

Substitute B 921

Chapter 921: A Perfect Match (Part 1)

Julian Rathborne came to Seraphina Linden's side, his tall and distinguished figure immediately protecting her behind him. He asked in a low voice, "Seraphina, are you alright?"

Seraphina Linden calmly shook her head, "I'm fine, I'm fine."

The new girl hadn't been with Sean Dawson for long, so she didn't recognize Seraphina Linden, but she immediately recognized Julian Rathborne. Her eyes quickly lit up, as if the whole world had been illuminated.

Wow.

At this moment, Julian Rathborne's cold and sharp gaze fell on the new girl's face, and he pressed his lips, speaking in a deep voice, "Who gave you the courage to cause trouble here? Someone, take her out!"

The new girl's heart sank; she hadn't expected that Julian Rathborne would also protect this maid, Seraphina Linden.

Just now, seeing Seraphina Linden, she was already jealous of her fox-like face. It seemed that this face had already enchanted the world's richest man.

The new girl immediately said, "Mr.... Mr. Rathborne, you mustn't be deceived by this woman. She's good at seducing men!"

The onlookers all looked at the new girl as if she were crazy, insulting Mrs. Rathborne?

Someone said, "Why don't you tell us, who exactly did Miss Linden seduce?"

The new girl confidently responded, "She seduced my man, Sean Dawson!"

Hmph~

The crowd couldn't help but laugh, "Are you talking about President Dawson, the one with dark circles?"

The new girl realized something was wrong, as if everyone was mocking her and not believing her story.

The new girl immediately got anxious, "I'm telling the truth, Seraphina Linden used to be a maid bought by the Dawson family."

Julian Rathborne's handsome brows furrowed, a cold shadow clouding his face. He wouldn't allow anyone to discuss Seraphina Linden's past recklessly.

He wanted the new girl to disappear on the spot.

But then he was shocked by what the new girl said next. She said, "When Seraphina Linden was working as a maid at the Dawson family, Sean didn't even look at her, let alone touch her. He never even held her hand."

What?

Julian Rathborne's ears buzzed, and he froze in place.

That day in the luxurious private room, Sean praised Seraphina Linden's skills to his face, but now this new girl was telling him Sean never even touched Seraphina Linden?

"I'm speaking the truth, Sean himself told me this!" The new girl, afraid no one would believe her, nodded confidently.

Julian Rathborne's heart was in turmoil. Everywhere he turned, there were voices telling him that nothing had happened between Seraphina Linden and Sean!

Julian Rathborne wished he could hold Seraphina Linden tightly in his arms right now, but he restrained himself. There'd be enough opportunities during the wedding night. Right now, he had to deal with those who bullied his wife.

Julian Rathborne looked at the new girl, casually pursing his lips, "Do you think with me around, Seraphina would be interested in someone like Sean? Even if she were to seduce someone, it would be me."

Saying this, Julian Rathborne wrapped an arm around Seraphina Linden's waist, asserting his dominance.

The new girl stiffened, "Mr. Rathborne, don't let Seraphina Linden's fox-like face fool you, she's not a good person."

Julian Rathborne slowly narrowed his phoenix-like eyes, "Are you sure you want to talk about my wife like that?"

"..." The new girl's face changed drastically, freezing on the spot.

She incredulously looked at Julian Rathborne and then at Seraphina Linden. His... his wife?

The new girl suddenly recalled today's grand wedding; Julian Rathborne was getting married. So... Seraphina Linden was Mrs. Rathborne?

Oh my God!

At this moment, Sean Dawson rushed over, already knowing his new girl had caused trouble. With cold sweat streaming down his forehead, he raised his hand and slapped the new girl across the face, scolding, "This is Mrs. Rathborne, are you tired of living? Planning to borrow another five hundred years to defy Mrs. Rathborne?"

The new girl was slapped to the ground. She realized she'd made a huge mistake, so she clutched her reddened face, pleading with Seraphina Linden, "Mrs.... Mrs. Rathborne, it was my fault, I didn't know better, please... forgive me this once, sob sob..."

Julian Rathborne wanted to speak, but Seraphina Linden tugged at his sleeve and generously said, "Forget it, she doesn't know me, let's not hold it against her."

Sean Dawson's eyes lit up, looking at Seraphina Linden in disbelief. This intimidating woman who's always been vengeful was being so generous today?

Could it be that becoming Mrs. Rathborne, the world's richest, has changed her?

Just then, Seraphina Linden playfully blinked at Sean Dawson, "But President Dawson, it's time you returned the money you owe me."

Sean Dawson, "..."

Oh no, the debt collector is here!

Seraphina Linden is still Seraphina Linden. Gracious in nature, unfazed by insults, but it's all about the money.

...

This trivial episode didn't affect anything, the wedding proceeded smoothly.

However, Julian Rathborne was quite impatient. He privately leaned toward his son-in-law, Hayden Crawford, "Hayden, I'll leave this place to you, help me drink a few more drinks."

Hayden Crawford, pretending not to understand, asked, "Dad, where are you rushing off to?"

Julian Rathborne gave Hayden Crawford a look, the meaning clear: who's the dad here, you or me?

Then Julian Rathborne turned and walked away.

At this moment, Serena came over, "Mr. Crawford, where did my dad go?"

Hayden Crawford picked up yet another drink for the evening, thinking that he's drinking more tonight than he did at his own wedding, "Dad's in a hurry to get to the wedding chamber!"

...

Julian Rathborne couldn't wait to get into the villa. He asked a maid, "Where's madam?"

"Sir, madam is in the bridal room."

"Understood." Julian Rathborne swiftly took the stairs, pushed open the door to the bridal room.

Inside, Seraphina Linden, still in her wedding dress, sat cross-legged on the bridal bed surrounded by many things, representing the assets he'd handed over. The Rathborne Group's empire stretched worldwide, spanning various industries, making Julian Rathborne's assets countless.

Seraphina Linden was so busy she hadn't even taken off her wedding dress, her slender fingers tapping rapidly on an abacus, writing and drawing with a pen, utterly focused.

Julian Rathborne took a look, she was doing the books, and doing them well.

"My dear," Julian Rathborne sat beside her, "Why not busy yourself tomorrow."

Seraphina Linden didn't look up as she refused, "No, tomorrow has its own tasks, today's must be completed today."

Julian Rathborne arched a heroic brow, "My dear, don't you have more important duties tonight, you forgot the main task?"

Seraphina Linden finally looked up, confusedly gazing at Julian Rathborne's handsome face, "You mean?"

Julian Rathborne brought out a treasure box, presenting it to Seraphina Linden like a treasure, "Seraphina, my dear, tonight... don't you want to count the red packets?"

Chapter 922: A Perfect Match (Part 2) – The End of Li and Lin

Counting red envelopes?

Julian Rathborne opened the treasure chest and poured out all the red envelopes inside. The clattering red envelopes scattered across the wedding bed, completely covering the oversized bed.

Oh my, so many red envelopes!

Seraphina Linden's eyes lit up; she had never seen so many red envelopes before.

"Mr. Rathborne, do people like you also receive red envelopes at their wedding?"

Seraphina was curious. For someone of Julian Rathborne's power and status, shouldn't the wedding be more sophisticated than merely receiving red envelopes?

Julian wrapped an arm around Seraphina's soft waist, leaned close to her ear, and chuckled, "Originally, there weren't any red envelopes, but I intentionally spread the word that my wife likes counting money. Activities like counting red envelopes must be included on our wedding night for her."

