

## Destined To Be His wife by L.T. Marshall Chapter 7

YuZhi surprised TangShi by pulling her close in a threatening manner, her body rammed up against hard masculine muscle that she found hard to ignore, and then ungracefully pushing her away with a harsh shove. Her breathing labored from the sudden assault, it sent her rolling away by a foot, with a squeal, and she had to grasp the sheets to save herself from toppling right off the bed. He was juvenile and merely wanted to scare her while exerting his dominance on what he viewed as a pitiful creature.

“I don’t think so. I’m not in the mood. You definitely don’t do it for me either.” It was a sulky retort, fury seeping out from all over him in his stiff and gruff manner and TangShi blanched in shock. She wasn’t exactly rooting to have relations with him after today, but she was still surprised he was refusing her. Especially in such a young petulant boy and tantrummy kind of manner. She was sure she had felt his arousal so this made no sense to her.

After all, wasn’t the shotgun wedding so he could immediately begin to start trying for an heir? This was their wedding night! Wasn’t that the point of dressing her up, rushing this through and sending her to his suite as soon as they got here. To dress like this too.

It was night by then, but she was still told to ready herself for the young master accompanying her as soon as she walked in the door. Not even allowed to sit down and have an evening meal, despite not eating since morning.

“What do you mean? Your grandfather said...” TangShi forgot herself for a moment, her resistance replaced with question, and spoke out. Confused and a little rejected by his sudden lack of desire. She wondered if she was really so repulsive to him, even dressed this way, that he didn’t want to touch her. Unable to understand what was wrong with him. Most men when aroused would have to follow through, right? That’s what the magazines said.

“I don’t care. I won’t be forced, and I won’t be seduced with slutty clothes. Don’t think I don’t see the intention. I have someone I care about and you and I, we’ll only do what’s required when your fertile, without all this... I don’t want to see it again. Cover up!” he grabbed the strap of her lacy negligee, tossing it aside with a sneer of disgust on his face. “Cheap.... Shameful. I prefer virtuous women, not ones who make bargains to sell their body to the highest bidders.” He snapped it in her face while TangShi reddened from the top of her head all the way down to her toes. Knowing she couldn’t exactly refute it as that’s what her father had done.

Truth be told YuZhi had reacted to this outfit, just as a man should and it made him so incredibly angry at his own lack of impulse. Seething over the fact his body would forget Rhea so readily for this slip of a girl in sexy underwear. Even if Rhea knew that he had to do this for the sake of an heir and had promised to never hold it against him. It still felt

wrong. He didn't care if was married to her, she wasn't his girlfriend and wasn't someone he wanted to have sex with.

Suddenly ashamed that he thought the nightdress was her doing, TangShi didn't want to pass blame to Xiaosu, knowing she was probably only doing as she was told. So she shook her head instead. Oblivious to YuZhi's conflicted thoughts and growing distance.

Dumbfounded at how much venom he had in him for someone he did not know well and had made such awful judgment of. He had never mentioned their previous encounter either, so she wondered if this was all based on something she did back then and didn't realize it at the time.

She couldn't recall anything other than letting him kiss her passionately so many times that night. Maybe that was it, maybe her allowing his kisses and handholding back then was the reason he discarded her so coldly. He thought women who allowed such intimacy were shameless? Cheap? Easy? Surely, he was more forward thinking than that, or maybe his grandfather's traditionalism was ingrained, and he really looked down on her for it.

But then, he was the one who had kissed her repeatedly, and pursued it when she was too shy. He had held her hand, hugged her close .... More recently he had a girlfriend who he obviously sleeps with if his manner is anything to go by.

"You misunderstand my character, I ..."

YuZhi gave her no chance to defend herself at all. Despite her low pleading tone and the genuine sorrow in her expression. Her willingness to back down and the hurt in her expression at being judged like that.

"Pffft... You think I don't know women like you? I've had years of you throwing yourself my way, all the same kind! The only difference is one of you finally had a father to do your bidding who was worthy in my grandfather's eyes. You got your wish; you cajoled a bind to me where other's failed... now go sleep over there and don't touch me. I want a list of your fertile days by lunch tomorrow." He turned his back on her, making it clear he had no intention to touch her in any kind of way. His manner bleak, his wall of iciness up and she was intimidated by his strong aura of command.

YuZhi's words and actions almost choked her, with both shock, insult, and sheer fury. He really did think so little of her and so much of himself. This arrogant and spoiled stupid man, looking down on her for something she wasn't even guilty of and had no control over. How dare he think she had whispered begging words in her father's ear to secure marriage to this man. This egomaniac and asshole. She wouldn't have asked to even share air with him if she was given a choice! She only wanted a peaceful life and her independence far away from anyone in Shanghai!

TangShi opened her mouth and glared at his straight and foreboding figure in the darkness, outlined by the moonlight seeping in the cracks of the curtains in the window. Irritated by how blessed in attractiveness he was but lacked any kind of charm. She had so many harsh words she wanted to say, to defend herself, to scold this idiot, but instead she snapped her lips closed.

She wouldn't lower herself to someone like him. Let him think what he wanted. It made no difference to the situation she was in and in fact, maybe his not wanting to have anything to do with her was a blessing. She crossed her arms across her bust haughtily.

She had heard of men pestering their women for constant sex until it became laborious and unenjoyable. Some endured it merely for a peaceful life and she had no high hopes that YuZhi would try and give her pleasure from the act. She was happy to be left to sleep! It delayed the inevitable pregnancy that might happen and gave her time to get her own life in order, and plans organized. She wasn't going to sit in this mansion and waste away her days waiting for him to grace her bed at night, and she wasn't about to organize her life around this jerk either.

She turned her body away too, leaving a huge gap on the bed between them where the sheets dipped down to form a visual boundary. Both stiff and angry, mirrored in posture, and each staring at blank walls ahead of them in a silent standoff. TangShi had lived through her fair share of insult and injury from callous people, but never had she been as incensed as this at the hand of a stupid man. He seemed to be able to trigger a fiery response that had long lain dormant in TangShi, and she could not push down the urge to turn around and smack his head with her pillow. She had never had violent tendencies of any sort and here she was wishing to hit him with anything close by.