

## Substitute B 82

### Chapter 82: Carrying Her Home

The crowd was shocked, looking at Serena Sterling like she was insane, then turning their gaze to Mr. Crawford, who was known for warming beds with top-notch bedding.

Mr. Crawford stood outside the door with one hand in his pocket. Upon seeing the drunken Serena Sterling, he was already displeased, and now his eyebrows furrowed as he lightly pressed his thin lips together.

The young ladies of Bayside's elite circles were almost fainting with anger. Why Serena Sterling? What gives her the right to humiliate Mr. Crawford like this?

You devil, let go of Mr. Crawford, and let us have him!

The socialites suppressed the urge to tear Serena Sterling apart. Very well, she had already exposed herself, they just needed to keep pushing. "Serena Sterling, we remember you're married. Are you cheating with Mr. Crawford? Do you plan to divorce and be with Mr. Crawford afterward?"

Serena's little head was getting dizzier, barely able to hear what others were saying. She murmured, "Isn't this exciting? If your Mr. Crawford wants... a promotion, it depends on my mood!"

"..."

As soon as she finished speaking, the door to the luxurious private room was pushed open, and Mr. Crawford walked in with steady steps.

Serena raised her eyes at the sound. Huh, she seemed to see... Mr. Crawford.

How could this be?

Serena rubbed her dark eyes vigorously with her small fist.

The socialites jumped up, "Serena Sterling, look at you, your true colors are exposed!"

"Mr. Crawford, this Serena Sterling said... said you're her kept man. Unbelievable audacity!"

"Mr. Crawford, Serena Sterling has no intention of divorcing and promoting you. I think she's only after thrills and your wealth."

Outside the door, Yasmine Sterling smiled smugly. She never expected the drunk Serena to expose herself so completely. How could Mr. Crawford tolerate a shameless woman like her? A woman from the countryside with a husband to boot!

Bringing these young socialites to deal with Serena Sterling proved to be a wise and clever move today. Yasmine Sterling's eyes shone, waiting to witness the spectacle.

Mr. Crawford really came?

Serena quickly got up and walked towards Mr. Crawford, "Mr. Crawford..."

But her steps were unsteady, and after a few steps, she stumbled, almost falling.

Mr. Crawford reached out, pulling her into his arms. In a low, magnetic voice, he asked, "Had enough fun?"

Serena reached out to embrace Mr. Crawford's firm waist, looking up at him with her watery eyes, "Mr. Crawford, what did they say? They said... I'm after thrills, they also said I covet your... wealth..."

Outside, Yasmine Sterling froze. She didn't understand Mr. Crawford's attitude. Wasn't he supposed to be furious and kick Serena out?

Why was he holding Serena, and the drunken Serena was nestled in the man's strong arms—was she tattling?

What's so wrong about what they said?

Weren't those the very words she said?

Mr. Crawford looked at Serena, who in her drunkenness revealed a girlish innocence. Her clear eyes seemed to hold a spring-like innocence—somewhat innocent, somewhat aggrieved, somewhat pitiful—even her voice was sweet, completely different from her usual elegant and intelligent self.

Mr. Crawford lifted his hand and touched her head, "Isn't the thrill fun? The wealth of men is meant for women to enjoy."

Yasmine Sterling, "..."

The crowd, "..."

Initially, they thought Serena Sterling was arrogant enough, but more arrogance was yet to come—Mr. Crawford was even more arrogant.

The two of them outmatched each other in arrogance, making one's hair stand on end!

Serena was still unhappy, "But, they don't believe me. They don't believe... you are my kept man. I just... want to slap their faces..."

"Hmm." Mr. Crawford responded, "Whose face do you want to slap?"

Serena pointed with her eyes to the young socialites in the luxury room, then found Yasmine Sterling at the door and pointed heavily, "Them! Her!"

Mr. Crawford's deep narrow eyes casually swept over the circle of young socialites before resting on Yasmine Sterling's face. He lifted his thin lips, "Whatever she says goes. I am her kept man."

Hiss!

The young socialites gasped quickly, doubting their hearing.

What has happened to the world?

So contrary to imagination.

By the door, Yasmine Sterling was struck as if by lightning, her face turned deathly pale. The chilling words "I am her kept man" echoed in her ears, spoken by Mr. Crawford!

Who is Mr. Crawford?

A business mogul who ruled the commercial world since his teens, a mysterious figure capable of turning the tides in Bayside.

And yet here he was, indulging Serena Sterling like this.

The key point was, for Serena Sterling, he delivered such a fierce slap to her face!

Hayden Crawford fixed his gaze on the girl in his arms, his deep voice soothing and indulgent, "Now they've believed it, I've slapped your face for you, can we go back?"

Serena Sterling thought for a moment, "No, there's still Leah..."

