

Get me married by Tori Chapter 37

Chapter 37: Food poisoning

The inspector still had nothing and the guys that they let free on bail were no where to be found. It was like the case was going nowhere in the least and everything wasn't going the way I wanted. Samantha was still in my house when she was supposed to be in jail. I didn't want to live in the same house with her because I didn't know what it was she would be planning next. And the kidnapper I had shot was still no where to be found.

Exhausted and hungry, I decided to go back home. I came across the side restaurant where I always hung out with T_squad. It wasn't the usual five star hotel that I was now used to but it was the only place I knew then in college. And I decided to drop by and have my lunch there.

All eyes turned to me when I went into the restaurant. Most people in there were the familiar faces of people I knew before, usual customers. I smiled and waved at them before the waitress came over to where I sat.

"Look at you girl, you hit a jackpot" Lucia said. She was the daughter of the man who owned the place and we attended the same college till she dropped out or something. She helps her father in the restaurant when there was need to.

"I was just lucky" I said faking a smile. It was of course what I was meant to do. Feign happiness when in fact I was sad.

"I do hope your luck should rub off on me" she said and I looked away. Knowing that my luck was shitty and there was never true happiness in the life I was leaving. It would be better if it never rubbed off on anyone.

"Well, should I get you the usual?" She asked and I simply gave her a nod. The usual was always meat, pork chops, chicken or turkey legs. It was like eating big with a little amount of money. She came with the food and I ate like I always did while ignoring the folks that stared at me.

The guards made lots of people uncomfortable in there and they were always staring at me. But I ignored them all and went ahead to eat the junk food I was rather used to eating.

When I was done, I left the restaurant after giving Lucia a heavy tip and went back home.

During our drive, my mind travelled to how those criminals changed their words and I had lost the recording that would have proved Samantha to be the master mind behind my kidnap. I was so sure it was on my phone because I had listened to it and left it in my car when I went to see Tiffany and Tiana. No one else was close to my phone during those period except my driver and.....

I paused at that thought and stared at the man who I had known as my personal driver of all the guards I had. He was the only one who was close to my phone because I had left it in the car, but that didn't mean he had access to it. It was on lock and he couldn't have known the password to unlock it. But what if he did?

I became suspicious immediately, while beating myself for not thinking about it sooner. I cleared my throat and turned to him to ask him a question and see his reaction when a sharp pain hit my

stomach unexpectedly and I whimpered while clutching my hands to my stomach. The

pain

lingered for a while and subsided, I relaxed a little and even decided that I would speak to my driver later. I didn't have proof that he did it and wouldn't want to embarrass him. But that didn't mean that my huge suspicion disappeared.

We arrived at the mansion and my driver turned to me when I didn't step down from the car immediately. I started feeling some kind of pain in my stomach and was scared that any movement might upset it.

"Are you alright ma'am?" He asked and I gave him a nod.

"Ma'am you don't look alright. I can alert the master, he is right there with some guards or we can take you to the hospital immediately" he said and I turned to him. He sounded so nice and caring, it made me doubt my suspicion but when another sharp pain hit my stomach. I decided it was better to think about my driver some other day. I alighted from the car trying as hard as I could to keep my posture straight and saw Jordan with some guards. It was like he was giving them a speech or maybe he was examining them with the way his eyes travelled their body. I ignored them and turned to the house. I was feeling so uncomfortable and felt like throwing up. I was almost at the door when another sharp pain hit my stomach. I stopped in my tracks and had my hand placed just at my lower abdomen while aching my back just a little. This time the pain didn't disappear as I had wanted it neither did it relieve me as before. I shut my eyes when it only increased and a whimper escaped my throat when I couldn't take it anymore.

"What's wrong with you?" That familiar voice of Jordan came into my ears and I opened my eyes and immediately met his brown eyes. He was bent slightly and staring at me rather closely. His cologne filled my nostrils and for a moment there I got lost in his eyes, but the pain in my stomach reminded me of the predicament I was in. I quickly looked away and gritted my teeth in pain.

"Are you okay?" He asked again and the concern I saw in his face made me want to look at him.

"I'm fine" I managed to say and opened my eyes. He was still standing right next to me, watching me closely. I stood up erect, and turned back to the door. I was still in so much pain and my body was changing rather quickly but I didn't want Jordan seeing that. I tried taking a step away from him and into the house but the pain was unbearable. I found myself whimpering again and stopping on my tracks as tears burned the back of my eyes.

