

Substitute B 306

Chapter 306: Get Lost, Don't Touch Me!

Serena Sterling left the private estate and immediately saw Mr. Sterling and Iris Blue. The two were sitting in a luxury car, obediently not getting out, but they were clearly anxious and worried about her.

"Dad, Mom," Serena quickly ran over.

Mr. Sterling and Iris Blue immediately opened the car door and got out, both nervously grabbing her hand, "Serena, are you okay? Did you go into this private estate? This is not a good place for a proper girl like you. If you hadn't ordered us not to get out of the car, we'd have rushed in long ago."

Serena knew they would be worried, so she had given explicit instructions over the phone not to get out of the car. The two were like ants on a hot pan waiting in the car.

"Dad, Mom, I'm fine. Where's Leah? Did you pick her up?"

"We picked her up a long time ago. Leah was taken away by Justin Xavier. Leah refused to leave, but Justin forced her to go."

Serena finally relaxed, knowing Leah was safest with Justin Xavier.

"Serena, did someone bully you? Tell us, and we'll help you get back at them." Mr. Sterling asked.

Serena shook her head, "Dad, even if someone bullied me, I don't need you to get back at them for me. I can solve it myself. I am a Sterling daughter after all."

Upon hearing this, both Mr. Sterling and Iris Blue felt proud. They understood that young people today need freedom and space, and they must respect Serena's wishes.

"Serena, if there's anything you can't handle, you must tell us. We'll always be your strongest support."

"Yes, of course!"

"Serena, let's go home then."

"Dad, Mom," Serena suddenly stopped them, "I'll go home later. I need you to take me to a place first."

"Where?"

"The Crawford family!"

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The Crawford family.

Jude Crawford was in the study handling paperwork, and his personal butler, Riley Sutton, was there. Usually, no one was allowed to disturb him at this time.

Zelda Willow personally brewed a cup of coffee and came to the study door, knocking gently.

After a moment, Jude Crawford's deep and magnetic voice came from inside, "Come in."

Zelda Willow pushed the door open and entered.

Jude Crawford, dressed in a black shirt and trousers, sat on the office chair. Riley Sutton handed him a document respectfully. Jude focused on reading it, whispering something to Riley Sutton, who replied briefly.

As Zelda Willow entered, Riley Sutton stopped speaking, gathered the papers, nodded politely at Zelda Willow, and left.

The two were discussing something very private, but they stopped as soon as she arrived.

Earlier, Zelda Willow heard Riley Sutton mention "Madam." Although Riley's voice was quiet, Zelda was sure she didn't mishear.

He did say "Madam."

Riley Sutton had never called her "Madam," and Zelda knew the only "Madam" in Riley's eyes was Isabelle Willow.

Zelda Willow stepped forward, and only in front of Jude Crawford would she drop her high-and-mighty attitude and show her shy side, "Jude, I made you a cup of coffee."

Jude Crawford continued to look at the document in his hand, not bothering to glance at Zelda Willow. He calmly said, "Just put it down."

Zelda Willow placed the coffee down, her expression gradually turning a bit stiff as Jude showed no intention of acknowledging her. She felt like air, awkward and embarrassed.

However, Zelda Willow didn't leave and instead came to Jude Crawford's side, "Jude, you must be very tired. Let me give you a massage."

Zelda Willow's hand fell on Jude Crawford's broad and firm shoulder, gently kneading, and soon her hand slid down his shoulder...

Jude Crawford reached out, stopping her eager hand, "I still have work. Stop it and go to bed early."

"Jude, you can work tomorrow. Tonight... let's go to bed early together," Zelda Willow reached to hug his neck.

Jude Crawford avoided her touch, got up, and with his tall frame, stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, looking at the myriad lights outside.

Zelda Willow followed and hugged him from behind, clinging tightly, "Jude, are you still searching for... Yara?"

Years ago, Isabelle Willow jumped off a high platform into the open sea, and her body has never been found.

Jude Crawford remained silent, his deep eyes seemingly turbulent but on closer inspection, void of anything, "I don't want to hear her name again. Don't mention it anymore."

Jude Crawford wanted to push her away.

But Zelda Willow clung tightly, refusing to let go, "Jude, I've had enough of these days. For so many years, even though we've shared a room, you've never touched me. It's been almost twenty years. You've made me feel like a widow all these years!"

"Jude, all these years, did you not have any desire? I don't believe it. The longer Isabelle's been gone, the longer you've abstained. Let's end these days and stop living in her shadow!"

Back when Isabelle Willow left, Jude Crawford was only thirty, a man's prime and most vigorous years. But there was not a single woman by his side. He never touched her, nor anyone outside, unlike other CEOs who might maintain a mistress. His private life was extremely clean.

In the blink of an eye, so many years have passed. Zelda Willow doesn't know how this man managed to endure, living like a monk each day, maintaining an unapproachable calm and self-restraint, as if naturally indifferent to the passions between men and women.

But those are all lies!

Years ago, he built a private room for Jill, keeping Isabelle hidden like a treasure. When Isabelle was pregnant with Hayden Crawford, she was still very young, only 20 years old.

That night she went to the private room, where Isabelle was five months pregnant. She went to see Isabelle, and Jude was there with her in the room that night.

Zelda Willow will never forget that scene. The door wasn't fully closed, and she stood outside, peering through a crack, seeing Jude pressing down on Isabelle, his large hand weaving through her black hair, kissing her fiercely.

He seemed deeply enamored with kissing Isabelle, quickly leaving her flushed and breathless.

Isabelle viciously bit his lip, refusing to let go, as if wanting to bite a piece of flesh off. He felt the pain and groaned against her body.

He really did groan on her body, those deep, seductive groans making one blush and heartbeat fast.

Isabelle desperately pounded at him, trying to push him away, cursing, "Get off, you beast! I'm pregnant now, if you want to vent, find another woman, don't touch me!"