

Chapter 1

Pop!

A clear slap in the face sounded in the bright living room.

"Get out!" Old lady Serena pointed to the door, "You are a bitch, you don't deserve to enter my door! Get out!"

Sarah endured the pain on her face and took out a delicate gift box from her bag...

"Grandma, this is from me..."

"Go away!" Serena overturned the present, panting in anger.

Sarah lowered her head: "I'm leaving now, don't be angry..."

"Get off!" Serena fell on the sofa with her chest, and began to cry again, "I'm so sad, grandson wants to anger me by marrying a woman like this. Who does this to their family..."

Sarah clenched her teeth, bowed her head, and walked out.

"A low life car model, everyone can see how dirty you are..."

Sarah closed her eyes, walked out of the house, sat in her dilapidated car, and drove away from Davidson's house.

Her face was hot and painful, and she touched it and it was already swollen.

This is not the first time.

Since she married Brian Davidson four years ago, every year she comes for Mrs. Davidson's birthday, she would be called by Brian and then slapped in the face.

You should get used to it.

Sarah thought bitterly, she should get used to it.

After all, this was Brian's purpose for spending 500,000 to marry her.

As the car reached home, Sarah dealt with the slap marks on her face and then got busy preparing dinner.

After she was done, she sat at the table and waited.

From seven o'clock in the evening until nine o'clock.

Brian did not come back.

Sarah looked calm, and without leaving a trace, dumped the untouched dishes into the trash can, cleaned the table, took bath, and went to bed.

The same goes for the next day.

She wakes up early, cleans up the house, cooks, waits for someone, and then throws away the dishes that nobody eats. For four years, every day, this is the routine.

It was just that late at night, she suddenly woke up in her sleep.

A fiery and sturdy body covered her, ripped her clothes, and plundered fiercely without mercy.

Sarah knew it was him and tried her best to cooperate.

But when everything was over, Sarah felt almost dead, and her whole body hurt badly.

Satisfied, Brian got up, wrapped his bathrobe around his body, lit a cigarette on the window, and smoked lazily.

Sarah took a rest for a while, after gathering her strength, got up, and put water to prepare a bath for him.

"Mr. Davidson, the water is ready." She came out.

Brian's deep fingertips held the white cigarettes, the red sparks were bright and dark in the warm light, and the air was full of nicotine smell.

Sarah used to get very uncomfortable at first, but four years later, she became sickly addicted to the taste, just like she was to Brian.

But this kind of feeling should not be in her heart.

Brian gave her money to buy her body, they were just in a transactional relationship, there was no emotional entanglement, and no emotional entanglement was allowed.

This was the rule that Brian set from the beginning.

"Come here." Brian waved to her as if calling a puppy.

Sarah walked docilely, and whispered: "Mr. Davidson."

Brian stared at Sarah's still slightly swollen face, his expression unpredictable: "Grandma hit you again?"

He asked knowingly.

Every time she went back, she would be beaten, he knew it.

"It's okay." Sarah said, "You gave me so much money. It's not a big deal for me to endure a slap on my face."

Brian nodded with satisfaction: "You are very obedient and sensible. I actually like you very much."

Sarah's heart shrank, not because of that sentence, but because of the word "actually".

"But we should be separated." Brian said deeply, "After the divorce, this house belongs to you, and I will give you an extra five million for your cooperation all these years." Sarah's throat was dumb and she was speechless.

Brian squeezed out his cigarette butt in the ashtray, and said in a cold voice: "If we meet again later, don't say you know me, do you understand?"

Sarah moved the tip of her tongue. After a while, she uttered a word with difficulty: "Okay."