

Substitute B 891

Chapter 891: Sweet Epilogue (Final)

Role-Playing Chronicle

Serena Sterling was busy day after day, but she had cut down on many dinner gatherings, especially those opportunities to meet with young guys, she avoided them whenever possible.

The boss at home was quite the jealous type, truly... the sweetest burden.

Hayden Crawford's health had improved; during the check-up, the shadow near his heart had disappeared, and he had healed automatically.

One day, Serena was in her room studying the latest medical report when Hayden Crawford pushed the door open and entered.

Serena quickly grabbed the book to cover her little face, looking frightened, "Ah, who are you? How did you break into my room?"

Hayden Crawford glanced at her with boredom.

"Don't come near!" Serena got up and ran to the corner of the room, crouching defensively. She wore a white knitted sweater with a wide collar lazily exposing a hint of her fragrant shoulder, her long black hair remained pure and soft as ever, and her bright eyes watched him vigilantly, "Don't covet my beauty; I...I have a husband!"

Hayden Crawford stood by the door with his hands in his pockets for a while, then turned around and left.

"..."

Serena looked at his elegant back, her red lips pouted—Mr. Crawford really didn't understand romance.

She wanted to call him back.

But in the next second, what did she see?

Hayden Crawford turned back, walked in, and closed the door. He raised his slender fingers and started unbuttoning his shirt, approaching her.

Serena's finely combed feathers trembled in shock, "You...what are you...are you trying to do?"

Hayden Crawford came over, half-kneeled, reached out his palm, and cupped her small face, "Good, woman, you've successfully caught my attention!"

"..."

"Hurry up, my wife will be back soon!"

"..."

The Big Bad Wolf, Mr. Crawford!

Their life was sweet and spicy, like Hayden Crawford once said, each day with her felt like a romance.

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Second Child Scare

Serena Sterling hadn't been feeling well recently, was drowsy, and as a doctor, alarm bells were ringing in her mind.

She checked her pulse, unsure if it was due to being too tired lately, her pulse seemed a bit chaotic.

To be safe, she planned to go to the hospital tomorrow for a pregnancy blood test.

That night, Serena had a nightmare.

She was alone in Alani, giving birth to Caden Crawford and Gael Crawford, and little Willow Crawford. At that time, Mr. Crawford wasn't by her side, she was in pain and scared but had to be strong.

Serena woke up, discovering her face was wet—she had cried.

It was already late at night, she still nestled in Hayden Crawford's embrace, his strong arm serving as her pillow, holding her securely.

At that moment, Serena allowed herself to be weak, snuggling into his warm embrace, soaking her tear-streaked face into his chest.

His body warmth and scent gave her a sense of security.

Hayden Crawford quickly woke up, "Serena, what's wrong?"

He lifted his large hand to touch her small face, feeling her tears.

Hayden Crawford panicked, quickly turned on the bedside lamp, his hand weaving through her black hair, cradling her pitiable tear-drenched face, asking anxiously, "What happened, did you have a nightmare? Don't be afraid, tell me about it."

Serena grabbed his pajamas, burying her little head, "Mr. Crawford, I feel like I'm pregnant, so I had a nightmare... I don't want to have more children, having one is enough..."

Regarding the second child, she hadn't discussed it with him yet. Hayden Crawford was a good father, financially stable, they were still young, having another child was possible.

But she didn't want another one.

"Ah, that's the reason..." Hayden Crawford curled his thin lips, "Alright, Serena, we won't have another child."

"Really?"

"Really."

The next morning, Hayden Crawford accompanied Serena to have the pregnancy check-up; the report showed that she wasn't pregnant.

Serena walked out happily, not noticing Hayden Crawford.

She searched around and then saw Hayden Crawford coming out from a surgery room.

"Mr. Crawford, why did you go into the surgery room?"

At that moment, the doctor came out, "Prof. Sterling, Mr. Crawford just underwent a vasectomy."

Vasectomy?

Once a man undergoes a vasectomy, he loses the ability to father children.

Serena looked at Hayden Crawford in shock.

Hayden Crawford hugged her soft shoulder, guiding her all the way home. He spoke softly, "Serena, we won't have another child, you are the treasure in my palm."

...

At Last, Love's Resonance.

Right before the wedding, something terrible happened; a contagious disease suddenly broke out in Zone E, infecting many overnight.

Serena Sterling received the news first, quickly heading to Zone E.

The entire Zone E began closed isolation, Serena and Hayden Crawford lost all contact.

At the peak of winter, snow blocked roads, various difficulties led to severe shortages in medical supplies, alarms kept sounding.

Soon, the difficulties were resolved, large amounts of medical supplies were flown in by air, with a big "Crawford" carved on the surface.

Serena Sterling looked at this "Crawford" character, her soft finger gently caressing it repeatedly, her heart softened.

"Prof. Sterling, it's time to go."

"Alright." Serena Sterling withdrew her gaze, turned and marched forward.

Soon, Serena was exhausted, from daily high-pressure work to direct exposure to infected patients, her fever began, possibly infected.

Serena rejected everyone and began self-isolation.

She lay on the hospital bed, drowsy, then felt the door opening, someone entering.

Serena opened her eyes and saw a tall and noble figure.

Hayden Crawford had arrived.

He wore a white isolation suit, his handsome brows lowered, looking at her gently.

Serena's eyes constricted, how did he come here?

This was a quarantine area!

Once you enter, there's a risk of getting infected!

Serena opened her mouth, wanting to speak, to sternly scold him, to make him leave immediately.

But in the next second, Hayden Crawford reached out and removed the oxygen mask from her face, then leaned in, gently kissing her red lips.

"Shh, don't speak. You're not Prof. Sterling right now, but my Serena, I just lent you out to them for a while, now, I'm taking you back."

Luckily, Serena wasn't infected, just worn out.

After a brief rest, Serena continued her work, Hayden Crawford managed the outside logistics.

When it all ended, it was the following spring, the large closed doors opened with a "bang," Serena removed her protective mask and stepped outside.

The sky was clear and bright, the sunlight splendid, surrounded by people, filled with post-disaster joy.

In the crowd, Serena immediately spotted the familiar and beloved figure.

Hayden Crawford stood there, never absent.

Today, he wore a black cashmere coat, golden sunlight adorning him with a brilliant edge, softly looking at her, smiling, then gradually opening his strong arms, "Mrs. Crawford, welcome home."

Serena ran over, plunging into his arms.

His kiss fell on her tears.

In the world, there are countless loves, but only you are the direction of my heart and the source of my affection.

At this moment, his kiss upon her tears is the final resonance of love.

You're waiting for the wind.

I'm waiting for you.

I give myself to you.

-Darlings, ta-da, throw the confetti, the main couple has almost reached the end here, there will be a little wedding scene, and then they'll officially step back and appear as special guests in other stories, thank you for being here all along, mwah mwah.

Chapter 892: You'd Better Keep Your Wife in Check!

Hayden Crawford and Serena Sterling's wedding was approaching, and as a bridesmaid, Leah Thorne hurried over early to witness her good friend's happiness.

Leah was trying on a bridesmaid dress. Serena chose a light green lace dress with an open back and handed it to Leah, "Leah, try this one."

Looking at the open-back design, Leah quickly raised her eyebrows, "Serena, aren't you afraid I'll steal your spotlight in this?"

Serena covered her mouth and giggled, "Leah, I'm married. All the single men here are yours for the taking."

Why did Leah feel like Serena was flaunting her "married" status? She curled her red lips, "Yes, yes, married woman!"

"Leah, hurry up and change." Married woman Serena ushered Leah into the changing room.

Leah put on the bridesmaid dress, but she couldn't reach the zipper at the back. So she lifted the hem and walked out, "Serena, lend me a hand to zip it up."

