

## Chapter 5 Release

Two years and seven months later, Scarlet was released after completing her sentence.

The sun outside the high walls was blinding, but she had to meet it and let the sun shine her heart.

Scarlet put on her old work suit and walked into Newman's company.

The receptionist has changed, "Miss, please register."

Scarlet smiled at the receptionist lady, "I am your CEO Marcus's lover. He told me I could come to him anytime."

Scarlet's eyebrows lifted in her usual seductive way. Ignoring the surprised look of the receptionist, she stepped on high heels, and walked towards the elevator.

Many of Newman's employees were surprised when they saw Scarlet, "Miss. Preston?"

The corners of Scarlet's mouth professionally pulled an arc. Did these people still remember her? When Marcus wanted to sue her, she was hoping that they could help her testify, but none of them were willing to come forward.

"Heh, didn't you go to jail? What are you doing

here?"

"That is, the company will never hire anyone who reveals confidential information."

"I've come to seduce your boss and get him to give me a job again." The elevator arrived, and she walked out in style.

The crowd's jaws dropped.

The door of the CEO's office was knocked, and Marcus did not even raise his head, "Come in."

Scarlet walked in and closed the door.

High heels on the carpet, the sound was a bit muffled. Marcus's hand on the keyboard paused and he looked up.

His face was calm, but his paused fingers still couldn't help but tremble.

Scarlet!

Even with delicate makeup, you could see that her skin tone was a little tanner than before, and she had lost weight.

She looked at him and smiled, very charming, but the light in her eyes was not like it once was, like it had been sanded by the years.

"I'm out of jail." Scarlet smiled and approached Marcus, step by step.

Marcus leaned back, narrowed his hypnotic

eyes, and stared at Scarlet, "Didn't you say we were even? What are you doing here again?"

Scarlet gently lifted her buttocks and sat on the desk in front of Marcus. She touched her earlobe, "I need money. After all, a chief secretary who was imprisoned for the crime of leaking commercial secrets, no company will hire her. Since I can't find a job in a short time, why don't you give me some money?"

Marcus's eyes darkened. Scarlet's hand took his, holding it in her palm, "I won't let you give money for free; you can ask the market price of those women outside. I won't charge you more."

After saying that, she did not forget to smile enchantingly at him.

Something, sharp and thorny, all of a sudden stuck in his heart. Marcus inhaled, his chest a little painful.

He shook off Scarlet's hand, "Get the hell out of my office now!"

Scarlet tilted her head and laughed, like a silver bell, brittle, charming. She raised her hand in the air and observed it over and over again.

"Brother Marcus must dislike my hand now. My skin is not as fine and smooth as before, right? Of course, after more than two years in prison, these

hands are not only not soft, but the palms are also calloused. A man like you, what kind of woman you can't have?"

After she finished, she didn't forget to look at the man sitting in the president's chair, "Right?"

Marcus's face was ugly to the extreme. He thought of the scene when he saw Scarlet again. With her character, she would kill him with the knife in her hand.

But she didn't.

She walked into his office in her old suit, and she was unbuttoning hers, thinner and with breasts that weren't as full as they once were to jump out.

The body covered by the clothes is porcelain, as it once was.

A hot wave swept through his body, with testosterone running amok.

Scarlet pulled up her short skirt and sat on Marcus's lap with her legs raised as skillfully as before.