

# A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin Chapter 1

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In a large, dark room of a five-star hotel, the curtain was firmly closed. Dirty dishes were scattered on the table. Red wine had spilled over the floor, which had totally soaked the carpet. In the dim light, two figures could be seen on the messy bed. The woman dug her fingers into the man's hair and gave in to his power. She completely lost herself to sexual pleasure as her body shook with desire.

She had been looking forward to this moment for a long time. How could she easily let him go this time? Her charming body rippled. She tried her best to follow him and wanted to keep him.

The man tightly hugged the woman, and they tossed around on the bed for hours. It appeared that he was also beginning to sink into the moment. Either that or he was drunk now and didn't know who she was, and so it no longer mattered to him.

The noises that could be heard from outside the room were unbearably painful for the listener.

Sarah sat on the sofa outside. She could clearly hear the sound from the room even without looking towards it. The door was open, so she could see them from the mirror on the opposite wall.

Her heart was broken. The man inside was her boss, and she loved him dearly. The woman inside the room was his mistress. She couldn't say anything about what they did in the hotel because she was just a secretary, inferior to a mistress. Why did he show it to her? Why? He clearly knew she loved him.

Sarah grasped the sofa tightly and dug her fingernails into the leather. Despite how sharp the pain was that now coursed through her fingers, it failed to distract her from the deeper pain in her heart.

Finally, the alarm clock on the coffee table rang; it had been requested by Charles. He needed to leave the hotel at three o'clock because he had an important meeting in half an hour. As his secretary, Sarah, must remind him. Even if he had a private rendezvous with his mistress, Sarah had to follow him. She couldn't understand why he wanted her to see that scene. Even if he didn't love her, he could at least consider her feelings, Sarah thought to herself.

Sarah held back her tears, but it was futile. She quickly wiped her tears away, tidied herself up, and plucked up the courage to walk into their room.

She dared not even look at them. She just knocked on the door and politely announced, "Sir, it's three o'clock. We need to be going back to the company."

It seemed that they were both satisfied. Thomas Charles was lying on the bed and smoking. His chiseled face could be clearly seen in the dim light. He was so handsome and perfect, particularly when smoking. His messy hair also made him even sexier.

He heard her words, but he didn't look at her. Instead, he simply replied in a low and hoarse voice, "I see."

The woman who was lying on his chest suddenly hugged him and said, "Charles, don't leave me now. Could you stay for a while? You are so powerful today, and I want so much more."

Charles extinguished the cigarette and turned around to playfully tap her on the nose, "Well, my baby, I know you need more, but I can't be with you today. I'll come to see you later." His tone was so gentle, like a good lover, much better than the way he talked to Sarah.

Sarah lowered her head the entire time. She felt even worse because she knew he had the capacity to be gentle but would only behave that way with women who weren't her.

The woman continued to flirt with him. The next moment he pinned her down again and kissed her for a while, ignoring Sarah.

Sarah's patience had been worn thin and said in a cutting tone, "Sir, I am waiting for you outside." Immediately afterward, she walked out of the door.

Charles glanced at the door with a smug look on his face as Sarah left.

After a while, he got out of bed and got dressed. The woman also followed him and moved to tie his necktie for him. However, when he looked at Sarah, who was sitting on the sofa with her head lowered and gradually tearing the sofa apart, he pushed the woman's hand away and said, "You can leave now. Let her come in to dress me."

The woman was unwilling to do it, "Charles, please let me help you. How can other women do these things?"

Unexpectedly, he suddenly became cold, "Get out!" His eyes looked fierce and completely different from how they'd been after making love.

The woman was frightened. She was aware of his temper, so she didn't dare anger him further and left. After she walked out, she turned to Sarah and said, "The boss has ordered you to dress him."