

Substitute B 1041

Chapter 1041: Kneeling to Change Her Shoes

Justin Xavier said in a low voice, "I won't let go, no matter who tells me, even if the whole world tells me, I won't let go."

Serena nodded, "Alright, I'll tell Leah Thorne that you're her husband."

With that, Serena left.

After Serena left, Hayden Crawford arrived.

Justin Xavier looked up at Hayden Crawford, "Any news on Mort Thorne?"

"Our people are still investigating Mort Thorne's whereabouts, no information yet, but..."

"But what?"

"However, Mort Thorne is likely still alive, because Tanya Sullivan disappeared with him."

That day Cain Shaw drove back for Leah, then an explosion happened, and Tanya Sullivan vanished right after.

Hayden Crawford looked at Justin Xavier's silent demeanor, stepped forward and patted his shoulder, "This time your mother caused a huge problem for Mort Thorne. Even if Mort Thorne got lucky and survived, the statement of Cain Shaw being Mort Thorne has brought a storm of bloodshed for Mort Thorne. All of the Shaw family in Starfall City have mobilized, and they won't rest until they find his remains. Now there's tension everywhere, even if Mort Thorne survives, it's uncertain if he can strike back. So... Leah Thorne's hatred for you is justified."

Justin Xavier was silent for a moment, "Then pull all our people back."

Hayden Crawford thought for a moment, "You mean?"

"If Mort Thorne is still alive, he will find a way to contact us first. Leah is his sister, and now he must be more worried about Leah's safety than anyone. If he doesn't contact us, it means he's dead, or he's unable to contact us. We shouldn't cause more trouble for him. The brilliant Mort Thorne of the past was capable of a comeback. All we need to do is wait."

Hayden Crawford glanced at Justin Xavier, who was always adept at offense, now learned to wait, "We can wait, but can you?"

Justin Xavier nodded, "Yes, I will definitely wait for Mort Thorne's return."

...

After Hayden Crawford left, Justin Xavier stood there for a while, wanting to smoke, but he quit after Leah got pregnant.

At that moment, Leah came over, stopped in front, and looked at him with a puzzled gaze.

Justin Xavier quickly gathered his emotions and approached her with a soft smile, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Serena said I'm pregnant, and the baby inside is yours, you're my husband." Leah placed her hand on her small belly.

Justin Xavier knew it; no matter how many times he said it, it couldn't match a single word from Serena Sterling!

He acknowledged, "I've already told you, you're my wife, you see, I wasn't lying."

"But... I have no impression of you at all. How about you take me home and have a look, maybe I'll remember something."

"Sure, let's go home." Justin Xavier took her small hand and led her home.

...

An hour later, the Maybach stopped on the lawn outside the villa, and the two of them arrived home.

Justin Xavier stood in front of the villa, inputting the fingerprint to open the door, but Leah quietly started to retreat. She suddenly changed her mind; she didn't want to go home with him anymore.

She turned and ran.

But she didn't get far because a large hand covered her small belly. She was embraced from behind, and a voice resonated in her ear, "Trying to run? You've come to the door, and you think I'll let you get away?"

Leah struggled, "I-I suddenly changed my mind, it's too late today. It's unsafe for a man and woman to be alone together. How about I come back tomorrow during the day?"

Justin Xavier didn't listen. He half-pushed, half-carried her into the villa, his thin lips falling on her small earlobe, kissing her, "You're under three months pregnant, don't worry, I won't touch you."

Leah's whole face flushed red, and she dodged his kisses, pushing him away.

But Justin Xavier released her first. He walked ahead, took a pair of pink slippers from the shoe rack, and slowly squatted down, "Time to change shoes."

Leah looked down at the man squatting, her eyelashes slightly trembling.

At that moment, her right ankle was wrapped in his palm. Today she wore a pair of flat white sneakers, and he skillfully untied her shoelaces, then took off her shoes, finally placing her small foot into the warm, furry slippers.

After changing her shoes, he changed his own and put an arm around her small shoulder, leading her into the living room.

He turned on the bright wall lights in the living room and spoke softly, "Lie down on the sofa, I'll cook, don't wander off, and call me if you need anything."

He kissed her forehead and went to the kitchen.

Leah stood there for a moment, staring blankly at the villa, feeling unfamiliar yet oddly familiar.

Looking down at the slippers on her feet, memories of the previous scene flashed through her mind. The wall light in the living room was off, just a yellow light at the entrance, dimly illuminating him as he squatted down to help change her shoes.

There was movement in the kitchen. She walked over quietly, peeking her little head in. In the living room earlier, he had taken off his dark blue coat, now wearing a white thin sweater, he was tall and stood like a pine tree by the counter, washing vegetables.

Leah didn't know what she was thinking; her heart just ached and ached, feeling sorry for him.

At that moment, Justin Xavier turned and saw her, curling his lips, "What are you standing there for, come over here."

He beckoned to her.

"Oh." Leah nodded and walked over.

When she stood beside him, he extended a long arm, pulling her protectively in front of him. His hands reached over from both sides to wash the vegetables while lazily rubbing his firm chin on her small fragrant shoulder. His voice was truly gentle, pleasant to hear, "Do you know my name?"

Leah shook her head, "I don't know."

"Justin Xavier, that's my name, remember it."

Justin Xavier...

Leah repeated the three words in her heart.

Then Justin Xavier leaned over and kissed her cheek.

Why does he like kissing her so much?

Leah quickly nudged his toned waist with her elbow, "What are you doing, always touching and moving around?"

Just as she finished speaking, a low groan of pain came from behind.

Leah was taken aback, and quickly turned around, "Hey Justin Xavier, I didn't even use any force. Are you really that fragile?"

She used both small hands to touch his waist.

At that moment, a joyful laugh sounded above her head, "We're even."

"What?" Leah looked up, her beautiful eyes filled with confusion.

Justin Xavier squinted his eyes, his affectionate brows filled with teasing affection, "I touched you, and now you've touched me back. Isn't that even?"

Leah realized her small hands were still on his toned waist, "..."

She realized this man was nothing but a cunning fox.

Chapter 1042: Justin Xavier...

"You're cheating, hmph, I'm angry!" Leah Thorne immediately asserted her female prerogative, cooling her expression to show she was very upset.

Justin Xavier looked at her; her delicate cheeks slightly puffed up in anger, her big, clear eyes full of accusation and a lively charm.

He loved her in this very moment.

"Alright, I'm cheating. I apologize, darling, don't be mad, forgive me." He turned her small body around again, holding her while continuing to wash the vegetables.

Leah Thorne hummed and hawed, still unsatisfied. This man teased her whenever he wanted, treating her as if she were a child.

It was simply an insult to her intelligence.

She blinked her long lashes like fans, wanting to speak, when his right hand presented a mangosteen; his thin lips brushed against her fair neck inadvertently, "Do you want to eat it?"

Leah Thorne instinctively shrugged her shoulders. He stopped washing the vegetables, wrapped both arms around her shoulders, and held a big mangosteen to her mouth.

She sneaked a glance at the mangosteen—it seemed to be something she liked.

Sour and sweet.

"Well... I could have one." Leah Thorne said reluctantly.

Justin Xavier skillfully peeled back the deep purple skin of the mangosteen, revealing the tender white flesh inside. He pinched a piece between his fingers and handed it to her lips, "Eat it."

"Thank you." She opened her mouth and ate it.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Yeah, it's good." She was probably most fond of eating mangosteen; its sweet yet slightly sour taste was cool and refreshing, perfect for her pregnant cravings.

After eating one piece, her mouth was watering.

"Want more?"

"Yes!" She nodded vigorously, her beautiful eyes fixed intently on the mangosteen in his hand, waiting for him to feed her.

