

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 32

### Chapter 32: The truth and the eyes

Jordan glared at me from across the room and I glared at him back.

Something went wrong, something happened and somehow I had lost the battle this time. Whatever it was, I had no idea what it was that went wrong and I was still trying to wrap my head around the fact that the recording I had listened to on my phone suddenly disappeared. I mean, if the disc at the station got corrupted, how the hell would the recording on my phone just disappear.

Not to talk of the kidnappers, how could they changed their words? They blamed everything on me and for a while there I just lost all my cool and sanity but I recalled who I was dealing with. Samantha Brandon was capable of kidnap, she was capable of treating me the way she did without a care in the world, I was sure she was capable of bribery and worse.

“Not only are you a deceiver, you would stoop so low as to frame Sam” his voice came into my ears, sounding calm and yet heart piercing.

“I am none of those” I said to him boldly.

“And yet a liar. I will so wish to throw you out of my house and out of my life” he said coldly and I scoffed. I had the boldness to scoff.

“You wanted me out of your way from the beginning you fucking bastard” I blurted out and his muscles tensed. I stared at his hands and he literally folded his hands into a fist. I looked into his eyes and showed him I was angry as well as he was. His eyes were dark and they really pierced into mine.

“I hate being here as well. You think I want all this, your money, your name. I want none of it because I don’t care about it do you hear me” I yelled at him.

“My life was perfectly fine if not for my sister’s illness” I said and felt my heart burn with tears at the thought of all I had lost in other to be a stupid Chase

“I would do anything possible to go back to my old life than be your wife Jordan but I can’t because my parents signed a stupid contract that changed everything” I added and felt the tears burn the back of my eyes terribly. I was finding it hard to keep them in.

“I mean why would I want a life that is as miserable as this. My husband doesn’t care that I was kidnapped neither does he care that I was almost raped, he doesn’t care that I don’t sleep neither does he even care about the fact that I keep saying that his slut was the master mind behind my kidnap.. I was poor alright but I loved my life and no amount of your money would give me that” I added and for a second there I thought his eyes suddenly dimmed.

He said nothing, he kept quiet and the tears that clouded my eyes finally fell. But I wiped it off as quickly because I didn’t want to be seen vulnerable any more. But somehow I understood Jordan. If I was in his shoes I would probably act worse than he was, he loved Samantha and that could easily blind some one.

“You care about Sam too much you know, when you finally find out the truth about her, I hope you would be able to bare the pain” I simply said not knowing why I would feel sorry for him.

He was always hurting me, always wanting to cause me pain and would never care about me in the least. I really shouldn’t be worried about him and I knew that in my head

but some how I felt that love was the only thing making him dumb and stupid. My heart reached out to him in a weird way while he just stood there and looked at me. Then it was my turn to go mute.

I expected some sort of beating or hitting, scolding or yelling, I expected his threats and even expected him to hurt me but he didn't. He stood like a rock and just stared at me like I was something or someone he was seeing for the first time. I stared back at him but when I couldn't hold it anymore, I broke from the gaze and cleared my throat. That brought him out of the trance he was at and he looked away. Without saying a word, he turned to the door and opened it but he paused and turned to me.

"What happened wasn't supposed to. I am sorry you went through that" he said and my mouth opened in bewilderment. Jordan Chase apologized for some thing, that was the first and it was surprising

When he left, I inhaled in relief and crashed myself on the bed exhausted. But I picked up my phone and dialed mom Leona's number, she needed to know what was happening.

I walked into Jordan's mansion and glared at the maids that stared at me without fear just like the guards had been staring. It was awkward and it felt terrible to be looked down on in such a way. I was excited when I got out of that hell hole, it was a relief because for a moment there, I actually thought Genesis won. But she didn't and that was exactly why I was back at that house.

I walked towards the stairs as my phone rang. I beamed at the caller and picked the call.

"Darling" I said with a wide smile spread across my face.

"Sam, it's nice knowing you are not crying anymore" he said and I smirked.

"Yes and that's all thanks to you. Thank you so much for everything you did, I don't know how I would have...."

"Shhhh" he shushed me before I could say any thing more.

"You know I would do anything for you right?" He said and my smile widened.

"When I return, promise me you are going to see me" he added and I smirked.

"Ofcourse I will see you. Have I ever failed in such a task?" I asked and he chuckled.

"Naughty girl you still remain" he said and I bit my lower lips as I remembered how much I had missed him.

"Well, talk later" he said and I hung up.

I beamed at myself till I got to the master's bedroom and decided to have a bath first. I stinked of that hell hole and wanted to wash the stink off of me first.

After bathing, I changed and relaxed on the bed before the door opened and Jordan came walking in. I immediately got up and walked towards him before wrapping my hands around his shoulders for a hug. He stiffened at my touch and I knew something was wrong.

I shut my eyes tightly and remained at my studies as I tried to comprehend all that happened and all that she had to say. For a moment there, I believed Sam was actually the master mind behind her kidnap. She had all fingers pointing at her, I was scared out of my mind, I was scared that I really didn't know Samantha then, how could I have know her if she was capable of kidnap? I felt my heart tearing into pieces at the thought alone, I felt my heart breaking as we rode over to the station but I was good at hiding my feelings so it was never visible. But when the kidnappers had said that they were

promised to be set free if they called Samantha as the culprit by my wife. Relief washed all over me and at the same time some thing snapped inside of me and I just wanted to kill the person responsible for everything. I was so angry at the fact that Sam had to be accused and sent to jail without bail, I was so angry, that her name was almost ruined and more still, I was pissed that my heart was at the verge of breaking because I felt stupid and blinded by love.