Someone walked over from behind.

But it wasn't Serena; it was... Justin Xavier.

Serena had just gone out, and Justin came in, just in time to witness such an incredibly enticing scene.

Now Leah was wearing that light green lace dress. Her back was facing him, and not only was the dress open-back, but even the small remaining section of the zipper wasn't fastened. Her bare back was on full display. Her figure was alluring, her skin like ice and jade, with an S-shaped waist that was tempting to grip tightly.

Justin shoved one hand into his pocket and glanced over, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down, then he strode over.

He reached out his hand.

Leah was waiting for the person behind her to zip her up, but his hand reached over and landed on her soft waist.

He pinched it hard.

Ouch.

Leah's body was delicate, and she immediately let out a pained gasp. She turned around, Justin's handsome and refined face quickly magnifying in front of her.

"Justin, why is it you?"

Leah felt the skin on her waist burning with pain, without even looking she could guess that he'd pinched her red. He was still wearing a perfectly tailored black suit, the gold-rimmed glasses on his face added an air of elegance to his businessman image, but who would've thought he had such a strong grip on women, cruelly pinching her.

Being a gentleman to Justin seemed non-existent, Leah still remembered the last time at Phoenix Plume Pavilion, he had pinched her once before too, that time on... her chest.

She had delicate skin, and later there was a blue-purple mark on her chest that took days to fade.

Now he'd left another mark on her.

Justin looked at her, half-smiling, "If it wasn't me, who did you think it was?"

"... President Xavier, look at you, you've left marks on me," Leah complained, dissatisfied.

Justin felt quite wronged; he was always a gentleman to other women, but when it came to Leah, he seemed to just want to leave his mark on her.

Justin's gaze subtly dropped to her dress, "Wearing something like that, isn't it just inviting men to pinch you?"

"... Pervert! You think everyone is as perverted as you!"

Just then, Serena came in. As soon as she saw Justin, she halted. With Justin's tall and handsome figure blocking the view, Serena only saw a vague female silhouette. Considering Justin's infamous reputation, Serena's first reaction was that she had accidentally walked into a large-scale solicitation scene, "Sorry, my mistake, I went into the wrong room, excuse me, goodbye."

Having said that, Serena turned to leave.

But no, that female silhouette just now seemed to be... Leah, and this was also her room.

Oops, misunderstood.

Serena turned back, her bright eyes landing on Justin's handsome face, turning embarrassment into a smile, "Oh, President Xavier, why are you here?"

Justin had both hands in his pockets, he indicated Leah's open-back lace dress with his eyes, "Did you ask her to wear that dress?"

"..." Serena was taken aback, she couldn't believe looking at Justin, he... he was accusing her outright?

Was this not... was this not... her territory?

"Yes, I asked Leah to wear it, President Xavier, is there a problem?" Serena quickly responded.

Justin furrowed his brow, "She can't wear that, change it."

Serena, "..."

Leah, "President Xavier, isn't this overstepping? What I wear has nothing to do with you, what are you to me?"

Serena agreed, indeed!

Justin's cold gaze landed on Leah's small, alluring face, "That outfit is too revealing. Leah, if you don't want me to tear that dress off myself, you'd better obediently change it. What I am to you depends on your attitude."

With that, Justin took a long stride and left.

Leah had already heard the threat in his words; if she dared to wear it, he'd rip it up. Whether he was her brother or... her man, he could be either.

"Leah, this President Xavier is being too strict with you, not even allowing a bit of revealing clothing. This damn possessiveness is truly frightening," Serena muttered sotto voce.

Leah looked away, "Forget it, Serena, he's not afraid of causing trouble, let's not provoke him, let's change to another one."

Serena nodded, "I think so too, definitely don't give President Xavier an excuse or opportunity to tear your dress!"

...

This time, Justin Xavier wasn't attending the wedding alone; he was accompanied by Davina Rowe, he hadn't changed women yet.

Justin strode purposefully to Hayden Crawford, pursing his lips with displeasure, "You better rein in your wife quickly, she's on the verge of corrupting Leah."

Hayden wasn't pleased either, he could discipline or scold his own wife, but others weren't allowed to say a word against her, "My wife is virtuous and gentle, impossible to lead others astray. If anyone's leading astray, it's Leah leading my wife astray."

What?

Justin cast a displeased side-glance at Hayden, were you looking for a fight?

Hayden, come on then, who's afraid?

The two men were locked in a tense standoff, sparks flying, neither willing to back down, when several CEOs approached, "Mr. Crawford, congratulations on the nuptials."

The atmosphere quickly warmed up, but Hayden and Justin neither looked at each other nor acknowledged each other!

"Mr. Crawford, your bride-to-be has come out, look, there's Beauty Thorne beside her, this time Beauty Thorne is a bridesmaid, right?"

Justin looked up and saw Serena and Leah walking out of the room. They didn't come over but turned a corner and disappeared, yet the combination of Serena and Leah still commanded a strong pull on everyone's attention.

"Hey, what's that on Beauty Thorne's ankle, looks like... a diamond anklet?"

"That diamond anklet couldn't have been given by Beauty Thorne's 'golden sponsor', right? This 'golden sponsor' knows how to play, it's a worldwide announcement that Beauty Thorne has become his restricted property, hahaha."

In a man's world, no situation is too explicit or too taboo, especially when it involves the captivating Leah.

Chapter 893: Does He Really Love Me?

Where there are men, their topic is Leah Thorne; this is a given.

Justin Xavier's gaze fell on Leah's anklet. The night he gave it to her, she put it on, but what does that mean?

Her delicate ankle, inviting a kiss, now adorned with a diamond anklet, obviously a man's gift, indeed like a captive kept by a man.

Earlier, she called him a pervert, and now which of these men is a good person? Even a good man would have impure thoughts in her presence.

Though his gift of the anklet meant exactly that, wanting to keep her, wanting her as his captive.

Justin Xavier's intense gaze followed Leah's disappearing figure; at Phoenix Plume Pavilion, he sensitively noticed her attitude toward him had changed. In Bayside, she wanted him to let her go, wished to be far away, but at Phoenix Plume Pavilion, she subtly... began to seduce him.

Yes, she was seducing him.

Even if he doesn't know the reason for her drastic change in attitude, he admits he's already caught.

Justin, a man used to women's tactics, has seen many women try to attach themselves to him with diverse seduction methods.

But Leah is the most skilled among them; she only seems to come close purposely, evading him just when he reaches for her.

Like a feather, tickling the heart.

Provoking daydreams.

Tossing and turning.

Although Leah was adopted by the Xavier family, it was him who genuinely raised her, calling her a sister or even a daughter wouldn't be too much. At 18, he broke it off, and when she returned, she was indifferent to him; he admits he hasn't tasted any sweetness from her yet.

Now he tasted a bit; she's started to use a woman's tactics against him.

That night she sucked his finger, asked if he preferred Davina Rowe or her, and now she flaunts the diamond anklet he gave her; what else could it be but seduction?

They are in a stage where mature adults understand each other, an ambiguous stage with a thin veil between them; he enjoys it.

The two bosses were enjoying their chat but were quickly stopped with looks from those around because Justin Xavier was there.

Many in the elite circles know Leah Thorne is Justin Xavier's sister, and those two bosses couldn't help but gossip seeing Leah.

Now they're looking fearfully at Justin, who gave them a faint glance.

The two bosses felt a chill on their scalp, could only awkwardly smile, "President Xavier... Mr. Crawford, we have things to attend to, we'll be going."

Everyone dashed off quickly.

Hayden Crawford observed this scene, then looked at Justin Xavier and commented, "Who just said my wife is a bad person? She's wearing the diamond anklet, Leah Thorne seems like a bad person, you too, your whole family is bad."

