

## A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

### Chapter 100

Charles drove the car to the garage and locked the door before he walked inside. Sarah was sitting arrogantly on the sofa, watching TV without looking at him.

Charles got angrier when he saw her ignoring him. Fetching himself a can of beer, he sat beside her to drink it and watch TV, ignoring her too. They both remained in silence, deliberately.

Sarah was watching her usual TV show, but Charles deliberately turned to a sports channel to watch the football match which Sarah hated most. Sarah looked at him with cold eyes. Charles, however, was laughing out loud, watching the game while drinking his beer.

Sarah finally can't stand it anymore, but she was unwilling to fight with him, so she went upstairs to take a shower and go to sleep.

After watching for an hour, Charles also came upstairs. After taking a shower, he saw Sarah was lying on the bed. Sarah had heard him coming and rolled over curled up in the quilt, ignoring him.

Charles glanced at her. There was no quilt left for him. He gently called out: "Sarah!"

But Sarah didn't answer him. "Where is my quilt?" He asked, a little angry.

Why don't you sleep in the guest room? Sarah thought to herself. There are many quilts in this house!

Charles was unwilling to let it go. He wouldn't give up his bed so quickly and sleep in the guest room! Staring at her for a while, he suddenly kneeled on the bed and started to tear her quilt off her.

Sarah wouldn't let go either. She struggled to keep the quilt over her, but as usual, he was stronger than her since he regularly exercised and had a muscular body. How could she win against him? Charles won her easily.

Sarah sat up in bed, her hair hanging all messy over her face from the struggle. "Charles, what are you doing?" She yelled.

Seeing her messy look, he started laughing, which made Sarah even angrier, and she pulled again to get her quilt back. Charles, however, was quicker than her. He lay down on the bed, holding the quilt tightly with his body.

Sarah thought him very childish. Kicking his buttock around, she yelled, "Charles, Charles. Get up!"

Charles didn't move at all, no matter where she kicked. Protected by the quilt, her kicks were not painful. Instead of becoming angry as Sarah expected, he became pleased to see that Sarah was so mad at him.

As Sarah became angrier, they both started to grab the quilt again, neither willing to give in. Finally, Sarah climbed onto him to pull it.

Charles felt amused. He thought their actions to be childish and funny, but he felt delighted teasing her. Finally, he sat up and pinned Sarah on the bed by surprise. Charles pulled the quilt to cover them as they continued to struggle underneath it.

Sarah was screaming, but her voice could hardly be heard through the quilt. "Charles, what are you doing? Why did you tear my shirt off? You... pervert... shit! Ah... please don't touch me! You... I won't listen to you. Only beasts solve problems fucking..." She yelled.

Charles became fiercely, "You need to be punished. Otherwise, you must learn who your master is. You climbed on top of me!" Though he said in a fierce tone, his voice was filled with pleasure.

Sarah yelled again, "This is assault! You, lowlife bastard!"

"Yes, so what? You're my wife. That's my right." While speaking, Charles kissed her hard, making her scream again. After a while, the only thing heard was the regular shaking of the bed with a squeaky sound. Sarah had even started to moan lightly... Some of her protests were fading away...

She wanted to reject him, but Charles was stronger than her, and she had no choice but to be taken by him reluctantly!

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On the second day, Sarah woke up early, thanks to Charles's mercy last night. But even though she woke up early, Charles had already gone to work.

This was the most significant difference between Sarah and Charles. Every time after their love-making, he felt refreshed and energetic as if he never got tired. As for Sarah, she was the complete opposite. She felt sleepy every time after their intimate encounter, not knowing how long it would take her to recover her energy again. Not to mention that every time Charles asked for more, she'd feel worse.

No wonder Charles loved sex and entangling her at any chance he got. Sarah, on the other hand, was a little indifferent to him.

Was so-called love-making a way for men to absorb a woman's energy for their own physical advantage? If that was the case, then why are women called fragile? If it was the opposite, Sarah thought, then men were the ones who were actually vulnerable.

Sarah looked at the clock; it was just eight o'clock. Not wanting to get up, she laid back down, thinking over what had happened last night. She felt that Charles had wanted to release his anger, and then he had hugged her and whispered something in her ear. She had been so tired at that time that she had fallen asleep, and only vaguely remembered hearing him say, "Don't worry, I can handle everything."

He hadn't sounded angry at that time, but she still felt that Charles's opinion on how to raise children was abnormal and worrisome, and she decided to talk with him about it another time. If they couldn't reach an agreement on how to raise them, it was better for them not to have a child.

Sarah started to feel angry again. She turned her back to Charles's side of the bed as if he was still there.

After a while, she became so caught up in her thoughts that she decided to get up to try and forget about it. She decided to call Carrie to talk it through with her. After Carrie answered the phone, she said. "Hello, Carrie, how are you today? Are you free to meet me today?"