I remained at that spot and suddenly felt myself being lifted off the ground and lots of muscles holding onto me. I opened my eyes to see Jordan holding me in a bridal style and staring at me.

"What the fuck! Jordan..." The familiar voice of Jordan's mistress made me turn to the entrance of the house. She was staring at me in Jordan's arms with eyes that could kill as always.

"Put me down" I found myself struggling against Jordan so I could get down just to avoid trouble.

"Stay still" he ordered and held me even closer to himself. His cologne and saint was enticing. I found myself relaxing as he ordered while leaning in and relaxing into him. His body was warm and so comfortable. I didn't realize when I had my arms wrapped around his neck.

"Jordan..." Samantha called out again but Jordan just walked past her with me in his

arms, ignoring her. I intertwined my hands together behind his head, holding onto each tightly when the pain I was feeling didn't subside. But Jordan didn't mind, at least I think he didn't.

He took me all the way to my room and I had my knees up to my chest the moment I hit my bed, gently.

"What happened to you?" he asked me but I couldn't give him a reply, not when my intestines felt like they were tying itself inside my stomach. But I groaned and whimpered and hit on my bed in pain so he could see. Soon after I heard him calling someone and guessed it was my doctor.

Jordan remained in my room. He had his arms wrapped across his chest while standing at the extreme end of my bed, watching me. The doctor came soon and did the usual thing before giving me some drugs. I felt the pain in my stomach subsiding after an hour or so and slept off.

I woke up with the feeling of weakness and tiredness as the only thing I could recognize. I felt cold, I felt sick, I felt exhausted but when I looked around, I was the only one in my room. That was till the door opened and Jordan came walking in. It made me remember the way he had

carried me in his arms and brought me to my room with care. My cheeks heated up for some reason and I found myself looking away from him. He walked deeper into the room and I could feel his eyes on me till he was standing at the edge of the bed, directly opposite me.

"You were asked to eat at home before you left, weren't you?" he started and I knew immediately that my junk food had caused me some stomach upset.

"And you went to eat at a side restaurant, do you know what that would have done to you? Don't you understand what food poisoning means" His voice went higher as he spoke.

"I used to eat there a lot and got no issues before" I replied him calmly like I had done absolutely nothing wrong. Wrong move I made there. He said nothing to that and when I raised my head, I saw how angry he was, his gaze was too cold and he walked out without saying any other thing to me. My heart dropped at the way he left and the anger I saw. I wasn't even sure of why he was so angry but I hated it. I liked the caring Jordan, the calm Jordan and missed him already.

I sighed heavily and turned to the time, it was early evening and I didn't feel too good to actually leave my bed. I laid back on my bed, feeling the exhaustion and weakness taking over me again and once again felt very sleepy.

When I opened my eyes again, my stomach rumbled loudly and I groaned while running to the toilet to free myself.

When I was done, my stomach rumbled again, this time, it wasn't because I had to take a shit. But because, I was so hungry and from the view it was already so late at night. I was really hungry and just needed to get food. I still felt weak and tired, but my hunger at that point was more than what I felt.

It was really late at night and very quiet, everyone had gone to bed and the lights were out. I walked down the stairs believing that Margaret might have left something for me to eat since I felt sick all day. I went over to the kitchen, the lights were on as always and just as expected, saw some food left for me in the refrigerator and had it microwaved. I started eating in the very quiet kitchen but started feeling like I was being watched by

someone. I looked around the kitchen and thought it might be Jordan since we have been meeting in the kitchen so often. But I didn't see him neither did I see anybody else. I went back to eating and

that feeling of being watched didn't completely go away. I was so sure I was being watched, I got up and looked around and saw no one. It slowly started creeping me out and I lost the appetite to eat.

I finished packing up, closed the door to the kitchen and started back to my room when I heard noise like something fell and my heart skipped. I slowly turned back to the kitchen where the sound came from. The door that I had shut was slightly open and the light that was on was turned off because the kitchen was really dark. I felt my heart racing inside my chest and a slight pain in my lower abdomen reminded me of how sick I felt. I suddenly felt like throwing up all I had just eaten. The kitchen was right next to me and I wasn't sure I could keep the food inside my stomach for too long at the rate of what I was feeling. I swallowed the sour taste of saliva in my throat and opened the door to the kitchen widely, scared to walk inside. Something strange was happening and had been through something to have all the right to be scared.

