

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

Chapter 68

Emma shook her head slightly, saying, “No matter how good it is abroad, nothing compares to this. No matter where I go, I don’t feel at home like I do here. Never the last... this is where you live all year round...” Emma looked at Charles affectionately.

Charles felt Emma’s behavior was strange today but didn’t say anything to not upset her. He just bowed his head, clearing his throat, then picked up his coffee cup and drank it slowly, trying to avoid her gaze.

Seeing his reaction, Emma felt upset and also looked down to drink her juice as if she was thinking about something. After a long uncomfortable silence, she looked up at Charles and asked. “Charles, are you happy?”

Charles didn’t know why she was asking this and stared at her in surprise. “Why are you asking this?”

Emma casually put her cup down and stared at the table with a sad expression in her face as if she was immersed in sad memories. After a while, she finally said. “Charles, I don’t know why I’m so sad.”

Looking at her, Charles felt sad for her, seeing her eyes like shining stars immersed in a lake. He understood what Emma meant by now, but not wanting to talk about their past, he asked. “Is it because you are leaving?”

Emma looked up at him with a hint of disappointment in her face. Did Charles really not understand what she meant, or did he just not want to face her emotions and pretended to be clueless? If he were acting, that would mean that he didn’t want to remember their history, which made Emma even sadder. Thinking about this possibility, she felt her heart being clenched by a big invisible hand, draining the life out of her.

Emma looked as if she was about to cry out but was trying hard to suppress her emotions when she finally said. “Charles, all I want to do is go back to our childhood and never grow up to be able to follow you everywhere. We could fly kites, play ball, or play in the amusement park together. No matter where we went, we were always together. If only we could remain little forever, we wouldn’t have to face all these unpleasant things in life.”

Charles knew what Emma was referring to, but the past was the past, and now he had Sarah. He had the life he had made for himself. He loved Sarah and had no desire to go back to the past. Thus, he comforted Emma, “Emma, everyone must grow up, and we can’t dwell in the past. We have to keep moving forward forever. Forget the past and go build a new life. You are so young and have a bright future in front of you.”

“Charles...” Emma said with a shaking voice as she looked up to him, almost crying.

Charles just nodded at her firmly, as if he was trying to suppress her unrealistic ideas.

Seeing his disinterest, Emma felt even sadder and lowered her head, whispering. “Charles, is it really so easy for men to forget the past?”

Charles sighed. “Emma, it’s not a matter of male or female, it’s... a matter of time and whether you have met your true love.”

“Is Sarah your true love?” Emma asked, looking at him affectionately.

Charles also looked at her pure and bright eyes, nodding solemnly. “Yes, ever since I decided to marry her, I’m sure that she is my true love.”

Emma’s faith seemed to be collapsing, she couldn’t manage a response. Lowering her head again and clenching her hands, her whole body trembled. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, one dripping right into her juice, creating a ripple effect, resembling her shattering heart. Suddenly, she wiped her tears, stood up, and said as she grabbed her bags. “I see, I understand.” And walked away.

Charles hurriedly stood up, calling her. “Emma... Emma...” He picked up the rest of the shopping bags and ran to catch up with her as he kept shouting. “Emma, Emma, what’s the matter?”

Emma didn’t respond but continued stubbornly to walk until she reached the beach, tears rolling down her face continuously.

Charles was afraid that Emma wanted to hurt herself and kept following her to help her calm down. Finally, Emma stopped, and Charles was able to catch up with her and ask. “Emma, what happened?”

Looking with a blank stare at sea in the distance, Emma burst into tears again. She felt so grieved and hopeless. “Charles, I can’t forget our past. I can’t forget you. What can I do to forget you?”

Charles was stunned to hear her frustration and just stood behind her without saying a word.

Suddenly, Emma turned around and stepped toward him to embrace him in a tight hug, still crying, “Charles, I really can’t stand this feeling, I feel so sad. Seeing you happily married to Sarah, I’m so jealous. I can’t let it go. I don’t want to see you with another woman. Charles, we were so happy together, you once loved me so much, why are you so cruel now?”

“Emma...” Charles exclaimed in shock, trying to push her off but failing from the many bags he was holding in his hands. He had no choice but to let her hug him.

“Charles, just let me hug you for a while, I’m so sad...” Emma cried.

Charles didn't know how to respond to the woman he considered his sister. Had he let her down? No, not really. Although he had loved her before, she had not been his true love. He didn't remember when she had started to fade away from his heart, and perhaps it had been when he met his true love, Sarah?

He remembered how badly he had wanted Emma to embrace him like this as if she would never leave him, but now when she was in front of him, hugging him desperately, he had no other feeling than pity for her, even regarding her feelings as a burden on his shoulders.

As if comforting himself, he thought of the saying. "Circumstances change over time." Everyone would change with time.

Alas, he sighed emotionally and decided to let her hug him for a while as he patted her back to comfort. "Emma, it's my fault. Let the past be the past and not think about it again."

Was it really his fault? Emma was sad and knew that Charles was just comforting her. If she hadn't left him due to the pressure from their parents at the beginning, Charles wouldn't have left her, and he wouldn't have fallen in love with Sarah. So, was it his real fault?