But the man behind her didn't move, instead whispered hoarsely in her snowy white earlobe, "My fingers are dirty, lick them clean first."

Leah Thorne's face turned scarlet, and her blood seemed to reverse, he...

On the outside, he was a gentleman, but who knew he could be so... indecent inside.

Leah Thorne found it strange, any other man dared speak such filth and she would likely throw a high heel at them, yet with him she had no way.

"I'm not eating anymore, let go." She struggled out of his embrace forcefully, shot him a sharp glare, and stormed out.

Justin Xavier watched her retreating back, slowly curled his lips into a smile, and said, "The mangosteen and other fruits are in the living room; help yourself."

Leah Thorne looked at the fruit platter on the living room coffee table, "..."

That man did it on purpose!

...

Leah Thorne ate one mangosteen but no more; her appetite hadn't increased much since becoming pregnant, and cooling fruits like these were enough to satisfy her cravings with just one.

In truth, she was quite obedient by nature.

Sitting in the living room, absorbed in watching TV, the sofa next to her sank halfway, and Justin Xavier arrived, holding a delicate porcelain bowl of soup, "Watch later. Drink the soup first."

Leah Thorne lowered her eyes, frowning, "There's meat, I don't want it."

Since getting pregnant, she couldn't even stand the sight of meat, let alone eating it.

Then, the remote control was snatched from her hand, and the vibrant TV screen went "zzz" to black; he had turned it off.

His long arm wrapped around her protruding stomach and easily hoisted her onto his lap, "Be good, drink some meat soup, you can't be too picky, the nutrients are uneven. Even if you don't want it, the baby does."

Anger surged within Leah Thorne; couldn't she just watch TV in peace?

Her slender, delicate legs kicked up in dissatisfaction, and she flung her small fists at his broad shoulder, her cherry-like lips pouting fiercely, protesting in a sweet voice, "I don't want it, I don't want it, I want to watch... Serena even said you're my husband, but I think you're not good to me at all..."

Lately, he had spoiled her beyond measure, and she hadn't suffered the slightest grievance. Now in her protest, two teardrops hung from her soft face.

She wasn't really crying, but tears fell anyway.

Justin Xavier was soft-hearted towards her antics, at her coquettishness she had him completely wrapped. He put the porcelain bowl down on the coffee table in front and showered her in kisses and soothed her, "Honey, please don't cry, okay? When you cry, it breaks your husband's heart... I boiled the soup myself for you and the baby, with a little pea sprout... Just drink a few sips of the broth, no meat, sweetheart..."

He reached out to wipe the tears from her face and leaned down to plant countless kisses on her small cheeks.

Leah Thorne was sulking. Holding on to the fabric of his shirt with her soft white hands, her delicate body snuggled in his arms truly like a little girl. Still fidgeting in discontent, her slender legs rubbed against his expensive suit pants, leaving creases.

In the bright light, they were tightly enveloped in each other's embrace, her beautiful, watery eyes shimmering with tears, an adorably aggrieved daughter look. Her grievance tugged at his heart, holding her, wishing he could give her all his tender affections.

Leah Thorne gradually ceased crying, nestled in his arms, partly comforted by him, partly exhausted in body.

Her head was muddled, and she wrapped her arms around his neck, "Justin Xavier..."

She murmured his name tenderly.

Justin Xavier froze for a moment; he wasn't sure if that "Justin Xavier" was what he'd taught her earlier, or if it had sunk into her very bones.

"Mm, I'm here." Justin Xavier supported her small frame with his left arm, letting her curl snugly in his embrace, using his right hand to grab the soup, blowing on its heat before offering it to her lips, "Sweetheart, just drink a couple sips."

Leah Thorne's eyes were too weary to open. Her mental state had drained her body half to ruin, and her head was seventy percent muddled, thirty percent conscious.

Sometimes, she couldn't tell where she was.

"Okay." She responded softly, opening her little mouth to sip from the bowl.

It wasn't to her taste, so she wrinkled her elegant brows.

Justin Xavier kissed the edge of her dainty nose, and perhaps because of pregnancy, the creamy sweetness from her seemed a bit stronger; he loved to smell it, obsessed with her scent.

"Honey, drink a couple more sips, for the baby," he coaxed her softly.

Leah Thorne behaved this time, quietly nestled in his arms, opening her mouth to his hand feeding her the soup. She didn't act stubborn; she finished the soup he gave her.

Justin Xavier's eyes filled with joy. Seeing her about to fall asleep, he gently rocked her, "Sweetheart, sleep later, let me feed you some food first."

Leah Thorne buried herself in his neck, "My tummy is full. Can I skip eating dinner today?"

Justin Xavier felt his heart tingle and melt; with her face buried in his neck, her red lips brushed against his skin, sending an electric thrill through his body.

"Sweetheart, be good, let me feed you some food, even just a few bites, you're too skinny now, need to gain a bit of weight."

Chapter 1043: I've Got Everything Covered

She doesn't look like a pregnant woman at all, with no meat on her bones and such a small appetite. How can this little bit of soup be enough for both her and the baby?

He felt so much pain for her.

"No, I really don't want to eat anymore..." Leah Thorne insisted as she held onto his neck.

Justin Xavier couldn't force her any further. Alright, he admitted he was compromising.

At this moment, Leah softly asked, "Justin Xavier, do you think I can really... safely give birth to the baby?"

"Hush, don't say such things!" Justin turned his gaze, found her soft red lips, and kissed them lightly like a dragonfly brushing water, "You will definitely give birth safely. Nothing will happen, I'm here for everything, the three of us will always be together."

"Mm." Leah nodded and closed her eyes, truly falling asleep.

Justin held her for a while and then got up to carry her upstairs.

He pushed open the bedroom door, laid her softly on the big bed, and as he reached to cover her with the blanket, he saw crystal tears slowly flowing down her cheek.

...

The days passed peacefully and quietly. Leah went to the film set every day. Perhaps it was her passion for acting that helped her overcome the difficulties of forgetting her lines, and she finally completed all the shooting perfectly. "Fleeting Life" wrapped up quickly.

These days, she could see the man named Justin Xavier every day, although he told her his name was Justin Xavier every day, she would forget by the next day, day after day of forgetting.

The wrap-up ceremony was held today, but Justin didn't come.

He usually came at this time, but today he was absent.

Leah didn't leave, as she always felt like there was someone she hadn't seen today, leaving her feeling empty inside.

Feeling bored, she stood up to walk outside.

She then saw a group of girls forming a circle, watching the LCD TV.

Among them was a familiar face, Cheryl Ford.

Leah's gaze followed, only to see a familiar figure she knew to the core appear on the screen.

It was Justin Xavier.

Today he looked different, not at all like his usual clean casual attire. Today he wore formal clothes: a white shirt, a deep blue striped business vest wrapped over his well-built body, and a finely tailored black suit on the outside. He walked in a sparkling high-level conference hall, holding a document between two fingers, followed by a group of suited elites.

As he approached, someone came forward to shake his hand, and they spoke softly with lowered eyebrows, a gentle smile blossoming across his handsome face.

Leah stared blankly at the man on the screen, something in her heart seemed touched; he...

He seemed to be the person she was waiting for.

What was his name again?

Leah tried to think but couldn't recall his name at all.

Dazed, Leah's ears caught the fangirling shrieks of the girls, "Wow, President Xavier is so handsome."

"Yeah, President Xavier isn't just good-looking, his demeanor is incredibly gentle too. Compared to him, all those long-legged oppas and fresh faces are nothing."

Cheryl Ford said nothing, her gaze foolishly fixed on Justin Xavier.

"Cheryl, what's wrong? You wouldn't be smitten with President Xavier, have you?"