"What are you doing?" A voice from behind made me jump out of my skin and I turned around to see Jordan. I breathed a big sigh of relief when I saw him and placed my hands on my knees.

"Don't ever do that again" I said with a groan. The pain in my stomach was intensifying.

"You should be in your room, why do you always sneak into the kitchen?" He asked and I forced myself to stand erect while holding in what I had eaten. I stared at the kitchen again, still scared of going in there.

"What is it?" Jordan pulled me out of my thought.

"..." The food was finding it's way out of my stomach and I had to use my hands to cover my mouth.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" Jordan placed his hand on my arm and I shook my head violently.

"Come on" he said and started leading me away from the kitchen towards the stairs and I pulled back, because my room was far and the kitchen was close.

"Come on...." He pulled me back again and that did it. The moment I hit my head against him, every thing I ate came spilling out on him.

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Chapter 38: The intruder

I raised my head up and stared at the cold eyes of Jordan. I swallowed hard and thought of ways he could possibly kill me. My vomit was all over him and my stomach still ached. He stared down at his body and stared back at me. His gaze was cold and angry and I found myself moving away from him while forcing a smile.

"Are you crazy?" He yelled coldly. My head suddenly felt like it was spinning and my knees grew weak underneath me. I braced myself to fall hard on the ground when I felt strong arms and felt myself being lifted from the ground. Jordan's cologne was the next thing I perceived and I leaned into him as he swept me off the ground. The sweet smell of his cologne was mixed with the stench of my vomit on him but I held onto him anyway and felt him start moving while I had my eyes shut to stop them from spinning.

I felt something hard and cold underneath me and opened my eyes. I was at my bathroom and in my bathtub. My heart skipped when so many unpleasant thoughts came to mind and I struggled to get out of the bathtub but the pain in my stomach and the dizziness I felt restricted me. I turned to Jordan who was now taking off his shirt and swallowed the lump in my throat. I looked away from him and had all kind of scary thought. I tried getting up again from the tub but felt warm palms on my hands and turned to see Jordan staring at me with hard eyes and without a shirt on. My heart started racing inside my chest and slowly felt pains in my chest.

“Shhhh, I’m not going to bite” he said and went for my shirt. I pushed his hands away while trying to hold the different pain I was feeling in different areas of my body. He slapped my hands away, he still had that hard cold look on his face and that was what scared me. My breathing was slowly increasing by the minute, he was going to take advantage of me in such a state and he was scaring the hell out of me. He didn’t seem to care, he lifted my head and took off my shirt even with all my struggling. Then he had his hands at my back and tried unhooking my bra.

“Jordan...” I called out and he stopped and turned to me. I felt tears run down my cheeks and shook my head at him while breathing hard. I shut my eyes again and opened them, feeling the dizziness take over me. He stopped trying to take off my bra and brought out his hands from my back and placed them on the tub.

“I am not him” he simply said and got up from where he had squat. He turned around and I saw him pick up a towel and made it wet with water. He went ahead to use the towel to wipe off a bit of the vomit I had on his trouser. My breathing slowed down at the safe distance he had with me but I was still scared. A sharp pain hit my stomach and I cried. Jordan turned back to me and squat back to the level he had been before. He stared at me for a long time, without saying a word while I whimpered in pain. He bent over again and had his hands go around my body to my back to unhook my bra again...

“Nooooo...” I cried and he quickly moved away from me. He shook his head and walked out without uttering any thing to me.

I sighed in relief that he was gone and tried to get out of the tub but each time I made a move, the pain in my stomach tripled and the dizziness I felt became worse. So I just laid back in there, feeling awful and sick.

It didn’t take long and I heard noises. My eyes snapped back to the door in panic when I saw

Margaret walk in with her nighties and breathed heavily but not until Jordan walked in behind her and was still bare in his upper body.

“Ma’am...are you okay?” Margaret said and I turned my attention to her.

“No...” I managed to say and she sighed.

