

Substitute B 1081

Chapter 1081: Oh, So That's the Type You Like?

Cain Shaw left.

Christina Shaw was in a miserable state, lying on the ground, glaring hatefully at Cain Shaw's departing figure, she swore to herself that she would definitely have him!

...

Cain Shaw drank quite a bit, couldn't drive, so the driver took him to the villa, "Sir, please bear with it for a while, someone has been sent to get the antidote, it should arrive soon."

Cain Shaw's tall figure was hidden in the dim light of the back seat, he didn't speak, just closed his eyes and pinched his brow.

The driver had been with Cain for several years and understood his temperament quite well, so he tentatively spoke, "Sir, would you like me to find a girl for you, someone pretty and fresh? You know, men need to indulge once in a while."

Cain Shaw opened his eyes, "No need."

He got out of the car and entered the villa.

Opening the villa door, it was pitch black inside, Cain paused a moment, and then realized after a few seconds, Tanya Sullivan had left.

If she were here, no matter how late it was, she would leave a light on for him.

And her pet cat, which always shamelessly rubbed against him, meowing at him.

Cain reached out to turn on the wall lamp and entered his bedroom, starting to take a cold shower.

This Christina really had some nerve, daring to use such despicable means against him; even the old Shaw wouldn't dare to confront him directly.

Cain only felt restless all over, Christina must have found the best drug, cold water running over his body didn't alleviate the heat at all, instead, it was like fire and ice, making him even more sensitive.

Cain lowered his handsome eyes, and Tanya Sullivan's small egg-shaped face appeared in his mind...

He couldn't think of her!

Cain quickly closed his eyes, forcing himself to shake off the image of her little face, because as long as he thought of her, he felt his blood boiling.

The cold water gushed continuously, Cain rolled his throat, then reached out and with a "snap," turned off the shower.

He quickly dressed and went out.

The driver hadn't left, still parked on the lawn outside the villa, he saw Cain approaching from a distance.

"Sir, it's late, where are you heading?" the driver asked.

Cain got into the car, pressed his thin lips, "To find Tanya Sullivan."

The driver wasn't surprised, when the antidote was mentioned earlier, Cain didn't speak, the driver faintly guessed Cain had other intentions.

It was Miss Sullivan again...

They said the sir hadn't changed lovers for quite a while, this Miss Sullivan must be quite something, the driver truly witnessed it, the young ladies these days are increasingly amazing.

"Alright, sir, Miss Sullivan has been arranged at the hotel, we'll go there now." The driver hit the accelerator.

...

In the presidential suite of the hotel.

Tanya Sullivan had finished showering, wearing a white bathrobe sitting in front of the vanity, she was drying her hair.

Meow meow meow~

The kitten clung to her feet, meowing a few times.

Tanya snapped back to reality, the hairdryer had been blowing for quite a while, yet her hair was still half wet, she looked up at her reflection in the mirror, her eyes were blank, her mind wandering.

Setting down the hairdryer, Tanya reached out and cuddled the kitten in her arms, "Little kitty, what are you calling for?"

Meow meow meow~

The kitten meowed again.

Tanya's lashes trembled, her voice soft, "Are you asking... about Cain Shaw, he's probably with his fiancée now, doesn't have time for us."

Meow meow meow~

"That's right, he's getting married, but we won't be attending the wedding because he wouldn't invite us, he hasn't even told us."

Meow meow meow~

The person and the cat conversed in the presidential suite.

At that moment, "ding-dong," the doorbell suddenly rang.

Someone was knocking on the door.

Who is it?

Tanya stood up, walked to the door, and opened it, outside stood a tall, imposing figure, it was Cain Shaw.

Cain Shaw is here!

Tanya didn't expect him to come over so late, her slender fingers slightly curled, she looked over with her clear, almond-shaped eyes, "Why are you here?"

Cain Shaw's gaze fell on her small face, then he curved his thin lips into a shallow smile, countered, "Why can't I come?"

"It's very late now, don't you fear your soon-to-be wife will be seething with jealousy? I think your fiancée loves being jealous."

"Heh," Cain chuckled in a low, gravelly voice, "Do you think... I'm here to do something with you?"

Tanya immediately furrowed her delicate brows, "It's really late, I'm going to sleep, goodbye."

She reached out to close the door.

But Cain pressed his knee against it, stopping the door easily with the force from his knee.

Tanya raised her head, a bit annoyed, "Cain Shaw, what are you doing? You come here in the middle of the night, speak sarcastically, and now you're trying to act like a madman?"

Cain looked at her little face, only 19 years old, her face was white and tender, full of collagen, having just showered, she smelled delightful, her half-wet hair hung down, with strands coiled around her pink neck, everything about her seemed alluring.

"Who is the boy in the photos?" he asked, low and hoarse.

Which boy?

Tanya belatedly recalled those photos the elder Shaw had brought, there was nothing between her and the boy in them.

Back when a competition at school occurred, she and that boy were both selected, walked together discussing studies, even went out for competitions, at the time all teachers and students stayed at the same hotel.

Those photos were mere speculation, Tanya had never dated, never even held a boy's hand.

Now Cain wasn't smiling, his deep ink-dark eyes were fixed on her as if interrogating a suspect.

Tanya was displeased, she hadn't even questioned him about Christina, yet he preemptively inquired about the boy.

"This is my personal matter, has nothing to do with you!"

Pfft~

Cain lazily laughed, hands in his pant pockets, "Tanya Sullivan, so you like that type, is he even mature yet?"

What?

What did he mean?

How could he spout such... vulgar words?

She really shouldn't have had any hopes for him, he was just a person from the underworld, that's who he truly was.

"Cain Shaw, what business is it of yours who I like, why do you care so much?"

Was she admitting it?

Cain's handsome brows covered in frost, he sneered, "Last night, when I asked you to stay, you acted so pure and virtuous, I thought you hadn't been with a man, turns out you had already spent nights with one!"

Tanya's face flushed red and white in an instant, "Cain Shaw, you bastard!"

She raised her hand to slap his handsome face.

Cain's narrow eyes suddenly half-closed, was she getting addicted to hitting?

Chapter 1082: She Is My Woman Now

Cain Shaw raised his hand and grabbed her slender white wrist. His face was stern, a powerful aura radiating from him, "Tanya Sullivan, have I spoiled you too much? Try hitting me once!"

Tanya's hand paused in mid-air, but her eyes widened with anger, her cheeks flushed as she looked at him, "Cain, I hate you!"

She said Cain, I hate you!

Cain was truly infuriated, his rage spilling over, "You hate me, so who do you like? That boy who hasn't even grown up yet? Tonight, I'll show you who's better!"

Cain strode forward with his long legs, his tall and upright figure squeezed through the door gap. He kicked the door shut with his foot, released her wrist, held her small face with both hands, and lowered his head to kiss her.

Tanya's black and white pupils contracted sharply, his overwhelming kiss descended, and her mind exploded with a loud "boom."

What was he doing?

Didn't he have Christina Shaw?

Wasn't he going to marry Christina?

"Mmm, let go!" Tanya struggled forcefully.

She fluttered in his arms, and the bodies of the two constantly rubbed against each other intimately. Cain's eyes were bloodshot, his blood boiling, countless voices shouting to claim her!

He used to hold back because she was young and from a good family, but now all his rationality turned to ashes in the burning fire and those few photos. He had been thinking about her for a long time, yearning since last night.

They met by accident and entered each other's lives, the indescribable feelings always separated by a thin layer of window paper. He had too many concerns, she was young, neither broke the paper.

But tonight, everything was shattered. Cain kissed her fiercely, like a hungry wolf.

Tanya couldn't break free from him; she might be able to fight Carney Shaw, but she was absolutely no match for Cain.

