

Substitute B 1031

Chapter 1031: Leah Thorne Covered in Blood

"Leah, don't cry or be afraid just yet. I've been taking care of your health; stomach pain doesn't necessarily mean anything. Stand still, I'll come to you right now, okay?" Serena tried to calm Leah's emotions.

Leah nodded vigorously, "Mm, okay Serena, I'll do as you say."

After Serena hung up, Leah stood by the roadside waiting. She was waiting for her brother and Serena. She needed to be strong and calm at this moment, to protect the baby in her belly.

Leah lifted her cold little hand and placed it on her flat abdomen. This baby had truly been through so much with her.

At that moment, a melodious phone ring sounded. She received a call.

It was Justin Xavier calling.

Justin Xavier called her.

Leah looked down at the caller ID. The melodic ringtone repeated over and over, but she didn't answer.

She didn't want to answer.

Clearly, if she didn't pick up, Justin would keep calling. Soon, her phone showed over a dozen missed calls.

Just then, a sharp screech of brakes broke the air. Leah looked up to see a black luxury car stopping on the street opposite her. Cain Shaw had arrived driving.

Her brother was here!

Leah's eyes lit up, and all her previous panic subsided. Her brother was safe; her brother had arrived!

The car door opened, and Cain's tall and straight figure came into view. He looked over.

"Brother!" Leah called out happily.

"Sister." Cain closed the car door and strode toward her.

Leah happily waved her little hand, standing obediently and waiting for her brother to cross the street.

The very next second, boom!

A deafening explosion occurred as Cain's car suddenly blew up, engulfing him in flames.

Aah!

Screams erupted. Pedestrians on the street covered their ears and scrambled away frantically as chaos erupted.

Leah's small hand froze in mid-air. The loud "boom" left her ears ringing. The explosion happened in an instant, and she took it all in.

Now the roaring flames surged forward like a fire dragon, rushing towards her. Her black and white pupils widened, and widened further, until the red blood vessels filled her entire eyes, as if about to burst.

Where was her brother?

The brother who just a moment ago stood living in front of her?

Her brother was gone!

Her brother had been swallowed!

No!

She had to find her brother!

Leah stumbled and staggered onto the road, which was now in utter chaos, as vehicles fled.

Beep.

An earsplitting car horn sounded. A private car owner rolled down the window and shouted at Leah, "Do you have eyes? Want to get hit by a car?"

"Oh my God!" someone exclaimed, pointing at Leah, "Look, her... her skirt is covered in blood!"

Justin Xavier arrived. He opened the car door, and his first glance spotted Leah in the midst of the crowd.

Today, Leah wore a white dress with black chestnut-colored wavy hair cascading over her shoulders. Walking down the street, with every step, she left a trail of blood.

Bright red blood flowed from her skirt, staining the white dress she wore.

But she was oblivious, determined to head towards the sea of flames.

Ha.

Haha.

Just then, mad laughter reached her ears as Laura Xavier rolled over in her wheelchair.

Laura admired the sea of fire eagerly, believing it to be the most beautiful flame she had seen in her life. Her maniacal and twisted laughter erupted, "Mort Thorne is dead, haha, Mort is finally dead! Leah must be heartbroken now. I wanted her to watch her brother die in front of her own eyes; this is her punishment!"

The maids from the villa rushed out, gasping at Leah's sight, "Oh my God, Madame is bleeding!"

Bleeding?

Laura finally noticed Leah's bleeding after hearing that, and it was a lot of blood.

Why was she bleeding?

Confusion flashed in Laura's eyes.

A maid beside her whispered, "Madame... Madame must be... miscarrying, right?"

Miscarrying?

Laura froze instantly. She grabbed a maid, her face twisted as she asked, "Miscarrying? What miscarriage? How could Leah miscarry?"

In her frenzy and distortion, Laura looked almost deranged. The maid was scared, as Laura's grip hurt her, "Ma'am, didn't you know? Madame... Madame is pregnant!"

What?

Leah was pregnant?

How is that possible?

Leah was diagnosed as unable to conceive. How could she be pregnant?

"No, you must be lying to me; Leah can't get pregnant! I know now, you're all Leah's people, concocting lies to deceive me, aren't you?"

"Ma'am, we're not lying. Madame is really pregnant, but it looks like she won't be able to keep the baby. She's miscarrying."

Laura slowly released the maid, utterly stunned as she stared at Leah ahead. She never imagined Leah could be pregnant.

She thought she'd never hold a grandchild, as Justin Xavier's condition prevented him from having more children. She thought the Xavier family line would end, but who'd have thought...

Leah was pregnant!

Blood.

Everywhere.

As an experienced older person, Laura could easily tell Leah was miscarrying.

She still couldn't accept this fact, "No, this isn't real. You're all lying to me. You're all liars!"

Justin Xavier quickly hurried with long strides to the middle of the road. He reached out and embraced the faltering Leah from behind, "Leah!"

He buried his face in her long hair, the chaotic world fading away. All he could hear was his own rising and falling breath.

Leah's skin felt ice-cold, like a block of ice. She mechanically moved, trying to break free, "Let me go... let me go..."

Justin's eyes were bloodshot, his blood boiling, paining him from his core.

He never knew pain could be so intense.

"Leah... don't go..." he whispered hoarsely into her ear, only he hearing his own trembling and faint plea.

Leah struggled to keep her eyes open, though the blazing flames scorched them. Soon, large tears splashed down.

The little hands at her sides clenched into tight fists, her nails digging into her palms without feeling pain. Her body trembled, and finally, she bent over like a grieving beast letting out one last howl, "Ah--!"

Seeing her like this, Justin felt his heart sink into an abyss. He knew that the happiness within reach was, after all, like a bubble that burst.

"Leah..." He was too disordered to know what to say.

At that moment, Leah's body went limp, and she fainted on the spot.

Chapter 1032: The Child Is Still Here!

In the hospital.

Justin Xavier held Leah Thorne in his arms, his body covered in blood, Leah's dress soaked in it. This was undoubtedly the most disheveled and helpless moment in the life of Bayside's most esteemed man, his steps faltering.

Outside the operating room, Serena Sterling reached out, "President Xavier, quickly hand Leah over to me."

Justin Xavier gently placed Leah Thorne onto the stretcher. Serena put on a white mask and instructed, "Start the surgery immediately."

"Yes, Prof. Sterling."

The doors to the operating room swung open, and doctors and nurses rushed in, fully prepared.

Serena also wanted to enter, but her sleeve was tugged.

Justin's well-defined fingers clutched on, bloodstained at the tips, his face dark as a frozen frost, his lips moved several times before he rasped out hoarse words, "She'll be all right, won't she?"

He was uncertain, so he wanted reassurance.

Serena replied, "President Xavier, I will do my best."

"Alright." Justin nodded, lowering his voice, "I can't lose her, I'm begging you."

In Serena's clear eyes flashed a slight astonishment. Justin Xavier—who would have thought he, a proud little prince, would actually use the words "I'm begging you."

"Okay." Serena swiftly entered the operating room.

With a "click," the door to the operating room closed, and the red light inside turned on.

Justin Xavier stood waiting in the corridor. Soon his tall, slender figure slid down against the wall, Bayside's richest man sitting directly on the floor, head tilted back against the wall, staring blankly at the ceiling in the hospital corridor.

At this time, Laura Xavier wheeled over, looking at the red light from the operating room, trembling as she asked, "Justin, is it true that Leah... Leah is really pregnant?"

