

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

Chapter 82

When she arrived at their house in Houston, she felt a little hesitant to walk in. The moment when she had stepped out of the taxi, she had started to falter. Looking at the door in front of her, she suddenly didn't know what to say to Charles. Would Charles think her cheeky to come without telling him?

After a long hesitation, she grabbed her suitcase and took out the key to open the door. She was distraught to see Charles, but after entering the door, she was surprised not to find him home. She looked in every room but failed to find him. It was apparent that he hadn't hired cleaning help. The house was very messy, dust was gathering on the furniture.

Sarah sighed, disappointed that Charles wasn't at home. On the other hand, she could be relaxed without worrying about how to face him. After putting the suitcase in her room, she started to clean and tidy up the house. By 10 o'clock in the evening, she finally finished cleaning.

Sarah was so tired that she lay down on the sofa to take a short rest. Suddenly she woke up at 10:30 and sat up. Charles still hadn't come home even though it was getting late. Thinking about it, she subconsciously wanted to call him, but the moment she picked up the phone, she remembered that they were still at war. Why should she call him first?

She put the phone down, went back to her room to take her pajamas, and went to take a shower.

It was already 11:30 p.m. after she finished taking a shower. She wanted to go to bed, but Charles still hadn't come back. She started to feel helpless but didn't want to call him. She went to the living room, sat on the sofa, and watched TV. At midnight, Charles still didn't show up. She started to feel angry and decided to turn off the TV and go to bed.

Suddenly, when she was about to fall asleep, she heard loud noises coming from downstairs. It seemed as if a group of people had come into her house. The voices were very familiar, she heard Charles's voice and loud laughter. Sarah quickly got up and dressed to go downstairs.

Reaching the stairs, she was able to understand what they were talking about. One guy roared. "Today was a cool day, uh? I didn't expect that the whores from Penthouse City would all be so beautiful. Their figures... their sexy faces, and they're all like virgins!" he laughed with a wicked laugh.

"Aha-ha-ha-ha, isn't it fun? It's so rare for Charles to have time to play with us. We should go there tomorrow again. That place is perfect!"

They seemed to be drunk, supporting each other with their hands as they waddled to the living room. Charles looked especially drunk, his face was red and his eyes blurred. He seemed to be so drunk that his friends had to support him physically. He stuttered in a drunken voice. "Ok. It's good when no one limits me. You don't know... my wife...sometimes she's really annoying!"

His friends all agreed with him and continued talking about Sarah in the wrong way. They said that Sarah was always indifferent, not as sexy or elegant as the whores in Penthouse City.

Looking at them hearing how they talked about her, Sarah felt furious and depressed. They just had to find some prostitutes! She knew that Charles had been a womanizer, but thought he had changed after getting married. It had never occurred to her that Charles not only had an affair with Emma but also went to have fun with prostitutes. He was such a dirty person! He was staining her love and their marriage.

She had never felt this sad before. With a cold stare on her face, she went down the stairs and approached them step by step.

Finally, they noticed her and froze. Realizing that Sarah may have heard them, they seemed to become soberer. One of them asked. "Sarah...When did you come back?"

Charles also raised his head and squinted at her. His expression was unruly and provocative. He suddenly started to laugh and said, "You finally remember to come back. I thought you had forgotten all about me and this home!"

Sarah did not rage as expected but barely whispered. "Had a fun day, uh?" Penthouse City? Although I never went there, I hear that there's no place like Heaven in New York. In such a luxurious place, their women must be very sexy and feminine!"

At the sound of her voice, Charles's friends knew that she had heard everything they had said. Embarrassed about having been caught in the act, they didn't know what to say. After a short silence, they said to Charles, "Charles, we'll stop here today! We'll leave you and Sarah alone!"

They said their goodbyes and left. Everyone knew they had screwed up. Sarah and Charles were going to have a big fight, and no one wanted to stay and serve as cannon fodder.

After they left, Charles squinted at her again. Taking off his jacket, he waddled toward the sofa and laid down, completely ignoring her.

Seeing his actions, Sarah felt hopeless. She couldn't tolerate not only being psychologically betrayed but also physically. She found it revolting that her husband would have affairs with other women or even go as far as going out to find whores.

She had given herself to him, and only him, why couldn't he treat her respectfully? Why did he have to go to a whore house and allow his friends to make fun of her?

Sarah couldn't tolerate this any longer, and she said coldly. "Charles, I know you are a womanizer. I also know that a leopard doesn't change its spots. I also knew you wouldn't easily change after getting married. So just tell me how many times have you done this after we got married? Tell me the truth."

Charles was still lying on the sofa with his eyes closed. When Sarah confronted him, he was barely able to open his eyes.