At this point, Cain retreated with her a few steps. Her knees hit the edge of the bed, and they both fell into the soft bed together.

"Cain, let me go!" Tanya angrily bit down on his lip.

Hiss.

Cain winced in pain and let her go.

She had already bitten him hard enough to draw blood.

"Cain, what are you doing, let me go, don't touch me!"

Cain pressed her smooth shoulder down, pinning her beneath him. Now her lips were swollen, adding a forbidden appeal. Cain wiped the blood from his lip with his thumb and said domineeringly, "Why can others, but I can't?"

"..." What nonsense was he spouting?

Tanya lifted her body and bit his shoulder.

Cain felt her small, sharp teeth biting into his shoulder, the already heated body temperature being aggravated. He reached out, directly pulling at her bathrobe's belt...

Tanya let out a painful gasp, her small face instantly drained of all color.

Her eyes were hot, and tears rolled from the corners of her eyes.

"Don't cry." His voice hoarse as he kissed her tears away.

...

The next morning.

Cain woke up, the brilliant sunlight outside already streaming in. He raised his hand to block the light.

At that moment, all the memories of last night flooded into his mind, and he froze.

He turned his head to see a small figure at the edge of the bed. Tanya had her back to him, curled up in a small ball on the edge of the bed, close enough to fall off if she moved.

Last night, he didn't leave but stayed here. Several times during the night he held her in his arms, but she would immediately move away, distancing herself from him.

Cain sat up, the silk quilt slipping down, revealing his muscular chest. Now his body was covered in intimate scratches.

Last night she was like a little wildcat, refusing to comply.

Cain licked his dry lips, his sharp eyes narrowing. Only now did he realize what he had done.

He had assaulted a girl, forcing her into an intimate relationship.

Cain lifted the covers and noticed a spot of red on the sheet. His fingers paused, realizing then... he already knew she was pure, that she hadn't been touched by another man.

He had destroyed her innocence.

Cain moved to the edge of the bed, looking at the girl. She was sleeping, her palm-sized face appearing pale.

Cain reached out to stroke her small face.

But before he could touch her, she reflexively shrank back, avoiding his touch.

The guilt in Cain's heart surged like a tide, nearly overwhelming him. He placed something by her pillow, speaking in a hoarse voice, "From now on, my life is yours; you can take it anytime."

He gave her a gun.

Tanya didn't respond.

At this moment, the "ding" of the doorbell of the presidential suite sounded.

Someone was knocking at the door outside.

Cain looked deeply at Tanya, then walked to open the door.

"Mr. Shaw, Ms. Young is here, we couldn't stop her." The subordinate reported anxiously.

Cain raised his head as Jodie Young walked down the corridor.

"Cain, where is my daughter Dianna?" Jodie Young asked directly.

Cain pursed his thin lips.

Jodie Young, being an excellent and successful businesswoman, had an innate sharp intuition. Plus, seeing Cain now in disheveled clothes, looking as if he just woke from a woman's embrace, her gaze immediately fell on the closed door of the presidential suite, "Is my daughter inside?"

Cain nodded, "Yes."

"You and my daughter?"

Cain looked at Jodie Young, not avoiding her gaze at all, "She is now my woman."

Slap.

Jodie Young raised her hand and delivered a harsh slap to Cain Shaw's face.

"Mr. Shaw!" The subordinate exclaimed.

Cain showed no expression, raising his hand to stop the subordinate, "Get out of here!"

The subordinate glanced at the domineering Jodie Young before reluctantly leaving.

Jodie Young's expression was harsh as she looked coldly at Cain, "I've heard of you, Cain Shaw, the adopted son of the Shaw family in Starfall City, and I also heard that the Shaw family is preparing for a wedding. You are to marry Miss Shaw, becoming the son-in-law of the Shaw family. Now, I want to ask you, what about my daughter?"

Cain spoke softly, "There will be no wedding. I will not marry Christina Shaw."

"Are you planning to take responsibility for my daughter?"

Cain frowned slightly, recalling her tears from last night, "She is now my woman. I will naturally take responsibility for her, but I don't know her feelings."

"If she is unwilling to marry me, then she can take my life; if she is willing to marry me, then I will marry her immediately."

Jodie Young was not moved at all. She scrutinized Cain, "If I'm not mistaken, you and Dianna's father are in the same profession, right?"

Chapter 1083: He Said His Life Would Be Hers from Now On

A slight movement crossed Cain Shaw's brow, but he remained silent.

Jodie Young sneered, "You don't need to give me any answers, because I already know,

You say you want to marry Dianna, fine. What's your name, where do you live, what's your profession, dare to tell me? My daughter is getting married, I'm choosing a son-in-law, asking about your family background, is that unreasonable?"

Cain Shaw pressed his thin lips together, all sounds stuck in his throat.

"See, you can't say anything, so what can you offer Dianna? What do you have to marry her?"

"I had a marriage with Jason Hollis, he treated me very well, really well, as long as he was home, he would do the laundry, cook, make me laugh, tolerate all my whims and bad temper, he cared for me, but was I happy? No, I wasn't happy at all."

"Three hundred sixty-five days a year, I might only see him a few days, when I missed him, he wasn't by my side, when I was pregnant, he wasn't by my side, when I gave birth to Dianna, he wasn't by my side."

"I remember one year when it snowed heavily, that night it was freezing, but Dianna had a high fever, in a panic I threw on a coat and took her to the hospital, I couldn't get a cab, so I walked holding Dianna, but on the way I slipped and couldn't get up, there were no passersby, no one to lend a hand. I could only lie on the ground, on that cold, snowy ground, sitting with Dianna next to me, I smiled at her, but my eyes were filled with tears. No one knew how lonely and desperate I was at that moment."

"Later he came back, took me shopping, what a coincidence, that day the mall caught fire, it was chaos inside. I wasn't scared, not of myself, but scared for my daughter Dianna. She was so little, I couldn't let her get hurt, but he left us, showed us a safe way out, said there were people in danger he had to rescue."

"Such a marriage lasted many years, I couldn't take it anymore, asked him for a divorce. He pleaded with me on the phone, begged me not to leave. He said he had asked his superior for leave and would be back with me the next day. I said okay, I'll wait for you, but he didn't come back, went on another mission, and even when I called him, all I heard were busy tones."

Recalling that marriage, Jodie Young's eyes had no tears, only a coldness and mockery, "I don't know what that marriage taught me. Didn't I love Jason? We married out of love, in our wedding photos I was smiling, sweet and soft, full of dreams and hope for the future. I loved Dianna so much, but in the end... for the divorce, I even left Dianna behind."

"I married Jason, so no one understands you better than I do. You, you're not even people, always changing countless identities, you don't belong to yourselves anymore."

"Cain Shaw, I ask you one question, what right do you have to marry Dianna? Dianna is only 19, her beautiful life has just begun, are you trying to ruin her life?"

"I am Dianna's mother, I will never, in this life, watch Dianna become a second me, I will never let her repeat my mistakes!"

With that, Jodie Young swept away and left.

Jodie Young's feelings were completely understandable, she spent half her life getting out of her marriage with Jason, now her daughter was involved with Cain Shaw, her heart was shocked, resistant, and disgusted.

As long as she's alive, she won't let her daughter be with Cain Shaw.

Cain Shaw watched as the businesswoman Jodie Young walked away, he had seen Jodie Young's details, at 20, she was pretty and sweet, a small, charming wife nestled by Jason's side, but now Jodie Young was strong, fierce, and cold, with no trace of her former softness.

That was what the marriage taught her.

Cain Shaw's fingers curled slightly at his side, his entire being hidden in shadow.

