

《Forced Marriage: I Hate My Wife》

Chapter 7 - Monica

Life is a bitch. A fucked up bitch.

It throws our plans and life ambitions back to our faces like it means nothing at all but guess what it does mean something to us, sometimes even it means everything to us.

Keeping my Virginity for Jose and having us have the most romantic first night meant everything to me. Everything. But then life is a bitch and takes from us what we cherish most.

"I'm sorry Mario please let me go!" I begged. I was exasperated from all the screaming and yelling coupled with the stress of the Marriage and what I wanted least was to be raped By the man of my dreams.

"You wanted to consummate the wedding right," he asked in the least uncaring way. His Indifference was obvious in his voice, cutting me deep like a dagger to my flesh. I was bleeding literary from the cut on my hands and figuratively from the cut in my heart. I was bleeding in all respite.

"Yes! But not like this ___"

"Oh you thought I will worship your body and threat you like a Queen. Or seduce you and touch you and whisper sweet nonsense into your ears as I touch you in the places that turn you on the most and lick you. Oh no you didn't think that did you?" He asked amused.

He must have seen the horror and pain in my face because he threw his head back in laughter. Hitting the bed as he laughed.

He bent down and growled in my ears. "I'll never love you Monica never even in a thousand years even if you beg and crawl for me to love you or give your life for me. Even with my life at stake I'll .. Never.. Love you. Or make love to you."...

With that he pulled his belt and tied my hands on the comforter but he didn't need to. I would not have fought him. His words had weakened me and I had no fight left in me.

He tore my bra and held my breast tightly while looking into my eyes but I was

devoid from Every emotion. The pain did not make me numb my mind did. It was a defence mechanism.

He squeezed my Breast so hard it ached while fondling with my nipples. "Does it hurt," he spoke in my mouth. "I hope it does. I hope everything I do this night hurts you the way you hurt me when you forced me to marry you."

I wanted to speak but I had lost my voice. I could only cry but I didn't beg. I wanted him to hurt me. If hurting me will make him feel better then he should.

"This will hurt" was the last thing he said when he tore of my pants and thrust into me with full force. At first I screamed cause the pain was too much but he didn't stop it was like my screams turned him on more. He thrust into me deeper and harder groaning. Soon I became tired of screaming and just lay there watching him as he used my body for his fun. At that point I felt nothing.