

Substitute B 83

Chapter 83: It Hurts, You Hurt Me

Leah Thorne went to the bathroom, splashed some cold water on her face, and stepped out.

As she walked along the corridor, a wealthy heir approached from the opposite direction. Upon seeing Leah, his eyes were fixed on her, "Beauty Thorne, you're back in Bayside?"

The wealthy heir ogled Leah. When she left at 18, she hadn't yet blossomed, but over the past two years she had become like a blooming rose. Her bright and exquisite features housed a captivating pair of eyes, and her luscious red lips exuded a deadly allure to men.

The heir lingered over Leah's figure, which even foreign media had labeled as naturally enchanting. The vintage burgundy court-style outfit highlighted her porcelain skin, while her tea-colored, wavy hair cascaded lazily over her shoulders, adding a touch of allure and elegance.

"Beauty Thorne, you've become a huge star over the past two years. We only get to see you on TV. Since we're so lucky to meet today, let me buy you a drink," the heir leered.

Leah halted, her enticing eyes meeting his gaze, "There are plenty of men wanting to buy me a drink. Who do you think you are?"

The heir's face darkened, "Leah Thorne, don't flatter yourself. You're just an actress, ready to have a drink with whoever pays the most!"

Leah lazily smiled, "Since you know I have a market price, go check my rates. If you want me to drink with you, see if you have enough in your pocket first."

"You!"

The heir felt humiliated. Once sheltered under Justin Xavier's protection, Leah had been delicate and soft, like a budding flower. Now, she was aloof, proud, seductive, and coldly beautiful, like a red rose covered in thorns.

Such women easily sparked an inherent desire for conquest in men.

The heir's eyes glinted with sleazy determination, "Leah Thorne, you're merely the Xavier family's adopted daughter. Justin Xavier shielded you when you debuted, escorting you all the way. You better ensure he continues to favor you, or else, once you're abandoned with a face and body like yours, you'll definitely become a man's plaything!"

Leah looked at him, "As a woman, it's my business how to earn Justin Xavier's favor. As a man, you should focus on defeating Justin yourself and becoming my patron, rather than waiting to pick up scraps behind him. I really look down on you."

"..."

The heir hadn't expected Leah to be so sharp-tongued, hitting his weak spots with every word. Seeing no one around, he thought he could get away with doing something to her then.

Once such evil thoughts surfaced, they were uncontrollable. The heir quickly stepped forward, reaching out to grab Leah, "Leah Thorne, today I'm going to taste what the number one beauty in Bayside is like!"

Leah sneered. As the salty pig hand approached, she stood still, not moving an inch.

The next moment, a cold, chilling voice came from behind, "Try touching her, if you dare!"

The heir's hand froze midair, unable to advance further. He looked up and immediately saw Justin Xavier approaching.

Justin Xavier stood in a black coat, facing the light. His handsome face was shrouded in the dim light, unclear, but his icy gaze landed on the heir's face, his eyes as dark as spilled ink, cold as a deep abyss.

The heir felt a chill run down his spine and quickly withdrew his hand, "Young Master Xavier, you've got it wrong, I... I have no intentions toward Beauty Thorne, just wanted... just wanted to shake her hand..."

Justin walked over, standing by Leah's side, and casually spoke, "Whichever hand wanted to shake hers, go cripple it yourself."

The heir's face turned ghostly pale. Compared to the low-key, mysterious Hayden Crawford, the real noble family in Bayside was the Xavier family. As the young lord of this generation, Justin's swift and resolute methods instilled fear and reverence in others.

"You guys have fun, I'm leaving." Leah lost interest in watching and turned to leave.

Justin watched her graceful figure and quickly followed, saying on his way out, "Do it yourself, if I have to send someone, you'll find that losing one hand would be my greatest mercy toward you."

Soon, the pathetic cries of the heir crippling his own right hand echoed from behind.

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As Leah reached the corner, her slender, white wrist was suddenly grabbed by a large hand from behind, "Leah."

Leah stopped and looked up at Justin, curling her red lips, "Brother, do you need something?"

Justin looked at the false smile on her lips, scolding quietly, "Don't come to places like this again. Come home with me now!"

"Why, brother? I'm an adult. Why can't I go to bars? Yasmine Sterling came too, why don't you worry about her?"

"You're not the same as her. You're much more eye-catching, don't you see it yourself?" Justin cut her off coldly.

Leah lowered her long, fan-like lashes, "Oh, I'll just assume you were complimenting me. Thanks. Can you let go of me now?"

Justin took in her small, bright face and glanced at her outfit, noting her shapely legs exposed.

Leah naturally caught his gaze, realizing his look was no different from the heir's earlier. She pulled her wrist back forcefully, "Don't look at me with those eyes as if you want me!"

Justin chuckled faintly, "Then don't dress like that anymore. It's not your fault you're eye-catching, but dressing provocatively makes you seem intentional."

Leah retorted, "The lecherous see lechery!"

"If I hadn't shown up earlier, what were you planning to do?"

"You would've shown up. I know it," Leah said, turning to leave directly.

But Justin's defined fingers locked onto her smooth shoulder, pushing her hard against the wall, trapping her in his embrace.

Leah's delicate back hit the wall, causing pain. Her watery eyes gazed at him, "It hurts, you're hurting me."

This girl, raised and spoiled by him, was so fragile, unable to bear the slightest pain.

Suddenly, his mind flashed back to the day of her 18th birthday, in his room; she had nestled softly in his arms, tears brimmed in her eyes, telling him how much she hurt.

Justin swallowed, his icy black eyes tinged with a passionate red, "Don't tell me it hurts. If it hurts, bear it."

Leah frowned.

"Leah, don't rely on my favor to do as you please, understand?"

Leah looked at him, "I rely on your love. If ever I sense you truly no longer love me, I naturally won't do as I please anymore."