

Substitute B 1011

Chapter 1011: What, Didn't You Understand What I Said?

"Uh... I wasn't following you. I just came out for some fresh air myself," Leah Thorne tried to show her goodwill.

Tanya looked at Leah Thorne, "Are you interested in Cain Shaw? Want to know more about him from me?"

Leah Thorne froze, doubting herself. Did she make it that obvious?

Tanya's palm-sized oval face was cold and indifferent, her autumn-like eyes sparkled with a vigilant light, "I saw you standing outside my ward yesterday, but you didn't look at me, your gaze was tightly locked on Cain Shaw. It's very obvious you're approaching me because of him."

"... You saw me yesterday?"

"Yes, you're so beautiful, it's hard not to draw attention."

Suddenly praised, Leah Thorne, "..."

"If you're here for Cain Shaw, let me advise you: he's not a good person, you'd better stay away from him and don't be deceived by his appearance."

"Many women like him, cling to him, he seems to welcome them all, his private life is extremely chaotic, so don't fall for him." Tanya spoke the truth, even knitting her brows.

Leah Thorne had a bellyful of words but couldn't utter a single one. She didn't know what her brother had done over the years to leave such a terrible impression on Tanya.

However, Leah Thorne absolutely did not believe that her brother's private life was chaotic or that he messed around with relationships; she trusted her brother's character.

Then a deep, magnetic voice came from behind, "Tanya Sullivan, it's the first time I hear you speak so much. You're actually gossiping about me behind my back, saying bad things about me!"

Leah Thorne quickly turned around; Cain Shaw had arrived.

Cain Shaw came grandly with a group of his men, the people in the corridor were already frightened and retreated, hands in pockets, his steps casual yet steady. A man of six-foot-three, with handsome brows and eyes, exuding a wild and charming demeanor that was both intimidating and irresistible to look at.

At that moment, a passerby rushed from around the corner without watching the road and bumped into Cain Shaw, dropping the report sheet from his hand, trembling in fear, "Sorry...I didn't mean it..."

"Hey, what's your problem?" One of the men quickly stepped forward, shoved the passerby, and pointed at him, "You dared to bump into our boss? Are your eyes useless? If apologies worked, why would we need the police?"

The subordinate arrogantly yelled in the corridor, acting like a bully.

Cain Shaw had his hands in his pockets, raised an eyebrow, and then kicked the subordinate's butt, "What are you doing? We live in a civilized society now, be decent."

The subordinate quickly rubbed his sore butt, giving a cheeky smile, "You're right, boss, it's all my fault."

Cain Shaw, "Hurry up and pick up all the reports from the floor."

"Yes." The subordinate swiftly gathered the scattered report sheets and handed them to Cain Shaw.

Cain Shaw stepped forward, took the passerby's hand, and stuffed the papers back to him, smiling gently, "Don't be afraid, we're no thugs, we're legitimate businessmen!"

Cain Shaw spoke sincerely, smiling with noticeable crow's feet, his dark, bright eyes glistening with a charming twinkle, surprisingly, bringing forth an irresistible allure.

The passerby was almost about to wet himself in fear, "... I'll get going..."

The passerby quickly ran off.

Cain Shaw watched the passerby's back, touched his handsome face, turned to his men, "Do I look scary?"

The men immediately flattered, "The boss is the most handsome man in the universe."

Leah Thorne, "..."

Tanya, "..."

Cain Shaw approached Tanya, reaching out to rudely pull Tanya into his arms, "You little brat, I've been supporting you, paying for your college, and this is how you repay me, sully my name?"

Tanya struggled quickly, but his iron-like arms held her tightly and easily restrained her. She glared up at him, "Does your reputation even need me to sully it?"

"What are you saying? I'm not married yet, what's wrong with having a few relationships, sleeping with a few women? That's my freedom." Cain Shaw brazenly declared.

Tanya, "..."

Leah Thorne watched the two, quickly cleared her throat to indicate her presence, "Ahem!"

At this point, Cain Shaw lifted his gaze, setting it on her face, seemingly noticing her for the first time.

Leah Thorne looked at Cain Shaw in front of her, his face was different from her brother's, seemed like two entirely different people, but her heart thumped wildly. This must be the bond of blood; she was already certain that Cain Shaw was Mort Thorne, her brother!

Cain Shaw held Tanya casually, glanced at Leah Thorne, "Who are you? At first glance a beauty, but unfortunately, your right face is destroyed."

Cain Shaw's gaze brushed over the scar on Leah's right cheek lightly, seeming indifferent, yet a dark glint flashed deep in his eyes.

"Boss, I want to say something to you." Leah Thorne stepped forward, tiptoed close to Cain Shaw's ear, and whispered a few words.

Cain Shaw showed no expression.

"Boss," at this point, his subordinate rushed over, "Carney Shaw is here."

Carney Shaw had arrived.

The Shaw family had two adopted sons, Carney and Cain. Before Cain, Carney was very favored, but with Cain's arrival, Carney's favor waned. Now most of the power was in Cain's hands; hearing the difference in titles "Boss" versus "Brother" clearly showed Cain had always been ahead of Carney.

However, the old Shaw would not allow Cain to dominate alone. Carney and Cain had a mutually restraining relationship.

Leah Thorne already sensed the subtle atmosphere. The visit from "Brother" seemed to tense the atmosphere immediately. Not wanting to cause trouble for her brother, she quickly moved aside, blending into the crowd.

At this moment, Carney's laughter echoed, "Haha, boss, why did you suddenly come to the mainland from Starfall City? You're not kind, playing by yourself and not inviting me to join."

Upon hearing this voice, Tanya's hands hanging at her sides quickly clenched into fists, her eyes flashed with cold light.

At this moment, she felt the palm on her shoulder suddenly tighten, and Cain Shaw's voice came from overhead, "Go in, don't come out."

Tanya looked up at Cain Shaw; the man was so tall, she had to look up. He appeared casual and unrestrained, as usual, but somehow seemed a bit different.

Cain Shaw's palm turned, pushing her into the ward, "What, didn't understand what I said?"

Simple and domineering words, forceful and leaving no room for objection. Tanya looked at his trimmed, neat, and resolute nape.

Chapter 1012: My Woman—You Think You're Worthy to Look at Her?

Tanya Sullivan withdrew her gaze from Cain Shaw and then coldly glanced in the direction from which Carney Shaw was coming. She turned and entered the hospital room.

Very quickly, Carney Shaw appeared in view. Carney Shaw was also a tall and imposing figure, but unlike Cain Shaw's sinister vibe, Carney Shaw exuded a bloodthirsty ferocity. Crucially, Carney Shaw was blind in his left eye—he was a one-eyed dragon.

Carney Shaw came over, chuckling, "Cain, you won't mind me suddenly showing up, will you?"

"Why would I?" Cain Shaw tucked both hands into his pockets, squinted his eyes slightly, and then with a hint of a smile, said, "It's just that you're following me wherever I go; people who know would think we're very close siblings, those who don't might think... you're secretly in love with me, wanting to be together."

Hahaha...

Cain Shaw's henchmen burst into laughter.

Carney Shaw's face looked a bit displeased, but he didn't dare to lose his temper, so he changed the subject, "Cain, I'm only here looking for that daughter from the Hollis family."

Speaking of the Hollis family's daughter, Carney Shaw's ferocity was revealed, along with a few fierce intentions, "That Jason Hollis has been with our Shaw family for a long time, but who would have thought he was an undercover agent. I executed him on the spot, but as it happened, his daughter returned home. That daughter of his is really fierce, and she knows how to fight—she took a pencil and blinded my left eye!"

