

Substitute B 115

Chapter 115: What Are You Playing At, Hm?

"Is that true?"

Erica Hawthorne's heart blossomed with joy, but soon she became suspicious, "Leah Thorne, are you lying to me? Why didn't Justin give the room card directly to me, but rather pass it through your hands?"

As she spoke, Erica gasped, "Leah, is this room card given to you by Justin? Justin actually wants you to go to his room tonight, what are you two planning to do? Leah, you really are shameless, crawling into your own brother's bed!"

Leah tossed the damp tissue into the trash can, then raised a hand to flick the curls by her cheek, "I'm shameless? Well then, your Justin must like shameless women. Now that you know his preferences, use your skills to serve him well tonight; he really loves... wanton women."

Leah picked up the room card and stuffed it into the abundant cleavage of Erica's chest.

How dare she be so brazen?

Erica was shaking with anger, "Leah, you..."

Leah raised her seductive eyes, her voice soft and flirtatious as she asked, "What, you don't want this room card? Fine, there are plenty of women who would. I'll just give it to someone else..."

Leah made a motion as if she wanted to take the room card back.

But Erica pressed down on the room card, guarding it like a treasure, keeping a wary eye on Leah, afraid Leah might really take the card and give it to another woman.

"That's more like it. I've given you the room card, so why are you still nagging? Haven't you always wanted to climb into your Justin's bed? Look at you treasuring what I consider trash, Erica, I truly pity you."

Erica's face turned white, her rage boiling over, her teeth itching as she looked at the lazily seductive Leah, yet she had no way to deal with her.

This feeling nearly made Erica spit blood.

Sometimes Erica felt like she and Leah were destined enemies. When Leah faced a family upheaval in her childhood and entered the Xavier family, she enjoyed the unparalleled affection of the Xavier family's young master, Justin, for years.

Later, both she and Leah entered the entertainment industry. Although she's now a homebody goddess, Leah's skyrocketing fame surpasses her in popularity and traffic, so she once hired someone to follow Leah, hoping to catch some dirt on her.

After all, Leah frequents luxurious RVs and star-rated hotels, surely there would be some negative news about her diva antics or using stand-ins.

But after half a year of following her, she found out that once Leah enters a film crew, she reads the script late into the night, never uses a stand-in, and performs all action scenes herself, often getting bruised and battered. She has excellent cooperation skills and receives high praise and favor, whether endorsing international luxury brands or walking in fashion shows.

Those capitalists and directors praised her endlessly, saying she was enchanting but not vulgar, her acting lively, born for the entertainment circle, and she remains recognized as an actress with both acting skill and popularity, without comparison.

Of course, Leah lives a very refined life, enjoying her current wealth and flamboyant youth. A woman like this probably lives out the image all women aspire to.

Thus, Leah has always been the most disliked person by the socialites of Bayside, without exception.

After all her efforts, Erica was only left feeling deflated, this sense of powerlessness was exactly like right now.

Leah glanced at Erica's contorted face, then with a provocative smirk on her red lips, sashayed away in her crystal high heels.

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Erica, holding the room card, opened the door to Justin Xavier's room and walked in.

The large room was low-key yet luxurious; as the owner of the cruise ship, Justin's room also featured a gigantic bed, with the counter showcasing various vintage wines.

Justin wasn't in the room; he was showering in the bathroom, the sound of running water coming from within.

Erica's heart pounded madly; now that she was in Justin's room, just thinking of what might happen next made her pretty face flush.

She reached out, wanting to touch the soft bed.

Just then, she heard noise inside, and Justin had finished his shower and was about to come out.

Erica felt as if her heart would leap from her throat; she quickly turned off the room's lights, then hid behind the curtains.

If the room card was intended for Leah, as expected, and for all these years, Justin had almost obsessively sheltered Leah under his wings, allowing no man near her, everyone in Bayside believed he was pampering a sister.

The truth was, he just wanted to possess Leah himself.

What would he do if he found out it was her instead of Leah?

Erica recalled Leah mentioning that Justin liked wanton women. In Erica's memory, young master Justin of the Xavier family, raised in a household of nobility and status, had always received the most traditional heir's education. Perfect shirts and tailored trousers made him appear detached and rigid; his entire being was ascetic.

Erica had never dared to imagine what he'd be like in bed, but through the years, his protection of Leah merely satisfied his own desires, proving how forbidden his inner thoughts were.

Men, after all~

Erica suddenly felt confident; she adjusted her short skirt while hiding behind the curtain, revealing her graceful curves.

Then, with a "click," the bathroom door opened, and Justin walked out.

Just out of a cold shower, Justin was dressed in a dark blue silk robe, his short hair still wet and dripping, his entire person as handsome as if he had stepped out of a comic book.

With the lights off in the room, his cold black eyes pin-pointed the shadow hiding behind the curtain.

Throwing the towel in his hand, Justin strode over, a thin smile forming on his lips, and he spoke in a low voice, "What are you playing at, huh?"

Erica heard the smile in his voice, which carried a hint of mischief, sending a shiver through her body.

"Come out, don't provoke me." Justin extended a large hand to clasp her delicate wrist.

Erica's heart raced, and she shrank back, trying to evade.

In the darkness, Justin moved like lightning, gripping Erica's slender wrist and pulling, both she and the curtain were pulled directly into his embrace.

He forcefully locked the woman in his arms, his thin lips grazing her hair through the curtain, his voice husky and fierce, "Got you now, being so unruly, do you want me to teach you a lesson, huh? Little minx!"

The term "little minx" made Erica's legs go soft, nearly collapsing onto the carpet; she had never known Justin, usually so genteel, could be so fierce behind closed doors.

Justin's bloodshot eyes narrowed, but they opened quickly, as he realized the incongruence in his embrace; this was not Leah!

"Who are you?"

Justin's handsome features immediately clouded with a layer of dark mist. With a "snap," he turned on the sconce light in the room, flinging his hand with force, and Erica's body was tossed against the wall like a kite with a broken string.