

Chapter 35 Unusual

"A little bit." Scarlet shrugged, "after all, Mr. Newman came to me so constantly, I thought, you probably don't have a woman at home waiting for you..."

Saying that, she showed a look of sorrow for someone and shook her head, "I even feel a little pity for your girlfriend... If she knows her man is doing it with another woman in her bed, I wonder if she will be pissed."

Marcus stared at her closely. Sense of loss and frustration surfaced from the bottom of his heart.

Scarlet took a glance at him, slightly squeezed her fingers, and said lightly, "Then I'll go take a shower."

After she said that, she turned around and went to the bathroom.

When Scarlet came out of the shower wrapped in a wet towel, there was a set of her former night dress on the bed. She froze, and before she could speak, the man's unyielding voice had already sounded.

"Put it on."

She could make mad love to this man, but never again as Scarlet.

That name belongs to the past.

That girl is long dead.

"Why wear it when you're going to take it off anyway? Isn't it better to be like this?"

The woman's long hair was lifted, and her towel fell directly to the ground. She walked toward the bed naked.

Marcus watched her every move attentively, her skin was smooth and flawless, pure and clean. Her snow-white and slender legs were slightly apart, with the silk quilt between them.

She was lazy and sexy, instantly setting him on fire.

Marcus's eyes darkened, took off his clothes, and then lean over.

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It was another hours-long sex.

Scarlet seemed to even have no strength to lift her fingers, but still, she struggled to get up and go to the bathroom after it was over.

Her entire body sank completely into the tub, allowing the water to submerge her completely.

Only then, did her tears fall.

Before today, Scarlet could control her emotions easily. But he took her here now, her

previous home.

Back in the place where they had lived together for so many years, in the same room, in the same bed, doing the most intimate things.

It was as if everything had gone back in time.

She is still the same naive and bright Scarlet in front of him, the happy little woman who is spoiled by him.

She wonders how cruel the human heart is and how many different faces and masks a person can have.

At that time, she thought she would always be favored by God.

The memories that had been deliberately cast away came flooding back. Scarlet sank into the water with tears streaming down her face.

Just this once, just once.

When she got out of this bathroom, she would just be Linda.

...

Half an hour later.

Scarlet got dressed and saw no sign of the man in this room, so she went downstairs to look for him.

All the way to the living room, she still couldn't

find Marcus. As she was confused, she heard sounds from the kitchen.

She turned her head to see that tall, upright man wearing an apron that didn't fit him at all and was coming out of the kitchen with a plate in his hand.

"Dinner is ready."

It was not until Marcus opened his mouth to call her that Scarlet came back to her senses.