

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

Chapter 83

He sat up lazily, looking at her with a blushed face and squinting eyes. “Sarah, you mean you want to lay all your cards on the table? And then? What do you want to do next?” He smiled ironically.

Sarah’s eyelashes trembled slightly as if her mood changed with it. This previously handsome man in front of her looked so mean today. She started to see that Charles wasn’t perfect. In fact, he was far from perfect, but why did she love him so much? Why?

She said in a cold tone. “Aren’t you telling me everything? Or you did so many bad things, and now you don’t dare to tell me?”

Charles stood up and wobbled toward her. Still squinting his eyes, he stared at her and smiled evilly like a libertine. He reached out his hands to touch Sarah’s chin, but she turned around immediately with indifference.

His hands stayed in the air. Dumbfounded, he rubbed his hands together as if he relished the temperature of her soft skin. He smiled, lifting his eyebrows. “Sarah, who are you? A noble lady? Why should I explain anything to you?”

Sarah turned around and looked at him, eyes filling with pain and disbelief. She didn’t know this guy who was standing in front of her. His expression and words were unfamiliar to her and coming from a stranger, not her beloved husband.

Getting herself together, she said with a calm tone. “Charles, don’t you remember? I’m your wife, we just got married a few days ago. Or is marriage only a game for you? You mean you can have or abandon me whenever you like?”

Out of exhaustion or maybe because he was drunk, Charles seemed to have completely lost consciousness. “Marriage?” He drunkenly looked at Sarah. “What is marriage? Is it good? Or is it just a paper? Do you think we must be together after registering? Sarah, did you really think I would be with one woman all of my life? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!” He laughed loudly.

Sarah was losing control. The more she looked at him, the stranger she felt. Her tone became more and more indifferent. “Is it true or not? Charles, I don’t remember you saying those words. I prefer to believe that you are raving at me, wanted to prove yourself, all right?”

Charles still laughed and stared at her, ironically, “Drunk? No, I’m wide awake. I have never been drunk. So, you think I was raving? There’s a word called... Hic...” He started to hiccup. “In wine lies the truth. Don’t you know it?”

Sarah nodded and suddenly felt it unnecessary for her to continue talking. He had a clear mind, although he was drunk. Perhaps he knew what he was talking about. What did he mean?

She decided to get real and finally asked him straight out. “Charles, now that you have established that you can’t be with one woman all of your life, why did you marry me? Why do you play with me like this... Just for fun?”

Charles suddenly grasped her shoulder. Attempting to throw off his hands, she yelled. “What do you want from me?”

But Charles held too tight, she couldn’t get rid of his control. He pushed her over the wall and fixed her body with his and lowered his head to look at her.

Sarah noticed his strange look. He squinted slightly, seemingly staring at her or thinking carefully. Every woman who was stared at by a drunk would feel horrible. She grabbed his hands for fear of what he was capable of. “Charles, what on earth do you want to do?” Sarah asked.

Charles continued staring at her until she became frightened. Suddenly he smiled wickedly and said. “Sarah, to begin with, the reason why I married you is that I thought you were an interesting girl. I wanted to have you. At that time, I got crazy, and I didn’t want anyone except you. So, I got married to you. But afterward, I found... you were not that girl who I thought you were!”

“What kind of girl do you want or think I am actually?”

Charles continued to stare at her. “I thought you were an open minded girl with a strong character. That you wouldn’t play tricks, I thought. You attracted me because you are special compared to the other women around me who were good at playing dirty tricks. But who knew that you’re not that girl in my imagination. What is the difference between you and those women?”

“Charles, what do you mean?” Sarah was even more confused after listening to him.

“What do I mean? The literal meaning. What else have you tried except driving Emma away? I finally discovered that there is no room for Emma in your heart since you came into my family. Have you gossiped around that I had an affair with my sister and how she seduced me to embarrass her even further? Now, after she finally left, you feel free to engage in love affairs with Frank? When dad was in the hospital at that time, you went to get in touch with him again. Just a week ago, when we fought over the pictures that night, you went out to meet with Frank again? What were you doing all that time outside? Hug? Kiss? What do you think I am, a fool? That I was deceived? Do you really think that I know anything about you?”

Sarah subconsciously questioned him with wide-opened eyes. “Who told you?” She was to go mad. She didn’t know who had told him those lies. Apparently, it wasn’t her. She had done nothing wrong, why was Charles insisting that she had cheated on him?

She finally started to understand why Charles had been so indifferent to her after chatting with Mr. Thomas at the fountain, to a point where he had left her alone at night in their room to go

back to Houston. Had he heard those rumors then and gotten furious at her? But who was making up those rumors?

