

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin Chapter 7

Sarah was stunned. She grabbed her phone and went over to her window. Charles was outside, standing in the middle of a burning heart-shaped firework. He saw her in the window and shouted, “Sarah, I love you! Happy birthday!”

As it all began to sink in, Sarah realized that she couldn’t possibly feel sorry for herself for both her sister and her lover had remembered her birthday and cared for her. Clearly, Charles had just wanted to give her a surprise. Suddenly, she began to cry. Hearing her cries down the phone, Sophia asked, “What’s the matter with you? Why are you crying?”

She quickly explained what was going on to Sophia and told her she would call her back later. Once she had hung up the phone, she ran downstairs to greet Charles.

Charles smiled and opened his arms, waiting for Sarah’s embrace.

Then when Sarah ran into his arms, he immediately picked her up, spun her around, and kissed her.

The burning fireworks were so beautiful, illuminating the dark night and reflecting their romantic love. They stood in the heart-shaped fireworks and kissed so passionately that they forgot there were people passing by them.

At this point, Sarah was so moved that her heart felt as though it was going to fly out of her chest. Therefore, when Charles hugged and kissed her, she couldn’t help but hug him as tightly as she could.

At that moment, no part of her resisted the contact between man and woman, only wanting to experience this happy moment fully.

After a long time, Charles loosened her, breathed softly with his forehead against hers, and asked, “Are you happy?”

Sarah sighed, looked at him deeply, and nodded.

Then Charles asked, “Are you moved?”

Sarah nodded again with tears trickling down her cheeks. She couldn’t remember a time when she had felt this happy before. It is a happy thing when there is someone who cares about you and does beautiful things for you.

Charles gently wiped her tears and asked softly, “Sarah, do you really love me? How much do you love me?”

Sarah looked at him intensely. She didn’t know quite what to say, but hugged him tightly and said, “Charles, I care about you. I really care about you.”

She didn’t know how to express her thoughts, just repeating that sentence again and again. She loved him with all her heart, but she had no confidence that a man like him would treat her with such love and care. Thus, her love was full of fear. But tonight, after seeing all he had done for her, she began to convince herself that perhaps that was all unnecessary.

Charles looked into her eyes and said, “You always doubt my sincerity, but tonight, have you truly felt my love?”

Sarah finally nodded and hugged him tightly, “Charles, thank you.”

Charles smiled happily.

They hugged until all the fireworks had burned out. Noticing how many people had stopped watching them, Sarah felt shy and nuzzled into Charles. Chuckling, Charles said, “Aren’t you going to ask me to come upstairs?”

Sarah quickly grabbed his hand to take him upstairs, but Charles said, “Wait a minute.” Then, he went back to his car and retrieved a big cake and a bunch of flowers.

Sarah shyly took the flowers and sniffed them. Then, they took each other’s hands and went upstairs together. Sarah was so shy as if she was a high school student who was secretly dating her crush.

When they got back into Sarah’s home, Charles took out another big bag of things. He handed a paper bag to her and said, “I have spent a long time choosing this, and I’ve finally picked this one for you. Hurry, see if it fits you or not.”

Sarah took the bag and found a beautiful dress inside it, made of a divine silky material. She looked at Charles doubtfully. He smiled, “Hurry, try it on. Let me see if it looks beautiful on you.”

Sarah took the dress and went into her room. But the moment that she opened the bag, she hesitated because the skirt was, in fact, a suspender skirt. She looked at it

for a while, then went to try it on. As expected, her chest was half exposed. Looking at herself in the mirror, she saw how glamorous she was in this sexy red dress.

Sarah had never worn such clothes before, so she was hesitant as to whether it was suitable to go out and meet Charles in this dress.

From the outside, Charles asked, “Sarah, are you ok? Why not come out?”

Sarah responded, “Ah, I’m ok.” Then she opened her wardrobe and found a shawl. Although the color didn’t match, it was a good way to cover her skin. Wearing the shawl, she dared to open the door and go out.

