what happened here last night?”

“Was there any casualties?”

“Why is mr Chase not here himself?” They all Immediately started throwing question at me, I didn’t even know where to begin. I gave them little reply and just wanted to go inside already.

“How about Mrs Chase, how is she affected by all this?” Someone suddenly asked and my chest tightened in my stomach. I wanted to grin and smile at the press for that question because I was extremely happy but I couldn’t do that because that would make me the enemy and the press might read some thing else to it.

“She is fine, they are fine. It just happens and no one expected it. But everyone is safe and sound” I lied.

“That would be the end for now, I still need to have some rest so bye” I waved them off

and turned back towards the mansion. While they kept trying to ask more questions. When I walked out of their sight, my lips curved into a mischievous smile and my heart was filled with joy. She was out of the way, she was far gone and I knew that her kidnap was just the beginning of the end to her marriage with Jordan and I couldn't wait to dance in her face.

I was about lying down on the bed when my mom called and I knew immediately that the news had gone to her.

I picked up the call begrudgingly knowing she wasn't going to stop calling till I said something.

"Oh God...thank goodness you are okay" she said and exhaled the moment I took up the phone.

"What happened? Are you hurt? Who would have done this?" She started all at ones and I sighed.

"I am fine mom, I have no idea who would have done this" I replied her and just wanted to end the call.

"They have to pay for this. Poor Genesis, she might have been shaken up really badly" she added and my chest tightened at the mention of her name. I felt really guilty and wished that I had been with them in that room, maybe nothing would have happened but I left and she was gone.

"Son...is every thing okay" she suddenly asked, she sensed my demeanor and how tensed the air was even from a distance.

"Talk to me" she said impatiently while I thought of ways of telling her that her daughter in law had been kidnapped by unknown men who still had not called for ransome.

"Jordan" she growled urging me to talk.

"She was taken" I simply said and the line went quiet.

"What...what do you mean?" She asked but I could tell she was understanding me very clearly with the fear in her voice.

"She was kidnapped and we still have no idea how it happened or where she is" I said and ran my hand through my hair in frustration.

The line went quiet and so did I?

"Jordan..." She called out with disbelief.

"How...when....oh my God, you have to find her before anything happens to her" she said with so many emotions going through her voice.

"Have you called the cops? Do you suspect anyone?" She asked again.

"We will find her, don't worry mom" I said in a way just to reassure her.

"No no son, you don't understand. She isn't used to all this, she isn't exposed to all this. She is too fragile for all, God what have I done?" She started blabbing and it was becoming sort of annoying.

"Are you sure it wasn't your plan to get rid of her?" She asked and I scoffed.

SUIT

"You think I would want to get rid of her like this?" I snapped at her and she went quiet.

"I'm sorry..I didn't mean to, I am just so worried and..."

"I am also worried too, I will find her" I said again and she went quiet.

"Okay, okay, do what you have to do" she said and hung up.

I groaned, she was literally a pain in my ass, my life was perfectly fine before she walked into my life. She was like a walking disaster, ruining my inner peace and solace.

But again, she was kidnapped because she was my wife. If I was married to Sam, then it would have been her, no matter how selfish it might seem, I was happy that Sam was not the one in her place.

"Are you okay?" Sam voiced out from the door and walked into the room. When she came closer, I placed her on my legs and caressed her cheeks.

"It would have been you" I simply said and she sighed.

"I am just happy you are safe" I added. She gave me a little smile and played with my hair.

"What if she never comes back?" She suddenly asked and I stiffened.

"She has to" I growled and she stared at me wide eyed.

"I thought you didn't want her, I thought..."

"I don't want her but there is no way I would get rid of her that way. She is still my legal wife and belongs to me, whoever touches her has touched me Sam and that's why I will rip whoever did this apart when I get them" I said without realizing the words I was uttering. She got up from my legs and stared at me wide eyed.

"You love her already" she mumbled to my hearing and it was my turn to gape at her.

"What...?"

"She is yours...who ever touches her, has touched you" she repeated my exact words and my heart dropped at the way it sounded in my ears. It sounded like I was a possessive husband ready to kill for the woman I loved.

"Sam...that's not what I meant. I just want her to return, if you haven't noticed this is affecting my name" I raised my voice in frustration and the headache I thought was leaving me returned.

"It's just about your name then?" She asked to be sure.

"Yes...it's just about the name" I lied knowing it wasn't about the name. When I said that, I wasn't thinking about the name or myself, it was her I was thinking about.

I growled inwardly at the chaos she was causing in my life already.

GENESIS

I stirred and tried moving my legs and hands but they didn't budge. I realized I was bound to something and my wrist and ankles were burning with pain. I opened my eyes but saw nothing but blackness all over me. My eyes were tied up and I immediately started panicking.

