

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

Chapter 84

Charles sneered, “Does it matter who said it? As you say, facts are facts. That’s the key here. Does it really matter who told me about it?”

Sarah yelled back. “What makes you so sure that I made up rumors to frame Emma or and even drive her away? Do you have any evidence to prove that I have an intimate relationship with Frank? You just listen to others. Do you think it is right for you to frame your wife like this?”

Charles laughed hysterically. “Hum? Evidence? Would Emma lie to me?”

She wouldn’t even blame you directly, but I can tell what you did to her from her fragmented sentences when she cried out to me. As for Frank, I have pictures. Do you want to take a look at yourself?”

While talking, Charles took his phone out and showed her some pictures. “Do you want to see these photos taken by some spectators? Who is that woman walking into the restaurant arm in arm with Frank?” He showed her the corresponding pictures as he spoke.

Sarah saw a blurred photo on his phone. The picture was showing Frank entering a restaurant with a woman in a white dress. They looked intimate, laughing, and talking. In some of the images, the woman was holding his hand, seemingly quite attached to him.

The picture wasn’t clear, with only the woman’s back and Frank’s face visible. Sarah couldn’t see the woman’s face, but just a blurred profile. She was wearing the same dress she had been wearing that night in question.

Surprised, Sarah screamed. “That is not me! I was with your dad that night. He was comforting me. You can ask him. That woman is not me!”

Charles suddenly laughed out in a sad tone. “Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, Sarah. You’re such a hypocrite! Here is the evidence. If you say this woman isn’t you, then who is she? Who would dress the same way you do and go out with Frank? Is it a coincidence?” He laughed out loud.

“Charles, are you even reluctant to ask your dad? You completely don’t trust me! How can you so easily be fooled and believe others over me?”

“Fool? That’s because you’re not trustworthy! There is no reason for you to call me foolish!”

His words were infuriating for Sarah. She stared at him with cold eyes and said, “Charles, I know you won’t trust me no matter what I say. What on earth do you want to do? What will make you believe in me?”

“Believe? What do I want?” Charles laughed ironically, “I thought I was just deceived. You are the same as any other woman, reckless and cunning. I have seen and tried many girls like you. If I knew you were one of them, I wouldn’t have married you. I’m a fool and deserve to be cheated! You did a good job, Sarah!” said he, patting her face.

Sarah was sorrowful. This was the worst of all that had happened to her so far. She had never been this angry and sad before. Every innocent person refuses to get framed like this, much more when it comes to the person you love the most. Was there any difference between being cheated and doubted or being directly stabbed in her chest with a knife?

“Charles, you really are a shameless and bad man!” She hissed.

Charles stroke back. “Am I? You are worse! If this was a fairytale, my sister Emma must be the kind of Snow White and you the evil queen. And me? Ha-ha-ha-ha, I’m the king who was deceived by you. Fortunately, I know the real you now!”

“Slap!” Sarah suddenly slapped his face forcefully. Her eyes were spitting fire, but her heart was bleeding.

Charles touched his face and turned around, looking at her in surprise. He only saw a cold face.

Sarah was extremely disappointed. The little hope in her heart she had been keeping onto before returning to Houston was gone. Her heart became so cold that her body started to shake. She stared at him, coldly for a long time and then said. “We are done!”

She walked upstairs to pack her stuff.

Charles stared blankly after her as if he fainted away with her slapping. Or rather, he sobered up for her last words. However, he still looked at her without moving.

After arriving upstairs, Sarah opened the chest to get dressed. She pulled out her trunk, took her clothes out from the chest, and packed them into the trunk. She prowled around her bedroom to pick all her things up. She worked very fast as if she was unwilling to stay here for one minute. Tears were running down her face.

Suddenly, Charles ran upstairs as if he was sobering up. The vigorous brim came back to his eyes. He stood behind her and watched her packing. When she was about to close the trunk, he walked toward her and stopped her hands. “What are you doing?” He asked.

“Go away,” She replied in a cold tone.

“What are you doing now!” Although Charles was angry, his voice was cold. He had a hard time not showing his real flustered feelings. He noticed that Sarah was picking up things, but he was afraid of her leaving. He remembered the less than sweet words he had told her just now.

Sarah ignored him and went to the living room to get her belongings. Charles followed her and asked, "Why are you packing at midnight? Are you leaving now?"

Sarah still kept ignoring him. She was almost finished packing all her things. "I will contact a lawyer to draft our divorce agreement. Since I was mostly using your things, there's no need to worry about the distribution of property. All things belong to you. I have my house and property. Since we don't need to waste time dealing with separating our belongings, we can end our marriage within one week!"

"Sarah!" Charles finally roared, grabbing her trunk and throwing it on the ground.

Sarah responded back, yelling. "Charles, what do you want to do?" She was about to take her trunk back, but Charles stopped her. He hugged her and pressed her on the wall. "Are you sure you want to divorce me? Did I promise you a divorce?" He asked.

Sarah lifted her head to look at him and replied. "Since we dislike each other so much, why not divorce? I'm twenty-five, I still have a lot of time to enjoy my life. Why should I be emotionally entangled with you for my whole life? Let me go!"

