

Substitute B 861

Chapter 861: She Fell Into His Arms

Leah raised her eyebrows slightly, she didn't think Serena's children would only play around now, of course, she wouldn't fall in love either.

"Serena, I am a big star, very busy, every move is watched by those paparazzi, so I have no time for romance. Besides, your children are also mine, I have two godsons and one goddaughter!" Leah said with a laugh.

Serena realized that Leah was avoiding this topic, or rather, avoiding the subject of men.

The last time in Bayside, she already developed a strong aversion to men, and it seemed this period of time had neither alleviated her feelings nor slowed down but rather intensified.

Serena had treated many people before, but this time she didn't know how to treat Leah.

Sometimes, she wished Justin Xavier could stay far away from Leah, but other times, she felt only Justin could cure Leah.

That was Justin's and Leah's world, she was just an outsider, unable to enter.

"Leah..."

Serena wanted to speak, but Leah directly interrupted her, she held a teacup, walked to the window, and looked at the bright sunshine outside, "Serena, besides men, we have many pursuits, I rarely give myself a vacation, so let's not discuss men~"

Serena could only stop, she went to Leah's side and reached out to hug Leah's slender arm.

Very soon, Serena sensitively noticed Leah suddenly stiffen, she looked up and saw outside on the street a speeding extended luxury business car.

Now the elites from various countries had come over, and the street was filled with luxury cars, but this luxurious car quickly attracted a lot of attention, drawing extra attention.

At this moment, the rear window of the business car slowly lowered, and a familiar handsome face jumped into view, it was... Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier had arrived!

Serena was not surprised that Justin would come, because Leah was here, he was still wearing a fitting black suit today, a pair of gold-framed glasses on his handsome face, looking elegant and fresh, particularly young and striking.

However, he didn't come alone, he had someone with him, a very young and pretty girl.

The girl sat beside Justin, tightly holding Justin's strong arm, her young and tight body seemingly eager to stick to Justin.

The girl looked at Justin with love and admiration, gently leaning on him saying something, Justin slightly curled his thin lips, looking quite affectionate.

With just one glance, the business car sped away, disappearing from sight.

Serena knew during this period Justin had dated many girlfriends, he who used to have only Leah by his side started changing women like changing clothes, "Leah, is that Justin's new flame?"

Leah's gaze fell on the silhouette of the business car, her delicate face showed no emotional waves, just lazily replied, "Hmm, that new flame looks familiar, seems to be a budding star recently popular in the entertainment circle, she has good resources, starred in several big productions, everyone says she has a powerful patron behind her, now it appears, this patron is Justin Xavier."

Serena looked at Leah, worry subtly flashed in her bright eyes.

Leah curled her red lips, "Serena, what are you staring at me for, I'm fine, though I'm the old flame who's been abandoned, my patron has found a new love and started promoting someone else, but, this can no longer affect me today."

...

Serena and Leah were pulled into a room to start training.

The trainer was not Seraphina Linden, but Seraphina's confidante, Charmaine.

"Serena, Leah, do you know what kind of men most attract women?" Charmaine asked with a smile.

Serena only had half-baked knowledge about affairs of the heart, her only teacher being Hayden Crawford, now Charmaine's enthusiasm seemed to want to teach her, she could only blink her bright eyes curiously at Charmaine.

Charmaine mysteriously laughed, "Of course, it's... men who are well-equipped and skilled... that most attract women."

Serena, "..."

Charmaine was too straightforward here!

"Serena, don't show such a naive look, come, sister will teach you how to evaluate men's skills, once you've learned, all men will appear to be naked in your eyes despite wearing clothes!"

"..."

Serena stood up abruptly, showing an urgent expression, turned around, and ran away.

"Hey, Serena!"

Serena ran away, leaving Charmaine and Leah in the room, Charmaine looked Leah up and down several times, repeatedly exclaiming, "Leah, your figure is truly a natural enchantress."

Compared to Serena's awkwardness, Leah was much more composed and graceful, "Thank you for the compliment."

"Come, no need to thank, Leah, wear these clogs, I'll teach you to walk a few steps."

Charmaine put high clogs on Leah, making her sway her waist as she walked.

"One, two, three, lift."

With Charmaine's tempo, Leah started walking with a lazy and soft seductive gait, Charmaine praised continuously, Leah was indeed talented.

Charmaine stepped out, Leah practiced walking alone, when the door suddenly opened with a creak, someone came in.

It should be Charmaine returning.

The master came, as the apprentice one must work hard.

Leah immediately straightened her beautiful back, she was originally a darling of the fashion world, now following Charmaine's teaching, with smooth and vibrant chest sticking out, the slender waist swaying, pert little hips swinging, walking with an S-shaped seductive charm.

She was very satisfied with herself, after a round she turned back, charm-filled eyes looked at the coming person Charmaine, is this apprentice not bad?

In the next second, she completely froze.

It wasn't Charmaine, it was... Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier suddenly appeared!

Silently, unexpectedly.

Justin Xavier walked in, closed the door with a flip of his hand, one hand in his pocket, he was looking at her, his gaze slid down, giving another look at her graceful youthful curves.

His gaze was obscure, flickering with dark heat.

Since the last farewell in Bayside, this was the first time the two had met, Leah truly hadn't anticipated that the one who was just in the business car tenderly with the new starlet would suddenly appear before her.

Thinking about how she had just worked hard to sway a bit, Leah lifted her hand and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, "President Xavier, why are you here?"

She broke the silence first, even took a step forward.

But she forgot she was still wearing clogs, as soon as she lifted her foot, she didn't stand steady, and her soft body directly fell forward.

A capital "Oops."

Leah waited for her intimate contact with the ground, at this moment a strong arm looped over, grabbed her soft waist, and pulled her into a dignified, firm embrace.

She crashed into his arms.

Chapter 862: Is He Your Biological Brother or Your Boyfriend?

Leah Thorne's body stiffened, and she quickly stood straight, trying to push him away.

At this moment, a low chuckle came from above her head, "You twisted quite well just now."

Justin Xavier's mind was filled with the scene he had just seen upon entering. She twisted her small waist and charming hips, her exquisite body swaying like a willow branch without bones. He was surrounded by beautiful women, not lacking in seductive ones, but they didn't have that effortless femininity that originated from deep within her. Her innate elegance was vibrant and enticing to him.

He was complimenting her.

However, this compliment was a bit suggestive.

Leah Thorne raised her hand to press against his muscular chest, "President Xavier, please let me go first."

Justin Xavier did not let go, but instead whispered, "You twisted quite well just now, twist a few more steps for me to see."

"..." No way!

Leah Thorne wanted to refuse, but Justin Xavier held onto her soft waist, turned her around, and urged her to take a few more steps.

Leah Thorne felt a bit... embarrassed. He was behind her, holding her soft waist, gently pushing her forward. She resisted, unwilling to walk, her body uneasily twisting, trying to break free from him.

At this moment, her waist tightened, and his low, hoarse voice sounded above her, "Still rubbing?"

"..."

Only then did Leah Thorne realize how suggestive their posture was. Her beautiful back was pressed against his chest, rubbing through the thin fabric.

Anyone unaware might think she was seducing him.

Heaven knows, she's an innocent good girl!

Leah Thorne tilted her delicate, charming little face to look at him, her enticing eyes carrying a faint and lazy smile, "President Xavier, let go."

Justin Xavier held her from behind, his handsome eyebrows lowered, "What if I don't let go?"