"Master Shaw, Miss Sullivan is still in the room, do you want to go in?" a subordinate asked softly at this moment.

Cain Shaw looked at the tightly closed room door in front of him, he reached out, grasped the doorknob, intending to open the door.

But the next moment, his action to open the door stalled.

Slowly, he withdrew his hand, turned, and left.

Cain Shaw arrived at the dim doorway, lit a cigarette, blue smoke blurred his handsome face.

Soon, a melodious ringtone sounded, a call came in.

It was from the Old Master Shaw.

Cain Shaw pressed the button to answer the call, Old Master Shaw's voice quickly came through, "Cain, where are you now? Tina's not feeling well and is in the hospital. Can you come over and see her?"

Cain Shaw brought the half-smoked cigarette to his lips and took a deep drag. Under the flickering crimson flame, he nodded, "Okay, I'll head over right now."

...

Jodie Young and Tanya Sullivan were having dinner together, Jodie looked at her daughter and said, "Dianna, I think you've had enough rest. Let's prepare to leave here, come home with mom, forget everything from before, and forget the name Tanya Sullivan. From now on, you're the Young family's daughter, a high-society lady. Mom will arrange your studies, let you go abroad for further education, your youthful and vibrant life is just beginning."

Tanya Sullivan kept her head down, eating, her long eyelashes quietly hanging down, she didn't speak.

She had been very quiet these past few days, not speaking at all.

At this moment, there was a "click", and the villa door suddenly opened.

Tanya Sullivan paused and quickly looked up.

It was Jodie Young's personal secretary who entered.

In that moment, the light in Tanya Sullivan's eyes quickly extinguished, she put down her bowl and chopsticks, "I'm done eating, I'll head back to my room."

Tanya Sullivan went upstairs.

The personal secretary approached, "Boss, why does the young lady seem a little down?"

The personal secretary could see it, and Jodie Young had seen through it long ago. Cain Shaw hadn't shown up these days, her daughter was clearly waiting for him with this absent-minded look.

"We've just been reunited, Dianna might be feeling a little uneasy." Jodie Young elegantly cut a piece of steak, "Any moves from Cain Shaw these past two days?"

"In reply to the boss, Cain Shaw has been with Christina Shaw these past two days, and I've heard... Cain Shaw agreed to the marriage, the Shaw family is already preparing the wedding."

Jodie Young didn't say much, she knew Cain Shaw had listened to what she said that day.

"Boss, this is something Cain Shaw handed over for the young lady." The personal secretary presented an item.

...

In the room.

Tanya Sullivan sat on the bed, holding the item Cain Shaw had given her that day—his gun.

Tanya Sullivan's fair fingers caressed it, and on the cold metal, there seemed to linger the warmth of his masculine presence and its rough, sand-like texture.

He had said, from now on, his life was hers!

Chapter 1084: Don't Look Back!

At this moment, the sound of knocking on the door echoed, and a voice came from outside: "Dianna, are you asleep?"

Tanya swiftly tucked the gun under her pillow, "Not yet."

Jodie Young pushed the door open and entered, carrying a cup of hot milk, "Dianna, drink this before going to bed. I've noticed that you haven't had much appetite these past few days. You've gotten all skinny and pale."

Tanya reached out to take the milk, "Thank you."

"Dianna," Jodie Young sat down next to Tanya, "Is the reason you don't want to go home with mom because of Cain Shaw?"

Tanya's heart skipped a beat.

"Dianna, this is something Cain Shaw asked someone to pass to you." Jodie Young handed Tanya a package delivered by Cain's personal secretary.

It was an envelope.

Tanya put down the milk and opened the envelope; inside were two plane tickets dated for tomorrow.

Since that day, Cain Shaw had disappeared, never appearing in front of her again.

Now he had someone send this, but it was a plane ticket for tomorrow.

His intention was quite clear; he wanted her to leave here tomorrow.

Tanya's small oval face turned ghostly white.

"Dianna, the Shaw family is already making preparations for the wedding. Cain Shaw is going to marry Tina Shaw, the wedding date is set, and their marriage news should be announced soon all over Starfall City," Jodie Young said.

Tanya's face was pale. Her slender white fingers tightly clutched the plane tickets. A few seconds later, she slowly said, "Where is Cain Shaw now? I want to see him."

"Dianna, at this point, you still want to see Cain Shaw? If he wanted to see you, he would have already done so. He's been spending these days with Tina Shaw, and they are inseparable."

Listening to these words, Tanya didn't reveal much emotion; she merely softly insisted, "I want to see him."

"Dianna! You've only known Cain Shaw for a few days, do you know what kind of person he is? Has he ever told you who he is? He's always been mixed up in the underworld, constantly surrounded by women. He's not a good person!"

Tanya's knuckles turned white. She looked up at Jodie Young and said word by word, "No matter what you say, I still want to see him. What kind of person he is, what he wants to do, I don't need to hear it from you; I want to hear it directly from him."

Seeing the persistence and determination in her daughter's eyes, Jodie Young was silent. She knew that if she didn't let her daughter give up, she'd never leave with her.

"All right, I'll take you to see Cain Shaw now."

...

Several luxury cars were parked at the entrance of the six-star hotel, guarded by a group of burly men in black.

The hotel owner personally escorted the distinguished guests out. Other guests, witnessing such a scene, consciously moved to the other side, glancing up to see a few people standing in the dimly lit area where the bodyguards had set up a barrier: the elder Shaw, Cain Shaw, Tina Shaw, and several prominent figures from Starfall City's underworld.

Turns out they were from the Shaw family, no wonder.

The other guests dared not look too much, moving quickly away.

The elder Shaw saw off those big shots, then smiled at Cain and said, "Cain, these uncles are my good friends, with a lot of businesses at hand. Back when Carney was around, he always wanted to meet them but never had the chance. Now, as you're marrying Tina, I'll naturally pass some of the people, matters, and central power to you gradually."

The Shaw family has been entrenched in Starfall City for a century; the water runs deep. Cain Shaw has taken over many businesses in recent years but has never reached the core.

The elder Shaw is a sly old fox, unwilling to hand it over easily.

Now, Cain Shaw is finally starting to make contact.

Cain cast a discreet look at the direction those big shots left. These people had astonishing identities, a certain charity fund founder, a certain hospital director, a certain music superstar...

If not for today's dinner gathering, who would have thought that these respectable figures were tangled up with the Shaw family in such a way.

They were like a web intertwined, engaging in various illicit dealings.

Cain curled his lips slightly, "Grandpa, I'll do my best."

"Exactly, Dad, Cain is already your son-in-law. Just confidently hand over all your business to Cain." Tina Shaw sweetly clung to Cain's strong arm, playfully said.

The elder Shaw nodded, "I shall return first; Cain, you send Tina home."

The elder Shaw left in his car.

"Cain, tonight, should we... go to your place or to mine?" Tina Shaw looked up, sending a coyly amorous glance at Cain.

Cain reached out, pulling Tina into his embrace, his handsome face inches away from her. In a voice only the two of them could hear, he whispered intimately, "Won't we wait until the wedding night? Seems like you're quite... a little greedy kitty."

Tina Shaw's past boyfriends were many, yet none could match Cain Shaw's allure. If Tanya was oblivious to relationships, Tina was well-versed. She knew within Cain's robust, wild physique lay a power capable of captivating women deeply.

Rumor had it that he was a walking aphrodisiac, and Tina Shaw had long been eager to taste him.

To Tina, men were her playthings; it wasn't men who bed her, but she who bedded them.

Cain was no exception.

However, Cain was indeed hard to handle, different from others.

Tina Shaw squirmed slightly, teasingly said, "Cain, you are so naughty."