Justin remained in the same posture, replying softly, "Yes, but now the child is gone. Mom, you should be happy now, satisfied."

"I... I didn't know Leah was pregnant. How could she be..."

"Anyway, in my current condition, there won't be any more children. Maybe this is the fate of the Xavier family. You've done so much evil, heaven is punishing the Xavier family with the end of the line."

This quiet Justin was eerily quiet, so quiet it terrified people. Laura now full of regret, "Justin, mom...mom didn't mean to, he was also my grandson, I...I..."

Justin moved, his dark eyes falling on Laura's face, calling, "Mom."

"Yes." Laura quickly responded.

"Why did you give birth to me back then? If I weren't a child of the Xavier family, wouldn't that be nice?"

Laura was utterly frozen, "Wha...what?"

Justin sighed softly, his dark eyes filled with veins of red, "For so many years, I struggled growing up in the Xavier family. Later, I met Leah, who reached out her hand to pull me out of hell. But every time I was about to escape, you all pulled me back into hell."

"Last night Leah and the baby were in my arms. I was becoming a husband, a father. I thought I hadn't inherited the Xavier family's inferior genes because my love was steadfast, and I loved my child very much. Leah and the child were my life."

"But now there's nothing left, I've lost everything."

Justin's eyes filled with something that blurred his vision, so painful that he couldn't breathe.

He didn't understand how things had reached this point.

Where did it go wrong?

What exactly did he do wrong?

The heat in his eyes was scorching, and in the next second, two silent tears slipped down from his eyes.

He cried.

Justin Xavier actually cried.

Laura was frightened; even as a child, she had never seen her son cry, "Justin, I'm... I'm sorry, it's all mom's fault, mommy knows she's wrong... Mommy just wanted to take revenge on Leah, mommy didn't mean to harm her grandchild, what should we do now that the child is gone..."

Laura wanted to get up, but her legs were crippled, and struggling, she fell awkwardly from her wheelchair.

"Justin, I'm sorry, forgive your mom..." Laura crawled on the ground, trying to get to Justin Xavier.

Just then, with a "boom," the operating room door was suddenly pulled open, light shining through, and Serena emerged.

Justin immediately stood up, "Leah, how is Leah doing?"

Serena removed the mask from her face, her bright eyes flashing with some joy, "President Xavier, Leah did not miscarry, the child is still there."

What?

Justin's pupils contracted, "The child is still there?"

But Leah had bled so much just now, he didn't dare to think the child was still there.

Serena nodded affirmatively, "This child has gone through so many hardships with you all even before birth. His vitality is very tenacious, he hasn't left you, he's still here."

Of course, this was also due to Serena's own medical skill. Since Leah was found pregnant, Serena had personally cared for her and wouldn't let it go so easily.

Justin's heart, which had just been throbbing painfully, was quickly infused with warmth. Somewhere in him, he felt the miracle and greatness of a bloodline inheritance, this child was indeed a miracle.

"However, Leah's body is currently very weak, and with... Leah's brother's accident, the situation is not optimistic." Serena frowned solemnly.

"I know." Justin nodded.

At this moment, a nurse pushed Leah Thorne out, and Justin quickly moved forward. Leah was still unconscious, her small, pallid face devoid of any sign of life.

Justin gently touched her small face, softly pressing his lips on her forehead.

Laura was still lying on the ground. She was both surprised and delighted to find out Leah hadn't miscarried. Something she had held tightly in her heart for so many years seemed to have suddenly disappeared; she released her grip, tears streaming down her face.

...

Leah remained unconscious for three whole days and then woke up.

But her mental state was very poor, her whole being wilted. Often she was very quiet, no longer speaking to anyone.

The news on the television reported on the explosion case, officially confirming no survivors at the scene.

Leah sat on the hospital bed, hugging her knees to her chest, staring blankly at the words "no survivors at the scene" on the TV screen. No one knew what she was thinking, maybe she herself didn't even know what she was thinking.

When Justin came in, he saw her pale, hollow appearance, lightly pressing his lips together. He picked up the remote and turned the TV off.

"Leah, you haven't eaten in a few days, have some millet porridge." Justin brought the millet porridge to Leah's lips.

Chapter 1033: She Finally Knows—He Loves Her

Leah didn't open her mouth. The first words she spoke since waking up were, "Is my brother... dead?"

She asked, is her brother dead?

Justin Xavier lowered his handsome eyes, his whole being shrouded in darkness, "We didn't find anyone at the scene, but there was a lot of blood. Through DNA comparison, we can be sure that it was... your brother."

Oh.

She understood now, her brother was indeed dead.

"Leah, I will continue to look for your brother's whereabouts. You should eat something first; even if you don't eat, the baby needs to. The baby is so strong, never giving up even in desperate situations, so you won't give up on the baby, right?"

Leah's face was very pale, and the faint blue veins under her skin were visible. She remained quiet and even opened her mouth silently to eat the millet porridge that Justin fed her.

After eating half a bowl of porridge, Leah shook her head, "I'm full, I don't want to eat anymore."

Justin wiped the corner of her lips with a tissue, "Alright, then lie down and rest for a while."

"Did my brother send something to me before he left?" Leah suddenly asked.

Laura Xavier mentioned that her brother had a secret document of the Xavier family.

Justin had been staying in the hospital these past few days, unaware of these matters, but since Leah asked, he took out his phone, "I'll make a call to find out."

He dialed to the villa, and a maid answered, "Sir, there's no package sent to Mrs. Xavier, but today we received a package addressed to you."

The brother's package wasn't sent to Leah, but to Justin Xavier.

Justin glanced at Leah, "Send the package over right away."

"Yes, sir."

Soon the maid arrived and handed over the package, "Sir, here is what you requested."

Justin opened the package directly and took out its contents.

Inside was a sealed file bag and a note with large, flamboyant characters from Cain Shaw.

"What did my brother write?" Leah's gaze fell on the note.

Justin lowered his handsome eyelids to read it, then handed the note to Leah.

Leah took it and looked down, only to see the note read, "Let bygones be bygones between the Thorne and Xavier families, and the Thorne family's daughter is married with this secret document as a dowry, in exchange for a lifetime of love and cherishing for Leah."

Leah read these words over and over again, unwilling to let go. Soon, tears dripped onto the note from her eyes, blurring her vision.

Laura Xavier was right; her brother indeed had a secret document of the Xavier family. However, this secret document was not given to her, nor exposed to the public, but sent to Justin Xavier, inside that sealed file bag.

Her brother used the secret document as a dowry, marrying the daughter of the Thorne family to the Xavier family, in exchange for a lifetime of love and cherishment for her.

Leah tightly clutched the note, then curled her knees, burying her tear-streaked face into them, her delicate shoulders trembling violently as she cried uncontrollably.

Justin stood motionless at the bedside, watching Leah as she was now, wanting desperately to step forward and gently embrace her, to comfort her softly, but he couldn't move.

He knew that the distance of those few steps had already become an insurmountable chasm between them, one he feared he could never cross for the rest of his life.

...

Leah returned to the villa with Justin, who significantly reduced his work commitments to spend more time with Leah and the baby.

Leah mainly stayed bedridden for rest, and Justin bought numerous books, from culinary training manuals to "365 Days to Becoming a Culinary God", "Chinese Cuisine", and "Pampering a Wife's Taste Buds"... He began cooking himself.

The maid came in, "Madam, you can come downstairs to eat. It's important for a pregnant woman to move around a bit, and today Sir has been busy in the kitchen preparing dinner for you."

