

Chapter 40 Care

As always, Scarlet curved her lips and smiled lightly at him, less worldly as Linda and a bit brighter as she once was, and said in a warm tone: "Mr. Newman, thanks to your care in these six months, I could be promoted and transferred back to Australia so quickly."

Marcus's body couldn't move for a long time, his eyes locked on the woman's face, gritting his teeth: "Your face... what's going on?"

"My face?"

Scarlet pretended to be surprised and touched her face, then she smiled heartily, "I changed my dresser today and told her to give me new makeup. So, I'm a little different from usual. I have to ask Mr. Newman to get used to it."

On hearing that, Marcus's eyes flashed a trace of loss. He pulled out a chair opposite her, and sat down.

Scarlet was very attentive all night, constantly giving Marcus dishes and clinking glasses. He got drunk more easily than usual.

Seeing the man's eyes gradually lose focus, Scarlet's face changed. Her fingers began to lightly touch his finger.

Marcus's breathing gradually heavier, feeling her gently tickling touch, a fire quickly ignited in his body.

He soon lost his armor in the woman's seduction, and when Scarlet was carried to the sofa and pressed against him, she punched him in the chest and pretended to be very surprised: "Mr. Newman, not today! There's still business to discuss!"

"What business?"

The man's burning kisses mixed with his raspy voice had fallen, sucking on the woman's exposed skin and leaving her red marks, and his big palm probed in under her skirt.

"I have to take care of the last cooperation project in order to successfully transfer back to Australia."

Scarlet reached out and took out the prepared documents from her bag, constantly struggling against the man. Marcus lost patience and directly signed the document, then picked up the woman with one hand.

"Didn't you say 'last supper'? How can it be considered the last without me eating you thoroughly?"

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The woman's moaning and whimpering filled the room. Scarlet was extremely cooperative tonight, catering to all of Marcus's needs.

After two hours, this primal and exhausting sex was over.

Scarlet got up and went to the bathroom and took a shower.

Back in bed, she stared at the ceiling, her mind at peace like never before.

"Mr. Newman, let me tell you a story."

The insatiable man's voice was thick and hoarse, "Hmm."

"The book says never fall in love with someone at seventeen or eighteen because that person is bound to make you want it badly and you will never have it."

"It just so happened that I fell in love with someone, and I loved him very, very deeply."

Marcus's sleepiness became heavier, and only subconsciously said, "And then?"

"And then..."

Scarlet stared at the ceiling. "And then I was thrown into hell by the man himself."

At that, the man's eyes suddenly opened, he turned his head to stare at the woman's face and said with consternation, "Who the hell are you?!"