

Destined To Be His wife by L.T. Marshall Chapter 5

TangShi looked at the reflection before her and stopped to wipe the single tear which made its way down her face. Tonight, had been a blur of so much going on that she had not even a moment to catch her breath, to process what was happening, and now her heart was finally allowing itself to catch up. Sad for her situation, and bitter that there was no way out. Her dreams of returning to California were now dead for another two years.

She stood alone in the spacious suite of YuZhi Leng, her legal husband, and yet she had never felt so alone in her life, or so unworthy. She had been swept away, dressed, tugged, pulled, and pushed by a stylist in an expensive boutique before being thrust into a car to her doom. Prettied up like a fancy cake about to be served at a feast.

She had been led to a room where her father and lawyers sat, signed the papers that sold her soul to the devil and made to digest all the details once more about what was expected of her.

The license office was small, private, and they were rushed through, signed off, and told they were legally wed before she had a chance to read what she was signing. Her red book slid back towards her with the newly taken couple pictures and there it was, married.

This family moved fast, and the secrecy was incomparable to anything her father could have pulled off. It was unceremonious, unromantic, and made her feel like a piece of meat at market. Sold to the hungriest bidder for a measly price and then wrapped up and shipped home for devouring.

YuZhi had barely looked at her at all the entire time, his utter disinterest in her was soul destroying. He didn't touch her, and even had the nerve to stand and use his cell phone while they waited on their documents, to call his girlfriend. TangShi had to endure listening to him sweet talking another woman and telling her he would see her in a day or two when he 'took care' of his duties. It was obvious to TangShi he meant her, and the fact he knew their wedding night was inevitable. She felt humiliated to be surrounded by these people, while witnessing her new husband croon down his phone at his mistress. It hurt her pride and caused a pain in her chest that was almost like being stabbed with a searing hot poker.

None of the people around them had seemed shocked at his behavior or hearing him talk to that woman or whisper their farewell I love you's. TangShi's heart had turned to dust. It seemed part of the arrangement of their marriage between his grandfather and him was that Rhea could stay secretly hidden but continue to be his companion, although not girlfriend anymore. She had heard old man remind him in the car that intimacy of a sexual nature was forbidden with Rhea and that Rhea understood they were now officially over. At least until after they parted in divorce, but what he did with his time as long as he was discreet was no problem.

Old man even had the nerve to look TangShi right in the eye when he uttered those words, making it clear she better not raise complaint, and accept the decision. TangShi had wanted to cry, blurt out about the unfairness of this, but nodded obediently and stared out of the window for the journey home. Lost in her own mind, and more miserable as the miles passed by. Her new forced husband would still spend his time with his playmate, and she would be left to do god knows what in a house all alone.

“Miss, do you need assistance in undressing and bathing?” The sweet young voice of the girl who had been assigned to her care brought her back from her lost thoughts, and she blinked at her reflection behind her. A small pretty girl in her late teens, a little short, and curvy, but utterly adorable. She had given TangShi a warm feeling at first meeting, and she hoped they would have a harmonious relationship while under this roof.

“No, Xiaosu. It’s fine, I can do it myself.” TangShi dismissed her with a smile, and a genuine warmth in her tone. Hoping the girl would not feel offended at being refused and turned her attention back to the image before her. She didn’t want to appear ungrateful or cold, but she needed alone time.

She looked nothing like she did a few hours ago. Teased into a slim and fitted red satin dress which hugged her curves and accentuated her slender frame. Her makeup was heavier than she wore normally, her hair pulled into an up do that made her look older somehow. Refined, almost identifiable as a young miss of Lei. Expensive and nothing like the girl she was.

She wasn’t disappointed by who she saw, it just wasn’t her. Groomed into glamorous, and almost noble, reeking of wealth. It seemed fake and shallow of her to get any enjoyment out of looking like she had stepped out from a palace, and she began to undo it all very carefully. It felt like a mask, one to cover the stench of her own shame, shielding her complete loss of any pride.

This dress cost more than everything she owned, and she wasn’t comfortable with that fact. Despite growing up in a wealthy family, she had never experienced it as if she was. She was inferior, and things like this made her nervous. She didn’t want to damage or dirty it and hoped it would be returned to old man Leng now her wedding duty was done.

TangShi made quick work of undressing and showering and came out to see a nightdress laid across the foot of the bed, while she was still in a dressing robe. It was clear Xiaosu left it here and her face blazed with embarrassment as she picked up the scrap of sexy lace and silk and knew exactly what this was for. Enticing her new husband to lay hands on her and consummate their wedding.

Trembling with nerves as the reality of this night loomed over her. This would be the first time she had sexual intimacy with a man. It was clear all the way here he had zero interest in her and Xiaosu had been instructed to assist by giving her something that might pique his interest. It made her feel sick and cheap.

TangShi swallowed her nerves and her pride, swallowed down the thoughts of what was to come and tried to cool her burning cheeks. Pushed her nerves and anxiety aside to calm the churning of her stomach. She dried quickly, lathered on her body lotion, and then slid on this scrap of a dress. It was short and clingy and left nothing to the imagination, shocking her to complete shame when she caught sight of herself. She had never been one to dress provocatively and now felt naked.