“Why don’t we have a bath first” she said and went for my bra just as Jordan did earlier and realization quickly dawned on me. I immediately turned to Jordan but he walked out of the bathroom without waiting for me to say anything. I suddenly felt so guilty to think he wanted to take advantage of me. I was in a bathtub for crying out loud, he wouldn’t have hurt me even if he wanted to.

But in my defense, he had done so much to me, I had all right to think he could be capable of such a thing

Margaret helped me have a hot bath before helping me out of the bathtub. She wrapped a towel around my chest and helped me back into my room. Jordan was sitting at the

edge of my bed still without a shirt. I looked away and headed to my bed and lied down..
“Would you be needing anything else sir?” Margaret asked and he shook his head at her. She turned to me and smiled before leaving me with him. He turned to me, he had an angry look on his face like he was always did when ever he wanted to kill me. I was scared of that look but not as much as the first time when I came into the house. My stupid kidnap made me more brave I guess.

I said nothing to him, embarrassed at the way I had acted. He had a mistress who he loved way too much to involve himself with me. He would never want me or my body. I was stupid to think he would. But at the same time, thinking about it that way made me sad.

He got up from where he sat and went to one of my drawers. He brought out some drugs and came towards me with it and a glass of water.

I sat up grudgingly and stole a glance at his body. My heart caught in my throat and I quickly looked away. He gave me the drugs and I drank them one by one before trying to look up at him but he looked away from me the moment I did that and my heart dropped.

“Go to bed, try sleeping” he said and turned around to leave. I opened my mouth to call him back, scared of staying alone in that room and also because I wanted to apologize for thinking he was going to take advantage of me. But I snapped my mouth shut, he was in a sour mood already and it was better he just left. He turned off the light and walked out of my room.

When he did, I sighed heavily and covered my blanket all over my body. It suddenly felt so lonely and quiet in there and my mind travelled back to Jordan. I had married a man who ended up hurting me when ever he wanted or whenever he laid his eyes on me. I hated that man and wanted to run from him. But he changed, not completely but he did. I smiled when I remembered the first time he had stayed in my room just to make sure I slept. My cheeks heated up when I remembered the way he had carried me into my room when I came back that afternoon and how he did the same after throwing up on him. It made me happy thinking about that Jordan. It always reminded me of the man I spoke to on phone before I got married. The Jordan that gave me my dream wedding. My cheeks heated up even more and I turned to the other side of my bed. I never knew that he could be so calm, I threw up on him and he didn't flare up or want to kill me like he would usually do, though it was clear he was angry about it. Could there be more to him?

I noticed that my door opened and a manly figure came walking in, interrupting my thoughts. My heart skipped when I thought it could be Jordan. I sat up and turned to the figure, he was a man alright but in the darkness I couldn't see him. My heart skipped when I took a closer look at the figure and realized it wasn't Jordan. He was slightly shorter than Jordan and was fatter than him, slightly. It also seemed like he was leaping. What made me more scared was when he didn't move or attempt to turn on the light. He just stood at the door and stared at me, it creeped me out.

“Jordan...” I called out lowly just to hear him speak but he didn't. Instead he walked deeper into the room and I got up from my bed.

“Who are you?” I asked bravely wishing that Jordan never turned off the light before leaving. The stranger said nothing and walked deeper into the room till he was standing at the edge of my bed.

"The sweet sound of your voice..." the voice of the stranger came and I froze. I recognized that voice anyway. It was the same man I had shot, the kidnapper. My heart started racing and I moved away from him.

"How...how did you get here?" I sluttered.

"Ah! You recognized my voice. That's sweet isn't it?" He said..

"But shooting me wasn't going to stop me from getting what I want" he said wickedly and walked closer to me. I jumped on my bed and ran to the other side of it but he was standing in front of me before I could get to the door.

"You will regret this" I threatened though my heart was pounding rapidly inside my chest. I thought of screaming but my room was far into the left wing, who would hear me?

"Oh really? Well we'll see about that won't we?" He said. I turned to the door, I realized that I couldn't make it. He was standing right in front of me, I could never get to the door and even if I tried I might trip and fall in the darkness. A small pain in my stomach reminded me of why I was wrapped in a towel. I could feel pains in my chest already and decided to do what I felt would work.

"Jordan....." I yelled as loudly as I could..