Carney Shaw touched his blind left eye and took out that pencil. He perversely held it under his nose, sniffed it, and then intoxicatedly sighed, "Wow, what a fragrance, that night when I clashed with his daughter, I could smell the scent on her body, exactly like the residue left on this pencil. Jason Hollis hid his true nature well; I never knew the bastard had a daughter hidden away."

"I must catch his daughter; she took my eye, so I'll want her... to compensate with her body, how about it, hahaha."

Carney Shaw laughed wildly.

Cain Shaw raised his brave eyebrows, nodded in agreement, "Fourth Brother actually fell at the hands of a little girl, this shame must be avenged. However, Fourth Brother, you should be careful—this fierce Hollis daughter might just blind your other eye."

"..." Carney Shaw's smile instantly vanished; Cain Shaw had touched upon his sore spot, embarrassing him publicly.

But Carney Shaw quickly turned his gaze to the tightly shut hospital room door in front of him, "Cain, I hear your new love got a bit hurt, how is she, is it serious? Let me go in and have a look."

Carney Shaw slyly wiped his palms and then stepped forward to push open the hospital room door.

But Cain Shaw was faster. Standing six feet three inches tall, he immediately blocked the door, his robust and vigorous body like a wall blocking Carney Shaw. His hands remained in his pockets, and his solid back lazily leaned against the door as he squinted at Carney Shaw, "What do you want, huh?"

Carney Shaw bumped into Cain Shaw's dark eyes; Cain Shaw stopped smiling, and without a smile, he seemed particularly cold and deep, making it impossible for anyone to know what he was thinking.

"Cain, you're being too stingy; I just want to take a look," Carney Shaw said with a smile.

Cain Shaw, "My woman, and you're worthy to look at her?"

Carney Shaw, "..."

These two were always amicable on the surface but really didn't get along; usually, Cain Shaw would cooperate in acting, but who knew today he'd publicly turn against Carney Shaw for a woman, making the atmosphere immediately tense and hostile.

At this moment, the henchmen quickly intervened to mediate, "Fourth Brother, this is your fault; in the past, all of Cain's little girlfriends let you see, but this new love is different. Cain treasures her, won't let anyone see, hiding her away—only for himself to enjoy."

This incomprehensible talk made the other henchmen laugh along; Carney Shaw forced out a smile and took the chance to retreat, "Cain, I was being ignorant. I won't look, won't look anymore."

Cain Shaw squinted his eyes and also curled his thin lips, "The person inside is shy, don't scare her off."

"Tsk tsk, seems like this new love has really captured Cain's heart. Alright, I have some things to attend to, so I'll be off first." Carney Shaw bade farewell and left with his men.

Carney Shaw turned a corner, out of Cain Shaw's sight, and his smile quickly vanished. With a fierce face, he spat angrily, "Damn, what a thing, daring to give me attitude."

Everyone knew he was cursing Cain Shaw.

The henchmen quickly advised in whispers, "Fourth Brother, let's endure for now; Cain Shaw's identity is mysterious and particularly suspicious. As long as we seize the flaw and expose his identity, the old man won't spare him, and the Shaw family will be yours, Fourth Brother!"

Carney Shaw suppressed his anger, "I've had people investigating for so long but can't find any trickery about Cain Shaw. This time he suddenly brought his new love inland; I have a feeling he's sneaking around to do something. Keep a tight watch on him—I feel I'm getting close to uncovering his true face."

"Yes, Fourth Brother."

...

Carney Shaw left, and Cain Shaw expressionlessly withdrew his gaze before turning and entering the hospital room.

The henchmen quickly drove away the gathering onlookers, "Come on, disperse, everyone disperse."

Leah Thorne had been hiding in the crowd, trying to minimize her presence. Carney Shaw's arrival made her vaguely guess her brother's current situation; her brother must be walking on thin ice, unable to reveal his identity.

Leah Thorne's heart rose with anxiety; this place was familiar territory, and some old acquaintances might recognize her brother. She could recognize him, so maybe other people could too.

If her brother's identity were exposed, the consequences would be unimaginable; she didn't want to lose her brother again.

This time, her brother must have taken the risk to return for her.

Leah Thorne's watery eyes suddenly became red—after so many years apart, seeing each other again, they dared not look at each other too long amidst the crowd.

Earlier, she covered her brother's ear and said a few words, but she didn't speak; instead, she gave... a string of phone numbers, her phone number.

She waited for her brother to contact her.

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Inside the hospital room.

Cain Shaw walked in and immediately noticed the slender silhouette standing by the window; Tanya stood there, her back to him, with pure black long hair smoothly cascading down her shoulders. She looked like a very obedient and gentle 19-year-old girl.

But who would have thought that this little girl had taken out a pencil from her bag and blinded Carney Shaw's left eye after witnessing her father's death.

She was more like a small blade of grass swaying in the wind, resilient, tenacious, and brave.

"Tanya Sullivan," Cain Shaw called out.

Tanya didn't turn around; her voice was calm, "My surname isn't Sullivan; my surname is Hollis."

"Oh, Tanya Sullivan," Cain Shaw replied blandly.

Tanya, "..."

The two were silent for a few seconds before Tanya spoke up, "What's your relationship with that pretty girl outside with the scar on her face?"

Chapter 1013: Never Dated a Boyfriend Before?

Cain Shaw walked over, shrugging, "No idea, probably just another person captivated by my looks. What's wrong, Tanya, are you jealous?"

Tanya Sullivan turned around, her clear eyes resting on his handsome face, "What did that woman just say to you? A phone number, right?"

This time Cain didn't speak, his deep, dark eyes steadily looking at Tanya.

"I learned some lip reading from my dad before. The woman probably gave you her number, hoping you'd call her."

"Moreover, when you had your arm around my shoulder just now, I noticed your fingers twitch unconsciously when you saw the scar on that woman's face. That's a conditioned reflex in psychology; that woman must mean something to you."

Cain looked at the young girl in front of him and didn't answer the question. Instead, he chatted nonchalantly, "That's great. Did you learn all this from your dad?"

Tanya nodded, "Some of it, yes, but I also read a lot on my own. I admire my dad a lot. He's the greatest person. I want to be a police officer like him, but he doesn't agree. Dad said Mom left us because this job is too dangerous, and she didn't want to live a life full of anxiety."

Jason Hollis was the perfect father; he never let his profession compromise his love for his daughter, and hoped she could grow up safely like any other child.

Cain nodded, curling his thin lips, and his smile was bright, revealing a row of white teeth, "Tanya Sullivan, you really should listen to your dad."

Tanya had met many people, but never anyone like Cain Shaw. Outwardly he seemed carefree and rebellious, full of wicked charm, but she knew it was only surface-level. He was a deeply complex and dangerous man,

skilled at disguise. Sometimes the cold and sleepy glint in his eyes revealed an unfathomable depth, making him an enigma.

"Cain, why did you save me?" Tanya asked.

That night she saw her father fall in a pool of blood, her eyes reddened, and she stabbed Carney Shaw's left eye with a pencil. But her strength and skill were no match for Carney. Just as he was about to catch her, the alarm sounded, and amidst Carney's panic, she managed to escape.

Once outside, two men in black grabbed her, saying, "Mr. Shaw wants to see you."

Thus, she became Cain Shaw's new companion.

Carney was searching for her everywhere. Little did he know that the daughter of the Hollis family was right under his nose.

The most dangerous place is often the safest place.

Tanya never understood why Cain saved her.

