

## Substitute B 300

Chapter 300: Serena Sterling Attends the Banquet

Serena Sterling hadn't expected her first confrontation with Zelda Willow to be so fierce, catching her completely off guard.

However, once she finds Leah Thorne and recovers, she'll definitely settle the score with Zelda Willow!

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After hanging up the call with Serena Sterling, Madame Goldie quickly dialed Justin Xavier's number. She had Justin Xavier's private number, allowing her to reach him without hindrance.

The melodious ringtone played once, and the call was answered. Justin Xavier's deep, pleasant voice smoothly came through, "Hello."

"President Xavier, it's bad news; Leah's in trouble!" Madame Goldie hastily reported.

At that moment, abroad at thirty thousand feet in his six-star presidential suite, Justin Xavier had just returned to his room after a business meeting, holding his phone in one hand and loosening his tie with the other when he heard Madame Goldie say that Leah Thorne was in trouble.

The private secretary in the presidential suite immediately felt the temperature in the room drop to freezing point, holding his breath in fear.

Justin Xavier's movement of loosening his tie paused for a moment, his chilly lips swiftly moved, "What's happened?"

Madame Goldie briefly explained the situation to Justin Xavier, and then sent over the address. Justin Xavier's handsome and refined face showed no emotional fluctuation, but appeared extremely grim. He said indifferently, "Understood."

With those words, Justin Xavier directly hung up the phone.

He turned around, his clear, cold black eyes looking at the private secretary behind him, handing over the address, "Investigate this address right now, cancel all business trips, and prepare the private jet, I'm flying back to Aethelgard."

"Yes, President."

The private secretary executed everything at maximum speed, then reported the findings, "President, this address is a private lavish and indulgent party venue."

Justin Xavier's handsome brow furrowed, his clear, cold eyes were like ink spreading densely and bottomlessly; he retrieved his phone and dialed a number.

Quickly, the call was connected, Hayden Crawford's deep, magnetic voice came through, "Hello."

Justin Xavier gripping the phone said, "Your stepmother has gone too far these years; has she lost her mind, daring to touch my people?"

"What happened to Leah Thorne?" Hayden Crawford asked.

"Leah Thorne was taken to a private party."

Both Hayden Crawford and Justin Xavier were born as Crown Princes from noble and influential families; they hadn't attended such private parties but were well aware of their nature, "...It seems she's gotten quite idle lately, looking to stir things up."

"Don't just stay idle; it'll take me two hours to fly back, you head to the private party first."

"Justin Xavier, is this how you ask for my help?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Serena Sterling has already gone."

On the other end, Hayden Crawford fell silent for two seconds, then after two beeps, he ended the call.

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Serena Sterling arrived, it was on the outskirts of Aethelgard, where a sprawling private luxury vineyard was located. Now various luxury cars were parked outside the vineyard, and the inside was brightly lit, extravagantly indulgent.

Leah Thorne was inside.

Serena Sterling approached the entrance where attendants were distributing masks; everyone coming and going wore masks.

"Miss, what kind of mask would you like?" asked the attendant.

Serena Sterling glanced around; there were many types of masks available – foxes, rabbits, flames, demons, everything imaginable.

"Can I take any mask?"

"Yes, you can. However, men's masks and women's masks are the same. If you and a man choose the same mask, then you are in a master-servant relationship; the man is the master, the woman the servant. The master can request the servant to do anything, and the servant cannot refuse."

Serena Sterling had expected this; it wasn't as simple as taking any mask. From the moment she stepped in here, she was already participating in this game.

Serena Sterling's clear eyes looked at the attendant, "Why isn't it women as masters, and men as servants? Are you practicing gender discrimination here?"

The attendant was taken aback; no woman had ever dared to suggest women as masters and men as servants at these parties.

Men attending these parties were exclusively wealthy or noble, lacking for nothing. The women attending were all dressed to the nines, tacitly accepting these game rules, essentially using their youth and beauty to attract sponsors, becoming their playthings.

"Miss, this is our jungle rule here, survival of the fittest. If you prefer not to play, please leave immediately," said the attendant.

Serena Sterling's delicate lashes lowered as she reached out her slender, fair hand to choose a mask, "I'll play, I'll choose this mask."

The attendant noticed Serena Sterling chose a... little cat mask, quite uncommon.

Serena Sterling thought the little cat looked quite like Ronda, though not as cute as Ronda, she decided to go with it and put the little cat mask on her face.

Serena Sterling arrived at the entrance of the party; she attempted to enter but was stopped.

"Miss, sorry, please show your invitation."

"Invitation? I don't have one."

"Miss, then you cannot enter unless someone is willing to bring you inside."

"How can one bring someone along?"

The attendant pointed, and Serena Sterling followed his gaze. A girl without an invitation wearing a gauzy off-shoulder dress approached as a luxury car stopped. A potbellied executive wearing a mask emerged, and the girl quickly stepped forward, directly colliding with the potbellied executive.

"Ouch, that hurts," the girl exclaimed coquettishly.

"Little beauty, where does it hurt? Let me see," the executive laughed lustfully.

"Not here, it's too crowded. Once inside, I'll let you see."

"Alright, let's go, I'll take you in."

The potbellied executive embraced the girl in his arms, his hands and feet were not quite honest as he led her inside.

Does this actually work?

It was Serena Sterling's first time witnessing such a scene; truly extravagant and indulgent, but to rescue Leah Thorne, she had to get inside quickly.

At that moment, another potbellied executive wearing a mask walked over, alone; men attending these parties wouldn't bring lady companions.

Serena Sterling quickly stepped forward, but instead of colliding, she pretended to sprain her ankle, letting out an "Ouch."

The executive's attention was instantly drawn, even though Serena Sterling wore a mask, her slender, graceful figure, and elegantly pure aura were classic features of the college girl type, most favored by these corporate executives.

"Little beauty, are you alright, did you sprain your ankle?" The executive quickly advanced.

Serena Sterling looked up; it wasn't so difficult after all, her clear and deep black eyes gazed at the executive, her voice carrying a touch of daintily charming tone, "My foot really hurts."

Just as she finished speaking, a long Rolls-Royce business limo sped over, stopped, and the rear door opened, revealing a tall, handsome figure stepping into view.