"Jordan....help m..." His hands was against my lips muffling my last words. He pushed me to the wall and something fell and broke. I pushed his hands away and tried running but he pulled on my towel and I froze. He chuckled wickedly while I tried pulling my towel away from his hands,

it was coming loose from my chest. He let go of the towel and I turned to the door but he was quick and hit me against walls and things that were close to the wall. Something pierced into my foot and caused me a lot of pain and discomfort. I ignored it and struggled against my intruder

"Jordan....." I yelled again, before he muffled my screams with his hands. He was supposed to be in a hospital or prison but there he was in my house trying to take advantage of me again. I wasn't going to let that happen. I pushed and kicked where I felt his dick would be and hit. He groaned loudly and pushed me to the ground, my head hitting hard against the cold ground. I felt things piece into my skin but he suddenly turned to the door and left.

I didn't bother getting up because I heard lots of footsteps and hoped it was someone who was willing to help. My door swung open and the lights was turned on.

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Chapter 39: Jordan's confusion

"Hey" I felt someone squat close to me, followed by Jordan's voice. Then I felt his strong arms wrap itself around me, then he lifted me off the ground and made me sit on the bed. I didn't fight it because I actually felt safe with him. He sat beside me and I stared at him, before I felt something drip down to my forehead. I touched it with my hands and felt warm liquids; and looked at it, it was blood. My eyes traveled to the ground and I also saw blood, the imprint of my foot scattered the whole place with blood and the broken vase on the floor.

"Someone was here. He...it was.." I stuttered and turned to Jordan gripping him by his shirt remembering the face of that bastard.

"The man who almost raped. The head of those kidnappers, he was here, in this room and he...." I trailed off when Samantha came walking in. She had a smile on her face and her arms were across her chest. I wanted to dive in on her. I wanted to hit her and hit her again till she tells the truth but my feet was hurting and my head was throbbing to do any of those. She kept getting away, like she did nothing.

"That's impossible Genesis, the guards in this house has been tripled after your kidnap, no one can come in and not a wanted criminal as you claim" Samantha feigned a concerned voice and I glared at her. She looked so concerned but her eyes held that smile.

"Ofcourse a wanted criminal can come in here because there is an insider in this house and we both know it's you" I snapped at her and turned to Jordan.

"Please, you have to help me. He wants to hurt me and..."

"Shhh" he placed his hands on my lips, shutting me up.

"We are going to get him, I promise" he said and turned his gaze to the door. Margaret and some other maids where out there and she came walking in with a first aid box almost immediately.

Jordan got up from where he had sat beside me and Margaret started cleaning my wounds. Samantha angrily stormed out and so did Jordan. Another maid came in to clear the broken vase and clean up the blood stains on the floor and for a while I was relieved that people were around

When Margaret was done cleaning and treating my wounds, she gave me some drugs and helped me changed into something before helping me to lay back on my bed.

"Are you alright?" She had asked and I shook my head. How could I be when I had a gold digging whore in my house who was bent on making sure I leave in any way possible? How could I be fine when that bastard was in the same roof with me? How could I be fine when I was facing so much for a man that doesn't love me or see me for who I am.

"The boss would figure out everything, you don't have to worry" Margaret said and I sighed and tried closing my eyes to sleep. She refused leaving my room, and made sure I slept.

"Can't you see what she is doing?" Sam yelled the moment I came out of the bathroom. She had been yelling ever since Genesis had yelled my name in the middle of the night and hasn't stopped yelling. My head was hurting from the pain and the stress both women were giving me.

"Can't you hear me, she is fooling you, all this is a game" she said as I turned to our wardrobe. I ignored her and focused on finding something to wear.

"Jordan, I am only worried about you, you think I want her having you in her clutches. That lady you see isn't as innocent as she looks, everything is a lie, there was no body in the house, there was no one in her room, why can't you listen?" I groaned and turned to her, hating the fact that she wasn't giving me peace. She moved back from me with her eyes on the floor because she knew she had hit a button. I tilted my head backward, looking straight at the ceiling then I took a deep breath, calming myself down before looking at her.

"Why would she lie about something like this?" I asked her calmly.

"Because she has been lying ever since you knew her. She is a liar and had manipulated you to be in this house and to get married to you. The question should be

why wouldn't she lie?" She replied. I sighed and turned back to my wardrobe, not wanting to go into such a discussion anymore.

"Jordan. She wants you for herself" she continued but this time, she wasn't yelling. Her voice was calm and sounded concerned and soothing.