The news of Mrs. Rathborne liking to count red envelopes spread through the town, as well as the tale of Mr. Crawford doting on his wife.

Seraphina opened one of the red envelopes, and the stack of RMB inside dazzled her. She sweetly turned around and gave Julian a strong kiss on his handsome cheek, "Thank you, Mr. Rathborne."

Julian, watching her happily open the red envelopes, couldn't help but smile, "Mrs. Rathborne, are you still calling me Mr. Rathborne? Shouldn't you call me something else now?"

Seraphina blinked her long lashes, looking at him quizzically, "Then what should I call you, Julian Rathborne? Mr. Rathborne?"

Julian gave her soft waist a gentle squeeze, "You're being cheeky again!"

Feeling ticklish, Seraphina giggled and fell into Julian's embrace, then looked at him with her big, watery eyes and sweetly called out, "Hubby~"

Julian felt his whole body melt at her words. He lowered his head to kiss her.

But Seraphina evaded him, continuing to count her red envelopes.

Julian's lips landed on her long hair, where he planted a few kisses, "Mrs. Rathborne, did Sean Dawson ever touch you?"

He'd wanted to ask this for a long time, and at this moment, could no longer hold back his curiosity.

Seraphina opened another envelope, "Of course not, he'd never dare touch me. If he ever touched me with which hand, I'd chop it off and feed it to the dogs."

Seeing her fierce expression, Julian's lips curved into a smile. He should have known, it was Seraphina Linden, after all. How could she let someone like Sean Dawson get close?

That day in the luxurious box, he was blinded by jealousy and foolishly believed Sean Dawson's nonsense.

"Mrs. Rathborne, how did you end up associated with the Dawson family?" Julian was curious.

Seraphina sighed, "It was for the sake of my people. That winter, the entire sea was frozen, cutting off all contact between Alani and the outside world."

Recalling the situation, Seraphina furrowed her brows, "It was the coldest winter I'd ever encountered. Newborn babies, elderly people on the brink of death, limbs all frozen stiff... I've survived many battles and challenges, but during that time, I was truly stuck. So I sought out Old Mrs. Dawson, who extended help, and as an exchange, I signed a contract."

"Hubby," Seraphina gazed lovingly at Julian, "as the Queen of Alani, I must return there. But before leaving, I hesitated about whether to take Serena back with me."

"If I took her back, she would have to bear everything as the Princess of Alani and walk the path I've walked. After much hesitation, I decided to leave Serena behind in a comfortable, carefree life with two treasure boxes. If she finds her way home, she can fulfill her destiny. If not, I hope she lives a simple but happy life like millions of other girls."

The love of a parent for their child is far-reaching. Seraphina Linden is not just the best queen, but also the best mommy.

Julian was deeply shaken. He'd always thought she was just a carefree little spendthrift. It was his first time understanding her inner world.

Despite the challenges and obstacles, she remained innocent, pure, and always smiling.

Julian lifted his hand to gently touch Seraphina's head, "Mrs. Rathborne, you've worked hard."

"Yes!" Seraphina nodded vigorously, widened her eyes innocently, and gazed at him pitifully, "Then hubby, you have to treat me well in the future, after all, you're the only man in my life~"

You're the only man in my life~

Aside from him, she had no one else.

He was her one and only.

Julian pulled her tightly into his arms, "Mrs. Rathborne, let me treat you well right now. Let's bathe together."

He went to pick her up.

Seraphina quickly evaded, deliberately lying flat among the red envelopes, "No hubby, you go first, I still need to count the money."

"Mrs. Rathborne, hurry up, I'm waiting for you."

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In the bathroom.

Julian stood under the shower, waiting for Seraphina. No matter how long he waited, she didn't come.

"Seraphina... Seraphina!" He couldn't help but call out.

At this moment, a sweet meow echoed around him, "Meow~" Julian quickly turned back. It was Seraphina, peeking through the frosted glass door with a playful face.

Meow~

She sweetly called again, "Master, your little kitten is here~"

From then on, Julian and Seraphina lived a life filled with playful marital intimacy. Gradually, even those close to Julian noted that their boss's neck frequently sported a constellation of love bites.

Julian never told anyone that post-marriage, he was often kissed awake in the middle of the night.

In a daze, he would open his eyes to find Seraphina snuggled against him, playfully smiling,

"Hubby, I had a nightmare that you didn't love me anymore and wouldn't give me money. It was terrifying."

"Hubby, kiss me, mwah~"

"Hubby, I realized today that I love you even more. I really adore you~"

...

Outside the Rathborne family mansion, Master Zayne arrived with his closed-door disciple, Gael Crawford.

As Master Zayne took in the festive air of the Rathborne family, Gael, the little sage, recited, "One sentiment, one fleeting life; one lifetime, one pair of lovers; face to face but unable to hold hands, yet money paves the way across a thousand miles."

The epitome of a perfect match.

With that said, little Gael turned and strutted away.

The words of Master Zayne were lost; he glanced at Gael with exasperation, sighing over the pupil he had raised. What could he do but teach to the end, tears or not!

Ps: Darlings, this concludes the story of Julian Rathborne vs. Seraphina Linden. Next, I'll focus on Justin Xavier vs. Leah Thorne. Let's celebrate, hugs and kisses to everyone.

Chapter 923: Long Time No See

After Leah returned, she quickly joined the film crew to start shooting a movie. It was the Republic-era film *Floating Life* by the award-winning director Ryan Wright.

Leah played the lead role of Anya.

Anya was once the pampered daughter of a wealthy family, well-read, pure, and beautiful. During wartime, as the country fell, all her family members died. She couldn't escape her fate and was sold to a dance hall, becoming its top socialite.

Later, when the resistance battles intensified, Anya abandoned her cheongsam, cut her long hair, and decisively plunged into the revolutionary wave.

This film, *Floating Life*, is a major female-centric drama that primarily follows Anya's journey of growth. It is highly anticipated and likely to vie for this year's various awards. Thus, *Floating Life* has been a hot topic in the entertainment industry even before production began.

With Leah taking on the role of Anya, she once again stirred up tremendous buzz, with her every move closely monitored by the paparazzi.

However, since joining the film crew, Leah hadn't gone out. She had been devotedly studying the script, preparing for the first auditions tomorrow, doing her homework.

Just then, her manager, Madame Goldie, walked in, "Leah, you're still reading the script, good girl. It's time for lunch, let's go eat first."

Only then did Leah put down the script, stretching lazily, "I'm hungry, too. Madame Goldie, let's go."

Leah left with Madame Goldie; meanwhile, a group of burly bodyguards approached them from the front. They rudely and aggressively cleared the corridor of people, "Make way! Clear the path! Don't block the way for the incoming star!"

Leah and Madame Goldie were immediately pushed to the side, only to see a security line being set up ahead, giving the impression of a superstar about to make an appearance.

Madame Goldie, a seasoned gold-tier manager with years in the entertainment industry, chuckled quietly, "Leah, who is this? Making such a fuss. Anyone who didn't know would think it's you, seeing you're the lead actress of this crew."

Leah's soft, charming face showed no emotion. She looked calmly ahead, where people surrounded the "superstar" — someone she found very familiar.

It's... Davina Rowe.

Davina Rowe had arrived.

She had come to this Floating Life crew.

Today, Davina Rowe wore oversized sunglasses. Her bodyguards cleared the way. Her manager and assistants numbered more than ten. Someone draped a black coat over her shoulders. She walked over in high heels, swaying her hips and waist—the aura clearly screamed she's the real star!