The maid felt full of envy; after all, men like Justin Xavier, with such status and power, who personally cooked for their wives, were truly rare, practically national treasures.

Leah nodded, "Okay, I'll go down in a bit."

Leah got out of bed and walked into the bathroom, where she turned on the tap to splash cold water.

Just then, the bathroom window suddenly opened, and a gust of cold wind blew in.

Leah stood straight, looking up. Outside, the icy wind howled; it was the coldest, most unbearable time of the year.

Leah slowly walked to the window, remembering... all departures happened at such times.

Another season of farewell.

Leah raised her hand, wanting to touch the cold wind outside. But just as she raised her hand, she heard a clink, something fell onto the marble floor.

Leah's expression froze; she looked down at her right hand, discovering that the wedding ring on her ring finger had somehow slipped off and fallen to the ground.

This wedding ring was placed on her finger by Justin Xavier. He had said that the ring used a special craftsmanship, making it impossible to remove once worn.

She had tried many methods in the past, but had never succeeded in removing the ring.

Now, as she raised her hand, the ring had actually slipped off.

Leah looked dully at her now bare finger, then at the wedding ring on the floor.

The ring lay quietly there, gleaming.

Leah walked over, bent down, and reached out to pick it up.

In the next moment, her fingers stiffened, her entire being frozen.

Because she saw tiny letters etched on the inside of the ring, so small that she had never noticed them before.

Now she could see clearly, J-love-L.

Justin loves Leah.

These letters were etched crookedly, likely inscribed personally by Justin Xavier. In the deep love buried by the grudges of the previous generation, he had engraved it on this wedding ring, turning love into eternity.

Justin loves Leah.

This was the first time he said he loved her; he said he loves her.

Leah's fingers curled slightly, then she picked up the ring in her palm. She finally understood, she loves him.

...

Justin was cooking when suddenly two small hands wrapped around him from behind, hugging his toned waist.

Justin stiffened, because he knew without turning around that it was Leah behind him.

Leah hugged him tightly.

Ever since Mort Thorne's accident, every day between them had been filled with gloomy skies. He never dared to hope she would ever initiate hugging him again.

Then from behind came Leah's charming voice, "Chef Xavier, what are you making that's delicious?"

Justin turned around, seeing Leah's small face with its palm-sized features, smiling at him with curved brows.

She was smiling at him.

Justin was stunned, unsure of how to respond.

"Chef Xavier, you're so busy you're dazed." Leah raised her small hand to caringly touch his forehead.

Justin was truly flattered, quickly grasping Leah's small hand, "Leah, are you feeling better?"

Chapter 1034: Justin Xavier, Will I Forget You?

Leah Thorne tilted her little head, looking at him in confusion, "What do you mean I'm better? Shouldn't I be better?"

Justin Xavier felt a surge of happiness welling up in his strong chest. He believed Leah was truly getting better.

Time would slowly diminish sorrow. She still had him, and the baby in her belly.

"Leah, about your brother..." Justin wanted to talk to Leah about Mort.

"My brother?" Leah quickly grabbed Justin Xavier's sleeve, "Is there news about my brother? Ever since he disappeared over a decade ago, there hasn't been a word. Although everyone says he's dead, I believe my brother isn't dead!"

Justin's heart skipped a beat suddenly. What was she saying?

She seemed to have suddenly forgotten everything that happened recently about Mort.

"Leah, do you know... Cain Shaw?" Justin asked tentatively.

"Cain Shaw? I don't know him, who is he?" Leah shook her head.

Justin's heart sank instantly. She had really forgotten about Cain.

Cain was her brother. How could she forget someone like Cain?

The present Leah was very off.

"I'm hungry, let's eat first."

Justin accompanied Leah for a dinner. After eating, they went upstairs, and Leah went to take a shower.

Justin took out his phone and dialed Serena Sterling's number.

Soon the call connected, and Serena's voice came through, "Hello, President Xavier, has something happened to Leah again?"

Justin pressed his thin lips together, "Leah has forgotten the things that happened during this time, forgotten about Cain. It's like she has amnesia."

Serena paused.

Justin looked at the tightly closed bathroom door, "Maybe the memory of Cain is really too painful for her, and she chose to forget. Actually, it might be better this way..."

Justin thought of her charming, soft appearance in the kitchen, and her smiling eyes. If forgetting is better, then she can be happy.

"President Xavier," Serena interrupted Justin, "this is not good. Leah's psychological condition is starting to deteriorate, and she's not well."

Justin's fingers clutched the phone abruptly, his brows furrowing tightly, "Psychological condition? What psychological condition?"

Before Serena could speak, the bathroom door suddenly opened, and out came Leah, after her shower.

"I'm done with my shower, let's go down for dinner, I haven't had dinner yet," Leah said.

Justin looked at Leah, his black eyes shrinking violently, abruptly changing color. They had just eaten, yet Leah had forgotten.

She hadn't just forgotten about Cain, she was forgetting many things.

"President Xavier," Serena's voice came through, "Leah has already begun experiencing memory decline. This terrible psychological illness is ultimately sweeping over, rapidly worsening at a devastating pace. Bring Leah to me tomorrow."

Serena hung up the phone.

A storm was already brewing in Justin's eyes as he watched Leah at this moment, shocked to realize he didn't know she had a psychological illness.

"Justin, what's wrong with you?" Maybe sensing his emotional change, Leah reached out timidly to tug at his sleeve.

Justin raised his hand to rub Leah's long hair, "Don't be scared, I'm fine. Didn't you want to have dinner? I'll cook some noodles for us?"

"Okay," Leah nodded enthusiastically.

Justin went back to the kitchen to cook a bowl of noodles for Leah.

In the dimly lit dining room, Leah took a bite of noodles, and Justin asked quietly, "Is it good?"

"It's good."

Justin opened his mouth, "Feed me, I want some too."

Leah fed him a bite, but with that one bite, there wasn't much left in her bowl of noodles.

"You ate all my noodles," Leah frowned, displeased.

Justin didn't want her to eat too much; she had just eaten dinner and could easily get indigestion.

"Are you mad?" Justin leaned over to kiss her pouting cheek.

"I'm not mad!" Leah said she wasn't angry, but her face said otherwise!

Justin laughed and pulled her into his arms, "Don't be mad, I just had a bite of your noodles. I'll be punished to cook noodles for you every day, 365 days a year, okay?"

This man... really knew how to sweet talk!

Leah playfully punched him twice, then hugged his waist, looking up at him, "From now on, you're not allowed to take my food."

Justin directly kissed her red lips.

...

Justin did not take Leah to Serena's place, ignoring all the calls from her.

Now he no longer goes to the company, spending every day with Leah, thinking she would get better little by little under his companionship.

But alas, Leah started forgetting many things.

For instance, she would forget she had watered the flowers just moments ago, she would forget she left the keys in the room, and gradually, many unfamiliar faces appeared in front of her. Yesterday, even Madame Goldie came, and she couldn't remember her.

She herself didn't realize she began forgetting people and things. It was only seeing the deep and somber expression on Justin's face that she roughly guessed she was sick.

That night, in the villa.

Justin was in the kitchen preparing dinner, and he called out to her, "Leah, get the utensils ready for dinner."

"Oh, okay." She obediently took two sets of utensils and placed them on the table.

At this time, Justin came out, carrying chicken soup in his hands.