Cain's lips carried a smile, though it didn't reach his eyes. As he sensed a gaze falling upon him, he looked up.

Across the street, a luxurious car was parked, beside which stood a slender silhouette — Tanya.

Tanya had arrived.

Perhaps she had been standing there quietly for some time, witnessing the flirtation between him and Tina Shaw.

Cain met her almond-shaped eyes. Now she was looking at him, and he was looking at her, their gazes locked.

Cain froze.

Sensing Cain's strange behavior, Tina Shaw asked puzzledly, "Cain, what are you looking at?"

Tina Shaw turned to see.

But Cain quickly pulled Tina into his embrace, blocking her view, "Let's go back."

Tina nodded, "Okay."

The two of them got into the luxury car, Cain stepped on the gas, speeding away.

The car gradually disappeared into the distance, while Cain glanced up through the rearview mirror. Far away, he saw that slender silhouette still standing there, as if watching him leave.

With slender and powerful fingers, he gripped the steering wheel tightly. Cain restrained himself from looking back, repeatedly warning himself not to look back! Absolutely, do not look back!

All these years, no matter what, amidst the battles, never had he turned back.

Chapter 1085: She Had Never Seen Him That Gentle

But now, he wants to turn back.

He clenched his fist tightly, the veins on the back of his hand bulging, using all his strength to restrain himself from turning back.

"Cain, our wedding invitations are already being customized. What kind of wedding do you like? My dad wants a traditional Chinese one, but I want a Western style. Why don't we have both, one Chinese and one Western, and then I'll ask my dad to give you a few days off for a honeymoon trip?" Christina Shaw said expectantly.

Just then, the sharp sound of brakes suddenly pierced the air as Cain Shaw slammed on the brakes and parked by the roadside.

Christina sat in the passenger seat, and luckily she had her seatbelt on, otherwise the sudden stop would have caused her to hit her head.

"Cain, what's wrong? Why did you stop suddenly? Did something happen?"

Cain's handsome brow was covered with a layer of frost as he pursed his lips and uttered two words, "Get out!"

Get out.

Simple yet domineering.

What?

Christina's face changed. This was an overpass, and if she got out here, how would she get back? It was impossible to hail a cab here.

He was going to leave her here?

"Cain, are you crazy? How can you leave me here? I..."

"Get out. I don't like saying things a third time. Do you understand what I mean?" Cain interrupted her.

Christina looked at Cain, his dark, deep eyes like ink, emitting a chilling, somber light in the faint moonlight, like a dangerous beast lurking in the forest, sending chills down her spine.

Christina's scalp tingled as she opened the passenger door and got out.

"Cain, you're being too much! Do you believe I won't go to my dad and tell him, or maybe I won't marry you!" Christina said defiantly, gritting her teeth.

But the next second, with a "whoosh," Cain accelerated away.

Christina was left covered in exhaust fumes, feeling utterly humiliated and furious.

...

Tanya Sullivan was still standing in the same place, not leaving.

Before long, a light drizzle began to fall, it started raining.

"Dianna, you've already seen Cain. Let's go with mom and leave here," Jodie Young held a black umbrella over Tanya's head.

The fan-like wings quietly drooped down, and Tanya didn't speak immediately, "I'm waiting for Cain."

What?

Jodie was taken aback, "Dianna, you saw it just now, Cain is with Christina, he's already gone."

"He will come back."

"You..." Jodie was a little angry. This daughter's personality was much like her own, but even more stubborn.

Just then, a luxurious car sped towards them and stopped in front of them. The driver's door opened and the tall, upright figure of Cain appeared.

Cain had returned.

Jodie was stunned. She hadn't expected Cain to come back.

Cain walked up to Tanya, and their eyes locked.

"Cain, have a chat with Dianna. Just now, Dianna refused to leave, she said she was waiting for you to come back." Having said this, Jodie left.

Only Cain and Tanya were left, Cain pursed his lips, his voice low, "Why are you waiting for me?"

Tanya looked up at him, her small oval face a picture of innocence, her hair casually styled into a bun, making her look even more pure and pretty, her limpid almond eyes glistening, "I'm waiting for you to give me an explanation."

These words quickly pulled Cain's memory back to that night, the girl's skin as smooth as top-quality lamb fat, marked by the colors he had left...

Cain's throat moved slightly, his voice already somewhat hoarse, "An explanation? What kind of explanation do you want? We're both adults, it's normal for there to be a moment of impulse between adults. Tanya Sullivan, you're not thinking of clinging to me, wanting me to take responsibility, are you?"

"I have many women around me, you're no different from them. I occasionally try something new, slept with you once, but I don't plan to a second time. So, do you understand what I'm saying? I won't give up an entire garden for a single flower."

"I'm going to marry Christina Shaw. You can imagine what comes with marrying her, I don't need to spell it out. So my meaning is clear. Did you receive the plane ticket I sent you? You and your mom should leave here quickly."

After that day, he disappeared, with no word left. Tanya insisted on waiting for him, waiting for his explanation.

Now his explanation had arrived, each word clear, giving her the plane ticket, telling her to leave.

Between adults, sleeping together was no big deal. He could easily move on to other women, or marry someone else.

Tanya looked at him, "Are you done talking?"

"Are you expecting some compensation? Alright, as long as you ask, I can give you a house, a car, a cheque, whatever you want."

"Tanya Sullivan, I always thought you were quite fun. Are you going to become a dull person now?"

Tanya's face turned cold, her slender, fair fingers clenching tightly by her sides. She looked at him, with an inherent stubborn coolness, and after a long time, she finally said, "No need, I don't want any compensation. That night, I'll just consider that I got bit by a dog."

Finished speaking, Tanya turned and walked away.

As she turned, Cain saw her white eye rims turn red. He reached out, grabbing her slender wrist.

"Tanya Sullivan..." he called her name.

But Tanya quickly shook off his hand. Her movements were swift, and in the next second, Cain felt something cold and hard pressed against his chest.

Cain looked down, it was a gun.

The gun he had given her.

Now she was pressing it against his heart.

She wanted his life.

Cain looked at the girl in front of him, and she at him, no, glaring at him. Her eyes were red, glaring at him fiercely, burning with a fierce light, as if wanting to set him ablaze.

He understood, she hated him from the bottom of her heart.

In the depths of Cain's dark eyes flickered hidden softness, "Tanya Sullivan, do you want my life?"

Tanya curled her lips, the icy smile tinged with a crystalline tear, "Can't I? You said, your life is mine from now on, that I can take it whenever I want, you rapist!"

These last three words left Cain speechless, he had indeed wronged her. Cain nodded, "Alright then, I'll give you my life."

He said alright, I'll give you my life.

Tanya's heart turned completely cold, as if she had fallen into an abyss. What would she do with his life? She had always thought that his words "from now on, my life is yours" were a promise, his promise to her.

Looks like she was wrong.

That night, he wasn't like this. At first, he was very rough, but later, he became gentle. She had never seen him so gentle.

Chapter 1086: Leah Thorne Gives Birth

He kissed away the tears on her face over and over again, then intertwined his long fingers with hers.

His gaze burned into her, with an indescribable affection of a man gazing at a woman, drenched in sweat with her.

In the end, he leaned down and called her name by her ear—Dianna... Dianna... Dianna...

Tanya Sullivan never understood this man; on the surface, he seemed wild and reckless, yet when alone, he withdrew his flamboyant edges. She always saw him alone, either standing silently or lighting a cigarette, emitting an indescribable sense of the passage of time, his body inscribed with stories.

That night, he appeared to shed all disguises, unusually tender and charming towards her.

She admitted her heart fell under his spell.

However, he personally shattered it all now, making her deeply realize it always had been her illusion.

At this moment, she truly harbored intentions to kill, craving his life.