Cain's smile remained unchanged. He suddenly took large strides, moving closer to Tanya, "Do you really want to know why I saved you?"

His tall frame cast an oppressive shadow in front of her. Tanya was never easily scared, but something about Cain instilled a sense of... awe.

Tanya retreated cautiously, her beautiful eyes darting side to side, "Yes, I want to know."

Quickly, her back hit the wall, with nowhere left to escape.

Cain closed in, his heavy black boots stopping in front of her. He reached out, his slender fingers pinching her delicate chin as he grinned wickedly, "You also know I don't get along with Carney. Rather than letting him catch you and show off to the boss, isn't it more fun to play a little prank and have him spin in circles?"

"Besides, you know what would happen if Carney caught you, right? He'd definitely kill you—oh no, wait, he'd assault you first..."

"The daughter of the Hollis family is so fiery, easily sparking a man's desire to conquer. I also want to conquer you, to see what you really taste like."

The more he spoke, the less serious he became. His fingertips deliberately caressed her tender skin along her jawline, and Tanya could feel his hands were rough, the coarse touch like sandpaper, making her skin prickle with tiny bumps.

"Let me go, old man!" Tanya deliberately emphasized the words "old man."

Cain knew she was hinting at his age. He was in his thirties, while she was only 19, making him feel like an old man seducing a young girl.

Cain thought of letting go, but his ears suddenly twitched—someone was outside.

It was Carney, returning.

Carney approached, and the guards outside called out, "Four..."

Before the words "Four Bro" could even leave their lips, Carney swiftly signaled a "shush" by placing a finger against his lips.

The men immediately fell silent.

Carney quietly stood by the door, peeking inside through the crack.

Cain noticed, but Tanya hadn't. She just wanted to put some distance between them, to get away from him.

"Get away... hmm!"

Cain immediately blocked Tanya's mouth.

Neither of them closed their eyes; Cain had no traces of lust, only cautious alertness. He looked at the girl in his arms, scared, her eyes glancing nervously, brimming with youthful innocence.

Her lips were still soft, carrying a hint of fragrance, like jelly, making one want more.

Cain's handsome face showed a hint of unease. He raised his hand to cover her wide-open eyes, "Make noise."

What?

Tanya was confused and didn't understand.

"Don't know how? Never had a boyfriend before?" Cain whispered.

Tanya still didn't react.

Then Cain pressed her against the wall, his hand sliding down, slipping underneath her blue and white shirt, and squeezed.

Ah!

Tanya exclaimed, immediately lifting her hands to push him away.

"What's with the yelling? We haven't even gotten to the main event yet." Cain growled coarsely, then wrapped her soft waist with his arm, pinning her down on the hospital bed. A thrilling scene was about to unfold.

Carney, outside, withdrew his gaze. Not watching anymore, as he hadn't seen anything questionable.

"Four Bro, isn't it inappropriate to peep like this? Mr. Shaw will get mad if he finds out." The guard said nervously.

Carney patted the guard on the shoulder, "Your boss is really something, can't even wait any longer, getting it on in the hospital room, haha. Don't tell Shaw I was here. I'm leaving."

This time Carney was truly leaving.

Cain listened intently to the sounds outside; once Carney left, the cold vigilance in his eyes gradually faded. Suddenly, Tanya below him raised her knee, aiming fiercely toward his groin.

Cain, being who he was, wouldn't let Tanya succeed. He had to protect himself when around this wild little cat.

Chapter 1014: Sever the Past and Come with Me

Cain Shaw's large hand clamped down on Tanya Sullivan's knee, forcefully pressing her onto the bed. He raised his eyebrows triumphantly, "Missed it."

The next second, smack!

The crisp sound of a slap rang out as Tanya Sullivan gave him a hard slap.

Cain Shaw was caught off guard and his handsome face was tilted half aside.

Tanya Sullivan's face flushed with anger, glaring at him in shame and indignation, "Cain Shaw, you bastard!"

Cain turned his face back, frowning displeasably, "What's wrong with touching you? Why are you so emotional? Haven't you been touched before?"

Tanya Sullivan looked at him. His face was indeed handsome, but upon closer inspection, his features and contours were incredibly delicate, exuding a sense of artistry. It was as if this face didn't match his naturally handsome features, like a pearl covered in dust, obscuring his true appearance.

"Who is as filthy as you!" Tanya pushed him away, quickly sitting up.

She was only 19 years old this year, always a good girl, never even holding a boy's hand, but just now he actually...

Cain lay back on the hospital bed, glanced at the angry girl, and spread his fingers with a chuckle, "You're just a kid, like a flat board, not a bit of substance. I didn't even despise you, but you're the one who's angry first."

Tanya Sullivan watched his disdainful look, her little face turned so red it could almost drip blood. If looks could kill, he'd have died a thousand times over.

"Still angry? Fine, come touch me, I'll let you touch back." Cain pulled her slender arm forcefully, causing Tanya to fall directly onto his sturdy chest.

"Come on, touch here, see if mine is a bit bigger than yours?" Cain pressed her small hand onto his heart.

Tanya struggled a few times but couldn't break free. This man was all muscle, full of intimidating masculine strength, wild and manly.

After all, at just 19, Tanya couldn't help but think of her situation. Her father was gone, her mother had long left, leaving her an orphan, and now bullied by this bastard Cain, who not only kissed and touched her but also humiliated her in various ways.

Tanya bit her red lips with her pearly teeth, her eyes suddenly turning a bit red.

What was happening to her?

Cain paused, thinking girls indeed were strange creatures; tears could come just like that.

Her small, oval face was right in front of him, her youthful innocence carrying a hint of taboo. Now, lying in his arms, the two of them were really in an ambiguous situation, their breaths mingling together.

He smelled her scent, like an unweaned baby with a faint milky fragrance, very pleasant.

Cain suddenly remembered she was several years younger than his sister Leah, and he had indeed become a jerk bullying a little girl.

Cain quickly released her, sitting up himself.

The atmosphere was a bit awkward, so Cain simply picked up his clothes and left, but not before threatening, "Keep your mouth shut and behave!"

He was referring to the matter concerning Leah Thorne.

Tanya Sullivan was particularly angry, grabbing a pillow and hurling it forcefully at Cain.

But unfortunately, Cain had already left, and the pillow only hit the door.

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Leah Thorne had been waiting for her brother's call, but the phone was silent; he hadn't called.

Serena Sterling came over, checked Leah Thorne's body, and then suddenly handed her an envelope, "Leah, someone left this on my desk this afternoon. It's for you."

Leah's heart tightened, and she quickly took the envelope. Elegant swirling characters on it read: "Leah, privately for you."

It was her brother's handwriting.

It was from her brother.

Leah immediately opened the envelope, and something dropped out — a plane ticket.

Inside the envelope, there was a line of small words: "End the past, come with me."

Leah shivered slightly; she understood her brother returned this time to take her away.

Serena locked the hospital room door, sat beside Leah, and whispered, "Leah, this handwriting looks so familiar. Has Justin returned?"

Leah nodded, "Yes, my brother is back. Cain is my brother."

Serena glanced at the line of small words, "Leah, Justin wants to take you away. What do you plan to do? Will you really go with him? If you leave, what about Justin Xavier? Are you going to abandon him?"

Leah shook her head in a daze, "I don't know either..."

Serena placed a hand on Leah's flat belly, "Leah, go with your brother, and you can start anew. Forget all the pain; the people around you will be those who love you the most. Maybe one day you will heal yourself."

"This city has too many unpleasant memories, and they will weigh you down. You once said when everything ends, you would leave, go somewhere no one knows you, and start life anew."

