

Chapter 33 Scars

Scarlet is still naked, revealing her smooth and perfect body. Marcus stared at her flawless and flat belly.

There is not a single scar.

Turns out, it really wasn't her.

The disappointment that emerged from the bottom of his eyes made Scarlet frown. Marcus massaged his eyebrows and was swept away by an unspeakable frustration.

When Marcus once again lost in his memories, she got dressed.

"Linda."

"Mr. Newman is calling me?"

Marcus calmed down, staring at her in a slightly different way, and saying, "I know you want to make a big splash at Dickson."

Scarlet smiled with style and charm, bit her lips, and said, "I don't understand."

"You're a smart woman, you must understand."

Marcus didn't make it too clearly, his eyes staring at her.

When the four eyes met, countless words transferred.

...

The next month proved that Marcus's judgment is right.

He looked at the woman who was writhing on his lap, his eyes gradually turned deep. Scarlet obediently hooked his neck, red lips pressed against his.

And then it was the unstoppable sex.

Every time when she met with him, she would certainly tease and seduce him.

Surprisingly, Marcus is not repelled by her, and even enjoys this game of lust.

And every time afterward, the woman would put forward some conditions, and Marcus never looked at the file she brought, and when she gave it to him, there was no time he didn't sign.

Day after day, this complex and delicate relationship between them became more obscure.

People at the Newman's feared Marcus's status, so they never dare to talk about it publicly.

However, in Dickson, all sorts of rumors about Linda have been circulating for a long time.

It seems that the fact that she and Marcus have become friends with benefits has long been known to everyone.

Every time Scarlet hears these scandalous arguments, she just smiles lightly.

In her case, to develop this relationship with Marcus in such a short period of time has long exceeded her original expectations.

There is no one who can stop her.

...

"Mr. Newman, you're not going to the hotel today?"

Sitting in the man's car, Scarlet gave him a look before fastening the seat belt.

Marcus's expression on his well-defined face complexed, "I want to show you something."

Scarlet shrugged indifferently.

And when the car stopped in front of the villa half an hour later, she suddenly didn't want to get out.

Seeing the once-familiar house in front of her, Scarlet had mixed feelings, and her feet felt like they were shackled, hesitating to move.

"Why not get out?"

The man's body suddenly came over, personally unbuckled her seat belt, and Scarlet could even hear his breathing.

"I am just waiting for you."

She winked at him with a light smile on her face, hot and passionate as always.

Marcus's eyes darkened a bit, his gaze moved away from her face, and walked towards the villa.

The woman trailed behind him as he took the lead and opened the door.

After a few years, they returned to the old villa. Things have changed here.