

Substitute B 871

Chapter 871: Name Your Price

Justin Xavier was about to curse, damn it!

He's 29 this year, except for that one time when he was 18, he's been like a monk ever since.

If he were naturally uninterested in women, it would be fine, but he's had his eye on Leah Thorne from early on, raising her by his side all these years, coveting her day and night, with his desires growing uncontrollably.

Today, he was really provoked by her, which gave Davina Rowe a chance, but who knew Leah would burst in again, insisting he was dirty.

He didn't understand, what did it matter to her whether he was dirty? Didn't he let her go?

Then just leave, let him stay here alone in the darkness, to fend for himself.

But, she actually came back again.

And now she's asking him if he's that desperate?

Justin Xavier easily held her restless wrist with a few long fingers and urgently, roughly pulled at her sweater, panting heavily, "Leah, don't you have a clue if I'm desperate or not?"

"...Justin Xavier, let go of me, I admit I was wrong, I'll call Davina back for you."

"There's no need, when you're not here, they can do, but once you're back, they're nothing." Justin's voice was hoarse.

Those women can't compare to Leah Thorne in beauty or grace; Justin Xavier is the best at picking women, with the highest standards, already spoiled.

There is a natural difference in strength between men and women, and although Leah Thorne struggled, soon she felt a chill as he had already taken off her sweater.

The back of her knees hit the edge of the bed, and she fell directly onto the soft big bed.

Justin Xavier looked at her, not knowing she was wearing a strap floral dress underneath, the dark dress mixed with fresh small flowers, not a bright color, but classy enough. When Leah fell, her curly hair blossomed in the air, silky white skin like satin, with rosy cheeks and lips, just lying there on his big bed, causing Justin Xavier's pupils to contract sharply.

Falling suddenly, Leah felt a bit dizzy, then it went dark in her sight; Justin kneeled on the bed, already hovering over her.

Leah looked at him; his cold eyes were already tinged with bloodshot red, staring at her, like a fierce beast eyeing its delectable prey.

Perhaps in the next second, he would pounce.

Leah's heart skipped, "Justin Xavier, you've already searched; I only have this dress on me, no photos hidden, you can let me go now."

Justin didn't move, his tall, handsome body trapping her beneath, his Adam's apple moved up and down twice, then he spoke, "How do I know... if you have my photo under your dress?"

"..." Leah chuckled bitterly, arching her brows, her naturally alluring eyes showing a faint charm, "So, President Xavier wants to use the photo excuse to strip me of this dress too?"

Saying this, Leah tilted her head, "But under the dress there's... underwear, panties, it seems President Xavier wants to strip all these, and won't stop until I'm naked today."

Justin Xavier felt like his throat was burning with fire coals; for the first time, he thought a woman's beauty on Leah Thorne was original sin.

"If you give me back my photo..."

"President Xavier," Leah cut him off directly, "At this point, what are we discussing photos for? Strip if you want, hurry up."

Leah laid down flat, letting him do as he pleased.

Justin Xavier stared at her for a moment, then raised a hand to slip off one of her shoulder straps.

Soon, he felt the body beneath his fingertips growing rigid, like cold stone.

Justin froze, his voice hoarse, asking, "Leah, can you still not accept men?"

Leah looked at the sparkling crystal chandelier above, "Can my inability to accept men stop your beastly behavior next? If it can, then I'll tell you, yes."

Justin did not proceed.

Leah felt the man on her become quiet, she looked at him, only to see that although he hadn't continued his search, now his gaze was fixed fiercely on her chest.

She had one shoulder strap slipped down by him, exposing a large area of creamy white skin, heaving gently.

This man was truly shameless and perverted!

Leah quickly reached out to pull up her shoulder strap, "What are you looking at, President Xavier? Haven't you seen a woman's chest before? With your lavish ways, you could get smothered in a woman's chest for just some money."

The view was gone, so Justin Xavier's bloodshot, lustful cold eyes fell upon Leah's charming little face. He casually curved his thin lips, "Name your price."

"What?" Leah didn't understand for a moment.

Justin reached out and gently patted her soft white cheek, cheeky and roguish, "I'm not interested in other women, just want to see yours. I'll pay you, you name a price."

"..." Leah's pupils shrank, "Justin Xavier, let me give you a kind word of advice, a lot of people hate you now, you should have some shame!"

Justin smiled, "What's shame? I've never heard of it."

Frustrated, Leah immediately raised her small hand to slap him across that hateful handsome face of his.

But this time, she didn't succeed because Justin caught her slender wrist midway and pressed it against the bed, his tongue touched the right cheek that had been slapped, chuckling softly, "Want to hit me? Let me touch you, one touch for one hit."

This lunatic!

Leah kicked him, struggling with all her might, "Justin Xavier, let me go!"

She bit down on his broad shoulder.

Justin felt the pain, her sharp teeth pierced through the fabric to his skin, and sweet blood oozed out.

His handsome eyelids fluttered; he couldn't hold back, his large hand came to her chest, without considering her pain, let out a muffled groan, collapsing directly onto her.

--A small tale from Jude and Yara's daily life--

After separating in the CEO's office, Jude Crawford's life returned to normal. This day, he stayed at the company for a meal, walking towards the cafeteria with his secretary.

From afar, he spotted Isabelle Willow, the girl was standing in the cafeteria, wearing a white dress, on tiptoe, trying to get a colorful lollipop.

"Wow, isn't that... the little lady boss?" The higher-ups, after witnessing Isabelle's public declaration "Jude Crawford, you're mine," automatically labeled her and started calling her the little lady boss.

Jude Crawford's deep, narrow eyes swept towards those executives.

The executives immediately fell silent.

But soon, Jude looked away again; he didn't scold or stop his executives.

Thus, the term "little lady boss" was endorsed by Jude Crawford himself, and spread widely.

Chapter 872: Stay Away From Me, Don't Provoke Me Again

Leah Thorne was really biting him, wanting to take a chunk out of him, but who would have thought his deep and sexy voice would echo in her ears, and then he collapsed onto her.

Leah let go, her mind exploding in that instant, he... he actually...

Feeling the stiffness of the girl beneath him, Justin Xavier clasped the back of her head with his large hand, his thin lips landing strongly on her scent-laden hair. He closed his handsome eyes and breathed heavily, apologizing to her in a soft tone, "Sorry, I couldn't control myself... Leah, don't be afraid..."

Leah's face went pale, and after a few seconds of silence, she raised her hand to push him, "Get off, you're so heavy, you're going to crush me!"

Justin propped himself up slightly on either side of her, his gaze dark and heated as he stared directly at her, openly displaying his affection and infatuation.

Leah averted her gaze, knowing that in this state, Justin, though silent, was already itching to go at it again.

All she did was give him a bite, and he reacted so strongly, it appears he really had been holding back and was all pent up.

"Did you dirty my dress?" she asked.

Justin glanced downward, he was a bit of a mess with his clothes soaked, but she was fine and not dirty.

"No..."

"How can that be? Justin Xavier, you got your filthy stuff on my dress, you've dirtied my dress." Leah said with a wrinkled brow.

Justin looked at her in her stubborn state and pressed his thin lips together, "Stop arguing, I'll get you a new dress, if one isn't enough, I'll get you ten, how about that?"

"That's not good. This new dress of mine is the latest Chanel runway model, I'm the first to wear it in the country, I just wore it today, I only want this one, I don't want the others!"

Seeing that no matter how hard he tried to appease her it wasn't working, Justin knew she was deliberately making it hard for him. Feeling sticky and uncomfortable, he said, "Leah, let me take you for a bath."

Leah looked at him, "Justin Xavier, you want to go too far again, if you take me for a bath, can I come out of your bathroom all intact?"

