

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

Chapter 52

“You said my dad is ok?” Charles inquired.

“Don’t you want me to be ok?” Mrs. Thomas snapped.

Charles didn’t respond but looked at Sarah, who was also surprised because he had been very sick before.

Mrs. Thomas sighed. “Alas, the doctor says that it was just a relapse, the heart attack. He got too excited at your wedding, and something went wrong, but now after a few days of rest, he will be ok. If he takes his medicine on time and avoids strong emotions, he will be ok.”

“When can he leave the hospital?” Sarah asked.

Mrs. Thomas rolled her eyes at Sarah and said to Charles. “Don’t leave him alone over the following days, you should take good care of your father.” Then she turned around and walked away. Emma stood beside them, and without saying anything, she followed Mrs. Thomas.

Mrs. Thomas didn’t want them to go on their honeymoon. Charles understood what she meant and was annoyed, but Sarah, who was holding his hand, said. “It seems like we can’t go anywhere. Let’s cancel the tickets and hotel reservations. We can’t go on our honeymoon, so let’s stay home and take care of your dad.”

Grabbing her hand, Charles responded. “How can I cancel our honeymoon? After the wedding, you have been busy with so many things, we haven’t even had a chance yet to enjoy our marriage. It’s not fair to you to cancel our honeymoon.”

“I’m ok, Charles. Maybe it’s just the wrong time. After all, we can be on our honeymoon anywhere as long as we stay together.”

“Didn’t you always want to go to the Maldives? This was your dream. I promised to come with you. Instead of canceling, let’s just postpone the trip until my father recovers.” Charles tried to persuade her.

Sarah smiled and shook her head, “No, it’s really fine. When your dad gets better, you’ll oversee the company. You can’t stay idle all that time, and it’s not good for the company. No matter where we are, just staying with you will make me happy.”

“Well, I can’t persuade you, but since we got married, you’ve always accommodated my mother and to me, I feel so sorry for you.”

Sarah just shook her head, smiling, indicating that she was ok.

Emma was calling them from a distance, saying that Charles' dad had woken up and wanted to see them. Sarah was pleased and pulled Charles to the ward.

Mr. Thomas didn't say much, just engaged in some small talk with them.

After a while, Mrs. Thomas and Emma had to go back. Emma took care of the formalities as Mrs. Thomas needed to go home, but there was only one driver. Thus, Charles let the driver send Mrs. Thomas home, and he drove Emma.

Sarah didn't say anything, just reminded them to be careful on their way. She stayed at the hospital with Mr. Thomas, who spoke to her. "You must be tired these days after you married Charles, so many things needed your help. I'm sorry."

"Dad, don't say that," Sarah responded as she cut an apple for him to eat.

"Sometimes, I really feel you are my daughter, a part of our family," said Mr. Thomas.

"That is because you treat me so well. You are so good to me..."

Sarah suddenly remembered something and put down the apple, and she asked, "Dad, your illness... Are you feeling good? Is it just a heart attack? Why do I feel your symptoms are more than just those of a sick heart?"

Mr. Thomas seemed to be hiding something and only answered vaguely. "It's just my heart, what else could it be?"

"I'm worried about you. If there's anything, please tell us!"

At this moment, the doctor and a nurse came in to examine Mr. Thomas, who instructed Sarah. "You can go out and relax for a while."

Sarah looked at him as if she wanted to say something, but facing his kind smile, she couldn't refuse and went out. Waiting in the corridor, she couldn't help but worry about Mr. Thomas. She looked through the window and saw that the doctor was checking his vitals for an unusually long time. She decided to check Mr. Thomas's medical record because she felt that something was strange in his expression. She secretly went to the medical record area.

Arriving at the medical record room and looking at the door sign, she suddenly felt nervous and hesitated. She decided to knock on the door, but as she raised her hand, a tall, good looking young doctor came out of the door, holding a pamphlet in his hand.

That doctor looked at her in astonishment, and asked excitedly, pointed at her, "Tyler Sarah?"

Hearing him calling her name, Sarah looked up at him in surprise. He looked familiar. Frowning, she asked, "You are..."

“Frank Daniel, from your big backyard, I’m the boy next door. Have you forgotten?” The doctor was apparently very excited.

Listening to him, Sarah thought for a while and suddenly nodded her head. “Oh, yes. I remember my grandmother’s big yard! Hahaha, when did you come to Houston? I haven’t seen you for a long time. How is it going?” Sarah finally remembered him.

Daniel had always comforted her and played with her the year after her parents had died. She had been very lonely and regarded him as her elder brother. Unfortunately, her uncle had disliked her and Sophia, and they had to move back to Houston, where they lived in the old house her parents had left behind. Daniel had written her letters to comfort her back then, but she had felt inferior to him and cut off all ties with him.

Unexpectedly, after so many years, they met again.

Daniel was pleased to have found her and said with a smile. “After graduating from university, I came here on an internship and decided to stay here.”

“What do you do?”

“I’m a surgeon.”

“That’s amazing, and this hospital is the best in Houston.”

Daniel smiled, “How are you? I haven’t seen you for a long time. What did you do over the last few years?”

Sarah’s expression became a little complex at his question, remembering all the sadness and bitterness she had gone through over the past years. When she finally remembered Charles, she had a warm feeling and said with a smile. “I just got married.”

Daniel suddenly stiffened at her words as if someone was throwing a bomb at him. With a trembling voice, he asked. “What? You’re married?”