Leah leaned in to smell it, quickly beaming a smile, "It smells so good."

Her little head got patted, and the man bent down to kiss her little cheek, "Does it? Then eat more if it smells good."

"Okay," Leah nodded vigorously, "I'll go get the utensils."

She skipped happily into the kitchen.

When she came out with the utensils in her hands, she realized there were already two sets of utensils laid out on the table, the ones she had set earlier. She just froze there, with a look of bewilderment.

Justin didn't show much emotion. His chiseled facial features appeared very soft under the light. In a navy blue thin sweater and black trousers, he stood by the table like a stately tree, and he began to collect the utensils, then headed towards the kitchen, "Go eat."

Leah hesitated for a moment, then turned around and hugged the man stepping into the kitchen.

The man stopped in his tracks, one hand holding the utensils, the other empty hand touching her soft little hand. He asked gently, "What's wrong?"

Leah nuzzled her little head against his sturdy back, pouting her little pink lips, "Justin, will I forget you too?"

Justin paused, his low, mellow voice unwavering as he smiled, "It doesn't matter if you forget, as long as I remember you."

Leah closed her eyes, unspeakable sorrow in her heart. It was easier for her to forget him because she was the one leaving first, and the one leaving first is carefree, while the one left behind is the one who suffers the most.

Chapter 1035: Loving Him Has Become a Karma She Cannot Surmount

He said nothing, and Leah felt a crack appear in her heart, spreading deep into her being.

"Take me to the hospital for a check-up tomorrow. I want to see Serena."

After a long silence, she heard his voice, "Okay."

...

In the hospital.

Leah's examination reports came out, and the nurse handed them to Justin Xavier.

Justin glanced at the papers in the nurse's hand but didn't take them.

The nurse smiled reassuringly, "Mr. Xavier, don't worry, your wife is in very good health, and the baby is healthy too, no problems."

At this moment, Leah was sitting on a bench in the hallway, blinking her beautiful eyes, looking very gentle.

Justin reached out to take the report.

He read the report carefully. Leah's health was indeed fine, but his handsome face started to lose its warmth, because no problems were the biggest problem.

From his pocket, he took out his phone and called Serena Sterling.

Serena still had one report that she hadn't taken out.

The call connected quickly, and it was Serena's voice, "Hello, President Xavier."

Justin's left hand fished around in his pocket, wanting to grab a cigarette and lighter. When he was irritated, he'd like to smoke a couple.

But he didn't find any; he then remembered he had quit smoking because Leah was pregnant—he couldn't smoke around her.

"Hello," Justin's thin lips moved, his tone flat and emotionless. At his age, perhaps his pride was in his self-control, "Has Leah's last report come out?"

"Yes, it's in my hands. The result, as I said, is that Leah's psychological issues have resurfaced."

"Why does she have psychological issues? Is it because of her brother?"

"No, Leah's psychological problems didn't just appear now—they've been there for a long time."

"What?" Justin furrowed his handsome brows.

Serena slowly said, "Leah's psychological issues started back when she was 18. President Xavier, you're so clever, you should be able to figure out... Leah's psychological condition is because of... you."

"You'll never know the pain you gave Leah. The shadows you left behind made her unable to conceive at one point, even caused frigidity, rejection, fear... You will never know how much Leah loves you. Because she loves you, she feels guilty towards her parents and brother. Every day, she's crushed under that weight. When her brother came back, he wanted to take Leah away. From both a friend and a doctor's perspective, I agreed that Leah should leave you, restart and live. But Leah chose to stay, to be with you."

"She's never gotten better over the years; this illness comes and goes. Being with you, she has to heal her scarred and broken self while shattering the parts she just healed."

Justin's gaze remained on Leah ahead. She had lowered her small head looking at the ground, a small, lonely figure.

To Justin, she seemed like the girl from many years ago standing outside the Thorne family's gate, yet at the same time, she wasn't. That sunlight on her was gone.

"What... should I do now?" Justin asked hoarsely.

Yes, what should he do?

He didn't know what to do.

Serena fell silent, and after a few seconds, she spoke, "In this case, there's little I can do. Leah has to overcome this on her own. But clearly, with her brother's departure, Leah is... self-destructing."

Self-destructing...

Those words pierced deeply into Justin's heart, and he understood, Leah ended up hating him after all.

"President Xavier, only the one who tied the bell on the tiger can untie it. Why don't you... let go of Leah's hand."

Serena suggested he let go of Leah's hand.

Justin shook his head, "That's impossible. I'm willing to do anything for her, except that, no."

"Even if you don't let go, Leah will soon forget you."

"It doesn't matter; if she forgets me, I can make her recognize me again, over and over, time and again. I think I can engrave the name Justin Xavier deep into her soul, never to die, never to fade."

Serena was silent for a long time, finally saying, "President Xavier, if that's the case, both you and Leah will suffer greatly. Clinging tightly to her will bring you pain, and being held onto will bring Leah pain."

Justin leaned his handsome back against the wall, looked up at the ceiling, his eyes full of sadness, and at that moment, sadness welled up like a river against the current, "I don't know how difficult it will be in the future, I just know that if I let go, I won't... survive, there's still my child in her belly, I really can't... can't do without them."

...

Justin took Leah back, and that night, after Leah fell asleep, Justin went into the study to handle some documents.

Soon an "Ah" scream came from the master bedroom, Justin quickly stood up and pushed open the bedroom door.

In her sleep, Leah tossed and turned on the bed, her small face as white as a sheet, tears covering her cheeks. She was talking, murmuring constantly, "Daddy, Mommy, I miss you so much, sob... Brother, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it, it was me who killed you, I should have gone with you... Daddy, Mommy, you all blame me, don't you... I'm your daughter, don't drive me away..."

"Leah." Justin quickly ran to the bedside, kneeled on the bed with one knee, reached out his hand to gently pat her small face, "Leah, wake up, wake up, it's just a dream. Daddy, Mommy, and your brother love you, they won't drive you away."

On the bed, Leah's whole body trembled, her silky black hair wet with tears and sweat clinging to her cheeks. She murmured in pain, "Daddy, Mommy, Brother, I'm sorry, really sorry, I love you... sob, I hurt so much, in my body and in my heart... I'm scared, I'm too scared to love Justin Xavier anymore, I'm too scared to love him again..."

Justin felt as if a knife was wringing his heart listening to her words, he was torn and bloody, the pain reaching his soul.

She said she was too scared to love him.

Loving him was an insurmountable obstacle for her!

Justin sat on the bed, reaching out to hold Leah, not knowing what to say, as every word felt so powerless. He could only gently comfort her with all his strength, "Leah, don't do this, please... It's all my fault, don't punish yourself like this, please..."

Being held by him, Leah seemed extremely agitated, "No, no, go away!"

She fought him off with both hands and feet, breaking free from his embrace. She was crying, crying incessantly, the sound of her cries pierced through the quiet room, each sob echoed with the blood in her heart, each drop more tragic than the last.

Chapter 1036: Her Punishment—Love Unattainable

"Don't come near me, don't touch me... Daddy, Mommy, I don't want him anymore, I'm too scared to want him, please forgive me... Brother, take me away... I'm begging you, take me away..."

Justin Xavier held her tightly in his arms, his handsome face buried deep in her long hair, "Leah, don't..."

At that moment, Leah Thorne gently touched her own stomach, "Daddy, Mommy, are you blaming me for having his child... sob, sob, this child shouldn't be here, it's my selfishness... Daddy, Mommy, I don't want the child now, I just want to be your daughter, please take me away..."

