

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin

Chapter 70

Charles heard Emma screaming and came running from his room, shouting loudly, “Emma, Emma, what’s wrong?” He quickly held her and saw that she was about to fall on the floor, with several big blisters on her swollen and red feet. Crying hysterically, she said, “I tried to take the kettle from the fire quickly to get ready to leave, and accidentally dropped the kettle of boiling water over my feet. It hurts so much I can’t walk. Charles, I’m sorry...” Emma cried out.

When seeing her red and swollen feet, Charles felt sorry and started to blame himself, “It’s all my fault for asking you to hurry up. We can’t go back tonight. I will take you to the hospital right now.”

Emma resisted. “No,... not the hospital. We need to go back to Los Angeles, Sarah is waiting for us. I’m worried mom won’t be too nice to her. Let’s go back there first, and from there I can go to the hospital.”

Charles yelled, “You’re badly injured. If we leave without you being treated first, your burnt marks will get even worse. I’m taking you to the hospital now. Can you walk?”

Emma shook her head, slyly.

Sighting, Charles had no choice but to carry her downstairs and drive her to the hospital, unaware that the paparazzi Emma had requested were hiding, waiting for them to take pictures, making it look like Charles and Emma were intimately in love.

After arriving at the hospital, it took over an hour to examine and treat her feet, and she got admitted for the night. The doctors even recommended that she may need to postpone her travel plans.

After the doctors were finished with Emma, she was lying on the bed, her feet wrapped in bandages. Noticing his worried and guilty face, she said timidly. “Charles, it’s my fault. If I had been more careful, we could have arrived in Los Angeles by now to meet Sarah.”

“Don’t mention her. Why did she have to hide from me where she was going? I can’t help her now. She’ll have to deal with my mother by herself now.” Charles was worried about Sarah but also irritated because she had kept it a secret from him that she was going back.

Using her chance to get closer to Charles, Emma said quietly. “It’s my fault. I’m taking too much of your time!”

“Alas!” Charles scolded her, stroking her hair. “Emma, you are always so nice. I don’t know what to say. Anyway, I feel so sorry for you... alas!”

Emma grabbed his hands and moved her face close to his palms. Holding his waist, she then leaned her face against his belly. “Brother... I’m leaving tomorrow. Tonight... please just give me a hug...”

Charles was going to struggle free from her, but hearing her soft and pleading tone, he stopped and let her rest against him, thinking that because he had asked her to hurry up earlier, she had gotten poorly hurt trying to comply with him.

Emma leaned against him and continued. “Charles... It feels so good. Your arm is so warm, just like it used to be. I always used to lean against you like this.”

Charles sat down and let her rest on his shoulder, then embraced her, saying. “As long as you’re comfortable, take a rest. You’d better recover soon so that you can get to your plane on time. Don’t delay your studies.”

Emma hugged him silently. After a long time, she said in a light voice, “Charles... Can you kiss me like you used to?”

Once again, Charles was stunned by her direct approach and didn’t know what to say. Emma raised her head a little and looked straight at him. “Just a quick kiss... like, brother and sister. Brother...”

Charles kept silent for what seemed forever until he finally said, “Emma... ” in a confused voice. He seemed to refuse her but was afraid of hurting her even further.

Emma begged him. “Brother or I can kiss you. Just a quick kiss, can I?”

Charles didn’t say anything, just looked at Emma, who seemed so soft and innocent, with a hint of sadness on her face. She was his sister, his beloved little sister!

“Brother, just one quick kiss... for the last time...” she pleaded, moving closer to his lips when she noticed that he wasn’t resisting her. Charles did nothing. Perhaps he was hesitating, and he didn’t know whether to refuse her or not. While he was still thinking, Emma kissed him.

Charles sighed in his heart with no resistance. He thought he would just let her kiss him one time, the last time since she was to go traveling tomorrow.

Noticing his tolerance, Emma became bolder. She didn’t stop at one quick kiss but started biting his lips gently before she gave him a full intimate French kiss.

The paparazzi, who were hiding behind the shadow, took their chance to take intimate photos of them.

Emma kissed him softly as if she was immersing her whole passion into this one kiss.

For Charles... for his love... for his kiss... for him, she could maintain a low profile, even if it required her to give up everything.

This man was her true love. She didn't know whether she'd ever had another chance in the future with him, so she spared no emotion in this kiss, scared they had no future together.

Charles felt her desperation and decided to give her one little kiss before pushing her off, but when he noticed her sad looks and emotional reaction, he couldn't bear to be hurt by refusing her.

He didn't know how he felt or what to think of her. Charles didn't love Emma anymore but instead felt pity for her, especially knowing that she had been suppressing her feeling for him to not cause him any trouble, which he knew hadn't been easy for her.

Noticing that Charles wasn't rejecting her, Emma became inspired and got bolder in her kiss, involving some tongue, biting his lips, and finally giving him a deep French kiss. She tasted him slowly as if she was living a beautiful dream where a long-lost princess had finally found her prince to live happily ever after.

