

A Contract Marriage With My Boss by Anna Shannel Lin Chapter 8

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?”