Those who didn't know would really think Davina Rowe was the lead actress of Floating Life.

"It's that Davina Rowe again?" Madame Goldie questioned, "Nowadays, any Tom, Dick, or Harry dares to come out for a stroll. Leah, how did this happen last time? How did you get her into the Floating Life crew? I hadn't heard she was joining before."

Leah wasn't surprised by Davina's sudden appearance. She teased a curl by her cheek, "Davina has long coveted Floating Life. She probably got in through the patron's backdoor, parachuting into the crew."

The patron?

"Leah, are you referring to... President Xavier?"

Leah gave Madame Goldie a look—who else could it be besides President Xavier?

Madame Goldie, "... President Xavier, what are you up to again?"

Leah moved forward, ready to eat. Given her current status and popularity in the entertainment industry, the crew would offer her special treatment. However, she refused—no need for the fuss, dining with everyone was perfectly fine.

At this moment, Davina's sharp eyes spotted Leah. She immediately called out, "Leah, long time no see, how are you?"

Leah stopped in her tracks and looked at Davina.

Davina strutted over in her heels, arrogantly removing her sunglasses with a smug grin, "Leah, aren't you surprised to see me? Just so you know, I'm now the second lead in Floating Life, placed here... by President Xavier himself. Isn't President Xavier kind to me?"

Justin Xavier parachuted Davina Rowe into the second lead role in Floating Life!

Leah raised a finely shaped brow, her red lips curled into a faint smile, her silence more eloquent than words.

Davina felt as though she'd punched a pillow. She'd aimed to see expressions of envy, jealousy, and anger on Leah's face, but there was nothing—Leah's subtle smile lacked aggression but was utterly scornful.

The smug look on Davina's face instantly vanished. She huffed coldly, clearly embarrassed and irate, "Leah, do you want to know how I was with President Xavier last night? President Xavier is annoying; he made it painful for me. We only slept at dawn, and today, my bones feel shattered."

"Oh, really?" Leah replied, posing a question.

"Of course, it's true!" Davina asserted.

Leah raised her hand, showing the phone she held.

Davina stared for a second, then stiffened, realizing Leah had activated the recorder, capturing her earlier words.

"Le... Leah, what are you planning? Delete that recording now!" Davina had a very bad feeling and reached out to snatch Leah's phone.

Madame Goldie stepped in, "Hey, Davina Rowe, what are you trying to do? Every inch of Leah's skin is insured. You better keep your distance. If you harm Leah, you'll cry over the huge compensation!"

Davina, "..."

Leah flicked her fingers, opened a messaging app, and sent the recording directly.

Leah looked up at Davina, "Don't worry, I just sent your little speech to... your President Xavier, sharing it with him."

Davina's eyes widened in shock, utterly astonished that Leah sent the recording to... Justin Xavier?!

...

After returning from Hayden Crawford and Serena Sterling's wedding, Justin Xavier became extraordinarily busy. He'd been constantly traveling for business, receiving that message while he was in a business meeting in Port Kael.

In the VIP conference room, Justin Xavier sat at the head, visibly angry. His long fingers picked up the latest quarterly report, which he tossed aside, letting it scatter amid the executives—an amusingly awkward scene, yet they dared not utter a word or move.

"Bang, bang, bang," Justin Xavier's firm fingers tapped rhythmically on the curved luxurious meeting table, "Is this your efficiency? Work overtime tonight to redo it. If overworked, it's an occupational injury. Fail to satisfy me, and you're fired immediately!"

Chapter 924: Little Bastards!

After speaking, Justin Xavier stood up. He walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, lifted his hand to tug at the tie around his neck. Now, the tie was loosely hanging around his neck, with a sense of oppression and authority exuding from him. Every movement was filled with the captivating charm of an elite upper-class man.

Those executives were so frightened they held their breath.

Justin was feeling irritated. The high-pressure work of recent days had painted a hint of tired red in his usually cold and black eyes. Not wanting to look at the people behind him any longer, he took out a cigarette, holding it between his thin lips, lit it up absentmindedly, and began smoking.

At that moment, the conference room door was pushed open, and his private secretary walked in, reporting softly, "President, your WeChat notification sounded."

Justin never took his phone into meetings, handing it over to his private secretary instead.

Justin slipped one hand into his pants pocket, holding the cigarette with one hand. His body was slender and jade-like, and his handsome features were enveloped in the swirling smoke, like a sculpture cut from silver.

"I'm busy." He spoke moodily with his thin lips curving slightly.

"Yes, President." The private secretary, holding the phone, prepared to leave.

"Come back." Justin spoke again at that moment.

The private secretary looked up, seeing Justin holding the cigarette between his thin lips, looking at him and asking, "What did you just say sounded?"

"President, it's WeChat."

"Oh." Justin responded flatly.

Although the president said he was busy, the private secretary planned a quick retreat.

But the next second, Justin extended his large hand, "Give me the phone."

The private secretary was startled, President, didn't you say you were busy?

However, the private secretary didn't dare to say it out loud and hurriedly handed over the phone.

Justin took the phone. On his WeChat, there was only one contact, Leah Thorne.

Sometimes he would scroll through Leah's Moments to see what she posted, whether it was a beautiful outfit she wore or a gorgeous bag she bought.

Sure enough, it was from Leah, and it was a voice message.

Usually, he didn't contact her, and she wouldn't reach out to him first.

He didn't know what day it was today, not only did she contact him but also sent a voice message.

He hadn't heard her voice for a long time.

Justin slowly curved his thin lips into a joyful arc.

The executives there, who were even afraid to breathe, were dumbfounded. They stared in shock at their president. Did the president... smile?

Just a moment ago, the president was like a storm, and in the next second, he smiled?

What kind of magic did that WeChat message contain?

It seemed like they were saved.

The executives all secretly let out a sigh of relief.

Justin was eager to hear Leah's voice, so he reached out a finger and clicked on that voice message.

However, the voice that came wasn't Leah's, but... Davina Rowe's.

Davina was bragging in a sultry voice about how President Xavier was really bad; last night he made her hurt so much, and they didn't sleep until dawn...

"..." Justin's handsome face immediately turned cold, his thin lips pressed into a grim line.

The executives, who had just relaxed, immediately sensed the change in their president's mood. Instantly, they sucked their breath back in, sitting up straight and stiff.

Justin really got angry. He had wanted to hear Leah's voice to soothe himself, but instead, it was that sultry voice.

He immediately replied with a voice message, rudely shouting, "Bullshit, I was in meetings all night last night!"

After saying this, Justin threw the phone directly at his private secretary, his cold black eyes piercing like arrows at the executive's heads, "What are you all standing around for, a bunch of bastards without a heart or lungs!"

Justin lifted his leg and kicked over a chair.

The executives who got caught in the crossfire were speechless, "..."

Who exactly was being cursed as a "heartless bastard"?

Step out!

We don't want to take the blame!

...

Film set.

"Ding," Leah quickly received a reply. She curled her red lips, "Davina Rowe, your President sent a reply. Let's listen to it together."

Davina's arrogance shrank because she knew Justin had gone on a business trip, and since the wedding, she hadn't even seen Justin face to face; she was just talking nonsense earlier.

Her heart was flustered, but she didn't want to admit defeat, stubbornly saying, "Let's listen then, Leah. You think I'm afraid of you?"

Leah played the voice message, and Justin's angry voice immediately played, "Bullshit, I was in meetings all night last night!"

