

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin Chapter 2

Sarah stood up and watched the woman go. She clenched her fist before she went into the messy room. She still had her head lowered and kept silent.

Charles looked at her, smiling, "Come here and dress me!"

She clenched her fist again and then walked over to him. She told herself to focus only on his clothes so that she couldn't see anything that would hurt her. However, when buttoning up his clothes, she was able to see red marks under his shirt and the woman's lipstick. She couldn't keep herself from crying.

He lifted her chin and squinted, "What's wrong? Why are you so sad?"

She gritted her teeth and turned her head away from him. Charles sneered at her, provocatively, "Don't you allow me to touch you? Why do you look like you're in such pain when I make love to other women?"

She didn't say anything but answered in her mind: "I love you, but I don't want to be your mistress. I just want real love. If you can do that, I can give you everything including my body. Why do you want my body just like you want other women? Why do you sully my love?"

Charles, however, could not read her thoughts and continued to stare at her, "Or are you jealous? In fact, had you imagined replacing that woman so you could lie underneath me?"

"No!" She finally turned to look at him in the face.

He squinted and continued to play with her chin. "It's just because you have never felt that! You love me. Haven't you ever thought about lying under me one day? How about trying it today?"

She suddenly raised her hand and slapped him.

Her slap left a red handprint on Charles's face. He held his face and stared at her. Sarah stared back at him with her eyes full of tears. She didn't understand why he always played with her feelings. Didn't he know his actions could break her heart?

Regardless of how extreme her reaction might have been, Sarah didn't regret what she had done. Noticing her hard expression, Charles squinted at her, with a sense of danger in his eyes. Suddenly he pulled her back to the bed, pinned her down, and began to take off her clothes.

Sarah screamed, "Charles, what are you trying to do? Let me go. Let me go!"

She struggled and pushed him but failed because Charles was now drunk and a lot stronger than she was. Charles restrained her with even more force. Her jacket was torn off along with her suit dress, both of which were no longer wearable. Despite her struggles, he removed all of her clothes except her underwear and knickers. Her chest, however, was now also half-exposed from the struggle.

Sarah noticed a moment of opportunity and bit Charles's arm, which made him immediately loosen his grip. She quickly took this chance to escape. When she had almost crawled to the end of the bed, she was grabbed by Charles again. He pinned her down firmly, "You want to run?" His tone was chilling, resembling a sinister wolf.

With tears cascading down her face, Sarah cried out, "Let me go, Charles, What the hell are you trying to do?"

Charles looked at her, his breath tickled her soft skin. His half-naked body was undeniably sexy and he clearly felt as though he was seducing her.

"What am I doing?" said Charles, hoarsely, "I just want to see your body and know how precious it is that even I can't touch it!" He looked over her whole body greedily. Suddenly, he smiled, "Well, I can imagine how beautiful your body is. Except for being too thin, your figure is more beautiful than many other women. It's a pity that you usually wear such conservative clothes."

Charles' words sounded like a taunt, especially during such a violent interaction. Sarah felt ashamed, uncomfortable with how he objectified her. Still, she struggled, "Let me go. You are an absolute bastard, a beast!" She was so angry that her voice was beginning to tremble.

Hearing her words, Charles sneered, "A bastard, a beast? If you scold me as a bastard after this, then what will you call me in the future? This is nothing!"