"She is using the fact that she was kidnapped to have you pity her and draw you closer. She is trying to manipulate you again. If she isn't? Why would she say someone broke into the house, not just someone but the same person who had kidnapped her. How could he have passed the security that had been tripled into her room?" I stopped what I was doing and thought about what she said.

"But you saw the vase and the injuries?"

"She could have done that herself just to get your attention. She is manipulating you, even the guards proved that no one entered the house Jordan. I know you are smart man, think about this" she said lastly and walked out of the room.

I sighed heavily and dressed up. Then I sat on the bed to think about what Sam had been saying.

Truly the guards had seen no one and there was no proof of breaking in. I had called the cops and inspectors in charge of her case and they found nothing as well. There was nothing just as Sam had said but the images of her on the floor that always came to my mind whenever I thought about it made me think other wise. But in everything, I had to remember one thing, she had lied and manipulated me before and could easily do it again.

I groaned loudly and got up from the bed. Coming out from my room, I went over to the left wing and straight to her room.

A maid came out of her room and started towards me. She bowed when she got to where I stood. I walked past her and straight to the room of Genesis.

She was wide awake when I came in and the doctor was right in her room. He was checking on her bruises when I walked in. I waited and had my eyes run all over her body, examining her closely. She looked different from when she had first come to come over. She was wearing a

yellow gown that stopped at her thighs. There were bruises on her body and plasters too. Her eyes were swollen and the blue in them weren't as bright anymore. I shook my head and looked away from her, I never like the way I felt whenever I stared at her.

The doctor finished with her and gave her some instructions before turning to me.

"She will be fine" he said and I simply gave him a nod.

Left alone with her, I walked closer with my arms folded across my chest.

"How are you?" I asked and she gave me a nod.

"Did you get him?" She asked almost immediately and I went quiet. She didn't seem like she faked having an attack and if she did I couldn't tell. I wasn't sure if I should believe her or if I should listen to Sam who I was already doubting.

"Jordan..." She called my name and I stared at her.

"There was no break in" I simply said and watched as her eyes widened.

"But he was here, how could there be no break in?" She sluttered.

"He was right here and was leaping, you have to search for him, he was here" she said and I could see fear and terror in her eyes. That look in her beautiful eyes hurt me somewhere in the deepest part of my heart yet it confused me.

"Maybe he wasn't really here" I said trying to make sense of the whole situation.

“Yes, he was. He was here....wait...are you saying am lying?” She paused and stared at me outraged.

“There was no one here. The guards saw nothing and the security has tripled for any more break in. Even the inspector detected nothing....”

“So I’m lying then?” She asked again and I turned to her. I wanted to reply that question. I wanted to say yes, I think you are lying but that look in her eyes that revealed so much didn’t let me.

“Get out” she snapped angrily before I could say a thing.

“I said you should get out. If you don’t believe me, you can’t protect me from that bastard so just get out, I will handle myself” she said. Usually I would be angry about her outburst, no one talked to me that way but this time I wasn’t. I actually wanted to apologize, she had gone through a lot and is going through more.

“I’m just saying, he might be an illusion like in your dreams” I tried savaging the situation. But when she started laughing loudly, I knew I should’nt have said that.

“Jordan Chase, my husband actually believes I have gone mad” she glared at me.

“I went mad and broke a vase in my room. I also had to hurt myself and hit my head against the ground too right?”

“No....that wasn’t...”

“Then what are you saying then?” She yelled.

“You think I am doing all this on purpose, why would I do that? I must be the worst sinner on the planet to have been blessed with a husband like you” She said and my mind travelled back to what Samantha had said.

“Now that I think about you, this might be your plan with Sam all along. You both had me kidnapped, that’s why no one has gotten to the criminals because you are both covering up a lot. And now that he came in, you want me to believe that I am mad” she said and it was my turn to get angry at her outrageous words.

“Get out, I don’t want to see you. Do what you want and never show your face to me”

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Chapter 40: Strong warning

I groaned loudly in my attempt to let out some steam. How could Jordan insinuate that I had done everything on purpose? I was hurt, I was scared, and yet he had the guts to come into my room and tell me how mad I was.