Leah rarely heard Justin curse. Although he had a dark nature in his bones, he usually appeared refined and restrained, gentle and elegant; this was the first time.

Leah raised her eyebrows slightly.

Puh.

Madame Goldie laughed immediately, "Davina Rowe, President Xavier has shown up and slapped you in the face live. Can we get an interview, does your face hurt?"

Davina, slapped in the face, turned pale. Justin's "bullshit" was clearly directed at her!

That's why Davina was always a bit afraid of Justin because he was a wild man no one could control.

At this time, Leah approached Davina, "Davina Rowe, don't mess with me if you can help it. If you cross me, I'll have to find something for you to do."

"By the way, with your President not around, did you feel empty and lonely, having wild dreams, or did you play with other men into the night and then try to frame it on President Xavier? You need to explain this to your President, or soon there might be a new female lead taking your place."

With that, Leah walked away.

Davina stood there frozen, gritting her teeth, almost spitting blood from anger.

Every time she faced off against Leah, she ended up the one being KO'd.

...

After Leah and Madame Goldie left, Davina's agent stepped forward, "Forget it, Davina, don't be angry. Tomorrow is the first audition for 'Ephemeral Life', and you'll need to wear a qipao. With your face and body, you will definitely look stunning in a qipao. Contact President Xavier and let him come back to watch your audition. Then you'll mesmerize him so much he'll be at your beck and call."

'Ephemeral Life' is a Republican era drama that requires many qipaos, all heavily invested and handcrafted by embroiderers from The Riverlands, absolutely stunning.

Davina, as the second female lead, would have many qipaos.

Her agent pointed to a room, "Davina, look, this is where the qipaos you'll be wearing are."

Davina looked through the display window of the room, her eyes lighting up at the sight of so many beautiful qipaos.

Davina was quite confident in her figure and looks. She had been overshadowed by Leah for too long. Why not take advantage of this opportunity to turn things around?

However, recently Justin has been very busy, currently in Port Kael for meetings. Would he be willing to come out, could he come to the set?

No matter the outcome, she must try.

Davina took out her phone, snapped a picture of those beautiful qipaos, and sent it to Justin's phone, with a message saying, "President Xavier, I'm auditioning in a qipao tomorrow, can you come and watch me?"

Chapter 925: Send a Cooler Photo

Justin Xavier returned to the presidential suite, pulled off the tie around his neck, and casually tossed it onto the big bed. He took out his phone and opened WeChat.

Sure enough, it was empty; she hadn't sent him any more messages.

Justin Xavier curled his thin lips into a smirk. Truly, she was a heartless little bastard.

His long fingers moved slightly as he sent a message over.

At that moment, Leah Thorne had just finished communicating with Director Wright about the first scene of tomorrow's audition. Director Wright closed the script, "Very good, Leah. Keep up your current state. Go back and rest well; tomorrow's audition requires you to wear a cheongsam."

Madame Goldie, the agent, laughed, "Don't worry, Director Wright. This will be my Leah's first appearance in a cheongsam. Tomorrow, let everyone experience the devastating beauty of my Leah. By then, we won't even need promotional expenses for 'Fleeting Life'."

Anya, the leading lady, was already a stunning beauty. Leah's charms could certainly hold their own; no one doubted that.

Director Wright gave an OK sign, and Madame Goldie took Leah away.

On the way back to the room, they happened to pass the fitting room. Madame Goldie said, "Leah, look, these are the cheongsams tailor-made for you."

Leah glanced up, "They're very beautiful."

Madame Goldie looked with satisfaction at Leah's curvaceous figure and whispered mysteriously, "Leah, should we invite President Xavier to watch your audition tomorrow?"

Parece que Justin Xavier hasn't seen Leah... in a cheongsam.

Leah wearing a cheongsam would surely drive men wild, especially a bad man like Justin Xavier.

Leah looked at Madame Goldie, "Goldie, you're not behaving, encouraging me to seduce the sponsor like that."

Madame Goldie was anxious. Looking at Davina Rowe's coquettish appearance, she felt annoyed, "The actresses I've managed, even if they're seducing a sponsor, mustn't lose. Leah, will you seduce him or not?"

Leah refused, "No."

Madame Goldie, "..."

At this moment, a "ding" sound came from Leah's WeChat. Madame Goldie playfully raised her eyebrows, "Is it from President Xavier?"

Leah took a look; indeed, it was from Justin Xavier, and he sent a simple message: "What are you doing?"

With a lazy yet arrogant tone.

Leah nodded, "Yes, it's him."

Madame Goldie immediately and diligently swiped the room card and pushed Leah inside, "Then have a good chat with President Xavier."

Leah, "Goldie, I seriously suspect whether President Xavier is the sponsor of Davina Rowe or your sponsor?"

"..." Sponsor, please stop joking!

Madame Goldie directly closed the room door.

Leah walked in, took off her shoes, and walked barefoot on the plush wool carpet. Her satin-like hair draped down as she replied with two particularly sassy words, "Anything?"

Far away, Justin Xavier stood tall and elegant in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, waiting for Leah's reply.

So, he waited and received those two words, "Anything?"

Clearly, it was just two simple words, but Justin Xavier read them several times. After a few seconds, he casually swallowed and let out a low and teasing laugh, "Heh."

He was truly amused.

His tongue pressed against his handsome right cheek as he replied, "Already so impatient with me that you can't even be bothered to put on an act? How about this, I'll have someone pause the filming of 'Fleeting Life'."

A few minutes later, Leah replied, "President Xavier, why are you so angry? I was just worried you'd get tired and wanted you to rest early~"

Leah even added a "smile" emoji at the end.

Justin Xavier looked at her as if she was "reluctantly on duty," and he got even more frustrated, "You know I'm tired, yet you don't know what I want? The reason I'm reaching out at night is to find some entertainment."

Leah saw his reply and couldn't help but curse him as a "beast." Justin Xavier was very different from other men. When other men were exhausted, they'd happily crash out; when he's tired, he needs a woman and expects her to entertain him.

Justin Xavier and Hayden Crawford grew up practically inseparable. Hayden thrived in the nightlife yet never lost his way, whereas Justin Xavier indulged in the extreme luxury of high society, savoring the temptations brought by power, status, and wealth, along with women's eager to please. He was never a good man.

Now he's made it clear, wanting to find some fun with her.

Leah hadn't replied yet when "ding," another WeChat message came from him: "Video call with me."

He wanted to video call her.

Leah couldn't agree because late at night, some things, once started, are endless. He is a greedy man who is likely to make her do something daring on the video call.

Leah replied, "I'm not in a convenient situation now."

On the other end, Justin Xavier softly hummed, knowing she would refuse.

But that's what's interesting about women; too easily won over is boring.

He's been fond of her for so many years. Now that the window paper has been broken, it's a qualitative leap.

However, Justin Xavier was also frustrated. So many beauties around him are eager to fall into his arms, and she's the only one keeping up appearances, constantly rejecting.

But she has the capital, and it's all because he gave her that capital, which makes him desire her more fiercely.

Justin Xavier took out a cigarette, his tall and well-built back arching sexily, lighting the cigarette with one hand cupping the wind. He furrowed his strong brows, took a deep drag, and replied, "Send me a photo to indulge myself."

He used the words "indulge myself," fully exploiting the essence of the Chinese language.

This time, Leah cooperated very much, "President Xavier, should I send a... cool photo?"

Justin Xavier, more intriguing than no clothes photo?