"If President Xavier doesn't let go, then I'll... keep rubbing against you, it seems like President Xavier is... quite afraid of me rubbing against you."

Justin Xavier looked at her; he was indeed afraid she would deliberately rub against him, so he raised his hand and released her.

Leah Thorne quickly stepped back a few steps, creating distance between them.

The playful heat between them dissipated as well.

"President Xavier, why are you here? Are you perhaps here to unwind with your new fling?" Leah Thorne chatted.

Justin Xavier reached out and tugged at his collar, "I'm here to see you."

"See me?"

Justin Xavier casually hummed, his cold, dark eyes deep as a bottomless abyss, "You came to Phoenix Plume Pavilion for what? When I came in earlier, I saw that... Charmaine. What did she teach you? Teach you to twist your hips here, teach you how to seduce men?"

While speaking, Justin Xavier looked her up and down, then curled his thin lips into a mocking and devilish smile, "All these things, do you really need someone to teach you?"

These were things she naturally possessed, inherently gifted, no need for teaching.

Leah Thorne felt that his words were sarcastic, a bit unpleasant; he seemed quite displeased.

"Charmaine taught me a lot, she even taught me a bit of kung fu."

Kung fu?

Upon hearing these words, Justin Xavier's handsome brow twitched.

Leah Thorne curled her red lips and slowly said, "Charmaine said all girls should learn some kung fu, bedroom kung fu, otherwise, how are they going to conquer men in the future?"

Bedroom... kung fu?

Justin Xavier knew the "kung fu" from her little mouth wasn't a proper term; he'd already guessed it.

Now she was staring at him, her alluring eyes filled with provocation.

Justin Xavier put one hand in his pants pocket, "Heh," a low and hoarse laugh rolled out from his throat, "You should have Charmaine teach you how to accept men, how not to be frigid. Right now, how are you going to conquer men—by playing dead? Just lying down to win?"

"..." This man's mouth is truly venomous.

Leah Thorne no longer wanted to talk to him.

At this moment, the door creaked open, and Charmaine walked in.

"Oh my, I just stepped out for a moment, how come there's another handsome guy in the room when I come back?" Charmaine cheerfully looked at Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier was elegantly gentle yet indifferent, his face showing no emotional fluctuations. He didn't look at Charmaine, just stood tall and handsome in place, his gaze falling on Leah Thorne's charming face.

"Leah, who is this?" Charmaine asked curiously.

"Oh, he's my brother." Leah replied.

"Leah, I never heard you had a brother. Is he your real brother or your romantic brother?" Charmaine teased.

"Charmaine, I'm not talking to you anymore!" Leah feigned anger, directly cutting off the topic.

"Alright, alright, brother, we're still in training, you should hurry out." Charmaine invited Justin Xavier to leave.

Justin Xavier looked at Leah Thorne.

Charmaine directly pushed Justin Xavier out, "Still looking! Still looking! As if you can't get enough! Hurry up!"

...

Justin Xavier left, and Charmaine flirted with Leah Thorne, "Leah, is he your romantic brother? Quite nice, a rare gem in the world."

Leah Thorne fluttered her charming eyelashes, "Charmaine, how do you know he's a rare gem in the world?"

Charmaine mysteriously said, "Your romantic brother's waist and abdomen are tight and narrow, six-pack abs, perfect Adonis lines. The latest research also shows that they have strong desires, like women, enjoy women, and most importantly, can satisfy women more."

"..." Leah Thorne was knowledgeable about love affairs and good at banter, but she lacked experience. Hearing Charmaine's words now, it felt like learning more than ten years, as if a new world had opened.

Turns out, there's such a thing!

Amazing!

"Charmaine, he's... not that extraordinary, maybe you misjudged."

Charmaine winked at Leah Thorne, "So what were you two doing in the room just now? He walked out with hands in his pockets, dare you let him take his hands out of his pockets?"

"..."

She and Justin Xavier hadn't done anything earlier, but it seemed he had a physical reaction, so he put his hands in his pockets to suppress it, otherwise, it would be difficult to leave the room.

--A short daily story about Jude and Isabelle--

Realizing he was getting lost in nonsense, Jude Crawford quickly furrowed his heroic sword-like eyebrows, speaking with a severe and rigid tone, "Just talk, why so close? Stay away from me!"

He reached out, wanting to push her away a bit.

At this moment, Isabelle Willow suddenly leaned over and gave his handsome cheek a big kiss.

Suddenly kissed again, Jude Crawford stiffened, "..."

Isabelle Willow looked very delicate; now she stood on tiptoes, leaning against the man's chest, with a stunning small face and eyes smiling, looking at him as if nestled in his arms, "Is this... what you meant by... seducing?"

"You..." Jude Crawford had many women flocking to him, but none as bold as her, she was the first.

Isabelle Willow raised her little hand, wrapped it around his neck, and gave his left cheek another big kiss, "What should I do? Since you've seen through me, I'll just confess openly: I'm seducing you!"

Chapter 863: Heaven's Secrets Must Not Be Revealed

Leah knew that Justin Xavier always stood out in a crowd, drawing the gazes of those women, but she never expected Charmaine's eyes to be so sharp, seeing everything.

"Leah!" At this moment, Charmaine mysteriously took out a book and winked ambiguously at Leah, "Come, I feel like my Serena has no talent for this, but you're different. This is a treasure that our boss lady treasures dearly, and now I'm giving it to you. To keep a man like your love interest, bedroom skills are essential. Take it back and study it well. With your talent, I guarantee you'll master it in no time."

This was the secret manual Seraphina Linden had painstakingly acquired, not given to Serena Sterling, but now passed to Leah Thorne.

Leah, "..."

...

Leah rushed out, declaring that she couldn't provoke this, couldn't handle it!

At this moment, a maid approached, handing over a wallet, "Miss Thorne, this wallet was left by the gentleman who just came looking for you, please return it to him."

Leah glanced down; it was Justin Xavier's wallet.

He had left it here earlier.

Leah reached out and took the wallet, "Alright, I will return it to him."

"Thank you, Miss Thorne." The maid left.

Leah lowered her feathered lashes like a dense comb and opened his wallet. She soon paused because she saw a photo inside his wallet.

It was a very small photo, from a long time ago, hidden in the inner pocket of his wallet.

In the photo... was her.

Looking at the photo of her younger self, Leah was momentarily lost, for she hadn't seen the girl in the photo for many years.

Back then, she was still the cherished daughter of the Thorne family, wearing a bright red sweater, her hair braided like a princess, beaming radiantly in the bright sunlight, more charming than a flower.

Back then, she was still very young, her family hadn't fallen apart, she hadn't been wandering destitute, nor had she been heartbroken.

Back then, there was no Justin Xavier in her life.

How did he have a photo of her from her childhood?

Why did he cherish a photo of her from her childhood?

When a man keeps a woman's photo in his wallet all the time, what does that mean?

Could it be that he loves her?

Could his love have even come earlier than hers?

For years, Leah always thought he didn't love her, that all his affection for her was just to destroy, but last time in Bayside, she was puzzled.

Now, she's even more puzzled.

She thinks she's found the answer.

...

Serena Sterling hid outside for a moment, then she heard a voice from outside, "Fortune telling, fortune telling, I'm Master Zayne, the 180th generation descendant of XX sect, only telling fortunes to those with fate."

Serena opened the window and looked downstairs.

Downstairs stood an old monk, in tattered clothes, yet having the appearance of a sage—it was Master Zayne.