I knew what I saw, I knew what I felt, my kidnapper had been to my room and he had hurt me, I wasn’t going mad, I was too sure of it to believe that it could be an illusion. I was so angry at Jordan and also disappointed in myself. I still didn’t understand why I was always looking for something different, thinking he would be better or change or act like an actual person with correct reasoning. The past few days I had been expecting too much from him and getting disappointed every time.

I shook my head and pushed off the thought of Jordan from my mind. I had more pressing needs, so I decided to think. Samantha was right when she said the security had been tripled. No one could come into the house and leave without being spotted, questioned, or caught. One man couldn’t come in and leave without being spotted especially if he is a man that can’t walk properly even. No one could do that, except they had help.

That thought made me shift from my bed and triggered a slight pain in my foot. I winced lowly and sat down in a better position. My kidnapper had help, if he didn't he wouldn't be able to come into the mansion, bypass the security, walk past the house and come straight for my room. It was either someone who was helping him, and when I mean someone, I mean Jordan, Samantha, or both.

My phone rang immediately and pulled me out of my serious thoughts. When I saw the callers, I sighed in relief because they were the right people I needed to talk to.

"Hey" I announced the moment I picked up the call.

"Hey, and hey" Tiana and Tiffany announced happily.

"You guys sound happy" I started.

"Of course we are, how can little bundles of joy like us ever sound sad" Tiffany replied and I managed a chuckle.

"I am not a bundle with you girl, don't say that, you are not a kid" Tiana replied her and they both started arguing about it. It was funny to hear them bickering like kids but my heart was heavy and my life was at stake to laugh. Maybe if I just declined ma'am Leona's offer, my life wouldn't be at stake as it was. I had never had so much trouble and bruises in my life and here I was with so many. I might have probably found a job for myself now, and pay mom Leona some part of the money she used in taking care of my sister if I did not accept the offer. But the deed had been done and I could do absolutely nothing about it, I could only live my life with regret.

"Are you alright?" Tiana's voice pulled me out of my thought and that was when I realized that they had both stopped bickering.

"No," I said truthfully, and instantly gave them a rundown of all that had been happening to me.

"Gosh, Jordan is a jerk" Tiana yelled over the phone at the end of my story.

"He might be a part of this you know, he can't just be so stupid or ignorant about all this" she added and I could hear the anger in her voice.

"I don't know...I just don't know" I replied exhausted about the entire situation.

"And no one noticed a break in...?" Tiffany asked.

"That's the point, there was no sign of a break-in and my house is too secured for a stranger to just walk in, past the guards, and through the house to my room"

"Then it has to be an insider" Tiana repeated the same thing I thought.

"Samantha," Tiffany said.

"Or her stupid husband" Tiana interrupted.

"His actions could be proof" she added.

"But why would he do that to her. With what she said, he had been nicer and there for her more than she ever thought he would be, I don't think he would suddenly turn to do this" Tiffany protested.

"That might be his cover-up, to make her feel safe and less suspicious of him while he might be the one behind everything"

"No, if he was the one, why didn't he just let the kidnappers do whatever they wanted with her. Remember he had been the one to go looking for her all alone. If he wanted her hurt, he would have done that then because that was the perfect opportunity, and remember, the kidnapper only mentioned Sam" she added and I saw reasoning in what she was saying.

"Well, now that you put it that way, he might not have done that but still, I am suspicious

of him”

Tiana on the other hand refused to buy it.

“He knows how difficult she finds it to sleep and knows why. He might have guessed all this and just decided to have her go through this torment”

“And why would he have to torment her?”

“To get rid of her. He wants Samantha and not her, this way Genesis might decide to just leave for her peace of mind and out of fear, then he can have just Samantha” Tiana finished and I also saw some sense in what she said. Maybe it was Jordan and this was their way of getting me out of their lives. That knowledge got me angry and yet it hurt me and it also gave me a headache.

I didn't speak much with Tiana and Tiffany anymore and we ended the discussion and said goodbyes for the time.

But I couldn't help but think of how much my life had become more miserable as the day went by. I did nothing wrong but accept a marriage proposal that I thought Jordan wanted. I was also a victim and he didn't want to understand that.

I sighed heavily and got up from where I had been sitting. I felt pain in my foot and some other parts of my body but I ignored it and went over to my mirror stand. A gasp almost escape my mouth when I took a look at my reflection in the mirror. There were plasters and cuts all over. My lip was dry and my eyes were swollen and dim. That wasn't the Genesis that came into that house and it angered me that I was suffering for something I didn't do or something I didn't deserve and yet my husband wasn't helping neither was he seeing my pain.

