

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

### Chapter 65

Noticing her unfriendly tone, Sarah knew that Christina was looking for trouble, but she couldn't refuse if Mr. Thomas indeed needed her. Instead of refusing to go, she asked further. "Did something happen to Mr. Thomas? All right, I will go back tomorrow morning."

"Don't let Charles know about it, or you should know the consequences if we fight again!" Christina threatened her before she hung up the phone.

Sarah was scared that Charles would have heard their loud voices. After the call ended, she shook her head and smiled bitterly, thinking that it was even harder now to get along with Mrs. Thomas than it had been before.

She knew why Christina didn't want Charles to know about calling her, she was only looking for trouble for Sarah, and not for Charles. Even though Sarah felt unwilling to fall for her trap, she had no choice, with her father-in-law being involved. She had to go back to take care of him. What's more, she didn't want to fight with Christina again like last time, so she had no choice but to listen to her and go back there tomorrow morning.

Why was she married suffering from so many troubles even though she and Charles were happy with each other? She had never been one to yield to anyone, not even when she was little. It had been because of her strong character that her relatives had refused to adopt her after her parents had passed away, but now she had no choice but to tolerate Mrs. Thomas for Charles and his father, she wasn't alone this time. She loved Charles and respected Mr. Thomas. She wouldn't make them embarrassed just to protect herself.

Sighing deeply, Sarah stepped back into the living room. Arranging the rest of the flower, she kept thinking about what to do until she felt Charles embrace her from behind. "What are you thinking about? Daring, it's late already, let's go to bed."

Charles had come out of the study and seemed to be done with his work for today. Sarah turned around to face him. "Have you finished all your work already?" Charles didn't answer her immediately, just kept hugging and kissing her, and whispered quietly. "All finished. Let's have a rest."

Sarah pushed him off slightly and responded. "I can't, I need to arrange these tonight, or they will be withered by tomorrow."

"Let it go. Just one night won't be too bad, you can finish it tomorrow morning." Charles insisted.

"I have no time tomorrow morning," answered Sarah, regretting it instantly.

"Are you going somewhere tomorrow?"

Sarah realized she had spilled the beans and covered her mouth, pretending to laugh. “Oh, nothing. I mean, I want to go out to buy some cosmetics tomorrow morning. That’s why I don’t have time.”

Charles shrugged his shoulders. “All right, finish it tonight. Alas, I regretted buying so many flowers for you. It’s so much work and hard for you to stay up arranging them. Let me help you.” He sat down to help her.

Sarah smiled, feeling happy deep in the heart.

After working for a while, Charles started to get distracted. He picked some petals and threw them into Sarah’s face, and Sarah threw some leaves back at him. They began to play, pelting each other with the petals, leaves, and even stems. Charles also picked up a fistful of leaves and put them on her back behind her shirt.

“Ah, there’s a thorn. It hurts!” Sarah screamed.

Charles quickly got concerned and asked worriedly. “What’s wrong? Where does it hurt?” Noticing that Sarah was lowering her head and looking inside her clothes, he followed her and said, “Let me help you.” He put his hand into her clothes and helped her to get the leaves out. His hands touched her skin directly because Sarah was just wearing pajamas without underwear after taking a shower.

Sarah didn’t think about anything, her whole body was covered with leaves, and she was just trying to get rid of them, but Charles gradually became impatient. After getting all the leaves out, his hands still kept touching her body. Sarah started to feel his affection and asked, “Have you finished?”

“Not yet. There are still some leaves here. Let me see.” Charles responded, standing beside her. Suddenly, he lifted her pajama shirt up, pulled it over his head, and started to caress her back with his tongue in between kisses. He then turned her body around, kissing her breasts and biting her erecting nipples.

Sarah drew in a deep breath, saying with a shivering voice. “Charles... you... what are you doing?”

Charles was utterly absorbed in kissing her breast. While pressing her on the sofa, he hid inside her clothes. Sarah was going to push him away, but he refused to move, teasing her behind her shirt. Sarah began to tremble and yelled, “Charles... Charles... ”

The buttons of her pajama shirt opened from pulling too hard, exposing her breast. He raised his head and gasped, staring at her with dark eyes, drunk with seduction, and with the uneven tone, he whispered, “Sarah, let’s go back to our room. Okay?”

Sarah knew what he meant and knew his power. If Charles had his way, she wouldn't be able to get out of bed the next morning, so she begged him, "No.....I need to get up early tomorrow morning. We can't do it tonight."

"Of course, you can! If you don't want to go to bed, we can do it here." He lowered his head to kiss her again. This time, he kissed her lips, with hands stroking her body.

Sarah couldn't speak or refuse him any longer.

After kissing for a while, they were overwhelmed by lust. Sarah hurried to push Charles away, pleading. "No... not here. Someone will see us."

Charles agreed that it wasn't the right place to have sex and said. "Okay, let's go to the room." Then he picked her up and carried her into their bed.

Once in their spacious bed, Charles was better able to gain control over her.