At this moment, Master Zayne looked up at Serena, "This benefactor, you and I have fate. I can give you a divination."

Serena slowly hooked her red lips, her bright, clear eyes sparkling. She had heard stories about this old charlatan Master Zayne in many tales and hadn't expected to run into him now.

Alright, let's have a divination then!

Master Zayne was invited up and sat face to face with Serena.

Master Zayne chuckled, "Lady benefactor, I wandered here and have fate in your destiny. Now I can give you a marriage divination, how about it? My divination is very cheap, just a little gold is needed."

Quite fond of money.

Serena smiled with arched eyes, "As the proverb says, those who are destined to meet will meet even across a thousand miles. Light gold won't do, I'll definitely prepare a hefty reward."

Master Zayne's eyes sparkled with dollar signs, wanting to give Serena a thumbs up, such a considerate child!

"Lady benefactor, then I will give you a divination now..."

Serena suddenly waved her little hand, she said, "Master, I don't want a divination for myself. I want a divination for someone else. I want to know about Uncle Hayden and Aunt Yara's future."

Master Zayne was stunned, shaking his head, "This is a secret of heavens, unspeakable."

"Fine, then let me change it, Master. Can you tell me where Hayden Crawford is right now?"

Master Zayne was again stunned, shaking his head, "This is also a secret of heavens, unspeakable."

The bright fragments in Serena's eyes suddenly turned sharp, and she slammed the table, snorting sweetly, "You, high-ranking monk, you have no sincerity at all. This you can't say, that you can't say either. Are you a charlatan cheating people?"

Master Zayne looked at the suddenly changed-face Serena and was stunned. This... it's true what they say, women's faces change faster than books. Master Zayne was so surprised, he felt Serena gave him a vivid lesson.

"Someone, see the guest out!"

See the guest out?

Master Zayne couldn't believe it, feeling that all his life of schemes and learned skills, he hadn't even displayed them in front of Serena Sterling, and he was already being sent away?

He's a high monk!

And now he's in vain!

At this moment, Cherie spoke up, "Master, please leave immediately."

"This..."

"Oh right, my lady said, we can't let the master come in vain, as you leave, we'll gift you something."

Master Zayne's eyes lit up again, he knew what he was saying, a wise child, truly a wise child!

Cherie took something out, when Master Zayne saw it, it was... a tape.

Cherie laughed, "Master, my lady said, given that it's the secret of heavens, it shouldn't be revealed. Those who reveal secrets surely have shortened life. My lady is kind-hearted, afraid you'll die early, so she gifts you this tape. Use it to seal your mouth, avoid talking carelessly in the future."

"..."

...

Master Zayne was kicked out of Phoenix Plume Pavilion, he was really furious, unbelievable, he spent his life telling fortunes, and he was tricked by this Alani lady!

It's true what the master said, the world is hard to raise both women and villains!

Then Master Zayne saw an extended luxury business car slowly approaching, the windows didn't roll down, hiding the people inside.

Master Zayne smiled, truly delightful.

Wife's debt, husband pays.

Master Zayne immediately rushed over, quite exhibiting a potential for staging an accident.

The screeching sound of brakes rang, the driver's side window rolled down, and the driver's face looked unpleasant, saying, "Old monk, can't you watch where you're walking? Do you have a death wish?"

Master Zayne smiled apologetically, "Sorry, sorry, I won't die now. I've roughly estimated I can live another hundred years, not more."

Saying so, Master Zayne moved to the rear window, extending his chubby hand to knock on the window, eagerly marketing himself, "Benefactor, seeing as you and I have fate today, I can give you a marriage divination."

It was silent in the back seat—no sound at all.

Chapter 864: The Crawford Family's Little Princess, Willow Crawford

The rear car window did not slide down either, making the people inside appear deep and mysterious.

Master Zayne, the high monk, wasn't in a hurry, waiting with a cheerful smile.

Just then, one of the attendants inside spoke, "My master says, 'Ah, it's Master Zayne, I've heard much about you.' "

Master Zayne chuckled; he had decided that he liked this kid...because he has good taste!

"Benefactor, it seems we are indeed fated to meet. How about this, today, I'll give you a free fortune reading."

"My master says that a fortune reading from Master Zayne is worth a fortune, so how could my master let you do it for free?"

Master Zayne nodded, see, this one appreciates value.

"If you really feel uncomfortable, you could invite me to a meal, hehe."

"My master said, how could one meal suffice? Has Master Zayne heard of the Phoenix Plume Pavilion?"

What does that mean?

With Serena's previous experience in mind, Master Zayne suddenly felt uneasy.

"The Phoenix Plume Pavilion is a place where men spend fortunes, a single lady inside is worth a kingdom. With Master Zayne traveling here today, it's truly fateful for my master. He has already spent a fortune to invite the most beautiful and best top women to serve Master Zayne well tonight."

"..."

Master Zayne looked at the sleek rear car window, as if he could feel a pair of deep, narrow eyes inside, like two cold abysses, almost drawing him in.

Without saying a word, Master Zayne turned and ran.

"Master, why are you leaving? The girls are here, and today you'll definitely get to break some rules and enjoy!"

The charming ladies of the Phoenix Plume Pavilion rushed out and grabbed Master Zayne.

Master Zayne hurriedly refused, "Let me go, help, I am a monk, Amitabha."

But it was too late to call on Buddha now; a girl had already impatiently planted a big red lip print on his face...

Master Zayne, "..."

It's over, he's broken his vow!

It's over, he's defiled!

Master Zayne was dragged into the Phoenix Plume Pavilion, looking back every few steps, inwardly lamenting how he was bullied by this couple.

The day of disaster, what an utter disgrace!

But, the monk's revenge story, ten years is not too late, in the future, he will surely have a good talk with their fine son, the Dragon Scion!

Hmph!

...

Stella came, at night, Serena took Stella to roam the streets.

She had given birth to three children, and had been very busy lately, plus both Caden and Pip weren't clingy seemingly having endless important things to do, only Stella was truly her little cotton jacket.

Stella had always been with Seraphina, so tonight she was out playing with mommy.

On the bustling street, Stella wore a pink princess dress and was blowing bubbles with bubble water in her hand.

The bubbles flew far with the gentle breeze, appearing multi-colored under the brilliant neon lights.

Giggling.

Stella laughed happily.

Passersby saw little Stella and collectively exclaimed, "Oh my, whose adorable child is that? So pretty, she's already so beautiful, who knows how stunning she will grow to be, captivating the whole country."

"Mommy~ Mommy~"

Little Stella called in her sweet voice, rushing to hug Serena's leg.

Today Serena wore a rainbow-colored lace sweater, a bright and cheerful color, with her pure black hair flowing down, slung a little Chanel bag over her shoulder, slim and lively, naturally drawing all eyes on them.

Such a high-looking mother-daughter pair attracted everyone's attention.

Serena bent down, holding little Stella in her arms, giving her little face a kiss, "Did Stella have fun today?"

"Fun~ Fun~" Stella tilted her head, gazing at Serena, "Mommy, are you unhappy?"

"Not at all~"

Stella cupped Serena's face with her small hands, "Mommy, don't be sad, daddy's not dead, grandma says so too, plus I can feel that he's with us right now~"

Serena's heart was filled with warmth; when Hayden Crawford got into trouble, she firmly believed he was still alive, and she wasn't alone.

Everyone around her felt the same, believing Hayden was still alive.

She doesn't need any sadness or consolation because life goes on, they all have to bravely look forward, she only needs strength.