Justin was momentarily speechless, this time not refuting. He was never known as a good guy; if he took her for a bath, something would definitely happen.

Leah pushed him away strongly, then got up from the bed herself.

Justin sat on the edge of the bed watching her, she lazily arranged her skirt, perhaps disliking the smell he left on it, wrinkling her delicate brow, before lifting her slender fingers to pick up her white sweater, putting it on, "President Xavier, I'm leaving now. I threw that photo into the trash, so don't ask me for it. Earlier, in your enjoyable moment, consider it my repayment to you."

With that, Leah turned and left.

"Leah." Justin suddenly spoke up.

Leah paused her steps.

"Leah, from now on don't present yourself before me. I've been doing well recently, without you, they can all be your substitutes, without them, that would be you. So, stay far away from me, don't provoke me again."

His hoarse voice echoed to every corner of the room, clearly a warning, yet so deeply emotional. Leah showed no expression, holding her bag and left.

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Leah walked out of The Louis Estate, stepping onto the street outside. A cold wind blew, making her feel chilly, so she hugged herself with her slender arms.

"Please give me some food... I beg you... please give me some food..."

Leah looked up, seeing an old woman with white hair kneeling at the street corner ahead, begging. The old woman shivered all over from the cold, non-stop kowtowing, looking extremely pitiful.

Leah walked over, took out a red Mao Zedong bill from her bag, and handed it to the old woman.

The old woman stared at the bill in surprise, then kept kowtowing, "Thank you, kind-hearted person... thank you so much..."

At that moment, the old woman looked up at Leah, and just one glance made her body freeze, "You... you are..."

Leah shuddered as she felt this old woman seemed very familiar, like someone from her childhood memory.

"Nanny Diaz? Is... is that you?" Leah asked uncertainly.

Nanny Diaz quickly grasped Leah's small hands, "Miss... it's really you, earlier I didn't dare to recognize you, you really are my young lady!"

Nanny Diaz used to be with the Thorne family, she was Leah's nursemaid. Back then, the Thorne family was a prestigious family, and Nanny Diaz in Leah's memory was very healthy and plump, always with a smile on her face. Later, the Thorne family was ruined overnight, and all the servants were dismissed, Nanny Diaz also disappeared without a trace.

Leah didn't expect to see Nanny Diaz here, now looking so pitiful and frail, like any old woman.

Leah squatted down, holding Nanny Diaz's hand in return. She was too young back then, everyone around her disappeared overnight, and she always thought it was very strange, "Nanny Diaz, what exactly happened back then, where did all of you go, how did things end up like this?"

Tears flooded Nanny Diaz's eyes, carving into the lines on her face, "Miss, Mr. Thorne and Madam were so good to us, when the Thorne family had trouble, you were so young, none of us wanted to leave, but someone drove us out, forcing us to wander everywhere, reduced to such a plight!"

What?

When the Thorne family was in trouble, someone intervened behind the scenes?

"Who? Nanny Diaz, who was this person?"

"It was... the Xavier family!" Mentioning the Xavier family, a look of hatred appeared in Nanny Diaz's eyes.

The Xavier family...

Hearing these words, Leah's mind went blank with a "buzz," it was like she couldn't think anymore, she didn't understand what Nanny Diaz was talking about.

All she knew was that when her family was destroyed, the Xavier family took her in and raised her, the Thorne family and the Xavier family had a strong friendship.

"Miss, you probably didn't know. That car accident that took Mr. Thorne and Madam was not an accident, but man-made. I was at the scene, I overheard the investigators saying Mr. and Madam's car had brake failure, the car was tampered with in advance, causing the accident."

"Later... later, I saw Old Master Xavier and Hugh Xavier come, I don't know what they said, but that car accident was then defined as an accident and settled without further inquiry."

"Oh, and Miss, and your brother, your brother who was such an outstanding person, when the family was in trouble, your brother personally flew back overnight from the highest command in FUI, but on the way, your brother suddenly disappeared, vanished overnight."

"Miss, back then I just wanted to tell you, this is all a conspiracy, a vast conspiracy targeting the Thorne family, they murdered your daddy, your mommy, your dear brother, there was no accident, it was all murder, the mastermind behind all this was the Xavier family, it was the Xavier family that caused your family to fall apart, Miss!"

Chapter 873: Slowly Burying Love

Leah Thorne felt as if her entire being had been thrust into an abyss, she couldn't breathe anymore, and her limbs were ice cold.

Her eyes stared blankly at Nanny Diaz in front of her, watching Nanny Diaz's chapped lips open and close, still unable to understand what she was saying.

All these years, she knew it was the Xavier family that had raised her.

So, she silently endured Mrs. Xavier's sharp and caustic taunts for so many years. She had suffered a slap from Hugh Xavier, been destroyed on her 18th birthday by Justin Xavier, who personally pushed her into hell, and she never fought back because she always remembered that when her own family was destroyed, it was the Xavier family that gave her a home.

How could she forget all these years of gratitude and upbringing?

But now, Nanny Diaz's words shattered the world she had built before, leaving her in sudden pain, shock, and bewilderment, completely unaware of what was going on?

"Nanny Diaz, you... you said the Xavier family deliberately caused that car accident, killing my daddy and mommy, said it was the Xavier family that used means to make my brother disappear from this world, you... you said..." Leah Thorne's fair eye sockets slowly turned red, she lowered her head, tears in her eyes fell like a broken string of pearls, "But... but it was the Xavier family that adopted me, the Xavier family, as dirty as they are, was once... also my home... the Xavier family, no matter how unbearable, I once... considered them my own... relatives, I once... truly loved them..."

"Miss!" Nanny Diaz tightly gripped Leah Thorne's cold and trembling hand, "When you were taken away by that lecherous Hugh Xavier, I was terrified and anxious. I had already seen through Hugh Xavier's disgusting, vile thoughts. Didn't that Mrs. Laura Xavier often curse your mommy as some kind of vixen? I'm telling you the truth from back then now!"

"Your mommy and Hugh Xavier were neighbors when they were young. Your mommy came from a family of academics, being excellent and gentle, Hugh Xavier had a crush on your mommy very early on. When they were in school, he even deliberately claimed your mommy as his future wife. That rumor somehow morphed into your mommy's first love being Hugh Xavier. I laughed at that, hah, as if Hugh Xavier deserved that!"

"Miss, nothing ever happened between your mommy and Hugh Xavier. Your mommy's first love was your daddy. They fell in love at first sight, then married and had children, bringing you and your brother into this world. They were very happy in their marriage."

"Back then, the Thorne family was prestigious, while the Xavier family had yet to become Bayside's richest. The contrast was clear. Because the Xavier family and your mommy were neighbors, when Hugh Xavier shamelessly asked your daddy for help, your daddy helped him quite a bit. Your daddy helped the Xavier family win a piece of land in Westside's bid, and as the real estate world boomed in a few short years, the Xavier family's assets doubled, becoming newly influential and beginning to monopolize the real estate industry. It was all thanks to your daddy."

"Later, as the Xavier family grew, Hugh Xavier remained cautious and filled with inferiority when faced with the high-status Thorne family. I remember Hugh Xavier visiting the Thorne family, not daring to look at your mommy directly. Men are like this; the more they can't have something, the more they desire it. Hugh Xavier continued to covet your mommy, who had become the young madam of a high-status family."

"Then came the day of the car accident. Didn't Mrs. Laura Xavier keep claiming she caught Hugh Xavier and your mommy in bed? Miss, I'm telling you, it was because your mommy had been drugged, and it was Hugh Xavier who did it."

