

## Chapter 4 Four

"Damn it! " I cursed as I buried my head in my palm. I was going to break down, but I didn't want to. I've been holding myself for a long time now and I can't suddenly breakdown because of a random stupid text.

"I don't think you should go," Sage said in a low tone, out of concern.

"I have no choice, Sage. They will stop paying my fees and rent if I don't attend. " I replied as I continuously slapped my forehead in hopelessness.

"That's shameful of them," she spat in annoyance, but I could see the amount of worry on her face. Her eyes weren't bright anymore but were red like she was going to cry. She was holding back the tears.

I hate to see her this way because of me, but honestly, I wish my uncle and his family could rot in the worst part of hell.

"Hey, don't worry about me, okay? I'll be attending the wedding tomorrow, and I'll be fine. I'll be home before the event ends" I assured her with a smile so she wouldn't break down because of me.

"I love you okay?" She dragged me into a hug as she wrapped her hands tight around my body. Her hugs have some strange type of medicine that seems to always soothe me, but she rarely hugs me.

I love you too. I'll go to bed now. Another long day ahead of me tomorrow. " I tried to smile at her but it only came out as fake, and she wasn't dumb enough to not notice the sham smile.

I instantly walked away to my room before she would be able to say any more words about me. I have caused her a lot of stress already and wouldn't want to bother her more.

Since my uncle only pays for my rent, Sage had been the one paying the bills and providing the food items before she stopped working about two months ago. Her boyfriend had been the one smuggling foodstuffs into our apartment through me. She must literally not find out about that no matter what, yet she doesn't believe me whenever I say I bought a food item because I had no job.

I literally wasn't fit for any of the jobs around me and managed to always screw it up during the first week. The only thing I was good at was anything concerning books, but I am still in search of the perfect job.

On entering my room, I crashed on the bed with my face flat against the pillow as I screamed as loud as I could into the pillow. I was hurt and sad, trying to survive all the cruel souls around me, but they didn't want me to survive.

"Mine!" The familiar hoarse voice growled again as I woke up from my sleep.

The rays of the sunlight were shining through my window, and I suddenly realised it was way past dawn and I might have just been late for the event, not that I cared anyway.

I sluggishly stood up from my bed and put on my yellow ducking flops. I went straight into the bathroom to brush my teeth and apply some of my usual face products to my face as it was my usual weekend routine.

While staring into the mirror, I kept wondering why I was having repeated dreams with only one word being said. The word "mine": what could this mean?

I continued to question myself while brushing my teeth until I realised it could be just a coincidence and nothing much to worry about.

Shortly after, I had done everything that needed to be done to my skin as I sprayed some expensive French perfume on my body. Sage's boyfriend was from France, and whenever he would visit his parents, he made sure to bring back a lot of expensive stuff from France. His parents were extremely wealthy, yet he also had his own wealth. I heard his company and those of his parents compete, but it was all for fun for them.

I came out of the bathroom with only a towel around my body to scan my wardrobe for what I could wear to the event, but after checking for minutes without any effective result, I almost gave in to my usual jeans and crop top until I spotted a dress I had bought some years back for Sage's older sister's wedding.

It was a short peach-coloured cocktail dress that fell right above my knees with a one-sided long sleeve that was made with a very beautiful lace pattern, and the other side was armless. I loved the dress so much that I barely wore it. It would be such a shame to wear it to Anna's wedding, but I had no choice. I needed to look stunning.

I slipped the dress on and applied really simple makeup to my face. I added some jewellery to match the dress. Even though I didn't want to dress up for the wedding, I didn't also want them to get the wrong impression of me and probably be happy to see me looking bad.

I matched the dress with silver heels and a small silver purse. I might be broke, but I still had some slight fashion sense. My hair and outfit looked perfect, and I knew I was good to go.

Grabbing my phone from my bed, I realised that I had missed some calls from my uncle, followed by the numerous texts of threats he had sent. The last text pissed me off, but there was nothing much I could do about it.

The wedding had started an hour ago, yet I was still in my room. A smug smile appeared on my face at how I had almost frustrated the man right there.

I was sure he only wanted me to come to the wedding so he would not be questioned by his friends about my whereabouts since he loved to lie about how much he was taking care of me and how much I loved him.