Right now, everyone around her provided her with this strength.

Serena nodded firmly, "Yes, mommy also believes daddy is alive, when he returns, our family of five will be together again, never to part."

"Great~ Great~" Stella clapped happily.

"Stella, actually your daddy has already named you, he used the character 'Hua', so you're called Willow Crawford."

'Hua', a description of a woman beautiful enough to overthrow a kingdom, little Willow Crawford, now a budding beauty, who knows how many young noblemen she will captivate when she grows up.

Serena suddenly felt emotional, as if her story with Mr. Crawford was coming to an end, and a new era for the children was beginning.

Willow Crawford was the Crawford family's little pearl in their palm, with two brotherly fans who adored their sister, making her a true little princess.

But, who knows what kind of people this little princess will meet, what stories she will play out.

"Willow, great, great, I love this name, from now on mommy can call me Willow." Little Willow was a crowd-pleaser.

Being with this little cotton jacket, Serena's mood greatly improved, at this time they reached a bus stop, and a bus halted, the driver called out, "Get on quick if you're going home, this is the last bus, the final trip home!"

Little Willow's eyes lit up, "Mommy, this bus is so big, it looks so cool, can we get on?"

Little Willow usually traveled by private car, so she found the bus novel.

Serena certainly couldn't refuse little Willow's request, she nodded, "Sure~"

Serena boarded the bus holding little Willow, inserted a coin, then sat at a window seat.

This spot felt familiar; she had sat here years ago in Bayside, riding a bus just like this, Hayden driving a sports car chasing after her.

Then, it was also the last bus home, now she was taking her daughter for the ride.

Little Stella enjoyed herself greatly, also felt exhausted, Serena wiped her sweat and let her drink some water, shortly Stella fell asleep in her mommy's arms.

Serena kissed her daughter's forehead, then lifted her eyes, her limpid eyes falling on the bus window, where she saw a familiar figure, still tall and upright.

Chapter 865: Mr. Crawford Is Back!

Serena Sterling froze, her gaze locked on that figure and couldn't look away at all, Hayden Crawford... Hayden Crawford...

This figure was so familiar, familiar to the bone; she couldn't be mistaken.

A crystalline mist quickly formed in Serena's bright eyes, she was happy, really happy, and her vibrant red lips slowly curved up, Hayden Crawford... Hayden Crawford returned.

He finally came back!

Serena twitched her flushed little nose, then trembled as she reached out her small hand to touch the figure on the car window.

But just as her soft finger pads touched it, that tall, straight figure suddenly vanished.

Disappeared.

What happened?

Where is Hayden Crawford?

Serena's little hand touched the car window, cold and without any warmth, she abruptly awakened, it was just her illusion.

He didn't come back.

He still hasn't come back.

All of a sudden, the tears in Serena's eyes burst forth, her delicate shoulders trembling, crying uncontrollably.

She had been so strong during this time, not mentioning Mr. Crawford with a single word, but there was a wound in her heart, so painful that it couldn't be touched, a touch would bring heart-wrenching pain.

Hayden Crawford, her Mr. Crawford...

Why hasn't he returned yet?

Serena tightly hugged little Willow Crawford in her arms, tears streaming down her face.

In this moment, she allowed the longing to be like a tide, instantly overwhelming her.

The bus took her on the road home, the road was so long, Serena cried herself tired, and simply closed her eyes, falling into a dream.

...

She was dreaming.

Had a very long, long dream.

The last bus home raced down the bustling street, then the driver suddenly braked, the door opened, and someone came up.

It was two men in black, then they carried up a wheelchair on which a person sat.

Serena couldn't see the man's face, he was dressed in black, a black cap on his head, seemingly not wanting others to see his face.

His body was hunched, so thin, as if gravely injured, his entire frame had severely withered and deformed, he once should have been a handsome young man, now had aged so much at once, like a tranquil elder.

The men in black pushed the wheelchair over, the person came close to her, closer, then stopped beside her.

The person got up, his movements were difficult and slow as he stood from the wheelchair, like a slow-motion replay in a movie, and sat on the seat beside her.

He came over.

Serena seemed to smell a faint scent of disinfectant, the smell of a hospital, besides this scent, there was a clean, crisp masculine aura which felt so familiar.

He leaned over slowly, reaching out his distinctly jointed large hand, lifting the little blanket on Willow's clasped small body, and gazed at Willow's delicate little face.

Willow suddenly awoke, her big sleepy eyes opened wide, looking at the man.

The man reached out, gently and affectionately stroking Willow's little face.

"Daddy~"

Willow sweetly called out.

"Daddy~ Hah, Daddy~"

"Heh."

The man next to her gave a low chuckle, his voice extraordinarily hoarse, like it had been roughened.

Then he made a gentle silencing gesture, preventing Willow from speaking further.

Who was he?

Serena's long lashes trembled, wanting to open her eyes, was this a dream, is this a dream?

She wanted to see his face, wanted to know who this man was?

Why did he feel so familiar to her?

Then the man slowly draped his arm over the seat back behind her, his large hand cradling her small head, letting her rest on his shoulder.

His shoulder was no longer upright, weakened like an elder's, yet there was a reassuring and calm power about him, making her want to lean on it forever, never leaving.

The surroundings were quiet, the bus moved forward, with only the three of them aboard.

The man beside her held her, then looked down at her little face, slowly leaning closer, pressing his wing to touch her delicate skin, gently and tenderly rubbing, carrying deep attachment and longing.

Soon, his lips touched hers, grazed her soft red lips.

He kissed her gently, sketching her lovely lip line bit by bit, as if treating a rare treasure.

He didn't use force, didn't dare to.

Just kissed for a few seconds, really only a few seconds, so short it felt like a dream, he let her go.

His body began to tremble, his breathing labored.

Serena heard his rapid breathing, he seemed to be having difficulty breathing, his emaciated chest rising and falling, inhaling, exhaling, maybe in the next second he would stop breathing.

The two men in black quickly placed an oxygen mask on his face and lifted him onto the wheelchair.

He left.

He left...

Serena watched his weakened silhouette, trying to open her mouth to call him, but she closed her red lips, unable to voice her pain.

Soon he disappeared from her sight.

Don't go.

Don't go!

I'm begging you, don't go!

Hayden Crawford!

Serena screamed heart-piercingly, abruptly opening her eyes.

As she opened her eyes, her face felt so hot, as if something had just dropped on her, she remained on the bus, just her face blurred with tears, her little face full of them.

Serena suddenly felt confused, what happened to her, was it just a dream?

The bus still drove smoothly, Willow lay in her arms, her delicate little face buried in the blanket, sleeping soundly, just as she was before she fell asleep, nothing had changed.

It was a dream after all.

She dreamed of... Hayden Crawford.

That weakened man was Hayden Crawford.

Was it because she missed him too much, so she hallucinated?

But the dream just now felt so real, as if he was right beside her, never having left.

--Daily Story from Lulu Liu--

She confessed, she was indeed seducing him.

Jude Crawford paused, looking at her current demeanor, surprised that beneath her cold, captivating exterior lay such a bright and fiery side, since meeting at the temple, she'd tried every means to get close to him, to catch his attention.

Jude Crawford pressed his thin lips together, saying, "I'm not interested in little girls."

She was still way too young.

Isabelle Willow tightened her hold on his neck, "Then... can you wait for me, until I grow up?"

Jude Crawford gave no answer.

"I will grow up soon, for these years you're not allowed to date other girls, not even to look at them, okay? Jude Crawford, you are mine, and I am yours!"