Leah... Not without clothes, but cool ones, do you want it, President Xavier?

Justin Xavier's mouth was honest, "Yes! Hurry up!"

Soon, there was a "ding," and Leah's "cool" photo came through.

Justin Xavier, with the cigarette between his fingers, slowly exhaled the smoke from his mouth. Opening the photo, it was a summer scene of the sea.

Leah, "President Xavier, there's water; isn't it cool enough?"

Justin Xavier, "..."

His handsome face fell amidst the circling smoke. He didn't appreciate such jokes, seriously disliked them, and she had crossed his line.

Brat, he wished he could fly back immediately and grab her for a good lesson.

Justin Xavier tossed the phone into the soft large bed, finished the rest half of the cigarette with one hand in his pocket, and came to the bed picking up his phone to dial her number.

But very quickly, the mechanical and cold female voice came over, "Sorry, the phone you dialed is turned off."

She turned off her phone.

Damn it!

Chapter 926: Brother Loves Leah the Most

Justin Xavier opened Leah Thorne's social media page and found a recent photo she posted.

She didn't show her face in the photo. That day, she bought a pair of beautiful crystal high heels, with thin and high heels. She was sitting on a burgundy sofa, her beautiful legs in the picture.

She didn't use any beauty filters, just the original camera lens. Her calves appeared slim and white, with a silky, smooth gloss just at a glance.

She wore those crystal high heels, displaying an indescribable elegance.

Justin Xavier's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, his eyes already tinged with a red hue, and he raised his hand to cover them slightly.

He didn't know how many times he had done this, lurking like a pervert in the shadows, viewing each of her photos hundreds of times.

Strangely, even though she was extraordinarily beautiful and he had watched her for so many years, he never felt it was enough.

Every time he looked, he still felt his heart flutter.

Gently moving his bloodshot eyelids, Justin closed his eyes, unable to recall when he first had those sordid thoughts about her.

All he remembered was one year when she was still young, and there was a thunderstorm outside.

That night, he lay in his own bed, and suddenly, the door opened, and a corner of his silk blanket was lifted. A small, soft body crawled into his arms, holding him tight. "Brother, it's thundering outside, and it's raining. I'm all alone, and I'm scared."

The day her dad and mom had a car accident was also just such a thunderstorm, leaving her with a psychological shadow and making her afraid of sleeping alone ever since.

At that time, he was already an adult but had never had a girlfriend. She was the first girl to climb into his bed, nestling under his blanket...

He looked down at her in his arms, this carefully protected flower of the high-status Thorne family. Every inch of her skin was like porcelain jade, her body soft beyond measure, and her hair embracing his handsome face was fragrant.

Her small, beautiful face showed fearful trepidation, burrowing continuously into his embrace. "Brother, can I sleep with you tonight?"

Could he refuse?

He couldn't.

But he couldn't fall asleep that night, his body temperature climbing relentlessly until it burned.

He looked down once more at the girl in his arms, "Leah, would you mind loosening your grip on brother, moving a bit away?"

At that time, she had suffered a family tragedy and came to the Xavier family, with little sense of security. In this thunderstorm, her small hands clung tightly to his already mature waist, holding him very tightly, yet even so, she couldn't fall asleep.

Thus, when he spoke, she froze, then lifted a pair of moist eyes to gaze at him, showing a mixture of shock and hurt. "Brother, do you... not like Leah anymore?"

After saying this, she quickly released him, moved her small body to the side, and turned her back to him.

Looking at her small figure, she seemed so pitiful, like a wounded little beast curling up to lick her wounds.

Ignoring his own discomfort, he turned to coax her softly at her ear, "How could that be? Brother likes Leah the most."

Such a little girl was easy to soothe; she smiled instantly, even turning around to hug him again, her little beautiful face buried in his arms, softly and timidly saying, "Brother, Leah likes you the most too."

She quickly fell asleep.

He got up and went to the bathroom, unsure how many cold showers he took that night.

Two years later, one day he returned home and heard his mother Laura Xavier and the housemaid speaking from afar.

His mother didn't like Leah Thorne, speaking harshly, "Leah is growing up. Have you seen her figure? Just a teenage girl and already her chest is so full. Who knows how big it'll get when she grows up? She's a born vixen like her mother, surely she'll love seducing men!"

The maid replied, "Ma'am, should we prepare a little vest for her?"

Teenage girls wore vests, but Leah had lost her mother and didn't have anyone to tell her this.

"No need. I heard Leah is now the school belle, boys crowd around to ogle her after school. Let her give those men a good look!"

That day, he stopped outside the villa, not going in, then drove to Leah's school to pick her up after school.

The luxury car parked by the roadside, just in time for school to let out. He glanced up through the polished window to see many students walking out of the school. Soon, among the bustling crowd, he spotted Leah Thorne at a glance.

She wore her school uniform and a high ponytail, looking no different from other schoolgirls, yet she was distinctly different. The oversized school uniform couldn't conceal her well-developed figure, and in the silent luxury of the car cabin, he allowed his gaze to wander over her.

She carried a backpack that he had brought her from abroad, a luxury brand, her high ponytail revealing a delicate face the size of a palm, and her increasingly blooming appearance was like a tender red rose, attracting frequent glances from the boys around her.

In that moment, he felt his mother was not wrong. Her chest was already full and her hips were firm. She had become a soft, alluring siren, attracting far too much attention, who knew how many men she would captivate in the future.

Soon, she spotted his car and ran over happily like a little sparrow.

She got into the passenger seat and buckled up. "Brother, why are you here?"

His big hand rested on the steering wheel, driving without glancing aside, "I'm here to pick you up."

"Brother, I have something for you." In her small hand was a handmade string of blue flowers with a bell, perfect for hanging in the car as decoration, exquisite and pretty.

He glanced at it, a barely-there smile emerging at the corner of his lips, "Where did it come from? Was it a gift from one of those male classmates?"

She paused, clearly not expecting him to say that.

He turned to look at her, her fair goose-egg face right in front of him, her long black hair and red lips. The clash of colors somehow stirred something within him, his throat rolling carelessly, "What, am I wrong? Surely many boys have given you gifts, right? When you accepted their gifts, what did you give them? Did you hold hands with them, or... did you let them kiss you?"

He wasn't speaking nonsense. This is just how reality works; relationships between men and women could plainly be boiled down to transactions. But his words were truly hard to hear, as sharp and mean as his mother's, deeply ingrained with pettiness and bitterness.

She was likely frightened, her little face flushed and pale, and soon her watery eyes turned red. Gripping the string of flowers tightly, she bit her lower lip, "I didn't... Brother, I don't want to give it to you anymore, stop the car. I want to get out!"

Chapter 927: She Was Schemed Against, He Lost Himself Too

This was probably Leah Thorne's first time seeing Justin Xavier like this; the brother who usually pampered and protected her made her feel humiliated and scared, so she decided to get out of the car.

Justin Xavier pulled over to the roadside.

Leah Thorne reached out to open the passenger side door, but he suddenly stretched out his large hand and grabbed her slender wrist, "Are you angry?"

Her head hung low, looking pitiful and aggrieved, "I'm not... This blue eternity flower is something I learned to craft at the flower shop, and I wanted to gift it to my brother... Although many people have given me gifts, I haven't accepted any, nor have I done any of those things you mentioned..."

As she spoke, she lifted her red teary eyes to look at him, "Brother, what's wrong with you today?"

He lowered his eyes slightly and realized he had lost his composure. He didn't know what was wrong with him, perhaps as she grew older, he felt less secure, afraid that she might be taken away by other men who were pining for her.

