

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

Chapter 58

Breathing heavily, Charles kissed her and murmured. “Sarah.....Sarah, can I?”

He fondled and caressed her body, whispered into her ear how much he desired her and how his body was stiffened in anticipation. He wanted her and kept thinking about how good it would feel to finally have her body. The last time, on their wedding night, he had tried to consummate their marriage but hadn't been successful. He still remembered the feeling and had gotten so enchanted by her that he was willing to give his life to her.

Maybe that was where the saying came from: Perish with the roses and die a romantic death. Charles had always been a skirt chaser, but he had never wanted a woman as badly as he wanted Sarah, he even kept dreaming every night about her.

He held her in his arms and kissed her profoundly, then he started to touch her, giving his hands-free range on her body. He caressed her until Sarah felt painful and made a choking sound. His physical urge became stronger and stronger, his manhood was swollen and hard as an iron rod. Holding Sarah in his arms, he grabbed her buttocks, provoking her to cling tightly against him, accidentally rubbing against his bulging trousers as he whispered in her ear. “Sarah... Sarah... Can we? ...Want me? ...Do you want me?” As he was shoving her slightly against his hard body.

Although both were fully clothed, they clung to each other so tightly that Sarah felt his erect manhood, which was very hard and hot. It seemed as if it was about to rip his trousers at any moment. She groaned slightly, then raising her head and looking at the bright lights, and murmured. “Charles... Charles...”

“We... Can we have a true wedding night?” Charles lured her.

Sarah seemed to remember something and suddenly pushed him away, saying. “No... no... I haven't taken a bath yet.”

Charles looked up with a helpless expression. How could she think about taking a bath at this moment? He kissed her and tried to reassure her. “I don't mind. If you give yourself to me, I don't mind anything else...”

“But, I'm dirty...”

“I don't mind!” Charles kissed her tenderly, with his hand reaching into her underwear. His gentle touch made her moan with pleasure. Charles began to take off her underwear, leaving Sarah completely naked. Her plump breast was standing straight, her nipples red and swollen. Her intimate parts were so enchanting and intoxicating.

Charles, whose eyes were filled with wild desire, looked at her. Although he was dying to taste her, he didn't want to move too quickly. He tried to take her slowly, enjoying all she had to give. He started to touch her and kiss her again gently.

Sarah's body was becoming weak, losing all her strength to resist, and she moaned his name in a low voice, almost killing Charles with her apparent desire for him.

"I am here..... Sarah, I will treat you well and make you happy!" Charles responded as he grabbed her buttocks, then urging her to put her legs around his waist, closing the distance between her naked body and him.

Charles eagerly undid his belt and pulled off his trousers with one hand, touching with his erected manhood between her legs, rubbing up on her most intimate area.

Although Sarah knew about the male anatomy from theory, she had never experienced anything like this before. She felt his hard erected manhood pressing against her body, realizing that it was huge and remembered how at their wedding night, Charles had slightly entered her once, which had felt like a big iron rod trying to enter her, causing her unbearable pain at that time.

Unsure if she would be able to bear his size, she was afraid of what would happen if Charles got so excited that he wouldn't be able to stop himself. Terrified, she struggled for him to release her. "Charles... Charles... no, please let me go..."

Charles became frustrated. She obviously had welcomed his advances just now, and he couldn't understand why she would suddenly resist him after they had gone so far. He tried hard to stop himself, gritted his teeth, and said. "Do you know how close we are? How can you say stop so easily?"

Quickly faking an excuse, Sarah said. "Let me take a bath first. Please... let me take a bath first. I feel sweaty and uncomfortable. Please!"

"You... I can help you later. "Charles refused.

But Sarah insisted, even almost started to cry as she said. "Please let me down. Are you going to force me? You promised you'd never force me again!" A hint of panic was heard in her voice.

Charles was angry, but restrained his desire, staring at her for a long time as if trying to figure out what she was afraid of. Thinking that she was probably not ready for him yet, he let her go reluctantly and asked.

"What do you want to do?"

"Let me take a bath first!" Sarah felt sorry for him, but she was still afraid of how big he was and that she wouldn't be able to bear it.

Charles didn't respond but gritted his teeth before he went to prepare the water for her. As he walked away, Sarah glared at his erected manhood. She felt shy and turned her red face away, not daring to look at him again.

Charles came back after he finished preparing the water. He saw her standing turned away from him, covering herself with her hands as if she didn't dare to look at him. He couldn't help but laughing out loud as he said. "Sarah, you're 26 years old, why are you behaving like a little girl now? Haven't you seen a naked man before?"

"You..... What are you talking about? Who has seen that before?" Sarah said as even her ears turned red.

Charles laughed again and turned off the water tap, then turned back to her and said, "Come in if you don't want me to see you."

Sarah immediately stepped into the bathtub and sat down, hiding her body in the water with only her head peeking out.

To her surprise, Charles followed her into the bathtub and sat down.

"You..... What are you doing?" She asked slyly.

"Bath you? If you're not clean, I can't have."

"You..."

He just stared at her with a wicked smile and started to squeeze some bath wash on his hands, then pulled Sarah towards him to rub it on her body.

Sarah was about to shrug away and pressed his hand. "I'll do it myself."

"Let me do it!" Charles insisted as he continued to wash her body. Teasingly, he touched her breast and started to play with it.

Sarah attempted to resist, "You can't..."

"Hush... I'll make you feel comfortable." He stopped and started to massage her back.

Sarah felt the air becoming hotter, making her feel thirsty and impatient for more.