This time, Justin didn't refute, instead he raised an amused brow.

"President Xavier~" A sweet voice chimed in, as Davina Rowe arrived.

Davina clung to Justin's strong arm, nestling by his side like a small bird.

Justin lowered his handsome eyes to look at Davina. Her voice, so similar to Leah's, once made her bearable, but now she seemed unbearably vulgar.

Justin is straightforward; he's always liked Leah's dazzling beauty, now addicted to her allure, leaving nothing but disdain for Davina.

Seeing his eyes on her face, Davina's heart bloomed with joy—could it be this man was bewitched by her looks?

Davina shyly said, "President Xavier, why do you keep staring at me? Is there... something on my face?"

"Yes," Justin nonchalantly replied, "there's a word, 'ugly'."

Saying this, Justin withdrew his arm and walked away.

Davina felt she went from heaven to hell in an instant—Justin actually said there was an 'ugly' word on her face!

It was blatant humiliation and rejection!

Davina knew it, Justin was utterly done with her, all preference had vanished.

...

Davina was incredibly unwilling; if Justin abandoned her, she'd lose this lavish lifestyle.

All because of Leah Thorne, her resentment toward Leah grew. She thought if only Leah would disappear.

Davina saw a small knife on the fruit platter, picked it up, hid it in her sleeve, and went to find Leah.

Soon she spotted Leah in the corridor ahead.

"Leah, stop!" Davina blocked Leah's path.

Leah halted, her alluring eyes landing lazily and coldly on Davina, curling her red lips, "Oh, didn't Justin warn you not to mess with me? Whose courage gives you the audacity to ignore his words?"

"..." Davina knew she lost the first round to Leah's sharp tongue.

"Leah, why act so high in front of me? You think you're some big star? I see you as no better than a worn-out shoe!" Davina spat venomously.

Leah, unfazed, stepped closer to Davina, her voice rolling lazily off her red lips, "Davina, are you calling a shoe Justin has worn a worn-out shoe?"

Davina's eyes widened suddenly—she knew it, she knew Justin had slept with Leah!

Leah's gaze drifted down to Davina's hand, "What are you holding?"

Davina panicked, quickly covering, "N-nothing..."

Though initially overwhelmed, she realized harming someone is illegal—she wouldn't risk herself.

Leah's fine brows turned cold, having seen the knife.

In Leah's eyes, Davina was never worth noticing, just a hopping grasshopper, but now, this grasshopper showed murderous intent toward her.

Leah raised her head to see a handsome figure like jade in the distance—Justin Xavier was here.

Leah tucked a lock of hair behind her ear, speaking in a voice only the two of them could hear, "Do you think... Justin loves me?"

"What?" Davina was confused.

Leah smiled, "We'll know if he loves me by testing it."

Davina had a bad feeling as if Leah was about to do something—that she would act and she wanted to leave.

But the next moment, Leah grabbed her hand, causing the knife Davina hid to slash a bloody cut on Leah's finger.

Babies, tomorrow we'll continue with the side story of Luke and Leah.

Chapter 894: If You Love Me, You're Doomed!

Leah Thorne was never one to be trifled with. From the moment she saw a knife hidden in Davina Rowe's sleeve, she knew Davina couldn't stay.

So she pulled Davina's hand and made a cut on her own finger.

Blood oozed out, and Davina was startled, dropping the knife with a clang onto the ground. She looked at Leah in shock, "You..."

Before the word was out of her mouth, a large, well-defined hand reached out and grasped Leah's small hand.

Davina looked up, and the handsome and refined face of Justin Xavier was magnified in her vision.

Justin Xavier had arrived.

Davina's eyes brightened, "President Xavier, you're just in time, Leah she..."

Davina hadn't finished speaking before a fierce gust of wind rushed towards her and a heavy slap landed on her face.

Slap.

The crisp and fierce sound echoed as Davina was sent sprawling to the floor.

A metallic taste filled her mouth, and blood trickled from the corner of her lips. She felt her teeth loosen.

Her face burned with a stinging pain, numb from the intensity.

Justin Xavier had slapped her as soon as he arrived!

Davina was stunned, clutching her red and swollen cheek, looking at the man before her. Justin stood over her, his icy black eyes resting on her face, calm and dark as the Satanic king emerging from the night, chilling to the bone.

For years, Justin had been packaged with words like handsome, refined, elegant, abstinent... But this innate darkness and fierceness couldn't be washed clean. He didn't usually strike women, but that didn't mean he wouldn't.

Davina lay on the floor, and the handsome face showed no emotion or trace of his actions as he calmly withdrew his gaze and looked at Leah, "Does it hurt?"

Leah nodded, "It hurts."

Justin put her pale finger in his mouth, gave it a firm suck, and then pressed on the wound, "Let's go to the room, I'll bandage it for you."

Justin left with Leah.

Davina felt discarded like trash. She knew her good days were over and she was unwilling to accept this, so she loudly shouted at Justin's back, "President Xavier, don't be fooled by Leah, it wasn't me, she cut her own hand just now!"

Davina bravely spoke the truth, not wanting to be scapegoated. She wanted Justin to know what Leah was really like!

At this moment, Justin suddenly paused and looked back at Davina.

Davina thought he had a change of heart and ignored the numb swollen face, "President Xavier, please believe me, Leah did cut her own hand. Today she can hurt herself without blinking, tomorrow she could hurt you. A woman who loves no one is a dangerous woman."

Leah quietly watched Davina, though Davina didn't seem very smart, she was right about this.

Leah looked at Justin, not sure how he would react.

Justin had no visible reaction, he looked at Davina and said, "If you hadn't brought a knife, would she have had the chance to hurt herself? In the end, it's still your fault."

"..." Davina gasped, shocked that her heartfelt words were doused by Justin with cold water. She hadn't expected Justin to see through Leah's deliberate act.

Indeed, a man as sharp as Justin must've noticed Leah injured herself right from the start.

Yet, he still protected Leah, indulged Leah.

Davina realized Justin was truly bewitched by Leah, who knew what charm she had cast on him.

If one day Leah were to stab Justin with a knife, if successful, it would be because Justin willingly allowed it.

By now, Justin couldn't be bothered to spare her another glance, "I don't want to see you again."

Having said that, Justin strode off with Leah.

Slumped on the ground, Davina's face paled. It was over; she knew she was finished. As she looked up, she saw two bodyguards in black approaching, like the reaper's agents, coming to take her away.

Davina was terrified, trembling all over, teeth chattering, no... no...

...

In the room.

Justin took out a medical kit to treat Leah's wound. His actions weren't gentle, and Leah frowned, "It hurts... President Xavier, you're hurting me..."

Justin was expressionless, "What do you mean hurting you, what nonsense are you talking now? I'm not in the mood to listen to your nonsense, keep your mouth shut!"

"..." Leah understood he was in a bad mood, very bad.

Having bandaged the wound, Justin put back the medical kit, not looking at Leah, and turned to the bathroom to wash his hands.

Leah followed him like a little tail, "President Xavier, what's wrong, are you angry?"

Justin lowered his handsome eyelids, focused on washing his hands, not turning back, looking very cold, "Why, are you going to coax me if I'm angry?"

The woman behind was silent.

Justin's thin lips curved into a faint mocking smile, if she wasn't going to coax him, why was she concerned whether he was angry or not?

At this moment, his rolled-up sleeve moved, and a soft, charming little thing quietly slipped in under his arm, wedging itself between him and the sink, Leah's small, bright face magnified infinitely in his view.

"President Xavier, I'm here to coax you." As she spoke, Leah wrapped her small hands around his neck, exhaling softly towards him, "Why do I feel like I'm being subtly seduced by a patron?"

