

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin Chapter 29

Sarah finally understood what she meant. Although she had always been aware that there was a huge gap between her and Charles when it came to money and power, no one had ever mentioned it before, so she'd hardly ever thought about it. Now that Mrs. Thomas had said it out loud, she felt embarrassed and unsurprisingly, a little sad. However, Sarah had already accepted that Charles was not to be hers and so merely nodded in agreement.

Mrs. Thomas continued, "You know Emma and Charles. They loved each other. Although we also loved them very much, we still stopped them from being together. Why? Even if Emma is our adopted daughter, she is still from an orphanage. How could she ever be on the same level as Charles? We refused our beloved Emma to be with Charles because of her status, and we certainly won't hesitate to do the same to strangers." She stopped for a little while and sighed, "So, Miss Tyler, I am so sorry. Charles can't hold you accountable. It's his fault. He won't marry you no matter how much you love each other!"

"I see. Mrs. Thomas, I have thought about it, and even if you'd said nothing to me at all, I would still want to leave him. Don't worry," Sarah answered in a low voice.

Mrs. Thomas finally seemed to relax and said, "We would make it up to you. \$100,000 or \$200,000? Is it enough?"

Sarah thought Mrs. Thomas must not respect her at all. How could she measure her with money? Did the rich always behave this way? No wonder Charles could be arrogant sometimes.

Mrs. Thomas looked at Sarah and figured that she was not satisfied with the amount, she asked again, "How much do you want? \$500,000, \$1,000,000?"

"Mrs. Thomas, I think you have me wrong!" Sarah finally snapped at her and raised her head, "I don't need money. I will leave him alone because that's what I want!" Sarah stared angrily into Mrs. Thomas's eyes for a moment before turning to leave.

Emma found Sarah walking toward the exit and ran over to her, inquiring, "Miss Tyler, where are you going? Don't you want to wait for my brother to wake up?"

Mrs. Thomas appeared soon before Sarah could say anything. "Let her go!" she said coldly.

Emma turned her head and looked at Mrs. Thomas and then looked at Sarah. She just didn't know what to say. Sarah said to Emma sternly, "You needn't stop me. Let me go. I have seen Charles already. You can take care of him."

Sarah was about to leave when Charles's cousin suddenly yelled from the other end of the corridor, "Charles is awake! He's woken up!"

Everyone who'd been waiting stood up immediately. Mrs. Thomas rushed over quickly, the sound of her high heels resonating through the corridor. Emma was very happy. She was on her way to the ward where Charles was being kept, but she ran back when she saw Sarah was about to leave. "Miss Tyler, how can you leave now? My brother has just woken up. You should at least let him see that you've come to visit!"

"Miss Thomas, I..." Sarah was unsure as to whether she should see him or not. However, by this time, Emma was almost dragging her to the ward. Sarah had come so far and really wanted to know how he was, so she followed her reluctantly.

Charles woke up. The doctor notified the family that they could see him now. All his family members came in and surrounded his bed while Sarah stood in the corner.

Charles stared at Sarah the entire time that his family smothered him with affection. Finally, he said to everyone around him, "Let me talk with Sarah alone!"

No one had expected Charles to say that. They all turned around and looked at Sarah. She noticed a sadness in Emma's eyes. Meanwhile, Mrs. Thomas was looking even more cold-hearted than before.

Even standing in the corner, Sarah became a little uneasy when she suddenly noticed so many people looking at her. She looked at Emma and Mrs. Thomas before lowering her head, embarrassed.

"Mom, Dad, you go out first please," said Charles, his voice deep and weak. Sarah suspected that the damage from the alcohol must have affected his speech.

Everyone left the room uneasily, leaving only Sarah standing there lost for words.

The ward suddenly appeared a lot larger than before. Sarah felt even more uneasy. She lowered her head and squeezed the handle of her bag tightly. She dared not to look at Charles, unsure of what to say.

Charles lifted his eyelids with difficulty. He looked at her and said, gently, “Sarah, come here.”

Sarah raised her head and looked at him. She hesitated for a long time and finally walked over to him, standing beside his bed. Coldly, Sarah said to him, “Charles, I didn’t want to stay here. Emma was the one who made me stay.”

Charles wanted to touch her but was unable to move his arms, “Come sit beside me.”

