

Chapter 12 A youth

Then, she heard her talking on the phone with Alston. Elena thought in amusement that Elizabethon was really dramatic.

But the girl she chose was really interesting. Julia Green herself was coveting Alston. At that time, if Alston's condition wasn't that serious, she would keep pestering him.

Elena started the car in a great mood, thinking about the new villa she had just moved in, and at that moment, she heard a knock on her car window.

She raised her eyes to see a slender young man with a very trim shirt and faintly visible abs, and she whistled roguishly, "Nice body."

The man blushed for a moment and stammered, "Can you give me a ride? I'm lost."

Elena looked at the man up and down and pointed at the phone in his hand, "You can use navigation apps."

The man scratched his head, and showed his phone to Elena, "My phone died, and..."

After a pause, he said with some aggravation, "And those people just threw my phone into the water. It may not be functional."

Speaking of which he was already very

dispirited, looking at Elena's somewhat indifferent look, feeling that he must have disturbed her. He bowed and said, "Sorry, I, I'll leave now."

As he turned around, Elena saw a butterfly mark on his waist and called out to him, "Wait."

The young man turned his head in surprise, looking at the suddenly opened car door, the corners of his eyes flooded with joy, "Did you change your mind?"

Elena didn't say anything, and after waiting for the man to get in the car, she saw his sparkling eyes.

At this moment, she saw the image of the teenager Alston from years ago. She slightly raised her hand, and wanted to touch the man's eyebrows, but he dodged with surprise.

He clenched his shirt all at once and shook his head gently, "I... I'm not here to sell myself."

The last two words were weak, almost drowned between his lips and teeth, but Elena was born with strong hearing, so she heard it, and puffed out a laugh.

"I'm a little interested in you suddenly!" Elena smiled meaningfully.

Without waiting for the young man to reply, she asked, "You have a butterfly mark on your waist. Was it a birthmark or a tattoo?"

The young man subconsciously touched the back of his waist, "Ah, this is a birthmark."

At this moment, he blushed.

He whispered in his heart, "help! I want to go back to school!" He felt for the first time that school was such a wonderful place, at least he wouldn't meet people like her.

Thinking of this, he wondered why his roommate took him to the bar today. This shitty place was full of perverts. Were his roommates all poisoned by them long ago?