Justin turned off the tap and wrapped an arm around her soft little waist, "You really haven't served a patron, do you misunderstand that subtle seduction is so poorly executed, or are today's stars so lacking that they can't even play along?"

"..." Okay, Leah never wins in verbal sparring.

"President Xavier, what are you really angry about?"

Justin pinched her little waist, "Between you and me, Davina's just a word on your part. If you want her gone, just say the word, why hurt yourself?"

Leah blinked her lashes, then stood on tiptoe, her red lips by his ear, "I wanted to test if you... really love me or not?"

The closeness made Justin's throat tighten, he hummed lightly, "And if I do?"

"Justin Xavier, if I find out you love me, then... you're done for!" Leah whispered each word softly.

Justin's lips curled, he truly smiled, knowing she wasn't joking. The little canary he pampered was so proud, if she found out he loved her, she would definitely lord over him.

Chapter 895: Open Your Mouth, Can You Do It?

Her movements were exceptionally agile; give her a pole, and she could swiftly climb up along it.

Justin Xavier's large hand wove into her long hair, grasping the back of her head, and with furrowed brows, he captured her luscious red lips.

Leah Thorne froze, not expecting him to kiss her.

Her small hands pressed against his firm chest, trying to push him away.

Justin Xavier released her first, his nose rubbing against her charming face, "Try pushing me again!"

Leah's fingertips curled, intimidated by his displeased demeanor.

Justin Xavier domineeringly locked her in his embrace, "The women around me have been driven away by you. Now, you tell me, should I look for another woman, or will you take their place?"

Leah didn't expect him to be so blunt. Was he... taking advantage of the situation? She clenched her fists and hit him twice.

Justin Xavier remained motionless, letting her hit him. He curved his thin lips into a wicked smile, "Don't act like you're unwilling. I told you not to bring yourself in front of me, but now not only have you brought yourself over, but you've also willingly fallen into my arms. Leah, you know my feelings for you."

Leah fell silent.

Justin Xavier looked at her obedient demeanor, raised an eyebrow, then looked down and kissed her again.

Both were adults; ever since she made Davina Rowe disappear, the thin barrier between them was broken.

He had nothing to hide; he openly appreciated her beauty. Davina said she loved no one now, and he felt the same, but none of that mattered — he was very much after that momentary pleasure.

Her consent made him fearless.

Justin Xavier kissed her for a long time. When he finally opened his eyes, the coldness in his gaze had a layer of intoxicating warmth. His voice hoarse, he said, "Open your mouth, can you do that?"

Before Leah could react, Justin Xavier kissed her again. This time, he forcefully pried open her mouth, laying siege and conquering her defenses.

Leah's soft body had grown stiff, her mind filled with the image of that obese landlord and Hugh Xavier's ugly face from back then.

Bile surged up in her chest, and she felt like she might vomit.

Justin Xavier had already sensitively sensed the change in her body. He quickly released her and admonished hoarsely, "Don't you dare throw up!"

Frightened by his tone, Leah really managed to hold it back, though her face was as pale as paper.

Justin Xavier rubbed her soft waist, then pulled her into his arms. He caught his breath, slender eyes narrowing, his thin lips brushed helplessly against her long hair, and he laughed hoarsely, "Leah, looking like that and coming out to seduce me, do you think I'm easy to fool?"

Leah's small face was buried in his chest. She caught a whiff of his cool masculine scent, which was very pleasant and familiar, enough to rekindle all her past love and dependency on him. Leah gently closed her eyes, feeling the nausea slowly subside.

They held each other quietly for a while, neither of them willing to let go. Then, with a "ding-dong," the doorbell suddenly rang.

Someone was knocking at the door.

Who could it be?

Justin Xavier released Leah, "I'll go open the door."

Justin Xavier walked to the door and opened it, revealing a familiar figure outside — Davina Rowe.

Davina Rowe had returned.

The slap mark on Davina's right cheek stood out starkly. She stood at the door, looking at Justin Xavier with timid eyes.

Justin Xavier, one hand in his pocket, his dark eyes as bottomless as a thick spill of ink.

He'd already made Davina disappear, but now that she appeared before him again, it was truly amusing.

"Who is it?" At this point, Leah stepped out, slowing her steps as she saw Davina at the door.

"Justin, it's me." An old, authoritative voice sounded, and Old Master Xavier appeared at the doorway.

Old Master Xavier had arrived!

Old Master Xavier wore a black Zhongshan suit, leaning on a cane, his muddled yet sharp eyes fixed on Justin Xavier's handsome face, "Justin, what happened just now with Davina and Leah was just a little joke, why take it seriously?"

As he spoke, Old Master Xavier looked at Leah, "Leah, you're in the wrong here. You're Justin's sister, and Davina is his girlfriend. Now, because of you, Justin has a fallout with his own girlfriend. You should reflect on this."

Old Master Xavier's sudden arrival shattered the tranquility.

On Justin Xavier's exquisitely handsome face, no emotions were revealed. He only glanced back at Leah, "Leah, I'm going out for a talk with Grandpa. You should rest early."

Leah nodded, "Alright."

Justin Xavier left with Old Master Xavier.

As they left, Old Master Xavier gave Leah a meaningful look.

Leah understood Old Master Xavier's implication. From the moment she intentionally joined Justin Xavier, her battle with the Xavier family had commenced, a fight to the bitter end.

Davina stood at the door, somewhat smug, "Leah, you think you've won? Now that Old Master Xavier is here, he won't let you be with President Xavier!"

-- A short daily story by Lu Liu --

The first time Jude Crawford got jealous

Jude Crawford and Isabelle Willow were walking hand in hand down the street, and soon, Jude received a call and stepped aside to take it.

When he returned, he saw a handsome mixed-race guy beside Isabelle, who was clearly there to chat her up.

Isabelle didn't reject him but continued chatting with the handsome mixed-race guy, smiling brightly while saying who-knows-what.

Jude Crawford's steps halted.

The handsome mixed-race guy left, and Isabelle ran up to Jude Crawford, "Jude, you're back? Eh, what's that in your hand?"

Jude Crawford had gone to take a call and returned with a red rose in his hand.

Isabelle took the red rose, "Is this for me?"

Jude Crawford nodded, "Yes."

Isabelle's smile was as radiant as a flower, but she also noticed Jude Crawford pursing his thin lips, looking a bit displeased.

"Jude, what's wrong?"

"Just now... what were you talking about with that handsome mixed-race guy?"

Isabelle's eyes sparkled as she immediately laughed, "Are you jealous?"

"I'm not."

"Yes, you are." Isabelle turned around and started to run.

After two steps, Jude Crawford caught up from behind, encircling her soft waist with his arms and pinning her against the wall. The lighting here was dim, and he pressed her down in a domineering manner, not letting

her escape, his voice low and deep as he asked her again, "I asked you, what were you saying to that guy just now?"

This domineering, assertive Jude Crawford made Isabelle feel like he was back to his past self.

Isabelle's heart felt sweet, but she remained silent.

Jude Crawford's chest felt constrained, breaking the vinegar jar, it was unbearable, but seeing her still so young in his arms, he couldn't bear to act out, fearing to scare her, so he scolded with a grim face, "Isabelle Willow, if you like me, you can't like anyone else. I don't like you talking to other men!"

Chapter 896: I Like Beautiful Bad Women!

Leah Thorne's alluring eyes lazily landed on Davina Rowe's face, "I don't know if I'll win, but I do know you'll be the one to lose most miserably. Believe me, what just happened was the greatest mercy Justin Xavier could show you."

After speaking, Leah Thorne directly closed the door.

...

Leah Thorne stepped into the shower and took a warm bath. Just as she came out, her phone rang. It was a call from Old Master Xavier.

This call was expected.

