

# 《Forced Marriage: I Hate My Wife》

## Chapter 12 - MONICA

I had woken up very early today. Earlier than I used to before, maybe it was because I slept in the tub. I didn't even know when I slept off in my dreams I heard someone knocking on my door but it was in my dreams.

I got up from the tub and dried my body luckily for me the Heater was on through out the night and so the water never got cold if not the cold would have entered my body and oh God falling sick will kill me now.

I hurriedly got out from the bathroom and dressed up. I wore a red short Long sleeve Gown with diamond necklace and diamond earrings. I wanted to Wear heels to match but I thought against it. I looked in the mirror and the side of my face where Jose slapped me was still red. Exhaling I took out my make up box and covered it.

Walking down I took an apron from the kitchen and used it to cover myself while I cooked. I practically burnt up to three toast, the kitchen and the world before I managed to toast a reasonable looking bread. I wanted Jose to eat before he goes to work. I wanted to be a good wife and nothing more.

I heard him coming down from the stairs so I quickly stopped what I was cleaning and took a rag to dry my hands.

He was already going when I called him back.

"Good morning. Break fast is ready." I called. I was nervous to say the least what if he hits me or hates the food or die from food poisoning. I thought.

He looked at me with something other than hate and just when I was beginning to get my hopes up he had to squash it to the ground by his words.

"When will you stop pretending to be who you're not" he snapped. I was taken aback by his comment. Has he found out that I'm Mira, that I'm his Mira. But that's impossible. I decided to stay with the facts and I quickly regained myself before he gets suspicious of me."Ok I know I'm not a good Cook but I really tried this time. The bread isn't burnt just taste it,"

I assumed he was talking about me pretending to know how to cook so I thought it

wise to accept it. I wasn't a good cook but not the worst there is I could bake and cook soup and stew but I wasn't a fan of toasting bread or toasting anything for that matter.

I wanted him to taste the food I spent so much time cooking it and it will be a waste if he didn't get to eat it. I looked at him pleadingly. And on impulse I walked further into the dining. Dropping the rag, I took a slice of bread and handed it to him. I thought he will throw it away but he didn't. He took a bite from it.

I couldn't help but smile and hope that he one day he will warm up to me. I only had to hope.