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And soon, she saw Roy's red face and cold eyes like a wolf's, and Cassie was regretful again because she knew her behavior would arouse scary results. She began to open the door madly, but she just couldn't make it.

She felt her wrist tighten. The annoyed man moved toward her like a real wolf, kissing her with great strength. Her body was tightly held, and Roy's strong chest pressed her. His other hand peeled off the belt on her waist and entered into her dress, climbing up her body.

Soon his fingertip touched something warm.

Cassie wanted to scream, but his tongue slipped in as she opened her mouth. The great strength she felt made her frown; however, what most made her embarrassed was Roy's hand.

His hand covered her breast without hesitation, and his strong palm didn't seem to care about her. The kneading by his rough skin was just like a punishment for her.

Cassie tried her best to struggle, but she couldn't make it. And as she moved her body, Roy began further intrusion. He cruelly bit her lips, chin, and ears while his hand peeled off her underwear.

His fingers were a little cold and made Cassie quiver wholly.

But at the next moment, his fingers touched a warm room.

Cassie's body tightened up suddenly. Feeling ached, she frowned deeply.

He exclaimed beside her ears, "So warm...."

His fingers moved anxiously, and his desire seemed stronger like boiling water, which burned Cassie.

She cried...

Her tears fell down from her eyes.

Her tears touched his lips, and he suddenly stopped his attack.

They were so close to each other in such a private and dark space. They didn't move anymore, and only her tears fell down madly. After a while, Roy drew his hand back and pinched her chin. He felt sorrowful.

"Do you hate that much?"

Cassie didn't say anything but cried more loudly.

It was the first time Roy saw her desperate look. Cassie appeared to fight against him in the past, but tonight she was really helpless, making Roy desperate. He stared at her for a while and then back to the driver's seat, bending on the steering wheel. Then, after a while, he murmured, "Is Fredrick so incomparable? What should I do to make you believe that I really love you? I was more than willing to give you everything to make you happy."

He sounded so desperate and lonely. "Why should it be him and not me? Why?"

However, Cassie just shook her head and wept without any words. In fact, she didn't know what was wrong with her, either. All her complex feelings were changed into tears as if pouring out all her sorrow for years.

Roy finally submitted to her and tidied up their clothes after taking a deep breath. And then he started the car to send her back.

There might be different views under the same moonlight. On the same night, different love stories occurred, some with joy and some with sorrow.

Irish was full after dinner. Although something unpleasant occurred, and she had thought about it for some time, her joy was not influenced by the beautiful night scene.

After dinner, they didn't get in the car but found a good place to rest. After an hour, he took her back to the car.

The moon followed the car all the time and couldn't get away from it. With the rapid retrogression of the scenery and a long string of neon, the city was under the night where there was always a kind of psychedelic beauty. Irish was closed against the window, slightly raising her face staring at the full moon with a smile.

The car went all the way.

Since getting into the car, Joseph had never asked her where she wanted to go but rather seemed purposeful. She just thought the moon was beautiful and the night was dark and thought he was just taking her around, so she didn't ask. The music inside the car was soft, which was pure piano music, and Irish rested quietly on the seat, her body and mind relaxed to enjoy.

For her, it was nice to have Joseph around.

With the red light ahead, the car stopped slowly, and the music continued to play like water, and there was an intoxicating stillness. Joseph turned his head and looked at Irish. Although outside the window was dark, and his eyes were as bright as the sun piercing the haze, making his lonely and anxious heart clear and open.

This woman, who made him angry and felt love, sat in his car beside him tonight. The moonlight tenderly strengthened her beauty, or, in other words, not even the brilliance of the moon was as beautiful as hers. Her beautiful eyes staring at the full moon were like crystal spring water, with clear black and white color, and the lines of her standard oval face were soft, and her nose was straight. Her tender lips were cherry pink, which was her natural color. He always knew she hated painting on her mouth.

The delicate and slightly raised chin had an unblemished line. Not too close, Joseph could breathe her fragrance and the clear moonlight on her body like clothes. Her skin was smooth and white like water. Her delicate teeth were against her lips, whose clothes could not cover her graceful and beautiful curves, which aroused people's imagination.

And then down came the tight belly and the fine, beautiful curve of the waist. For she was sitting there, and the long legs with stockings exposed more seduction, and then her round knees, and long, even legs. She wore no shoes, and her feet stepped comfortably on the carpet. The texture of her tiny feet

was as fine as sand. Only seeing with their eyes, he could feel how delicate and smooth her skin would be if he touched her.

She hung her head down to play with the phone, apparently delighted with the new phone's functionality, without knowing that her beauty had fallen into the man's dark, hot eyes.

As soon as she raised her hand gently, the fragrance naturally emitted from her would give out into Joseph's nose. He felt that even if he looked at her like that, his lower abdomen would feel the shiver, and a certain part of his body was waking up quietly without control. Desire and flame breed in him.