Leah Thorne clenched her fist and began pounding her own stomach repeatedly.

Justin Xavier's dark pupils narrowed sharply, he almost snarled as he grabbed her fist, "Leah!"

Holding her small fist in his palm, he wrapped his arm around her trembling little body, pressing her into his chest, "Leah, don't do this... Don't do this, I'm begging you..."

He kissed her scattered face buried in the pillow, in panic and pain, nearly humbly pleading.

"Leah, I beg you not to harm our child, he is innocent... He's endured so much with us and hasn't given up on us, you're his mommy, how could you give up on him, how could you refuse him..."

Leah struggled, gathering unexpected strength to push him away, she tried to get off the bed, "Daddy, Mommy, where are you, sob, I'm willing to give up everything, please take me away..."

Justin Xavier was pushed away, his back hitting the bedhead, he watched the woman in front of him, nearly driven mad, her eyes burning red.

He understood that love is truly so hard.

Justin Xavier reached to open the bedside cabinet, finding two syringes, given to him by Serena Sterling.

On the phone, Serena had said these two syringes were for his last chance.

Leah Thorne isn't alone now, she's pregnant, she can't take medication, these syringes are a countdown.

With trembling fingers, Justin Xavier picked up one syringe, he had no choice.

She was still carrying the baby, how could he use a needle?

But what could he do without the needle, watch helplessly as she and the baby leave?

Justin Xavier closed his eyes and held Leah Thorne, letting her lie on his lap, then gripped her delicate arms and quickly, fiercely jabbed the syringe in.

"Ah!" Leah screamed, biting his thigh hard with her mouth.

Time seemed to freeze, the room so quiet you could hear the winter wind blowing past the window, the once fierce, heartbroken woman biting into his thigh, motionless.

Justin Xavier removed the needle, throwing it onto the carpet, blood seeped from where she bit him, probably painful, but it couldn't compare to the pain in his heart.

His hands reached out, only to find himself trembling, he gently brushed aside the messy strands from her face, then lifted her into his arms, "Leah, was the injection painful... Sorry, really sorry... I didn't know what to do, please teach me..."

"Ugh," Leah vomited in his arms.

Her mouth tasted of sweet blood, she retched violently, trying to expel the last bit of bitterness from her stomach.

Justin Xavier frantically patted her back, every bit of agony she suffered felt like lashes on his soul, he was more in pain than she was.

Leah struggled to stop vomiting, as she could no longer bring anything up, the dry heaving choked tears from her face, Justin Xavier gathered her into his arms, she seemed drenched, her pajamas soaked through as if she had emerged from the sea.

He cradled her, bringing her to the bathroom, filling the tub with warm water, and held her to wash her hair.

She lay small and soft in his arms, like a little girl, soft to the point of bonelessness, her eyes closed, exhausted to where she couldn't open them, her lips glossy as she murmured, "Want to sleep... want to sleep..."

Refusing to let him wash her hair, refusing him to touch, she was too tired to do anything but sleep.

Justin Xavier gazed down at her murmuring appearance, this moment, she seemed to be acting coy, making his heart tender.

"Leah, be good, you've sweated, not bathing will cause you to catch a cold... if you want to sleep, sleep, I'll hold you... I'll be gentle, it won't take long..."

He gently gripped a handful of her silk-like hair, fingers suddenly stiffening as they passed through, extracting from his fingertips a mass of her dark hair.

She started losing hair.

She was already losing hair.

Her beauty, once the most radiant rose, rapidly declining.

Justin Xavier was stunned, unable to react, suddenly feeling her form slipping, he looked down, Leah Thorne's left hand guarded her stomach, her right hand limply hanging in mid-air.

Justin Xavier felt he couldn't breathe.

After a while, he dared to extend his hand, gently probing beneath her nostrils...

She's breathing.

She's breathing!

Justin Xavier felt like a drowning fish that suddenly returned to the ocean, his chest heaving, pressing the woman's head against his neck, crying her name, "Leah, don't leave, I beg you..."

This was the man's most humble, devoted plea to her.

Don't leave...

...

Leah started sleeping in a haze, unsure whether she had fallen asleep or was in a semi-conscious state, Justin Xavier asked Serena Sterling when she would wake, Serena said, Leah would wake whenever she wished to.

Mental illness is like this, only she can rely on herself.

Justin Xavier stopped working, did nothing but stayed by Leah's bedside, sleeplessly through the night.

The maid entered, softly urged, "Sir, this is not sustainable, even ironclad bodies can't hold up, while it's fine to skip sleep, you still need to eat something."

Justin Xavier seemed not to hear, staying by Leah's side, her suffering made him ill as well, with her eating nothing, he couldn't bring himself to eat anything, she was his whole world.

The maid sighed and helplessly retreated.

Justin Xavier held Leah's small hand, after days, his eyes were filled with red veins, he suddenly discovered Leah's right hand looked empty, like something was missing.

He realized then, it was the wedding ring that was gone.

Over these days, he hadn't noticed her hand, it was now he realized her wedding ring was gone.

The wedding ring was actually gone.

This ring shouldn't have been removable.

Justin Xavier stiffened, suddenly remembering the engraved English, J-love-L.

Justin Xavier loves Leah Thorne.

She had seen his love!

Justin Xavier suddenly understood, Serena was right, during this psychological turmoil, she chose self-exile, Mort Thorne's death made it impossible for her not to hate, she withered by his side day by day, this was her greatest punishment to him in life.

She punished him, loving but unable to obtain.

Chapter 1037: Hubby~Wifey~

She punishes him, eventually leading to loss.

Justin Xavier's thin lips landed on Leah Thorne's small hand, rubbing against it, kissing it, and only then did he realize she could be so ruthless.

She had said before, not to let her know that he loved her, and now she knew, so she used herself as a blade and brutally pierced through his heart.

As Justin kissed her, his voice turned hoarse, "Leah, no matter what you do, I accept it gladly."

...

Leah woke up, but her condition worsened every day. She lay in bed without opening her eyes, lacking the strength and desire to open them.

Justin stayed with her daily, never leaving her side. She began to lose her appetite, so Justin prepared a variety of delicacies for her, feeding her spoon by spoon. She obediently ate what he fed, but would vomit it out right after swallowing.

Serena visited daily, but her expression grew increasingly grave.

Leah disliked the sun, almost to the point of aversion. Whenever Justin opened the curtains, she would wake up and struggle uneasily in bed, so they spent the winter in dimness. The room, lacking ventilation and sunlight, was filled with a suffocating oppression.

Leah couldn't eat, so Serena administered nutritional infusions daily. Eventually, Justin learned to administer injections himself, confronting his own fears with every needle he used.

The only solace was that their child was particularly strong, thriving while his mother endured her trials, remarkably healthy.

That night, Leah groggily opened her eyes, feeling a splitting headache and discomfort over her body. She stretched her small hand towards the side of the bed, finding no one there.

Struggling to sit up and pull off the covers, she got out of bed. Without slippers, her bare feet touched the soft thick carpet as she searched for Justin.

After a few steps, she heard faint sounds from the bathroom. Approaching, she found the door open, with Justin standing by the washbasin doing laundry.

The man wore a light blue sweater and dark casual trousers, a simple and clean outfit enhancing his handsome appearance.

A small pink basin sat on the washbasin's edge, and he was washing her undergarments. Foam spilled from his hands, and the single dim light in the bathroom highlighted his solitary figure.