"But Leah, Justin Xavier is here. Now you're carrying a child, yours and Justin Xavier's."

As a close friend, Serena could never make the decision for Leah. She could only analyze the pros and cons, leaving the final decision to Leah.

Leah's mind was a bit chaotic now. The child inside her was unexpected. This was Justin Xavier's child; he was the baby's father...

But her brother had returned and, at this critical time, wanted to take her away.

Her brother spoke of ending the past, implying cutting ties with Justin Xavier.

"Serena, I need to think it through."

"Alright, Leah, follow your heart. For now, the most important thing is to take care of your health. You're going to be a mom."

Serena left, and Leah sat by herself for a while. She suddenly realized Justin Xavier had gone out to buy her plum snacks, and it had been a while without him coming back.

What was he up to?

Leah took out her phone and dialed Justin Xavier's number.

Meanwhile, Justin Xavier, who had bought the plum snacks, because he didn't know which type Leah liked, bought a big bag.

Originally planning to return to the hospital directly, but his personal secretary called, "President, I forgot something. During your coma, your wife went to the hospital and said she left something in the bedroom at the villa for you to see for yourself."

Justin Xavier hung up the phone and immediately drove back to the villa, arriving at the bedroom.

She left him something, and he wondered what mysterious item it could be. Justin curled his thin lips.

He walked in and soon saw the paper pressed under the table lamp on the nightstand, and the words "Divorce Agreement" harshly intruded into his line of sight.

Justin Xavier's smile stiffened, and he reached out to pick up the divorce agreement.

Chapter 1015: Come Sleep, Sleep in My Arms

Justin Xavier showed no expression, but his handsome brows and eyes were shrouded with a thin layer of cold. He focused intently on reading the divorce agreement.

Though her words were few, ultimately she wanted nothing but to leave without money, just her freedom. Yet, Justin Xavier spent a long, long time looking at this divorce agreement.

Finally, his gaze landed on the last signature; she had already signed it—Leah Thorne.

The bedroom was quiet, without a sound. Justin Xavier stood there in his black suit, tall and upright like a pine tree. Bathed in the soft light, his figure inexplicably exuded a hint of...loneliness and solitude.

Soon, a melodious mobile ringtone suddenly rang. There was a call coming in.

Justin Xavier picked up his phone and saw it was from his Mrs. Xavier.

Putting down the divorce agreement in his hand, he pressed the button to answer the call, his voice lowered and gentle, "Hello, Mrs. Xavier."

"President Xavier, where did you go? I asked you to buy some sour plums, and you've been gone so long. Did you take a detour to flirt with some girls?" Leah Thorne's soft and charming voice came through.

Justin Xavier chuckled, "Mrs. Xavier, you are really wronging me. I bought the sour plums, eager to return, but alas, there were too many cars on the road, blocking my way."

He said he was stuck in traffic.

Leah Thorne, "Alright, I'll believe you this time. Hurry back."

"Okay."

Hanging up the phone, Justin Xavier placed the divorce agreement in the bottom drawer, locking it, and then he grabbed his car keys, leaving without looking back.

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Leah Thorne waited for Justin Xavier, and for the large bunch of sour plums he brought back.

Looking at the various kinds of sour plums, Leah Thorne was dumbfounded, "President Xavier, no wonder you returned so late. I asked you to buy some sour plums, did you go buy a whole sour plum market?"

Justin Xavier walked over and kissed her forehead, "Getting snacks for Mrs. Xavier, they have to be enough."

Saying that, Justin Xavier walked towards the bathroom, "I'll take a shower first."

Leah Thorne pinched a sour plum and placed it in her mouth, the sweet and sour taste spreading in her mouth, instantly relieving the discomfort brought by pregnancy.

At this moment, a "knock knock" sounded at the door, it was the private secretary bringing in a large pile of documents.

Leah Thorne blinked at the secretary, "Is your president planning to move his office to my hospital room?"

The private secretary laughed, "Mrs., the president's heart is all on you right now. He went home from the hospital and hasn't had time to review the documents, so there's a bit of workload."

Leah Thorne paused, "He went home?"

The private secretary nodded, "Yes, madam, didn't you say you left something in the bedroom for the president? When the president bought the sour plums, he took a detour home. The president was really looking forward to the surprise you left for him."

Leah Thorne froze, realizing Justin Xavier had lied just now. It wasn't traffic; he went home.

He didn't take a detour to flirt with some girl, but took a detour home to see the "surprise" she left for him.

At this point, the bathroom door clicked open, and Justin Xavier walked out having taken a shower. He was wearing a clean white shirt and black trousers, water droplets hanging from his neat short hair, holding a towel and wiping himself dry. Sensing the subtle atmosphere in the room, he glanced at his private secretary, "What were you talking about?"

"President, we were discussing your trip home halfway," the private secretary replied honestly.

Justin Xavier paused in the midst of wiping his hair.

The private secretary felt he had said something wrong, but didn't know where the mistake was. He had clearly told the truth.

At this moment, Leah Thorne spoke, "You may leave."

"Yes, madam." The private secretary turned and left.

Now there were just the two of them in the room, Leah Thorne gathered a bunch of documents and asked nonchalantly, "Did you go home?"

Justin Xavier tossed the towel onto the table, reaching out to take the files from her arms, "Hmm, took a detour home."

"Did you see the thing on the bedside table?" Leah Thorne was referring to the divorce agreement.

Justin Xavier put down the files, turned his head to glance at her, "No, I didn't see anything."

Saying this, he sat on the hospital bed, patting the spot next to him, "Come here, time to sleep, sleep in my arms."

Leah Thorne was sure he had seen it, but he didn't want to talk about it.

Leah Thorne slowly climbed onto the bed, lying down. The hospital bed was too small, her back pressed against the headboard, her long legs extending down, Leah's head rested on his lap.

Justin Xavier flipped through the files with one hand, still having a free hand to feed her sour plums. He didn't know why, but she's been craving sour things lately, "Is it good?"

Leah Thorne's small face was originally turned sideways, hearing this, she moved to lie flat, her soft black eyes looking at him, "It's delicious, do you want some~"

Her black tea-colored curls entwined with his trousers spread languidly, the air became infused with the sweet and sour aroma. Justin Xavier's empty chest quickly became full, and his gaze moved from the file to her small face, staring intensely.

Justin Xavier always had a bit of a rogue to him, he knew how to savor women, his intense gaze always carried a strong sense of need, which greatly satisfied a woman's vanity, making her blush with his teasing.

But Leah Thorne didn't want him staring at her like that because there was a scar on her right cheek, and she was no longer that breathtaking beauty Leah Thorne.

"What are you looking at, don't look...um!" Leah Thorne's red lips were kissed.

Justin Xavier lowered his head and kissed her.

This time, he kissed tenderly and lingeringly, Leah's lashes trembled in a panic, feeling the sour plum in her mouth being coaxed out.

She didn't know how long it was until she was a little short of breath and pushed him away.

Justin Xavier left her swollen lips, kissing fell on the scar on her right cheek, snuggling and kissing...with a hint of fondness and pity.

Doesn't he think the scar on her face is ugly?

Leah Thorne was a woman who loved beauty, sometimes when she looked in the mirror she thought the scar on her face was horribly ugly, but now he was kissing it with such affection.

Leah Thorne felt a little soft, a little warm, and a little sweet in her heart, she pinched a sour plum and stuffed it directly into Justin Xavier's mouth, "President Xavier, hurry up and look at your files!"

Only then did Justin Xavier sit up straight, the sour plum might have been too sour as he furrowed his brow, then picked up the file to continue working.

