

Ex Wife 1425

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There was a hazy kind of beauty to the island at dawn the next day.

Leia had a habit of going on morning runs, and tended to wake up when everyone was still asleep.

She ran around a hill surrounded by the sea for almost two kilometers, feeling good after sweating.

She stood at the observation deck on the hillside and stared at the sea as she caught her breath.

As she was stretching, Leia suddenly heard a voice behind her.

"Morning!" Leia turned around in surprise and saw Santiago.

"Mr. Dalton? What a coincidence! Did you come for a morning run too?" Leia waved at Santiago.

Inexplicably, Santiago's fervent confession last night flashed in her mind, and her cheeks turned red.

Leia pursed her lips and looked away, unsure of how to face him.

"It's no coincidence..." Santiago looked charming with his white shirt, jeans, and messy hair.

He rested his hands on the railing and tilted his head to look at Leia, his intense gaze bewitching her.

"I learned the other day that you have a habit of going on morning runs, so I came out to meet you." He had woken up an hour earlier than Leia just to meet her, and the sun hadn't even risen when he climbed up the observation deck alone.

When he saw the sun rise, painting the clouds orange and red from afar, he wished Leia was watching the enchanting scene with him.

Moved, Leia whispered, "But how did you know I would take this route? What if we didn't bump into each other?" "Well, even if I didn't meet you, it would have been worth it to see this beautiful view."

Santiago turned and stared out at the sea, then said gently, "I don't care about the destination, as long as I'm enjoying the journey.

Plus...

I did get to see you, didn't I?" Tongue -tied, Leia felt her cheeks become warm as she smiled.

He was right—the process mattered more than the result.

She and Santiago seemed to share this mindset, while Xavier was the complete opposite.

Xavier was a rich heir who enjoyed wealth and fame, and did well as a dominant figure in the business world.

Everything he did had a purpose behind it.

For him, the process didn't matter, as long as he got the result he wanted in the end.

"Mr. Dalton, the more time we spend together, the more I feel like we're very similar.

It's almost like... we're soulmates." Leia smoothed her hair as she confessed her feelings for him. She was no longer a fan admiring her idol—the feelings she felt for him were genuine.

"Well, that is a coincidence.

I feel like we're soulmates too." Santiago beamed at Leia, looking like a handsome prince.

"Well, then we..."