

# 《Forced Marriage: I Hate My Wife》

## Chapter 8 - Monica

Sex is suppose to be sweet enjoyable most especially when you are doing it with the one you love. But there was Nothing sweet and enjoyable about what just happened now. I felt like utter shit like the dirtiest and filthiest of all prostitutes.

He came undone on top of me then he stood up without even sparing me any glance. "Get up , clean yourself and leave my room I'm going down to get water and I don't want to meet you here when I get back." He ordered.

"For the record no one cares that you are a Virgin and you were already soaking wet when I entered into you so stop pretending like you didn't want it. That's what you came into my room for right and I gave it to you after all your father instructed that I give you anything and everything you request for and I plan on doing that." He added. He wore his boxer and left the room banging the door behind him.

I covered my body with his duvet and cried. There was a lot of blood on the bed and I didn't want him to see it when he comes back. Even after everything I thought about him first before anything. He was my husband and I wanted to please him in anyway possible even if it meant suffering.

I stood up from the bed and searched his locker for a spare bedsheet. Luckily I found an extra bed sheet and duvet. I removed the blood stained one from the bed and fixed the new one while trying my absolute best to ignore the enormous pain I felt on every part of my body more from my core and my Breast.

It took me thirty minutes to arrange the bed and another five to get up. After I was done arranging the bed I took the stained ones and was going to wash it in his washing machine

But I quickly thought against it. I didn't want him to be anymore disgusted than he was already. So I decided to take the duvet and bedsheet to my room. It covered my body perfectly when I carried it on my hands at least the front part of my body

I opened the door eager to leave the room before Jose comes up. I closed the door behind me and ran to my room to cry to my hearts content.

When I went into my room I closed the door behind me and laid on it while I fell to my knees and sobbed.

"It was not supposed to be like this!" I kept saying over and over again as I sobbed. I felt dirty all over.

I wiped the tears from my face and went in search for Pain Killers to drowse the pain in my core and my head.

When the pain killers kicked I went into the bathroom to bath. I turned on the tap and soaked myself in the tub wishing the pain to go away but it didn't.

The memories Kept coming back to me and I cried from Pain and hurt.