With a smile on my face, I left my room, but surprisingly,

Sage wasn't in the house, but I found a note on the table indicating her whereabouts. I should have known she wasn't in the house right from the moment I woke up. The house was awkwardly silent, and hip hop wasn't blasting through the speakers of the apartment.

I spotted Nala eating and realised she must have fed our baby before leaving. I obviously couldn't leave the house without me peppering kisses on Nala. Even though she hated being disturbed while eating, I did it anyway and narrowly survived having a scratch on my face, but she was quick to slap me with her tiny paw.

I quickly called a cab to take me to the venue of the wedding. I was happy they weren't getting married in their house since I vowed to never step my foot in that house after leaving for college.

Luckily, the venue wasn't that far, and I arrived there in about an hour. There were already expensive cars parked along the roadside before the place of the venue. No police would want to arrest or seize a car since my uncle contributed a lot to the town for his own selfish reasons. I heard he was going to run for a senate position next year. I hope he loses.

I was ashamed to be coming to such an event in a cab while expensive cars pulled over. I had caught the driver gawking at the cars passing, and I was sure he was feeling intimidated, but he had no reason to feel that way. The people here could all be rich, but they were still assholes nevertheless.

I made sure to give him some cool tips before alighting the cab.

Inhaling some deep breaths, I decided to walk into the reception, but the moment I walked in with my heels tapping the floor, the sound echoed through the room and all eyes instantly fell on me.

Apparently, I had walked into the reception while the room was dead silent as everyone was listening to the priest who was about to start the familiar rituals.

I shrugged off the number of eyes that were fixed on me as I found a comfortable space to lie on my butt.

My eyes fell on my uncle and his wife. They both had scornful looks on their faces but were quick to change them when they realised other people might be staring at them.

I rolled my eyes and looked away from them, but the moment my eyes landed on the groom, I was shocked but mostly amused.

The man that was about to tie the knot with my cousin was the same man who had helped me in the club yesterday but later turned out to be a jerk.

I was so amused at how small the world was and how entertaining it would be if two jerks got married to each other that I didn't realize it when a laugh left my mouth.

"Oh sh\*t," I muttered to myself as I realized the entire hall had turned to look at me after I burst out laughing. I tried to control myself, but my stupid ass wouldn't stop laughing, and the only option left was to cover my face with my little purse.

Shortly after, no one was staring at me anymore and they were all focused on the bride and groom, but something was off about the groom. He was not smiling or feeling any of the wedding rites. The beginning of a shitty marriage

"Shall we continue?" The priest asked both the couples, but Anna's voice was the loudest as she shrieked, "Yes!" while I rolled my eyes.

To be honest, if I was some other girl, I'd say I should be happy for her, but hell no! I'm not like other girls, and I wish them hell in their marriage. The same hell they threw me into since I was only a small child. I was only 10.

The priest started off by reading some bible texts and explaining some things to them as they both stood like statues, staring at each other. Anna was staring at her groom with happiness. In her eyes, her groom, on the other hand, was a different case.

"Have you come to offer yourselves to each other, freely and without reservation?" The priest asked, and Anna, as usual, was the only one who was willing to answer as she nodded her head.

It was now time to exchange vows, and the priest had mentioned some words to them. He was about to tell the groom to recite the vows, but Anna was quick to stop the priest.

"Actually, I'll be stating the vows first, "she giggled while I scoffed." " formalized paraphraseThe priest also had a perplexed look on his face, but he shrugged it off. It wasn't his place to say anything to them. After all, he'll get paid his full money regardless of what happens.

"Okay," he answered before turning his face to the bride. I wondered why she couldn't just let the priest do his thing.

Do you, Anna Perez, take Cyrus Leos to be your husband, in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health? " The priest asked.

"Yes, I do!" She squeaked excitedly while her fingers excitedly clenched into the flowers in her hands.

The priest smiled and turned to face Cyrus, who had not a single emotion on his face.

"Do you, Cyrus Leos, take Anna Perez to be your wife in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health?" He asked as his face retained a smile, but his smile slowly faded away when Cyrus wouldn't respond back.

Everyone but me in the hall wasn't smiling anymore, including Anna herself and her stupid parents.

The priest tried to clear the air as he coughed and proceeded to recite the vows once again as we all waited for his answers, yet nothing came.