"Hello...is anyone there? Who are you? What do you want?" I asked and tried freeing my hands but they didn't budge. I was infact hurting myself more.

The last thing I remembered was walking into that room and having a panic attack, then blackout. What ever happened next, that I didn't know. And waking up in such a state was driving me nuts, I was slowly loosing it. My chest tightened and I immediately found it hard to breath when I realized the kind of situation I was in. I fought against the ropes that tied my hands and legs so I could free myself but I was only hurting myself. Each move I made made it tear my skin

I took deep breathes and Immediately started telling myself not to have a panic attack because it was the reason I was in such a situation in the first place.

After a while, I heard someone walk in, I knew the moment someone else came in I wasn't alone and not seeing or knowing what would happen next frightened me.

"What do you want?" I asked boldly after I had swallowed the lump in my throat, taking away every trace of fear or trembling in my voice, I needed to put up a fence right there,

that I knew

“She was wrong when she said you were timid and scared, you are actually the opposite” the voice of whoever spoke came to my ears. It sounded harsh and demonic. I was in so much trouble. But he said she, my thoughts went to different direction and the tightness in my chest was beginning to free up a little. The fear and panic I felt was replaced by curiosity and anger

“Who is she?” I asked him ignoring the way his voice sounded as only one name sounded in my head vividly telling me she was responsible for what was happening.

“The woman who wants you out of your husband’s house...women are something else though” he said and chuckled evilly.

“Samantha, that bitch” I cursed as he confirmed my thought.

“What are you going to do to me?” I asked and suddenly felt the fear coming back to me.

“You will decide. Only you can decide your faith now” he said and walked deeper into the room till I felt him close to me.

“If you want to leave as soon as possible, you just have to sign some divorce papers and wait till we deliver them to your husband, then we can set you free....

“What...?” I exclaimed. I felt they were stupid, Jordan had money, asking for ransome was better than what they asked of but then again, Samantha was behind everything and really wanted me out of the way.

“That brings us to the hard part. If you don’t do as you ought to. You will remain here, without food, without water with a little torture from my part” he said and placed his hands on my

shoulders. His hands seemed rough and the moment they made contact with my skin I jerked, I remembered what I was putting on and my heart skipped.

“It turns out you are a very beautiful lady you see. That’s why she wants you out of the way, no girl would want you close to their man but you see I don’t have a girl” he said and squat down to my level. His breath fanned my neck and shiver ran down my spine, thoughts of what he planned on doing came to my mind.

“You can satisfy my arousal, I have been graving for you ever since I picked you up from that room. I bet you, you will enjoy all the things I can do to you...”

“No... no, please” tears already burned my eyes and I was visibly trembling.

“I have big plans for you...don’t cry it’s not like you will be going back to your husband anyways” he said and placed a kiss on my bare shoulders. I quivered and whimpered at the thought of having my virginity lost in such a terrible way.

After a while, he undid my blindfold and my eyes squinted as I tried adjusting to the light. It was just an empty room with a chair, no windows, one door and completely dark and quiet. He went out and came back with some papers and a small stool. He kept it in front of me and placed the paper on it, then he brought out a pen from his pocket and dropped it on the paper.

More men came in, they were all armed and looked like demons that would devour me as soon as they could.

“Sign the papers, make this easy for us” the man that had brought out the papers said and smirked at me.

I stared down at it and became so confused. I wanted to sign the papers because I was not even married to Jordan at all. He enjoyed hurting me and he wasn’t a companion or

a friend, we were worse than strangers and he had someone he loved. I didn't see a reason why I needed to stay in that marriage, it was an open invitation, more over it wasn't my fault, I was forced to do it.

But my parents, after the divorce what would happen next?

I looked up at the man standing in front of me, his eyes were filled with so much lust and so were the eyes of his men.

"If I sign this, would you still...have your way with me?" I asked boldly and he smirked.

"We are both going to enjoy it beautiful, don't be scared" he said and tears burned the back of my eyes. I still lost, it was still my loss, I would still lose my innocence with or without signing the papers.

"But we can make a deal" he added and I raised my head to stare at him

"Sign the papers and I would be the only one to touch your sumptuous body. Don't sign the papers and watch me and my boys break every inch of you from the inside and they are about nineteen of them" he said and my eyes widened as more tears came running down.

"That's unfair boss" one of them said and licked his lips as he stared at me while the others frowned

"Please..." I pleaded.

"Pick one my beautiful" he said and I cried more.

"Come on..." He added when I took some time.

"I will sign the papers" I said and stopped myself from crying as hard as I could. But something was burned deep into my heart, a name was carved into it...