

《Forced Marriage: I Hate My Wife》

Chapter 4 - Monica

You know what they say about weddings they might be true but what they forgot to tell you is how stressful the wedding party is and I tell you it is as stressful as fuck. Right now I am finding it hard to even work how the hell am I suppose to consummate my marriage if I could barely walk.

After the party Mario Jose and I came over to his house, the house my father had given to us as a gift prior to the wedding.

It was a mansion to say the least with over twenty workers. I had given the workers a day off so we could have the house all to ourselves. I didn't want anyone to peep on us when we are having sex.

We had our separate rooms and I was in mine so was he. I was in the bathroom now and although I just recently got waxed I couldn't help but wax myself again. I wanted to be perfect for him. To leave no stone unturned. The stone here being my Lady parts. When I was done waxing I moisturized and put on my favorite Victoria secret underwear. You don't want to know how much it cost me.

I looked at myself in The mirror and my hair looked dead so I had to rub dry conditioner I knew that it was not good for my hair but this days everything seemed to be bad for my hair sometimes I just feel Like cutting it off and getting it over with. Being bald cannot be so bad, can it?

Getting over the frustration of my hair I tied it in a ponytail and rubbed my favorite Apple lip balm. "You can do this Monica Charles you can," I kept telling myself although this little pet talk wasn't working and in the mirror all I saw was the reflection of a scared girl. A girl afraid to have her first time with a husband that hated her like she was the devil.

"You can't get discouraged, not now Monica. He will love you Dont forget that, he will, he has to. " I repeated over and over again as I wiped the traitor tears that fell from my face. I quickly adjusted my lingerie and walked to Jose's room which was well just opposite mine.

I knocked twice but he didn't answer I was already starting to get worried when he finally opened the door.

He stood aside for me to walk in.

I walked in slowly while he closed the door and before I could open my mouth to speak he had pushed me to the door and was holding my neck so tight. I struggled to breathe but I didn't fight him. I couldn't fight him_ I couldn't bring myself to fight him that's how much I loved him. If killing me will make him happy then I will willingly give him my life.

"What do you want from me! Monica. We are already married isn't that all you wanted you desperate hag," he yelled applying more pressure to my neck. I felt dizzy like I was going to die. But I was happy because the last face I'll see will be his.