

《Forced Marriage: I Hate My Wife》

Chapter 10 - Jose

I thought I'll feel better after hurting her I thought hurting her would make me feel better but I was wrong.

I felt like total shit now. I felt like a monster that should be burnt at the stake. For thirty minutes I sat down staring at the ceiling feeling nothing but anger and rage and pain.

I was angry at the world for making me poor and angry at myself for letting my hate for Monica turn me into who I was not.

I was angry at Monica for forcing me into this marriage, angry at Emily for making me get married and for taking my love for her for granted. I was just plain angry.

My conscience won the Battle and soon against the wish of my mind I found myself walking up the stairs to my room. I knew she won't be able to stand on her own and I wanted to help her.

On getting to my room I saw her getting out, words could not describe how shocked I was on seeing her. She was holding the stained duvet and I could see blood all over. Blood from her that I forcefully took from her. I felt like a beast and maybe that was what I was.

She stared at me her fair face pale and her brown eyes filled with sorrow. She looked thinner than she already is and her neck longer. I found out that I was staring and coming close I said.

"You're learning who is the boss around here. Impressive " I said eying her.

I needed to keep the beastly act. I didn't want her thinking that I regret what I did to her or show any signs of weakness. Having said this I shoved her sideways and opened the door. I looked back at her for a second then I walked in and banged the door.

Entering the room I was shocked to see that she had changed the bed sheet and gathered the broken pieces of the mirror I had broken.

she had even cleaned the room and dropped a rose on the bed. I just couldn't believe it.

If truly she didn't love me as Emily said then why do all this why try to please me even when I treat her badly and why did she choose me when she could have chosen any other Man. Any other man in the same circle and class that she was why did she choose me.

I smelt the rose and had a nice smell. I couldn't take the guilt anymore. I threw my blanket aside and stood up from the bed. I looked at myself in the broken mirror and my reflection was broken just like I was. I have been broken since I lost her. The love of my life. Mirabel.