I swear I was going to hurt her as I had promised that I would, I really was going to hurt her. I groaned and shut my eyes to think, but when ever I closed my eyes to think, I saw those blue eyes of hers staring back at me with so much truth and sincerity and boldness in them. Her eyes reflected everything she felt and I wasn't sure she knew it even. Her anger, her happiness, her fear, her panic, her boldness and her truth. I have never seen so much sincerity in my life but yet I didn't want to accept it. How could I accept that she could be that sincere when she had manipulated me into marrying her. I spoke with her on phone and she made me believe she was Sam, she made me believe I was getting married to the woman of my dreams. How could I believe what such a woman was going to say to me?,

But those eyes made things more difficult for me. She said so much and cried even and I was left between following what my heart told me was the truth and the truth I saw in her eyes and following the truth I knew from the onset.

"You care about Sam too much you know, when you finally find out the truth about her, I hope you would be able to bare the pain"

Those words came back to me like a sword piercing through an armor. She cared about my pain even when I pretended that I care less about her.

"Could she have been saying the truth? Would Sam really do this?" I asked myself and with that I got up from my sit and went over to the master's bedroom.

Sam ran to me the moment she saw me and her touch irritated my skin for some reasons.

"Thank you for coming for me" she said immediately and held me tighter.

"I didn't know what I would have done if you had not showed up" she cried and quivered against my body. Her tears broke my resolve and I wrapped my hands around her, seeing her in pain never sets well with me.

"Shhhh" I shushed her and ran my hands through her hair..

"I told you I would come for you, didn't i?" I asked and she gave me a nod and pulled away from the hug. Tears were freely flowing down her cheeks and she tried her best to control them.

"All fingers were pointing at me, every one thought I did it. I thought you would believe them but thankfully....." She sniffed and cried harder.

"I don't know what I would have done if you didn't believe me" she wrapped her hands around me and cried more and I held her close and tried holding her tighter. Then she pulled away and stared into my eyes.

"I can rot in jail for anything and I wouldn't be affected you know. As far as you are there with me and you believe that I am innocent then I will be fine in jail" she said.

As she spoke and cried, my heart melted like ice, turning into water but I stared right back into her eyes in search of the truth. I wanted to see the sincerity I have always seen in the eyes of my wife. But as she spoke, I saw nothing, absolutely nothing. To a

point, the tears no longer flowed but she continued sniffing. Her eyes showed no sincerity or maybe it was because they were not as blue.

“Can I ask you something?” I asked and she blinked rapidly and gave me a nod.

I took her hands and led her to the bed, I gestured for her to sit and I sat beside her. I stared at her for a while and she looked away nervously. Infact her entire body became nervous as I stared at her and that only made more questions pop into my head.

“Did you really kidnap her?” I asked and her eyes snapped at me. I expected to see disbelief or anger or surprise. I was her lover and anyone would react that way if they were in her shoes but she didn’t react that way. She was shocked and fear suddenly overwhelmed her. She looked away from me and turned back to me after a while, that was when I saw the anger and disbelief I thought I would see at first.

“How could you?” She said angrily.

My heart dropped and the words my wife said came back to me.

I closed my eyes so I could sleep, I needed to sleep for I had not been sleeping for days. But sleep didn’t come. I was so exhausted and tired and my body literally cried for sleep but my eyes remained unmoved. I groaned and got up from the bed. I checked the time and it was past two, yet I was wide awake. I felt like crying and calling my mom but I knew I wasn’t a child anymore.

I got up in annoyance and wore my robe before going downstairs. It was quiet and dark, why wouldn’t it be when it was past two. Everyone was asleep and the house was bound to be as quiet as a grave yard. I came down the stairs and walked over to the kitchen, I took a bottle of water and gulped it in. I was literally trying everything I could to sleep and water was a helping hand back then when I was in college. I stood at the kitchen for a while and the memories of what happened the previous day came back slowly to me. I felt so much anger towards Samantha and so much pity for Jordan. I sighed and shook my head to ward off the thoughts.

“Open your eyes soon Jordan. If not for anything else, at least for yourself. Tiana thinks you are too cute to be so dumb” I blurted out and smiled at myself before turning to the door.

I screamed when my eyes came in contact with Jordan. He stood at the door and stared at me with his normal unreadable reaction.

“I am dumb ..?” He repeated what I said and my heart sunk. Of all the time to be in trouble, it couldn’t be in the kitchen where weapons were kept and not so late at night where no one would come to my aid.

“No..... didn’t mean it that way” I stuttered and he smirked.

My heart skipped at the way his lips twitched and I couldn’t help but gape at him. He was so fucking breath taking, something I never noticed because he was always glaring at me.

“Why are you up so late?” He asked and brought me out of my thought.

“Uhhmm...I can’t sleep” I said and his eyes narrowed at me and down to what I was putting on. I looked away embarrassed at myself.

“Come on, it’s late” he simply said and moved away from the door. I walked past him hastily and ran to my room. I fell on the bed the moment I got to my room and breathed out loudly with relief while I cursed inwardly. Then I tried one more time and sleep came.

