

Substitute B 88

Chapter 88: Ruined Her

Mrs. Xavier despises Leah Thorne, so as soon as she enters, she berates Leah, calling her a wild spawn and a little slut!

Justin Xavier pursed his thin lips, then looked at the man in black silently. The man in black respectfully said, "Madam, Young Master, I'll leave now."

The man in black walked out.

Justin Xavier put one hand in his pocket, with a few traces of cold displeasure showing on his handsome face, "Mom, maintain your dignity as Mrs. Xavier, don't just start cursing. You know I don't like it when you behave like this."

Mrs. Xavier was dressed elegantly and luxuriously, looking young due to careful maintenance, her meticulously styled hair showed she was a beauty in her youth.

But her brows harbored resentment and malice, unmistakably a woman who has long lacked her husband's attention and affection.

Seeing her son protecting Leah Thorne, Mrs. Xavier quickly tightened her grip on the wheelchair handles, "Justin, what did I say wrong? Leah Thorne's mother, Eleanor Sawyer, was your father's first love. Even though she married into the prestigious Thorne family back then, she still seduced your father, and they both cheated within their marriages."

"The day Eleanor Sawyer and your father booked a hotel room, Quinn Thorne and I caught them red-handed. Later, when Quinn Thorne drove Eleanor home, their car crashed, killing both of them. On my way home, I also ended up in an accident, losing these legs and becoming a cripple. I've been in this wheelchair for fifteen years!"

"Your father was deeply infatuated with that slut Eleanor Sawyer. Despite my objections, he brought the little wild spawn Leah Thorne home. Over the years, he was excessively strict with you, but lavished all sorts of care on the little wild spawn Leah Thorne. If not for a DNA test proving it, I would have suspected that Leah Thorne was your father's child!"

"Justin, don't tell me you haven't noticed your father's sordid, dark thoughts. Leah Thorne has grown up, more beautiful than her mother Eleanor Sawyer. Your father has long set his sights on that little slut Leah Thorne..."

"Enough!" At this moment, Justin Xavier interrupted Mrs. Xavier, his handsome face cast in the dim light, appearing dark and cold, "Mom, if there's nothing else, I'll have someone take you home."

"Justin, what's wrong with you? Eleanor Sawyer and your father cheated, wrecking two families. Leah Thorne is the daughter of your enemy; don't you feel repulsed looking at her?"

"Or did Leah Thorne cast some kind of spell over you? Not only your father is fixated on her; you're smitten with her too. Do you father and son plan to compete for the same woman?"

Justin Xavier pressed his thin lips into a cold, pale arc, "Mom, I've told you already, I don't love her. I love someone else."

Mrs. Xavier has strict requirements for her future daughter-in-law. She must be well-matched, come from a reputable family, and be a well-educated socialite. She absolutely cannot be Leah Thorne or have any connections to Leah Thorne.

Leah Thorne is a thorn in Mrs. Xavier's heart, touching it evokes a deep, stabbing pain.

"If you don't like her, then why have you pampered her all these years? Everyone in Bayside knows about your twisted spoiling of her!"

Justin Xavier looked at Mrs. Xavier, lightly lowering his handsome eyelids, then spoke softly, "Isn't the best way to destroy someone by raising them up high and then letting them fall? Through the years, I've step by step made her fall in love with me. On her eighteenth birthday, when she eagerly entrusted herself to me, I let her realize she meant nothing. I love another woman. Mom, by doing this, aren't you satisfied?"

Hearing this, Mrs. Xavier was certainly satisfied. She was quite pleased when Leah Thorne moved out of the Xavier family two years ago and left Bayside alone.

She's been gone for exactly two years.

But Mrs. Xavier isn't pleased that Leah Thorne ended up sleeping with her son, which fills her with disgust.

Her husband deeply infatuated with Eleanor Sawyer, who quarreled over divorce while alive, with her dead, left Mrs. Xavier as a living widow. Now her own son slept with Eleanor Sawyer's daughter, Leah Thorne. Such tangled relationships deeply displease her.

"Justin, Mom's life has been especially unsuccessful and painful," Mrs. Xavier's eyes reddened as she looked at Justin Xavier, "Your dad and Eleanor Sawyer have tormented me for a lifetime. On the night I became disabled, I held a bottle of sleeping pills, ready to commit suicide. But you pushed open the door, Justin, Mom couldn't bear to leave you. I want to watch you grow up, see you, the eldest son of the Xavier family, establish a career and have a happy life. You're Mom's driving force for living, all her hope. So don't disappoint Mom; if you abandon her too, then Mom truly has no reason to live on."

Justin Xavier stepped forward, squatting halfway in front of Mrs. Xavier, he took the blanket and covered her disabled legs, whispering softly, "Mom, I understand. I don't love her. I won't love her."

He didn't know if he was saying it for Mrs. Xavier or to convince himself.

Mrs. Xavier cares deeply for her son; she patted Justin Xavier's head, "Justin, then Mom will leave first. I don't want to pressure you. You've grown up and have your own thoughts. With Leah Thorne back this time, I hope you handle it properly."

The man in black reentered, pushing Mrs. Xavier away.

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Justin Xavier stood in the living room for a while, then he looked up at the room upstairs.

That door was tightly closed.

Justin Xavier went upstairs, pushed open the room door, but it was empty.

Leah Thorne was already gone.

Where did she go?

The door was always closed; how did she leave?

Justin Xavier's gaze darkened, he quickly walked to the balcony, the window was open, and there were traces of fallen debris on the lawn below.

She jumped off the balcony from the second floor!

Justin Xavier's handsome brows turned icy and ominous; he took out his phone and made a call, already downstairs, he grabbed his car keys and left the villa.

Leah Thorne's phone couldn't be reached, with the mechanical female voice replying, "Sorry, the number you dialed is temporarily unavailable."

Justin Xavier's eyes gleamed red; she has truly changed over the past two years, from obedient and meek to bright and thorny. Clearly, she was so afraid of pain, but now she could jump from such a height.

At that moment, cold raindrops hit his hands; it started to rain.

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The rain was heavy; pedestrians on the street carried umbrellas and hurried home.

Leah Thorne limped along the street, her leg had fallen and was bleeding, the blood slid down her pale skin and finally sank into the small puddle on the ground.

Her clothes were entirely soaked, both painful and cold, like a drenched rat.

She couldn't walk anymore, must have made it quite far, Leah Thorne sat by a small flowerbed, curled up her knees, and slowly hugged herself.