Watching him, Leah's cheeks grew moist. She reached up, touching her face, finding it covered in tears.

She was already in tears.

As if sensing her presence, Justin suddenly turned and saw her. Dropping the laundry and rinsing his hands, he swiftly approached with long strides. "Why are you out of bed? Aren't your bare feet cold? What if you catch a cold?"

He lifted her, carrying her back to the soft bed.

Once Leah was settled in bed, he tucked her in securely with the blanket. His brows furrowed, his gentle voice tinged with reproach, "If you need anything, just call me. I was just doing some laundry. I'll go downstairs to make some food for us shortly. We'll try to eat some, you might..."

He stopped abruptly as a tender touch brushed his furrowed brow, her gentle voice echoing by his ears, "Husband, don't frown."

Justin was taken aback, his dark eyes locking intently on her.

What did she call him?

Husband?

Justin couldn't quite describe his feelings. Should he be thrilled?

Yes, he should be ecstatic, for in all their married life, she had never called him husband – this was the first time.

He had longed to hear her call him husband.

Yet, he couldn't find joy, for her condition was worsening. This sudden improvement seemed like... the last flare of life...

Leah slowly stretched out her small hands, touching his handsome face, her brows furrowing with concern in her eyes, "Husband, why have you lost weight? You haven't even shaved."

He was still the familiar man, but much thinner, his features sunken in. A stubbly shadow covered his jowls—a sign of neglect.

Justin touched her small face, his fingers grazing her still tender skin. He pressed a tender kiss on her forehead, "Wife..."

He called her softly, wife.

"Mhm." She smiled gently in response, wrapping her arms around his neck, holding him tightly.

Justin kissed down from her forehead to her cheek, a long time since he'd dared to kiss her, afraid of her displeasure. He had suppressed it for long, but could no longer resist.

Finding her soft lips, he kissed her tenderly.

Leah's long lashes fluttered, her eyes closing lightly as she tentatively responded.

The dim lamp cast a soft glow over them both. They held each other, kissing silently.

After what seemed an eternity, Justin released her. He buried his head in her fragrant neck, an arm holding her delicate shoulder tightly, as if to merge her into his very bones.

"Wife, please don't leave me..." He nuzzled into her tender skin like a forlorn creature begging at its master's feet, "Wife, I don't know how to express it, nor do I have the right... your parents, your brother, I'm truly sorry. I've thought about repaying with my life for theirs, but... I can't bear to lose my own life... I finally have a wife, a child, a family. Happiness is just within reach, yet I can't bear to give up my life..."

"Wife, I can't bear to lose you either, or our son, as the three of us are bound by blood. We can't be without any of us... I know I'm incredibly selfish, and besides apologizing, I don't know what else to do..."

Leah buried her face in his neck, hot tears streaming down as she whispered between sobs, "Husband, I'm sorry. I'm in so much pain... so much pain..."

"Mhm, I know, I know..."

How could he not know her suffering? In her nightmares, she cried for her parents, begging them not to push her away, asking them to take her with them...

Her life was filled with pain, longing for release.

Recently, she hadn't gained a pound, growing alarmingly thin. Before her pregnancy, she weighed 90 pounds. This morning, he weighed her in his arms – she was nearly down to 80 pounds.

Just now, she had stood barefoot on the carpet in a loose white nightgown, so frail she seemed she might drift away like the wind, her arms covered in bruised needle marks.

Her body was full of needle marks, unavoidable as injections were necessary. He could only helplessly watch her endure, watch her struggle.

"Wife, just this once, let me be selfish, okay? You want release, but I can't let you go. I know holding onto you causes you pain, but..."

Chapter 1038: In the End, She Still Forgot Him

"But, but no matter how painful it is, I can't let go of your hand. I once let go of your hand, and I never want to let go again..."

Leah Thorne's delicate shoulders trembled as she covered her face and sobbed, "Husband, I'm sorry, really sorry... I'm in so much pain, so much discomfort, I feel like I can't hold on any longer."

"Wife," Justin Xavier showered her little face with kisses, "Wife, can you hold on for me and the baby? Our baby is very healthy, he's always been here, feel him, okay?"

Justin Xavier placed her small hand on her belly.

His fingertips interlaced with hers, gently guiding her hand around her belly.

Tears instantly flowed from Leah Thorne's eyes.

Justin Xavier leaned down to kiss her tears, murmuring as he kissed, "Can you feel it, wife? Our baby wants to be born, he wants to come into this world... I also want to be a dad, and I will be a good dad, I will love him dearly..."

"These days when you're in pain, I feel pain too. Every day when you can't eat, I can't eat either... Every night when you can't sleep, I can't fall asleep... When you're sad, I feel like the next moment I'll be so sad I'll die... I've never felt life could be so hard, on the brink of despair..."

"But, we're still here... So wife, you don't want to give up on us, I and the baby need you... We can't do without you..."

Leah Thorne sobbed, choked up, unsure of what to say.

She felt guilty; she should apologize to daddy, mommy, and brother, but she couldn't bear it.

If she left, what would happen to Justin Xavier left in this world?

What would happen to the baby in her belly?

In nightmares, she had once clenched her fists and punched her belly, not wanting this child. She had also reached out to push him away, not wanting him either. How could she save others when she couldn't even save herself?

Justin Xavier cupped her little face in his hands, her face now so small and pitiful, hardly enough for even one of his palms. "Wife, no more crying, okay? I'm going to take it as a yes. Let me make you a bowl of noodles, try to eat a few bites, okay?"

Leah Thorne looked into his gentle eyes, he was exhausted these days, with red bloodshot eyes, and dark circles beneath them, seeing him like this broke her heart.

"Okay." Leah Thorne nodded.

...

The delicious noodles arrived quickly. Leah Thorne sat on the bed, with Justin Xavier placing a soft pillow behind her back.

He picked up two strands of noodles with chopsticks and, because they were hot, he blew on them and then brought them to her lips.

Leah Thorne ate them, slowly chewing.

"Does it taste good?" the man asked.

Leah Thorne curled her lips into a gentle, water-like smile, "Yes, it's delicious."

She swallowed.

A few seconds later, she frowned, her delicate white hand touched her chest, a sign she wanted to vomit.

She bent over to vomit, but at that moment, her soft body was embraced by the man, her red lips blocked as he kissed her.

Leah Thorne grasped his chest sweater with her little hands, as his clean, refreshing scent invaded her, suppressing the discomfort in her chest. She closed her eyes and let him kiss her for a while.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"Yes." She nodded.

This time he didn't use chopsticks, but bit off a bit of the noodles himself, then fed them to her mouth, leaving only when she swallowed without wanting to vomit.

Leah Thorne leaned lazily against the headboard, her eyes too sleepy to open. Dazed, she let him kiss and feed her, then when she opened her eyes again, it was already the next morning.

Leah Thorne's condition began to improve, she started eating, no longer vomiting, then she started getting out of bed, opening the curtains to bathe in the glaring sunlight.

In half a month, she physically recovered quite well, the little guy inside her thrived again, but she hadn't regained her memories; she still forgot things and people.

One early morning.

Justin Xavier prepared breakfast in the kitchen, prepared to call Leah Thorne from upstairs.

Halfway up the stairs, the bedroom door opened, and Leah Thorne came out holding a bag.

Justin Xavier's handsome face immediately broke into a smile, "Wif..."

The word "wife" was left unspoken, replaced by a shriek from Leah Thorne, "Ah, who are you, what are you doing in my house?"

