

Hello, Husband, Goodbye - Marriage by Sacred Heart | C 1 Marriage

SAMANTHA POINT OF VIEW

“The Bride is here, “

I heard the young man informed everyone as I stood in front of the church.

The door was yet to open, but I could already feel a emotion swirling within me. There was a tinge of fear, a fear of the unknown, of what my life would be like with Marcus, the billionaire who had unintentionally made me pregnant in a single night of passion.

Walking down the aisle, I plastered a smile on my face, trying to hide any doubts or reservations. Marcus, with his serious yet undeniably handsome face, looked at me intently. It was hard to believe that a mistake could lead to this moment. But for the sake of my child, I was determined to be the best mother and wife I could be.

Even if our marriage lacked love, I would do everything in my power to provide my child with a complete family, unlike the one I had grown up without.

As I approached Marcus, he extended his hand, offering me support. I took a seat on the chair, and he sat beside me.

The ceremony commenced, and with each word spoken and ring exchanged, the weight of our commitment grew.

"I, now pronounce you husband and wife," the priest announced and the crowd erupted in applause.

This grand marriage was something I had never expected to experience in my lifetime. Turning to face Marcus, I noticed that his serious demeanor remained, as if he was lost in a game. The priest's voice broke the silence once more, announcing that it was time for the long-awaited kiss.

“You may kiss the bride, “the priest said.

Our eyes locked, and with a sense of purpose, he leaned in and kissed me. It was a brief moment, but the warmth of his lips lingered.

After the wedding ceremony, we left the church and entered a luxurious Limousine. Silence enveloped us as we made our way to a beautiful hotel resort. Stepping out of the car, Marcus gallantly opened the door for me, extending his hand.

It's official - I am now Mrs. Johnson!

2 years after.

Ever since I tied the knot with Marcus, I had hoped that my life would take a turn for the better, even if it meant enduring a loveless marriage for the sake of our child. Little did I know that that day would mark the beginning of my misery.

Day in and day out, he would hurl insults at me, but I chose to turn a blind eye. I refused to let his venomous words especially when we are in front of our one year old son, Marco.

"Samantha!" Marcus bellowed, clutching his black long sleeve while approaching me inside our room.

"Yes, what is it?" I approached, my heart pounding.

"What is this?! What have you done to my long sleeve?!" he yelled, his voice laced with fury.

"I didn't mean to. The iron suddenly overheated, and I accidentally singed the fabric," I explained, my voice trembling.

"Do you have any idea how much this cost me?! Huh?!" he roared, his anger intensifying.

"I'm so sorry," I pleaded, my voice filled with remorse.

His face contorted with rage, and he forcefully threw his clothes to the ground, spewing curses.

"You are really stupid!" he cursed, his words piercing through the air.

"Fuck this life!"

He stormed out of the room, leaving me alone in the wake of his wrath. I couldn't hold back the tears that cascaded down my cheeks. Would he continue to inflict pain upon me, time and time again? Would he persist in belittling me? Why was it so effortless for him to hurt me, while accepting my explanation seemed impossible?

Out of nowhere, Betty made her entrance into the room, cradling our precious one-year-old son in her arms. Before I could even dry my tears, she had already caught sight of my puffy, watery eyes.

"What's the matter, madam?" Betty inquired, her face filled with concern.

"Nothing, Betty," I fibbed, rising from my seat to retrieve Marcus's long-sleeved shirt from the floor.

"Are you two arguing again?" she probed once more.

"It's nothing new to me," I retorted.

"By the way, have you already given baby Marco his bottle of milk?" I swiftly changed the subject. I truly had no desire to discuss Marcus any further.

"Yes, madam. No need to worry," Betty reassured with a smile.

I couldn't help but smile back as I walked over to my son, gently taking him from Betty's arms. I planted a loving kiss on his forehead, cherishing the little bundle of joy that made all the hardships worthwhile. Despite Marcus' constant mockery and coldness, my son was my strength.

With tears welling up in my eyes, I whispered, "I would endure anything for you, my precious son," as I showered him with more kisses.

Without a moment's hesitation, I approached Betty and entrusted her with the responsibility of looking after my child.

"Could you do me a favor and look after him for a bit?" I requested.

"I need to head to the mall to find a new long sleeve," I explained.

"Is that why you two had an argument?" Betty inquired with curiosity, and I simply nodded in response.

My purpose was clear - I needed to head to the mall and purchase a black long sleeve shirt to replace the damaged one belonging to Marcus. I wanted to make amends so that he wouldn't be angry with me any longer.

Desperate times call for desperate measures, and I had no other option but to dip into the savings I had diligently set aside for his upcoming birthday gift.

As soon as I stepped foot in the mall, my first destination was the men's clothing store. It didn't take long for my eyes to land on a fantastic long sleeve that was priced at a mere \$20. A smile instantly spread across my face, and without any second thoughts, I decided to make the purchase. It was a perfect match for my budget. With gratitude in my heart, I approached the cashier and paid for it.

Suddenly my phone rang, I eagerly picked it up, only to hear Betty's panicked voice on the other end.

"Your mother-in-law is here and she is looking for you, Madam!" she exclaimed.

I was taken aback by the news. The memories of her unpleasant behavior on our wedding day made me feel uneasy. I had expected her visit to be scheduled for next week, not today.

Trying to calm Betty down, I assured her, "Don't worry, Betty. I'll head home right away."

I quickly hailed a taxi, my mind racing with thoughts of how I would handle this encounter with Marcus' mother. Hoping for a positive outcome, I wished that this time she would treat me with kindness.

As soon as I stepped foot inside the mansion, I paused to take a deep breath. The sight that greeted me was unexpected - an elderly yet graceful woman, Betty, was being lectured by her while cradling our son in her arms.

Without hesitation, I hurried over to find out what was happening. "Mom, what's happening here?" I inquired, my curiosity piqued.

Her gaze met mine, and a frown creased her forehead. She came closer, scrutinizing me from head to toe.

"Who gave you permission to call me mom?" she retorted.

