

Chapter 7

Once Sebastian had gone far away, James suddenly realized that he was the second young master of the Jackman family. Hastily releasing Scarlett, he set off in pursuit to offer his greetings.

Sebastian got into the car and slammed the door shut. Immediately, more than a dozen luxury cars parked outside drove away.

James had no choice but to go back to find Scarlett, only to discover that she had already fled in the direction of the elevator.

James touched his lips that had just kissed Scarlett, his eyes alight with the thrill of the hunt.

"Henry, go check her address."

Henry Forrest, who was following behind him, immediately replied, "Yes."

Scarlett, upon returning home, placed the bag in her hand on the floor and, in a trance, slumped onto the sofa.

When the phone rang, she snapped back to her senses.

She withdrew her phone from her bag and, upon seeing the number on the screen, frowned.

It was Leo.

Scarlett hesitated for a moment, but still picked it up. "Mr. Baber, what's the matter?"

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Leo's respectful voice came from inside. "Miss Sales, when I was cleaning the apartment, I found some of your things here. When you are free, would you please come and get them?"

Scarlett's heart suddenly sank. It was not about Sebastian.

"Mr. Baber, just throw them away for me."

After saying this, Scarlett did not wait for the other party to reply and hung up the phone.

Then, she deleted all the contact details of Leo and Sebastian.

Yesterday, she had dreamt that Sebastian would contact her, so she had not deleted him.

Now that she was aware of the truth, she had no excuse not to do so.

She switched off her phone, then reclined on the sofa and drifted into a deep slumber.

Scarlett was awoken by a knock on the door after having slept for an indefinite amount of time.

Recently, Susan had been working the evening shift and returned late.

When she heard the knock on the door, she thought that Susan had come back from the night shift and quickly got up to open the door.

But when she opened the door, she saw that it was not Susan but James!

Scarlett's face paled upon seeing that face.

She attempted to close the door, but James had already extended his arm and pushed it open.

Scarlett, startled by his action, stepped back.

"Mr. Forrest, what are you trying to do?"

This big pervert had actually found her home!

James found it fascinating when he saw her cowering like a scared rabbit.

He propped his hands on the door and tilted his head to look at her. "What are you afraid of? I won't eat you."

His dark black eyes, flecked with gray, held a predatory glint as he stared at her, excitement radiating from him.

"Miss Sales, aren't you going to invite me in for a drink?"

Scarlett was frightened by his words.

She was well aware of James' character and what he was likely to do, so how could she allow him in?

She said with a cold face, "Sorry, this is my friend's home. It's not convenient."

Before Scarlett finished speaking, James had stepped in and closed the door.

Scarlett had no chance to escape, her face falling into a dark expression.

"Mr. Forrest, what do you want to do?"

"I want to f*ck you."

When he said this, his eyes stared straight at her chest, not hiding his purpose at all.

Before Scarlett went to bed, she had changed into a pair of ice silk pajamas with a slightly lower neckline.

James, being taller than her, could clearly see her from above.

She swiftly pulled the pajamas tight and secured her chest.

However, her tight clothing accentuated her curvaceous figure even more.

Although its morbid paleness was only palm-sized, it still tempted people.

Her facial features were soft to the point of being flawless, and her eyes were as clear as the lake water.

Her pair of soft breasts, her slender waist, and her white and slender thigh...

Such a sexy and hot figure could easily make one's blood boil at a glance.

James was attracted by her appearance and figure. When she had gone to deliver the documents that day, he had wanted her on the spot.

Now she stood before him in thin, alluring pajamas, and how could he possibly endure it?

James' body heat overwhelmed him, causing him to lose

his composure. In a fit of passion, he pressed Scarlett against the wall.

"I'll give you one million dollars. Let me sleep you for a night."

Scarlett was so scared that her entire body trembled. She desperately used her hands to cover her chest, not letting him get close.

"Get lost! I'm not a prostitute!"

She had just jumped out of the fate of being kept. She didn't expect that someone would want to buy her so soon. It was really ridiculous!

"Five million dollars, plus a villa."

"Even if you give me a hundred million dollars, I won't take it. You better let me go, or I will call the police!"

"Go ahead and see who dares to come and catch me!"

James was not afraid at all and continued to kiss her face.

Scarlett tried her best to dodge, but she was still kissed on the forehead by him.

The cold touch was like being licked by a snake, which made her extremely disgusted.