But just as always...his eyes pieced into mine and he grabbed my thighs and pulled me

to a lying position while I pleaded for him to let go. But he laughed wickedly as always and I screamed and jumped out of my sleep panting. Tears filled my eyes at the fact that the same dream hunted me every night making me so scared of sleeping. My bladder felt like it would explode and I immediately ran to the bathroom to ease myself. Then I came out and sat back on my bed and held a pillow tightly to my chest. When my eyes narrowed at a figure standing beside my door. I was going to scream but he walked closer to my bed.  
“Now I see why you don’t sleep” Jordan said

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 33

### Chapter 33: Her well being

I stared at the figure in front of me while different thoughts ran through my head, thoughts relating as to why he was here, in my room at such ungodly hour.  
“Nightmare?” He asked and I sighed and gave him a nod.  
“What are you doing here?” I asked and his brows knitted at me in the dark, then he went quiet.  
“I think you should leave already” I added when he said nothing. He was a man and not the friendly kind of man a woman should have as a husband at that point. I had all right to be scared that he was right in my room.  
“I don’t know why I am here” he suddenly said and I went mute and I stared at him.  
“But right now I want to be sure you are okay” he added and I narrowed my eyes at him. I didn’t understand what was going on with him and why he was acting so strange. The Jordan I knew would never act the way he was acting and though it was heartwarming to know he could be caring, it also scared me.  
“I am fine really” I said to him and he gave me a nod.  
“Go back to sleep then” he said and I shook my head.  
“I can’t” I simply said.  
“Why?” He asked.  
“I am scared of what I dream about when I close my eyes” I opened up to him. He narrowed his eyes at me for a while before he said anything else.  
“You are scared no one would save you and that’s why they don’t. Take that thought off your mind and just sleep” he said and a little smile crept to the side of my lips. If Jordan was really so caring, I loved seeing it.  
“I have tried that. It never works and.....”  
“Shhhhhh.....just do what I say” he shushed me. I sighed and found myself going back to bed. I covered myself with my duvet and shut my eyes tight.  
“I am right here, no one is going to hurt you” he said and I smiled again and for some reasons I trusted his words and slowly went back to sleep.  
“Do you think Sam really kidnapped you?” I heard him ask from my subconscious.  
“Yes...I am sure she did” I replied him.  
This time my dream became worse and different.  
“I was in a cell with mice and more insects and my hands were tied to something. My gown was torn and dirty like I had been there for a long time and I would yank on the rope so I could get free but each time I did that, I ended up hurting myself. It would hurt

so badly, I would cry and scream for help and no one would come. I walked around the cell, the rope was a lengthy one and occasionally I would hit my hands against the bars of the cell just so someone could hear me and help me get free.

Then the door of the cell opened and that same sets of teeth that grinned at me when I was kidnapped, the one that wanted to devour me, the same person I shot in order to escape came into the cell and my heart skipped. I shook my head violently at the impossibility of it but he just smiled at me.

"It's your lucky day damsel" he said and started taking off his clothes. My heart beat increased as I stared at him and the knowledge of what would happen next came back to me.

"What...what are you doing?" I stuttered with fear and moved away from him to the furthest part of the cell. He said nothing till he was done taking off his shirt. Then he smirked at me and came towards the end part of the cell that I stood.

"No no... please" I pleaded and tried moving away from there but he held my rope and pulled it so hard that I fell. He came on me before I could get up and tore what was left of the gown that I was putting on.

I screamed and tears came pouring down my cheeks as I started pleading none stop but he didn't listen, he never listens. He paid attention to making sure I was stark naked in front of him and when he succeeded. He stared at my body with so much lust and licked his lower lips like a predator about to fist on his kill. He came on me and held my hands above my head while he patted my legs roughly. I felt his huge hardness between my thighs and didn't stop pleading and crying for him to let me go but he still refused to listen. Suddenly I felt pressure that hurt me more than words could explain at the entrance of my vaginal. He was trying to break in and I screamed in agonizing pain.....

I screamed and felt someone hold me against himself.

"Shhhh, nothing happened" My body was pressed against Jordan's and I trembled in his arms while he held me protectively. His strong cologne overwhelmed me and I held him so tight like he was the only one who could save me from the hands of that beast that always found a way to torment me every night.

"It was just a dream, just a dream" he said and ran his hands through my hair soothingly. I cried and shook violently in his arms. The dream felt so real and gave me more reasons not to go to bed.

"He doesn't.... doesn't.... Stop hunting.....me. He wants me... in a very dangerous....dangerous way" I stuttered amidst tears.

"Shhhh" he pressed me tighter against him.

"Don't... let him Jordap.... I will die if he succeeds" I cried bitterly.

"I won't ..I won't.. I promise" he said

He held me till I stopped shaking and stopped crying. Then I pulled away and sniffed, I raised my head and stared at him for a while. For the second time, I could see an emotion in his face and they were of absolute care.

"Are you alright?" He asked and I gave him a nod. He wiped away my tears and made me lie back on my bed. Not because I was sleepy or because I planned on closing my eyes, like ever again but because I was exhausted and my back was hurting.

I raised the duvet to my chest and stared at him gratefully.

"Who exactly do you always see in your dreams?" He suddenly asked.

"I don't know his name but he was the head of the gang. I shot him before I escaped" I said to him with tired voice and he jammed his lips together and a frown crept to his face.