Leah Thorne's little face was blushing, lying obediently on Justin Xavier's lap, her gaze fell on Justin Xavier's trousers because of the position, his sensitive area was right before her eyes.

She wondered how he was doing physically now...

Justin Xavier was reading the file, and then he felt Leah Thorne's slender white fingers crawling up his thigh...

Chapter 1016: Justin Xavier, How Could I Ever Leave You?

Justin Xavier's strong waist tensed quickly. He looked down and saw Leah Thorne lying on his lap, her watery eyes fixed on his handsome face, and her restless little fingers kept crawling upward.

Justin Xavier's throat contracted, and he grabbed her small hand, "What do you think you're doing, huh?"

Leah, with a vast gap between theory and practical experience, was doing this kind of... naughty thing for the first time. Now caught red-handed, she bit her red lip with her pearly teeth, "I... I care about your health..."

Justin stuffed her little hand under the quilt and moved her body off his leg, tucking her entirely under the quilt, "Stop it, go to sleep."

Oh dear...

Leah's face flushed red. Was she being rejected?

Surely, she couldn't forcefully strip his pants to take a look.

Leah shuffled down, burying her face under the quilt, feeling utterly embarrassed.

At that moment, weight pressed onto her body. Justin came over and pulled the quilt off her face, "Isn't it stuffy sleeping like this?"

Leah refused to come out, burying herself in the quilt, whining cutely, "Mind your own business. I'm not stuffy at all. Just go back to your documents!"

Justin watched her small, moving bundle and heard her faintly coquettish and grumbling voice. How could he focus on his documents when his heart was already itching because of her?

Since they had broken the barrier of intimacy, she had been passive in bed. He had never enjoyed her initiative side before, but now she was taking the lead, yet his body...

Justin leaned his handsome face closer, kissing her little face through the quilt, planting kisses everywhere, "Mrs. Xavier, are you... in the mood?"

His kissing action was like a piglet rooting around. Leah hadn't even pushed him away when she heard him ask in an incredibly seductive, magnetic voice if she was in the mood.

What?

What on earth was he talking about?

"Justin Xavier, I've realized you're really annoying. I'm ignoring you!" Leah turned around and really ignored him.

Justin feared that if they continued, there would be no way to resolve it, so he had to release her and return to his documents.

...

In the dead of night.

Leah was already sound asleep. Justin uncovered the quilt, revealing her soft and charming little face, flushed pink from the heat. Her lashes, thick as a comb, hung down obediently, her chestnut curls draped by her cheek, a pure and sweet combination that made it hard for anyone to look away.

Justin, still awake, focused on the scar on her right cheek. Although he didn't mind the scar, he knew she did. That scar robbed her of her sense of security.

Her face was a masterpiece, and the scar marred its perfection, rendering her less perfect. He intended to find a way to help repair that scar. After all, she was his cherished rose, and it was his duty to provide for her, keep her as beautiful as a flower.

Justin tenderly kissed her forehead, entranced.

Leah, in her drowsy state, felt someone kissing her. She opened her sleepy eyes, bewildered to see Justin still awake, "What time is it? Why aren't you sleeping yet?"

Justin cradled her in his arms, holding her small hand in his large one, whispering apologetically, "Sorry if I woke you."

It wasn't the noise that woke her... it was being kissed awake.

Leah checked the time; it was already past two in the morning, with absolute silence outside. A dim lamp was the only light in the hospital room. His black eyes bore faint red streaks, as he too was a recently awakened patient and needed rest.

Leah felt a pang of heartache. Her small hand reached out, tugging at his clothes, softly asking, "Justin Xavier, why aren't you sleeping?"

Now they were squeezed together in a small hospital bed, with her nestled in his arms. Justin gazed deeply at her, "Because... I'm afraid if I fall asleep, you'll slip out of my arms."

Leah felt a sharp twinge in her heart. She knew he was referencing the times she'd sneak off to sleep in the cabinet alone at night.

"Did you also stay awake like this before?"

"At first, yes. But then I'd wake up in the middle of the night to find you gone from my arms, and gradually, I started being too afraid to close my eyes. I just wanted to watch over you so you'd stay in my embrace and not leave."

Leah's lashes quivered as tears quickly welled in her pale eyes. She slowly raised her hand to caress Justin's handsome face, noticing the persistent forlorn darkness clouding his once aloof and indifferent eyes.

"Justin Xavier, are you... sick?" she asked, her eyes turning red.

In the quiet night, Justin lightly pinched her little nose, gentle as water, "I don't know. I only know that I am sick, and you are the cure; that's all that matters."

Leah burrowed into his embrace, tears falling. She pouted, nuzzling her little face against his chest, Justin Xavier, how can I bear to leave you like this?

...

Justin Xavier had left for the office, and Leah had seen him off at the hospital. Even after his luxurious car disappeared from view, she stood there, reluctant to leave.

Then, she overheard some women gossiping,

"Wasn't that President Xavier just now? Let me tell you a shocking secret: President Xavier is now impotent, basically... a eunuch!"

"What? What nonsense are you talking about? How can President Xavier possibly be?"

"This news is absolutely true. I have a friend who's a doctor and heard that President Xavier's downstairs was injured with scissors, so he doesn't have that function anymore!"

"Oh my, how could this happen? Such a pity! That's President Xavier, the dream man of every debutante and heiress!"

These voices clearly reached Leah's ears, and her little hands hanging by her sides quickly clenched into fists. She turned to face those gossiping women, "Did President Xavier personally tell you he's impotent?"

The gossiping women froze.

Leah gave a cold smile, "Since he didn't, let this be the last time I hear you talking about him behind his back. Next time, I'll sue you for defamation."

With that said, Leah walked away.

The women had already recognized Leah. They were quite dissatisfied and immediately sneered,

"Oh, isn't this the beauty, Leah Thorne? I saw she was disfigured on the trending searches. I didn't believe it before, but now I do. The top red rose has turned into an ugly monster, haha."

"Leah Thorne, your affair with President Xavier could fill a novel. How exactly did President Xavier get injured? Did he hurt himself while playing with your little toys? After all, everyone knows President Xavier has some... peculiar tastes."

"Poor President Xavier, all the money and for what? He's not even a man anymore, hahaha."

Chapter 1017: The War Between Women

Those women were already jealous of Leah Thorne; she was the rival of all the girls, yet she represented what all the girls aspired to be. Now that she's disfigured, and Justin Xavier is injured, these women finally felt better, seizing the opportunity to sarcastically mock Leah.

Leah stopped in her tracks, turned around to face those women, "What are you saying? Have the guts to say it again!"

"Say it? We'll say it! Who's afraid of who!" The women were extremely arrogant, immediately shouting and yelling, "Everyone, come listen, Justin Xavier isn't a real man anymore, he..."

Before the words were finished, Leah directly lunged forward, landing a strong slap on one of the women.

The women were dumbfounded; they never expected the big star Leah Thorne to be so fierce, launching straight into action.

They weren't passive either; they immediately rolled up their sleeves and surrounded Leah Thorne, someone grabbing her long hair, "You dare hit us? We'll show you some real power now!"

Leah Thorne was in a fierce fight with these women, the battle was intense.

"Ah! They're fighting! Everyone, come look, there's a fight happening here!" The crowd quickly ran over.

Serena Sterling was busy studying the surgery plans for the afternoon when a nurse hurriedly ran in, "Prof. Sterling, you have to see this, Miss Thorne... Miss Thorne, she..."

