

Chapter 21

Sebastian's face gradually grew cold and distant, his eyes and eyebrows taking on a bone-chilling coldness.

He placed the wine glass in his hand, lifted his icy gaze, and stared at Lance. "What are your thoughts?"

Lance boldly surmised, "I reckon you have some feelings for her. Otherwise, why would you be so enraged that you flung wine at her after learning that James had slept with her?"

Sebastian sneered, "She just split from me and hopped into bed with James. So I taught her a lesson. It has nothing to do with me liking her."

The coldness in his eyes had dissipated, replaced by indifference and alienation, as if he had no emotional investment in the person he was teaching a lesson to.

When Lance saw him like this, he felt a little relieved in his heart.

His brother had mental mysophobia and could not accept the woman he had been sleeping with being screwed by another man so soon.

Moreover, as soon as Scarlee returned to the country, his second brother separated from Scarlett. This was enough to show that in his second brother's heart, Miss Sales, the substitute, was not important.

Lance said no more. After downing the wine in the cup, he rose and declared, "Well then, Sebastian, I'll be on my way."

Sebastian did not reply. He only nodded indifferently.

Lance had gotten used to his cold personality since he was young. He did not get angry. He directly picked up his coat and turned to leave.

It was raining heavily outside. The assistant protected him with an umbrella and got into the car. He asked the assistant to drive to the city.

While waiting for the traffic light at the intersection, he saw Scarlett, who was only wearing a dress, trying to stop a taxi.

Her petite frame had little flesh, and her rain-soaked dress clung tightly to her, emphasizing her delicate, boneless appearance.

Her thin, fragmented curls, like seaweed, clung to her petite face. Though a bit disheveled, it only added to her broken beauty.

Lance saw the taxis running past her, but none of them were willing to stop to carry her.

He hesitated for a moment, but still ordered his assistant to drive the car to her.

Scarlett used her hand to block the rain from her eyes and vaguely saw a man holding an umbrella walking towards her.

Chapter 21

When the umbrella covered her head, she was stunned for a moment and slowly raised her eyes to look at him...

In a trance, she seemed to see Sebastian five years ago...

Recalling that it had been raining heavily that day, she knelt at the entrance of the nightclub, imploring passersby to purchase her for the night.

Many men who went in and out came to touch her, tease her, and laugh at her, but no one was willing to buy her.

Only a man dressed in a black coat, cold and noble all over, holding an umbrella, slowly walked in front of her.

When he used the umbrella in his hand to cover the top of her head and cover all the storms for her, she seemed to see an angel.

She crawled to his feet under the dim light, grabbed his trousers, and begged him to buy her for a night.

The man looked down at her with no contempt or ridicule in his eyes. He only asked coldly, "Are you clean?"

She nodded with a red face, and the man stretched out his slender and good-looking hand to her.

When she put her hand in his broad palm, she was destined to be unable to free herself from him for the rest of her life...

"Get in the car. I'll take you home."

Lance opened the door of the back seat. His gentle voice

mixed with the rain fell down.

Only then did Scarlett come back to her senses. The person in front of her was Lance, Sebastian's cousin.

She had already separated from Sebastian, so logically speaking, she should no longer have anything to do with the person.

However, her cell phone was out of battery, she was unable to get a taxi, and the shops nearby that could have provided shelter from the rain were also closed.

She hesitated for a moment, but still got into his car.

Her body was drenched, and even the back seat was wet.

Scarlett quickly grabbed a tissue from her bag and wiped the rug beneath her feet, her face reddening as she apologized, "I'm sorry for dirtying your car."

"Don't wipe it; it's just a rug. If it's soiled, discard it."

Scarlett's hand, pausing slightly, carefully wiped the rug.

She almost forgot that the person who had kindly requested her to enter the car was Jackman by surname.

A Jackman would not care about a rug at all, even if this rug was expensive.

Scarlett put away the tissue and put it in her bag. She looked at Lance uneasily and whispered, "Thank you."

Chapter 21

"Where do you live?" Lance waved his hand carelessly.

Scarlett didn't want to hide anything and directly gave him the address.

The car started swiftly and headed toward her home.



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