"I am sorry" he said and I smiled at him, not knowing what to say. I couldn't say it wasn't his fault because it was solely his fault for bringing a woman into our home. But right in that room, I saw a different Jordan in my room. I remained quiet and he didn't stop staring at me. Silence descended and I could tell it was morning already but he remained seated at the side of my bed like he had not noticed that he had not slept all night.

"You have been here all night, you can actually go to bed" I said to him but he said nothing.

I turned to my side and a yawn escaped my mouth. I suddenly felt warm hands against mine and turned to Jordan. He looked away and stared at absolutely nothing but his hands held mine so tightly, in a reassuring way, telling me it was fine to sleep.

"I am not leaving" were his exact words.

Though I knew it wasn't fine to sleep, my body needed it and gave in a matter of minutes.

I felt like something left me all of a sudden and my hands suddenly grew cold. No matter how much I tried to go back to sleep, I found myself getting more aware of my environment.

"Shhhh, you woke her up" I heard the maids nag at each other and opened my eyes.

"Rise and shine ma" two maid chorused and I smiled at them and sat up on the bed.

Then I yawned and stretched with a warm smile on my face. The day was bright and the sun ray from my window said a lot of things.

"What time is it?" I asked them and got up to ease my bladder.

"It's twelve noon ma'am" one replied and my eyes widened.

I came out of the bathroom and my stomach rumbled signalling me that it was time to eat. I quickly had my bath and wore something simple till my eyes rested on the part of the bed I clearly remembered Jordan was sitting on. My cheeks heated up and I smiled at the thought of having him be so caring. But I waved it off and literally ran downstairs. I was super hungry.

When I came down the stairs, with the same maids that were in my room closely behind me. My eyes looked around and I smiled at all the maids at the way they greeted me with enthusiasm, it was always nice having them around.

"I asked you not to disturb her" Jordan's voice said coldly and my head snapped to the dining table as I wondered what he was talking about.

"Sir.. she was...we didn't" the maids behind me stuttered, I stared at him and back at the maids to understand what was going on. He glared at the maids behind me and my heart fluttered at the intensity of his gaze. Everywhere went completely still and quiet as all attention turned to us. I could feel the fear the maids behind me suddenly had and I had to step in.

"What is going on?" I asked hoping some one would answer me.

"The master asked that you shouldn't be disturbed" Margaret said fearfully. I turned to Jordan and he looked away like he said absolutely nothing. I gaped at him with surprise, Jordan Chase cared for me. He didn't just care but he showed it in the weirdest of ways.

"They didn't wake me up" I said trying to savage the situation.

"Don't lie just to protect them, I left your room few minutes ago" he said and my mouth dropped.

My heart fluttered at the knowledge of knowing he was right there with me as he had promised he would. I slept with his hands on mine and I suddenly realized that I didn't have any more nightmares. I smiled at the thought of having him watch over me as he promised. Then I remembered why I had to wake up, my hands suddenly felt cold and I guessed it was when he left.

"I am not lying. I woke up the moment I noticed you left" I said and his eyes snapped at me. But they weren't cold or harsh, it was different.

"Did you sleep well?" He asked and I smiled and gave him a nod.

I went back to my studies and stared into space. I tried to think of the reason why I had gone to her room the previous night but I couldn't remember.

I got so lost in staring at her that I forgot I had issues of my own. When I saw her jerk from her sleep and started panting. Then I realized that she was really in trouble if she couldn't sleep. It was all because of her kidnap and each time I remembered the way she screamed from her sleep, I got angry all over again.

I picked up my phone and dialled Nate's number.

"Hey...you seem to need me a lot this days" he said in that funny way of his that never ever seems to make me laugh.

"I need a private investigator" I said and he went quiet.

"For what?" He asked.

"To help apprehend my wife's kidnappers" I groaned into the phone.

"Ohh. I thought..... nevermind" he said.

"Just get the best investigator you can get. I need those bastards apprehended" I said and he remained quiet.

"Why are you so interested in getting the kidnappers" he asked. I remained quiet and just wanted to hang up on him but I and Nate were too close for such.

"She can't seem to sleep because of what those bastards made her go through. She literally screams and cry because of the nightmares she has...it hurts m....." I paused at the last sentence and heard Nate chuckle over the phone.

"You might kill them if you see them" he teased and that was my cue to hang up.

The moment I hung up, my mom called and I picked it up.

"I can't believe you let Samantha go" she started and my chest tightened.

"Are you going to let her go then, I mean they kidnapped your wife" she yelled.

"Jordan..." She called out loud when I didn't say anything.

"Do you realized what she is going through" she yelled again.

"I know, I know what she is going through and I am going to get the master mind behind this. Now quit bothering me about it already" I yelled back and she went quiet.

"What is wrong?" She asked and I sighed and placed my hands on my head.

"Everything. I don't know what to believe or what to not believe anymore" I opened up to her for the first time in ages.

"Every man is born with a heart for a purpose. You have instinct, you can see and hear. What you believe is totally up to you son" she said.

"More events are coming up. You have missed a few already, would you be able to make it to the next?" She asked and I appreciated the fact that she didn't push further like she knew exactly why and how I would react.



“Yes I think” I replied.

“With Genesis???” She asked and I thought about it for a moment.

“No” I replied.

“Why? She is your wife....you can’t just....”

“She is not fit for such things mom, she needs rest and a lot more than that, I can’t let her go with me to such events that requires so much formalities” I interrupted her.

“Ohhhh, wow...that’s okay” she said and I relaxed. Somehow, I found myself being worried about her and her well being after what I saw the previous night.