Leah Thorne pressed the answer button, and Old Master Xavier's voice quickly came through, "Leah, wash up and go to bed early tonight. Justin won't be coming to your room anymore."

Leah casually dried her wet long hair with a towel, "Alright."

Hearing her so readily agree, Old Master Xavier gave a light chuckle, "Leah, aren't you the least bit curious about what I talked to Justin about just now?"

"Is there even a need to ask? It's nothing more than a choice between power and beauty."

"Exactly, I told Justin that if he wants to be with you, he must step down from his position as CEO of Xavier Corp immediately. Justin is a business prodigy, bringing Xavier Corp to its peak in recent years. However, those who are too powerful are hard to control. Therefore, I have an ace up my sleeve. The board of directors at Xavier Corp are all under my influence. If he chooses to be with you, the board will vote him out at the shareholders' meeting."

Leah listened quietly, then lifted the corners of her lips into a smile, "That's good. Even if Justin comes to me tonight, I wouldn't open the door for him anyway. He holds no value to me without everything he has now. If we were together, we would definitely face your counterattack."

Leah glanced at herself in the dressing table mirror, her expression dripping with languid amusement. "Old Master Xavier, I'm not some naive girl blinded by love. Likewise, Justin is not some fool who would throw away everything for love. So don't play these love games with us; we're both realistic."

The other end of the line fell silent for a few seconds. Over the years, Old Master Xavier had watched Leah grow up, but she kept changing from the age of eighteen, causing him a sense of unease and crisis.

Now, Leah should pose no threat to him. She's a superstar in the entertainment industry, but even the slightest negative rumor could ruin her.

She's lost everything, but she still has herself.

"Leah Thorne, given that, what chance do you have? Justin was raised by my own hands, cold at heart and unfeeling. His most valuable asset is his clarity."

Leah put the towel down and looked at her charming yet alluring face, speaking calmly, "In this bustling world, everyone's after profit. This game between you and me is a bet on Justin Xavier. You raised him, taught him clarity. You think that between power and beauty, he will clearly choose power. But what I believe is that between power and beauty, he will clearly choose... both."

"Justin Xavier is a wolf. As for who can tame him, let's leave that to our respective skills."

After speaking, Leah hung up the call.

The room became very quiet. Leah showed no waves of emotion as she dried her hair and began her skincare routine. Even the most beautiful woman must diligently care for her skin, or she will waste Heaven's gifts.

After a while, a melodious ringtone suddenly sounded again; another call was coming through.

Leah glanced at her phone to see the words "Justin Xavier" flashing on the screen.

Justin Xavier was calling.

Leah nonchalantly looked away, not answering.

"Ding" — a WeChat message arrived. It was from Justin Xavier: "Why aren't you answering the phone?"

Leah didn't reply.

The melodious ringtone sounded again; another call was coming through.

He was still calling.

This time, Leah picked up the phone, but instead of answering, she simply powered it off with a swipe.

...

Meanwhile, on the other side, Justin Xavier stood in the dim hallway with the phone against his ear, listening to the mechanical voice saying, "Sorry, the number you dialed is switched off."

She actually turned off her phone.

In his other hand, Justin held a cigarette between his long fingers. Bringing it to his lips, he took a puff. He was amused by his own anger, letting out a laugh that resonated from his chest. In his refined demeanor, "degenerate" seemed fitting.

With the cigarette clenched in his thin lips, he lowered his handsome eyelids, typing a WeChat message: "Better not let you fall into my hands, or I'll ruin you."

Just then, there was a knock at the door of the hallway. The groom, Hayden Crawford, arrived.

Standing by the door, Hayden Crawford saw Justin Xavier in his elegant and refined manner, smoking. His long fingers hovered over his phone keyboard, typing, deleting, then typing something else. His narrowed eyes were slightly upturned, exuding an idle, yet charming allure. If there were a few girls standing near, they would blush for sure.

Hayden Crawford said, "Alright, stop flirting."

Justin Xavier looked back, glancing at Hayden from within the swirling smoke, "Flirting? Am I that obvious?"

Hayden glanced at the ashtray piled with cigarette butts, shrugging, "You've been chain-smoking, clearly feeling restless, unsatisfied. I think you're not only trying to flirt but also looking for someone to vent a little."

Justin slipped his phone into his trouser pocket, took out his cigarette, and flicked away the scarlet ash, a smile playing on his lips as he didn't deny it.

Everyone knew he desired her.

"What are your plans for Leah Thorne?" Hayden suddenly asked.

"What?"

"You know exactly what I'm asking. Lots of factors, including your mom, your grandpa, yourself... getting tangled up with Leah—have you ever thought that you're no longer young, hitting thirty already? Have you ever contemplated settling down, finding a good woman to start a family?"

Hayden and Justin had been close friends since childhood. His question was genuine.

Justin tilted his head, exhaling a thick cloud of smoke from his thin lips, smiling wryly, "A good woman? You know me too well. I don't like good women, just bad ones, beautiful bad ones."

Hayden laughed in exasperation. He stepped forward and gave Justin a light kick, "I think Leah Thorne's bewitched you."

Beautiful bad woman—who else could it be but Leah Thorne?

A footprint quickly appeared on Justin's black suit pants, but he didn't mind. His cold eyes narrowed as he gazed into the distance, "When I was little, I went to the office to find my dad. I saw him on the couch, rolling around with his secretary. From then on, I knew I'd become just like him."

Chapter 897: She Just Wants to Play with You

"In my understanding, power and money are accompanied by a life of extravagant indulgence, and women are nothing more than moments of pleasure and toys for distraction."

"Later on, I met Leah. After meeting her, I realized I might not be like my dad, because I never planned to get married or have kids. I know how inferior my genes are, so I don't want to pass them on to the next generation."

Hayden Crawford stood beside Justin Xavier, knowing the kind of environment Justin grew up in. Passionate love is in the Crawford family's genes, and also an influence from their original family. If there hadn't been any unexpected turns in life, Justin Xavier should have become the second Hugh Xavier, thriving in a world of debauchery. But then Leah appeared.

Leah was a ray of sunshine in Justin Xavier's life.

Hayden Crawford shoved his hands into his pockets, "But... from Leah's attitude now, it seems like she just wants to have some fun with you."

Justin Xavier seemed to recall something amusing; he lifted the corners of his long eyes, "Well, that's perfect, because I've wanted to have fun with her for a long time."

"..." Hayden could only give Justin a nudge with his foot, seeing the sly look on Justin's face. Wake up already!

...

The wedding was about to start soon, and Serena was getting anxious because her dad and mom still hadn't arrived.

The last time Serena saw her parents was at the Phoenix Plume Pavilion. After hearing about Zane, she and Hayden had left in a hurry.

Serena took out her phone and called Seraphina Linden.

The call was quickly connected, and Seraphina's voice came through swiftly, "Hello, my darling daughter."

"Mom, when are you coming over? I've been waiting for you for so long."

"Darling daughter, I'm on the way already, I'll be there soon."

"Mom, have you seen Dad?"

"Julian Rathborne? No, the last time he stormed off, I haven't seen him since."

Serena caught the key point, which was "stormed off," "Mom, did you and Dad fight again at Phoenix Plume Pavilion?"

"I didn't fight with him, but he was interfering with my money-making."

Making money...

It's always about making money...

Serena knew her mom was a little money-obsessed, but there was a reason for that.

Life in Alani has been tough for years. As the seventh-generation queen, Seraphina Linden once ran away, but she returned.

The elder who held the ring once said that among the queens she had guided, Seraphina Linden was the most mischievous. However, her mischief had boundaries, hidden beneath her heartlessness was the world's utmost kindness and sincerity. Perhaps Seraphina Linden wasn't the most outstanding queen, but in the hardest times, she brought back a lot of money, feeding the starving and cold of Alani, providing a stable home for the elderly and children in need of care and medication. She made beautiful flowers grow in barren land, supported everyone alone, yet she was the best queen of Alani.

