

Chapter 19

Sebastian's tall and straight body suddenly froze.

His gloomy and bloodthirsty eyes were like ice cubes in a cold pond that could freeze people to death in an instant.

He stared at her for a long time, then quickly pulled out his hand, pulled out a dozen wet towels, and frantically wiped his fingers.

Upon witnessing his behaviour, Scarlett couldn't help but sneer, "Mr. Forrest already explained what had occurred, yet Mr. Jackman still insisted on verifying it. Why?"

There was a smile in her eyes and lips. There was not a hint of anger in her eyes. Instead, it was full of flirtation.

Her indifferent attitude and repeated provocations made Sebastian suddenly angry.

He threw away the wet towel in his hand and pinched her chin hard.

Using all of his strength, he pinched her chin blue.

Sebastian, disregarding Scarlett's pale face from the pain, moved in close to her.

"Have I ever told you before, no one is allowed to touch the things I've used?"

His eyes were full of killing intent, and the hand that was

holding her chin became more and more powerful, as if to remove her entire chin.

It was the first time that Scarlett had seen Sebastian so angry, and she was slightly stunned.

She didn't need to provoke Sebastian, having already been humiliated by him multiple times, yet she chose to retaliate in this way.

But she didn't expect him to be so angry. But didn't he not care about her? Why was he so angry?

Scarlett endured the pain and raised her eyes. She mustered her courage and asked him, "You care so much about whether others have slept with me. Do you like me?"

She had followed him for five years, but she had never seen him lose his composure like this. He must like her a little, right?

Scarlett's dim eyes gradually lit up with hope as she thought of this.

She stared at him unblinkingly, trying to see a trace of love in his eyes.

But she did not see anything, only disgust and disdain.

"Don't you know what I care about?"

Sebastian asked coldly, causing the light in Scarlett's eyes to suddenly dim.

Of course, she knew what Sebastian cared about. It was just that she was a little unwilling to admit it.

After loving someone for a long time, she always wanted something in return, even if it was just a little bit.

However, Sebastian was different from ordinary people. He had mysophobia.

It was very difficult for people with this illness to accept their property being touched by others.

The reason why he was so angry was only because he felt disgusted...

The corners of Scarlett's mouth curled up, and her smile was a little self-deprecating. "It seems that I am flattering myself, but..."

She paused for a moment, then smiled and said, "I asked you before if I could have a boyfriend. You said it was up to me. Since I have a boyfriend, of course, I'm going to have sex. Is this not allowed?"

Sebastian was stunned for a moment, and his cold and indifferent face became more and more gloomy.

Seeing that he had nothing to say, Scarlett suddenly gathered up her courage and raised her hand to touch his eyebrows.

She touched his cheek from top to bottom with some caution.

This was the man she had loved for five years. How could she bear to hurt him like this?

But he didn't love her. He didn't even like her at all, so why should she care about his feelings?

She looked at him in a daze, but Sebastian suddenly grabbed her wrist.

"Don't touch me!"

He spat out coldly, "Dirty!"

She knew that he would react like this, but when she heard him say that she was dirty again, her heart still hurt.

She gritted her teeth and suppressed her emotions as she looked at the hand that was holding onto her tightly.

"Mr. Jackman, you seem to have such strong disdain for me yet you still cling to my hand. Could it be that you don't want to let me go?"

Her smile was like a flower, yet her face was indifferent, as if her previous obedience had been an act. The current her was the most genuine.

Sebastian seemed to have seen her clearly. The killing intent in his eyes faded and was replaced by indifference.

Without any hesitation, he pushed her away, "Get out of here!".

Scarlett was flung to the side of the car door. Her hair, which

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had been tied up, was also scattered and she looked battered and exhausted.

However, she did not care. She raised her hand and tucked her messy hair behind her ear. She picked up her torn clothes and put them on again.

After she was dressed, she pushed open the car door and got out.

Just when she was about to leave, Sebastian suddenly stopped her.

Scarlett's steps stiffened. When she turned around, her face was full of smiles. "Mr. Jackman?"

Sebastian didn't even look at her as he threw the check in his hand onto her face.

"I slept with you for five years. This is the service fee you deserve."



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