

Chapter 11

"Mr. Jackman, allow me to introduce you. This is my woman, Scarlett."

Scarlett was momentarily stunned by James's introduction.

She had not anticipated that the status she had desired would be bestowed upon her by a lecher.

The man she had yearned for had been toying with the wine glass and had not even glanced her way.

Everything that occurred here seemed to have no connection to him; he was completely aloof.

Noticing Sebastian's lack of interest, James swiftly raised Scarlett's chin.

"Mr. Jackman, look. Doesn't she bear a striking resemblance to Scarlee?"

He went to the Napier Group today to discuss business and met Miss Napier, who bore a striking resemblance to Scarlett.

He asked around and discovered that Miss Napier, who had recently come back to the country, was Sebastian's partner.

He hastened to the Jackman Group and employed Scarlett to gain proximity to Sebastian, thereby successfully obtaining the opportunity to meet him.

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Now that Sebastian had arrived, James was determined to seize this opportunity to win the west city project.

Upon hearing James's words, Sebastian slowly raised his cold gaze.

He glanced at her from head to toe, as if she were a stranger.

His eyes were foggy, making it impossible to discern any emotion.

After gazing at her for a while, he remarked softly, "Scarlee is incomparable."

The words pierced Scarlett's heart like a knife.

"Undoubtedly, she cannot rival Miss Napier."

James grabbed her chin as if he was examining a lowly creature. He said scornfully, "She is an orphan with no influence or pedigree. Miss Napier is the only daughter of the Napier Group and is highly educated. How can this woman possibly measure up to her?"

Yes, how could she compare with her?

In Sebastian's eyes, she was merely a substitute, unable to measure up to the real deal.

Scarlett tightly pursed her lips, not uttering a single word, yet her heart was aching with pain.

James said so much to demean Scarlett in order to ingratiate himself with Sebastian.

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Sebastian, however, seemed oblivious; not even sparing her a glance, he kept his head down and fiddled with his wine glass.

James knew his place and stopped talking. He then pulled Scarlett to sit down opposite him.

Scarlett and the man had barely sat down when another man opened a bottle of wine and handed it to her.

"Miss Sales, correct? Do you drink?"

Scarlett had no idea who the man was and was too afraid to drink it.

If he placed something inside, who knows what James would do to her later.

As she was wavering, the man abruptly grinned. "Don't fret, I didn't put anything in there."

Scarlett felt a little relieved when she saw the man's gentle smile.

She took the glass, took a sip, yet still did not dare to swallow.

The woman sitting beside the man saw this and couldn't help but sneer.

"Mr. Forrest, your taste in women is deteriorating. Lance graciously poured her wine, yet she treated him as if he had committed a crime. She has no regard whatsoever."

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The woman spoke of Lance, who was Sebastian's cousin. His name was Lance Jackman and he was a playboy, but not as repulsive as James.

Since Scarlett had been trailing Sebastian, she had never encountered his family and friends until now, when she finally saw Lance.

She couldn't help but steal a few more glances at him; he bore a resemblance to Sebastian, yet he wasn't as aloof. Quite the opposite, he was quite gentle.

Upon seeing that Scarlett had not even reacted to her words, the woman's face instantly became angry.

The meaning in her words was unmistakable. Had it been anyone else, they would surely have finished the drink.

She needed only to apologize to Lance and drink the wine, and the matter was done.

However, she acted as if she had no comprehension of this whatsoever!

Scarlett naturally understood everything. But since the words were directed at James, she saw no reason not to play dumb.

The woman reminded James, "Mr. Forrest, it was only because of Lance's recommendation that you were able to meet Mr. Jackman today. Otherwise, you wouldn't have had the chance to see him, let alone discuss the project. But your woman refused to even have a glass of wine. Is this how the

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evening is going to go?"



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