

Chapter 34 Serious

It was difficult for Scarlet to say what mood she was in now.

Every inch of the place here has been engraved into the depths of her soul, and will never be forgotten.

She felt a boulder on her heart, knitted her brows and pretended to be curious, and asked, "Mr. Newman, is this your home?"

"Hmm."

The man nodded slightly, poured a glass of water for her, and raised his eyes in the direction of the second floor, "Go on."

Scarlet looked at the room she had lived in for years.

"Is Mr. Newman really getting serious about us?"

She wrapped her arms around her chest and smiled brightly, blinking, deliberately saying, "Did you always bring your lovers to your home?"

"Yes."

"What?"

Marcus turned to stare at her, his eyes complex, "I now believe there is such a thing as retribution."

The sentence made the woman's eyes narrow.

Scarlet did not want to think about the meaning of his words, but only felt a little annoyed. Her eyes just moved away, yet her hand had been held by the man.

The moment she looked down, she was already being dragged up to the second floor by him.

Scarlet couldn't break free, even though she didn't want to do it with him in that room, she was still forced to follow the man into her old room.

She looked at the familiar room. All the furnishings are still as similar as before, large bay windows, fresh flowers, and plants, paintings on the wall, and aroma candles on the table...

Everything is the same as it was when she was still there.

Her heart, suddenly missed a beat.

Scarlet was a little surprised and her eyes widened slightly.

Shouldn't this place... have been deserted long ago?

But the surprise on her face dissipated in the instant Marcus turned his head to her.

"This is my room."

He used the gentlest of tones as if stating a common fact.

Scarlet's hands hanging at her sides clenched,

smiling and blinking, "I didn't see that Mr. Newman has such a feminine side?"

She raised her finger to point at the flowers and plants and teased, "The room is so cozy, it's hard to believe that there isn't a hostess here."

There was silence for two seconds, but the man suddenly spoke, "Yes."

The word, however, made Scarlet's feet tumble slightly.

The corner of Marcus's lips hooked into a helplessly self-deprecating arc, "There was a hostess."

Scarlet thought she must have heard him wrong.

How could Marcus have this remorseful and hurtful tone?

Her heart beat a little faster, cleared her throat, walked straight to the checkroom, and reached out to pull open the cabinet.

The dresses once in her memory crashed into her eyes without warning, Scarlet's hands shook fiercely, and she froze in place.

Those were all the clothes she used to wear.

Looking at the woman, Marcus frowned and asked in a low voice: "What's wrong?"

She closed the closet with a bang.

"So, you really do have a woman."

Scarlet pretended to be jealous and sighed, made a disappointed expression, and was about to leave.

Marcus's brows furrowed, reaching out to capture her wrist as she passed by, narrowing his eyes testily: "You're surprised?"