

## Enchanted 674

Cassie knew that Roy was just enjoying the pain he brought to her. He enjoyed it and watched her living in pain.

And he reappeared openly in front of her parents, staged a scene of their reconciliation, and then her parents became his accomplice, and when they saw Fredrick come to her, they drove him out directly.

She dared not see Fredrick, nor did she want to see him again.

In many cases, relationships between people, such as she, Fredrick, and Roy, changed instantly.

Nothing could go back.

When Roy finished the meal at her house, Cassie's mother urged her to send him away.

Cassie felt it was very unfair. She had been raped. And she was gonna send him away?

Roy took her hand out of the door in front of her parents and pulled her into the car.

For so long, she had been enduring insomnia every day, whether mental or physical, both were absolute overdrafts, and she did not know what to do to get through this difficulty with no direction.

Roy, sitting in the driver's seat, did not drive immediately.

He turned his face to her.

Then, his body leaned over.

Cassie held her fingers reflexively, all her muscles were taut.

Roy turned a blind eye to her nervousness and rejection and grabbed her lips.

His lips opened her mouth passionately and skilfully captured her tongue and explored every corner of her mouth.

She could feel his broad shoulders pressing on her and her collarbone aching, but her hands feebly fell, and she did not resist, closing her eyes tightly.

Her silence did not lead to Roy's anger, his lips finally withdrew from hers but boldly kissed around her neck.

Big hands sneaked into her clothes skillfully.

The chill of the man's fingers gave her a slight shiver.

Cassie wanted to cry, so though her eyes were closed, her nose was sore.

Roy, however, leaned in her ears with a clear, heavy panting and said, "Come home with me tonight."

He sent out a definite invitation.

No, to him, perhaps it was just an order.

As if she was in the cold pool, her mind flashed over the big bed, horrified. The memory of that night has become clearer these days.

She remembered how he carried her to bed, how he undressed her, and how his lips greased her.

When he pressed down at her, she was physically and psychologically in pain.

He galloped excitedly on her, gasping.

She knew that he was enjoying the chase between the hunter and the prey, so she ensured that he could one day be tired of the game.

But at this moment, when she heard his request, she could no longer remain silent, she said, "Roy, you can't rely on your own money to bully people too much, and you don't have to keep threatening me with those things. I'm not afraid."

Roy did not get angry but smiled, drawing back his hand, lifting her head gently, "How can I bully you? I just think we have had sex in bed. It's okay for you and me to do it again, isn't it?"

"Are you having fun bullying me? Are you having a good time?" Her fingers were embedded in the palm of her hand.

Roy approached her with interest, his arms wrapped around her waist, very ambiguous, "I only know that you are quite enjoyable in bed, and your body is too soft and could squeeze out water, more importantly, you are tight to death. You bit me so hard that night that I almost surrendered every time. Why are you still tight like a little girl? Is it because I was lucky enough to meet the famous device, or is Fredrick too small to satisfy you?"

Cassie looked ahead, and his breath wrapped her. She clenched her teeth and listened to his insulting flirtation. A long time later, she said, "Are you finished?"

At the end of the speech, she reached for the door.

Roy's hand pressed the back of her hand and said to her, "I know the truth that people would do anything to prevent anxiety, just like me and you, who have died once. But Cassie, what you need to know is that sometimes misfortune falls on your parents before it's your turn."

Cassie seemed to be suddenly slapped.

"The outside world has long called me a playboy, so it doesn't matter. Of course, it doesn't matter when you're young. It's not a big deal for you to walk away. What about your parents? Or Fredrick, who is in your heart? Oh, and there's one more thing I'll tell you, your picture is far clearer than Irish's naked picture, and unless you have a heart stronger than hers, you can face the consequences."

Cassie was completely silent.

It took a long time to breathe.

"What do you want?"

Roy stared at her, understating, "You and Fredrick's wedding was originally scheduled for the first half of the year, wasn't it? I do have an idea to offer, and see if it suits you."

Cassie looked at him. Somehow, her heart sprang up, and a trace of ignorance spread.

"The wedding will take place as usual, but how about changing the bridegroom to me?" Roy casually said.

Cassie was startled and looked at him in horror.

"You marry someone who is far better for your future, and I marry someone who I chase. Think about it before you refuse. Our wedding will satisfy everyone, especially your parents."

Cassie took a cold breath, and after a long time, she said, "Roy, you're crazy." She could not understand what was going on in his mind.

Roy ignored her panic, pressed over, and slowly said to her, "No, I'm serious. I told you several times that I love you, but you ignored me."

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The boat swayed slightly, Irish holding the fresh water bucket, whose head leaned against the mouth of the bucket, and woken up herself.

She was surprised, only to find that she did not know when she had fallen asleep.

Her neck hurt to death.

She used a freshwater bucket as a pillow.

The scattered light made it impossible to know what was happening outside.

Listening carefully, the waves were much quieter.

Did it get into the harbor?

Irish was completely sleepless, hastening to get some fresh water to wash her face, and this time she thoroughly awoke.

Where was it?

How did she feel like the boat was not leaving?

As she thought of it, she heard a faint noise of footsteps, as if on deck or in the portico, but in all directions.

Irish stood up, alert behind the door of the storeroom, and the foreboding spread like a ripple.