But...

Cain Shaw waited for her to pull the trigger. He had said that his life was hers, not a joke, but the gun barrel at her chest slowly withdrew, and Tanya Sullivan pulled back her hand.

The rain was pouring harder, drenching their clothes. Cain Shaw looked up to see Tanya Sullivan's gun-holding hand weakly hanging by her side, her face wet with rain, or perhaps with tears of restraint.

Tanya Sullivan looked at him, speaking word by word, "Cain Shaw, I never want to see you again!"

With that, her figure quickly disappeared into the rainy night, vanishing from his sight, and also from his life.

That night, Cain Shaw stood there for a long time, unmoving. He knew this time she was truly gone.

After that, there was no more Tanya Sullivan in the world.

Their brief encounter felt like a dream; she had once dazzled his eyes, walked alongside him, left a light on for him at home, and given him unforgettable joy. She was his first and only woman.

All these years, with no one but himself and a faith, he also possessed a her.

Because of her, he tasted greed, lived in greed, longed to possess, and wished for eternity. He began to understand that this was what the world's love, longing, and parting meant.

Does it hurt?

Of course, it does.

But he very clearly understood, Jodie Young was right; he was not born for himself and couldn't give her a future.

If they met again, she would probably become the shiniest socialite, surrounded by splendor and flowers, and aside from him, no one would know her as Tanya Sullivan anymore.

Tanya Sullivan, goodbye.

...

The relationship between Cain Shaw and Tanya Sullivan made Leah Thorne sigh endlessly, but Leah couldn't do anything. In fact, doing nothing was safer for everyone, so Justin Xavier took Leah back to The Riverlands town.

In that little town, Leah's belly grew day by day, and soon five months had passed; the due date was approaching.

Serena Sterling had already adjusted her schedule; for Leah's delivery, she was definitely going to be the one to personally operate.

That day, Justin Xavier took Leah shopping, as the little life was about to arrive, there were many things to buy, wanting to buy everything, especially the baby clothes and accessories that were irresistibly adorable.

In the mall, Leah picked two pairs of pink little socks, asking Justin Xavier beside her, "Diego, aren't these socks pretty?"

Justin Xavier saw she was selecting items for a little girl, so he smirked, "Are you certain the baby inside you is a daughter?"

Of course, it's a daughter; Serena had told her so.

"What, do you prefer a son?" Leah glanced at him discontentedly, implying a preference for boys over girls.

Justin Xavier wanted to speak, but Leah snorted, "Don't explain, as explanation equals covering up."

With that, she turned away, ignoring him.

Her slightly annoyed look made Justin Xavier's handsome eyes fill with laughter; in truth, whether a son or daughter, he liked both, but deep down, he did have a slight preference for a daughter more.

A daughter resembling her mother would surely be just as beautiful.

Leah was now 39 weeks pregnant, and because Justin Xavier was personally taking care of her daily needs, her charming face was rosy and healthy-looking, though her limbs remained slender, only her belly noticeably protruded.

Justin Xavier's heart was full.

Leah felt like many men preferred sons, which was understandable, but if Justin Xavier liked sons, it made her a bit unhappy.

She felt she was becoming more odd; Justin Xavier wasn't even the child's father, so why was she upset?

Leah was speechless at herself.

She adjusted her mood and turned around, only to see Justin Xavier standing tall and elegant there, like a graceful tree, easily drawing countless eyes, now holding a pair of pink little socks, the soft pink hue adorned with a circle of white lace, small baby socks resting in his palm, appearing even smaller.

Looking down at the socks, his handsome eyes were filled with a tender, doting smile.

Leah trembled slightly, realizing he wasn't at all displeased with a daughter; his affection for a daughter was naturally evident from the depths of his being.

It seemed she misunderstood him.

Leah curved her red lips into a blissful smile.

...

The two returned to the courtyard; Justin Xavier prepared dinner, and Leah ate two small bowls with a good appetite, then returned to the room to prepare for sleep.

Holding her phone, Leah was on a call with Serena Sterling, who chuckled, "Leah, I'm already at the airport, flying over tonight; your delivery is soon, I'm afraid you'll have a premature birth, so I'm staying by your side for peace of mind."

Leah was unconcerned, "Serena, it's fine, you don't need to come back early, I won't give birth prematurely; everything is alright~"

But as soon as she said that, Leah suddenly felt a wave of intense pain in her belly, it hurt so much.

"Leah, what's wrong?"

Leah's face turned pale, breaking out in cold sweat on her forehead, collapsing onto the carpet, utterly at a loss. Being her first time giving birth with no experience, she was extremely nervous.

"Serena, I think... I think I'm going into labor..." At that moment, Leah felt a wetness beneath her skirt; her water had broken.

She was really about to give birth.

What should she do?

"Leah, don't panic, I'll be right over..." Even Serena Sterling, who had delivered countless babies, became worried instantly, and the two of them were thrown into chaos.

Then, "click," the door suddenly opened, and Justin Xavier came in.

Seeing Leah's current state, Justin Xavier's expression changed slightly, but he calmly draped a coat over Leah and cradled her horizontally, speaking in the gentlest voice she'd ever heard from him, "Leah, don't be afraid, I'm here, I've always been here."

Chapter 1087: So He Is Justin Xavier

Justin Xavier held Leah Thorne, driving her all the way to the hospital, then carried her into the delivery room.

Throughout the journey, Leah gazed at Justin Xavier's handsome face, and all the previous tension and unease got soothed in his embrace. He said, "Don't be scared; I'm here, I've always been here." Leah suddenly recalled that whether she was sad or happy, he had always been by her side, never leaving even half a step.

Leah raised her small hand and slowly hugged his neck; only he could give her complete security.

Diego...

Diego...

"In flourishing blooms, seek peace; through gentle clouds and flowing water, live this life..."

Is that what Diego means?

Leah's slender white fingers touched his handsome face, momentarily dazed. Why did he make her feel so familiar?

Who exactly is he?

Diego, who are you really?

In the hospital corridor, Justin Xavier shouted loudly, "Doctor! Doctor!"

Doctors and nurses in white coats hurried over immediately. "It's bad; the pregnant woman's water broke. Push her into the delivery room immediately, and we'll prepare for childbirth."

Justin Xavier gently placed Leah on a stretcher, suppressing the storm in his heart without revealing any emotion on his face, afraid of frightening her. Bending down, his large palm gently combed her bangs back, saying softly, "Leah, don't be afraid. I'll go in with you. We can definitely deliver the child safely and healthily."

She went into early labor, and Serena Sterling wasn't there, so there was definitely danger.

This child hadn't come easily, having accompanied them through the hardest years, and neither he nor she could accept any accident.

Justin Xavier couldn't accept any accident either. He needed her and the child.

She and the child were his entire life.

Leah felt immense pain, her ears buzzing, yet she nodded vigorously, "Okay!"

She would surely bring the baby safely and healthily into this world.

At this moment, a nurse brought a pre-delivery consent form. "Sir, are you the family of the pregnant woman? Please sign here."

Justin Xavier quickly took the pen and signed his name boldly at the bottom.

The man who had always occupied a high position even exuded an air of authority while signing a pre-delivery consent form.

"Sir, if you're entering the delivery room, please wear a sterile gown first." The nurse handed him a dark green hospital gown.

Justin Xavier put it on as quickly as possible.

The nurse placed the pre-delivery consent form beside Leah, then began pushing her into the delivery room.

Leah glanced sideways and saw the signature at the bottom — Justin Xavier.

The three characters of his name were written flamboyantly, exceptionally pleasing to the eye.

Justin Xavier...

Justin Xavier...

Leah was stunned, her mind echoing. She had been searching for Justin Xavier all along, and he turned out to be Justin Xavier himself.

