

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

Chapter 86

(Warning: This chapter contains a sexual scene. If you're not comfortable reading it kindly skip it and move to another chapter)

Sarah punched him again and cried. "Charles, go away, let me go!"

Ignoring her rude behavior and curse words, he just hugged her tightly. He felt desperate and suddenly screamed, pleading. "Sarah... don't go... don't leave me... I don't want you to leave..."

"Why would you do this to me? Let me go!" Sarah continued to struggle.

Charles lifted his head again and kissed her. This time, he kissed her softly and tenderly. In a low voice, he continued to plead. "Don't leave. Don't divorce me. I was wrong just now. I am willing to let you go... don't leave me..."

Hearing the sadness in words, Sarah's heart gradually became softer. Why did Charles do this to her? Why was he talking to her like this? He had been so indifferent all this time as if the man she believed he was had just been an illusion. Why? After cursing her, he suddenly embraced her and begged her to stay.

How can she be cruel to him?

He always behaved this way. First, he hurt her and then hugged, injuring her heart until she forgave him again and again. Did he think that there were no shadows cast in her heart after he comforted her? If she let him hurt her too many times, she wouldn't be that girl she used to be anymore, even if he came to comfort her. She must remember her scars to stay away from him gradually.

Charles kissed her with hands moving in her body. Suddenly he was filled with the desire to make love to her. He loved her so much that he was reluctant to let her go even when he hated her.

"Sarah... sorry... I love you... I want you, only you..." he murmured while kissing her with tongue, and then down from chin to her earlobe and collarbone. He unbuttoned her clothes and finally kissed her breasts, like a starving baby sucking her intensely. He proceeded to separate her legs and lifted her up, making her private parts remain close to his erection. He pressed her hips to make her feel his lust as he kissed her breasts harder.

Sarah was still crying, but her heart was becoming numb. She didn't know what was happening between them now. One moment they were fighting and hurting each other again and again, and the next they were about to make love.

Would they have a future together if they continued like this?

Charles didn't notice Sarah's reaction but kept kissing and embracing her. "Sarah... Sarah..." He murmured pleadingly as he put her down on the bed.

Sarah didn't revolt but followed his actions; she felt very sad and disappointed, unsure about their future.

Charles seemed to be punishing her, and without warning, he suddenly entered her body forcefully. Caught off guard, Sarah yelled out, looking at him through her blurred eyes. His forehead was covered in sweat as he was staring at her and moving in a steady rhythm.

It seemed that he wanted to enter the hidden secrets of her soul, but Sarah just looked at him expressionlessly. Reluctant to see her indifferent face, he kept moving faster. He was penetrating her so hard that Sarah couldn't ignore him any longer as her body responded to his continuous friction, arousing her sexual desires. He was controlling her thoughts through her body to keep her from thinking about leaving him. With every stroke, he went deeper inside her.

Sarah started to groan lightly in pleasure, but it wasn't enough for Charles. He kept moving vigorously, using different moves and positions to enhance her enjoyment, until he turned her over and penetrated her from behind. Lifting her hips, he was able to enter her deeper than ever before, over and over again. Sarah was facing the bed, and finally could not resist any longer, sinking into his passion and groaning loudly.

Wanting to stop him, she called out. "Charles... Charles..."

But Charles didn't stop. Putting all his emotions, physical desires, and anger into his movements, he continued pounding her forcefully from behind, indulging himself in her moaning, almost losing control.

He changed their position again. Sarah lost count on how many orgasms she had reached, and how many times they did it that night. Charles kept taking her body again and again until she lost consciousness. The only thing she remembered was that they had been crazier than on their wedding night since Charles had been gentle with her at that time.

Tonight, he seemed to have completely lost all self-control and acted forcibly. She couldn't figure out what was wrong with him. Perhaps they both had changed? Whatever it was, it would never be the same between them.

Their marriage was no longer beautiful. It had suffered a crack at the heart. They didn't know how far they would go together. Distrust had poisoned their relationship, and it would never be the same again.

It was bright daylight the next morning when she woke up. The sun entered through the heavy curtain. The room was hot. Sarah thought it was at least noon when she opened her eyes sleepily. She noticed that she was still lying in Charles's arm, her head on his shoulder.

She was surprised to see that Charles was still in bed since he usually got up earlier, either to work or to exercises. It was unusual for him to wake up so late with her.

She opened her eyes again to look at his face. Charles woke up at the same moment and looked at her in return. They looked at each other in silence.

It was an awkward moment. Finally, Sarah broke the ice. "What time is it? Don't you have to go to work?"

Charles replied casually. "Twelve. Are you hungry?"

Twelve o'clock. It was late. Sarah was about to get up, but Charles stopped her and started to kiss her again.

Not expecting his reaction, Sarah turned to him and asked. "What are you doing? Let me go..." She started to struggle.

But Charles wasn't about to let her go yet. In between kissing her, he said, "I love you..." and continued kissing her intently. Suddenly, he opened her legs with his hands and rolled over her, entering her body again, moving in a slow rhythm.