"Your daddy took your mommy back to the car. Because your mommy was drugged and not clear-headed, your daddy, a clever man, was caught off guard by worry. It was not discovered ahead of time that the brakes had been tampered with, and so, your daddy and mommy directly had the car accident."

"Perhaps it's the cycle of karma, in her emotional turmoil, Laura Xavier also had a car accident on her way home, leaving her with broken legs. But the funny thing is, all these years, she's been kept in the dark, thinking your mommy deliberately seduced Hugh Xavier, not knowing that Hugh Xavier was so despicable. When you think about it, hateful people perhaps have pitiable sides. Laura Xavier is also a pitiful woman."

"Miss, when you now think back to the causes and effects of these events, don't you feel a chill down your spine? The Xavier family has long set its dark gaze on the Thorne family, weaving a series of schemes, killing everyone you loved."

"Why did Hugh Xavier bring you back to the Xavier family? Because Hugh Xavier himself is a dark and sick person. He couldn't have your mommy, so he set his sights on you. Over the years, watching you bloom like a flower by his side, calling him Uncle Xavier with such innocence, his twisted mind received immense satisfaction."

Leah Thorne's tears had blurred her vision. She didn't know... all these years, she didn't know any of this...

Hearing the truth suddenly, she knelt on the cold street of a foreign country, burying her wet face in Nanny Diaz's soiled embrace, sobbing uncontrollably.

She was only 24, yet her life had suffered consecutive blows. Her heart, already battered and scarred, once again turned bloodied.

Nanny Diaz reached out, affectionately caressing Leah Thorne's beautiful long hair, "Miss, back then Hugh Xavier was afraid of the truth coming out, so he dismissed all of us servants. I wandered and survived barely, with the biggest wish being to tell you the truth from back then."

"Once, I was begging outside the Xavier's door. On that day, it was your tenth birthday. I saw Justin Xavier walk out holding your little hand, and you looked up at him smiling, your eyes full of stars."

"Miss, there's not a single good person in the Xavier family. Their veins run with darkness and filth. Don't hold onto the hand of the Xavier's son, thinking that's your salvation. Don't fall in love with him because for all you know, he may just be the next abyss for you."

Leah Thorne sobbed uncontrollably, she realized it was too late, it was finally too late, she had already fallen in love, she had loved Justin Xavier for so many years, even to this moment, she still hadn't stopped.

She had to admit that she still loved him.

If not, why did she want to ask him for an answer when she saw that picture in his wallet?

When he asked her if she minded those women around him, though she hadn't answered at the time, the answer was clear in her heart.

She loved Justin Xavier.

Why, why did Nanny Diaz's words come so late?

After all... after all, Justin Xavier appeared during the years she had lost everything, after all... after all, Justin Xavier had given her the warmth and companionship she most needed these years...

Nanny Diaz only told her not to love him, everyone said Justin Xavier was such a bad man, what was there to love, but no one told her, who in her life could replace him, and without him, what would she be like now?

Tears splattered on the ground, Leah Thorne heard the sound of her heart breaking. She gently closed her eyes, suddenly smiling widely; she knew she would never stop loving him in her lifetime, but she could slowly... bury that love.

Chapter 874: From Now On, It's Either You or Me

Leah Thorne lifted her head, wiped the tears from her face, "Nanny Diaz, I already know the truth. I know what to do now. Come back with me, and I'll take good care of you from now on."

Nanny Diaz nodded, "Alright."

Leah helped Nanny Diaz up. She took out her phone from her bag to call for a car to pick them up.

At that moment, a man dressed in black suddenly rushed up from behind, moving quickly, and heavily slammed into Nanny Diaz with his arm.

Leah felt Nanny Diaz in her grasp being hit with a tremendous force, sending her flying. She instinctively reached to grab Nanny Diaz's clothes, "Nanny Diaz!"

After years of living as a beggar, Nanny Diaz's health was poor. This sudden collision sent her flying, her head hitting the sharp corner of the flowerbed.

Thud, a muffled sound.

Leah's pupils contracted, and the phone in her palm instantly fell to the ground. She was shocked to see Nanny Diaz still staring blankly, her eyes open, even in death, with a large pool of blood seeping out from under her head.

Leah felt the whole world freeze. After a few seconds, she screamed, "Ah!" and frantically ran forward, "Nanny Diaz! Nanny Diaz!"

Nanny Diaz was already gone.

"Quick, call 120! Call an ambulance! Nanny Diaz!" Leah couldn't believe that a living person had vanished right before her eyes.

Many passersby gathered and started calling 120.

Leah felt the cold wind on her face, like the sting of a knife. She raised her head to look for the man in black, but he had disappeared without a trace.

Who was this person?

Leah knew this wasn't an accident but a deliberate act, just like what happened to her parents and brother years ago.

She had just found Nanny Diaz, and now she was gone.

At this moment, across the street, a long luxury car came to a slow stop. The rear window rolled down, revealing a familiar face.

Leah looked up; it was... Old Master Xavier.

Old Master Xavier was here!

Then, the serene ringtone of her phone echoed. Her phone that had fallen on the ground started ringing. The screen flashed, displaying Old Master Xavier's name.

Leah wiped her tears, scrambled up from the ground, picked up the phone, dried her tears, and held the phone to her ear, "That man in black was sent by you, wasn't he?"

Old Master Xavier's aged voice came, tinged with a faint smile, "Yes, so what?"

Leah's small hand hanging by her side slowly curled into a fist. She stood in the cold wind, her eyes, washed by tears, piercing through the street, landing icily on Old Master Xavier in the luxury car. She calmly met his gaze, then slowly curled her lips into a smile, "My daddy, mommy, brother, and now Nanny Diaz, how many lives does the Xavier family owe me? I'll make sure to settle them with you in the future!"

Old Master Xavier sighed lightly, "Nanny Diaz originally didn't have to die, but she became a loose end you stumbled upon. She said things she shouldn't have, letting you hear them. Leah, you actually caused her death."

"Ha," Leah chuckled coldly, "Back then, you shouldn't have left me alive."

"Indeed, back then, I thought the same. The Thorne family was gone, leaving only you, how nice it would be to send you to join them. But my grandson Justin took a liking to you. Justin is my most prized successor, I've poured all my efforts into him. I didn't want him involved in these dirty matters, so I let him bring you back and spoiled you for all these years."

"But it doesn't change anything. You say you'll settle scores with me later. I'm curious, over the years, you've been nothing but a pampered canary in Justin's cage, beautiful yet empty. How can you fight against the Xavier family, the richest and most powerful in Bayside?"

Leah considered this, it was true. Over the years, she was a noble little canary, nothing without Justin Xavier.

Then... just don't leave Justin Xavier.

If she could use him, he would be the most lethal weapon, capable of striking the Xavier family with lethal precision.

Leah slowly curled her lips into a smile, "Even though I possess only beauty, it's the beauty your grandson Justin cherishes most and cannot resist. Isn't it?"

Inside the luxury car, Old Master Xavier looked at Leah, suddenly narrowing his cloudy eyes.

Leah calmly met his gaze and spoke the last words, "From now on, with the Xavier family, it's either me or you. One must perish."

After saying this, Leah directly hung up the phone. The ambulance arrived, the doctors lifted Nanny Diaz onto it, covered her with a white cloth. Leah followed them onto the ambulance and vanished from sight.

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Inside the luxury car.

Watching Leah's silhouette disappear from his sight, Old Master Xavier snorted in anger, fiercely throwing down the phone in his hand. He looked ahead to the butler, "Why was there a loose end like Nanny Diaz? Now Leah knows things she shouldn't, you know how much trouble that will bring me!"

The butler in the front passenger seat trembled, "Old Master, we've been looking into that Nanny Diaz for years but never found her whereabouts. Who knew she would slip here and reunite with Miss Thorne... Now Miss Thorne is a big problem, why not have someone..."

