

Substitute B 114

Chapter 114: I'll Be Waiting for You in My Room Tonight

Being kicked by Leah, Justin Xavier took a step back, and his hand loosened.

Leah started to run away.

Just as her small hand touched the doorknob, Justin Xavier hugged her from behind, his kiss landing on her curly hair, accompanied by a repressed and feverish breath, "What should I do, I'm blinded by you, little seductress."

He twisted his hand, Leah turned around in his embrace. He pressed her fragrant shoulder and pushed her against the door, bending down to kiss her.

Justin Xavier's slightly cool thin lips covered hers. Leah's pupils contracted slightly, and she immediately pushed him forcefully.

But the man's chest was like a wall, unmoved no matter how hard she pushed. His fingers threaded through her curls, clamping her nape, locking her in his arms and making her endure his kiss.

Leah could only clench her teeth, refusing to open her mouth.

Justin Xavier released her after a moment, his nose brushing against her delicate face as he hoarsely commanded, "Open your mouth."

Leah's enchanting eyes glared at him, "Aren't you disgusting? Saliva spreads many diseases. If you want to kiss, go find someone else."

Justin Xavier frowned, his handsome eyelids tinged with gloom, "Disobedient, huh? Open your mouth, I want to kiss."

"What's with that expression, sexually frustrated? Justin Xavier, it seems you really haven't touched a woman in two years, you're so eager to extend your tongue even for a kiss."

Justin Xavier's thin lips pressed together, his cold black eyes like ink splashed in thick pools, "I haven't touched a woman, and you haven't been touched by a man either, have you?"

Leah arched her delicate willow brows, "Isn't that thanks to you? Everyone around me is under your watch, I'm being monitored every moment, not even a male mosquito can get in. Justin Xavier, aren't you tired from being online 24/7 to catch me cheating and fearing I'd sleep with another man and put a green hat on you?"

Faced with her provocation, Justin Xavier curled his scarlet lips, "It's been so many years, why don't you ask me if I'm tired? You've been ogled by men all your life since you were young, I'm used to it. Now that I've raised you, how could I let someone else beat me to it and scoop you up altogether?"

"... Justin Xavier, if you have a mental illness, go see a doctor. Serena's medical skills are good, I'll talk to her..."

Justin Xavier interrupted her directly, "Serena, Serena, now it's all Serena Sterling coming out of your mouth, you two holding hands already makes me feel an eyesore, and you won't even open your mouth for a kiss. Are you so cold because you're hooking up with Serena Sterling?"

"..."

Hooking up?

This madman!

Can't women hold hands?

Can't women live without men?

Leah reached out her small hand to push his handsome face far away, "You've kissed, can you let me go now, I need to pee."

Justin Xavier gave her a fierce look, then stuffed something into her small hand, "For you."

Leah looked down and saw he handed her a room card.

Earlier, Erica Hawthorne and those cat dancers tried their best while dancing, all wanting his room card, but he didn't give it to any of them.

Now he pulled her into the men's restroom, forcefully stuffing his room card into her palm.

"I don't want it!" Leah returned the room card to him, "Stop dreaming, I'm not going to your room!"

"At night, come to my room and dance fire for me. I can control myself not to do anything to you."

Go to his room and dance fire for him?

Leah wasn't an ignorant little girl. Grown men and women, if she went to his room to dance fire at night, real sparks would fly.

"I'm not going, I've said I'm not going, Justin Xavier, you're my brother!"

"I don't remember my mom giving me a sister. What am I as your brother, Leah? You're an adult now, that thin layer between us should be torn. I don't want to be your brother; I raised you to be my woman!"

The thin layer like a cicada's wing between them was truly shattered now; he never needed to worry about it again.

Leah raised her hand and directly slapped Justin Xavier's handsome face.

But Justin Xavier grabbed her slender wrist, pinning it to the wall, kissing her red lips again, his voice low and viciously warning, "You don't come to my room, fine, I'll go to yours, but I'm not going for a fire dance, I want to hold you and do a striptease."

Leah opened her mouth and bit down hard on the corner of his lip.

Blood spread wantonly in both their mouths.

"Justin Xavier, are you in love with me?" Leah asked.

Justin Xavier stiffened, "What?"

"Isn't it obvious? Your desire to sleep with me, isn't it love? But you're scared to love me, so you use Yasmine as an excuse, right?" Leah looked at him.

Justin Xavier released her slowly, a sarcastic and cruel line curving on his lips. His large hand patted her delicate little face, "Overthinking, your mom liked climbing into my dad's bed, didn't she? Then I'll make her daughter stay on my bed forever, Leah, do you think your mom could... die in peace?"

Leah felt a chill throughout her body, like a giant hand from the darkness pushing her into an abyss.

"Don't talk about my mommy like that! Justin Xavier, I hate you!"

Leah clenched her fists, her eyes red, glaring at him like a trapped beast, ready to fight him to the death.

Justin Xavier watched as tears slowly gathered in her red eyes, fluttering like wings, but the mist in her eyes didn't fall, looking truly pitiful.

Every time he hardened his heart to bully her, she never had the power to fight back, so pitifully vulnerable.

Justin Xavier's large hands at his side curled up, slowly tightening. At this moment, a melodious phone ringtone rang; he had a phone call.

Taking out his phone, he saw it was Yasmine Sterling calling.

Justin Xavier glanced at Leah, "I'll wait for you tonight."

Saying this, he opened the restroom door and walked out. In the corridor, you could hear his voice softening, "Hello, Yasmine... okay, I'm going now."

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In the women's restroom, Leah stood in front of the washbasin, splashing her face with cold water.

She looked at the room card placed by her hand, her eyes somewhat empty.

At this moment, the door was pushed open, and Erica Hawthorne walked in.

Seeing Leah, Erica Hawthorne's eyes looked like seeing an enemy as she spoke in a sarcastic tone, "Leah, you were just with Justin, right? But Yasmine called once, and Justin left. So what if you have a bewitching face, Justin doesn't like you."

Leah turned off the faucet, stood straight, looked at Erica Hawthorne, then gestured with her eyes to the washbasin, "Look at this, what is it?"

Erica Hawthorne looked and brightened up; it was Justin Xavier's room card!

"Leah, why do you have Justin's room card?"

Leah pulled out a tissue to wipe her hands, her expression lazy and indifferent, "Oh, your Justin asked me to pass this to you. You can enter his room tonight; he's waiting for you."