"Cheryl, President Xavier is a married man. He's been treating Leah Thorne like gold, not leaving her side these days, utterly devoted, as if she were a precious gem he treasured dearly. So don't entertain any inappropriate thoughts."

Cheryl's youthful and pretty face turned crimson as she pouted, "Don't talk nonsense. I don't mean it... besides, it's normal to feel a bit of admiration for such a perfect man as President Xavier, isn't it?"

"Admire as you might, but don't overstep your bounds. President Xavier's been wearing a wedding ring all along."

Cheryl joked, "What does having a wife mean? Can't one get a divorce? There are few men in this world who don't like something new. Leah's pregnant; this is the stage when men are most prone to cheating, especially wealthy and powerful men who seek out young and beautiful women."

Leah didn't hear what else Cheryl said because she lowered her little head, closed the office door, and decided she didn't want to walk outside anymore.

She only wanted to be alone.

...

Leah stayed in the office for another half hour, kicked off her shoes and curled up on the sofa, a bag of cucumber-flavored chips on the coffee table, and she was eating.

Then footsteps drifted in from outside, steady yet light, which her sensitive ears caught immediately.

Justin Xavier had arrived.

Leah shifted slightly.

But Cheryl's voice echoed at this moment, "President Xavier, you're here."

Her voice was warm and sweet.

"Mm." Justin responded indifferently.

Leah suddenly didn't want to move, lazily curled up, took chips, and chewed them in her mouth.

The office door was pushed open, ushering in a cool breath of cold air, and in her peripheral vision appeared polished black handmade shoes, leading up to black trousers. It was cold outside; he wore a black woolen coat and lifted his hand to unfasten it as he came into the warm office.

Cheryl followed, stood beside him, and reached out to assist, "President Xavier, let me help."

Justin didn't pass it over, his gaze fixated on Leah, and refused, "No need, you can leave."

He said coolly, tossing the woolen coat onto the back of another sofa.

Cheryl's admiring gaze lingered on the man's handsome silhouette, but she knew Justin wanted to be alone with Leah, so she smartly retreated.

The office door was closed.

Justin noticed the chips on the coffee table, then glanced sideways at the untouched tray of afternoon tea on the bookshelf, where fresh bread and milk lay idle.

"Why chips again? Chips aren't nutritious. Eat less of them; we'll go home later, save room for dinner."

Listening to his words, Leah looked up at him standing tall and long-legged by her side, unbuttoning his suit to reveal the deep blue striped business vest underneath. His figure was impressive, his legs straight and long; just standing there, he looked like a male model out of a fashion week.

The white shirt wrapped around his wrist, with a diamond cuff shining brightly under the light.

Leah lowered her little head again.

Justin saw her silent, melancholy expression, stepped over, squatted in front of her, and gently ruffled her silky hair, tenderly asking, "What's wrong, feeling unhappy?"

"No, I'm not." Leah quietly replied, munching on chips while reaching for more.

But she couldn't reach them.

She looked up, the chips on the coffee table had been moved out of reach, beyond her slender arms.

Forget it, she thought, not eating.

She couldn't taste anything anyway.

She shifted, hugging herself tighter with slender arms, resting her small chin on her knees, staring blankly into space.

Chapter 1044: My Wife Is So Obedient~

Justin Xavier's black eyes were about to soften because of her pain. He remembered when she returned to Bayside with psychological issues, was she also like this, silent and helpless?

Now, Justin Xavier didn't know how to love her?

Because no matter how much he loved her, he felt it wasn't enough.

Justin Xavier moved closer to her, his right hand weaving through her silk-like hair. Recently, she had started eating again, and her hair loss wasn't as severe. But ultimately, much of her once thick black hair had fallen out, leaving an emptiness in his palm, like her frail body.

Resting his nose against her delicate little nose, he gently rubbed her, "What's wrong, are you unhappy?"

He was eager to know all her feelings, this girl had been by his side for over ten years, accompanying him as she shed her youthful awkwardness and slowly matured into his woman, his wife, the mother of his child.

Seeing her like this, his heart ached so painfully, it was hard to breathe.

Leah Thorne lifted her small head, slowly extending her little hand to touch his side face.

She asked blankly, "What's your name?"

Why couldn't she say his name, yet she felt he was the one she had always been waiting for?

Justin Xavier grasped her small hand, pressing his side face against her soft little palm, rubbing affectionately, "My name is Justin Xavier."

"Oh, then why are you here?"

"I'm here to find my wife."

"But your wife isn't here."

Justin Xavier looked at her beautiful eyes, reaching out with his thumb to touch her red lips, lightly caressing, his gaze burning, "If you say my wife isn't here, does that make it true? My wife is you."

Leah Thorne couldn't hear what he was saying, her attention was drawn to his thumb, which was touching her lips, then inching closer, about to kiss her.

Just as he was about to kiss her, Leah Thorne quickly stretched out her little hands to push him away, "No!"

The sofa was wide and soft, and she hid in the corner, not letting him kiss her.

Justin Xavier chuckled softly, a low, warm laugh full of tenderness.

Leah Thorne felt her cheeks getting even hotter.

Justin Xavier sat beside her, his right hand encircling her soft waist, his large hand naturally resting on her little belly, gently stroking back and forth.

Leah Thorne nudged him with her elbow, but she couldn't push him away.

"I'm a bit tired today..." Justin Xavier said.

"Where are you tired?"

"My legs are tired, massage them for me."

Leah Thorne sat up, kneeling on the soft couch with her knees, her little hands touching his left leg, gently kneading, "Is it like this?"

Justin Xavier frowned, licking his chapped lips with a greedy gaze. She lowered her little head, and he could only admire her soft and beautiful facial features, her skin seemed to have become even tenderer due to her pregnancy, the light casting a mesmerizing glow upon it.

"Mm, a bit higher..." he hummed.

The blood in Leah Thorne's whole body surged to her head with a "boom", and she quickly withdrew her hands in embarrassment, "You, you..."

Is there anyone more vulgar than him in this world?

Justin Xavier couldn't stand her innocent gaze at that moment. The gentle look in her eyes was tinged with a bit of red. He raised his eyebrows, emanating the charm of a mature man, "Am I dumb or are you dumb? If I ask you to massage my legs, you just do it?"

Leah Thorne didn't know what to say, her little face constantly steaming with heat, she felt very hot.

"Come here." He lazily leaned back on the sofa, extending his right hand towards her.

Leah Thorne didn't move.

Justin Xavier forcefully pulled her soft waist, causing her whole body to collapse onto his chest.

He protected her, not letting her fall, but her little face still knocked into the diamond brooch on his business vest, the hard texture exuding a man's charm, making her tingle.

"No..." she pushed against him.

Justin Xavier's Adam's apple bobbed, his right hand coming up to touch her little face, feeling how smooth it was, "Not bad, you even know what I want to do."

Leah Thorne tried to get up, but she couldn't. His right hand weaved into the back of her head, pressing firmly, and he kissed her directly.

Leah Thorne panted, her little hands pressed against his chest, clutching randomly, only managing to grab a button, she whimpered, almost crying, but he took the chance to capture her lips and tongue.

Her little face blushed to a pink hue, even tiny beads of sweat appeared on her elegant nose, like dewdrops on a rose petal.

The little hands that wanted to push him ultimately withdrew and curled up slowly, clutching him tightly, a sensation on the verge of erupting within her. She bit him lightly, responding to him in her shy but eager way.

The two turned over, he didn't dare to press down on her, only propping himself up above her with his hands, "Leah Thorne, tell me, who am I?"

Leah Thorne hazily closed her eyes, trying to bury her little face into the sofa, she bit her lower lip and answered, "Justin Xavier."

Justin Xavier slowly curled his thin lips, "Good girl."

...