The butler made a throat-cutting gesture.

Old Master Xavier's face was filled with harshness, but after musing for a few seconds, he quickly shook his head, "If we make a move against Leah, Justin will undoubtedly trace it back to me. Last time, Justin turned against his own father for Leah. Leah is his one untouchable object; we cannot touch easily."

The butler nodded, "I think the young master is really infatuated with Leah... But Old Master, I heard Miss Thorne intends to use the young master to fight against the Xavier family. I'm worried..."

"You're worried Justin might destroy the Xavier family for Leah?"

The butler didn't dare to speak.

Throughout the years, Justin Xavier was always Old Master Xavier's beloved. Old Master Xavier knew the Xavier family blood ran through him—ambition defined him alongside power, status, and wealth. Moreover, he enjoyed women, but now that woman was limited to Leah Thorne.

Old Master Xavier shook his head, "I trust Justin; he won't do it. Leah is mistaken; she's not fighting the Xavier family but against... Justin. If she wins against him, she truly wins; otherwise, she will lose completely."

-- A short story of Jude and Yara

Isabelle Willow had gotten hold of the colorful candies. Just then, she looked up and saw the handsome and dignified figure of Jude Crawford outside the door.

She swiftly ran over, her brow arched in a smile, "Mr. Crawford~"

Riley Sutton and the other executives scattered and left~

Jude Crawford looked at Isabelle Willow seriously, snorting, "Eh? What's the matter?"

Of course, there was a matter.

Isabelle Willow peeled off the candy wrapping and then stuffed the lollipop into Jude Crawford's mouth. As the sweetness spread through his taste buds, the girl laughed, "Mr. Crawford, you should eat more sweets~"

Chapter 875: Be His Little Pet

Old Master Xavier trusts Justin Xavier, and it's precisely because he's Justin Xavier that he believes in him.

If it were any other man, he might not be able to resist Leah Thorne's allure, but Justin Xavier's affection for Leah is genuine. However, his inner rationality and vigilance are unparalleled, as is his restraint.

How many years has Leah known Justin Xavier, ten years?

Yet, he has known Justin Xavier for a full 29 years, as Justin grew up by his side.

He would not misjudge a person.

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The man in black who hit Nanny Diaz was caught. He admitted his mistake, saying he was out jogging, ran too quickly, and accidentally hit someone, leading to a few years' sentence.

This outcome was within Leah's expectations, and she wasn't surprised. She simply arranged Nanny Diaz's funeral and contacted her descendants to give them a large sum of money.

Today is the opening day of the Phoenix Plume Pavilion, which is packed with VIPs. Serena and Leah stand upstairs and soon see someone familiar.

In the VIP section downstairs, Justin Xavier arrived, accompanied by the young actress Davina Rowe.

Today, Justin wore a black wool coat, his handsome face framed by gold-rimmed glasses. Surrounded by several powerful figures, he engaged in business discussions, one hand in his pocket, the other casually tapping ash from his cigarette into an ashtray. His cold and relaxed demeanor was quite captivating.

Even Serena had to admit that Justin Xavier was a born businessman. Though the Xavier family initially rose to prominence thanks to the Thorne family, it was only in Justin's hands that they truly reached the pinnacle, with Justin becoming the richest man in Bayside.

Davina, meanwhile, was surrounded by several socialites, who looked at her enviously at Justin Xavier's latest interest.

"Davina, you're dating President Xavier? You're so lucky!"

"President Xavier dated quite a few girlfriends before, but you're the first one he's brought out in public, which means something!"

"Wow, Davina, is that a ruby necklace you're wearing? That ruby necklace was auctioned off a few days ago. I was there! I've liked it for a long time and wanted to buy it, but a mysterious bidder snagged it. I had no idea it would end up around your neck."

"Oh my, is that really the ruby necklace? Davina, let us touch it! Touching it is like touching money itself!"

With such compliments, Davina felt as if she could soar. That night when Justin brought Leah in, he had her kicked out. She was left in shock, utterly embarrassed, and worried about her uncertain future.

She feared Justin would tire of her, casting her from a favored to a forgotten lover, from paradise to hell.

But the next morning, Justin's secretary knocked on her door and delivered her the ruby necklace.

As a rising young actress, Davina had seen plenty of luxury goods lately. She knew at first glance that this ruby necklace was priceless.

Everyone knew that Justin Xavier was extravagantly generous, especially with the women who had been with him.

Justin knew how to make money and how to spend it, living an extremely luxurious life.

Davina turned her head, her wide eyes furtively glancing at Justin Xavier's handsome profile.

The executives around teased, "President Xavier, is that your new favorite? She's looking at you with eyes that seem like they want to devour you. Haha."

Justin Xavier turned his gaze toward Davina.

Although this look was for Davina, the ripples of his gaze were successfully received by the socialites around her, who gasped in delight, covering their mouths and their fluttering hearts with their hands.

President Xavier looked at me!

I don't care, President Xavier looked at me!

Justin Xavier only looked at Davina. He brought the cigarette to his lips, took a drag, and as he exhaled, pointed at Davina with the hand holding the smoldering cigarette, summoning her over with the authoritative gesture of calling a cherished pet.

Wow~

The socialites thought Justin Xavier was unbelievably handsome!

President Xavier, I want to be your little pet too!

Davina immediately beamed, skipping over to Justin Xavier's side, linking her arm with his muscular one like a bird snuggling into its nest.

Davina was indeed happy because the socialites were right. Previous girlfriends of Justin Xavier were only captured by reporters, but he never brought them to public events, and she was the first.

This also proved that Justin Xavier indeed favored her.

Looking at the influential figures surrounding Justin Xavier now, her heart fluttered, as these were people she had only seen on TV or in magazines. If it weren't for Justin Xavier, she might never have met them in person in her lifetime.

Her eyes quickly lit up, having spotted the renowned Director Shaw among them.

This talented director's movies were always major productions and masterpieces, attracting the top actors in the country fighting for roles, even willing to cameo for free.

In her current position, Davina couldn't reach Director Shaw, but now, the opportunity had come.

"Director Shaw, hello." Davina greeted happily.

Out of respect for Justin Xavier, Director Shaw responded politely, "Davina Rowe? I heard you're quite the rising star lately. Nice to meet you."

"Director Shaw, I'm a big fan of your work. I've watched every one of your movies repeatedly. I heard you're preparing a new Republican-era film. Could I have a chance to work with you?"

Davina had long set her sights on Director Shaw's new film. This Republican-era movie boasted a huge investment, aimed directly at winning awards, and was currently in the casting stage, creating a buzz throughout the entertainment industry.

Davina hoped to take a shortcut, using her connection with Justin Xavier to secure the lead female role in this new film.

"Well..." Director Shaw hesitated, glancing at Justin Xavier.

Davina knew that as long as Justin said the word, she would land the role, so she looked at the man beside her with adoring eyes, "President Xavier, I really want to be in Director Shaw's movie~"

Justin took a drag on his cigarette, saying nothing as smoke obscured the expression on his face.

"Miss Carter," the producer nearby interjected, "perhaps you're unaware, but the lead female role in the new Republican-era movie has already been decided. It's... Leah Thorne."

What?

Leah Thorne?

Hearing this name again, Davina was stunned into immobility.

At this moment, Justin Xavier slowly exhaled a cloud of smoke. His cold eyes fixed on Davina's beautiful, tender face, he wore a half-smile, "You want to take Leah Thorne's role?"

Chapter 876: Later, She Heard Many Stories

Davina Rowe didn't know what Justin Xavier meant by this question. She could only crash through the layers of smoke and meet the man's cold eyes. Although he was smiling, his eyes were as cold as ice, like a knife forged to cut.

