

Substitute B 65

Chapter 65: Winning His Favor

Serena Sterling took out the Black Gold Card given to her by Hayden Crawford. Everyone knew this card—it was the ultimate symbol of wealth, personalized for its owner.

The sales assistant quickly took the card, enthusiastically saying, "Certainly, miss, please proceed here to check out."

Serena Sterling walked over to the cashier to pay.

Erica Hawthorne opened her mouth in disbelief. "How can that country bumpkin Serena Sterling have such a Black Gold Card? And just now, I saw a... 'Crawford' on the card."

Erica Hawthorne didn't know much about Hayden Crawford because she wasn't familiar with him.

However, in Bayside, upon seeing the name "Crawford," one would naturally think of the influential Hayden Crawford.

Yasmine Sterling always had the image of a delicate and dignified socialite. Now, a crack finally appeared on her face. What Erica Hawthorne just thought of, she had already realized—a Crawford possessing this Black Gold Card must be Hayden Crawford!

How did Serena Sterling get Hayden Crawford's card?

Serena Sterling settled the bill and walked out with Leah Thorne, arms full of shopping bags. The name Hayden Crawford was quite useful; just a card had turned the theatrical Yasmine Sterling and Erica Hawthorne into mute actors.

Serena Sterling stopped next to Yasmine Sterling, curled her lips into a smile, and softly said, "What's the skill in playing it coy? If you have guts, make it official."

Yasmine Sterling's face turned cold, looking a bit sinister and frightening. "You know Hayden Crawford? What's your relationship with him?"

"Yasmine Sterling, aren't you smart? Guess for yourself. A man gives his card to a woman to swipe; what do you think our relationship is?"

The same kind of venom that Lillian Sterling had appeared in Yasmine Sterling's eyes. She hated Serena Sterling and Leah Thorne!

Back then, Serena Sterling and Leah Thorne were known as the South Serena and North Leah, drawing attention wherever they went. Meanwhile, Yasmine Sterling next to them was like a background leaf—oh no, more accurately, like a close maidservant.

Serena Sterling looked with satisfaction at Yasmine Sterling's no-longer-hidden face and raised her eyebrows, "Do you regret it now? How were you so stupid back then to settle for just 1.2 billion? Wouldn't it have been better to ask Hayden Crawford for a Black Gold Card? Too bad, you'll never experience the thrill of swiping it freely."

Serena Sterling clicked her tongue, then left with Leah Thorne.

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Without turning back, Leah Thorne could guess how awful Yasmine Sterling's expression must be. "Serena, you're so mean! You didn't even tell Yasmine Sterling your relationship with Hayden Crawford, just leaving her to wonder and drive herself crazy."

That's the effect Serena Sterling wanted. She knew Yasmine Sterling too well; she was like a voyeur hiding in dark corners, with an extremely twisted and perverse psyche, eager for attention and vanity.

Now, gradually stripping her of her belongings and revealing her true self, Yasmine Sterling would surely go mad.

"Leah, where are we going now? We've already bought quite a lot."

Leah Thorne hummed, "Your spending records have likely already been sent to Mr. Crawford's phone."

Serena Sterling felt awkward; she acted impetuously with the card then, and now thinking back, she realized she had impulsively spent too much.

What would Mr. Crawford think upon receiving the spending notification?

Leah Thorne pulled Serena Sterling forward. "Serena, a woman who knows how to spend money makes men love and hate her in equal measure. What's Mr. Crawford scared of with his deep pockets?"

Serena Sterling couldn't argue.

Leah Thorne led Serena Sterling into a nail salon. "Come on, let's get our nails done."

Serena Sterling had never had a manicure before; she was always studying medicine and developing pills, leaving no time to doll herself up.

But now, since girls were starting to get manicures, she'd let herself become refined, as men couldn't resist refined women.

The nail technician asked, "Ladies, what kind of nail art would you like? Would you like any recommendations?"

Leah Thorne curved her bright red lips. "Thank you, we'll choose by ourselves."

Leah Thorne's fashion sense stood out in every field. With her there, recommendations were unnecessary.

"Serena, what do you like?"

Serena Sterling flipped through a nail art book, already dazzled by the variety of colors.

Leah Thorne pointed at a color. "How about this one?"

Leah Thorne pointed at pink, a particularly soft pink.

The nail technician couldn't help but commend, "This pink is the color of spring, perfect for young, pure girls."

Serena Sterling, pure to the extent of having a translucent quality, was young—exactly Hayden Crawford's type.

Leah Thorne winked at Serena Sterling and added in a whisper, "Straight men would definitely like it."

Straight... men?

Leah Thorne's implication was clear—Hayden Crawford was a straight man, and this rosy hue was what he liked.

Serena Sterling's fair little earlobes turned a tad red. "Leah, what color are you getting?"

Leah Thorne glanced through the nail art book. "As I've said, I have professional competence. I naturally choose a color my sponsor loves to please him."

As a close friend, Serena Sterling clearly knew that Leah Thorne's so-called "sponsor" was indeed... Justin Xavier.

Two years ago, after the coming-of-age ceremony, Leah Thorne moved out of the Xavier family, left Bayside, and entered the entertainment industry.

The entertainment industry was a huge melting pot; someone like Leah Thorne would likely be fought over by powerful figures. Behind Leah Thorne was Justin Xavier, who gave her a top-notch manager and public relations team, the best resources, five-star hotels, and luxury cars. Justin Xavier still spoiled her to an almost obsessive degree, calling her his little sister.

However, it was indeed true that Leah Thorne hadn't seen Justin Xavier for two years.

Leah Thorne hadn't returned to this Bayside for two years, and just now was her first meeting with Justin Xavier.

Serena Sterling leaned closer to Leah Thorne. "Young Master Xavier seems cold and aloof, even more unfriendly than Mr. Crawford. Does he like nail art?"

Leah Thorne didn't lift her head. "You've been fooled by his looks. He... once undressed, is a beast. Mr. Crawford harbors desire, but he... has a wild heart. Women adore the most beautiful things; of course, he'd be fond of the most flamboyant nail art."

"..."

Serena Sterling especially felt like sharing Leah Thorne's assessment with Justin Xavier.

At this moment, Leah Thorne pointed at a color. "I'll have this one."

Serena Sterling looked down, seeing Leah Thorne had chosen red, the boldest, nearly enchanting red.

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Serena Sterling had finished her manicure. When she glanced back, a tall and elegant figure stepped through the door—Justin Xavier had arrived.

"Young Master Xavier, over here." Serena Sterling curled her lips into a smile.

Justin Xavier walked in with long strides, his cold black eyes casually scanning the nail salon. "Where's Leah?"

"Leah is inside getting her nails done. She'll be finished soon."

Saying that, Serena Sterling slid the nail art book in front of Justin Xavier. "Young Master Xavier, which color do you think looks good?"