Isabelle feared, afraid that in this life Jude Crawford would fall in love with someone else, so she wanted to make a personal promise with him.

Chapter 866: Come to My Room Tonight

At this moment, the bus slowly came to a stop, and the driver said, "This is the last stop, it's time to get off."

The final stop had arrived.

Serena Sterling reached out with her small hand to randomly wipe away the tears on her little face, then got off the bus with Willow Crawford in her arms.

...

Just after getting off the bus, Serena saw a stretch luxury car speeding down the street opposite. She recognized this car; it was Justin Xavier's car.

At this moment, the rear window of the luxury car slowly slid down, revealing Justin Xavier's handsome and refined face. There was another person beside Justin, but this time it wasn't the new favorite young actress; it was... a man.

The window opened too narrowly for Serena to see the person, but she saw a black baseball cap.

The baseball cap was so familiar, it seemed like... she just saw it in her dream.

Serena's heart raced instantly.

Her bright eyes fell on that person's body, her mind filled with, who is he?

Who is he?

Who on earth is the man beside Justin Xavier?

Could it be that it wasn't a dream just now, but reality?

Serena took off running in that direction.

Justin Xavier's luxury car didn't stop at all; it drove straight to The Louis Estate, the largest six-star hotel. All the VIPs' luxury cars were parked here, but his car moved forward, and the front gate opened, entering the estate's VVIP parking garage.

Serena followed behind the luxury car. It was driving fast, and she started running, chasing after it.

But soon someone stopped her, "Miss, I'm sorry, the area ahead is a VVIP parking garage, unauthorized personnel are not allowed, please stop."

Serena was forced to stop and watched the luxury car disappear from her sight.

No way, she had to find out, she had to know who the man next to Justin Xavier was.

Now, with Willow Crawford still sleeping soundly in her arms, it was inconvenient to carry a child. Serena could only return to Phoenix Plume Pavilion, place Willow in a room, and then head to The Louis Estate.

With Serena's current status, she could go anywhere without obstruction. The manager of The Louis Estate personally came out to greet her, "Lady Alani, why did you come personally? It's such an honor."

Serena went upstairs and asked the manager, "Do you know where Justin Xavier's room is arranged?"

"Lady Alani, President Xavier's room is over there in the VIP area, room 602," the manager replied.

"Thank you."

Serena went to the VIP area, looked at the doorplate of 602, and raised her small hand to knock "knock knock."

Soon, the door opened, and a handsome and refined figure appeared—Justin Xavier.

Justin was wearing a gray shirt, the well-crafted material subtly radiated the quality of a mature man. He had one hand in his pocket, his cold black eyes lightly looked at Serena as if not surprised at all, already predicting she would come, "Miss Sterling, were you looking for me?"

"President Xavier, long time no see. Did you come alone this time?"

Serena's clear eyes passed over Justin's handsome shoulder, looking into the room. There was nobody, quiet and devoid of the figure she wanted to find.

Justin hooked a smile on his thin lips, "Yes, I came alone."

Serena was somewhat disappointed, "Oh, then I'm sorry to disturb. President Xavier, I'll leave first."

Serena turned to leave.

Just then, with a "bang" sound, a noise came from inside the room.

Serena paused, "Is there someone in your room?"

Justin didn't show any expression, just coldly said, "Miss Sterling, who is in my room is my private matter, it's not convenient to tell you."

"Then I'll look for myself." With that, Serena directly pushed past Justin and ran into the room.

The sound came from the bathroom. Serena arrived at the bathroom door, looking at the tightly closed door in front of her, her heartbeat drummed. Was it him? Was it him or not?

Serena placed her hand on the doorknob and pushed the door open.

"Ah!"

A scream came from inside. Serena looked up; it was the new favored young actress in the bathroom. The young actress had just taken a shower, wrapped in a bath towel, looking both pure and alluring.

Serena didn't expect that the one hiding in Justin's bathroom was this new favorite, she had thought it was... her Mr. Crawford.

"Ah, who are you, president, I'm scared!"

The young actress ran out in fright, throwing herself into Justin Xavier's arms.

Justin wrapped an arm around the young actress's slim waist, then looked at Serena, "Miss Sterling, would you leave now?"

Serena's agile eyelashes fluttered, hiding the gloom and disappointment in her eyes, she left.

...

After Serena left, Justin released the young actress's soft waist, saying blandly, "You can go now."

"President~"

The young actress bit her rosy lip with her white teeth, leaned over, and kissed Justin's handsome cheek, "Come to my room tonight, I'll be waiting for you~"

Justin looked down at the young actress, his mature frivolous gaze scanning her youthful and beautiful figure, then his big hand slid down, patting the young actress's shapely bottom, "I'll find you later."

The young actress left happily, closing the door behind her.

...

Justin entered the bathroom, opened the frosted glass door, and saw a person sitting on a chair inside.

This person was dressed in black, wearing a black baseball cap. He didn't look well, his thin and dispirited body leaning against the cold porcelain surface, breathing heavily as if he had difficulty breathing.

Justin approached and lowered his voice, "Hayden..."

The man lifted his head, revealing a pale handsome face, it was Hayden Crawford.

Hayden's deep set eyes fell on Justin's handsome face, his dry lips opened, a hoarse voice escaping, "Did she... leave?"

Justin rolled up his gray shirt sleeves, took out a medical kit, put on white gloves, and pushed a vial into Hayden's arm, "She left."

Hayden furrowed his handsome brows and closed his eyes.

"Don't worry about her now, I think she's smart and already suspicious of something. You're currently in such a poor state, you should focus on getting well first."

Although Sky Sword was pulled out by Zane Crawford, Hayden Crawford had also pulled a bit, damaging his vital pulse.

At that time, Zane had made comprehensive preparations, his strike missed Hayden's heart, only making Hayden fake his death to mislead Titus Ashworth. At the same time, Zane had prepared a powerful cardiac resuscitation drug to treat Hayden.

But, things went awry, Corvus secretly took Hayden away, this led to Zane's course of strong medication being forcibly interrupted.

The medication backfired, tormenting Hayden's body into this state in a short time.

Chapter 867: Say It, Brother~

Hayden Crawford's health was deteriorating, with heart failure and physical exhaustion, he was no longer the young and strong man he once was.

Justin Xavier lacked nothing but money, so he procured some rare Western medicines to prolong his life.

However, Hayden had developed antibodies against these medicines, and their effects were weakening.

Justin removed his white gloves from his hands, "Hayden, your brother was truly an extraordinary person. I gave the potent medicine he used for your treatment to professors abroad for analysis, but unfortunately, none could decipher his final medical equation."

"Now, your brother is gone. Before he passed, he defied fate, forcibly turning himself into a blood of purity, then drew the Sky Sword to help Serena Sterling revive Alani. He did everything for you, dying as his heart's arteries all severed."

"As a once-in-a-lifetime miracle doctor, he developed the ultimate equation for treating heart failure before his death. Sadly, that equation disappeared with him, and I can't find a way to save you."

As he spoke, Justin took out a medical manual, flipping it open. Inside were Zane Crawford's elegant notes; this was Zane Crawford's medical journal.

It recorded all his life's medical research, big and small, left neatly on the desk in his room when he collapsed amid those longing red beans.

On the last page of the medical journal was his ultimate equation for the yet-unsolved heart failure in the world, but unfortunately, the equation had not been clinically tested before Zane departed prematurely.