Davina Rowe felt a tingling at her scalp and quickly shook her head, stuttering, "No... no, I didn't know the female lead was already decided to be Leah... Leah Thorne, so I didn't dare to imagine, and I don't want to act anymore."

Her words successfully pleased Justin Xavier. He placed the cigarette between his thin lips and then extended his large hand to pull her into his embrace. He raised his hand and, like pampering a beloved pet, tussled her hair. "That's a good girl."

Perhaps in others' eyes, this was his way of showing affection towards her, but Davina Rowe was too scared to breathe, stiffly held by him.

At this moment, Director Shaw laughed, "President Xavier, I thought you had a girlfriend and had left your sister behind, but it turns out the girlfriend is still less important than the sister. You're still the same; no one can touch any of Leah Thorne's things."

Years ago, when Leah Thorne first entered the entertainment industry, a top team crafted her journey. Everything she laid her eyes on, from film roles to fashion endorsements, was hers alone, tagged as such, and no one was allowed to touch it.

Sister?

Davina Rowe suddenly lifted her head and looked blankly at Director Shaw, "Sister? Who is President Xavier's sister?"

Some people knew about Leah Thorne being Justin Xavier's sister, but those were all within the circle of the upper-class aristocracy. Someone like Davina Rowe definitely wouldn't have the chance to know.

Director Shaw gave Davina Rowe a puzzled look, "You don't know, do you? Leah Thorne is President Xavier's sister. Although not by blood, they are closer than most siblings."

What?

Davina Rowe gasped, actually, the night she saw Justin Xavier bring Leah Thorne into the room, she had guessed their relationship. Rumor had it Leah Thorne navigated the entertainment circle with a wealthy patron behind her, and Davina Rowe guessed this patron was Justin Xavier.

The trade of money and beauty is all too common in the entertainment circle, so Davina Rowe wasn't surprised.

But now, Director Shaw said Leah Thorne was Justin Xavier's sister.

Oh my god.

Davina Rowe felt her head go blank for a moment. She recalled Justin Xavier's little fetish, asking her to call him "brother".

Davina Rowe realized something; she understood everything.

Justin Xavier's handsome face showed no emotion; he simply let go of Davina Rowe, took the cigarette from his lips, and looked down at her with his handsome eyelids, smiling, "Leah gets spoiled by me. You have to let her have her way in the future, understand?"

"Hahaha, President Xavier, aren't you afraid of your girlfriend getting jealous and unhappy for being such a sister-loving maniac?" Someone quickly teased.

Davina Rowe couldn't bring herself to smile. As he spoke, he flicked the ash in the ashtray, and that scarlet flame fell with chilling coldness and warning that Davina Rowe already felt.

"I ... I understand." Davina Rowe said, trembling with fear.

At this moment, someone exclaimed with excitement, "It's starting, Phoenix Plume Pavilion has officially opened, and Beauty Sterling and Beauty Thorne are going to perform a dance together!"

As the endorsers for Phoenix Plume Pavilion, Serena Sterling and Leah Thorne reluctantly received a lesson from Charmaine, and then both were arranged to dance.

All the guests quickly found their seats. This time, they traveled from afar just to see this grand feast of Serena from the South and Leah from the North dance together on stage.

The previously noisy hall soon quieted down, and everyone's gaze instantly focused on the stage.

Justin Xavier also took his seat, and Davina Rowe obediently sat by his side. At this time, all the lights in the hall were turned off, leaving only a few small lamps on the stage, shining like stars in the dark night.

Serena Sterling and Leah Thorne soon appeared. Serena wore a white gauze dress, while Leah wore a black strap dress. One was pristine and dazzling; the other was soft and advanced. The collision of black and white immediately stimulated everyone's eyes.

Serena Sterling and Leah Thorne began dancing.

They both had been learning to dance since childhood, their bodies flexible as if boneless, and they had an excellent rapport with each other. A stunning dance, which in later years remained a classic in streets and alleys like a textbook.

Serena Sterling swung her sleeves, her delicate body spinning graceful arcs in the air. She didn't forget to glance at Leah Thorne and cast a worried look.

Leah Thorne knew what her best friend was worried about because Justin Xavier and Davina Rowe sat right below the stage in the VIP section. Even without looking, she could sense Justin Xavier's eyes were firmly locked on her.

Leah Thorne faintly curled her red lips. Throughout the journey, she had heard many stories.

She heard about her best friend Serena in the best years of her life, meeting her Mr. Crawford, separating during Mr. Crawford's struggles, and in Alani, having her first child alone. At the freezing last moment of her life, she sent her eldest son, Caden Crawford, across the oceans to Mr. Crawford. "There will be angels to love you for me."

She heard about the story of Jude Crawford and Yara Willow, their unspoken love filled with sorrow and regret, but their entire lives were only enough to love one person.

Later, she heard about Zane Crawford's story, when all learned the truth in the coldest weather. But just like the spring breeze bringing a bloom of peach blossoms overnight, someone delivered Zane Crawford's tightly clutched red bean of longing.

Leah Thorne was deeply moved. When she was very young, she heard about love and once imagined her future, until she later met Justin Xavier.

Meeting Justin Xavier, she realized she was not a character in those stories. All stories were mere tales told with laughter.

In this world, life has a hundred forms, people have a hundred faces, and so does love, which has countless postures.

Not everyone can love as deeply and purely as Serena and the others. Many people drift apart after walking together, and many slowly lose their original selves in the fleeting time slipping through their fingers.

Many people will encounter numerous scenes in life, after sailing through thousands, occasionally anchoring at others' sides, perhaps not even becoming each other's exclusive memories. Like her, like Justin Xavier, Leah from the Thorne family, and Justin from the Xavier family, from their meeting they were wrong, everything was wrong.

Leah Thorne was smiling, perhaps at herself, as her soft and boneless body kept spinning on the stage, the black dress swirling out an almost bewitching curve.

Suddenly the small lamps on the stage emitted bright beams, all focused on Leah Thorne, causing shock throughout the audience as they watched her, not knowing how Leah Thorne, so young, could dance with such thrilling and ... such indifferent steps?

Quickly there was a "thud," the dance steps stopped, and Leah Thorne suddenly fell on the stage.

Chapter 877: Just the Two of Us, It's Inconvenient

Leah suddenly fell.

Hiss.

The whole room gasped.

Davina was startled, not because she was worried about Leah; Leah on stage was captivating, and Davina was already green with jealousy.

She was startled because Justin Xavier suddenly moved. He had been quietly watching Leah dance, but the moment Leah fell, he almost moved at the same time. The movement was so sudden and abrupt that it gave the impression he wanted to rush onto the stage immediately.

However, the next moment Leah fell on stage, she started dancing on her knees, then rose up and leapt into the air, earning another round of gasps, but this time out of admiration.

"Bravo!" Director Shaw next to Justin couldn't help but pat the armrest of his seat, admiringly saying, "Leah is absolutely perfect for the leading role in my Republican-era movie. The female lead is an enchanting geisha,

skilled in dance. Just based on Leah's soft yet cool dance, there's no one in the entire entertainment world who has her kind of cool and sophisticated charm. She's the only one for this role."

Director Shaw glanced at Davina and, with a smile, shook his head, "Miss Carter, you can never compare to Leah. What Leah has is innate. If you want to become Leah, maybe...wait until your next life, hahaha."

"..." Davina, inexplicably stepped on, wondered what she had done wrong.

Davina was so angry she almost spat blood.

...

After Leah danced the climax, she retired, giving the stage to Serena. She returned to the backstage dressing room, sat at the dresser, and lifted her skirt. Her right foot was sprained.