Half an hour later, Leah Thorne curled up asleep on the sofa, wrapped in a soft warm blanket, with just a small face exposed.

Justin Xavier opened the window a bit, letting the seductive atmosphere in the office disperse. He leaned against the window, lighting a cigarette and taking a couple of puffs.

His body still wasn't alright, but it didn't prevent the two from being intimate for a while.

He hadn't touched her in a long time, and she was like an addictive poppy flower.

Just then, a "knock knock" on the door was followed by it being pushed open. Cheryl Ford burst in, tears streaming down her face, "President Xavier..."

His personal secretary tried to stop Cheryl Ford, but failed. He looked anxiously at the man by the window, "President, I tried to block her, but Miss Ford forced her way in..."

Justin Xavier took a puff of his cigarette, exhaling slowly as he tilted his head back, squinting, "You can leave now."

"Yes." The personal secretary closed the door.

Cheryl Ford took two steps forward, emotionally charged, her pretty face was smeared with tears, making her look pitiful and touching, "President Xavier, my dad just called me, saying The Ford Group is facing problems with its capital chain. Is it true that you're the one who did this, forcing my dad to take my brother and me away from Bayside as soon as possible? President Xavier, do you really not want to see me?"

The word "me" had just left her lips when Justin Xavier's gaze swept over. His eyes weren't particularly sharp; as an elegant and handsome man, but his gaze carried an icy chill, cold enough to strike fear in her.

"The reason I'm giving you the opportunity to stand here isn't for you to loudly wake up my wife; if you can't control your emotions, then get out." His lips curled, and his deep voice bore no hint of warmth.

Chapter 1045: The Man Who Took Care of Her Collapsed

Cheryl followed his gaze and saw Leah lying on the sofa, wrapped in a blanket, but her small face seemed like it had been nurtured in honey, flushed and charming.

On the sofa on the other side lay Leah's outerwear, sweaters... next to the woman's clothes was a man's black coat, business vest...

Cheryl was taken aback. She could guess what had just happened here. She slowly looked at Justin Xavier. The lights in the room were dimmed; this corner of the window was secluded, making it seem even darker. The man stood by the window in just a white shirt and black trousers, with the cold wind blowing in from outside, rustling his shirt loudly...

He didn't feel cold at all, his left hand in his pocket, his right hand holding a cigarette between two fingers, standing by the windowsill, his shirt lazily unbuttoned three buttons, revealing a large expanse of healthy tan skin. He frowned and took a drag, then tilted his head back to exhale. When he did, his defined, masculine Adam's apple and collarbone were very prominent, and he frowned deeply, unsure if it was because he was satisfied or not satisfied a moment ago.

Cheryl stood frozen in place. She never thought she'd see a man like this, radiating a lazy, debauched extravagance.

Her small face was both pale and flushed, pale because she'd just been crying, and flushed because of how captivating Justin looked.

The man's post-lovemaking smoking posture was as intoxicating as alcohol, making one blush furiously.

While Cheryl was momentarily dazed, the man's indifferent gaze swept over her, "I've already made my intentions very clear. What don't you understand?"

He probably spoke in a particularly low voice to avoid waking Leah. Even such cold words, when spoken by him, came out warm and magnetic. Cheryl gritted her teeth and said, "I understand, but President Xavier, you have to give me a reason to leave Bayside."

Justin took a drag of his cigarette, lowered his eyes and exhaled. The corners of his thin lips curled into a slight arc, "Then give me a reason why you don't want to leave. Why must you stay in Bayside? What is it here that draws you in, hmm?"

Cheryl felt her face burning with embarrassment. She knew he had already seen through her.

What is so good about Bayside? The Ford family is now a financial tycoon, and she has always lived in a big international city. She doesn't want to leave, not without having developed some inappropriate feelings for him.

Bayside has nothing special, but Bayside... has him.

"President Xavier, I admit... I like you. If you're making me leave because of that, isn't it too harsh? There are so many girls who admire you, they could stretch from the Yangtze River to the Yellow River. Are you going to deal with all of them?"

Justin was silent for a few seconds, finished the last two drags of his cigarette, then took a large stride, bending down to extinguish the cigarette butt in the ashtray on the table, "At least I can ensure those people don't appear in front of my wife, don't upset her. The most important thing is, there are many who like me, but none of them are as disgusting as you."

What?

Cheryl's pupils shrank. She looked at him, incredibly shocked. Did he just call her... disgusting?

She is the eldest daughter of the Ford family, top graduate of a prestigious school, with countless boys who like her and pursue her, including wealthy heirs and young talents, not lacking successful men like him, she could choose any of them.

They all admire her. Cheryl thought he could dislike her, but he actually insulted her like this.

He was the first to ever call her... disgusting~

Justin looked at Cheryl's deathly pale face and curled his lips in amusement, "Am I wrong? Although you are the daughter of a prestige family, you are inherently full of cunning little tricks. I've always worn a wedding ring, and everyone knows I'm a married man, but you don't mind at all. I don't think it's true love you feel; you must find the challenge and conquest of a married man more thrilling and exciting, more satisfying to your vanity. Actually, I can understand all that. What I don't understand is, Leah has always treated you like a sister, and yet you have an eye on your sister's husband, acting one way on the surface, thinking another, it's really sickening to me."

"Cheryl, actually, we're the same type of person, so there's no need for you to pretend in front of me. When I look at you, it's like you're naked, running in front of me, funny and ridiculous."

Cheryl's hands and feet turned cold. It was the first time someone had completely humiliated her like this.

Cheryl stared at his tall and handsome back. She never thought that a man who appeared so gentle and noble on the outside could be so cold and heartless underneath.

All his tenderness was given to Leah alone.

Justin had already walked over to Leah's side, then slowly crouched down. Cheryl had no idea what he was thinking. He and Leah had known each other for so many years, their relationship should have long since faded into indifference, yet he seemed unable to love that woman enough.

Cheryl took a deep breath, "Justin, even you said we are the same kind of person. Sister Leah shouldn't be someone you touch. You should be playing with someone like me. Besides Sister Leah, haven't you been with other women? What about Davina Rowe? Didn't she... satisfy you? So, there will always be flaws between you and Sister Leah. You'll never be perfect."

After saying that, Cheryl turned and left.

The surroundings fell silent. Justin remained in position, unmoving. He looked at Leah's sleeping face. He didn't know... if Leah was always mindful of Davina Rowe's presence, after all, she witnessed that scene with her own eyes.

When an avalanche occurs, not a single snowflake is innocent.

He didn't know what role he played in Leah's psychological struggle.

Turns out, he was so despicable and unbearable.

...

Leah was always taken care of meticulously, but soon enough, the man taking care of her couldn't hold up anymore and came down with a high fever.

Justin, who rarely falls sick, when he does, it's like a mountain collapsing. He lay on the bed, his whole body burning hot, unable to sweat, utterly exhausted.

Leah didn't go to the film set. She stood by the bedside, reaching her small hand to touch his forehead. She furrowed her delicate brows, both surprised and flustered, "Oh no, so hot. No, I must take you to the hospital."

She tried to help him up.

Justin barely opened his eyes, his throat dry and aching. He held onto her slender wrist, speaking weakly, "Honey, be good, you're not allowed to go out today, or I won't be able to find you... No need to go to the hospital, I've taken medicine, just let me sleep for a while..."

Without him, she would get lost if she stepped out the door.

Seeing him in so much discomfort, Leah felt the same pain, "Alright, I won't go out..."

She spoke softly, lowering herself and resting her small head on his chest, looking so obedient and sweet.

Justin kissed her forehead. He had felt unwell since the morning, not expecting the fever to come so quickly. He planned to call Serena Sterling, as Leah needed someone to care for her, but his eyelids were too heavy, and he just wanted to sleep in a daze.