Justin Xavier's tall frame shuddered, knowing this day had finally come, Leah Thorne had forgotten him.

She no longer knew who he was.

Leah Thorne was shocked, when she woke up, it was half-past seven, she remembered she needed to go to the set, but who knew that on opening the door, she'd encounter this stranger.

She held the bag in front of her, alert eyes watching him carefully.

Justin Xavier looked seriously at her, seeing her eyes filled with unfamiliarity. Today, she finally forgot him.

Justin Xavier showed no expression, turned, and walked down the stairs to the dining room, speaking softly, "Come have breakfast."

Leah Thorne followed, "Who exactly are you?"

"I'm your... roommate."

Roommate?

Leah Thorne immediately raised an eyebrow, "How could I, a famous actress, be reduced to having a roommate? Am I no longer popular?"

Leah Thorne found this man extremely strange, feeling she shouldn't stay here long, as such a beautiful woman as herself would make any man have thoughts. For safety, she quickly left the apartment.

...

Upon reaching the street, Leah Thorne halted, turning her head in every direction. Where was she supposed to go?

She forgot which way to go, forgot what she needed to do.

At this moment, a silver-gray Maybach slowly approached on the street, with Justin Xavier looking at her through the car window. In the winter, she wore a short white down jacket, black leggings, with a stylish handbag slung over her shoulder, looking clean and soft.

In the half-month, he had taken good care of her, she had regained some vitality.

Though her small belly remained flat, not yet showing.

He wasn't worried her pants were too tight; the clothes in the closet were all prepared by him, with adjustable waist buttons.

But looking at her now, his heart felt a pang; she was so bewildered, standing lost, head bowed. At this moment, she was like a little girl abandoned on the street, not knowing where to go.

Justin Xavier turned the steering wheel, slowly stopping the car in front of her.

The window rolled down, he said, "Get in."

Hearing a voice, Leah Thorne lifted her head, seeing Justin Xavier; her eyes blank and confused, "Who are you? Are you talking to me?"

Justin Xavier felt his entire heart sink; just ten minutes ago in the apartment she had seen him, now she had forgotten.

Justin Xavier paused for two seconds, then spoke, "Aren't you going to the set? I'll take you there."

Upon hearing the word "set," Leah Thorne immediately patted her forehead, right, she had to go to the set, how could she forget?

Chapter 1039: He Wears a Wedding Ring on His Hand

Leah Thorne reached out to open the back door and got in, "Sir, thank you."

Justin Xavier didn't say a word, stepped on the accelerator, and the luxury car drove off smoothly.

...

Leah Thorne sat in the back seat, leaning against the window, and suddenly heard her stomach growling. It turned out she was hungry.

Her small hand touched her stomach, thinking she should eat something. At this moment, she noticed a thermos beside her.

Her eyes immediately lit up.

At this moment, a deep, magnetic voice with a hint of laughter came from her ear, "Want to eat?"

"Yeah," she nodded.

"Then go ahead and eat."

"Really? Thank you then." Leah picked up the thermos and opened it. Inside was a sandwich with egg and thin slices of beef, a warm bag of milk, two pieces of sushi, a few cherry tomatoes, and half a red grapefruit.

Quite a feast.

Leah took a small bite of the sandwich; it seemed to be her favorite flavor, as if it was all the things she loved to eat...

Justin Xavier glanced at her through the rearview mirror as she ate her breakfast. She ate with such elegance, not making any noise, her fair little hand holding the sandwich with small bites. A bit of sauce got on her fingertip, and she stuck out her pink little tongue to lick it off bit by bit, like a kitten.

Justin Xavier's handsome brows and eyes were filled with affection, his Adam's apple moved slightly, and he said, "Eating food from a stranger, aren't you afraid I might have drugged you?"

Leah was startled and looked up at Justin Xavier in the driver's seat.

Today he wore a black turtleneck with a dark blue coat on top, the simple and understated colors highlighted his handsome, refined, and aloof aura.

Leah found herself captivated by his gaze, which slowly came from the rearview mirror, neither in a hurry nor delayed, and he lazily hooked his lips, "Don't you know what kind of drugs men might use on women? This car, the man's favorite, and you, so beautiful."

When he said "beautiful," he subtly glanced over her figure.

Leah's blood seemed to explode with a "boom," "You, you, what do you want? I, I..."

After stammering for a long time, she didn't know what to say.

"Just enjoy your meal, I was only joking with you." Justin Xavier, in a good mood, raised his brows and smiled.

Leah let out a sigh of relief, "Sir, please don't make these jokes so casually in the future, because I'm worried one day you might joke yourself right into a police station!"

After saying that, Leah turned her head to look out the window, ignoring him.

...

Half an hour later, the luxury car stopped at the entrance of the film set, Justin Xavier got out of the car, gentlemanly and thoughtfully opened the back door.

Leah came out, took two notes from her bag and handed them to Justin Xavier, "Here you go, one is for your fare, and the other is thanks for the breakfast."

"..." Justin Xavier looked down at those two red notes she handed him, "Are you treating me like a driver?"

Leah looked at him, "What else?"

"Have you ever seen a driver of a Maybach?"

"Rich people experiencing life by driving a Maybach, it's not like I've never seen that before." Leah said, rolling up the two notes and slipping them into Justin Xavier's coat pocket, muttering, "Rich people these days really have too much free time."

Justin Xavier, "..."

At this moment, Madame Goldie had already run over, waving her hands excitedly, "Leah! Leah! I'm your agent, Madame Goldie, do you remember me?"

Leah nodded, "Madame Goldie, of course I remember you, let's head into the set, I remember I need to shoot 'Floating Life'."

"Alright, alright, let's go in now." Madame Goldie led Leah into the film set.

...

On set.

Justin Xavier also followed along; now he couldn't bear to be away from Leah Thorne for 24 hours.

Leah was rehearsing with Director Wright inside, he sat waiting on the sofa outside.

He felt sleepy, closed his eyes for a moment, and dozed off.

At this moment, someone walked over, "Miss Ford, why are you here?"

Cheryl Ford quickly made a "shh" gesture, signaling others to keep quiet.

Cheryl Ford had arrived.

Cheryl Ford looked at the sleeping Justin Xavier, then took a blanket to gently cover him.

Cheryl Ford bent down, leaning closer to Justin Xavier's face.

She knew him, Justin Xavier, the richest man in Bayside.

He was so handsome, just like when she first saw him outside the Ford family, though his facial features were more haggard now than two months ago, but for this reason, his chiseled features were even more strikingly defined, sword-like brows to the temples, a nose like a mountain peak, making it hard to look away.

He must truly be tired, worn out during this period, as there were light shadows under his eyes. He didn't snore like other men when he slept, his breathing was shallow, those long lashes lowered quietly, displaying an elegant charm.

Today he wore a dark blue wool coat, with black suit trousers below, his legs crossed while sleeping, side-on the edge of the suit trousers formed a beautiful, sharp arc, and on his feet were handmade black leather shoes, with black cotton socks inside.

This was a man with sophisticated tastes, like a piece of superior jade, refined and gentle, exuding a captivating allure for women.

Cheryl Ford felt her heartbeat quicken; she gently covered his broad shoulders with the blanket.

She wanted to withdraw her hand, but the man woke up, "Wife..." He reached out to grasp her wrist.

Cheryl Ford stiffened, "Pres... President Xavier..."