His talent and achievements in medicine were unmatched, and now no one can unravel his ultimate equation.

Zane Crawford's life was a poem, traversing places others could never reach, born perfect, living for the ultimate, what resplendent brilliance he had.

Hayden Crawford already knew his brother Zane was gone. When Zane gave him a stab at the ancestral temple, he already knew what he wanted to do.

A reddish hue gradually seeped into the corners of Hayden's narrow eyes, and he pressed the back of his pale head against the cold wall, closing his eyes slowly.

He recalled his last conversation with Zane, who was already prepared to die even then.

In just a short time, he had lost his father, mother, and then his brother.

What did Zane leave behind in life?

He left only a medical journal.

Hayden stretched out his trembling fingers to take the medical journal from Justin Xavier's hand, struggling to pull a thin smile, "Maybe... in this world... there's only one person who can solve Zane's... ultimate equation..."

Justin realized that person was... Serena Sterling!

In the end, Zane Crawford was never alone.

Hayden lay in bed, already asleep, as Justin placed the call bell by his side, turned off the lamp, switched on a desk light, then walked out, closing the room door.

...

"Knock, knock," Justin Xavier came to the neighboring room, raising his hand to knock on the door.

Soon, the door opened, and Justin walked in.

The room was lit with an ambiguous, aphrodisiacal glow, all colorful, as a pure and pretty starlet, like a joyous little magpie, ran barefoot towards him, nestling directly in Justin's arms.

"President Xavier, you finally came, I've been waiting for you for so long~"

This starlet, named Davina Rowe, was incredibly beautiful, at the blossoming age of twenty-two, just graduated from university, exuding charm. She knew Justin Xavier liked beautiful women, so she dressed herself up flamboyantly every day.

She also knew how to please men, now running over and wrapping her arms around Justin's neck, pure yet passionate, any man would find it hard to resist.

Justin had been busy these days, busy prolonging Hayden Crawford's life, and hadn't taken a woman out to have fun for a long time. Just coming from Hayden's room, he looked even more somber and silent.

He didn't feel like flirting with the starlet, just wanted to relax, so he grasped the secretary's soft waist with his large hand and pushed her onto the sofa, pressing her head down.

Davina's head was held by Justin's large hand, now sitting on the sofa as Justin stood handsomely and elegantly before her, with his icy black eyes falling on her red lips.

Justin had just taken a shower, wearing a black silk robe, with an undisguised gleam of desire in his deep eyes.

Davina's body softened, melting into his sophisticated yet sly male charm. There are such men, always dressed in perfectly fitting suits, seemingly born ascetic, yet inherently bold, with eyes that can see through women.

Davina really liked Justin Xavier, such a generous business mogul, with great prowess in bed, being with him every day felt like a dream.

She had friends who were with rich men, not those with depraved private lives and always at risk of illness, or plump and greasy middle-aged men in their forties or fifties, while she was with Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier, oh, Justin Xavier, the richest man in Bayside.

Now she is a popular starlet in the showbiz industry, backed by a powerful patron like Justin, her resources are exploding, and rumors outside compare her to Leah Thorne.

Davina felt incredibly proud, wanting to use all her charm, like an enticing little demon, to hold onto him tightly and make him fall for her.

Now receiving his signal, Davina quickly kneeled on the sofa, reaching out to untie his robe's belt.

Seeing such an eager Davina, Justin didn't refuse. It's just fun outside, he's got money, and she has the youth and beauty he likes, both taking what they need.

Justin extended his slender fingers, holding her delicate jaw.

Davina looked up, her voice tenderly calling, "President Xavier~"

"President Xavier?" Justin repeated these words, his handsome brows furrowed slightly, a little displeased.

Davina suddenly remembered, in private, he didn't want her to call him "President Xavier," but instead... to call him brother~

Davina had also heard that all of Justin Xavier's ex-girlfriends in the past had to call him "brother"~

Does he have some kind of preference?

Davina could fully understand; men, after all, having small preferences is quite normal.

Immediately, Davina called out pure and charmingly, "Brother~"

Justin's brow moved, his earlier displeasure fading away. Among all the women around him, this starlet was the one who called "brother" most fittingly.

Honestly, he had grown somewhat fond of this starlet, he changed women like he changed clothes, and this little starlet indeed spent the longest time with him.

Justin recalled the first time he met Davina Rowe...

Chapter 868: Sorry, Go Ahead

Justin Xavier first met Davina Rowe on a private jet. At that time, a literary film was playing on the plane. Davina Rowe hadn't met him yet, and she wasn't the lead character, just a hardworking extra playing a minor role.

Even for this minor role, she had gone through great difficulties to get it.

At the time, he looked up and glanced at her unintentionally. In the literary film, Davina just happened to stand in the sunlight, calling the male lead "brother~"

Little did Davina know, it was that particular brotherly call that would make her rise to fame, transforming her into a phoenix, enjoying endless luxury and wealth.

Later, the literary film did not become popular, only Davina Rowe did.

Now, the female lead of that literary film, who used to treat Davina with indifference, can no longer reach her level. Everyone can't help but marvel at the twists of fate, who could have thought Davina would become this famous.

Justin Xavier looked at Davina in his palm, his mind filled with scenes from the Phoenix Plume Pavilion, the time he pushed open the door and Leah Thorne swayed in, hips sashaying. In his eyes, he no longer remembered any seductive allure, only the sudden physical sensations that made him feel she... was asking for it!

Too much so!

Davina saw the fiery passion in his gaze, guessing he was extremely fond of her, but inexplicably felt his eyes weren't truly focused on her, as if seeing someone else through her.

"Brother~"

...

Leah arrived to the Louis Estate to deliver a wallet.

The manager of the Louis Estate hurriedly came out to greet her, "Star Leah, welcome, welcome. You're a hundred times more beautiful in person than on TV. Could you sign an autograph for me? My daughter loves you and hopes to enter the entertainment industry, just like you!"

Leah took the pen and quickly signed her name. Hearing what the manager said, she added a sentence below her signature before giving it back.

The manager quickly thanked her, "Thank you, Star Leah."

"You're welcome. I'd like to know which room President Xavier is in. He left his wallet with me, and I'd like to return it." Leah raised the wallet in her hand.

"Star Leah, President Xavier has booked two rooms. He should be in VIP room 603 now," the manager pointed.

"Okay, thank you."

Leah made her way to room 603.

The manager of the Louis Estate watched Leah leave, then looked down at the autograph. Below her signature was a firm line: 'Amazing little girl, study well!'

The entertainment industry isn't all that. Girls should focus on studying well; simplicity is reality.

Leah arrived at room 603. She didn't knock; the door had a password lock, and entering the password would let her in.

He must have set up a password, right? What was his password?

Suddenly intrigued, Leah lifted her slender fingers and entered a six-digit code.

She wasn't sure if it was right.

There was a click, the password indicated success, and the room door opened directly.

Leah walked in, the room illuminated with colorful neon lights, and the next second, she saw two figures on the sofa.

Justin Xavier stood there, his new rising star kneeling on the sofa, diligently pleasing him...

Leah froze, her delicate eyelashes trembled as she stood motionless.

Justin was quite alert. Actually, he should have realized someone was entering when the password was keyed in, but his mind was filled with the scene from the Phoenix Plume Pavilion. His handsome eyelids closed slowly, and the person on the couch turned into the one he desired, slightly losing control over himself.

He was at an age of youthful vigor, particularly indulging.

Now, there was a click, the door opened, someone entered, and he suddenly opened his eyes, his gaze fierce, scanning coldly towards the door.