Chapter 1046: Leah Thorne, I Almost Went Crazy!

"Honey, be good, don't run around... I'll get better soon... once I'm better, I'll get up and cook for you... for now, just stay with me..." he murmured, kissing her tenderly, holding her tightly.

Leah Thorne really stopped moving. She closed her eyes and went to sleep with him, and only when she heard his steady breathing did she sit up.

The man's body was too hot, so she went to the bathroom, got a warm, damp towel, and placed it on his forehead.

Sitting for a while, Leah Thorne still stood up. She grabbed her bag and left the villa.

...

Walking down the street, Leah Thorne found a large supermarket and went in. She picked some fruits and vegetables, planning to steam a pear with rock sugar for him at noon, and make some light millet porridge.

He's been doing these things recently, but today it's her turn.

He took medicine, and the fever would go down, but his strength wouldn't recover so quickly. How could he go without food?

Even though she's not good at cooking, she can handle simple things like these.

At the checkout, Leah Thorne carried the bag out of the supermarket.

She wanted to return to the apartment, but after a couple of steps, Leah Thorne stopped. She stood there, bewildered, not knowing where to go.

Trying to cross the traffic lights ahead, Leah Thorne didn't recognize any familiar buildings. A girl was standing by the roadside on the phone, so she went forward and asked, "Excuse me..."

The girl stopped her call, "Big sister, what's wrong? Are you lost?"

Leah Thorne looked stunned, was she lost?

Where did she want to go?

She couldn't even remember the address of the villa.

"Big sister, you look so pale, are you feeling unwell? Why didn't you come out with your family? Where's your phone, you can call them."

Yes, with a reminder, Leah Thorne realized she could make a call.

Excitedly, she searched her bag for her phone, but it wasn't there. She hadn't brought it with her.

"Big sister, did you not bring your phone? Here's what you can do: give me the phone number, and I'll call for you."

"Okay." Leah Thorne thought that would work. She didn't have her phone, but she remembered the phone number; her mouth opened, but nothing came out because she couldn't remember it.

Leah Thorne was completely stunned. She turned around, looking at the bustling city, full of cars and people, wondering why she felt so empty inside.

It seemed like many years ago, she had been to a strange city, standing on the corner of its streets, night after night, hoping to spot a familiar face in the crowd, wishing to throw herself into his arms and confide how much she missed him.

Time slipped away like fine sand through her fingers, and in the blink of an eye, she was back to square one, having lost that person in her heart, lost him.

The bag in her hand fell to the ground with a "clap." She slowly crouched down.

Where was she supposed to go?

Where was he?

Why had everything disappeared?

She wanted to go home; she was so scared.

Truly, terribly scared.

The girl who was on the phone was frightened and quickly bent down to comfort her, "Big sister, what's wrong? Tell me if there's anything, I can help you."

Leah Thorne's eyes were red. Although she had been by Justin Xavier's side all these years, her heart was restless, lost, and confused, so used to being alone.

Then, a voice came from behind, "Leah Thorne?"

Leah Thorne trembled and slowly turned around.

It was Simon Ford.

"Simon Ford." She slowly stood up.

Simon Ford moved forward quickly, "Leah Thorne, what are you doing here? Have you been crying? Did Justin Xavier bully you?"

Leah Thorne wiped her tears with her hand, confusion in her eyes, "Justin Xavier? Who is Justin Xavier?"

Simon Ford immediately understood; she was not fully recovered and had forgotten Justin Xavier.

"Leah Thorne, what are you doing now? Why are you crying?"

"Because I seem to have lost someone, and I forgot the way home."

Simon Ford slowly revealed a self-mocking smile. Even if she had forgotten Justin Xavier, he still lived in her heart, never fading away.

"Okay," Simon Ford nodded, smiling, "Leah Thorne, if you've forgotten so many people, why do you still remember me?"

Leah Thorne curved her lips slightly, speaking earnestly, "Simon Ford, I always remembered you as my good friend."

Simon Ford suddenly felt relieved. His father was about to take him and his sister away, and this was the last time he'd see Leah Thorne.

"Leah, can I hug you?" Simon Ford reached out.

Leah Thorne looked at him but didn't move.

Simon Ford approached on his own, gently wrapping his arms around her and softly sighed, "Leah, I met you first, while Justin Xavier came later. But I was too late, and that's a lifetime lost, so I accept my defeat voluntarily."

Leah Thorne didn't understand what he was saying, but she already sensed Simon Ford's farewell sadness, so she extended her small hand to pat his back.

Then, an anxious, disordered shout sounded by her ear, "Leah Thorne!"

Leah Thorne turned her head at the sound.

Justin Xavier came, hastily running over from across the street. He still wore a light gray V-neck sweater with black trousers and deep blue fabric slippers. Gripping his phone, he rushed over quickly.

He stood in front of her, his chest heaving, his eyes tinged with redness, either from high fever or frenzy, his forehead bangs softly fluttering in the wind, his illness lending him a more distinguished, frail allure. His expression was tense.

"Leah Thorne!" Justin Xavier grabbed hold of her slender arm, pulling her out of Simon Ford's embrace.

Leah Thorne lost her balance and crashed into his chest. Seeing his livid expression, she got a little scared and looked at him timidly, "Are... are you mad at me?"

Justin Xavier struggled to suppress his temper and not yell at her, closing his eyes, kissing her forehead frantically, "Honey, I wasn't yelling at you. Where did you go? I thought I couldn't find you. Don't do this again, okay? I can't take it. I thought I couldn't find you."

He truly couldn't take it. A moment ago, he almost went crazy.

He opened his eyes in the apartment, but she was gone. He went downstairs to find her, but she disappeared, so he hurriedly chased after her.

He searched along several streets, for nearly an hour; there were so many people, and initially, none of them looked like her. Gradually, everyone started to look like her.

He was really about to go mad. What would he do if he couldn't find her?

He wouldn't survive.

He would die.

Leah Thorne breathed in his clean, familiar scent, her small hand slowly reaching out to clutch the sweater at his waist. It felt so good, so right.

When she first saw him a moment ago, she felt full inside; the man she missed, loved, and wanted so much was finally here.

"I'm sorry, I won't dare to do it again..." she obediently confessed in his arms.

Chapter 1047: My Heart Is Filled With Love for You

"I went to the supermarket to buy some things, wanting to come home and cook something delicious for you, but as soon as I stepped out the supermarket, I couldn't find the way back home. I was so scared I almost cried... Am I really stupid?"

Leah Thorne lifted her little head, looking at him with those clear, innocent big eyes.

All of Justin Xavier's restless and frenzied emotions were soothed by her words and her aggrieved gaze; it felt as though a feather had brushed across his heart, making it incredibly soft.

He stretched out his thumb to caress her little face, smiling as he spoke gently, "My wife isn't stupid, not even a bit. But to me, my wife and kids are much more important than good food, so from now on, don't run around, don't leave me."

"Okay!" Leah nodded vigorously.

Justin picked up the bags from the ground, and with his other hand, embraced her small fragrant shoulders, "Wife, let's go home."

Simon Ford watched the retreating figure of Justin Xavier. Without even looking back at him, Justin had already conveyed his contempt, for Justin would never reconcile with his rivals under any circumstances.

Yet Justin was bone-deep obsessive; he had driven everyone away, overbearingly keeping Leah Thorne confined by his side.

As they walked away, Cheryl Ford could still hear their conversation. Leah asked, "Where are we going?"

She always forgot things and people; the person who just mentioned going home now didn't know where they were headed.

Justin, with boundless patience, replied in a low, slightly joyful and satisfied voice, "Home. Aren't you going to cook something delicious for me? I'm really hungry now."