To her surprise, Charles had prepared a candlelit dinner for her. The candle, the red wine, the music, all reminded her of a scene in a romantic film.

Sarah was in shock, saying, “This is unbelievable. I am so surprised that you have prepared all of this!”

Noticing that Sarah had emerged with a shawl on her shoulder, Charles was a little disappointed and asked, “Why are you wearing a shawl? Don’t you want me to see you in this dress?”

Sarah walked towards him, awkwardly and answered, “I’m just not used to it.”

Charles looked at her but didn’t ask her more. They sat together, drank the red wine, ate the birthday cake and chatted. Sarah didn’t know why Charles’s eyes looked so gentle and sexy tonight. His gaze made her want him badly. She didn’t know how to avoid his soulful eyes, just holding his cup and drinking.

“Sarah, you are not so good with your drink. Perhaps you shouldn’t drink too much, eat some cake.” Charles suddenly sat beside her, with one hand holding her gently, and the other feeding her cake.

Sarah looked into his eyes and ate the cake as her face turned red. Charles suddenly moved in close to her and ate the cake crumbs on her lips. Then he smiled and said affectionately, “You eat like a little cat.”

Sarah lowered her head, a little embarrassed. Charles took his cup again and drank with her. Sarah couldn’t stop thinking how tonight was just so beautiful, like a fairy tale that she wanted to enjoy every minute of with him.

However, how could Sarah truly know Charles's intentions? Charles was a big wolf, and Sarah was Little Red Riding Hood. How could she possibly fight against the big wolf?

At last, Sarah was a little drunk, either that or she was sinking into Charles's charming, gentle eyes. Charles approached her and said in a low voice, "Sarah, you are so beautiful tonight, you are really beautiful. I really want to kiss you." He was already leaning in to kiss her as he spoke.

Sarah felt so limp and numb, just wanting to sink into his care. Seeing him approaching, she closed her eyes, enchanted by the magic. Charles gently kissed her sweet lips, and at the same time, hugged her and removed her shawl.

It was late at night, and the stars were shining outside. In the room, a very romantic night was brooding.

Sarah felt dizzy and sleepy. The alcohol was in full effect now. She was hot all over and longed to escape from it. When Charles took off her shawl, she didn't resist; she felt as though she was being released.

Charles's kiss made her heart skip a beat. She didn't know why she didn't expect it. Perhaps because she was wary of expecting too much when with her beloved man. Alternatively, perhaps tonight was so wonderful that she didn't want to destroy it, but nonetheless, she followed her own mind and did something she favored. She didn't know what was going on. Why did she kiss Charles? She even hugged him and pandered to his crazy advances.

Charles felt happy when he noticed her giving in to him. Then he picked her up, pinned her down on the sofa, and skillfully removed her clothes.

Sarah felt so hot that she didn't know what was going on. It seemed that only Charles's kisses could comfort her. "Charles, Charles," she murmured.

"Yes," Charles answered. He kissed her, unfastened her bra strap and stared at the half-naked woman who was lying in front of him. He also felt hot all over. "Sarah, we can move to the bedroom," he said lightly.

Without Sarah agreeing to this, he picked her up and quickly walked to the bed. She twisted her body a little halfway. Whether she was uncomfortable or wanted to revolt, he didn't know. Charles hurried to put her on the bed and began to kiss her again.

When Sarah felt the soft bed, she seemed to sober up. “Charles, where are we?” she asked suddenly.

“Do you love me?” said Charles, avoiding her question.

Sarah was still in a daze. She didn’t know how to reply to him. Noticing her state of drowsiness, Charles kissed her passionately. Soon, her skirt was halfway off, and her bra was sliding off her shoulders. He felt like he was going crazy. He missed this woman day and night, and now she was lying in front of him, charming and beautiful.

Charles leaned over her, touched her, and said, “Sarah. Sarah, can I have you?”