He knew how dark he could be; his parents were both dark people, and he carried their blood in his veins, having bad genes.

The girl before him came from a prestigious family, the Thorne family, considered precious and noble. Although he raised her, he vented his bad moods on her, saying unpleasant things.

His gaze fell on her soft neck, then slowly moved downwards, "The car has air conditioning on, isn't it hot? Take off the jacket."

He reached out and grabbed the zipper of her school uniform jacket, pulling it down.

"Ah!" she screamed, quickly protecting her chest.

She lost her mother at a young age, and no one taught her about girls' development. She felt embarrassed and had no way of asking anyone about it. Recently, her chest had started to feel tight, slowly forming curves, so she wore loose school uniforms to cover it, not daring to take the jacket off even if it was hot.

His movements were swift; his fingers hooked the zipper and pulled it down halfway, her eyes wide open like startled deer as she looked at him with round, teary eyes.

He had already seen it.

By then, he was already an adult and understood everything he should. He didn't avoid romantic relationships because he lacked interest in women; on the contrary, occasionally, his gaze would linger on women, judging their faces and figures like any man evaluating women. There was no difference from the jokes told at gatherings between men.

However, he had high standards and hadn't met anyone he truly desired.

So his gaze was sharp, and as the jacket fell halfway, revealing the white T-shirt inside, the shirt wrapped around a lustrous curve...

The girl in his arms resembled a frightened bunny; his throat moved slightly, and he lowered his eyes, his voice becoming gentle as he coaxed her, "Leah, I'm sorry, did I scare you?"

He thought he was truly bad, only showing her a decent face after taking advantage of her.

Nonetheless, after painstakingly nurturing her for so many years, how could he allow others to claim even a fraction?

She was destined to be his someday.

She swiftly zipped the jacket up, her face turning crimson as she shook her head, "No, I just feel that you're acting strange today..."

He sat upright, "The company has been a bit busy lately, so I haven't been in a good mood, but it won't happen again. Leah, I'll take you shopping for clothes."

He took her to the mall, and when they arrived in front of the lingerie counter, her footsteps gradually came to a halt.

She looked at the colorful lingerie inside with a little face flushed like a shrimp, "Brother, why did you bring me here?"

"Leah, you've grown up and need to buy these clothes."

She, "..."

At this moment, a store clerk came over, respectfully saying, "President, are you here to buy lingerie for Miss Leah?"

He nodded, "I'm going outside for a smoke, Leah, you stay here."

The store clerk nodded quickly, "Yes, President."

He indeed went outside for a smoke, not just one, but several cigarettes in a row. When he turned back, she had just walked out, shielding a delicate little bag in her hand.

Later, he saw the lingerie she bought when she had moved in to live with him; her scented laundry hung on the villa balcony.

One piece was pure white, with thin straps, a very innocent girl's style.

Another piece was floral, with very pretty colors.

He remembered there was one that she hid at the bottom of her drawer, stuffed on her by the clerk, a black lace lingerie with a shallow V-neck, which she never wore.

Later, it was her 18th birthday, and he organized a very grand birthday party for her.

Many friends came and brought gifts; among them was a mysterious gift from a female classmate. He sent the maid away and opened the gift, which contained a bra.

He looked at the bra, his eyes reddened. He knew that his girl had grown up today.

He couldn't wait any longer.

He had waited too long, all patience was exhausted, he wanted to take what had always been his.

That night, on her 18th birthday, he made her his woman.

Justin Xavier lay on the large bed of the presidential suite, raising his hand to cover his red eyes, his throat burning as if it had been charred. For too long, he had desired her, assuming that once he had her, he'd grow tired, become bored.

Years ago, her mother seduced his father, delivering the deepest blow to the Xavier family, causing his mother to lose both legs in a car accident. He had believed the perfect revenge was sleeping with this precious daughter of the Thorne family, then despising and discarding her.

However, later he realized it was better not to sleep with her; once he did, she turned into a deadly poppy, becoming an addiction, rendering him uninterested in any other woman.

This revenge plan, although it schemed against her, ended up costing him dearly.

Then there was a "ding," his phone buzzed again, indicating a new message.

Justin Xavier snapped out of his memory and opened the message, seeing that Davina Rowe had sent a note asking him to visit the set to watch her audition tomorrow.

Justin Xavier's handsome face remained expressionless, his demeanor lazy and despondent, feeling uninterested.

Then there was another "ding," another text from Davina Rowe arrived—President Xavier, you should come over; I look great in a cheongsam, you really don't want to miss it.

Davina Rowe even added a big kiss emoji at the end.

Unlike Leah Thorne's forced smile earlier, Davina Rowe's enthusiastic big kiss was the sign of an eager worker.

Justin Xavier raised an eyebrow, suddenly gaining a bit of interest. He casually replied: how good-looking? Show me a somewhat revealing photo.

He hadn't asked for a photo from Leah Thorne earlier; there was no need to persist. After all, so many women willingly threw themselves onto him.

With a simple beckoning of his finger, revealing photos came flying.

Sure enough, within two seconds, Davina Rowe's photo arrived. That brief span was probably the time she took to choose the photo, nothing more.

Chapter 928: Leah Thorne in a Qipao

Justin Xavier opened the photo. Davina Rowe had sent a picture from her trip to Coralta. In the photo, she wore a very sexy bikini and struck a particularly seductive pose, perfectly demonstrating what "cool photo" means.

Justin glanced at it and quickly furrowed his eyebrows. He felt inexplicably... offended, and why did he think Davina's photo wasn't as good-looking as Leah Thorne's water photos?

He must be poisoned by Leah Thorne.

"Ding!" A message from Davina arrived again, President Xavier, isn't this photo beautiful? I actually have many more, so you must come to the crew to see me audition tomorrow. I'll wear a qipao for you.

Justin couldn't be bothered to reply to Davina, but soon he thought of something. Tomorrow, it's the first audition for "Transient Life", and Davina would wear a qipao. Wouldn't Leah Thorne, the female lead, also be wearing a qipao?

Justin's thin lips curled into a playful arc, and then he leisurely replied to Davina with two words: Alright.

...

In the "Transient Life" crew, Davina woke up early, asking the makeup artist for an exquisite look, then chose a pink-white peony qipao to wear.

Davina twirled in front of the mirror several times. Young and charming, her figure was great, the qipao showing off her curves gloriously. When Justin Xavier comes later, she's confident she could totally enchant him.

Davina arrived at the crew and found Director Wright, "Director Wright, during my audition later, make sure the lighting is beautiful. I want to look stunning..."

She hadn't finished her words before Director Wright interrupted, "Davina, your audition can wait; we're doing Leah Thorne's audition now."

With that, Director Wright left to personally instruct the lighting and camera artists, "It's Leah Thorne's first time wearing a qipao, so be diligent. Add all the halos on her for a stunning beautification."

"Understood, Director Wright, we are all looking forward to Leah Thorne's first qipao."

Left ignored and neglected, Davina stood frozen. Her first audition was completely unheeded, as everyone prepared for Leah Thorne's first audition.

Last night, Justin had promised to come to the crew, and she was too excited, forgetting Leah also had an audition today.

Davina turned to her agent, "Sophia, is Leah wearing a qipao today too?"

Sophia nodded, "Yes, and... Leah's qipao has already hit the top topics, with the topic volume effortlessly breaking hundreds of millions since last night. The public is eagerly anticipating Leah in a qipao."

