

WILL THE ALOOF BILLIONAIRE DIVORCE TODAY?

Chapter 6: You Want to Put Me Under House Arrest?

Matthew Saxon from TV, the internet, and magazines, she had seen many, many times.

But face-to-face, this was the first time.

Once, Father Yates and Mother Yates did indeed think about taking her to the Saxon Family, but after she made it clear that she didn't want to marry Matthew Saxon, they never brought up the matter again.

The dream of a sparrow flying onto a branch and becoming a phoenix, every girl has had, and she was no exception.

But a man who changes women like changing clothes, Scarlett Yates dared not touch!

Matthew Saxon's gaze suddenly sharpened considerably, scrutinizing her for a moment as if verifying the truth of her words, raising his eyebrows with a faint smile, "The Saxon family are businesspeople, any business deal doesn't succeed on mere verbal promises. Without a black and white contract, I can't believe you."

The Saxon Family truly were generations of businessmen, the tone Matthew Saxon spoke in now resembled a business negotiation.

An overbearing contract she had no choice but to accept.

The disdain in his eyes seemed to mock her pretentiousness, her inconsistency.

Scarlett Yates, provoked, felt a surge of anger rush to her head, truly wishing to punch his hateful face, clenched her fists, "So, I must sign this statement?"

Matthew Saxon's eyes narrowed, suddenly standing up, beads of water falling down his perfectly contoured face until he stood in front of her. Scarlett Yates realized then, Matthew Saxon was really incredibly tall.

Her height of 165, in front of him, seemed like a dwarf, barely reaching his shoulder.

The disparity in height instantly lowered her entire aura.

His expression arrogantly lowering his head, yet still maintaining the lofty king-like demeanor, even if he was a bastard, he possessed a natural nobility and elegance.

Just standing in front of her this way, without saying a word, Scarlett Yates felt an intense pressure, forcing her to embarrassingly take a step back.

"Scarlett Yates." The man's voice was deep and husky, magnetic, as he spoke her name, it sounded a lot more pleasant.

She suddenly shivered, feeling a chill from it.

"Convenience for others is also convenience for yourself, I think you should understand this principle."

Just moments ago, Scarlett Yates didn't think this person was scary; now, she was being suffocated by his strong and arrogant aura.

"If... if I don't agree?" She felt somewhat lacking in confidence, her voice weakened, yet she raised her head even higher, as if refusing to concede.

Matthew Saxon took note of her little act, a mysterious smile flickered in his overly captivating eyes, "Then, you'll stay here for a long vacation, let me know when you've made up your mind."

Scarlett Yates widened her eyes, "You want to detain me?"

His shamelessness, simply beyond her imagination.

He curved his lips, full of sincerity, "Don't say it so unpleasantly, I'm sincerely inviting you as a guest."

Scarlett Yates gave a cold laugh, looking at him resolutely, her refusal firm and direct, "I will not agree to your demand."

"Oh? Are you sure?" Matthew Saxon felt he had wasted too much time on this little girl, a faint trace of impatience revealed between his brows.

The demon's deep eyes sank, suddenly cooling a few degrees, yet his voice grew deeper and warmer, as if whispering in a lover's ear, lightly laughing, "If you insist on refusing, I won't force you. There's plenty of time; you can stay and think it over slowly."