At that thought, a new determination grew in my heart. I wanted out of the marriage as much as the next person but I can't out of the marriage because his mom had trapped me terribly and leaving would also mean, going back to our old life for my parents. I didn't want that. In as much as I dreaded it, I was going to remain his trophy wife and make sure anyone who hurts me pays dearly for it. I had no one to fight for me as most married women ought to have, but I was not going to remain still and act stupid while they hurt me. It was going to be an eye for an eye, and I would do my fighting myself from now henceforth.

I took a final look at my horrible state before I turned to the door of my room and painfully walked out. The cut in my foot was hurting but I didn't stop. I took slow, painful steps till I got to the top of the stairs. It was lunchtime and I could see Samantha and Jordan from where I stood, having a wonderful lunch.

“Oh! Ma'am” Margaret called out the moment she sighted me.

“You shouldn't have, I would have come up with your lunch,” she said and Jordan and his mistress turned to me. I looked away and turned to the steps in front of me. I had to walk down so many of it with just one working leg.

“I'm fine,” I said to Margaret and took another painful step with my hands to the railing of the step, followed by another and another and another. But I stopped when I saw Jordan coming towards me. I glared at him, I glared so hard, my eyes would have popped out of my socket. He stopped in front of me and my anger soared. I ignored him and turned to continue walking when he blocked my path.

“You shouldn't have come down. But let me help you” he said with a voice that was so calm like I didn't just ask him to stay away from me earlier. I ignored him and attempted to walk past him when he placed his hand on my arm. I pushed his hands away from

me like it was some disease and walked away. He followed behind me and held my hand again.

"Let me help you," he said. This time, I turned around and pushed him with all the strength I could muster.

"Stay the hell away from me Jordan" I yelled at him and turned back to where I was heading.

I successfully came down the stairs and Anna ran towards me. Without saying anything, she placed my hand on her shoulder so she could carry some of my weight and I let her. She started towards the dining but I stopped.

"I want to speak to the guards," I said. We turned towards the entrance of the house but I didn't miss Samantha's victorious smile as she sat in the dining.

Lots of guards were outside as usual and bowed immediately after they saw me. For the first time, a thought came into my head. There were so many of them, they all could have not seen anyone strange even if the person was brought by an insider. One or two of them must have seen him,

there was no way no one saw him. He wasn't invisible. With that thought, I came to realize that I had rats in my midst who were either working for Sam or helping Jordan to make me think I was mad.

"I need to speak with all of you" I announced loudly then I turned to Anna.

"Call all the maids, they should stop what they are doing" I ordered.

Guards came closer, there were hundreds if not more, then the maids started coming out of the house and lined up in front of me.

"What's going on here?" I heard Samantha from behind me but didn't turn around to look at her. Anna came forward and stood at the position she was before.

"How many of you think I have gone mad or delusional?" I asked loudly and no one gave me a reply.

"Give me an answer, I won't bite, I would be glad even because that would mean I need help. So please give me a reply" I said and waited for someone to say something.

"We think you are perfectly fine ma'am," Margaret said.

"Do you all agree with her?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am" they chorused.

"That means I wouldn't have smashed a vase in my room and step on it myself because only someone who needs help would do that right?"

"Yes ma'am"

"It also means that I never cut myself or bruised myself too"

"Yes ma'am"

"Someone did this and attacked me in my room, someone who had before attempted to hurt me and you all claim no one broke in and you saw nothing. Doesn't that make me look mad?" I announced and they went quiet. I smiled and stared at each of them.

"I do know that Samantha, my husband's mistress is a criminal and maybe my husband too and is behind everything that is happening to me"

"Genesis..." I heard Jordan's angry voice behind me but didn't bother looking back to see him.

"I know most of you are also working with this criminal to make my life a living hell in this house" I stated and watched as everybody turn around, they started looking at themselves suspiciously.

“I’m going to give this as a warning, just a warning because I would break whoever is working with this criminal and make your life more miserable than you can imagine. Be wise and beware” I said and turned around to go back into the house. Jordan and Samantha were right behind me, they had a hard cold gaze.