Earlier she was lost in her world and actually fell, but her strong dance foundation, along with Serena's seamless cooperation, covered it up.

Now her slender ankle was red and faintly aching. Leah couldn't stand pain, so she lightly knitted her brows.

She took out her phone and called her assistant Madame Goldie to bring some medicine over.

But just then, there were two knocks, a "knock knock" from the door.

Someone was knocking.

Who?

Leah lowered her skirt and walked over to open the dressing room door. Standing outside was a tall and handsome figure...Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier had come.

Leah's enchanting eyes fell lightly on his handsome face adorned with gold-rimmed glasses, curling her red lips, "President Xavier, why are you here?"

Justin Xavier held a small medical kit, his gaze dropping to her skirt, "You've sprained your ankle. Let me take a look and help you take care of it."

Leah's lashes fluttered, earlier she had perfectly deceived everyone, yet she couldn't hide it from him. He had noticed her injury.

Justin Xavier was about to walk in with the medical kit, but Leah didn't move, blocking his way at the door, "President Xavier, just the two of us, it's not very appropriate."

Justin Xavier paused mid-step, his cold eyes fixed on her alluring and vivid face, frowning his brows slightly, "What are you thinking? I'm not in the mood to violate anyone right now. Let me in; doesn't your foot hurt?"

Leah lifted her delicate hand, tucking a strand of hair behind her snow-white ear, "President Xavier, you don't have to do it yourself. Calling a doctor would do it better than you."

Justin Xavier glanced at her, then directly reached out with his big hand to clasp her slender wrist, pulling her out.

Leah unexpectedly stumbled forward, and at that moment, Justin Xavier extended a strong arm to wrap around her delicate waist, easily lifting her and placing her by the corner wall, letting her stand against it.

"Then I won't go in. Can you come out, is that okay?"

With that, he bowed his tall figure, kneeled on one knee before her, and gently held her injured right ankle.

Seeing her dancing in such high stilettos, his fingers nimbly unhooked the crystal chain hanging from her ankle.

He gently removed her crystal high heels and then placed her cool, small foot in his palm, starting to inspect her swollen ankle.

Leah stopped struggling. Struggling now would seem pretentious, and besides, it was her own pain.

She lowered her eyes to watch the man in front of her; his series of actions were smooth, after all, he had done this for her many times before.

Serena was right; falling in love with him wasn't her fault. Which young girl wouldn't be moved when suddenly encountering such a handsome, powerful, wealthy, considerate, and dominant man in her life?

Leah raised her brows with a smile, "President Xavier, why are your actions always so skilled? Whether it's unhooking a woman's dress or taking off a woman's high heels, you're so adept?"

Leah felt Justin Xavier was anything but innocent; other men fumble with women's complicated clothes, but not him, a seasoned driver!

Justin Xavier focused intently on massaging her ankle and applying medicinal wine. Without lifting his head, he casually replied, "Oh, seeing you wear them often, I've silently rehearsed many times in my mind how to strip you layer by layer. Is this answer satisfactory?"

"..." Leah was speechless for a moment, "President Xavier, do I need to remind you that you currently have a girlfriend? Using your gentle care on her makes you a warm man, but applying it to other women makes you a central air conditioner, a player."

Justin Xavier finished treating her ankle and stood up, placing the two crystal high heels into her little hands, his gaze landing on her slightly parted lips, "Have you said enough, or do you want to go to my room, and slowly tell me?"

"...Are you now interested in playing breach of conduct?"

"Interest is at its peak, and you seem to have no...ability to resist..."

With a "bang," Leah slammed the door shut.

--A Daily Story of Jude and Yara--

Jude Crawford didn't like sweets and had never had a lollipop his entire life, he furrowed his brows.

"Isn't it sweet?" Isabelle Willow reached out, taking the lollipop from his mouth, then she stuck out her little tongue, licking the lollipop, "It's very sweet~"

That was the lollipop he had just eaten. Jude Crawford remembered this seemed to be called...an indirect kiss.

His gaze glanced at the girl's cherry lips, quickly shifting. She was still too young; he had to wait...two more years.

"Make way! Make way!" someone suddenly came rushing over.

Jude Crawford swiftly reached out, pulling Isabelle Willow into his embrace.

This was his first time initiating a hug with her.

Isabelle Willow's doe eyes looked up at him, smiling, "Jude, this is our first year."

Jude Crawford's hand rested on her slender waist, his handsome face reddening slightly, "Mm."

Their first year had arrived.

Chapter 878: Taking a Rose Bath for Two with Him

Justin Xavier tried to visit but was left shut outside the door.

With one hand in his pants pocket, he drew up a faint smile, and his cold eyes softened slightly, "Leah."

He called her name outside the door.

There was no response from inside.

"Leah, I'm leaving."

Still, there was no response from inside.

Justin Xavier turned around and left.

As Justin Xavier walked away, a figure emerged from the shadows; it was Davina Rowe.

The performance had not yet ended, and as Leah Thorne exited, Justin Xavier followed closely behind, leaving Davina unable to stay seated, so she followed as well.

She had seen everything that had happened; she saw the high and mighty Justin Xavier kneel down in front of Leah Thorne. That impactful scene—Leah Thorne in a strappy black dress against the wall, and Justin in a suit looking like a knight on horseback conquering territories for her.

Davina felt so jealous it made her sick; she only now realized how forbidden the relationship between these pseudo-siblings was, Justin Xavier's twisted little habit, and that word "brother," all started because of Leah Thorne.

That night, as she knelt on the sofa to please him, his eyes were a blazing red, with a feverish desire as if he were looking at another person through her. Now Davina knew that the person was Leah Thorne.

Davina didn't understand; they weren't real siblings. If he truly wanted her, Leah Thorne was within his reach.

Davina couldn't understand why he kept Leah Thorne by his side, opting for lookalikes instead of touching her?

Davina also couldn't understand why Leah Thorne wouldn't let him touch her; how could she bear to refuse him?

...

Leah Thorne went out, heading to the restroom.

She stood in front of the washbasin, splashed cold water on her face. Just then, the door behind clicked open, and someone entered.

Leah raised her head, through the mirror saw the newcomer was Davina Rowe, with a face full of anger and jealousy.

Leah's soft and charming face showed no expression as she turned off the faucet and took a tissue to dry the water on her hands.

Davina scrutinized Leah for a while; Leah's breathtaking beauty was often seen, on TV shows, movies, magazines, and newspapers. Wherever she appeared, there was always a chorus of "Ah!" screams.

The Leah on those mediums was always with makeup, but this time, without makeup, she was even more beautiful.

Leah's skin naturally glowed, as white and smooth as porcelain, full of collagen. Her features were attractively captivating, especially her naturally seductive eyes that could enchant anyone. Leah took great care to maintain herself; every strand of her hair to the tips of her toes was meticulously groomed.

Davina then looked at Leah's figure, the entertainment circles' unanimously acknowledged golden figure, referred to privately by executives as a "siren," with her front and rear curving richly, her chest rounded and smooth, her derrière pert; the slender waist in between resembled the thin neck of a porcelain vase, tempting men to want to hold it.

Davina thought she was wrong; she shouldn't have looked—doing so was self-torture.

Enormous jealousy spread through her; Davina's hands clenched tightly into fists at her sides, staring resentfully at Leah, while Leah regarded her like thin air.

It was simply... unbearable!

Davina could only speak up, "Leah, do you know who I am? I'm Davina Rowe, Justin Xavier's current girlfriend!"

Leah finished drying her hands and threw the tissue into the basket, then glanced casually at Davina, "So what?"

"So, from now on, stay away from Justin Xavier!"