Justin Xavier opened his eyes, thinking it was Leah. His dark eyes were full of tenderness, but upon seeing it was her, he quickly released her hand, the softness in his eyes vanishing, his thin lips moved, and he said indifferently, "Sorry, I thought it was my wife."

Cheryl Ford stood up straight, taking two steps back, "No, no problem, President Xavier, I heard Leah is out filming, so I'm here to visit her on set."

Cheryl Ford's face blushed red.

Her wrist, which he had held, still felt his warmth, clean and mildly warm.

Justin Xavier stood up, his right hand tucked into his pants pocket, "Is Leah still inside?"

"Yes, Leah seems to have forgotten her lines, Director Wright had to reshoot several times."

As she spoke, Cheryl Ford's gaze fell on Justin Xavier's left hand. On his left ring finger was a wedding ring.

A classic, elegant design with a sparkling little diamond embedded, understated yet luxurious.

She knew Justin Xavier and Leah Thorne were married, hearing him call out "wife," she couldn't imagine what it would be like for such a man to pamper his wife.

His wife must be very happy.

Who would have thought Bayside's richest man, Justin Xavier, had become such an exemplary husband now.

Just then, Leah came out, spotting Cheryl Ford, "Cheryl, what are you doing here?"

"Leah, I'm here to see you," Cheryl Ford said sweetly with a smile.

Justin Xavier quickly frowned, a bit displeased.

Chapter 1040: You Are My Mrs. Xavier

Justin Xavier had no idea what was happening. Leah Thorne's memory was erratic. She remembered Madame Goldie and Cheryl Ford, which was a good sign, but she kept forgetting him.

Even if she saw him a second ago, she'd forget him the next instant.

At this moment, Leah's gaze fell on Justin Xavier, since he was standing with Cheryl Ford, she naturally asked, "Cheryl, is that your boyfriend?"

Cheryl's face turned red. She quietly approached Justin Xavier and whispered, "President Xavier, why not... just say you're my boyfriend, that way you can get a chance to interact with Leah."

Justin Xavier looked at Leah Thorne, ignoring Cheryl Ford completely.

Thinking he agreed, Cheryl immediately reached out to hold Justin Xavier's strong arm.

But she missed. Justin didn't move, but he lowered his gaze to his sleeve and then looked at Cheryl's face, suggesting she'd better not try touching him.

Cheryl froze instantly, "President Xavier, I..."

"Is this the manners the Ford family taught you, to casually have physical contact with a married man?" Justin Xavier asked coldly and indifferently.

Cheryl's face turned completely white.

Leah looked confused at this scene. She really thought Justin Xavier was Cheryl's boyfriend, but now this man was saying he was married?

Well, he really was a good man.

At that moment, Leah saw the wedding ring on his left ring finger. He'd been wearing it all along.

This ring... seemed very familiar.

Suddenly, Leah felt uncomfortable. This feeling of familiarity made her resist, made her sad.

"Are you okay?" Sensing Leah's oddness immediately, Justin Xavier quickly strode over and asked with concern.

"I'm fine..."

Before Leah could finish her words, Justin Xavier placed his large hand on her forehead, "Are you feeling unwell?"

Leah jolted and quickly stepped back to evade his hand, frowning, "Didn't you say you're married? Please respect yourself!"

Just now, he had refused Cheryl; she thought he was a good man.

But then he ran over to touch her forehead, as if they were very close. Leah thought, no, he wasn't a good man.

Looking at her unhappy face, Justin Xavier smirked, "I am married, and my wife is... you!"

What?

Leah was stunned, "..."

Was she his wife?

Was she dreaming?

She was the famous Leah Thorne; did he think he could just decide to be her husband? He must be out of his mind.

Justin Xavier looked at her dumbfounded expression. Over the past half month, she had been getting better; her once painfully thin face had become a bit rosy under his care. Her eyes were the most beautiful, so pure and clear.

Now he had her wrapped around his finger with one sentence.

He wasn't willing to wait.

She could forget him; he would let her get to know him again.

Every time she forgot, he would teach again.

Forget once, he'd teach once.

One day, she would remember him.

Leah had no idea what he was thinking. She only felt her face getting hot. She coughed lightly and awkwardly smiled, "Sir, you really know how to joke. My name is Leah Thorne, and I'm not your wife..."

Before she finished speaking, Justin Xavier suddenly walked toward her. What... what did he want to do?

Leah immediately stepped back until she was pressed against the wall. Justin Xavier placed his large hand against the wall beside her with a "slap," trapping her in his embrace. His low, mellow voice came from above with a hint of a smile, "Did you forget you are my wife? Alright, let me help you remember..."

What did this mean?

Justin Xavier lowered his handsome body, "I can tell you about every one of our firsts, like our first hand-holding, first hug, first kiss, first night together, and first..."

"Enough, stop talking!" Leah felt her ears heat up. She reached out to push him away a bit, "I think you're really sick. If you're ill, you need to take medicine. Go and take your medicine quickly!"

Justin Xavier raised an eyebrow, "Oh, alright."

He immediately grasped her small hand in his, leading her away.

Leah was terrified, "You, what are you doing, let go!"

The man ahead didn't turn around, his voice cheerful, revealing his current good mood, "Didn't you tell me to take medicine? You're my medicine, and I'll take you... home."

Leah, "..."

"Sir, I'll say it again, let go of me. You're already guilty of harassment, seriously threatening my personal safety. I can totally call the police to catch..."

The word "you" was left unsaid as she suddenly "boom" fell into the man's arms because he stopped abruptly, and she was caught off guard.

Her delicate chin was caught between his two fingers, Justin Xavier's handsome features expanding in her view, "Wifey, I say you're my wife, and you don't believe it. Dare you come home with me to see if you really are my wife, do you dare?"

Leah's delicate face started to heat up; she didn't know if it was the electricity from his touch or the tender emotion in his eyes when he called her "wifey."

He actually called her... wifey~

Leah's heart was in chaos when she suddenly heard Serena Sterling's voice, "Leah."

Serena Sterling had arrived, accompanied by the tall and handsome Hayden Crawford.

The Crawford couple was here.

Leah immediately pushed Justin Xavier away and ran over to Serena Sterling, "Serena, you're here?"

"Yes." Serena held Leah's small hand, "Leah, let's go, I'll give you a check-up."

"Alright." Leah followed Serena Sterling away.

...

After Serena Sterling finished the check-up and came out, Justin Xavier was already waiting for her.

"How is Leah?" Justin Xavier asked.

Serena Sterling nodded, "Leah and the baby have been doing well for the past half month."

Justin Xavier let out a big sigh of relief, "That's good. Later, can you help me confirm my identity as her husband to Leah?"

Sometimes, Justin really envied Serena Sterling because Leah never forgot about her dear friend, Serena. Now his identity required Serena's help to confirm.

Serena hesitated for a moment, then slowly frowned, "President Xavier, do you really want Leah to remember you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have you ever thought about why Leah suddenly got better? Maybe it's because... Leah forgot about you, so she got better."

Justin Xavier stiffened suddenly.

"Because Leah forgot you, she was able to breathe freely. Once Leah remembers you, her psychological issues might resurface. President Xavier, you've become Leah's ailment."

Justin Xavier's thin lips pressed into a cold arc, and he remained silent for a long time.

"President Xavier, do you want to let go now?" Serena Sterling asked.

All the questions returned to the starting point, leading him to let go again and again.

Justin Xavier shook his head slowly and then uttered two words, "I won't."