

## Chapter 2 The leaker

Scarlet has always loved Marcus. She is his most competent secretary, so how could she help an outsider and leak his company's secrets?

Plaintiff-- Marcus Newman!

Scarlet flopped on the ground, hands and feet frozen. If Marcus sues her, then, she is going to jail for sure.

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CEO's office of Newman Company.

Scarlet pushed open the door and looked at the man behind the desk, handsome and dominant. She walked to him step by step, "For the sake of the past ten years, can you drop your charges?"

When had she ever been this humble in front of him?

But what happened yesterday showed her that all that sweet pampering from him was fake.

She was nothing to him.

Scarlet was still wearing her usual secretary's suit, a white blouse, a tight black suit, and a sexy black wrap-around skirt.

She used to look at him with an enchanting smile on her face. He said she was a Siren, and he liked it.

But now, there was no light in her eyes.

"If you have any self-respect, you shouldn't have come to me." Marcus leaned back in his chair, "Hah, how did I forget? You are his daughter, and you started to be my lover for money when you were 18. How can you have self-respect?"

Scarlet's heart tightened as if there was a person you trusted with your life standing behind you, and you walked forward with confidence, but that person stabbed you behind your back unexpectedly.

18? Does he remember that she slept with him on her 18th birthday?

Lover?

She always thought she was his girlfriend, but she didn't realize she was his lover.

Her eyes stung, but she never shed a tear in front of him. She kept smiling because he said he liked it, and when she smiled, she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

She walked up to him, her hand propped up on the desk surface, shrugging with seeming ease, "Ten years, even a cat or a dog, you would have feelings toward it, right?"

"But Albert Preston's daughter is not even a cat or a dog."

Scarlet took a deep breath, and then went between Marcus's legs, knelt, and pulled down his zipper with her fingers, "You withdraw your charges, and I'll do whatever you want me to do."

"You think other women won't?" Marcus reached out and cupped Scarlet's chin.

"How can they be as good as me?" Scarlet's eyebrow raised, her hand up and down his bulge, "After all, I've been your lover since 18; it's been 7 years now. 7 years, with one look from you, I know whether you want me to be on my back or my stomach, right?"

Scarlet had buried her head.

Every end of Marcus's nerves was highly sensitized, and the warmth and wetness made him exhale a long breath.

He reached out and pressed his hand against her head, his fingers fisting through her hair, trying to pull her away several times, but didn't make it.

"Scarlet, you're such a whore! Albert Preston saw me fuck you like that yesterday, and you can still suck me like this?"

Scarlet felt that the man above her head was not speaking words, but spewing fire.

He was so cruel, really not caring about the ten years they had been together.

He was so good at acting. He never scolded her in ten years, but in these two days, he used all the vicious and filthy words on her.

He put up with her for ten years in order to get revenge on her family.

Eventually, he succeeded. Her heart was now bleeding.

Scarlet raised her head, her eyes full of lust, and the tip of her pink tongue licked her lips, "I said, as long as you are willing to drop the case, you can do whatever you want to me."