

## Chapter 18

The faint scent mingling with the aroma of the wine stirred her heart momentarily.

Scarlett, feeling somewhat perplexed by his approach, moved towards the car door.

She moved twice, but the interior of the car was so narrow that her back soon pressed against the door.

Sebastian tightly wrapped her petite body in his embrace.

His ice-cold eyes glanced at her indifferently before landing on the diamond necklace on her neck.

After a long while, a disdainful laugh sounded. "Looks like your new patron treats you quite well."

He rarely smiled, and his face was usually cold.

But this smile was even more frightening than when he was cold.

Scarlett wanted to explain, but the word "patron" made her silent.

From the moment James introduced her as his woman, it was already meaningless to explain.

Upon seeing that she remained silent and offered no defense, Sebastian's expression suddenly darkened.

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He raised his slender and good-looking hand, from her cheek to the back of her ear.

The chill from his fingertips spread across her skin. Scarlett could not help but shiver.

If James was disgusting, then Sebastian was terrifying.

An overpowering aura of long-held authority pressed down on her, making it hard to breathe.

After his fingers passed through her hair, Sebastian grabbed the back of her head and pulled her in front of him.

He lowered his voice and asked in a cold voice, "How many times have you slept with him?"

As the distance closed, the man's pleasant smell completely filled the air.

Scarlett's heart couldn't help but feel numb, and even her bones became limp.

Cursing herself for her uselessness, she quickly turned her head to evade his touch, only to find her neck suddenly strangled by the man.

He stared at the hickey on the back of her neck, and his voice was so icy it sent a chill down her spine. "So you screwed just now?"

Scarlett's face turned pale. He quickly raised his hand and covered the place where James had kissed her. "No, we

didn't do anything."

"Do you think I will believe you?"

He looked at her with such a cold, dead gaze that it made her tremble.

Scarlett's heart quivered, yet she still mustered the courage to explain, "Believe it or not, I've never been intimate with him."

"Is that so?"

"I will see for myself," Sebastian said with a cold and stiff smile.

He suddenly pulled her gown away.

Scarlett cried out in alarm and covered her body with her arms.

Before she could ask him what he was going to do, he tore her pants apart again.

In the blink of an eye, his swift and merciless actions sent her legs flying apart.

Scarlett trembled in pain as she was violated without her permission.

She grabbed Sebastian's shoulder and scolded him for being a bastard.

However, it was as if Sebastian did not notice anything. His

slender fingers were constantly searching for something.

"Sebastian, are you sick? Let go of me!"

Scarlett was ashamed and angry. She grabbed his shoulder with all her strength. Her fingernails were about to squeeze into his flesh, but he refused to let go.

Seeing that Mr. Baber had not gotten in the car, her face reddening, she could only grit her teeth and turn back, trying to find some dignity.

As his movements grew increasingly fierce, Scarlett felt a sense of shame and resentment.

"Sebastian, what are you trying to do?"

She was furious, but there was no expression on his cold and indifferent face.

His eager and fierce movements seemed like he was not doing anything shameful, but rather to verify something.

Scarlett endured the pain and discomfort, her gaze meeting his livid expression, his eyebrows tightly knitted, anger hidden between them.

When he was angry, she used to be terrified of him, but now she didn't know what to make of him.

"Sebastian."

Scarlett called, but the man did not respond. He was still paranoid and repeatedly checking.

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She held his hand and reminded him, "Don't forget, you are the one who doesn't want me. Since you don't want me, then don't touch me again!"

Her voice was very cold, like a snow mountain in winter, causing that slender hand to slightly pause.

When he raised his eyes, the ends of his eyes were scarlet red, like a fire seed burning under the flames.

"So now your James's property, huh?"

His voice was very pleasant, crisp, and magnetic.

But the words he said were extremely unpleasant to hear.

His words degraded her dignity.

She once had the hope that he would change his impression of her.

However, she did not expect that in his eyes, she was still a 'prostitute' who could be sold at will.

Scarlett felt like her heart was being pierced by needles. Her face, which was as pale as paper, suddenly revealed a smile.

"Mr. Jackman."

She looped her arms around his neck and said with a grin, "He purchased me, so I obviously can't let you lay a finger on me. This is the rule that you taught me. Have you forgotten it?"

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"What did you say?" Sebastian's face gradually darkened.

Scarlett raised her chin slightly and whispered into his ear, "I said, actually, I just lied to you. Mr. Forrest and I have done it a long time ago. We did it three times last night, twice today, and now I am his woman. Mr. Jackman, please don't mess around."



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