

Chapter 30 Ice

Scarlet's face did not change a bit, but her eyes were as cold, and she said to the man's ear, "Mr. Newman, you are drunk, let me send you back to the room..."

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The corridor of the hotel was empty, and the seductive female voice echoed in the aisle: "Mr. Newman... we have not yet arrived at the room..."

At the door of the room, Scarlet was being kissed fiercely by the man, and she responded to his passion, but her eyes were always cold.

Marcus's action became rougher. The door finally opened, Scarlet was directly picked up.

Half-drunk and half-awake, he walked quickly into the room and threw the woman heavily onto the bed. Watching her sexy body bounce up, Marcus's eyes got even redder!

Scarlet was undressing him. The fire under the man's eyes was burning brighter and brighter. He reached out and squeezed the woman's jaw, forcing her to look at him: "Is it you? Who the hell are you!"

The woman propped up her upper body, looking at him, and her skirt had been pulled almost down to her waist. The woman's flawless

skin stimulated his nerve.

"It's me... It's me..."

She replied, hooking her leg to rub the man's thigh, her luscious face full of temptation.

Marcus closed his eyes and tilted his head back with an impatient groan. In the next beat, he tore her clothes, and then violently entered her!

The men took her nonstop.

Scarlet was tired. But Marcus wouldn't let her go and pinned her under him, even more violently than before.

"Scarlet, do you know how much I've missed you these past few years..."

"I knew I was wrong, I don't want to be even with you, I forbid you to be even with me..."

Scarlet listened to his heartfelt words, her long-dead heart didn't move a bit.

"But you're back, I won't let you go."

When she could not take it anymore, she tried to resist.

The man, however, seemed to be greatly stimulated, red-eyed, directly turned her over and possessed her fiercely with greater force than just now!

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When Scarlet woke up, the sun had just risen in the east.

When she moved her thighs a little, a crushing soreness swept over her.

The man beside her was still asleep, and she got up carefully. She felt a liquid running down the roots of her legs. Scarlet frowned. In order to leave before this man woke up, she did not even shower, and casually put on last night's broken dress and then left.

At the door, she suddenly thought of something and went back, wrote something on the note, and put it on her pillow.

And then, she gently closed the door and quietly left.

When Marcus woke up with a hangover, his head ached, but his body was more relaxed than ever.

He rolled out of bed, saw the conspicuous note on the bed, frowned and fetched it.

The name at the end was Linda.