

RS #3 Aragon

Start

→ Mm-hmm, muy bien.

So, since the day I arrived in England, let's just say my faith has been tested on more than one occasion.

First things first, I'm shipped over from Spain on the night of my Sweet Sixteenth to marry some prince called Arthur, and I'm like...OKAY.

Then Arthur dies, so naturally I'm imprisoned for seven years...really helped with the grieving process, ya know. But still, I'm like...OKAY.

But thank god, they rescued me just in time to marry Prince Henry – my dead husband's brother... OKAY...

...so I'm thinking, "bit weird". But if you'd seen him back in the summer of '09, let me tell you he was... (*She thinks he was pretty handsome.*) O.K.

So seven years later

We're still trying for an heir
But we're not having much luck
And I'm like... OKAY.

Then he starts coming home late
"I was just out with my ministers"
But there's lipstick on his ruff
And I'm like... OKAY.

Suddenly he wants to annul our marriage
Move some side-chick into *my* palace
And move me into a convent

Now, I don't think I'd look that good in a wimple. So
I'm like...NO. WAY. ←

End