Who?

Soon, he saw Leah.

Leah was looking at him.

Their eyes met.

Leah looked at him, now his ink-dark eyes were filled with a scarlet tint of desire. Being interrupted, he was quite displeased, his gaze aggressively wanting to pierce the intruder.

Leah stood straight, lazily brushing her hair behind her ear with her hand. Her soft, charming face was adorned with a light smile, "Sorry, I seem to have disturbed you. Please continue."

Finishing, Leah turned and left.

Justin froze, didn't expect it would be her, didn't expect she would come. His scarlet pupils suddenly constricted as he pushed Davina away.

"Leah!" He quickly pulled up his pants, fastened the robe's belt, and hurriedly chased after her.

...

In the corridor, Leah walked ahead, Justin followed, his steps now lacking former composure, seeming somewhat flustered.

"Leah!" Justin stretched out his well-defined fingers and grabbed her slender wrist.

Forced to stop, Leah turned around, her alluring eyes looked at him, then with a pointed glance directed at the door of room 603, her red lips slightly curled up in a teasing smile, "President Xavier, you just left your new flame behind? I'm afraid you'll need to coax her well when you return."

Justin had bathed and wasn't wearing his gold-rimmed glasses, his soft fringe covering his handsome eyes, truly a young and charming man.

Justin showed no expression, only that his cold eyes were fixed intently on her, "Who gave you permission to enter my room without knocking? Don't you follow any rules now, huh?"

Leah was amused, "President Xavier, did you chase me down just to criticize me? I just tried your password; it seems to be my birthday, but... perhaps you should change it. Using my birthday as a password is quite disgusting."

Using her birthday as a password just to annoy her, such was the way of Justin Xavier.

Justin licked his dry lips, sidestepping the topic, instead reprimanding her with displeasure, "Next time, knock before entering my room. Because there can be women anytime inside, understand? Don't let it happen again."

-- A Short Tale by The Crawford Group --

Jude Crawford pursed his thin lips, "That's your idea; I didn't agree to it."

Saying this, he released her, "Leave now, I have a meeting to attend."

At this moment, the door of the president's office was suddenly pushed open. Secretary Riley Sutton led a group of The Crawford Group's top executives over, "President..."

Suddenly invaded by a whole crowd, Isabelle Willow let out a little yelp, throwing herself into Jude Crawford's arms.

Jude instinctively wrapped an arm around her slender waist, securely shielding her with his embrace, then looked displeased at the newcomers, "Get out!"

The executives of The Crawford Group were stunned, their mouths agape. Who... who was the person in the president's embrace?

At this moment, Isabelle Willow showed her delicate face, and Riley Sutton and the crowd heard her say, "Now all of you are witnesses. You are my bespoke, and I am your exclusive, Jude Crawford, this lifetime, you're mine!"

Chapter 869: Don't Touch Me, You're So Filthy!

"..." Leah Thorne felt there was a communication barrier with him, so she just curled her red lips, "Oh, got it, President Xavier. From now on, I'll knock before entering your room, don't be angry. I formally apologize for disturbing you earlier, I'm sorry."

She looked very obedient, but Justin Xavier felt like she was trying to placate a...madman.

Justin's furrowed brow gradually relaxed, "Did you need something from me?"

"Yes, you dropped this wallet at Phoenix Plume Pavilion, now it's returned to its owner, I'm leaving." Leah shoved the wallet to him, then forcefully pulled her small hand back from his palm and turned to leave.

But after two steps, Justin Xavier came in large strides, and caught her slender wrist again.

This time, Leah's soft and charming face turned cold, clearly having no interest in even dealing with him, "President Xavier, what's wrong with you again? Can you say everything clearly at once?"

Leah felt that Justin Xavier was like a menstrual patch, coming once every month, hard to get rid of.

Justin's handsome and refined face also cooled down, exuding a chill, "Leah, where is the photo in my wallet, did you take it?"

"Yes, that's my photo, it's been with you for years, it's about time you returned it to me."

Justin directly pressed his thin lips into a cold arc, "The photo isn't yours, it's mine, Leah, give the photo back to me!"

Leah saw he was serious, as if that photo was some treasure of his, she had felt quite touched before coming, but now she only felt nauseated.

"I threw the photo away."

"Impossible, I'll say it again, Leah, give the photo back to me, listen!" He emphasized, sending chills down one's spine.

"President Xavier, do you not understand human speech? The photo isn't with me, I threw it away... ah!" Leah hadn't finished her sentence when Justin Xavier dragged her away.

His strides were large, Leah stumbled while following behind, his well-defined fingers firmly gripping her fair wrist, her delicate skin having red marks from the grip.

Leah struggled, "Justin Xavier, let go of me, you're hurting me..."

Hearing her claim pain, Justin paused a moment, after all, the person he cherished since childhood, he had raised her delicately, aside from her first pain at age 18, he couldn't bear to harm her.

He turned back, his cold eyes glanced at her faintly, "If it hurts, bear it."

"..."

Leah was so angry, she wanted to take off her high heels and smash them on his head.

At this point, they arrived at room 603, he reached out, opening the door and going in.

603?

He actually brought her back again.

Leah was very resistant to this room, she turned back wanting to escape, but he confined her in his palm, dragging her directly in.

Justin Xavier opened the door with a loud "bang", the rookie actress Davina Rowe was still inside, scared stiff and directly jumped off the sofa.

"Presi...President Xavier..." Davina Rowe looked at Justin Xavier stunned, then looked at Leah.

Leah, who didn't know her?

Currently skyrocketing Davina Rowe had been given the title of "Little Leah Thorne", being able to connect her beauty and popularity with Leah Thorne, she rejoiced for a long time.

Just because of the title "Little Leah Thorne", she successfully landed one of the covers of the five major fashion magazines, vogue, becoming the first among rookie actresses, her fashion resources skyrocketed.

Now the entertainment industry is like this, especially fond of chasing popularity, rookies like Davina Rowe love to release many articles tying themselves with superstars like Leah Thorne, when the heat picks up, capital starts pouring in resources, also considered a shortcut and norm.

Just now when Leah suddenly barged into the room, Davina Rowe was amazed, because she hadn't been famous for long, and hadn't had a chance to meet Leah Thorne in person.

Seeing Leah Thorne for real now, tugging with Justin Xavier, Davina simply froze on the spot, too shocked to say a word.

Justin Xavier glanced indifferently at Davina Rowe, coldly uttering three words, "Get out!"

He told Davina Rowe to get lost.

Davina Rowe trembled all over, she already off the sofa, ran a few steps away.

Justin Xavier dragged Leah, tossing her onto the sofa.

Leah only felt dizzy, when she sank into this soft luxurious sofa, her sensitive nerves seemed pricked, and she wanted to bounce up, "Let me go, Justin Xavier, let me go, I don't want to be here, it's so dirty here!"

The scene just now still vividly replayed in her mind, Davina Rowe was kneeled here servicing him, it was filthy!

Justin Xavier controlled her, not allowing her to get up, "Leah, don't move!"

"I don't want to, it's so dirty here, the sofa is filthy."

Justin Xavier knew what she was minding, he casually pulled over his black coat placing it on the sofa, then cradled her in his hands setting her on his coat, "Now it's not dirty, you're not sitting directly on the sofa."

Leah's face was a bit pale, still struggling, she didn't want to touch the sofa, didn't want to touch his coat, "Your coat is dirty too, you, the person is dirty, let go of me, don't touch me!"