Serena's heart tightened, fearing something had happened to Leah; she quickly stood up and asked nervously, "What's wrong with Miss Thorne?"

"Miss Thorne... Miss Thorne is fighting with someone!" The nurse took a breath and said.

What?

Leah fighting... with others?

Serena rushed over, and when she arrived at the scene, she saw Leah, her combat power was at a peak, coloring the women, but she was outnumbered, with two women pinning her to the ground, deliberately clawing at her unhealed scars until they bled.

Serena's clear eyes suddenly turned cold; she looked at her assistant and the nurse behind her, calmly instructing, "Call the security, immediately disperse the crowd, and call 911, report that there's a fight and intentional disturbance in the hospital!"

"Yes, Prof. Sterling," the nurse quickly went to take action.

At this moment, Serena began unbuttoning her white lab coat.

The assistant stared blankly at Serena, "Prof. Sterling, what are you doing?"

Serena stripped off her lab coat and threw it to her assistant, "I'm not Prof. Sterling right now; I'm just Leah's best friend!"

With that, Serena rushed forward, reaching out both hands to grab the hair of the woman pinning Leah, pulling it hard, causing the woman to scream in pain and immediately let go of Leah.

Leah took the chance to swiftly flip over, forcefully flipping the other woman on top of her, pinning her down.

With Serena's bold intervention, Leah went full throttle, and the two friends instantly turned the situation around.

The scene was filled with cries, they said women fighting was the most thrilling.

The assistant clutched the lab coat, gasping in shock, speechless, "..."

She stupidly watched Prof. Sterling, who had joined the fray without hesitation; it turned out the usually wise, graceful, and composed Prof. Sterling could be so... fierce, she felt a bit intimidated, Prof. Sterling seemed quite formidable.

When the security and police arrived, the chaotic fight between women barely came to an end, leading to the interrogation phase.

Serena looked over at Leah, "How are you, Leah?"

Leah smiled faintly, "Don't worry, after this battle, we scored a great victory, the enemy's wailing is everywhere."

Just then, the cries of those women rang in their ears, "Oh my God, my face, my face is scratched!"

"My hair, a large chunk of my hair was brutally yanked out!"

The staff recording the notes looked up at those women, "Weren't you lots? How did you end up beaten so badly?"

The women felt the blatant disdain, "They... they were fierce women, they pinned us down and beat us, leaving us with no strength to fight back; we want to sue them, they hit us first!"

Serena and Leah looked across the room, the meaning clear: go ahead and sue, who's afraid of whom!

The air between the two sides immediately filled with tension; the war, which had paused with difficulty, seemed ready to ignite again.

Just then, a deep magnetic voice came from behind, "Whoever wants to sue will have us at their disposal."

The chaotic scene suddenly quieted down; you could hear a pin drop, everyone turned around, seeing a tall and upright figure coming from the corridor, Hayden Crawford had returned.

Hayden was dressed in a black thin coat, with a matching black suit underneath, adorned with a shining tassel pin on the lapel; time had tempered all the sharp angles of this man, making him increasingly resemble his father, Jude Crawford, dignified and extraordinary, yet profound and imposing, rendering people unable to look directly.

...

With Hayden's arrival, Leah could naturally leave; she took out her phone and dialed Justin Xavier's number, eager to call him, to hear his voice.

The melodious ringtone rang once, and the call was answered, but it wasn't Justin Xavier, rather his personal secretary, "Hello, madam, are you looking for the president? The president is in the hospital right now, not convenient to take calls."

Justin Xavier is in the hospital.

Leah's fingers clenched, gripping the phone tightly, "Is Justin Xavier not feeling well?"

"Madam, no need to worry, it's not the president, but the Mrs. The president went to the hospital to see the Mrs."

Laura Xavier...

These days, Leah had almost forgotten this name.

"Since the elder went in, the Mrs.'s mental state has been poor, and she's still staying in the hospital..." The personal secretary's voice faded, maybe sensing the subtleness of the atmosphere.

Leah paused for a few seconds, "Which hospital is Mrs. Xavier staying at?"

...

Leah hurried to the hospital where Laura Xavier was staying, arriving at the door of her ward.

Standing at the door, a "clang" sound came from inside, followed by Laura's agitated voice, "I won't eat! I don't want to eat anything!"

Leah looked inside, seeing Laura sitting on the hospital bed, having overturned all the food, creating a mess, with two senior caregivers quietly cleaning up, and also a tall, handsome figure, Justin Xavier standing by the bed, his expression calm.

"Justin, quickly think of a way to get your grandfather and father out, do you really want to watch the Xavier family fall apart?"

Chapter 1018: Justin Xavier, I Miss You

"Justin, I've long said Leah Thorne is trouble, she's going to ruin you, ruin the Xavier family, but you wouldn't listen. Now look at it, the Xavier family is in shambles because of her, and you've been hurt so badly you'll never be able to have children again. Our Xavier family is going to be without descendants!"

Laura Xavier felt an overwhelming heartache, she pounded her chest, tears streaming down her aged face.

On Justin Xavier's handsome features, there was no emotional upheaval. He stepped forward, drew out a few tissues and handed them to Laura, speaking softly, "Mom, you have me, isn't that enough?"

Laura was taken aback, she looked at Justin, shocked and unable to speak for a long time, "Jus... Justin, do you mean... you're going to sit back and do nothing, to watch the Xavier family... fall apart?"

"Mom, yesterday's cause brings today's effect. If back then, the Xavier family hadn't destroyed the Thorne family out of greed and desire, today wouldn't have happened."

Laura's pupils contracted abruptly. She pointed a trembling finger at Justin, her voice full of pain and reproach, "Justin, you really must be crazy. You're a descendant of the Xavier family, your blood is Xavier's, but you've been bewitched by Leah. You've abandoned all your kin for Leah, abandoned your family!"

Saying this, Laura pointed toward the door, "Go, don't come to see me again. Your grandfather and father are both gone, I'm just a crippled mother that will only hinder you and Leah. Just let me live and die on my own. I raised you through countless hardships, you were all my hope, but now I don't need you anymore, I might as well pretend I never had a son!"

Laura was about to sever her relationship with Justin.

Justin maintained an expressionless face, but a dull darkness covered his cool features, "Mom, then take care, I'll come see you again."

Justin walked out.

Soon, the sound of Laura's wailing cries came from the ward, "My life is so bitter, my son is so disobedient, might as well die!"

"Madam!" two senior carers exclaimed.

The ward descended into chaos.

Justin didn't look back. In the long hospital corridor, he walked alone from one end to the other, the lights stretching his shadow very long, solitary and weary.

His personal secretary hurried over, "President, just now madam tried... tried to run into the wall, fortunately... she was stopped in time."

"Okay," Justin replied lightly, "Increase the manpower, keep an eye on madam 24/7. If anything happens to her, they'll bear the consequences."

"Understood."

Justin didn't take the elevator, he chose the stairs, descending step by step.

Leah Thorne was hiding, now following behind him. His vigilance was usually very high, he should've easily noticed her, but he didn't realize she was there.

Leah stood on the stairs, looking down at him, then took out her phone and dialed his number.

Soon, a melodious ringtone echoed in the hallway; Justin stopped in his tracks, putting a hand into his pocket and pulling out his phone.

From Leah's angle, she could see half of his side profile. When he saw the screen displaying "Mrs. Xavier," he ran a hand over his face, his originally sharp and cold contours softened slowly. He answered, trying to soften his tone, with a faint smile, "Mrs. Xavier."

Leah's eyes suddenly reddened, "President Xavier, where are you now?"

"Oh, at the office."