He really was Justin Xavier!

"Looking for him thousands of times, suddenly turning around to see him under the dim lights."

Turns out, he was right by her side.

Images flooded Leah's mind like electrical sparks, reminding her of countless moments over the past ten years with Justin Xavier.

As she was pushed into the delivery room, it felt like walking through the first half of her life. Ten years of intertwining tears and nightmares, all her love had been entrusted to bygone times, leaving him was her only escape route.

Yet, she still couldn't leave him.

The wedding ring he slipped onto her finger was engraved with his secret deep love — JloveL.

He held her at night, even burying his face in her neck, crying like a child, humbly and devoutly pleading, "Leah, don't leave me."

Through several twists and turns of fate, her 18th birthday forged their greatest regret, and he vowed never to let go of her hand — his life's promise to her. He assumed the name Diego, eternally staying by her and their child's side.

These were probably the reasons she couldn't leave him or forget him, because his love took root long ago at first glance outside the Thorne family home, far earlier than hers.

Because his love remained vibrant and blossoming amidst thorns and bloodshed, far more steadfast and profound than hers.

Because his love...

Everything because of his love...

Leah's fair eyes grew crimson, inside stirred steaming heat, lashes fluttered as large teardrops fell.

With a click, the delivery room light turned on, blinding Leah, causing her to close her eyes in panic.

The whole world seemed upside down, in chaos.

"Don't be nervous, mommy-to-be. Follow my rhythm, let's do some deep breathing."

"Inhale, exhale, inhale... Push harder!"

Leah's slender white fingers clenched the sheets beneath her; she exerted all her strength to give birth to this child.

She and Justin Xavier's child.

But it wouldn't come out.

It hurt so much, unbearably.

Slowly she felt utterly exhausted.

"Leah! Leah!"

Someone was calling her.

Leah opened her eyes, saw clearly the person before her, Justin Xavier's beautiful face magnified in her vision.

Now he held her hand, watching her, calling her name, "Leah! Leah!"

Leah's vision grew increasingly blurry, suddenly unable to understand how she could forget him, how she could forget such a fondly loving Justin Xavier, how she could forget the Justin Xavier she loved so dearly?

Amidst her tears, Leah curved her red lips, foolishly smiling at him.

She thought she must be smiling quite hideously now.

Justin Xavier felt Leah's current state was not right, extremely wrong, anxiety swept over him, he looked at the doctor, "How much longer? Is the baby out yet?"

"The baby's head is stuck; the mommy-to-be lacks strength to deliver, making it easy for the baby to suffer oxygen deprivation, putting the mommy-to-be at risk too."

Justin Xavier's heart kept sinking; Leah wasn't just in early labor but now in labor difficulty too, his face turned ashen as he looked at the doctor, "What should we do now, should we switch to cesarean?"

"Uh..." Facing Leah's difficult situation, even the doctor hesitated.

Justin Xavier's brow furrowed deeply, forming a "J" finding these doctors worthless without Serena Sterling.

When exactly would Serena Sterling arrive?

At this moment, Justin Xavier felt his sleeve being pulled, he lowered his head to see Leah looking at him pitifully.

"Leah, what do you want to say?"

Leah's clothes were drenched in sweat as she struggled to look at Justin Xavier, "It hurts... it hurts..."

Justin Xavier's heart was immediately gripped by a giant hand, as she cried out in pain to him, saying she was in so much pain.

Justin Xavier felt unable to breathe.

"Did you hear her? She's crying out in pain!" Justin Xavier looked at the doctors with bloodshot eyes.

The doctors' scalps tingled, not daring to meet his gaze, then calls of alarm sounded quickly, "It's bad, the mother is bleeding heavily!"

Chapter 1088: Justin Xavier Becomes a Dad!

Leah had a massive hemorrhage.

It is often said that giving birth is like a walk through the gates of hell. Justin Xavier has been eagerly anticipating the arrival of the baby, yet he dreads the day of the baby's arrival. The anxiety bottled up inside him suddenly explodes, and he grabs the doctor by the collar, "Stop the bleeding! Stop the bleeding now! If anything happens to them, I want every one of you in this hospital to be buried with them!"

The doctor trembles in fear, cold sweat drips from his forehead.

Justin Xavier's eyes are bloodshot, and he appears sinister and terrifying. At this moment, a weak voice calls to him from nearby, "Justin..."

Justin Xavier freezes, feeling as if he's having an auditory hallucination.

He slowly turns around, his gaze falling on Leah's face. Her eyes are filled with tears, shimmering like a glorious galaxy, she looks at him and calls his name once more, "Justin..."

Justin...

Justin...

She has regained her memory!

She remembers him!

Justin Xavier suddenly freezes in place, his bloodshot eyes brimming with shock, confusion, joy, anxiety, and fear...

These emotions intertwine, causing him to temporarily forget how to react; all he hears is the echo of her calling him Justin.

At that moment, the door to the delivery room suddenly opens, and a cheerful voice announces, "Prof. Sterling is here!"

Serena Sterling arrives.

Justin Xavier turns and sees Serena Sterling. She's wearing a white coat, and despite her hurried arrival, she maintains her usual poise and composure.

The arrival of Serena Sterling brings joy to everyone, as this pillar of strength has finally arrived.

"Prof. Sterling, the patient is experiencing severe hemorrhage," the doctor quickly reports the situation.

Serena Sterling puts on her white mask and approaches Leah, taking her hand gently she speaks, "Leah, natural labor is no longer an option. We must perform a Cesarean section immediately, and I will personally perform the surgery. Don't worry, you and the baby are in my hands, I will ensure your safety."

No matter what, Serena Sterling, the good friend, is always by her side. Leah nods earnestly, "Yes!"

Serena Sterling looks up at Justin Xavier, "President Xavier, please wait outside."

"I..." Justin Xavier doesn't want to leave.

"I will call you in when the baby is born, close the door," Serena Sterling decisively instructs.

And with that, Justin Xavier is ushered out, the delivery room door slamming shut before him.

Justin Xavier waits, as each second passes like an eternity, feeling like an ant on a hot pan, he's in agony.

He doesn't know how she is doing inside.

He doesn't know why she suddenly remembers him.

Nor does he know what her sudden recovery of memories means for their future.

He has never felt such torment before.

Then, suddenly, there's the sound of a loud cry from the delivery room.

Justin Xavier's dark pupils contract sharply; this moment, the loud baby's cries pierce through all the gloominess in his heart like a bright sun breaking through the clouds. He feels the past slowly drifting away, welcoming a new life, a new hope.

This subtle emotion grows like a seed inside him, sprouting rapidly, his heart overflowing with joy.

Justin Xavier walks to the door of the delivery room, reaching out to push open the door.

He sees Serena Sterling holding a baby. The newborn baby is so tiny, Serena helps bathe and dress the baby, and once dressed, the baby opens its small mouth and cries softly.

Serena Sterling hands the baby to him, "President Xavier, congratulations! It's a little girl, weighing six pounds eight ounces, you're a father now!"

He has become a father!

Justin Xavier knows he has become a father!

This is his baby, his and Leah's baby, their baby has finally arrived.

This is a daughter.

Justin Xavier reaches out to hold his daughter, the baby who was crying just a moment ago suddenly stops crying, she opens her eyes and looks at Justin Xavier, then smiles contently.

Serena Sterling grins, unable to suppress her laughter, "President Xavier, they say daughters are a father's little sweetheart from a previous life, and it couldn't be more true. She cried in my arms, but she smiles in yours. She loves her daddy very much."

Justin Xavier's heart is filled with soft and overflowing strength, he flips open the pale yellow blanket to look at the baby's tiny face, others' newborns often look wrinkly and like little old men, but not his daughter.