"Mom, we have already revived Alani. We have money now, and you have a very wealthy son-in-law. You don't have to make money anymore," Serena smiled.

Just as Seraphina Linden got off the plane, hearing these words, she curled her red lips and gave a satisfied sigh. Her children had all grown up finally.

To raise these kids, she couldn't count how many jobs she had worked. She opened schools, created hospitals, ran martial arts halls... The legends of her feats spread across the land.

For years she had been making money, a hard-working laborer.

Even though they had money now, she was used to it. Having money gave her a sense of security.

"Got it, Serena. I'm here now; let's talk when we meet." Seraphina happily hung up the phone, heading to her daughter's wedding.

At that moment, a group of black-suited bodyguards rushed over, "Please make way!"

Seraphina couldn't dodge in time, and a bodyguard pushed her slightly, nearly making her fall, looking a bit awkward.

She was annoyed to see the bodyguards were clearing the area, setting up a cordon as if they were welcoming some big shot.

Just then, a luxury aircraft descended from the sky, with a large, gleaming character "Rathborne" emblazoned on its side.

Marcus Kingsley's aircraft had arrived!

Seraphina's ears filled with screams; young, beautiful girls around her covered their mouths excitedly, jumping up and down.

"Ah, it's Marcus Kingsley's aircraft!"

"Oh my god, what luck we have today, to actually encounter the son of Aethelgard, the world's richest man, Marcus Kingsley!"

"Quick, is my lipstick still okay? I put on man-slaying red today."

"I think a man like Marcus Kingsley must like pure and clean girls, girls like me."

Seraphina felt her ears were going to go deaf, and the girls around her kept squeezing her, making it hard for her to breathe.

She hadn't expected Marcus Kingsley to have such charm; these girls went crazy just seeing his aircraft arrive.

There was one thing Seraphina couldn't agree with: Marcus Kingsley definitely didn't like pure girls; he was particularly reserved, liking proactive and passionate women.

Ah!

A crazy scream echoed in her ears once more as Seraphina looked up; the cabin door opened, and Marcus Kingsley stepped out.

Today, Marcus Kingsley wore a black thin coat, beneath it a matching black suit. The tailored fabric perfectly outlined his tall and noble figure. A man in his forties, through the years, he had become like a vintage bottle of red wine, captivating and enchanting.

There was a line of black-suited bodyguards at the cordon, and airport staff respectfully stood on either side. Marcus Kingsley walked with steady, sonorous steps, under everyone's gaze, quickly disappearing into the VIP corridor.

He didn't glance at those pretty girls who were crazy about him, nor did he see Seraphina being crowded among the masses.

-- A Small Story from Jude Crawford's Daily --

Jude Crawford saw that handsome mixed-race guy, and indeed, he was jealous.

At that moment, a voice spoke up, "Hi, what a coincidence."

Jude Crawford turned around, and sure enough, it was that handsome mixed-race guy again.

The handsome mixed-race guy looked Jude Crawford up and down, "Is this your future husband? You've got a good eye."

"..." Jude Crawford was stunned. She had just told this handsome mixed-race guy that he was her... future husband?

Jude Crawford lowered his gaze to Isabelle Willow, who reached out her small hands to hug his neck, giving his thin lips a sweet peck.

Her gentle fragrant lips touched his, a fleeting kiss, then withdrew, smiling playfully, "Big jealous jar."

Jude Crawford's ears turned red, then he lowered his head and kissed her hard.

Hmm!

From his thin lips came her surprised soft voice.

He had wanted to kiss her for a long time.

Her lips were fragrant and full of flavor.

After kissing for a while, Jude Crawford wanted to open his mouth, but he suddenly snapped awake. Kissing such a young girl like this might be illegal, right?

Chapter 898: How Much Do You Charge for Entertaining Clients?

Julian Rathborne left, and the girls around reluctantly dispersed. Seraphina Linden, who was forced to attend the welcome ceremony, was finally free to leave. She carried her bag out of the airport hall and tried to hail a cab outside.

However, not a single car stopped.

Seraphina checked the time, worried that her darling daughter might be anxiously waiting, so she too was a bit anxious.

Just then, a stretched luxury business car slowly came into view. Seraphina glanced at it—it was an Aethelgard license plate, one of those kind that's a symbol of power and status, allowing passage anywhere without hindrance.

Julian Rathborne's car had arrived.

How coincidental.

Seraphina quickly ran up and stopped the luxury car.

The driver stepped on the brake and looked back at the man in the back seat for instructions, "Sir, someone is stopping the car."

Julian Rathborne was elegantly seated in the back, his long legs gracefully crossed as he perused a business document. His side profile was clean and attractive.

Upon hearing this, he took his eyes off the document and looked outside the window to see Seraphina's bright and lively face quickly magnifying in his view.

Seraphina was standing by the rear window, raising her hand to greet him warmly, her face beaming with an incredibly radiant smile, "Hi, Mr. Rathborne."

Julian Rathborne immediately furrowed his handsome brows. She had opened a Phoenix Plume Pavilion and even let his heiress daughter platform it for publicity. A few days ago, he had led people to the Phoenix Plume Pavilion but she refused to see him, sending a message through her staff, saying she was "entertaining guests!"

Julian Rathborne was so angry he almost spit blood. This woman was bold and reckless, completely unlike the image of an aristocratic lady in his mind, so he left in anger.

Unexpectedly, he ran into her here, and she was stopping his car.

Julian Rathborne looked at her bright and radiant smile, as if saying, Mr. Rathborne, give me a ride!

This woman only smiled so brilliantly at him when she needed something.

Julian Rathborne slowly slid down the car window, his phoenix eyes looking over indifferently, "Miss Linden, do we know each other?"

The smile on Seraphina's face froze instantly, "Haha, Mr. Rathborne, you're so funny. So... where are you headed?"

"To attend my daughter's wedding."

"Wow." Seraphina's eyes lit up, "Mr. Rathborne, nice to meet you, I'm your daughter's mommy, now we know each other."

"..." Julian Rathborne didn't want to engage with this woman at all. He casually glanced at the driver, "Drive."

"Yes, sir." The driver was about to hit the gas.

Seraphina was completely dumbfounded. The Julian Rathborne she knew was petty but still gentlemanly. His car was so big and luxurious, giving her a lift seemed no problem at all.

"Hey, Julian Rathborne!" Seraphina grasped the car window with both hands, immediately showing a pitiable expression, "Today is Serena's wedding, do you really have to be so heartless?"

As she spoke, Seraphina sniffled twice, her bright eyes turning red instantly, "Do you know how hard it is for me? Raising Serena all these years, what have you, her dad, contributed? Just a sperm donation?"

Julian Rathborne watched the mist forming in Seraphina's watery eyes, seemingly about to cry. He was taken aback... Really?

There were already plenty of people at the airport, and with Seraphina making a scene, everyone's eyes "swished" over.

"I carried Serena for ten months on my own, raised her by myself, being both a father and a mother, it's truly a hard life."

"I know I've grown old and faded, while you've long been dazzled by those young and pretty girls outside, but it's our daughter's wedding, and I can't even ride in your car, you're really heartless."

"Back in the day when we had that one night of pleasure, you hugged me and praised me, and now you're being so heartless and leaving!"

"Wooo wooo wooo..." Seraphina began to sob sadly.

Poof~

A muffled laugh sounded in his ears, and Julian Rathborne looked up to see the driver couldn't hold back his laughter.

Julian Rathborne immediately frowned, and the driver quickly sat up straight, "Sir, look, I didn't laugh, I absolutely didn't laugh!"