Davina's hand at her side clenched into a fist quickly, feeling jealousy and unwillingness. Whether in the entertainment circle or among men, she was always suppressed by Leah.

Leah is that showy thorny red rose, incomparable even to a background green leaf.

Davina felt uneasy because Justin would come today and would definitely see Leah in a qipao.

Recalling Leah's seductively sweet face and divine like figure, Davina felt overwhelmed with the word "forfeit!"

No, she couldn't let Leah have it so easily, she must think of a way!

Davina's eyes lit up, swiftly whispering mysteriously to Sophia, "Go, seize a chance to drug Leah's water."

...

Leah was trying on makeup when Director Wright and the producer came over to discuss the details again.

Madame Goldie spoke up, "Leah is on. Where's the water?"

At this moment, a young girl rushed over with a teacup, "Madame... Madame Goldie, the water is here."

"Give it to me."

Madame Goldie reached out, but the young girl was too nervous and spilled the water in the cup.

Madame Goldie frowned immediately, casting a sharp gaze at the young girl, "Why are you so clumsy, and you look unfamiliar. I've never seen you before, who brought you in?"

These years, Madame Goldie had been guiding Leah's debut. Her team was elite, efficient, and groomed by her personally, so seeing this unfamiliar girl made her suspicious.

The young girl couldn't endure Madame Goldie's gaze, her eyes began to drift with guilt, "I... I I..."

The commotion caught Leah's attention, she lifted her water-like eyes and glanced at the girl, then spoke, "Madame Goldie, let it be, the audition is about to start, give me the water, I am just thirsty."

Madame Goldie handed the cup to Leah.

Leah began to drink the water.

The young girl kept staring at Leah, seeing her finish the water in the cup, she secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

...

Leah started her audition. The first scene was where Anya, the female lead, becomes the top socialite of the Shanghai cabaret, leading dance and song, in an era of rich luxuries amid tumultuous storms.

Everything was ready, and Director Wright clapped the slate and shouted, "Action!"

All the lights shone on the stage, and amidst the crowd, Davina also looked up. Leah's soft charming figure slowly came into view.

Though both women, even Davina had her pupils constrict for a moment and caught her breath.

Leah wore a qipao, not a pretty spring color, but a dark blue one, the retro clasps securing her swan-like pale neck. The exposed slender arms appeared lush as jade lotus under the dark blue, suddenly producing some fragrant allure, making one breathless at first sight.

At this moment, the music started, and Leah had an added folding fan in her hand, which she "swish" opened and started dancing.

In this era, Anya had already lost herself in destiny, becoming Shanghai's top allure, exuding countless charms.

Leah cast a flirty glance at the camera, then raised her flame-like red lips, treading on delicate crystal high heels to the music's rhythm, soon beginning to twist.

Leah's curves were voluptuous, twisting like a water snake; her shapely hips swaying, and a hint of her jade legs was visible through the qipao slit.

At this moment, Leah was Anya, Anya was Leah, without a line, yet she intoxicated herself in music, twisted with three parts of softness, four parts of allure. Whether she had become a plaything for these men, or whether the masses below the stage were all her playthings.

"Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" Director Wright couldn't help but exclaim three times.

Davina turned her head, seeing Director Wright slap his thigh and stand excitedly. He looked at Leah under the lights, muttering, "Perfect! This is truly perfect!"

Director Wright is an art maniac. Female stars featuring in his films are crowned as "Warren girls", but so far, Leah is the only one he deemed "perfect".

Chapter 929: His Gaze Spans Millennia

Davina Rowe was angrily gritting her teeth. In fact, someone like Leah Thorne with such breathtaking beauty, born a seductress, is often quickly labeled as a "pretty face" in the entertainment industry.

Many actresses are like this, they look good, but their acting skills are mediocre.

However, Leah is the exception.

Since her debut, Leah has been honing her acting skills, and she has a natural talent for performance. In recent years, all the works she has participated in, big or small, have been hits, directly pushing her to the pinnacle of popularity.

This time she won the lead female role in Director Wright's "Ephemeral Life". Many people doubted her, thinking Leah could not capture the complex nature of Anya's character. Various industry rivals jumped in by funding negative press, and paparazzi kept a close eye on her, all waiting to see her make a fool of herself. Normally, under such intense pressure, people easily crumble.

But Leah showed no reaction.

Upon joining the crew, she began to immerse herself in the character and maintained her regular eating and sleeping habits. During her first script reading, she dazzled everyone present.

Davina scanned the scene. The entire crew had gathered, watching Leah's mesmerizing demeanor. She was already a stunner, her voice sweet and melodious, resonating within the crew, giving a touch of enchanting indulgence.

Davina was beside herself with rage. She wished Leah would disappear immediately!

Vanish right at this spot!

Suddenly, Davina sensed a cold breeze from outside; someone had arrived.

She turned around immediately, only to see the crew's door being pulled open, and a tall, cold silhouette stepped into sight—Justin Xavier was here!

Justin Xavier!

He arrived right on schedule!

Justin Xavier had just come from the airport hall, donning a black thin wool coat, underneath which was a business vest of the same color, featuring a radiant brooch. Surrounded by the chilly cold air outside, his presence was both powerful and icy, yet magnetic, drawing everyone's gaze.

Justin handed the black leather gloves he wore to his private secretary behind him, then quickly moved forward.

His gaze immediately fell upon Leah on stage.

He looked at Leah and couldn't turn away.

Outside was cold and bleak, inside was a warm, fragrant bed.

Davina was overjoyed; she promptly ran over, her smile radiant, "President Xavier, you're here! I've been waiting for you so long~"

Justin ignored her as if he hadn't even noticed her existence, not sparing her a glance.

Feeling like she was treated as air, Davina persisted, "President Xavier, look, I've worn a cheongsam for you. Do you think it's pretty?"

Upon hearing this, Justin slowly turned his gaze, gave Davina a look, then with a stoic face, he frowned, "How do you think you compare with Leah?"

Davina stalled.

"Between her and you, it's like night and day, a swan and a duckling. It's not your fault to be ugly, but you should know how to cover it up, don't scare people." Justin casually spoke, then his gaze returned to Leah.

Davina's face turned ashen, standing frozen on the spot.

She knew well how ruthless Justin could be; when he humiliated someone, he left no dignity intact, utterly ruthless.

She'd been humiliated like this before, yet she still felt a dull buzzing in her head.

Now, he was looking at Leah, and didn't look away again.

His eyes were filled with Leah.

Intense resentment and unwillingness burned like a flame, igniting Davina's mind. She gritted her teeth until she bled, but soon a peculiar smile appeared on her lips.

She had already arranged for Leah's water to be spiked with a drug that would make one feverishly aroused.

Soon, Leah would start feeling hot, increasingly hot, then she would uncontrollably start disrobing, in front of so many people, and cameras, putting on a strip show.

With all eyes on the "Ephemeral Life" crew and Leah, once those strip show photos are leaked, it would undoubtedly cause a huge stir—a good show awaited.

Feeling proud once again, Davina waited.

However, wait as she might, Leah showed no signs of the drug taking effect; soon, the music stopped.

Director Wright jumped up excitedly to wrap things up, "Cut!"

Leah briskly folded up the fan in her hand, walked off stage, and Madame Goldie immediately draped a coat over Leah's shoulders, appearing proud like a parent, "Leah, you were phenomenal!"

The crowd slowly regained composure from the previous feast, and Director Wright praised, "Leah, I wasn't wrong to choose you. Just now, I couldn't tell whether Anya was you, or you were Anya."