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 34

### Chapter 34: Jordan’s changes

I ended the call abruptly and thought of sleeping, I didn’t close my eyes the previous night and really needed it.

So I turned back to my bedroom and met with Sam. She smiled widely at me but I felt different from the way I always feel. Especially after what I saw the previous day.

Pretense. And the things the other woman said, I don’t know why I listened in the first place, maybe it wouldn’t have me doubt Sam but now I did and had to get to the truth.

“Where were you last night?” She queried.

“I searched everywhere for you” she added. I walked deeper into the room and sat on the bed, exhaustion taking over me

“Talk to me Jordan, you have been acting strange since I returned. Don’t you love me anymore?” She queried and I shook my head, the thought of not loving her anymore was not even possible.

Of course I loved her, she was the only woman I have ever loved. She knew me, she accepted me and didn’t run away like most people would. But that didn’t stop me from feeling the way I did. I wanted to find out the truth, who would have kidnapped my wife and hurt her the way they did? And even asked her to divorce me? No one would want a divorce from her as badly as I and Samantha and I know that I didn’t do it. Everyone seem to think it was Samantha and I wasn’t so sure anymore.

“Of course I do, don’t ask me that again” I said to her and she sighed. She sat closer to me and placed her hand over my shoulders.

“I was worried, you didn’t enter this room all through out the night and this morning. I thought Genesis has you wrapped around her fingers” she said and I turned to her.

Funny enough, I wasn’t so angry at the mention of her anymore. I didn’t know why, and I could help but wonder if it was because I had forgiven the lies and manipulation she did just to get married to me or because I felt pity for her.

I pushed the thought away from my mind immediately, thinking about her so much was starting to get to me.

“I feel exhausted and wouldn’t mind sleeping” I said to Sam and got on the bed. I ended the call with the inspector immediately. Rage filled my system at what he told me.

Someone had my kidnappers released and that someone could be no other person than Jordan. They had lied and changed their statement, causing the release of Samantha and as if that wasn’t enough, he had freed them. He really didn’t care about me or what I was going through, he didn’t care about my sleepless night, neither did he care about justice for me.

I lost appetite for my lunch and immediately headed to the master's bedroom. I walked in without knocking and my stomach tied into a knot at the sight of him and Samantha sleeping soundly on the bed. For a second there, I felt stupid and foolish, he had stayed the entire night watching me and making sure I slept, but that was just for show. His loyalty still remained with Sam and if he was suddenly nice to me, it was only to deceive me. I meant nothing to him and that's why he didn't care about my justice. He freed those guys without thinking of me for a split second.

I stared at them angrily and walked out of the room. I didn't see the need to yell or shout. It was of no use to me anyway. He would only think of his Samantha anyway. If I wanted justice, I had to fight for myself and myself alone.

I didn't hesitate to call the inspector and have the case reopened. They had to get my kidnappers and Samantha had to be put in her place somehow.

Again, I couldn't sleep. I was so scared of what was waiting for me on the other side and decided against closing my eyes. I didn't want to remember the pain and the fear and I didn't want to see his face anymore. It was better I remained awake.

I finished the last book on my desk and my stomach grumbled.

So I wore a slippers and quickly went downstairs. Something was always in the kitchen to eat, so I didn't mind. Moreover I couldn't sleep so I didn't force it at all.

I got myself some cookies and a glass of milk and sat down to eat. I did think against taking the milk. Didn't want to get fat but shrugged it off and ate anyway. I was halfway done when I perceived Jordan's cologne. Did he have to have something so strong and enticing?

I turned around, he was standing behind me with his eyes on me. I looked away, I was still pissed at him for what he did earlier.

"Shouldn't you be in bed already?" He asked like he was concerned and came closer to me till he stood behind me. I ignored him and rounded up with my cookies before I got up from where I sat and picked up my plate and glass. I dropped them at the sink and decided to wash them off since the sink was really clean.

I heard him come closer to me and felt his gaze on my skin but I still ignored him. He should just go back to his Samantha while I focused on what I was supposed to do.

"You shouldn't do that" he said and this time I turned to him. A reply was right at the tip of my tongue but I forced myself to remain quiet. He stopped hurting me and didn't want him to go. back to it. Moreover, he wasn't worth my time.

I turned back to the plate and suddenly he grabbed my hand and made me turn to him.

"Are you deaf?" He said between gritted teeth and I smiled. That was the Jordan I was used to. The first Jordan I knew, was through the phone and in our hotel room right before our marriage, he didn't stay too long before he disappeared. I liked that Jordan, I really did. The second Jordan was the one that always found a way to hurt me and get angry over things he shouldn't.. that Jordan stayed for a long time and disappeared into a new Jordan who would watch me when I sleep and hold me when I had a bad dream. Now that Jordan was gone also and the second Jordan was back.

"Can you stay away from me?" I asked calmly and his eyes widened. He let go of my hand and I turned back to the sink.

"I am tired of having you hurt me anytime we meet, my skin has been bruised up enough. It was never this way when I was poor" I said freely.

"I don't want you acting kind to me, when you go behind me and act like an animal or return to your criminal mistress. So please stay away" I said lastly and rinsed off my plate. I dried them off and placed them in it's appropriate place before I turned to the door of the kitchen.

"You don't have the right to speak to me with that tone" Jordan finally said something and I stopped. I turned to him, he was back to glaring at me with his hands balled into a fist. He was in the mood to hurt me again and I could see it.