His daughter is exactly as he imagined countless times, like her mommy, with a tiny rosy face, bright black eyes, making one want to give her a big kiss.

His daughter!

He finally has a daughter!

Justin Xavier places his daughter beside Leah, Leah, having undergone anesthesia and the pain of both natural and Cesarean birth, is very tired, she weakly looks at her daughter and gives her a gentle kiss on her tiny face.

Baby, mommy loves you~

Now, his wife and daughter are beside him, and he has another person to protect in this world. Justin Xavier can't help but reach out to stroke Leah's tender cheek, "Leah, I'm a father, you're a mother now."

"Yes." Leah tiredly closes her eyes.

Justin Xavier's expression changes drastically, "Leah, Leah..."

"President Xavier," Serena Sterling quickly interjects, "President Xavier, don't worry, Leah is just exhausted and has fallen asleep. Let her rest well and don't disturb her."

Justin Xavier is uneasy, reaching out to touch Leah's soft cheeks, "Is she really just asleep?"

Serena Sterling smiles, "President Xavier, rest assured, she is really just asleep."

"Okay." Justin Xavier nods.

...

In the ward.

Serena Sterling and several nurses gather around the crib, "Look at little Miss Xavier, her facial features and lines resemble mommy but her eyes are like daddy's."

"Haha, exactly, with such excellent genetic inheritance from mom and dad, little Miss Xavier is sure to be a beauty when she grows up."

At this moment, Justin Xavier stands leaning against the wall, one hand in his pocket, peering through the gap towards the crib. Wrapped in the pale yellow blanket, the baby looks around with sparkling, lively eyes.

Justin Xavier turns to Serena Sterling, speaking softly, "Why hasn't Leah woken up, she's been asleep for 2 hours."

Serena Sterling shows a helpless smile, as President Xavier has asked this same question over ten times in these two hours.

He is too anxious.

Serena Sterling says, "President Xavier, Leah is really just sleeping, but if you're truly worried, you can wake Leah up."

Should he wake her?

Justin Xavier looks towards the hospital bed; with the daughter's birth, Leah no longer has the round belly, she lies on the bed like a small cocoon just like their daughter.

Her long lashes falling quietly like cicada wings, the delicate face slightly pale, with signs of fatigue under her eyes.

Chapter 1089: Vivi

Justin Xavier shook his head, although he was worried, he still didn't wake her up.

He couldn't bear to.

"President Xavier, Leah needs sleep now, don't worry, no one is competing with you for your wife."

Although he said this, Justin Xavier still wanted to watch Leah, fearing that if he blinked, she would disappear again.

"Leah has regained her memory, did you know that?" Justin Xavier asked Serena Sterling.

Serena Sterling nodded, "I heard Leah call your name."

"Leah suddenly regaining her memory, is it a good thing or a bad thing? I fear she still can't overcome that mental hurdle, and that terrifying psychological disorder might come again like a recurring nightmare." Justin Xavier furrowed his brows, showing some worry.

Serena Sterling thought for a moment, then smiled slightly, "President Xavier, have you ever thought that Leah's sudden memory recovery this time might be because... she's already healed herself?"

Justin Xavier was taken aback, is that so?

Could it be?

She's already healed herself?

At this moment, with a soft moan, Leah on the bed moved a little, slowly opening her eyes.

Justin Xavier's body froze; his eyes brightened, he stepped forward.

But it was of no use, because someone was faster than him. Just a moment ago, Serena Sterling, who was advising him not to worry, suddenly dashed to the bedside and surrounded Leah.

Justin Xavier, "..."

Serena Sterling kindly held Leah's small hand, "Leah, how are you feeling? Now that the anesthetic has worn off, do you feel very sore?"

Leah weakly blinked, "It is a bit sore..."

At this moment, Justin Xavier saw Leah's eyes moving, looking for someone in the room.

He wanted to step forward.

But Serena Sterling spoke first, "Nanny, bring the baby over."

Due to family circumstances, neither Justin Xavier nor Leah had elders to take care of them, so they hired a top-tier nanny.

Justin Xavier, "..."

The nanny pushed the stroller to Leah's side, "Madam, the little princess is here."

Leah moved a bit towards the bedside, looking at her daughter with joy and love, she reached out to hold her daughter's soft little hand, kissing it gently, her voice sweet and soft, "Hi, baby, you've finally come to this world, mommy loves you~"

Justin Xavier felt utterly softened, his blood boiling, yet unable to muster any strength, he couldn't describe the sensation, his mind and heart were filled with his woman and his daughter...

"Leah, have you thought of a name for the baby? How about giving her a nickname first?" Serena Sterling suggested.

Leah looked at the baby, who was also staring at her, grinning.

"Let's call her... Vivi." Leah said.

Vivi...

Justin Xavier thought the name was really nice. Though Vivi was just born, she was lively and spirited, with such a sweet smile.

"Vivi, darling, from now on you'll be called Vivi." Leah kissed her daughter's little hand again.

At this moment, the nanny smiled, "Madam, are you planning to breastfeed Vivi?"

Without hesitation, Leah nodded, "Yes."

"Alright, madam just woke up, let's eat some noodles first, and then try feeding Vivi." The nanny instructed professionally.

At this moment, Serena Sterling opened the thermos, "Leah, you've just given birth, eat some brown sugar noodles first."

Leah reached for the chopsticks, "Serena, I can do it myself."

"Leah, let me feed you. From now on you're in confinement, be careful, women in confinement are very precious, a slight negligence can cause sickness."

"I understand." Leah nodded.

Serena Sterling picked up some noodles with chopsticks and brought them to Leah's lips. Leah didn't eat, she glanced sideways at Justin Xavier, who had been standing there since she woke up.

Justin Xavier had taken off his thin wool coat, revealing the gray striped sweater beneath, with black trousers, his stature elegant and upright.

Seeing her look over, his heart, which had been feeling neglected, instantly revived, he looked back at her, his eyes shining.

His deep, bright eyes were filled with her reflection.

Sometimes, words aren't needed; a look is enough.

Leah shifted her gaze, opened her mouth slightly to take a bite of noodles, and continued eating.

Serena Sterling felt like a third wheel, she seemed a bit... unaware, "Ahem, Leah, I still have work to do, President Xavier, you feed Leah, I'll come back afterward to make soup for Leah."

Leah quickly reached out her fingers to tug Serena's sleeve, looking hesitant to speak.

Serena Sterling immediately covered her mouth and chuckled, "Leah, what's wrong? I feel after giving birth you've become shy?"

The Leah from before was a red rose with thorns, but having her daughter changed her much; she became softer, like water.

Words stuck in Leah's throat, too embarrassed to speak.

"Dr. Sterling!" Justin Xavier stepped forward, took the thermos from Serena's hands, "You go on, I'll do it."

He gave Serena an unpleasant look, as if to say, don't say another word, hurry up and get out!

Alright!

Serena Sterling vanished at lightning speed.

Justin Xavier sat on the bed, looking at Leah, her cascading black hair falling messily, a few strands fell around her graceful pink neck, her lovely pale face reflected some exhaustion, perhaps because she had just given birth, she appeared a little frail, her delicate shoulders under the pink maternity wear were especially enchanting for a man.

Justin Xavier felt weak all over, he picked up the chopsticks and fed her a bite of noodles, Leah opened her mouth to eat.

"Does it taste good?" he asked softly.

Leah looked up at him, her eyes glistening with tears, she shook her head slightly, "Not really."

The brown sugar noodles tasted strange.

Justin Xavier reached out to stroke her little head lovingly, "It's okay, just endure it for now, once the confinement period is over, I'll buy you ice cream."