Leah curled her red lips slightly, but then she felt a warm gaze lingering on her. She lifted her eyes and saw Justin.

Justin did not advance; he stood in the dim light wearing a black wool coat; his handsome face like jade. Now, his clear, cold black eyes were fixated on her, and as she looked over, he slowly curved his thin lips.

"President Xavier!" Director Wright swiftly approached, "President Xavier, what brings you here?"

Davina immediately extended her hand to hook onto Justin's muscular arm, proudly saying, "Today's my first script reading; President Xavier came to watch me perform."

Davina resembled a proud peacock.

Director Wright disapproved of Davina, but since she was Justin's new flame, he forced an awkward smile, "President Xavier truly spoils his girlfriend."

Justin raised an attractive brow but said nothing. His gaze rested on Leah's delicate small face, watching her with a half-smile.

At this point, Madame Goldie whispered in Leah's ear, "Leah, today is President Xavier here for Davina's reading or to watch yours?"

Saying this, Madame Goldie brought out her phone and passed a photo to Leah, "President Xavier has been watching you since he got here."

Leah glanced down at the photo; Madame Goldie was the first to notice Justin's arrival, so this was a candid shot. In the photo, Leah stood on stage, exuding charm; he, in a black coat among the crowd, looked up at her, giving an almost... reverent impression.

That gaze seemed eternal.

Leah lightly glanced at it without commenting further.

At this moment, Director Wright said, "Davina, Leah's script reading has ended flawlessly, now it's your turn."

Davina was quite puzzled; she didn't understand why Leah hadn't reacted, she clearly drank the water.

Could something have gone wrong?

A sense of foreboding crept upon her, though she couldn't pinpoint what it was.

Now prompted by Director Wright to take the stage, she reluctantly stepped up.

Chapter 930: Hot, So Hot

Davina's confidence came from many aspects, including her acting skills. Now it was time for the audition, and she was ready to showcase her talents in front of Justin Xavier to prove her professional ability.

"President Xavier, I'm going up for the audition now. Watch me closely," Davina reluctantly let go of Justin and walked onto the stage.

All the lights focused on her, and Director Wright looked at the script and said, "Davina, do a crying scene. Cry like a delicate beauty, with tears like falling pear blossoms, so heartbreaking."

A crying scene?

Davina expressed her confidence in her ability to cry on cue, signaling an OK.

Director Wright clapped the board, "Begin."

Davina brewed her emotions, not forgetting to cast a flirtatious glance at Justin below the stage, implying that she was about to start her performance and unleash her big move.

Davina's eyes reddened, almost ready to cry, but then she felt an overwhelming heat throughout her body.

Hot.

It was really hot.

The heat was intense, as if she were on fire. Davina quickly tugged at her collar, "Ugh, hot, so hot, I want to take off my clothes..."

The audience was shocked, staring at Davina in disbelief, clearly not expecting such a performance. The room was so quiet that a pin drop could be heard.

What was Davina doing?

She was wearing a cheongsam, and now she was undoing all the buttons at the collar, revealing a large area of fair skin, extremely alluring.

Davina truly felt so hot, her pretty face was flushed, and as she touched her body with small hands, she suddenly felt comfortable.

She stepped forward two steps, hugging a pillar, the pillar cold and hard, and she rubbed against it, "Ugh, it feels so good..."

The room was very quiet, so Davina's coquettish voice was clearly transmitted to everyone's ears, and she kept on moaning, essentially performing a live burlesque show.

With a loud "bang," Director Wright threw the script onto the table and reprimanded her in a grave voice, "Davina, what are you doing? I asked you to do a crying scene, and now you're performing a burlesque?"

"Get off the stage now. This is the 'Floating Life' crew. Don't embarrass yourself with such obscene antics!"

Director Wright's sudden anger brought Sophia, who had been stunned to the side, back to her senses, knowing things had gone wrong.

The water meant for Leah Thorne had been drunk by Davina instead.

This was a major embarrassment!

Sophia stepped forward and hugged Davina, "Davina, what's wrong with you? Are you feeling unwell? Let's get off the stage, and I'll find a doctor to check on you."

The drug was very potent, and Davina had spent a lot of money on a high-quality one.

This caused Davina to completely lose her sanity, and she hugged Sophia back, kissing her face, "It feels so good, hold me tight, hold me tighter...ugh."

Davina's words grew bolder, and Director Wright's expression became extremely unpleasant, while the whole crew pointed at Davina.

"Davina, enough, stop talking." Sophia clapped a hand over Davina's mouth, intending to get her off the stage first.

Just then, cold water poured over, drenching Davina's head.

Davina felt the intense contrast of hot and cold, screamed, and quickly looked up to see Leah's soft, charming face magnified in her vision.

Leah had come over, holding a bottle of mineral water, lazily pouring water over Davina's head, her red lips curving into a faint, mocking smile, she laughed, "Davina, are you sober now?"

Sober.

Davina's mind buzzed, sobering up instantly. Oh no, what had she done?

Her cheongsam was now torn to the point of being indecent, and she was like a drowned rat, with Director Wright and the others looking at her with disdain. She was embarrassed and humiliated, as if cast into hell.

Davina's gaze fell on Justin, who stood tall and elegant, hands in his coat pockets, his cool black eyes looking over without any warmth, cold and indifferent.

Davina's teeth began to chatter, how did it come to this?

She originally intended to frame Leah and have her perform a strip show on stage, but instead, she ended up doing the strip show herself, nearly adding a burlesque to it.

Davina realized that the drug had been switched.

Leah hadn't drunk the tampered water; the water had been given to her instead.

"Leah, was it you, right?" Davina asked Leah, her eyes red with accusation.

Madame Goldie handed a tissue to Leah, who casually wiped the tiny droplets off her fair fingertips, lifting her enticing eyes to look at Davina, a teasing smile playing on her red lips, "Davina, I don't understand what you're saying."

"Leah, stop pretending, did you drug me?"

"Drug?" Leah raised an eyebrow, intrigued, "Davina, you're saying you were drugged."

"Yes, Leah, it must be you!"

"Director Wright," Leah turned to look at Director Wright, "Davina says she was drugged, which led to that performance. Our 'Floating Life' crew has just started, and already someone is playing such dirty tricks here. Shouldn't we investigate this thoroughly for everyone's safety?"

Director Wright nodded immediately, "Investigate! We must investigate!"

"Alright." Leah immediately took out her phone, smiling at Davina, "I'll call the police right now."

What?

Call the police?

The words exploded in Davina's ears. She had intended to drag Leah down with her so no one would come out unscathed, but she hadn't expected Leah to call the police directly.

"Davina, I'm sure the police will soon find out where the drug was purchased, who handled it, and any conspiracies... then it'll be clear who is a human and who is a ghost." Leah said with a smile.

Davina's pupils shrank. No, they definitely can't call the police. If the police get involved, this will blow up.

"Leah, you're not allowed to call the police, give me the phone now!" Davina reached out to grab Leah's phone.

Leah took a step back, her enticing eyes turning cold, "Davina, why are you panicking? Are you afraid that the police will find out you bought the drug intending to put it in my water to frame me?"

Davina froze, her guilty demeanor already revealing everything.

Leah had set a trap for her, causing her to reveal her true colors on the spot.

The entire crew could see right through it. Such dirty tactics are common in the entertainment industry, and Director Wright immediately said sharply, "Davina, you have some nerve!"