

## Substitute B 87

Chapter 87: Whether I Find a Woman Is None of Your Business

Justin Xavier looked up, Leah Thorne stood by the carved railing at the staircase, having just taken a shower. Her brown curls hung wet on her glossy shoulders, wearing his white shirt.

The men's white shirt looked oversized on her, accentuating her delicate, curvaceous figure. The hem was above her knees, revealing her slender, pale legs. She seemed like a model for a seductive men's shirt photo series.

Justin Xavier frowned slightly, "Take off my shirt and go back to your room. I'll call the secretary to bring some clothes."

Leah looked down at him from above, "It's just sleepwear. If you like making a fuss, I don't have the time to play along."

Justin Xavier pursed his thin lips and then strode up the stairs. He grabbed Leah's wrist, pulling her directly into the room.

Opening the wardrobe, he took out a pair of casual black trousers and tossed them on the bed, "You don't have to change, just put on the pants."

Leah looked at him incredulously, "Are you crazy? You want me to wear men's pants? They're so long, how would I wear them? They'd look awful. I'm not wearing them."

It's like there's a hole in this man's head. I've seen people wear men's shirts, but never men's pants.

Justin Xavier gazed at her bright, small face intensely. She was only twenty years old, in her prime and very conscious of her looks, knowing wearing his pants would look terrible, so she was full of disdain.

Justin approached and pinned her slender arms, pushing her straight onto the soft bed.

Leah felt a bit dizzy. This was his room, his bed. As she fell, she smelled the fresh scent he always carried.

It was his bed; she'd been on it once.

This was the second time.

As she was in a daze, Justin Xavier knelt on the soft mattress, grabbing the black trousers, and directly started pulling them onto her legs.

She didn't want to wear them, so he took matters into his own hands.

Leah quickly struggled, "Justin Xavier, what are you doing? Do you have a psychological problem? Let me go. I don't want to wear the pants, I just don't!"

The girl on the bed struggled vigorously, her small hands and feet constantly landing on him. Justin got kicked several times on his thighs, and it actually hurt a bit.

Then Leah sat up and fiercely bit down on his muscular forearm.

Justin Xavier felt the pain, his cold eyes turning a harsh crimson. The struggle on the bed easily evoked a man's desire for conquest. The veins on his forehead pulsed as the blood surged within him.

Justin propped up his hand on the bed, his long, lean body pressing down, enveloping her. He chuckled coldly, his voice hoarse, "Let go, or believe it or not, I'll stuff your mouth with something else if you dare bite again!"

Leah let go, her seductive eyes meeting his provocatively, "Do you think I'll fall for that? I won't provoke you, I won't give you any excuse to sleep with me. I'm not going to sleep with you!"

Justin's large hand tugged at the bedsheet, then slowly released it.

Leah realized he had calmed down. She sat up to look at him, only to find his gaze falling on her legs. During the struggle, the white shirt she wore had ridden up, and the black trousers he'd roughly pulled up were halfway on. Leah knew how forbidden and disheveled she must look.

Leah powerfully kicked at Justin Xavier.

Justin rolled off, his long back languidly leaning against the headboard, one leg bent. His wrist rested on it, wearing an expensive watch. The entire person exuded an indescribable sexy decadence.

Leah quickly got off the bed and put on the black trousers herself. She looked ridiculous now, like a child sneaking into adult clothes, the pant legs dragging on the floor, the waist could fit two of her.

"You're not that young. Even if you plan to spend your entire life on Yasmine Sterling, you don't have to wrong yourself with your urges. Go find a beautiful woman instead of getting so worked up." Leah said.

Justin Xavier looked up, his eyes tracing her enchanting profile, and scoffed, "Since you know I like beautiful women, do you think I can find someone more beautiful than you?"

Leah curled her lips, "Don't set your sights on me. I want to be the woman you can never have."

Justin Xavier got off the bed and walked towards the bathroom, "If you're unwilling, whether I find others has nothing to do with you."

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When Justin Xavier came out after a cold shower, Leah was nowhere in sight. He quickly went out and soon spotted the familiar figure in the kitchen.

Leah was boiling water for noodles, but her hands that had never been accustomed to kitchen work quickly got burned.

Tss.

Leah cried out in pain.

"How can you be so careless?" Justin Xavier walked over swiftly, grabbed her slender, white fingers, and put them into his mouth.

Leah didn't struggle, as she was in real pain.

She watched Justin Xavier, freshly out of the shower, wearing a white shirt, the shirttails not tucked into his belt but hanging loosely, with his wet short hair covering his cold eyes. Justin Xavier looked even more handsome now, beautiful like jade.

"You dealt with it so quickly?" Leah remarked.

Justin released her fingers, not looking at her, placing them under cold water instead, "Do you know if I'm quick or not?"

"..."

Leah said nothing further.

"What are you doing in the kitchen?"

"Cooking noodles, I'm hungry."

"Why didn't you call me?"

"Oh, I didn't dare. Today, I didn't fulfill my duties properly and was a bit willful. I don't know if one day you really stop indulging me, like that rich second-generation said, letting me become a plaything for other men, so I dare not call you anymore."

Justin glanced at her lazy demeanor, then picked her up across his arms, placing her on the sofa in the living room.

"Sit quietly, I'll cook noodles for you first, then get ointment for you after your belly is full." Justin Xavier said and went into the kitchen.

Leah watched him smoothly cooking noodles in the kitchen; he was quite skilled.

Leah stared blankly for a moment, then the doorbell rang "ding" in the villa.

Someone was knocking on the door.

Justin Xavier heard the doorbell from the kitchen as well; he turned and saw Leah by the kitchen door, her face slightly pale.

"What's wrong, who's at the door?" Justin asked softly.

Leah pointed at the main door, "Your mom's here."

Justin Xavier's clear, cold black eyes immediately darkened, like two little abysses. But his handsome face showed no change in expression, he merely said calmly, "Go upstairs, close the door."

"Oh." Leah went upstairs.

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Justin Xavier opened the villa door, and the bodyguard pushed Mrs. Xavier in. Justin's mother had been disabled in her legs for more than ten years and always sat in a wheelchair.

"Justin, I heard that little wild child Leah is back in Bayside?"