More and more people gathered outside, pointing at Julian Rathborne, "Pei! Scumbag!"

Julian Rathborne, "..."

In over forty years of his life, Julian Rathborne never expected that one day the label "scumbag" would suddenly be plastered onto him. This strange yet damnable experience!

Three black lines appeared on his forehead. He felt his lifetime of reputation would someday be destroyed by this woman, Seraphina Linden.

"Alright, stop crying!" Julian Rathborne said in a low voice.

Seraphina was sniffing, real tears flowing down her face, looking at him weakly, "You... you're even scolding me now, wahhhh..."

"..." Alright, Julian Rathborne conceded she had won, "Wipe those tears off and get in!"

"Alrighty!" Seraphina quickly raised her hand to dry her tears, then happily hopped into the luxury car.

...

The stretched luxury business car sped along the road, and the driver in front sneakily glanced through the rear-view mirror, trying to catch a glimpse of Seraphina, the brave and extraordinary woman.

But before he could see anything, he felt a cold gaze fall on him. Julian Rathborne's light yet murderous glare came over.

The driver felt a chill run down his spine and immediately withdrew his gaze, not daring to look anymore.

Sitting beside Julian Rathborne, Seraphina pulled out two tissues to wipe her face.

Julian Rathborne took one look at her, "What, not 'entertaining guests' today?"

Seraphina's hand trembled; this man was so petty. He was throwing the "entertaining guests" remark back at her from the last time in the Phoenix Plume Pavilion.

Seraphina sat up straight and seriously looked at Julian Rathborne, "Mr. Rathborne, it seems like you really despise my current work!"

Julian Rathborne smirked, "Have I not made it obvious enough?"

How should he address her now, madam? Madam of the house? Should he give her some applause and say, 'You're awesome'?

Seraphina frowned, "...Mr. Rathborne, that's where you're wrong. You can look down on me, but you can't look down on my work. Everyone works hard for a living, there's no distinction of rank, why are you being discriminatory?"

Julian Rathborne curved his thin lips into a cold smile, "When it comes down to it, it's all about the money for you. Seraphina Linden, I see as long as money can be made, you'll sell anything!"

He finally understood, she was a money-obsessed woman.

Seraphina was puzzled. Why was he angry now?

She just loved money!

He was born the son of Aethelgard, to a privileged family, unfamiliar with scarcity, earning alone so his family would not starve, but as for her, she had many mouths to feed.

Who in the world lives freely according to personal wishes? Everyone has their own responsibilities.

"Mr. Rathborne, did I steal your money? Did I rob you? Since I haven't stolen or robbed, what does it matter to you what I sell?"

"You!" Julian Rathborne was furious, but quickly he changed his tone, "You 'entertaining guests', how much do you charge?"

Chapter 899: Sorry, I'm Already Married

What?

Seraphina's eyes immediately lit up. Is he... interested in one of her girls?

Did the business just come like that?

Seraphina looked Jude Crawford up and down. This man is indeed a true patron, getting close to him would be incredible.

"Mr. Rathborne, you mean..." Seraphina was a bit uncertain.

Jude Crawford looked at the gleam in her watery eyes and playfully curled his thin lips, "Ten million? Fifty million? A hundred million? Is it enough?"

My God!

Seraphina took a deep breath, "Enough! It's enough! Mr. Rathborne, you're truly generous. Tell me, which girl from our Phoenix Plume Pavilion do you have your eye on? Our top picks are at your disposal!"

Jude Crawford reached out, using his slender fingers to pinch her delicate chin, and a word slipped from his thin lips, "You!"

"..." Seraphina fluttered her lashes. Did he mean that he's interested in her?

"What, you're not selling? Didn't you say you'd sell anything for money? A hundred million isn't enough, I can go to two hundred million, three hundred million..."

Seraphina wanted to cover her ears, these millions were the most beautiful melody she'd ever heard, save her, she could barely resist the temptation.

"But, but..."

"But what, you're selling yourself, and I'm paying to buy you. You said any girl from Phoenix Plume Pavilion was at my disposal, now that I've picked you, you're not willing?"

"..." Seraphina was left speechless, one hundred million, two hundred million, three hundred million... so much money. She could use that money to build a base for cultivating precious medicinal herbs at Alani, allowing many people at Alani to make a living from growing herbs and live a prosperous life.

But... but... she couldn't sell herself...

Jude Crawford looked at her conflicted expression and felt a great mood, "I'll give you three seconds to think, as you can see, I have plenty of money, and how much you can earn from me depends on your ability."

The driver in front heard these words and his hand shook, he almost doubted he was hallucinating. He had been with Mr. Rathborne for many years, Mr. Rathborne was so dignified and reserved, never had he done something as tempting a woman with money.

"One."

"Two..."

Jude Crawford had already begun counting down.

"Wait... wait a moment!" Seraphina spoke up in difficulty, "Mr. Rathborne, it's not that I don't want to earn your money, but it's truly that... I can't sell."

"Why?"

"Because, I'm already married," Seraphina said.

I'm already married...

This sentence exploded in Jude Crawford's ears, his dark pupils shrank instantly, staring at her in unbelievable shock.

What did she just say?

She said, she's already married?

In fact, after all these years, he had also had a marriage, it was normal if she dated or got married.

Two people's romantic entanglement from a one-night stand, no one would stay put waiting.

But Jude Crawford was still stunned, he looked at her opening and closing red lips, yet he couldn't understand what she just said.

Seraphina looked at him, repeating, "I'm sorry, Mr. Rathborne, I'm already married."

A few seconds later, Jude Crawford slowly returned to his senses, a hint of red amusement floated in his phoenix eyes, "Seraphina, you're really something. How stupid I am, to spend so much time playing with a married woman!"

After speaking, Jude Crawford released her delicate chin, took out a few tissues, wiped his hands furiously, as if touching her made him touch something dirty.

The atmosphere in the luxury car's cabin plummeted.

Just then, they arrived at the location, the driver respectfully opened the rear car door, and Jude Crawford and Seraphina got out.

"Baby~" A greasy voice quickly rang out.

Jude Crawford looked up to see a pot-bellied middle-aged man opening his arms and rushing towards Seraphina. The "baby" was obviously directed at her.

Jude Crawford narrowed his phoenix eyes in a flash, he recognized this greasy man, they had dealings before, Sean Dawson.

The Dawson family used to be nobility of the Wang line, but in Sean's generation, they fell. This Sean loves a life of debauchery, obsessed with beauty. He had deep dark circles under his eyes, clearly from frequent late nights.

The dark circles didn't do anything wrong, but Sean became their spokesperson unwarrantedly, painting himself pitch-black.

Could this Sean be her... husband?

She said she was already married, could it be she married Sean?

Sean rushed over, wanting to give Seraphina a big hug, but she stood still, and as he came closer, she quickly stepped aside.

This caused Sean to lunge forward, nearly tasting the dirt.

His men quickly grabbed him, saving him from further embarrassment. Sean felt awkward, glared angrily at his men, then turned with a wide grin to Seraphina, pampering her, "Yara my darling, you're being playful again."

Seraphina looked at Sean, smiled, but didn't speak.

"Oh, isn't this Mr. Rathborne?" At this moment Sean noticed Jude Crawford, his eyes lit up, "Mr. Rathborne, so nice to meet you."

Jude Crawford, standing with dignity in a black cashmere coat, glanced at Sean lightly and effortlessly curled his thin lips, "President Dawson, and this is?"

"Hahaha, Mr. Rathborne, let me formally introduce you, this is my lovely wife, Seraphina Linden." Sean said proudly.

Jude Crawford's driver let out a little sound of disbelief at the sight, "Huh?" It was incredible how such a beautiful flower ended up in cow dung.