Leah looked up, tears falling down in big drops, "President Xavier, if there's anyone best at lying, it must be you. You lie so effortlessly now; your secretary just told me you went to the hospital to see your mom."

Justin pressed his thin lips together, then slowly said, "Mrs. Xavier, if I told you I went to the hospital to see my mom, would you be unhappy?"

Leah didn't reply.

After a few seconds of silence, Justin's soft, low voice came through, "Leah, I know you'd be unhappy. The divide between the Xavier and Thorne families has always stood between us, and you haven't let it go."

"I don't dare to hope that one day you could truly let it go, let alone expect your forgiveness. Up to this day, I dare not even say... say I'm sorry to you. I dare not admit the Xavier family's sins, dare not repent in front of you, dare not tell you how much losing that child hurt me too."

"Sometimes I feel like we're drifting further and further apart. Mrs. Xavier, you'll never know how hard I've worked, striving desperately to get closer to you."

"Perhaps all these years, what I gave you wasn't what you wanted, but it was the best I had. I wanted to give you the best."

Leah felt a deep pain in her heart, as if it were being torn into two, the pain piercing. The distance between the floors was the distance between her and him.

Leah wiped her tears messily, then said, "Justin Xavier, look up."

Justin Xavier looked up.

Standing below holding the phone, Justin quickly lifted his head and saw Leah. She came down the stairs, rushing towards him in a hurry, stumbling over her steps.

Justin was stunned, not expecting her to come.

He slipped the phone into his pocket, turned around decisively, and rushed upstairs.

The distance between floors Leah had planned to walk herself, but he turned back towards her, taking broad strides, several steps at a time, reaching her swiftly.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

Leah rushed into his embrace on the steps.

Justin immediately extended his strong arms, holding her tightly, his large hand rubbing her curly hair, "What if you tripped running so recklessly at your age?"

Leah nuzzled into his chest, speaking muffled, "Justin, I missed you."

Justin's tall, strong body suddenly stiffened; did she really say she missed him!

At that moment, Justin's hardened heart was completely softened, his thin lips kissing her forehead softly as he chuckled, "Then just stand where you are, and wait for me to find you."

Leah raised her small hands, wrapping them around his strong waist, slowly closed her eyes, just like this, just like this is fine.

She didn't know if she could truly let go of the grudge between the two families. He was tormented being caught between her and Laura, perhaps leaving with her brother, letting go of each other was best, but, just like this is fine.

Just like this, staying by his side forever and ever.

This kind of Justin, she really couldn't bear to leave.

Leah knew, she had made her choice.

Chapter 1019: What Are You Doing, Hm?

Justin Xavier feels that Leah Thorne has been acting out of character these days. Not only has she been making advances on him at night, but she also cuddles up to him and acts coy, something he never dared to imagine before.

"Mrs. Xavier, what has gotten into you?" Justin Xavier cups her small face with his large hand.

He quickly notices that the scar on her right cheek has been scratched open by someone else, and his chilly black eyes narrow suddenly. He immediately purses his lips and asks, "What's wrong with your face? Did someone bully you?"

Hiss.

At this moment, Leah Thorne lets out a soft cry; she has other injuries on her body.

Justin Xavier then sees more scratches on her fair neck, as if made by someone with long nails, and a layer of cold menace covers his handsome eyes, "Mrs. Xavier, did you get into a fight with someone?"

Leah Thorne doesn't want those unpleasant words to reach his ears, so she brushes it off, "Yeah, I got into a fight today, but I won. I had Serena with me, and we beat them up so badly they went home crying to their mothers."

A hawk-like sharpness flashes in Justin Xavier's eyes, but he says nothing and instead pulls her soft waist into his embrace, "Let's go back. I'll apply some medicine for you."

...

The two of them return to the hospital, and Justin Xavier takes out his phone to dial a number.

The call is quickly answered on the other end, and a familiar deep voice replies, "Hello, President Xavier."

It's Hayden Crawford.

Justin Xavier called Hayden Crawford.

He knows Serena Sterling quite well. Serena is intelligent and unsurpassed, solving issues with her brain rather than brute force. She got into a fight with Leah Thorne, which means there's more to this.

"Mr. Crawford, I heard your Mrs. Crawford joined my Mrs. Xavier in a fight today?" Justin Xavier asks bluntly.

"Yes, they fought over you. President Xavier, are you feeling rather accomplished?" Hayden Crawford says with a hint of displeasure.

"Over me?"

"Indeed. Some gossiping women, probably your avid fans, can't have you and can't stand seeing you do well. So, they told your Mrs. Xavier that you were impotent, mocking you for not being a man. Your Mrs. Xavier couldn't take it and rolled up her sleeves and went for it, but four fists beat two hands, and your Mrs. Xavier was pinned to the ground. My Mrs. Crawford couldn't stand that and rushed in, and the two girlfriends perfectly counterattacked." Hayden Crawford leisurely recounts the battle to Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier's handsome face turns cold suddenly, his expression dark and stormy. No wonder her face and body are covered in injuries, it turns out she was scratched.

"I understand," Justin Xavier gestures to hang up.

"President Xavier," Hayden Crawford calls out to him.

"Anything else?" Justin Xavier asks.

"The foreign medical professor will arrive soon. Since your injury is rather unique, my Mrs. Crawford cannot personally operate, but she will be fully involved. You must actively cooperate with the treatment."

Justin Xavier's injury is quite sensitive, so Serena Sterling certainly cannot personally step in; it would be awkward for all.

Justin Xavier replies indifferently, "We'll see."

"What do you mean 'we'll see'? President Xavier, do you like wearing the hat of impotence? I hope you can have a child or two and make our families in-laws, but now you're directly not laying eggs."

"Beep beep," Justin Xavier directly hangs up the phone.

With no more noise from Hayden Crawford, Justin Xavier remains silent for a few seconds, then dials his private secretary's number...

...

With Hayden Crawford stepping in, those women could only remain silent, clutching their injured faces, heading back home to their mothers.

The women were quite dissatisfied, "What Southern Serena Northern Leah? I think they're just two shrews. Ugh, it hurts so much."

"Exactly, I'm so angry, I want to sue them and extort some money from them. Anyway, they have plenty of cash. One husband is Hayden Crawford, the other is Justin Xavier, both aren't lacking money."

Talking about these two men made the women jealous, digging their nails into their palms. People say women should be independent, but marrying Hayden Crawford or Justin Xavier would take their lives to another level, in terms of competing on husbands, they can't compete.

At this moment, a black van suddenly speeds over, the door opens, and a group of black-suited bodyguards steps out.

"Who... who are you?" Faced with these imposing bodyguards, the women were scared out of their wits and turned to flee.

But they couldn't escape as these tall, muscular bodyguards had already surrounded them, "You've said things you shouldn't have and offended people you shouldn't have. Someone's sent us to teach you a lesson."

What... does that mean?

Before the women could react, the bodyguards raised their hands and slapped them hard across their faces.

Slap slap slap.

The echo of heavy slaps resonated, the bodyguards' hands were heavy, and soon enough, the women's faces swelled up, blood trickling from their lips.

They collapsed on the ground, begging for mercy.

"This is a small lesson for you. Next time, don't bump into the gun's barrel. Oh, here's your medical fee."

The bodyguards took out a wad of cash, threw it into the air carelessly, and then drove off.

Red bills fluttered magnificently in the air, landing on them, as these women trembled, watching the van's arrogant yet unruly silhouette driving away. This was pure... gangster behavior.

They guessed it; surely... Justin Xavier!

These were all people sent by Justin Xavier.

