

# 《Forced Marriage: I Hate My Wife》

## Chapter 11 - Jose

Life sure knows how to break a man by taking from Him what he loves the most. Life broke me when it took Mirabel away from me. Mira who I loved the most.

She was my first love. My heart, My mind my one and only. We promised to be there for each other. But now she's gone.

I wiped a tear from my eye and walked back to my bed seating on it. I stood up and walked to Monica's room. I didn't know what I was doing standing there or what I would tell her but I just couldn't help myself. I knocked but she didn't answer so I assumed that she was sleeping.

I walked back into my room feeling sad. More sad than I've ever felt my whole life.

I sat on the bed and stared at the ceiling and soon sleep came.

The sun sipped into my room blinding my eyes but that's not what woke me up. It was the noise coming from the kitchen that woke me up.

I bolted up from the bed rushing to take my bathe and brush because I had to see Emily this morning to get more information about the plan.

I wore a dark suit and dark shoe to go with it. I didn't shave I wanted my beard to grow back cause that's how Emily likes it but I had to cut it before my marriage because I felt maybe it will make me look more decent.

I didn't want Mr Charles getting second thoughts about the wedding not when I was already getting ideas for it.

Taking my car keys for the range rover Mr Charles gave me for a wedding gift I ran down the stairs only to see breakfast on the table.

"Good morning. Break fast is ready." Monica said. I could tell she was nervous She looked just as beautiful as always like she didn't go through what she did yesterday. All of a sudden I felt the urge to hug her but I quickly controlled myself. I don't know where all this feelings were coming from but it was sure getting on my nerve.

"When will you stop pretending to be who you're not" I snapped at her. She moved back shocked then she quickly regained herself Like she had a switch attached to her that she could quickly on and off when necessary.

"Ok I know I'm not a good Cook but I really tried this time. The bread isn't burnt just taste it," she begged. She came further into the dining and dropped the rag she was holding.

"Fine!" I said. She had a smile on her face when she saw me take a bite off the bread and my heart melted. I think I'm losing my mind. I need to see Emily.