

Substitute B 61

Chapter 61: She Won't Go Home Tonight

Leah Thorne is a highly sought-after star, and whenever she goes out, she's secretly photographed by the media. So today, she wore very understated casual clothes.

Leah donned a white oversized T-shirt with a black shirt over it and carried a small, fringed Chanel-style bag. This was a simple outfit, but on Leah, it looked unique and full of vitality. Her long, exposed white legs were exceedingly eye-catching.

To avoid being recognized, Leah wore a baseball cap, her tea-colored curls lazily draping over her shoulders. Her palm-sized face was hidden behind large sunglasses, making her look discreet and low-profile. However, her alluring red lips and bright teeth caught everyone's eye as she walked through the airport.

Serena Sterling waved her little hand, her mood brightening, "Leah, over here."

Leah lifted her gaze and quickly walked over, reaching out to pinch Serena's stunning face. "Tsk, Serena, it's only been a few days, and you're dazzling me again."

Serena was quickly amused, "Same goes for you."

Leah's manager, Madame Goldie, was pushing a luggage cart and noticed many people taking out their phones to snap pictures. The combination of the southern Serena and northern Leah in the Four-nine City was too lethal. She had to remind and interrupt these two beauties' mutual compliments, "Leah, Miss Sterling, you're drawing too much attention. Let's get in the car first and chat later."

"Okay."

Serena and Leah left the airport hall, and a luxury van was already waiting for them. Madame Goldie put the luggage inside.

"Serena, let's get in the car." Leah pulled Serena to get inside.

Just then, a low, magnetic voice from behind said, "Where are you going? I'll take you."

Leah turned around, reached out to remove the large sunglasses hanging on her face, revealing a bright, sun-like smile. She looked Hayden Crawford up and down, like a family elder appraising a prospective in-law. Then she curled her lips, "Mr. Crawford, I've heard so much about you."

Turning to Madame Goldie, Leah said, "I didn't expect that I could instantly bask in the glory of my dear Serena being chauffeured by Mr. Crawford. Goldie, since Mr. Crawford's driving, you take my luggage to the Drunken Jade Joy."

Madame Goldie nodded, "Alright."

Hayden Crawford chivalrously opened the back door of the Rolls-Royce Phantom, "Please."

Serena got in the car, and Leah quickly leaned in, blinking playfully, whispering, "Serena, you've got good taste. This Mr. Crawford is indeed different in person, a mature and abstinent type."

In fact, Serena didn't want to get in the car, considering that a kiss earlier had left things awkward between her and Hayden. Now suddenly hearing Leah's meaningful description of "mature and abstinent," her fair earlobes blushed, "Leah, what nonsense are you talking about?"

At this moment, Hayden got into the car, ending the intimate conversation topic started by Leah between the two friends.

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The luxurious Rolls-Royce Phantom drove steadily towards Drunken Jade Joy. Serena looked at Leah beside her, "Leah, how long will you be staying this time?"

In the past two years, Leah's schedule has been full, with film shoots and various business events, including attending luxury brand fashion shows each season.

Leah thought for a moment, "For now, I'm not leaving. I plan to help you deal with those troublesome girls first."

Saying this, Leah looked at Hayden, who was driving, "Mr. Crawford, I heard you spent twelve billion for Yasmine. My dear Serena here wouldn't lay a hand on anyone, but I'm different. If I were to hit that troublesome Yasmine, would you feel distressed?"

Hayden glanced at Leah through the rearview mirror and then shifted his gaze to Serena's bright eyes, "I'm not familiar with her, do as you please."

This seemed more directed at Serena. She avoided his gaze.

At this moment, Leah linked arms with Serena, "Serena, we haven't seen each other for so long. Don't go back tonight, come back to Drunken Jade Joy with me and keep me company."

Before Serena could respond, Hayden quickly looked up, "Isn't that inappropriate?"

"What's inappropriate?"

"I remember you just met in Coralta, it hasn't been that long."

"One day apart feels like three autumns. Mr. Crawford, can't you grant a little leave? You can lavish twelve billion on a beauty, but my dear Serena can't keep her friend company, what reasoning is that?"

Hayden felt a headache, knowing that Serena's good friend Leah was doing this on purpose. "If Serena doesn't go back, there will be many people thinking about her, like Grandma, like Ronda..."

Leah briskly dismissed that, "That's their business."

Hayden said nothing more. His deep, narrow eyes landed on Serena's face with a burning intensity.

Serena understood his meaning, his silent plea for her to return home instead of spending time with Leah.

As expected, the grand president of The Crawford Group even used Grandma and Ronda as shields, but it was all his ploy.

Serena nodded, "Alright, Leah, I'll go with you. Mr. Crawford, please let Grandma know I won't be back tonight."

Hayden withdrew his gaze, looked out at the dazzling neon lights outside the window, and lightly said, "Just stay one night, and I'll pick you up tomorrow."

"That's not acceptable. How long Serena stays with me depends on her mood," Leah stated.

The man in front said nothing more, knowing it would be futile to protest. Surely, he wouldn't compete with her friend over this, right?

Serena glanced at Hayden, who sat in front. His handsome and refined face showed no emotional fluctuations, his white shirt sleeves rolled up twice, and his exquisite watch-adorned hand on the steering wheel, driving elegantly and charmingly.

However, Serena knew he was upset because she saw him unbutton a shirt button, enveloping himself in an aura of displeasure and gloom.

Serena looked away.

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Drunken Jade Joy.

Serena and Leah got out of the car. Leah politely said, "Thank you, Mr. Crawford. Goodbye, Mr. Crawford," then pulled Serena away without looking back.

Once they were in the elevator, Leah bragged, "It seems like Mr. Crawford got upset. He deserves it; as your family member, who else would stand up for you if I didn't?"

Serena indeed didn't want to deal with Hayden for now, thinking a bit of separation and cooling off would be beneficial for both of them.

Once inside the apartment, Leah lay on the couch smiling, "Looks like the night you returned from Coralta was quite satisfying for Mr. Crawford. Didn't you see his expression in the car when I said you're not going home? If not for your support, I would've been scared."

Serena's fair earlobe reddened, "We didn't do anything."

"Really? Serena, be honest, how far have you two gotten?"

"We..." Serena stammered evasively, "We just... kissed..."