"Really? Then I'll cook for you when we get home."

"Great, my wife is amazing."...

Simon Ford stood still, watching them for a long, long time. He suddenly thought, if one day Justin let go of Leah's hand, how much pain would he endure.

...

Back at home, it was still Justin who cooked. After eating, the two snuggled in bed. Now, the spring sun was shining brightly; the bedroom curtains were drawn open, leaving behind a thin layer of gauze, and the dazzling sunlight spilled through it onto the large bed. Leah lay on Justin's body to get the thermometer.

"37 degrees, your fever's gone." Leah's eyes sparkled with joy.

"Yes," Justin said, lightly pulling a blanket over her belly. His strong back rested against the headboard, embracing her as he squinted contently, "I told you, with the medication, I'd get better quickly. I have to take care of you; I won't fall."

After that little episode, his fever subsided on its own; perhaps he scared it away.

Leah's lips curled slightly, her small hand reaching to touch his handsome profile, gently kissing his jaw.

Seeing her being proactive, Justin flipped over, wanting to pin her down.

"Hey!" Leah quickly covered his mouth, giggling coquettishly, "Don't mess around..."

Justin looked at her sweet, arched eyebrows; his dark eyes swelled with infatuation, but he resisted further action because he had a very serious question to ask her, "Leah, do you know who I am?"

Leah blinked her long, fan-like eyelashes, shaking her head in confusion.

A faint shadow crossed Justin's gaze. Initially, he observed that she could remember many people, so he was wishfully thinking she would remember him too, but he realized it was not possible.

To her, the name Justin Xavier was truly difficult; she always forgot his name.

The duration of her current state was unknown; perhaps it would last a lifetime. Actually, if it were for life, so be it, but today's incident was a warning—at any moment, she might wander off, forget him, his name, his appearance, his contact information...

This was too dangerous; he faced the potential of losing her at any time.

Justin touched her fair little face and leaned in to peck her red lips, "Leah, my name is Justin Xavier, remember that?"

Leah's petite body squirmed a bit, unsure if the name "Justin Xavier" put pressure on her, she uneasily pushed him, "I know."

Justin slowly grasped her small hand, placing it over his heart, "Can you hear it? It's filled with my love for you; my heart beats because of you!"

Leah's gaze turned vacant, her rosy face gradually paling; her emotions heightened as she pushed him away with arms and legs, eyes full of fear, "Go away, go away, I don't want to hear..."

She curled herself into a corner of the bed, angrily pulling the blanket over her small face.

Justin's eyes softened considerably. Seeing her like this, how could he force her?

The root of her illness lay there; burdened by all the guilt, she couldn't bear her love for him. So, how could he compel her to remember he was Justin Xavier?

But if he didn't force it, what could he do? He was afraid of losing her.

Justin hugged her from behind. The little woman was still struggling, pouting her rosy lips and mumbling "villain." He laughed, pulling the blanket off her small face, "Aren't you suffocating sleeping under the blanket? Okay, I won't say anything else; as long as you're happy."

Only then did Leah settle down, turning over, obediently laying on his chest, feeling sleepy, and so she closed her eyes to nap.

What she wasn't aware of was that the man by her side remained silent for a long time at the head of the bed. Holding her, he repeatedly kissed her hair, whispering her name.

How should he harden his heart?

...

The next day, an incident occurred.

Upon waking up in the morning, Leah didn't see Justin; there was another person in the villa, her manager, Madame Goldie.

Madame Goldie took her out to relax, prepared lunch for her, then brought her back to the villa. Madame Goldie did everything Justin used to do for her.

For Leah, who always forgot things and people, this should be no different. She never truly remembered Justin Xavier as a person, but... she felt a void in her heart.

She started to zone out, her face void of any smile; she became unhappy, curling up alone on the sofa, lost in thought for the entire day.

She stopped smiling; her rosy face turned blank, even her beautiful eyes lost all their sparkle.

She became silent; when Madame Goldie talked to her, it was as if she didn't hear, resembling a lifeless porcelain doll.

Evenings were the hardest to endure; she no longer favored sleeping in her own bedroom. Instead, she would move to a guest room next to the bedroom, lying on the big bed, burying her face deep into the pillow to sniff it. In the past days, she could still smell that clean, refreshing, alluring scent, but later, even that scent was gone.

Her whole being felt hollow, lost, and dejected.

That night, as she drifted into sleep, she was suddenly awakened by a rumbling thunderstorm; she jolted upright.

Outside, lightning flashed, and the stark white light illuminated her pale little face as it rained lightly outside the window. In the dark room, she slowly curled up, burying her face into her knees, tears welling up and rolling down from her eyes.

Chapter 1048: Hubby~

After crying for a while, she threw off the quilt, slipped on her slippers, and got out of bed.

Opening the villa's front door, she walked out.

It was now past one in the morning, and it was raining. The streets were nearly empty, with only the dim glow of streetlights. She walked down them in her white nightgown, alone.

A middle-aged woman came running over with an umbrella, "Young lady, it's raining now, why are you out here getting wet? Go home quickly, or else you'll catch a cold."

Leah Thorne ignored her and continued walking in a daze.

The woman sighed and ran off into the distance.

After walking a street, she didn't know what she tripped over, but her right foot twisted, making it impossible to walk. She sat down by the flowerbed at the roadside, slowly stretching out her small hands to cover her face tightly, crying quietly and silently.

Just then, a black umbrella opened above her, and someone came to stand in front of her.

She withdrew her little hands, and in her vision was a pair of black trousers, above them a clean white shirt, then that strangely familiar handsome face.

He had arrived.

Justin Xavier.

Leah softly started to cry out loud; she was soaking wet, her silky hair sticking to her cheeks and neck, her delicate shoulders trembling as she looked at him with reddened eyes.

The sight of this woman below him, so pitiful it was indescribable, made Justin Xavier feel like his heart was bleeding.

"Who am I?" he persistently asked her.

Leah sobbed but refused to answer.

Justin Xavier was silent for a few seconds and then turned to walk away.

But he didn't get far because his trouser leg was grabbed by a soft, small hand, and she choked out, "You are Justin... Justin Xavier..."

The umbrella in Justin Xavier's hand fell to the ground as he turned, kneeling down on one knee in front of her, his trembling hands cradling her small face, "I'm sorry... I'm sorry..."

Leah raised her little fists and pounded on his shoulders, pushing him away with force, "Wuwu..." She said nothing, only continued crying.

Justin Xavier let her hit him, pressing her trembling red lips with his own, not knowing whether the tears were his or hers, mixing with the rain, dripping together into the dust.

"Wife, I'm sorry... I couldn't help it... Can you teach me what to do... I admit I deliberately forced you, deliberately made you sad, but your pain was felt deeply in my own heart... Wife, forgive me, please forgive me..."

Leah collapsed into his arms, tightly embraced by him. She cried so hard that she briefly lost oxygen, and fainted on the spot.

...

When she opened her eyes again, she was already in the bedroom, looking into an enlarged handsome face that smiled tenderly at her, "Wife, you're awake. You got caught in the rain earlier, and to prevent catching a cold, let's take a hot shower first. I'll carry you there."

He pulled the quilt off of her and lifted her in his arms.

Upon returning home earlier, he had helped her out of her damp clothes and wrapped her in a blanket.

Leah tightly shut her eyes and burrowed into his embrace.

During this stage of pregnancy, it wasn't suitable for women to take baths, so Justin Xavier held her under the shower spray. He adjusted the water temperature to a very comfortable degree, and first splashed some warm water onto her skin, "Is it too hot? Do you want me to hold you while you wash?"

It was unclear whether it was the steam or embarrassment, but Leah's pale little face quickly flushed, and she struggled out of his arms, turning her back to stand beneath the showerhead to rinse.

