

When we hear of Slavery our minds quickly rush to slave trade, selling of people, free town, the black and whites racial discrimination, even the on going Libya slave trade...

Lil did we know, we can be treated as slave right in our comfort zone. Servitude to our source of happiness and joy.

My name is Rebecca. A slave. I wasn't sold or bought by any, neither was I in Libya. Yet I am a slave.

Every morning I didn't want to wake up. I was having a much better time asleep. And that's really sad, it was almost like a reverse nightmare, like when you wake up from a nightmare you get relieved. I woke up into a nightmare. A slave to what? you might wonder.

I am married to the guy, I love and ever will. He didn't need to promise me the universe to get to me. I saw eternity in him. I was head over heels in love with him. He knew it, everyone did.

But he suddenly took advantage of my love I was serving. I became not only a slave to my love, but him as well since he's my love.

He messes with me now, psychologically, physically, emotionally and even mentally.

I wished for longer night and shorter day. Every dawn unveil the beastly inhuman nature of the once romantic human I married.

He beats me to wake me, he treats me like an animal. He starves me with my own cooking. He wears this mask I knew not where it came from in the presence of my people. I could not speak, I dare not even retaliate when he beats me, I am inferior. I knew I could leave and go to my base, but I thought he would change, the love of my life was inside him somewhere. Moreover I was scared of being mocked at.

Everything I did became a disgust. I couldn't have a child because every carriage led to a miscarriage.

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The worst form of servitude I received was attending to every wish of his mistress. I worked for 24 and half hours.

The last straw that broke the camel back was being raped by his friends on his orders. The pains was unbearable, agonizing, excruciating. I screeched loudly, I lost connection with the world. Before I knew it, a dagger was in my hand. I stabbed him, his mistress and before I could end my miserable life.

I was arrested.

Sentenced to a life imprisonment.

I wished I killed myself sooner rather than living with this mental torture.

Every day and night I cursed the womb that bore my husband. And the love I served, I rained curses on her and in the next world if I will be there I will rather be among those being sold in Libya, having a white master, than having love as my master.

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