Upon hearing this, Leah slowly stepped forward, coming face-to-face with Davina, her red lips lazily curling into a smile, "Does Justin Xavier know that you're using his girlfriend's title to come and make such a scene in front of me?"

Davina stiffened, as if her weak spot had been exposed.

After that night, he had only sent a secretary to deliver a ruby necklace, then brought her to Phoenix Plume Pavilion without speaking to her—only saying one thing: Leah is my sister, spoiled by me, so you must tolerate her, understood?

Davina's previously arrogant demeanor instantly deflated, while a little fear settled in her heart.

But the woman's jealousy and unwillingness swiftly triumphed over rationality, Davina clenched her fists and said, "Leah, don't think I don't know about the stuff between you and Justin Xavier. Justin Xavier is your supposed brother; do you truly love to sneak around, sneaking around with your own brother? Do you believe I won't expose this to the media, then you're done for!"

Davina was indeed threatening her, considering Leah Thorne was a big star, naturally drawing attention.

Leah showed no emotion, but on the contrary, raised her alluring willow eyebrows in interest, "Why don't you go ahead? Do it now, I'll be waiting here."

"You!" Davina felt Leah was utterly fearless, of course, she wouldn't dare; she didn't want to die.

"Davina, if I were you, I wouldn't come running over pathetically to tell me that you're Justin Xavier's girlfriend. You should spend your time on Justin Xavier, make him bring you to me and let him personally say that you're his girlfriend. Only then won't I think you're... both pitiful and funny."

Davina's pretty face immediately turned red with anger; Leah truly had a sharp tongue.

At that moment, Leah fixed her dress, "Anything else? If not, I'm leaving now."

Upon saying that, Leah simply left.

In this confrontation, Davina exerted all her effort, but it felt like throwing a punch into cotton—Leah was unscathed, leaving Davina fuming.

Davina now felt deeply threatened, as long as Leah was around, she could be discarded at any moment.

Since being with Justin Xavier, she had entered the world of high society daily, indulging in decadence. She had begun to covet this lifestyle, even more so, Justin Xavier as a man.

Davina watched the direction in which Leah disappeared, her expression showing resentment.

...

Leah returned to her room, wanting to soak in a rose milk bath. Due to allergies to some pollen, she ordered a specific type of rose, which Madame Goldie went to fetch.

But Madame Goldie returned empty-handed.

Leah took a metal clip and casually pinned up her curls, "Madame Goldie, what's the matter? It seems... you didn't get the flowers, and someone's upset you."

Madame Goldie plunked into the chair, angrily saying, "Leah, who else could it be but President Xavier's new lover Davina Rowe? She saw me going to fetch the roses and started competing with me."

"In that case, compete! Madame Goldie, who has never lost in resource battles, shouldn't lose!" Leah chuckled.

Madame Goldie walked over and tapped Leah on her forehead, "You're still in the mood for jokes, that Davina said she just loves these roses, planning to have a rose lovebird bath with President Xavier tonight. The moment she said that, the staff gave her all the flowers."

Chapter 879: Who Gave You the Right to Insult Her?

Madame Goldie got angry just thinking of the staff's sycophantic expressions earlier. Giving her roses with such a face, asking if it was enough—maybe they should've given a dozen more?

Davina Rowe strutted past her with an air of superiority.

Madame Goldie had been in the entertainment industry for many years. When Leah Thorne debuted, Justin Xavier directly assigned her as Leah's gold-standard dedicated manager. "Snatching" was her profession, and she was serious about it!

Madame Goldie, who had never lost in snatching resources or endorsements, actually lost to a rookie like Davina Rowe. She felt utterly humiliated.

Davina's reason was... having a rose petal bath with Justin Xavier. That reason was too ridiculous; she couldn't possibly say she wanted to have a rose petal bath with Leah Thorne instead, right?

In any case, Madame Goldie was furious.

Upon hearing the term "rose petal bath," Leah Thorne shivered slightly, but she quickly regained her composure. "Forget about it, Madame Goldie, there's no need to take it seriously. I won't take the bath tonight."

"Leah, since when did you become so nonchalant? No ambition at all!" Madame Goldie lovingly pinched Leah's soft cheeks as a punishment.

Leah said nothing.

"Leah, about President Xavier... do you really not want him? Think it through. If you don't want President Xavier, other women will. Isn't our motto... even if we don't want the man, we can't let other women have him so easily?" Madame Goldie attempted to persuade her.

Leah still said nothing.

"Leah, where did this little character Davina Rowe come from? You've become so detached that you're letting her walk all over you? The Leah Thorne I know has never encountered a true rival. Davina Rowe could disappear in an instant, as long as you want it. Yet, you keep her around, only to upset yourself."

Leah raised her head, her alluring eyes landing on Madame Goldie's face, "Madame Goldie, how much did they pay you to say these things? Let me ask, are you my person or Justin Xavier's? Did he instruct you to say this?"

Madame Goldie laughed. She knew Leah understood everything and had done nothing, probably because... she hadn't made up her mind.

"Leah, believe me, I'm on your side because I see more potential for wealth with you. These words weren't paid for; they're my genuine words, I swear."

"There's a saying, men are born to conquer the world, while women are born to conquer men. Leah, I want to give you this saying. You know President Xavier's feelings for you more than anyone. Just move your finger a little, and President Xavier will come running to you like a loyal puppy."

"Turn him into an arrow in your hand. Of course... I know it's a bit difficult for you because... you still love him."

"Leah, think it over carefully. At least... deal with those flirty women around President Xavier. I don't want to see them flaunting about tomorrow. It's really a headache."

With that said, Madame Goldie left.

Only Leah remained in the room. She got up and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, slowly raising her hands to wrap around herself.

...

In another room, Justin Xavier stood by the floor-to-ceiling window, tugging at his tie. At this moment, his personal secretary asked from behind, "President, when should we set out to return?"

Justin showed little expression, "Any updates on Leah Thorne?"

"None. We haven't heard anything about Miss Thorne's flight yet. With Miss Summer here, Miss Thorne will probably stay a few more days," the personal secretary replied.

"Then let's not go yet. Wait a couple of days. There are too many people here, and it's very noisy..." Justin didn't say more, but the personal secretary knew that leaving Miss Thorne among many men wasn't reassuring for the President.

"President Xavier~" Davina Rowe called out sweetly, directly hugging Justin Xavier's sturdy waist from behind.

The personal secretary swiftly exited.

Now, with the tie loosely hanging around his neck, Justin opened the sleeve buttons of his shirt, rolling the sleeves twice upwards, revealing his firm forearms and the luxury steel watch on his wrist. He didn't look at Davina and said lightly, "What is it?"

"President Xavier~" Davina's restless hands slowly crawled up his firm chest.

The atmosphere in the room quickly turned ambiguous.

At this moment, Justin turned around, casting a cold glance at her, "Put your hands back. I'm not in the mood today. You can leave now."

Davina's restless hand froze in mid-air. He had actually rejected her.

"What, didn't you understand me?" Justin raised an eyebrow.

Davina looked at his emotionless, indifferent demeanor. The desire that had come so quickly that night left just as swiftly now.

Having just secured the rose and still gloating, Davina had planned to actually have a rose petal bath with Justin, but now... he directly sent her away.

"President Xavier, I..." Davina tried to argue for herself.

But Justin's eyes darkened, eyeing her indifferently.

A chill ran down Davina's spine; she realized he had lost all patience with her, so she suppressed her disappointment and grievances, turning to leave.

Just then, there was a "ding." Justin's phone chimed; a message on WeChat had arrived.

On his phone, there was only Leah Thorne on WeChat.

Leah hadn't contacted him proactively for a long time, and this was the first time.