Little hands gathered some water to wash her face when she heard sounds behind her—a metallic belt clattering to the floor, the rustling of expensive fabric, and him removing the wristwatch from his arm.

A long arm reached over to take the shampoo from the caddy. He whispered in her ear, "Close your eyes, I'll help you wash your hair. Just a quick rinse, it can't take too long."

Leah's long eyelashes fluttered, and as he was about to touch her, she pushed his hand away.

"What's wrong? Wife." From behind, he embraced her, "Have you forgotten who I am? I'm your husband; it's normal for me to help you shower..."

With a "slap," she still extended her hand to knock away his large palm.

Justin Xavier was stunned.

Leah slowly retreated into the corner of the wall, watching him silently through the steam rising from the shower, with a layer of mist between them.

Justin Xavier looked into her beautiful eyes, no longer dull and confused. Her almond eyes were gentle and lovely, and the clear water gleamed with his reflection, full of him.

He was struck with awe, a huge joy was bursting from his chest, and he dared not blink, intently watching her with a burning intensity.

He feared this was just another dream.

He knew that she had remembered him.

She remembered every little thing between them.

At that moment, Leah suddenly leaped forward.

Justin Xavier immediately reached out to catch her, holding her, his back pressed against the cool white tiles, and she kissed his lips.

She was kissing him.

Justin Xavier didn't close his eyes, nor did she. At this moment, he felt that all the lost years between them didn't matter because in each other's eyes, they were the most beautiful sight in life.

He turned her around, pinning her to the wall, holding her little face and kissing her tenderly.

Leah's hands also touched his handsome face, feeling the heat under her fingertips, the tears in his eyes hastily traversing her fingers.

"Wife, thank you."

Thank you for not leaving me...

"Justin Xavier, I wanted so much... to forget you, that way I wouldn't have been in so much pain... You shouldn't have forced me to remember you; you shouldn't have forced me..."

Justin Xavier wrapped her tightly in his arms, "I'm sorry, wife, I couldn't do it—I don't want you to forget me..."

Leah slowly lifted her small hands to hug him, lightly closing her eyes, "It's okay, husband~"

For the first time in such a long time, she called him "husband."

Justin Xavier quickly blocked her red lips with his own.

...

Leah truly regained her memory and no longer forgot Justin Xavier, remembering him every day.

Justin Xavier thought everything was over, believing the clouds had been replaced by sunshine, but soon everything reverted back to the way it was.

Leah began losing her appetite, whatever he fed her would soon be vomited up. She started having nightmares again at night, her forehead covered in cold sweat as she writhed around in pain on the bed.

"Daddy, Mommy, Brother... don't leave me, take me with you... Daddy, Mommy, Brother..." She kept muttering in agony, repeatedly calling for her dad, mom, and brother.

Justin Xavier tried to wake her, "Leah, wake up!"

Leah couldn't wake from the nightmare, and soon she bit the tip of her tongue.

Justin Xavier's black pupils suddenly contracted, at this moment it felt as if his heart had stopped beating—she actually bit her tongue.

This was the first time Leah had shown self-harming behavior.

"Leah, open your mouth!" Justin Xavier immediately pinched her cheeks, forcing her to open her mouth.

Leah still wanted to hurt herself, so Justin Xavier immediately brought his arm to her mouth.

Leah bit down hard, and the taste of blood, metallic and sweet, immediately spread in her mouth.

Chapter 1049: Liking Is Indulgence, Love Is Restraint

Justin Xavier didn't move or make a sound, just let Leah Thorne bite him.

As long as she didn't harm herself, he would do anything.

Leah Thorne bit for a long time before letting go, her emotions found an outlet, she slowly awoke from the nightmare, opening her eyes.

Leah Thorne was awake.

"You're hurt! I bit you and made you bleed!" Leah Thorne looked at the wound on his arm, her teeth marks encircling it deeply, blood already oozing out, and her heart clenched instantly.

Leah Thorne quickly threw off the quilt and got out of bed, "I'll get the first aid kit to treat it for you."

Leah Thorne brought the first aid kit and carefully treated the wound with an alcohol swab, "Husband, does it hurt?"

She looked up at him with a soft, tender expression, asking.

Justin Xavier raised his hand and patted her head, gently shaking his head, "It doesn't hurt, not at all."

What he said was true, it didn't hurt at all, he couldn't feel the pain.

"I'll blow on it for you." Leah Thorne gently blew on his wound.

Justin Xavier reached out, pulling her into his embrace, holding her tightly.

"Hey, your wound hasn't been treated yet..." Leah Thorne exclaimed.

Justin Xavier buried his handsome face in her long hair, gently closing his eyes, "Wife, don't move, let me hold you."

Leah Thorne obediently stopped moving.

After a long while, the man's hoarse voice came to her ear, "Wife, just now... you really scared me to death..."

Leah Thorne's eyes turned red, "Husband, I'm sorry~"

I'm truly sorry.

...

Justin Xavier was on the phone with Serena Sterling, Serena said, "President Xavier, Leah has already remembered you, right?"

"Yes," Justin Xavier sat in the study chair smoking, frowning tightly amidst the swirling smoke, "I used to think the worst situation was Leah forgetting me, but now I realize her remembering me is the worst, she's already started... self-harming, I'm afraid to close my eyes now, I'm afraid to leave her for even a second, I'm afraid the moment I walk away she'll do something to harm herself or the child."

"President Xavier, I once warned you over the phone, forgetting you might not be unfortunate, remembering you might not be fortunate either."

"Forgetting you gave Leah a chance to breathe, once she remembers you, the memories of her brother and the entire Thorne family also resurface, the things you've added onto Leah over the years are deeply ingrained."

"You all are the root of Leah's suffering."

Justin Xavier tapped the cigarette in the ashtray, unable to speak for a long time, a sense of despair and helplessness flooding his heart.

When Leah remembered him, called him husband, he was so ecstatically happy, he thought everything was over.

But now he realized this was just the beginning.

In Leah's psychological battle, he felt like he was on a roller coaster, first thrown up into the air, and now pushed deeper into the abyss and chasm.

Perhaps, this was his punishment.

"What should I do now?" Justin Xavier murmured hoarsely.

Serena Sterling was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "President Xavier, I gave you two vials, you've used one, I suppose you know by now, these two vials are named... Amnesia Potion, once used, she'll forget you."

"You used the first vial on Leah, she forgot you, and she was getting better, but you forcibly awakened her memory."

"The second vial depends on President Xavier's choice, you are now at a crossroads of decision."

"Actually, can I save Leah? Of course, I can, these two vials are my prescription, but with you around, she will never be well."

"President Xavier, I know it's very hard for you to give up on Leah, once the second vial is used, even if you and Leah are the closest, it will be like the farthest distance, I cannot give you any advice as a friend, I can only hand over the option to you as a doctor."

"President Xavier, have you heard the saying, 'To like is to be unrestrained, to love is to restrain oneself'? Perhaps this long journey of love with Leah is teaching you how to learn restraint in your unrestrained world. Heaven and Hell are a line apart, letting go may not be an abyss, it may be your last redemption for yourself."

"There are thousands of faces to love in this world, only one kind can lead us to eternity, and that is learning to love oneself in love, and then loving others."

"This psychological illness is not just Leah's, it includes you too, you are not less than severely ill, riddled with holes, the first thing you need to do is attempt to heal yourself, because Leah deserves a better you, only a better you can walk with Leah onwards."

Justin Xavier hung up the phone, he smoked a lot, unconsciously finishing a pack of cigarettes.

It's said that as wise as Serena Sterling, she had long seen through him, this psychological illness is mutual, both he and Leah are sick.

A pathological self has pathologically trapped her, still using a pathological way to heal a pathological her, all of this seems ridiculous and laughable.

