

Chapter 14

Scarlett's face froze.

Lance was wearing a suit, coat, and white shirt; she only had a dress!

She looked up at the crowd, everyone seemingly awaiting her to disrobe, yet no one came to her aid.

James was eagerly anticipating it, his gaze fixed on her figure.

She was now like an animal under the watchful gaze of this group of wealthy and influential men.

If she obeyed, they might let her go; however, if she resisted, they would not let her leave the room easily.

Scarlett, after having thought it through, released her fists which had been clenched.

No matter what, she was destined to lose, so why bother worrying about her pride?

Raising her hand, she put it behind her back and was about to lower the zipper of her dress when Lance suddenly spoke.

"It's me who doesn't know how to play. I dragged Miss Sales back. Let me strip in her place this time."

After Lance finished speaking, he directly took off his remaining white shirt, revealing his strong and powerful

abdominal muscles.

Seeing that Lance protected Scarlett, Annie hated Scarlett even more.

She clenched her jaw and shot a menacing look at Scarlett. Scarlett averted her eyes and gave Lance a thankful glance. "Much appreciated."

Lance waved his hand casually.

Just when everyone thought that this game was over, Sebastian, who had his back on the sofa and looked cold and distant, suddenly said coldly, "You have to follow the rules of the game."

He wanted to see Scarlett strip!

Lance gazed at Sebastian, sensing something odd about him tonight. He was well aware that the young girl was wearing nothing but a dress, and if she were to take it off, she would be left completely exposed. He couldn't understand why he was making the little girl feel so uncomfortable.

Although it was peculiar, since he had come to assist Scarlett, he had to see it through to the end. "Sebastian, let's not make things difficult for her. Let's alter the approach," he suggested.

"Why don't we let my Scarlett pour a glass of wine for Mr. Jackman?" James took the opportunity to bring a bottle of wine.

In fact, he also wanted to see Scarlett take off her clothes in public, but on second thought, this was the female companion he had brought with him, and he even claimed that she was his woman in front of everyone. If she really took off her clothes and was seen by everyone, what would that make him?

Lance reacted quickly and cooperated with James, "Yes, let her pour you a glass of wine. It can be counted as punishment."

After that, Lance motioned to Scarlett to pour wine for Sebastian with his eyes.

Scarlett looked up at Sebastian who was facing him. Seeing that he did not agree or object, she was somewhat unsure of his thoughts.

However, she still mustered up the courage to pick up the expensive red wine on the table. She walked up to him and bent down slightly.

She was about to pour wine into his glass when he suddenly raised his well-defined hand, covering the mouth of the glass, as she held the wine bottle.

He stared at her face and spat out a word, "It's dirty."

Scarlett's heart froze. It was so painful that she could not breathe. Her hand that was holding the wine bottle could not help but tremble.

She froze, her gaze fixed on him, and saw no warmth in his

eyes, only contempt.

Did he think that she was dirty because she was with James?

How dare he? She had slept with him for five years. Was she dirty back then?

Scarlett suddenly felt a little annoyed. She straightened up and handed the bottle to James in a fit of pique.

"Mr. Forrest, he thinks I'm dirty. Why don't you help me pour a glass of wine for Mr. Jackman?"

The softness of her voice caused James's bones to almost numb at the mere utterance of "Mr. Forrest".

He grabbed her waist and comforted her by the ear, saying, "Alright, let me do it."

He took the bottle from her hand and poured the wine for her. "Mr. Jackman, don't misunderstand. She is not an escort. She is not dirty at all."

"Is that so?" Sebastian scoffed.

Scarlett was met with mocking laughter that seemed to deny her completely.

James looked at Sebastian suspiciously.

Why did he feel that Sebastian was deliberately targeting Scarlett?

He was afraid that it would cause him to fail to get the

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project, so he quickly smiled and explained again, "I have verified it. She is absolutely pure."

Sebastian's hand that was holding the wine glass suddenly froze.

He raised his eyes, which were as cold as snow, and coldly gazed at James. "How did you verify it?"

James did not notice his abnormality and said with some pride, "I screwed her of course!"



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