

Chapter 4

When their eyes met, it lasted for two seconds. Sigrid suddenly crossed her arms over her chest and squatted down. "Ah! Why are you here?"

"This is the wedding chamber." George's tone was calm, as if the woman in front of him was not wearing only underwear, but was tightly wrapped in three layers of clothing.

Although Sigrid had lowered her head and did not dare to look at him, she could imagine that his expression at the moment must be as indifferent as usual.

No wonder her sister said that he was like a piece of wood and said that he was impotent. Now she was a little convinced that her sister was right!

George's gaze fell from her neck to her chest and settled on a thin red mark. He frowned slightly and remembered that several sets of wedding dresses had been made according to Rebecca's measurements. The bust measurement of the wedding dress was too small for her.

"There are pajamas in the wardrobe closet. Put them on," George said.

Sigrid looked up embarrassingly and happened to meet his eyes. She was suddenly angry and annoyed. This man was staring at her all the time. The point was that he looked at her as if she was just a piece of meat, not a woman. She was not attractive to him at all!

"Ooh, so angry!" she shuddered.

"Brother-in-law... please turn your head away..." Although she knew that she was not attractive to him at all, she did not dare to change into her pajamas when she was just wearing underwear in front of him.

George turned his eyes to one side and said, "Your figure is not so nice. What's there to look at?"

"???" Sigrid couldn't believe that he could poke fun at her figure so coldly. Then she looked down at her breasts and stood up to look at her waist and legs. "I have a bad figure???"

"Blind! You're blind!"

She was so angry that she wanted to beat him up, but she didn't dare to show it. She just ran to the wardrobe and opened the door to find her pajamas.

When she saw the lace lingerie in the wardrobe, she wanted to die. She didn't want to wear this kind of pajama. I was like wearing no pajama at all!

"Do you have any other pajamas? These pajamas..." Sigrid was a little embarrassed.

"You don't have to wear them." The man's tone was still cold. "You can sleep n*ked."

Sigrid was silent for two seconds. She took out a shirt from the closet and put it on. "I'll just wear this. By the way, there are no clothes for you here. Are you sure this is a wedding chamber?"

She opened the wardrobe which was full of women's clothes. There weren't even any men's underwear.

George said, "Yes. It was prepared for your sister alone."

Sigrid was almost shocked by his words. Had he originally planned to marry Rebecca and let her sleep alone?

Pity the woman that married him. Either he couldn't get it up or he was gay!

"Come here," George said.

Sigrid walked toward him and sat opposite him. She watched as he handed her a stack of papers that she accepted suspiciously. After glancing through the first lines, she was really speechless.

It was a contract between George and Rebecca. Obviously, it was supposed to have been signed by Rebecca.

The contract described how Rebecca and George were to act like a loving couple during the marriage in front of outsiders, but at home, there was no need for unnecessary physical contacts. It was best to keep a distance from each other. In addition, during the marriage, Rebecca could not conduct any extramarital affairs with others.

Then, a line of small print followed: 'If you have physical needs, resolve them by yourself'.