

The Unwanted Matrimonial

Prologue

“Lets just get one thing clear; I don't like you and you hate me. It's a cycle of not being fond of each other, and that's totally cool with me. As long as you stay out of my way, you and I will have no problems. Got that?”, he hissed lowly at me.

You can go to hell for all I care
If you think I'll be like Oh yes husband.
Whatever you say husband, then you got another

thing coming mister.

“I said, You. Got. That?”, he enunciated, snapping me out of my thoughts then raised his eyebrow at me

“Yeah sure. Whatever”, I pushed past him while attempting to drag my suitcases upstairs and being the gentleman he is, he just watched me while pocketing his hands.

“Ma'am, let me help you with that”, Mary appeared in sight, and she tried to help me

“No Mary”, he warned. “If she wants to carry her own bags, let her”, with saying that she

looked at me with sympathetic eyes before I nodded for her to let go.

The last thing I would want would be to cost her job. I threw a glare at him to notice him

smirking at me. He probably found it hilarious that I was struggling with my bags. I should

have never agreed to this now I have to spend the rest of my miserable life with him?

When I got to the top of the staircase.

I sighed a sigh of victory and I noticed him ascending

up the stairs, his eyes looking at in disgust, like he found me repulsive or something.

“That's your room over there-”, he said pointing to the door on the left side down the long hall. “-and that is my room, a No-go area,” he pointed to the door on the right side and I turned to raise my eyes up and down his body, which was my intimidating bitch face. Why would he think I would want to go into his bedroom? -I'd rather swallow needles to be honest

“Very well then,” he clapped his hands once to interlock his fingers together

“Welcome to your new home, Mrs. Kingsley”, he said sarcastically and was about to leave but turned to look at me again, like he forgot to say something

“Don't get too comfortable though because you might not be staying here for too long,” he did that fake mini smile thing before finally walking to his bedroom and slammed the door behind him

“A No-Go area. Welcome home. Don't get too comfortable”, I mimicked him childishly as I pulled my suitcases behind me to my bedroom.

Pathetic.

I threw myself on the bed face down as I groaned lowly, and I felt my eyes get really heavy all of a sudden, slowly drifting to sleep again. It's been a rough couple of days.

I think I'll unpack as soon as I wake up, right now, I had to go to a world without the likes of Damon Kingsley. My sweet dreams.