"But you have the right to treat me the way you please?" I asked with a mocking humour in my tone and his eyes softened.

"I expected a lot from you Jordan. I expected you to rape me someday or kill me even, I expected you to throw me out of your house, I expected so much from you but having the men that had me kidnapped released was never it. I must have been stupid, I mean if you could hurt me all the time because you assumed I lied to you without finding out the truth for yourself, then what else can't you do?" I said and his eyes widened at me.

"What are you talking about?" He asked and I scoffed at his act. I said nothing and turned away, I headed upstairs, leaving him behind. When he pulled me by my arm and I lost my balance and hit myself against his body.

"What are you talking about?" He asked angrily, triggering all the anger I felt inside. I pulled my arm away from his grip and glared at him.

"Why ask that when you already know how you had the men that kidnapped me released" I yelled at him.

"But... I didn't" he blurted out looking at me shocked and I was taken aback.

"Now you are lying" I yelled, not expecting him to be a liar.

"No..I didn't have anyone released" he protested. I scoffed, disappointed and turned to walk out.

"Genesis..." He called my name and my legs went still. For the first since we got married, he called my name. I remembered the Jordan I had talked with over the phone before I got married.

He held my arm and made me look at him.

"I didn't have them released" he said as I looked at his eyes. My heart skipped when all my anger suddenly disappeared and wondered why he was trying to explain himself to me.

"If you didn't then who did?" I asked still wanting to believe he did it. But those eyes have never been so calm and beautiful. I felt they were sincere.

"I don't know, we are going to find out tomorrow but it isn't me, I promise" he said even more calmly. And for a second, I couldn't help but ask, what happened to Jordan? Why was he always

changing his character and personality? Who knew he could talk to me this way?

I nodded my head at him and folded my hands across my chest.

"Why are you up?" He suddenly asked and I shrugged, knowing he knew why I was awake. But at the same time, I didn't want him acting so concerned.

"You?" I asked and he shrugged and frowned for a bit. I rolled my eyes at him, wishing he would stop frowning

"I came to check on you" he blurted out and my mouth dropped.

"You weren't at your room so I decided to come out here to check on you" he added and I looked away immediately. Why was he so confusing?

“Well I’m fine” I said and looked up at him.

“You can go sleep now, won’t want your.... I paused. The night had gone so well, there was no need bringing her up.

“Won’t want any form of trouble” I said and turned to stairs.

Without saying goodnight, I walked back to my room and shut the door. I sighed in relief and turned to my mirror. Then I realized that I had stood before Jordan with only a red lingerie that exposed too much of my skin.

I groaned for a bit and stomped to my bed and yawned almost immediately.

I slept quickly but regretted closing my eyes when my dreams returned.

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 35

### Chapter 35: Attraction and care

“Please...just let me go” I screamed at my captor. Tears were coming down my cheeks and my heart was beating harder in my chest. I could feel my breath coming short the more I screamed and kicked against my captor. But he was adamant about letting me go, he dug his nails into my arms and caused me even more pains than the ones he had caused me. My skin was bruised up and bloody. I was on the floor and everything looked blurry in my eyes. The only thing that was registered in my mind was the pain in my body pleading to be left alone. I wasn’t so sure I could take more of the torture, it was just too much for me to take all at once.

I slowly felt his hands on my thighs, trailing his finger all over my leg, then he moved up upward, feeling every part of my body without any form of restraint from me and slapping on my skin as his way of torturing me even more. I slowly turned my eyes to look at his face, he had an evil smirk on it and he slapped me across my face. I immediately tasted blood in my mouth and the downpour of my tears increased.

“Just let me go please” I pleaded with him. But he didn’t. Instead he laughed and circled his hands around my neck. Then I felt my breath leaving me and my weak body struggled against him. I thrashed, ignoring the pain I was feeling all over so he could let me go, I just kept thrashing, looking for ways to get my breath back. My breath was slowly going and I couldn’t find air, his grip on my neck was too strong and he was out to kill me.

“Genesis....hey...no...” Someone pulled me away from his grip and my eyes opened. A panic attack sets in almost immediately and I found myself back in my room, I drew a long hard breath and a wheezing sound escaped my throat. I tried getting up from my bed but I fell down to the ground unable to feel my limp, it was like my blood stopped flowing in my body. My heart was in pain, it was so hot and felt like it was being torn into shreds, my lungs were on fire and I just couldn’t breath no more. Then I felt someone arms around me. Jordan’s cologne filled my nostrils and his hands on me made me feel safe.

“Shhh ..take a deep breath” he said calmly while running his hands through my hair.

“Nothing happened. One breath at a time” he said. I followed his instructions and relaxed my head against his body. I took a deep breath and tried exhaling, I felt the burning in my lungs ease up with the intake of oxygen.

“Again.... Come, a deep breath” he instructed and I did as I was told.

I kept repeating the same process over and over with his voice in my head and his body

so close to me till I could no longer feel the burning in my lungs any more. When my breath settled, I felt him tighten his arms around me from behind after taking a deep breath of his own.

The dream I had played back in my head and I realized that it wasn't going to go away. I was really scared of him and till he was found and locked up, I knew I wouldn't have peace of mind.