On such a night, Justin Xavier felt his entire strength seem to be drained in an instant, drowned by the waves of helplessness and despair.

His belated punishment.

Then from the next room came the sudden scream of a maid, "Ah, madam!"

What happened to Leah?

Justin Xavier's hand trembled, the red flame falling and burning his fingertip, but he didn't notice at all, he rushed out.

Upon entering the master bedroom, Justin Xavier immediately saw Leah, his dark pupils contracted severely, forgetting to breathe for a moment.

Because now Leah was sitting on the windowsill, her two slender legs dangling in the air, perhaps in the next second, she might fall from the balcony.

The window was open, and the cold wind was blowing in, Leah's white dress was fluttering in the wind, her whole person like a kite about to break, teetering.

"Madam, come back quickly! It's dangerous there, it's easy to fall!" The maid watching this scene was trembling with weak legs.

But Leah seemed not to hear, she sat there without turning back.

Justin Xavier quickly stepped forward, he didn't expect that after just leaving for a phone call, she had gone to sit on the balcony.

When he left, she was still sound asleep.

Justin Xavier suppressed the turbulent emotions within himself, softening his voice as much as possible, as if afraid to wake the sleeping treasure, "Leah... Leah..."

Leah in front didn't turn back.

"Leah... Leah..." Justin Xavier called a few more times.

At this time, Leah turned around, her eyes stained with drowsiness, as if she had just woken up, she looked at him confusedly, "Husband~"

"Wife, come over, it's dangerous there." Justin Xavier tried to extend his hand to her.

"Oh." Leah responded, turned and came over.

The next second, Leah's body directly fell off the balcony.

Ah!

The maid screamed.

Chapter 1050: Honey, I Love You

When Leah Thorne was coming over, Justin Xavier's tense nerves finally relaxed, but unexpectedly, in the next second, Leah fell off the balcony.

Accompanied by the screams of the maids, Justin Xavier had already lunged forward.

He grabbed Leah's hand in a rush.

Now Leah's body was suspended in mid-air, and she was completely awakened. Her small, palm-sized face instantly turned pale, and she looked up at the man holding her tightly, "Hu...husband, I'm sorry..."

The veins on Justin Xavier's forehead throbbed violently. Heaven knew what he had just gone through. If he hadn't caught her... if he hadn't caught her...

Just thinking a little about that possibility made Justin Xavier's heart explode with fear.

"It's okay... don't say sorry... hold on to me... I'll pull you up..." Justin Xavier forcefully pulled her up.

Don't say sorry.

Every day, she repented in her nightmares, saying countless times she was sorry, she was sorry to her daddy and mommy, sorry to her brother, so don't let her say sorry anymore.

It's okay.

For him, nothing matters.

Soon, Justin Xavier pulled Leah up, and it was finally a close call without danger.

The window was closed, the room was heated, and the maids had all left. Leah looked at Justin Xavier and explained in a small voice, "Husband, I don't know what just happened. It was like I fell asleep and then got up by myself, sitting on the balcony. I don't know how I could have done such a dangerous thing."

Justin Xavier laid Leah horizontally on the soft bed, covering her properly with the quilt. He bowed his head and kissed her forehead, "Hmm, I believe you, I believe it wasn't intentional, you wouldn't harm yourself or the baby."

"Husband," Leah looked at him timidly, "I feel like... I'm gradually losing control of myself. Is my condition getting worse?"

Leah looked bewildered, "I don't know if there will be a next time, a next time when I sit on the balcony again, or do something even more dangerous."

Justin Xavier looked at the paleness and confusion in her eyes; right now, there wasn't a single glimmer in them.

Justin Xavier felt a sudden ache in his heart, understanding that he couldn't handle any unexpected events now.

What he had tightly held in his palm suddenly loosened.

Liking is wanton.

Love is restraint.

Justin Xavier felt... although he hadn't learned how to love, he already knew what love is.

"Wife, you're struggling very hard now, right? It's okay, close your eyes and sleep, and when you open your eyes tomorrow, all the pain will be gone, you and the baby will both be fine."

"Really?" Leah was uncertain.

Justin Xavier took out another syringe, his eyes bloodshot as if tears of blood were about to flow out.

At this moment, he still chose to let go.

Maybe, this letting go is for a lifetime.

In fact, he was very afraid.

He was... enduring the pain of letting go of love.

"Of course it's true. Wife, I'll give you... an injection, and after that, it'll be better, just endure a little pain..."

Justin Xavier's voice was trembling, his fingertips were trembling, each moment now was torture, he slowly... inserted the syringe into Leah's slender arm.

Leah immediately felt drowsy, as if something was pulling her down continuously.

But, she was reluctant to close her eyes.

She was reluctant to close her eyes.

Looking at Justin Xavier in front of her, she raised her small hand and placed it on his handsome face.

Her fingers gently traced his features, filled with deep attachment.

Justin Xavier pressed his handsome face into her soft palm, rubbing like a small beast, with eyes closed, "Leah, do you know how much I wish time could turn back? If time could turn back, in the year you turned 18, I would definitely give you a beautiful start. If time could turn back, there would be no Davina Rowe or Margery, no one else, I would definitely give you a clean body and make you the only one in my life. If time could turn back... No, I'm afraid to let time turn back, because that would mean your time would turn back too. I know if you had another choice, there are many things you'd do. You would find a way to prevent your daddy and mommy from having an accident, a way to change your brother's fate. You might even tear apart the pretentious ones, become rich, and live a splendid life, but... your choices would no longer include me."

Leah's eyelashes trembled, and she suddenly started to cry.

She closed her eyes gently, yes, if time could turn back, she would make the Xavier family disappear, and also make... Justin Xavier disappear from her life.

Because loving him... was too painful.

Justin Xavier gently kissed away her tears, then his large hand covered Leah's small belly; during these difficult days, she had already been pregnant for more than three months.

The once flat belly was now slightly protruding, with a hint of pregnancy.

"Baby, you have to accompany your mommy well in the future, don't be naughty. Mommy went through a lot carrying you, you must love mommy well, understand?" Justin Xavier murmured hoarsely.

At that moment, Leah's belly moved suddenly, kicking Justin Xavier's palm.

Justin Xavier froze, stunned. What did he just feel?

Is this... fetal movement?

The baby actually moved.

The baby kicked him.

"Wife, did you feel that? The baby moved, the baby moved!" Justin Xavier looked at Leah with joyful excitement.

Leah also felt the fetal movement for the first time. The miracle and beauty of life made her incredibly happy, "Yes, husband, I felt it. The baby is interacting with you. The baby must love you very, very much as their daddy."

In fact, Leah had never told Justin Xavier that the baby in her belly was a girl.

Justin Xavier has a daughter!

Serena Sterling personally said so, there's no mistake. The little sweetheart from Justin Xavier's past life was about to arrive in this world.

This was the baby's first fetal movement and it was with Justin Xavier; indeed, little sweethearts are invincible.

Justin Xavier didn't know this yet. He was just happy, incredibly happy, as he placed a deep kiss on Leah's belly, "Baby, daddy loves you too, very much."

Leah watched the interaction between the father and daughter, feeling full and warm in her heart, and she slowly curled her red lips.

"Husband, I'm sleepy, I want to sleep~" Leah gently closed her eyes.

Justin Xavier knew the medication was taking effect; when she closed her eyes, it was the moment she would forget him.

Justin Xavier held her small hand tightly in his palm, lying beside her ear, whispering softly, "Wife, have I ever told you?"

"What?" Leah asked groggily.

"Wife, I love you."

He said, wife, I love you~

This was the first time he had ever told her he loved her.

Leah curled her lips, nodded, "Yes, I know."