

Substitute B 89

Chapter 89: Are You Serious, Huh?

From the moment she entered the Xavier family, she could hear the endless quarrels between Uncle Xavier and Aunt Xavier.

Aunt Xavier was always cursing her mommy, calling her a vixen, a shameless bitch, said she put a green hat on daddy, slept with Uncle Xavier, and so on...

Later, Aunt Xavier started cursing her too, calling her a little bastard, a little bitch, saying she'd grow up to seduce men into bed, just like her mommy...

She had seen Uncle Xavier hit Aunt Xavier, that one hard slap knocked Aunt Xavier right off her wheelchair onto the ground, and she watched as the once proud Aunt Xavier laughed and cried like a madwoman, so hateful, yet... so pitiful...

Leah Thorne grew up slowly, starting to understand Aunt Xavier's words. Her mommy had an affair with Uncle Xavier, and that affair back then had taken two lives, crippled Aunt Xavier's legs, her brother went missing, and she became an orphan, everyone was plunged into pain.

No wonder, no wonder after that car accident, all of daddy's relatives and friends looked at her with strange eyes and didn't offer any help.

Maybe, mommy really did have an affair.

But Leah really didn't want to believe it. In her memories, her mommy was so beautiful, intellectual, and gentle. No matter how late daddy returned home, mommy would always leave a light on for him.

Daddy personally taught brother to ride and shoot. Her brother was the most outstanding and handsome boy in the compound, already in charge of the Bayside right wing at his teens, unmatched and unparalleled.

Mommy would dress her up like a little princess every day, saying my Leah is the most beautiful and well-behaved girl.

Leah remembers, truly remembers, their family lived very happily.

But everything changed.

What exactly is a lie?

At this moment, the phone was vibrating again, and Justin Xavier was still calling her incessantly.

Leah thought the phone's waterproof function was indeed powerful, able to withstand a day of torrential rain.

Her slender white fingers pressed the answer button, bringing the phone to her ear.

Soon, Justin's deep and pleasant voice transmitted over, "Leah, where are you now? It's raining outside."

Leah reached out and touched her little face, full of water, unsure if it was rain or her own tears.

Leah curled her lips, "I've already returned to Drunken Jade Haven."

"I'm worried, I'm coming to find you now."

Leah, "Don't come, Justin Xavier, don't come, I beg you."

On the other side, Justin fell silent.

Leah directly hung up the phone.

She had just heard the conversation he had with Mrs. Xavier in the living room downstairs. Justin Xavier is definitely the darkest, most ruthless, despicable, and shameless man she had ever seen; he had been seducing her step by step into loving him when she didn't know anything.

He's the best hunter in the world, and she was just his prey.

On the day of her coming of age ceremony, she didn't know what she drank wrong, but her whole body heated up, and she entered his room, climbed onto his bed.

This hypocrite, if he had any bit of unwillingness back then, could she really have forced herself on him?

That night, he lay on her body, called her Yasmine Sterling.

When the door opened and everyone came in, he gave her a slap again.

All the pampering and care at that moment were torn open, revealing a fake and hideous face, the hatred of the previous generation transferred onto her, he destroyed her in the most cruel and ruthless way.

Destroyed her body, destroyed her heart.

That day, she left the Xavier family, left Bayside.

In the past two years, she healed alone in secret, turning herself into a prickly hedgehog, refusing to be hurt again.

But why, why does her heart still ache so much?

Leah in the cold heavy rain, hugged herself tightly, crying uncontrollably.

What she didn't know was that, at this moment, behind her, appeared a tall and slender figure like jade, Justin had found her.

After she left Bayside to debut in the entertainment industry, everything about her was handled by him, from top-tier resources to the elite team, small to every film crew she came in contact with, the directors, writers, etc., all were scrutinized by him.

No way out, she had already reached the age of blooming, just her soft and charming small face alone would attract countless men's filthy greed.

Therefore, her current phone was the same model as his, allowing him to track her location and monitor her 24 hours a day.

Justin's clothes were already soaked, and he watched that small trembling figure crying in the rain, slowly clenching his large hands.

He wanted so much to go forward, to hug her, hold her tightly.

But he couldn't.

A heavy rain isolated two worlds.

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The Rolls-Royce Phantom luxury car stopped on Orchid Court's lawn, Hayden Crawford got out, and carried the dozing Serena Sterling in his arms.

Serena adjusted her little face, found a comfortable position under his straight black shirt collar, and snuggled like a kitten.

Hayden curled his thin lips, a few traces of tenderness spreading across his handsome brows and eyes.

It was already late; with the old Madam Crawford asleep, Hayden carried Serena back to the room, then gently placed her on the soft carpet.

Serena quivered her delicate long lashes, dazedly looking around, when her slender body swayed, about to fall.

At that moment, a strong arm encircled her slim waist, holding her steadily, Hayden chuckled, "Deliberately throwing yourself at me?"

Serena thought he was really so strong, able to hold her at any time.

The previous one-night-stand still caused her body temperature to keep rising, with blurry drunken eyes, Serena reached out to hug Hayden's neck, "These thin lips, so sexy..."

A pair of small hands slipped to his firm waist, trying to feel his abs through the thin fabric, one, two, three... five six...

Truly six packs.

His physique wasn't the exaggerated eight-pack, but a mature man's healthy and noble six-pack, just right, it's what she liked.

"Such a good body, six-pack abs, so strong, must be impressive in bed..."

Hayden's Adam's apple moved up and down, then he pulled down her veil, her peerless small face flushed red and stunning, with the misty charm in her eyes adding a touch of youthful allure, "You want to play for real?"

Serena looked up at him with her black, gleaming eyes, her sweet voice a bit stammering, "Naughty Mr. Crawford, you must be secretly delighted, because tonight... I'm going to favor you~"

Favor?

Hayden thought she was really drunk, constantly treating him like her gigolo.

"I'm quite expensive; are you sure you can afford to favor me?"

Hmm?

Serena thought he slightly underestimated her, though with his high looks, good body, and strong physical ability... well, as a gigolo, he was indeed of top-tier quality, with pride-worthy capital.

"Just wait."

Serena reached into her pocket and finally pulled out... a coin.