After fighting Leah Thorne, it turns out Justin Xavier found out. Compared to Hayden Crawford's dignified boss persona, Justin Xavier is an absolute rogue, capable of such deeds.

...

In the hospital room.

Justin Xavier stands with one hand in his pocket, having received a call from his private secretary. Those women have already been taught a lesson.

Then, two small hands reach from behind and embrace his firm waist, "President Xavier, who are you calling?"

It's Leah Thorne.

Justin Xavier puts away his phone and replies calmly, "The company ran into some trouble, but it's been resolved."

He doesn't want Leah Thorne to know about this, about those dirty and dark sides. He wants her to face only the sunshine.

Leah Thorne, somewhat skeptical, says, "Really? President Xavier, I find you're using the company as a cover when you lie lately..."

As she speaks, her small hands start mischievously wandering down his firm waist.

Justin Xavier grabs her small hands, turning around, "What do you want, huh?"

Leah Thorne raises her small hands to his chest and pushes him directly against the wall, gazing at him with alluring, moist eyes, "I want to confirm something~"

Chapter 1020: His Large Hand Covered Her Belly

Justin Xavier looked at her, his eyes dark and bright, his thin lips curved into a smile, and he said hoarsely, "What's up?"

Leah Thorne stood on her tiptoes, her small hands wrapped around his neck, "You know exactly why~"

She sweetly kissed his thin lips.

Justin Xavier held her slender waist, lifting her into his arms, feeling her soft lips, fragrant and full.

The Adam's apple in his throat moved up and down twice as he slowly closed his charming eyes.

Leah Thorne observed his intoxicated look; that gentle kiss had even brought a hint of redness to the corners of his eyes. Leah released his neck, her small hands sliding down once more.

Justin Xavier still stopped her, opening his eyes to look at her silently.

Leah Thorne broke free from his grip, "Justin Xavier, I'm just making sure. What are you afraid of?"

Justin Xavier was silent for a few seconds, then released her small hand.

Leah Thorne's hand slid down...

Soon, she got her answer. That night, she really hurt him; he had been seriously injured.

At this moment, her delicate chin was pinched by two slender fingers, forcing her to look up, and she collided with Justin Xavier's deep and dark eyes. He looked at her with a sense of superior examination and scrutiny. "Now, are you afraid?"

Leah Thorne understood that the physical handicap is a devastating blow for a man. Justin Xavier was no different from other men; he was even more passionate and addicted to physical intimacy before. He kept stopping her because he already had the answer; he knew he couldn't do it anymore and didn't want to expose his embarrassment and humiliation before her.

Now he was staring at her sharply to see if there's any reluctance on her face.

Leah Thorne lifted her small face to look at him without any hesitation, "As long as you're not afraid, why should I be?"

He didn't mind the scars on her face.

She also didn't care about his physical handicaps.

Neither of them was afraid.

Justin Xavier raised an eyebrow, and his eyes revealed a bit of joyous delight. He bent down and kissed her soft, fragrant red lips, "You said it, no regrets."

She certainly wouldn't regret it.

Leah Thorne's face turned red, unable to stand such a sweet atmosphere, wanting to turn around and go.

But Justin Xavier was holding her, not letting go.

Leah Thorne looked at him in confusion, and then her vision went black, and he kissed her again.

The slight kiss just now was initiated by her. Now his kiss was gentle yet firm, quickly taking her breath away.

"Um... Justin Xavier, why do you... still like... kissing so much now?"

Justin Xavier picked her up horizontally and placed her on the hospital bed, his left hand supporting by her side, his right hand skillfully unbuttoning her clothes, "What I liked before, I still like now."

"..." Leah Thorne wanted to cover her ears, not wanting to hear his seductive voice; really nothing could stop his... perversion!

She protested softly, "Slow down, I'm still wearing hospital clothes, don't tear off my buttons."

"If they break, let your good friend Serena Sterling prepare a new set for you."

"..." Leah Thorne suddenly realized he was doing it on purpose. He probably really considered Serena his rival in love.

President Xavier's jealousy doesn't discriminate by gender, sour enough to frighten people.

...

After playing around for a while, Leah Thorne suddenly remembered she still had a little baby in her belly, she couldn't let him mess around.

She pushed the man on top of her, "Justin Xavier, you're so heavy, don't press on me, get up."

Justin Xavier refused, "Why so delicate now? I pressed on you many times before, why didn't you complain then?"

"...That was different..." At that time, she wasn't pregnant; now she was. Leah Thorne placed her small hand on her still-flat stomach.

Seeing her touch her stomach, Justin Xavier propped himself up on his arm, "Is your stomach hurting again?"

His large hand covered her small belly, gently and softly rubbing it.

Leah Thorne enjoyed his attentive service, contemplating whether to tell him about her pregnancy.

She definitely needed to tell him about the pregnancy, but before that, she wanted to see her brother.

She had to tell her brother she couldn't leave with him, she needed to stay and be with Justin Xavier.

"I'm hungry." Leah Thorne said coyly.

"Hmm?" Justin Xavier glanced at her, "I remember you just ate, Mrs. Xavier, be careful not to gain weight."

"I don't care, I want... candied hawthorns, you go buy them for me."

Justin Xavier raised an eyebrow, "After sour plums now you want candied hawthorns? Mrs. Xavier, why do you like sour things so much lately?"

"I just want them. President Xavier, will you buy it for me or not?"

Justin Xavier kissed her cheek forcefully, "Buy, buy, buy, whatever you want I'll get you, I'm going right now."

Justin Xavier got out of bed.

"So sweet~" Leah Thorne smiled at him with curved brows.

Justin Xavier grabbed the car keys and glanced at her. Now she lay on the bed, half-dressed, displaying a half-bare shoulder. Her skin was as white as snow, marked with many hickeys and handprints from him, oozing with temptation.

Justin Xavier reluctantly retracted his gaze and then left the room.

...

Justin Xavier didn't leave immediately. Instead, he went to the smoking area at the hallway entrance, lighting a cigarette and taking a harsh drag.

If he said he's not concerned about his body, it would definitely be a lie.

He's quite concerned; just the sight of that tantalizing vision before leaving makes him want to pounce on her and ravage her several times.

But, he can't.

At this moment, a deep and magnetic voice reached his ears, "President Xavier, I've been looking for you. Why are you alone here smoking?"

Hayden Crawford arrived.

These good brothers, who've grown up together in childhood, hadn't met for a long time. Justin Xavier exhaled a puff of smoke and looked at Hayden Crawford, "Have the foreign experts arrived?"

Hayden Crawford looked at him in surprise. The last time on the phone, he had been nonchalant and not at all anxious. Now he was actively asking about them, "President Xavier, it seems you've been quite passionate lately."

Justin Xavier took another drag of the cigarette and then extinguished the half-burned one in the ashtray, "Keep an eye on the foreign experts, I'm going out for a bit."

"Where are you going, what's so urgent that you don't even have time for a smoke?" He had extinguished the cigarette halfway through.

Justin Xavier, holding the car keys, "Leah wants candied hawthorns, I'm going to buy them for her."

"Candied hawthorns?"

"Indeed, yesterday she insisted on having sour plums." Justin Xavier mentioned with a bit of warm affection, starting to walk away, obviously eager to feed his Mrs. Xavier, with no time to chat with his best friend.

"Justin." Hayden Crawford suddenly called out to him.

Justin Xavier stopped in his tracks, "What's up?"

Hayden Crawford thought for a moment, shrugged, "I suddenly remembered when Serena liked having sour plums and candied hawthorns too, at that time she was... pregnant..."