

## Chapter 22

Scarlett glanced at Lance who was sitting in the front passenger seat.

Seeing that he was looking straight at the window, she felt a little embarrassed.

She held a tissue and lowered her head, silently wiping the rain on her body.

Lance looked at the thin figure in the back seat through the rearview mirror.

In such cold weather, she didn't even wear a coat. She even took a taxi in the rain outside, which made Lance a little curious.

"Miss Sales, why didn't Mr. Forrest send you back?"

Hearing the words Mr. Forrest, Scarlett frowned doubtfully. She was now James's woman.

She clenched the tissue in her hand and casually pulled it. "I quarreled with him for a while, and he threw me out of the car."

"So that's how it is," Lance nodded.

Seeing her shivering from the cold, he raised the heater and didn't say anything else.

The sudden rise in temperature in the car made Scarlett's

cold and stiff body gradually warm up.

She looked at Lance gratefully and carefully explained, "I had planned to get a taxi, but my phone was dead and the store next to me was shut. I had nowhere to take shelter from the rain, so I was standing at the corner trying to flag one down. I'm really sorry for the inconvenience."

Lance supported his chin with one hand and looked at the embarrassed and uneasy Scarlett in the rearview mirror. He gently comforted her, "It's fine."

Only then did Scarlett relax her whole body. She leaned her head against the car window and closed her eyes tiredly.

The warm wind lulled her into a deep sleep, for she was too tired to stay awake.

Not long after, the car stopped at the entrance of the community.

"Miss Sales, we're here," Lance said without looking back.

After waiting for a while, no one responded from the back seat. Only then did Lance turn his head back.

When he saw Scarlett leaning against the car window and sleeping soundly, his eyes widened slightly.

This woman was audacious; she had the nerve to sleep so soundly in a stranger's car.

Did she think that he was a good person?

Lance frowned and winked at the assistant.

The assistant quickly got up, walked to the back seat, opened the car door and pushed Scarlett.

"Miss Sales, we have arrived at your home."

Scarlett was jolted awake. Struggling to open her eyes, she was met with a blur of black shadows, unable to make out anything clearly.

She knew that she was caught in the rain and her condition had worsened. Fortunately, her thoughts were still clear. She still remembered that this was Lance's car.

She quickly sat up straight and thanked him again in embarrassment. Then, she opened the door and got out of the car.

"Miss Sales."

"It's still raining outside. Take it." Lance stopped her and handed her an umbrella from the back seat.

Scarlett saw the symbol of the umbrella and knew that it was worth more than a hundred thousand yuan. She was afraid that she would not have the chance to return it to him after taking it, so she refused softly. "Thank you. It's really close. I will run over."

Lance was taken aback for a moment. He seemed to be able to read Scarlett's mind from her eyes and immediately tossed her the umbrella. "No need to give it back."

Scarlett was a little embarrassed, but seeing that Lance insisted, she had to accept it.

"Mr. Jackman, could you please provide me with your contact number? I'll arrange to return it to you tomorrow."

When Lance heard that she wanted to contact him, the look in his eyes gradually became disdainful. "Miss Sales, I don't like women throwing themselves at me."

Scarlett did not expect that he would misinterpret her meaning and hurriedly explained, "I don't mean that. I just think that this umbrella..."

"Miss Sales."

"No matter what you mean, I sent you home out of good intentions. If you have any other ideas, I advise you to stop." Lance coldly interrupted her.

These words made Scarlett very uncomfortable. She did not say anything more. She directly put down the umbrella and turned to leave.

After taking two steps in the rain, she felt unconvinced and turned back to Lance.

"Mr. Jackman, thank you for your generosity in sending me home, but you shouldn't think of me that way. I just thought the umbrella you gave me was too pricey. I was worried I wouldn't have the opportunity to give it back to you, so I declined."

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Scarlett spoke without pausing, not paying attention to his expression, and immediately ran into the community.

Lance looked at the petite figure and was slightly stunned.

He felt that a woman like Scarlett would use every opportunity they could find to get into a rich man's bed.

Otherwise, she would not turn around and throw herself into James's arms as soon as she separated from his brother.

However, what she said just now made Lance a little embarrassed. It seemed that he had misinterpreted her character too much...



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