Jude Crawford's eyes slowly darkened. Had she really married this Sean?

Is there something wrong with her eyes?

"Mr. Rathborne, not hiding it from you, today I brought my lovely wife over to attend my stepdaughter's wedding, I don't know if Mr. Rathborne is?"

Jude Crawford curled his lips, his voice deep and indifferent, "That's quite a coincidence, I'm here for my daughter's wedding."

--A Daily Story of Seraphina and Jude--

Jude Crawford's 20th Birthday Gift

Jude Crawford turned 20, Isabelle Willow spent his first birthday with him, but Isabelle Willow didn't give him his birthday gift immediately.

Jude Crawford waited and waited, even after driving her home in the evening, he still hadn't received his birthday gift.

Jude Crawford returned to his villa, tossed his car keys, and entered his room. Just then, his phone buzzed with a text from Isabelle Willow.

The message was short, happy birthday gift has arrived, please check.

A small video was attached below the text.

Jude Crawford clicked on the video, in it, Isabelle Willow had changed into a black and white maid outfit, with cute cat ears on her head, and her small hands on her cheeks, she called out sweetly three times, meow meow meow~

Jude Crawford swallowed hard, rushed into the bathroom swiftly.

That night, he lay in bed watching the video several times in secret, and silently revisited the bathroom a few more times.

Chapter 900: You Look So Beautiful Today

Sean Dawson was stunned and didn't quite grasp it, "What, Mr. Rathborne came to attend his daughter's wedding? I haven't heard of another wedding happening here. What's Mr. Rathborne's daughter's name?"

Julian Rathborne, "My daughter Serena Sterling, son-in-law Hayden Crawford."

"..."

Sean Dawson gasped, his mouth wide enough to swallow an egg. His stepdaughter seemed to be called Serena Sterling too, and her son-in-law was the top mogul Hayden Crawford...

At this moment, Seraphina Linden, who had been silent, coughed twice, "Let me introduce, my daughter's biological dad Julian Rathborne, my... current husband... Sean Dawson."

Oh my.

Sean Dawson looked at Julian Rathborne and then at Seraphina Linden, "He... he... he... you... you... you..."

Just then, Julian Rathborne shot a cold look at Seraphina Linden and walked away swiftly.

...

Hayden Crawford knew his in-laws were arriving in style, so he was already at the door to welcome them.

At that moment, Julian Rathborne's dignified figure entered his view, Hayden Crawford instantly switched to sidekick mode, enthusiastically running up to his father-in-law, "Dad, you're here! I've been waiting for you!"

This call of "Dad" made Julian Rathborne look up. He saw Hayden Crawford looking very spirited and furrowed his handsome brows, "You seem quite happy."

"Of course, Dad! I'm getting married today, of course, I'm happy. I can't go around with a long face like someone who's heartbroken, as if the world owes him billions."

Cough.

Cough cough.

Just as Hayden Crawford finished speaking, the driver behind Julian Rathborne coughed heavily, winking repeatedly at Hayden Crawford.

What does this mean?

Hayden Crawford was stunned, then looked at Julian Rathborne, and now Julian Rathborne's handsome face... wasn't it like he was owed billions?

Hayden Crawford, "... Great, buttered up the wrong person.

"Dad!"

Dad Julian Rathborne had already lost interest in dealing with this son-in-law and quickly disappeared from view.

...

Julian Rathborne entered the luxurious room, took off his black thin wool coat, and stood silently by the floor-to-ceiling window, lighting a cigarette.

He rarely smoked, but now he desperately needed the taste of nicotine to suppress the gloomy aggression inside him.

She actually got married!

He knew he shouldn't expect anything from her, but... so many years had passed, and he had been waiting in place for her all along.

He had never forgotten her even for a day, that night, that pleasure, he had reminisced about it for half his life.

Even though he mistakenly married Yvonne Knight, he hadn't touched Yvonne Knight at all.

But her?

Perhaps to her, he really was just a tool to have a child, a one-time fling!

Her husband was someone like Sean Dawson. She really should get her eyes checked. If he lost to a man better than him, of course, the possibility is almost zero, he'd let it go, but she actually married such a worthless person.

Julian Rathborne really didn't know where he lost. Thinking of Sean Dawson's greasy "darling" and "pet wife," his handsome eyebrows sank to the bottom. They're a couple, had she also once... indulged under Sean Dawson?

Whenever he thought of these things, Julian Rathborne now wished he could rush out, make Sean Dawson disappear, and grab her to teach her a lesson, so she'd know how formidable he was!

Julian Rathborne agitatedly smoked; he didn't know what was wrong with him. His emotions were always swayed by that woman Seraphina Linden.

Admit it, he liked her.

If asked how much he liked her, well... he liked her very much, very much.

Now the suffocating aggression in his chest and his restlessness were all because he... was heartbroken. Julian Rathborne found himself laughable. He had been distant from women all his life, not interested in the biological kind, what a late bloomer, and now in middle age, he actually fell for a woman, oh wait, for a married woman, and yes, he was heartbroken.

Julian Rathborne rubbed his handsome brows for the first time feeling a sense of failure; he actually stumbled over Seraphina Linden.

At this moment, there was a "knock-knock," and a private secretary respectfully spoke outside the door, "President, the wedding of Miss and son-in-law has officially started."

...

Hayden Crawford and Serena Sterling's wedding officially began amid the blasts of fireworks and confetti ribbons, Hayden Crawford rushed into the bridal waiting room with people.

But, Hayden Crawford did not see his bride.

"Da-da-da-da," Seraphina Linden appeared at this moment, "Groom, the bride is here, quickly take your bride away!"

Seraphina Linden reached out and pulled back the curtain behind her, revealing eight brides.

The eight brides wore the same wedding dress, had white veils on their heads, and even their figures were quite similar, making it dazzling to distinguish which one was the real bride of the day.

Seraphina Linden looked at her son-in-law, "Groom, you should choose wisely, don't make the wrong choice. The consequences of choosing wrong are very serious."

The crowd burst into laughter, "Mr. Crawford, your mother-in-law has spoken, if you choose wrong today, you might not get to take the bride away."

Hayden Crawford raised a handsome brow and strode forward, arriving straight in front of one bride, then extended his big hand to hold that soft little hand.

"Groom, have you chosen well?"

Hayden Crawford nodded, "Yes, it's this one!"

"Alright, then you can lift the bride's veil and have a look."

Hayden Crawford raised his hand and slowly unveiled the bride's veil.

Wow~

A gasp erupted at his ears.

Serena Sterling's palm-sized face came into view. Today she had light makeup on, her already delicate and unblemished face now even more dazzling, with pure black hair styled expertly for him, adorned with a small crown that sparkled brilliantly, truly the most beautiful bride.

Hayden Crawford picked correctly.

Hayden Crawford's gaze lingered on Serena Sterling's petite face, seemingly unable to move, staring raptly, then lowered his head, wanting to kiss her red lips.

"Hey, Mr. Crawford, what are you doing!" The whole room erupted in laughter.

Everyone raised a clamor, "Mr. Crawford, we only told you to unveil the veil and look at the bride, we didn't say you could kiss her."

"Mr. Crawford, it's not yet the part where you kiss the bride."

"Mr. Crawford, you were so absorbed in looking at the bride just now, are you eager to go ahead? We're all still here."

Amidst everyone's teasing, Serena Sterling's face turned bright red, she coyly glanced at Hayden Crawford, embarrassing him.

Hayden Crawford, being a groom for the first time, was quite nervous and inexperienced. He tightly held Serena Sterling's soft delicate hand in his palm and said softly and lovingly, "Serena, you look beautiful today."

Serena Sterling sweetly curled her red lips, for his "You're beautiful" and even more for him finding her at once in the sea of people.