"Okay." Leah nodded obediently.

In fact, it seemed like nothing had changed; life was still like that in The Riverlands town, she was Leah, he was Diego.

She didn't mention Justin Xavier's name, nor would he bring it up.

The nanny chuckled happily, she had served many wealthy families, but this was her first time seeing a couple with such a strong bond, the husband simply pampered the wife like a little girl.

Having finished the noodles, the nanny placed Vivi on the bed, "Madam, feeding Vivi for the first time might be a bit painful, new moms all experience this, madam endure it."

Leah gently gazed at Vivi, nodding slightly.

Justin Xavier was still standing by her side, Leah pushed him away, blushing, her voice carrying a soft tenderness, "You go out first."

Justin Xavier furrowed his brows slightly, his gaze unintentionally sweeping across her newly fuller curves.

Leah quickly turned aside, her back facing him.

The nanny urged, "Sir, madam is feeling shy, just stand by the door and wait, and anyway, there's nothing to see, quickly go."

Justin Xavier glanced at Leah's frail back, even though his heart was frustrated, he finally moved his legs and stood by the door.

Chapter 1090: Mommy Is Still Just a Little Girl~

Justin Xavier wiped his hands on his pants pocket, his handsome back casually leaning against the door. He looked towards the quiet hallway, but his peripheral vision was still attracted by the rustling sound of clothes over there.

It's not just good-looking, it's exceptionally good-looking.

He swallowed hard.

Leah Thorne lifted her clothing to feed little Vivi, but with a "hiss," she instantly straightened her legs in pain.

"Madam, endure it a bit, it will get better once you get used to it," the maternity assistant comforted.

But five minutes passed, and the maternity assistant shook her head, saying, "Madam, it's not working; little Vivi didn't get any milk. You should try to relax."

Leah clutched the maternity assistant's hand tightly, tears streaming down her face. She cried, "It hurts, it hurts so much..."

Seeing her cry, the maternity assistant quickly reached out to wipe her tears, "Madam, my dear lady, you mustn't shed tears during confinement; it's bad for your eyes, stop crying quickly."

Justin Xavier heard Leah's cry and quickly turned his gaze. It probably really hurt a lot; the small figure on the bed was trembling.

Feeling deeply hurt, he quickly stepped forward and said, "Forget it, if she can't eat it, let's just feed her formula. It doesn't have to be breastfeeding."

"Alright, sir, I'll take little Vivi and feed her some formula first."

The maternity assistant took little Vivi away, and Justin Xavier walked to the bedside where Leah's face was still marked with tears, looking very pitiful.

Justin Xavier reached out to wipe away the tears and kissed her forehead, whispering softly, "If it hurts too much, just leave it. Many babies nowadays drink formula, they don't have to be breastfed."

Leah pouted, shaking her head, "No, I just hurt too much earlier. Once I get used to the pain, I'll try again."

Looking into her brave eyes, Justin Xavier felt utterly moved, "Yeah, you're the bravest and the best; you can surely do it."

Leah pulled the blanket up, covering below her shoulders, her little hand quietly covering the aching spot under the blanket. She felt her eyes close shut, wanting to sleep.

"Get some sleep," Justin Xavier affectionately patted her little head.

"Mm." Leah closed her eyes.

...

Leah fell asleep, meanwhile little Vivi started to cry.

The maternity assistant held and comforted little Vivi, but could not soothe her. The tiny little infant cried out loud, her small face turned bright red from crying.

Holding a bottle in hand, filled with milk formula, the maternity assistant said, "Sir, little Vivi is too smart. Just fed her a little bit of mother's milk, now she absolutely refuses to drink from the bottle. I offered it to her mouth, she just spit it out. Now her stomach is hungry again, hence crying so hard."

"Shall we let Madam try again, to let the baby have a bit of milk?" the maternity assistant probed.

The maternity assistant was a golden standard in high society, experienced countless times in aristocracy households. No status was given to women, after childbirth they must breastfeed; after all, a mother's status rises with her child, without concern over whether the woman is in pain or not.

But the maternity assistant could also see that this gentleman cherished his wife like a precious treasure, unwilling to let her suffer.

"Leah is already asleep, don't wake her up. Hand little Vivi over to me, I'll hold her," Justin Xavier approached.

"Sir, are you sure you can do it?"

Justin Xavier carefully took little Vivi in his arms, looked down at his daughter who cried loudly, nodding, "I can."

Little Vivi cried and sweat all over. Justin Xavier slightly lifted the corner of a goose-yellow blanket, holding her while pacing the corridor, speaking softly, "Shh, little Vivi, don't cry so loudly, mommy is sleeping, don't wake her up." "Little Vivi, mommy bore great pain to bring you into this world, now that you're born, you

should be considerate and tender to mommy, formula milk is very tasty, just drink a bit of it. When mommy wakes up, she'll feed you again, okay?"

Justin Xavier raised his daughter higher, tickling her soft little face with his finger, whispering words only this father and daughter could hear, "Little Vivi, mommy is still very young, even a little girl, it's her first time being a mom, in the future you need to show more understanding. Mommy isn't used to breastfeeding, feels pain, when you nibble, be gentle, especially don't bite mommy, normally even if daddy... uses a little force, mommy would cry."

"Little Vivi, can you cooperate a bit now, drink some of the formula?"

Little Vivi, "...Waaa, waaa..." unable to understand.

At this point, two nurses walked from the corridor, side-glancing at the tall handsome man holding the baby with one arm, the arch of his back displaying expansive arm strength, oozing masculinity.

Even though the man's knitwear and trousers showed wrinkles, it didn't affect his inherent elegance and refined charm. He lowered his gaze, focusing on the baby, his sculpted profile strikingly handsome, his low soft voice coaxing the infant like the most magical night tunes.

The corridor's royal-style lamp cast warmly from above his head. As a father, he radiated an alluring magnetism, unique to mature men.

The two nurses glanced over, blushing.

"I heard this is Bayside's richest man, President Xavier, he truly has charisma."

"Hey, don't get any ideas, President Xavier's wife is Leah Thorne, Beauty Thorne. Their relationship is so good, just now Beauty Thorne fell asleep after giving birth and President Xavier was especially nervous, afraid of having a daughter but losing his wife."

"What kind of ideas could I have, for a man as attractive as President Xavier, we can only admire from afar."

The two nurses chatted playfully as they left.

...

Justin Xavier continued soothing little Vivi, not knowing how long had passed, her cries softened, the tiny infant hungry, rotating her small head, reaching her little tongue to lick the corner of the blanket.

Justin Xavier smiled, entered the ward, "Nanny, little Vivi is ready to eat, prepare a bit of formula, I'll feed her."

"Alright." The maternity assistant quickly prepared half a bottle of milk.

Justin Xavier placed the bottle's nipple to little Vivi's mouth, she licked it with her tongue before finally taking it into her mouth and sucking vigorously.

The maternity assistant laughed watching, "Sir, this little Vivi has a temper. We couldn't soothe her, only you can, that's what they call father-daughter connection."

Justin Xavier sat in a chair, it was also his first time holding such a small baby, but his left arm supported her snugly in the crook, holding the bottle skillfully, hugging the baby like a pro. He smiled proudly, his otherwise calm expression showing a faint trace of pride, "Exactly."

Now little Vivi was famished, greedily sucking the bottle, once satiated, she opened her mouth wide, giving Justin Xavier a sweet smile.

...

Once she was full, little Vivi fell asleep, the maternity assistant prepared to keep watch through the night.

"Sir, you've had a long day; you should go back to rest too. I'll be here tonight, come back tomorrow morning," the maternity assistant whispered.

Justin Xavier shook his head, "No need, I'll stay here."