Leah Thorne curved her red lips and shook her hand, "Serena, you go back, 88."

Before Serena Sterling could say anything, Hayden Crawford had already picked her up horizontally, and the two of them left the luxurious private room.

Yasmine Sterling wasn't willing to give up and quickly spoke in a soft and aggrieved voice, "Mr. Crawford..."

Hayden Crawford didn't look at her and left directly.

"Second Brother, why are you in such a hurry to take Serena Sterling back, are you planning to treat her well and make her official..." Seth Hawthorne cheekily and excitedly followed behind Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford, "Get lost!"

Seth Hawthorne stopped, clicking his tongue mentally; it seemed his second brother was bewitched by Serena Sterling!

...

The socialites in the luxurious private room came full of expectations but left disappointed.

They gathered around Yasmine Sterling, "Yasmine, what's going on? Wasn't Mr. Crawford spending twelve billion on you a few days ago? We all thought you were with Mr. Crawford, but now it seems Mr. Crawford likes Serena Sterling?"

Yasmine Sterling's face turned as pale as paper. The trap she set today not only failed to ensnare Serena Sterling but also backfired on her.

Now the entire circle of Bayside socialites knows Hayden Crawford has taken a liking to Serena Sterling, making the twelve billion he spent for Yasmine a laughing matter.

She finally understood, Hayden Crawford was Serena Sterling's biggest confidence!

Yasmine Sterling wanted to speak, but someone interjected,

"Can't you see? Yasmine Sterling has been abandoned, Serena Sterling is the new darling now."

Just now, when Mr. Crawford walked past her, he didn't even glance at her, treating her like air.

Mr. Crawford said he slapped the face for Serena Sterling, which means he was slapping Yasmine Sterling's face.

Let's go, after all, Mr. Crawford didn't spend twelve billion on us, so let's not foolishly be used as pawns for others.

These Bayside socialites were already jealous of Yasmine Sterling, and now that she's abandoned, they took the opportunity fueled by their anger towards Serena Sterling to mock and belittle Yasmine Sterling before swaying their hips and leaving.

Yasmine Sterling had never been treated so coldly before; she stood stiff, biting her gums until they bled.

At this moment, Yasmine Sterling spotted Justin Xavier and quickly called out, "Justin, what's going on between Serena Sterling and Mr. Crawford? Are you hiding something from me?"

Justin Xavier hadn't spoken yet when Leah Thorne came out of the private room; she immediately saw Justin Xavier standing outside, with Yasmine Sterling beside him.

Leah Thorne took the initiative to greet, "Brother."

Justin Xavier glanced sideways at Leah Thorne; his cool black eyes scanned her up and down, noticing her rather skimpy attire, he pursed his thin lips in displeasure, "Come over here, I'll send you home later."

Leah Thorne raised her hand to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear, lazily alluring, "Brother, you should focus on accompanying your sweetheart. Yasmine Sterling's chances of marrying Mr. Crawford seem slim, and your opportunity to become official has arrived, good luck."

Leah Thorne turned and walked away.

Justin Xavier quickly knitted his brows, and at this moment, Yasmine Sterling called out impatiently, "Justin, you haven't answered my question."

Justin Xavier continued watching Leah Thorne's graceful figure disappear, not casting any attention on Yasmine Sterling's face, and replied indifferently, "That's Hayden's private matter; you can ask him yourself, I'm not at liberty to disclose."

"Justin, you're speaking to me like this now, with perfunctory and impatience. Is it because Leah Thorne has returned?"

Yasmine Sterling couldn't endure any man or men treating her this way; all men should have their eyes on her.

At that moment, Justin Xavier turned his head, lifted his handsome eyelids, and gave Yasmine Sterling a deep glance, "Regarding you and Serena Sterling, I'm not interested. Don't set your sights on people you shouldn't."

Yasmine Sterling's heart jumped; over the years of knowing him, Justin Xavier had almost always been responsive to her requests, perceived by outsiders as having affection for her.

He rarely spoke harshly to her, except when... it concerned Leah Thorne.

Leah Thorne was his untouchable weakness, off-limits to anyone.

At this point, Seth Hawthorne ran out from the luxurious private room, "Damn, Justin, I just checked the cocktail Serena Sterling drank, it was 'one-night-stand,' the new drink I just brought back. Who was so blind to send it in? Will Second Brother beat me up?"

'One-night-stand,' literally translates to one-night stand, but means aphrodisiac wine.

Yasmine Sterling's expression changed; she hadn't expected the cocktail Serena Sterling drank was aphrodisiac wine, meaning tonight she and Hayden Crawford...

Justin Xavier didn't say a word and turned to leave.

"Justin, where are you going?"

Do you need to ask? Justin Xavier was going to find Leah Thorne.

Serena Sterling drank 'one-night-stand,' did Leah Thorne drink it?