

Substitute B 167

Chapter 167: She Had a Miscarriage

Leah Thorne just wanted to speak, but Justin Xavier on the other end of the line hung up after two beeps.

"Leah beauty, what's going on, who's been pulling strings behind the scenes?" the assistant asked anxiously and confusedly.

Leah put her phone in her bag and stood up, "You can't afford to mess with this person, don't worry, I'll handle it."

Saying that, Leah left.

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Leah drove to the Crescent Bay Villa and rang the doorbell.

Soon, the apartment door opened, and the tall, jade-like figure of Justin Xavier appeared.

At home, he had taken off his overcoat, now wearing a light V-neck navy blue thin sweater with black home pants, his handsome features exquisitely drawn like by an artist, with an elegant demeanor and an air of restrained asceticism.

"You're here? Just in time for dinner. Wash your hands and join me," Justin turned back into the kitchen.

Leah changed shoes at the entrance and followed into the kitchen. Justin lowered his handsome eyelids while cooking. They say the men who can cook are the most charming, and he had made two plates of steak and mushroom pasta, looking appetizing.

However, Leah didn't feel like eating.

"Justin Xavier, I'm here now. Isn't this what you wanted, having me here to sleep with you? Congratulations, you've won. Now skip the meal talk. If you want it, be quick; is half an hour or an hour enough? I need to go back!"

There was no wave of emotion on Justin's handsome face; he just looked at her blandly, "I don't want that now; let's eat first."

The domineering tone allowed no refusal.

Leah went straight up and turned off the stove, "Really don't want?"

Her soft white fingertips landed on the black leather belt at his waist, hooked and pulled it hard towards herself.

Justin's tall body leaned over in response. Leah quickly stood on her tiptoes, with her lovely lips covering his flushed thin lips with a peck, "What about now?"

Justin's Adam's apple moved, his large hand embraced her wasp waist, and he directly pressed her delicate form against the countertop, seeking her red lips to kiss.

Leah did not dodge, allowing his kiss.

She wore something very simple, a loose black T-shirt dress with a small bow at the collar, not a luxury brand, but she looked good, incomparable to other women, catching anyone's gaze.

The charming and tender Leah was a coveted possession, a private treasure that many wealthy and powerful sought to savor and indulge in.

Justin kissed her eyelids, asking hoarsely, "If it wasn't me today, but another man, as long as they paid, would you strip?"

Leah didn't close her eyes, her alluring eyes coldly looking at him, then her red lips curled into a mocking smile, "What else; each piece of clothing on me has a price. The closer to the inside, the more expensive. My face, these eyes, my whole body are all insured for a high value, Justin Xavier. Just enjoy sleeping with me this once; you better make sure you can keep threatening me, keep dragging me in your hand, keep having money, and not fall, because otherwise I'll definitely run to other men, I'll have a new sugar daddy."

The chill in Justin's black eyes spread like ink, thick and fathomless, he stared directly at her, cold and dangerous.

After a while, he shallowly curved his thin lips, "So this is how you serve your sugar daddy, reluctant to open your mouth?"

Perversion!

Expecting her to open her mouth just for a kiss.

Leah stared at him coldly, with a challenging air, even clenching her jaw, not willing to obey.

Justin got a bit angry, his large hand pinched her bright face with some force, forcing her to open her mouth.

Leah couldn't handle pain, which Justin knew more than anyone. This flower he had painstakingly tended couldn't even be coaxed into taking medicine without a fuss, would cry with teary eyes when needing a shot, pitifully looking at him.

He didn't know when it started, but one part of him wanted to treasure her, another part wanted to ruin her.

Sure enough, Leah winced in pain, eyebrows knitting, loosening her bite.

Justin got his way, released her face, and his large hand trailed into her curls, holding the back of her head to deepen the kiss.

Leah was kissed breathless, her eyes remained closed, just watching the man lowering his brows as he kissed, such a gentle and refined looking man, once emotional, could be fiercer than a beast, wishing to consume her whole.

Leah fiercely bit down on the corner of his lips.

Bloody taste quickly spread in their mouths.

Justin did not loosen her, taming land as he went, the two in a relentless struggle, kissing like a fierce contest.

Soon, Justin picked her up horizontally and carried her upstairs, kicking open the bedroom door, tossing her onto the soft bed.

Leah turned over, pressing against the wall, with her back to him.

Justin got on the bed, lay beside her, attempted to hold her, wanting to embrace her in his arms, but then he sensed her body becoming more and more rigid, like a rock.

Justin kissed her curls with patience, realizing her body not only did not soften but became even more rigid.

Justin pursed his flushed thin lips, mercilessly ridiculing, "What do you mean by this, actually frigid? I remember your first time wasn't like this."

Leah buried her pretty face in the pillow, eyes shut, "Surprisingly, you still remember our first time, back then your skills were terrible, made me very uncomfortable, even left me with a heavy psychological shadow. Each time you approach, my body uncontrollably wants to move away from you, Justin Xavier, see, while you're getting back at me and tormenting me, my disgust and hatred towards you have also sunk into my bones!"

Justin's handsome features instantly sank, the gloom around him thick enough to drip water, he was actually mocked for his poor skills?

The body in his arms was not lying. The girl who only had eyes for him, whose happiness was sparked solely by seeing him, now only had disdain and rejection left for him.

Felt like an empty void in his heart, Justin realized she was like a kite in his hand, if he wasn't careful, she'd break free and fly away.

"Leah Thorne, in the end, this won't affect me, the one hurt most is still you!" He reached out to undo his belt...

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Leah continued lying rigid, her body ice-cold; he didn't know, and would never know, that she once lost a child.

That year, on her 18th birthday, she left Bayside alone with her suitcase; she went out of town, rented a place, and soon found out she was pregnant.

That night, the drunken landlord secretly opened her door, grabbed her neck, and pressed her onto the bed.

Then blood gushed from beneath her, soaking the entire bedsheet, scaring the landlord so much that he let go and fled in panic.