Justin swallowed slightly, reaching into his pants pocket to take out his phone. Indeed, Leah had sent a message. It was a voice message.

Justin opened the voice message, and Davina, who had just reached the door, heard her own voice, Leah Thorne, I think you're just a tease, always cheating, even with your brother...

Davina's pupils contracted. This... these were the words she'd said in the bathroom about Leah, and Leah had recorded it and sent it directly to Justin!

That Leah Thorne was... ruthless!

Davina stiffly turned around, and in the next second, she saw Justin Xavier standing tall and handsome by the window, slowly raising his eyes. His gaze, deep as a cold pond, fell on her face.

With a "swoosh," the pretty color was drained from Davina's face, leaving her deathly pale. "President... President Xavier, let me explain..."

Justin placed one hand in his pocket, standing back to the light, his expression very distant, "So you know my relationship with Leah Thorne?"

"I..."

"Since you know our relationship, who gave you the guts to go after her?"

"I..."

"Hah," a low, hoarse laugh rolled out from Justin's throat. "I thought you were smart. Turns out you were as stupid as a pig. Now let me tell you, the one who likes to cheat is me; every day I keep her by my side, I want to cheat with her."

"Also, who allowed you to insult her? The girl I've cherished and raised, I've never even scolded her once. Even today, with her dancing in front of so many men, no matter how displeased I am, I wouldn't show it or scold her Leah Thorne, you're such a tease!"

Chapter 880: Can I Give You Jewelry and Diamonds?

Davina Rowe looked at Justin Xavier in horror, "..."

Justin Xavier moved his thin lips, "I'll have your work paused first. Reflect on yourself."

Davina Rowe took a sharp breath. She had... only cursed Leah Thorne a couple of times, yet he punished her like this. She's now a popular starlet in the entertainment industry, with many contracts in hand. If work is stopped, she'll have to pay a large sum for breach of contract, and she'll quickly be replaced by newcomers.

Is he going to... put her in cold storage?

Is he making her return everything he gave her?

"Mr. Xavier, please! Listen to me, I just really like you. I admit... I'm jealous, I've been envious, I beg you to give me another chance. This time I'll obediently listen, I dare not provoke Leah Thorne again..." Davina pleaded with a pale face.

Justin Xavier's eyes were deep, like ink spreading out, thick and dangerous, "You should know that everything you have now started because of Leah Thorne when you knew what she means to me. I don't know who gave you the courage to flaunt in front of her; she is mine to hold in my palm, while you are merely ants."

He said Leah Thorne was his treasure, and she, they, were just ants.

Davina Rowe's legs softened, and she directly slumped onto the rug.

Justin Xavier withdrew his gaze indifferently, not bothering to look at Davina Rowe again. He lowered his eyes, replying to a message, "Already taught her a lesson."

"Ding," came Leah Thorne's reply soon, "How did you teach her? A lesson in bed?"

Justin Xavier glanced at the latter part, "A lesson in bed," several times, then he let out a low laugh from his throat.

Davina quickly raised her head, unsure why the man, who was gloomy and cold just now, suddenly laughed?

She saw the man standing elegantly by the floor-to-ceiling window, his tie loosely dangling around his neck. Feeling hot, he raised his long fingers to unbutton two shirt buttons, exposing his exquisite collarbones.

By the window stood a dark red expensive chair, and he lazily perched his hips on the armrest, stretching his long, noble legs forward, his handsome eyelids drooped as he concentrated on his phone, sending messages.

His mood was genuinely good, a smile on his handsome face, but Davina felt his smile was... somewhat improper, very much like... a cat stealing fish.

Justin Xavier could be summed up with one word, a gentlemanly rogue, the type women love the most; even Davina felt herself mesmerized, her bones tingling.

Justin Xavier replied again, "Leah, are you sure you want to discuss adult topics this late at night?"

The message was sent, but Leah Thorne didn't reply.

Seems like... she's ignoring him.

Justin Xavier curled his thin lips; this time, she truly initiated, she tried to seduce him, but now she's also ignoring him.

She's always found a way to hook him, drawn to her irresistibly.

Justin Xavier sent another message, "I was wrong..."

This time, "ding," Leah Thorne's reply came, "Where were you wrong?"

Justin Xavier genuinely didn't know where he was wrong, but if she ignores him, then surely he's at fault.

Justin Xavier replied, "You tell me where I'm wrong, and that's where I was wrong."

Leah Thorne sent another message, "Is Davina great at talking, or great in bed?"

Justin Xavier looked at this message, his prominent Adam's apple rolling slightly. He hadn't replied before Leah Thorne sent another, "Otherwise, why not just make her disappear? Clearly, you're partial to her."

Before, anyone who provoked Leah Thorne would be made to disappear by Justin Xavier, but with Davina Rowe, he only paused her work.

Indeed, he was partial to Davina Rowe.

Faced with her stubborn charges, Justin Xavier raised an eyebrow, but he didn't reply because... he didn't intend to make Davina disappear.

Davina Rowe would continue to stay by his side.

Then "ding," Leah Thorne sent another complaint, "Also, you gave Davina jewelry and diamonds, but you've never given me any."

Justin Xavier's cold eyes suddenly lit up, his long fingers tapping keys, replying, "Can I give you jewelry and diamonds?"

Justin Xavier had plenty of jewelry and diamonds, but he'd never given any to Leah Thorne.

Because jewelry and diamonds are gifts a man gives to his woman.

At this time, Leah Thorne was well aware of this as she was in the adjacent room, having spent years in the entertainment industry learning everything. She understood that the relationship between a man and a woman is essentially a transaction. On Valentine's Day, boyfriends are busy presenting gifts during the day, while hotels are fully booked at night, consuming numerous condoms.

Men give women jewelry and diamonds, while women must offer physical payback; isn't that a transaction?

Justin Xavier hadn't given her jewelry or diamonds yet because both were adults; once that window paper was torn, all restraints would be thrown away.

Leah Thorne put down her phone, no longer replying.

But soon, a "knock, knock" sounded at the door with someone outside.

Who?

Leah Thorne raised her head, looking towards the tightly closed door.

"Knock, knock, knock," she heard the man's distinct finger knocks on the door panel, creating a deep and powerful sound.

She didn't open the door; the person outside wasn't in a hurry either, instead patiently continuing to knock.

Leah Thorne knew Justin Xavier had come.

This was probably what Madame Goldie meant; she slightly beckoned with her fingers, and Justin Xavier would instantly come trotting along.

Should she open the door?

She knew that if she opened the door, there would be no turning back.

...

Indeed, Justin Xavier was outside; he was knocking, but Leah Thorne didn't open the door.

He knocked for a long time, but there was no movement inside.

She really didn't want to open the door.

Justin Xavier stood outside for a while, then turned to leave.

The next moment, "click," the door behind him opened.

-- A short story for the day by Jude and Isabelle --

In Jude Crawford and Isabelle Willow's first year, they celebrated Isabelle Willow's 15th birthday.

At 15, Isabelle Willow had already amazed the entire jewelry design industry and established her own brand; however, this lifetime her brand was QUEEN, not FLY.

Isabelle Willow thought, in her past life, she loved freedom but was cowardly; in this life, she only wants to be her own QUEEN, to love boldly and not disappoint love.

Isabelle Willow celebrated her 15th birthday in Port Kael, surrounded by her core team of over 30 people, receiving blessings from everyone and making a wish.

She had only one wish: to marry Jude Crawford and give him a son like... Zane Crawford.

Every time she thought of Zane Crawford, Isabelle Willow's heart still ached faintly.

Then someone suddenly screamed, "Wow, Mr. Crawford has arrived!"

In the flickering candlelight, Isabelle Willow looked up, Jude Crawford was already at her side.