In Jordan's arms, I felt safe and just didn't want to leave. So I remained in that same position for a long time without any of us uttering a word. He was in my room again and I should have probably ask him what he was doing there but he just pulled me out of a nasty nightmare and helped me calm my nerves. I didn't want to ask that, he was there and he had helped me was all that mattered to me.

After a long time of staying in that position. I felt him pull away and place his hand underneath my legs. He lifted me up from the ground in a bridal style and placed me back on the bed, gently. He sat beside me on the bed, quietly, while he watched me. I said nothing also, simply becaus didn't know what to say and just couldn't find my voice at that instant. I took my time and he looked comfortable enough, he didn't look like he was going anywhere or in a haste. So I took my time, a lot of it.

"I have to get them all. My kidnappers are still on the loose and ..."

"Shhh..we will get them, I promise" his voice came out dim and calm, it soothed my spirit.

"You just have to stop being so scared. You are safe now and we will get them and get the master mind behind all this" he said with a determination in his voice that I have never heard before. I smiled faintly and lied down on my side so I could look at him. He was still Jordan alright, the handsome prince of the chase and he still looked as hot even when it was so late at night. But his attitude towards me, that was exactly what I didn't understand.

"Do you have a personality disorder?" I almost blurted out but swallowed it back in knowing I didn't really want to say that to him. He might have ended up killing me that night himself. He met my gaze with his and my heart caught in my throat for that moment. It got me thinking. If he was actually never in the picture, Jordan and I would have probably had a lovely marriage and if mom Leona never lied about things, our relationship would have been better. I knew that and thought of telling him how I ended up getting married to him, but decided against it. He was calm, I was calm and it was better that way.

He looked away from me and looked ahead while relaxing himself on a pillow at his back.

"Go to bed already" he said and a sad smile spread to my lips. I didn't want to sleep, sleeping felt like hell for me, the only place I could be tormented.

"I'm fine. You can go back to your room" I said, ignoring the pain in my heart.

"You are scared" he said and turned back to me.

"Nothing is going to happen to you" he said while staring into my eyes. I gave him a faint smile.

"I am fine" I assured him and heard him smirk.

"Close your eyes" he ordered. I did as I was told because something told me he wasn't going to take no for an answer.

"Why are you being so nice to me again?" I asked him and resisted the urge to open my

eyes to look at him.

“You didn’t deserve what happened to you. I want you out of my life, but not this way and not in such a state” he replied and my heart dropped. I didn’t know why, but it did and I felt disappointed at his words.

I remained quiet and suddenly felt his palms on my arms. It felt warm and felt like they were supposed to be there. I sighed and relaxed at the feeling.

It was late in the morning and she was still sound asleep. I stared at her face and her eyes. I could still see the blue in her eyes in my head even when her eyes were shut. She looked calm and there was this peace to her, yet a beautiful sight she was, just like the first time I had seen her, on our wedding

A sudden frowned appeared on my face at that thought and I got up from where I had laid all through out the night. I turned to the door and walked out of her room and immediately bumped into Samantha. She had the look that said she was ready to kill someone.

“Sam.....

Slap.....

She was really mad, for her to hit me and I knew that. For a woman I loved, I understood and knew why she was angry. I had gone out of my room, and left her alone for the second time. The tingling burning impact on my cheek made me rub my palms on my cheek.

“You bastard. You go to her now?” She yelled. And the sound of her voice made me turn to Genesis’s door. Sam’s voice was too loud and I feared she was going to wake her up.

I groaned inwardly at that thought and walked away from that spot, hating the thought of thinking of her too much.

“Are you walking out on me?” Sam screamed from behind me and I stopped and turned to her, her eyes was blazing hot with anger and veins were popping from her skin. I wanted to tell her how sorry I was and explain to her why I just came out of the room of her nemesis but the thought of speaking so loudly and waking her up was more loud in my heart and it was what I cared about

I walked over to where she stood and held her arm. She struggled against me and pulled hard but I gave her no chance and pulled her along behind me till we were away from the door of the room I came out from. Then I let go and turned to her. She glared at me, hard and angry.

“It isn’t what you think?” I said calmly.

“What I think. This was where you were the other night and this was where you are again today and you tell me that it isn’t what I think?” She yelled.

“No, it isn’t” I snapped.

“Look, what ever she went through had an impact on her emotionally. She can not sleep alone because she is scared, I am just...”

“It’s none of your business if she can’t sleep”

“What do you mean it’s none of my business, she was kidnapped in my house, as my wife” I yelled and regretted it the minute I said it. I saw her eyes widen and tears came running down.

“You care about her” she cried.

“You are attracted to her” she added and I was taken aback for a while. I tried protesting

on what it was she said but found no words.  
“Jordan, I want her out of this house or I will leave”

## Get me married by Tori Chapter 36

### Chapter 36: Smell of jealousy

I said nothing to her ridiculous demands and walked away, leaving her behind. I had to eat, I had to sleep, I had to return to work, I had to look for the kidnappers and who was the master mind behind every thing. I didn't have time for her drama.

I went downstairs and sat down at the dinning table. Margaret came out of the kitchen with my breakfast just in time and I dug in immediately. I started eating soon after and looked at the chair that was opposite mine at the edge of the table, the seat Genesis always liked seating on was empty and again I found myself thinking about her. She had a panic attack the previous night, it got me worried.

“Margaret” I called out.

“Yes sir” she replied almost immediately and stood by my side like she never left.

“Genesis had a panic attack last night, when her doctor comes to check on her, inform him about it” I said with out turning to her.

