

## Substitute B 116

### Chapter 116: Yasmine Sterling Covets My Good Looks

With a thud, Erica Hawthorne hit the wall and then fell onto the carpet, tasting blood in her throat as she immediately spat out a mouthful of it.

Justin Xavier's casual wave just now had almost taken half her life.

"Justin... brother, it's me..." Erica looked up at Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier stood tall and graceful like jade in front of the window, looking down at the disheveled and pained Erica on the ground. He was more aware than anyone of Leah Thorne's touch—a softness like no bones, with an alluring fragrance—something Erica couldn't compare to.

He should have realized it the moment he embraced her, but desire clouded his mind. The room card was meant for her, and he didn't expect it to be someone else.

Just thinking about having embraced someone else for a few seconds made him want to scrub himself clean several times over.

Justin Xavier's cold, dark eyes, like poisons infused with iciness, stared at Erica, and after a long while, he growled a chilling word, "Why is it you? Speak quickly, if you still don't want to die!"

Erica never imagined he'd react so violently; she had been quite confident earlier, but who would've thought that not being Leah would make him want to kill her.

Erica was terrified. Her earlier romantic thoughts vanished in the stabbing pain, realizing Justin wasn't joking. She quickly said, "Justin brother, Leah... Leah told me to come in, and she gave me the room card..."

The room card was Leah's doing.

Justin had suspected as much, and being confirmed by Erica, he curled his thin lips with a heave of his chest, kicking over a chair with his foot.

She really dared!

Good, really good!

Erica shivered in fear, "Justin brother, I'm telling the truth, Leah also said... said you liked wanton women and told me to serve you well, she also said... said you're her discarded... trash..."

Over the years, Justin thought his greatest pride was his self-control; growing up in such a primitive family environment, he would've gone mad without it. Yet, Leah was always the exception in his life, and his prized self-control crumbles before her.

Justin raised his hand, sweeping all the wine bottles off the counter onto the floor, smashing everything in the room.

Such a commotion naturally drew outside attention. Seth Hawthorne kicked open the door, "Justin brother, what happened, what are you doing... damn, Erica, what are you doing here?"

It was Erica's first time seeing Justin so crazed; now spotting Seth, she seemed to find a lifeline, "Brother, save me!"

Seth didn't need to think twice to know his sister's attempt at seducing Justin angered him. But, being his sister, he couldn't let her die, "Justin brother, this time it's definitely my sister's fault, but please spare her this once, I assure you she won't bother you again."

The room was in a mess; Justin's handsome features could drip water with condensation in the dull light, casting downcast eyes and uttering a single word, "Get out!"

"Erica, go quickly!" Seth swiftly dragged Erica away.

Justin entered the bathroom, starting a cold shower, when the serene ringtone of his phone rang—a call came through.

His water-dropped hand reached out to answer, and a respectful voice of his private secretary came through, "Young Master, Leah has already left 1949."

Justin paused for a few seconds, then spoke nonchalantly, "Suspend all of Leah's activities, put her on ice... tell her, come to find me when she's figured it out."

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Serena Sterling walked through the corridor, and thinking about how Hayden Crawford had just made her call him 'Daddy' and 'Hubby' at the poker table turned her face red like a boiled shrimp, filled with embarrassment and annoyance.

At this moment, she stopped in her tracks because a tall, gallant figure was approaching—Hayden had come.

Why was he here?

Serena turned around and ran.

But after two steps, Hayden caught up from behind, wrapping his strong arm around her slender waist, pulling her into his embrace, "Why are you running?"

Serena snorted, "I just don't want to deal with you. Why, haven't you bought Yasmine's cigarettes yet?"

Hayden curled his thin lips, a playful smile dancing in his handsome eyes, "It was you I wanted to use my charms on, and now you're being petty. Getting her to buy cigarettes was just to send her away, Mrs. Crawford, are you jealous of even that?"

Serena turned, her little face pressed to him, sniffing around like a puppy.

Hayden pushed open a room door and carried her inside, "What are you sniffing?"

"Checking if you smell like a woman. Yasmine was clinging to you like that, I'm afraid someone might pretend to be public and make it personal, turn fake into real." Serena raised her bright eyes, pouting as she looked at him, just like a spoiled little girlfriend.

Hayden was somewhat amused, "With a tigress at home, I wouldn't dare even if you gave me courage."

"Alright, I trust you for now, Mr. Crawford, you can let me go. Yasmine will be looking for you soon." Serena pushed him lightly.

But Hayden didn't budge, his tall and strong body pinning her down, "Not letting you go. Mrs. Crawford, call me 'Hubby' and let me hear."

"...No way!" Serena's face turned bright red.

"Really no way?" Hayden's large hand fell on her waist, gently pinching.

"So ticklish... Mr. Crawford, let me go..."

"Is it being shy? No one will laugh at you, just call it for me, call 'Hubby.'

"I won't~"

Serena laughed and struggled, and the two of them tangled in a playful mess in the corner.

Just then, Yasmine's anxious voice could be heard outside, "Mr. Crawford! Have you seen Mr. Crawford?"

Yasmine was indeed looking.

This time Serena seriously nudged the man on top of her, reminding him, "Mr. Crawford!"

Hayden pressed his heavy body against her slender figure, his thin lips kissing her fragrant hair fiercely, whispering hoarsely, "So noisy, can I make her disappear?"

"No way! Letting Yasmine disappear is too kind!" Serena refused.

Hayden slowly let her go and suddenly called out, "I'm here."

Outside, Yasmine quickly came in upon hearing his voice, "Mr. Crawford, are you in here?"

Serena's pupils shrank in fright; this was a single room with a traditional screen in the middle, now she and Hayden were behind the screen, and Yasmine couldn't see inside from there.

But she still held her breath from fear, after all in the same room it's easy to be exposed, "Mr. Crawford, are you crazy?"

Hayden looked at her, "I see Yasmine eyeing me like a hawk, greatly coveting my manly charm, I can't guarantee what she might do to me, now having you, this little jealous pot, here to watch prevents any isolated jealousy."