Off to the side, Davina Rowe was already dumbfounded, in her impression who was Justin Xavier, Bayside's richest man, a business tycoon who could control everything, indifferent and unfeeling.

When with him, she always had to try her best to please him, cater to him.

But who was this man in front of her?

He actually tore his own black coat to place under Leah's bottom, Leah grimacing over dirt or no, and he patiently coaxing, one might think he was comforting his daughter.

Hearing her call him dirty, Justin Xavier's heroic brows sank, "In what way am I dirty?"

"Aren't you dirty? It's like...eating something others have already taken a bite from, tell me, is it dirty?" Leah retorted sarcastically.

Justin's handsome face was very unsightly, after a few seconds he lifted Leah, directly deposited her on the room's soft big bed.

Leah touched the sheet wanting to crawl up, but Justin held her fragrant shoulder, not allowing her to move, "Enough, stop it, we haven't done anything here yet."

Leah stopped moving and gradually quieted down.

But a few seconds later, she shook off his hand, "Stay away from me, don't touch me, you have a bad smell on you!"

Seeing her knitting her brows disdainfully, Justin Xavier feared she'd vomit, so he directly turned to the bathroom, first to take a shower.

He glanced at Davina Rowe by the door, his gaze icy and without a trace of warmth, as if just seeking pleasure wasn't related to this person, "Had enough looking? If you won't leave, need I have someone carry you out?"

Chapter 870: I Want to Search Your Body

He used the word "lift," and Davina Rowe felt a chill run through her scalp. She turned around and left.

As she reached the door, Justin Xavier's cold, indifferent voice came from behind, "Watch your mouth, be careful of what you say."

Davina Rowe's pupils contracted, and she quickly slipped away.

...

Justin Xavier went into the bathroom to shower, scrubbing himself inside and out with shower gel several times before coming out. Leah Thorne was sitting on the bed, having not run away because his bodyguards were stationed outside, keeping an eye on her.

Justin Xavier's gaze fell on Leah Thorne. She was obediently sitting on the bed hugging her knees, her long wavy dark brown hair lazily draped over her shoulders. At this moment, the dazzling neon lights of the night shone through the layers of window drapes onto her, making her beauty seem almost unreal.

Justin Xavier couldn't bear to look away. Despite having dated many other young and beautiful women during this time, he had to admit that none of their beauty could compare to hers.

After so many years, she still made his heart flutter.

"What are you thinking about?" Justin Xavier walked over and asked.

Leah Thorne looked up, her voice languid, "Oh, nothing. I was just wondering... do you use condoms when you're with those women?"

Justin Xavier looked at her with his handsome eyelids lowered. He was backlit, so his expression wasn't clear, "Leah, I've let you go, so you shouldn't be asking me such private questions anymore. No matter which woman I'm with and how far we go, you need to appear indifferent. Otherwise... looking at me with other women like you're doing now, accusing me of being dirty and irrationally arguing with me, even seizing the opportunity to ask if I wear condoms, your intense reaction gives me an illusion, an illusion that you still care about me."

He had let her go, with great difficulty, so she couldn't give him any hope. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to control himself.

Leah Thorne looked at him and suddenly let out a laugh.

Justin Xavier frowned, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing," Leah Thorne curled her red lips. Although she was smiling, the smile didn't reach her eyes, "President Xavier, don't overthink. I was just kindly reminding you that not using condoms can easily lead to pregnancy. Maybe one day you'll unexpectedly become a father."

Justin Xavier, "I won't."

During this time, he'd been changing women like changing clothes, just continuously trying to be with different women.

They say women are like a dish of fish, whether steamed, braised, or boiled, they all taste the same. He also wanted to prove that he wasn't incapable of being with anyone else but her.

But with those women before Davina Rowe, at most he just interacted with them, never touched them because they were uninteresting.

Because of Hayden Crawford, Davina Rowe had the longest time with him, and she most resembled her; however, before tonight, he hadn't touched Davina Rowe either.

The reason he had Davina Rowe please him just now was entirely because her enticing appearance in the Phoenix Plume Pavilion aggravated his eyes; it had been so long since he had seen her, he couldn't take any provocation.

Leah Thorne's smile remained unchanged. She knew Charmaine was a good judge of people, and Justin Xavier... indeed had a particularly strong desire. He liked women very much; he liked that kind of thing.

So, it was normal for him to be unable to control himself. After all, he was a normal man, filled with youthful vigor, it was unavoidable.

"President Xavier, you shouldn't speak too soon. With such a healthy body, your chances of impregnating someone might be surprisingly high, a one-shot success."

Otherwise, how else did she get pregnant when she was eighteen? Just that one time, he got her pregnant.

That child was his eighteenth birthday gift to her.

Justin Xavier thought she was fixated on the "pregnancy" issue, although he still didn't know why, "I won't let those women get pregnant. I don't like children and I won't want them in the future either."

Justin Xavier spoke the truth, he really didn't like children. He grew up in darkness, knowing too well the vulnerabilities of children.

What did he say?

He said... he didn't want children?

Leah Thorne's neatly combed eyelashes quivered, then she slowly got off the bed and walked up to Justin Xavier. She looked at him, then lifted her hand and fiercely slapped his handsome face.

Slap.

A crisp slap sounded, and Justin Xavier's face turned to the side.

She hit him so hard that her own palm went numb. She slowly curled her red lips. Since he didn't want children, why didn't he wear a condom back then?

At that age, she knew nothing, but he knew everything.

Bastard!

"I'm leaving." Leah Thorne withdrew her small hand and turned to go.

However, she couldn't leave. Justin Xavier wouldn't let her go so easily. He grabbed her slender wrist and with a tug, pulled her lithe body into his embrace.

"Explain yourself. Why did you hit me?" His large hand settled on her slender waist, pinching it secretly.

Leah Thorne struggled, his brooding breath brushing against her face, also carrying his gradually rising body heat. This seemingly refined and ascetic man at heart was very dark. When he got angry or when work got busy, it was always accompanied by an intense desire to release on the bed.

Moreover, he really took advantage of every opportunity to take advantage of her.

"Do I need a reason to hit you?" Leah Thorne looked up at him.

Justin Xavier's breath deepened, his large hand locked onto her slender waist with such strength it seemed as though he wanted to break her soft waist.

Leah Thorne quickly frowned from the pain, "Sorry, President Xavier, I was wrong. Look at my memory, you already have a new lover. No longer the object of your affection, I won't dare act so wantonly again. Can you let me go now?"

On Justin Xavier's fair, handsome right face, a clear red palm print had already emerged. No one else in the world could slap him so freely but her.

She said she dared not act wantonly anymore, but he found no one more wanton than her.

"Give me back the photos, and I'll let you leave," Justin Xavier said, pursing his lips.

Photos...

Photos again...

"I don't have them," Leah Thorne raised an eyebrow, meaning why don't you just say what you really want?

Justin Xavier gave her a look saying, this is your words.

In the next second, he lifted his large hand to pull off her sweater.

Today, Leah Thorne wore a white sailor-collared sweater with a floral slip dress underneath, simple yet stylish and charming. He was actually trying to take off her sweater directly.

"Justin Xavier, what are you doing?"

"What do you think I'm doing? Since you won't give me the photos, I'll have to... search you!"

Search?

A rush of heat surged to Leah Thorne's head, "Justin Xavier, did you bring me to your room just to search me? I think the photos are just a pretext. Isn't there something happening every time we meet? How desperate are you?"