“Sir...”

“I am sure I was pretty clear about what I said ” I turned to her and she looked away.

“I'm sorry, I just...”

“She always has a panic attack sir, I don't think...”

“What do you mean she always has a panic attack?” I found myself getting confused

“She is your wife sir, aren't you supposed to know that?” Margaret stated bluntly and I glared at her. She was my nanny one time in my life and had been with me all those years. She wasn't that old and wouldn't retire even after my mother had asked her to. She had respect for me but could be a pain when she was set out to.

“Since when has this been going on?” I asked dryly.

“I don't know, but it started the day you started hurting her like an animal” she stated.

“Margaret..

“Don't you dare Jordan...I watched you grow up, don't think because you are cold, scary and grown up, I won't spit the truth. I expected better” she interrupted and stared hard at me.

I sighed and looked away from her, part of me knew she was right and the other part didn't like the thought of having to think about her the way I was. I didn't want to forget that she had lied to me and manipulated me into marrying her. That was the exact reason I always hurt her, my anger just drives me when ever she showed her beautiful face. I sighed again and shook my head like it would ward off the thought of her from my head.

“Just tell the doctor to check on her” I said and suddenly lost my appetite before getting up to

prepare for my day.

I was so close to the stairs when I saw Samantha with her luggage coming down with them.

“What do you think you are doing?” I asked her calmly but she ignored me. I grabbed her arm and pulled her back.

"What are you doing?" I asked her again trying hard to control my anger. She looked away from me and turned to the door.

"Let me leave Jordan" she said calmly.

"Go back upstairs with your luggage" I ordered and let go of her arm.

"So you would run back to your wife at night? No, I wouldn't do that" she snapped.

"I am only trying to help her" I said between gritted teeth.

"Help, helping her at night. Is she so good in bed?"

"Samantha" I yelled.

"Don't yell at me. I went to prison for the first time in my life because of her and you did nothing. You didn't even comfort me, don't I need you also?" She cried. I felt a little guilty at that point.

"Just go drop your bags" I said but Sam only glared at me.

"She was kidnapped Sam, she needs help" I stated the obvious. I knew she ruined the both of our lives by lying and thinking about it each time made me angry. But she was going through a lot more and I needed Sam to understand.

"To hell if she was kidnapped. I don't care, I don't care if she dies or if she doesn't. I just want you" she growled and I was taken aback. Sam was never so vague, she was always calm and not so heartless. Hearing her sound that way was increasing the doubt I had even more. But the tears in her eyes and the emotions in her voice also nagged at my heart.

I stared at her and just didn't understand why I was seeing a different person in front of me.

"All I care about is you Jordan. And when you are not there...." She paused.

"You don't know how much it hurts to see you with her and have you throw it at my face every fucking time that she is your wife" her tears were hurting me even more and I sighed and pulled her closer while wrapping my hands around her body.

"Sam, I am sorry for all this" I simply said.

She cried harder in my arms for a long time. She pulled away when she was done and I turned to the stairs, Genesis was coming down the stairs all dressed up with in a white rugged jean, hoodies and sneakers. Her blue eyes met mine and I quickly looked away. She walked past us without breaking and turned to the entrance of the house.

"Good morning ma, you look..." Margaret came forward.

"Different" she added.

"Your breakfast is ready" she said to her.

"Oh! I would just have that when I return. I have an appointment" she said and walked past Margaret.

I wanted to leave as quickly as possible because I didn't want Samantha saying something that would upset me more than I was already.

Coming down to see the both of them in that position completely got me in a sour mood. I didn't understand why I was so disappointed. It was something I had been used to from the first day of entering the house, I shouldn't have been surprised that he was with his mistress who I still had to send to jail.

"And where are you going to?" Jordan's voice stopped me in my tracks. It wasn't as calm and soothing as it was the previous night. The calm sweet voice I heard when he calmed me down suddenly disappeared into his usual harsh tone.

"Dressed like that?" he added.



I didn't bother turning around to face him. If I did, I would see Samantha and seeing her or looking at her face while she smirked at me was definitely going to make me want to kill her.

"I need to see how the investigation is coming forth" I said.

"I don't think you have to do that. The cops are doing their jobs" he replied.

"Let her go Jordan. I don't want her here either" Samantha voice was the next thing I heard. Jordan said nothing to her statement, and I tried my best not to reply her either.

"I will be going to the station later, I would prefer you stay at home" he stated and I turned to him. Samantha was glaring at him for his show of care and I was also staring at him, still wondering why he was acting so different.

"Thanks. But I'm not sure I can keep leaving in the same house, comfortably with someone who had me kidnapped" I replied and turned to the door again..

"I never had you kidnapped" Samantha said with her usual edginess to her tone. I forced a smile and turned back to her. Her hands were intertwined with Jordan and she held him protectively just so she could piss me off.

"I never mentioned your name, did I?" I smiled and her frown deepened.

"But then again, that's what everyone believes, you are not a saint Sam, you know I know that. You escaped and turned everything up last time, that doesn't mean that I am going to stop. I will make sure you pay for what you put me through last time" I turned around and decided I didn't want to speak anymore.

"You can't leave the house dressed like that" Jordan stated, his voice getting colder, reminding me of the second Jordan I met.

"I don't see anything wrong with my looks. If you want someone to look exactly the way you want, your criminal of a mistress is right next to you" I replied sternly, without stopping once to look at him.