

Substitute B 941

Chapter 941: Are You in a Hurry to Go Back to Leah Thorne?

Laura Xavier was startled and quickly fell silent.

Across from her, Justin Xavier threw down his knife and fork, letting them land heavily on the plate. He wiped the corner of his mouth with a napkin and stood up directly, "I'm done eating. You all can take your time; I'm heading back first."

Justin Xavier stood up and left.

Chelsea, who had been standing beside Justin, pouring red wine, was so shocked by the loud clang that she jerked, spilling the wine.

The entire atmosphere in the dining room plummeted to freezing point. Laura was already stiff, her face pale. She had only just called Leah Thorne a "little vixen," and Justin's response was to throw the knife and fork, crash the plate, and show her his displeasure!

Even at this moment, Justin was still siding with Leah.

Laura really didn't know what kind of spell Leah had cast on her son!

Old Master Xavier's face looked awful as he watched Justin and spoke out, "Stop right there!"

Justin paused before turning back to look at Old Master Xavier, curling his thin lips indifferently, "Grandfather, do you have any more instructions?"

"You're not leaving tonight. There are plenty of rooms here. I've had your room prepared—you're staying here tonight!" Old Master Xavier ordered.

Justin raised an eyebrow, his demeanor somewhat unruly, "No, the beds here are too hard; I can't sleep well. I'd rather go back to my own bed."

Bam!

Old Master Xavier suddenly got up, slamming the table with force. He pointed at Justin, shouting, "Is it that the bed is too hard, or you're just eager to go back to Leah?"

The household master was furious, and the maids were so scared they hardly dared to breathe, trembling all over.

Justin looked at Old Master Xavier, and after a few seconds, a low, alluring laugh rolled from his throat, "Hah, since you already know, why force me to stay here?"

"Unfilial son!" Old Master Xavier was livid, "I ask you, why do you keep going to Leah? Don't you know that it was Leah who took the initiative to call President Stone that night and even went to his room? She sent you a message, telling you to find her. She's clearly playing with you, making a fool out of you. Yet, once Leah asks, you drop all rationale, acting like an impulsive fool and getting yourself caught in a brawl. That's bad enough—after you got out, you learned nothing and continued running to Leah. Don't you think you're degrading yourself?"

Justin showed little emotion, and his deep, rich voice remained steady and devoid of any waves, "Grandfather, I degrade myself because I like to; what does it have to do with you?"

"..." Old Master Xavier detected that he had touched a nerve with Justin, which is why Justin's words carried a hint of anger.

"Enough, Justin!" At this moment, Laura pushed her wheelchair over to him, "Justin, what are you doing? In your days inside, your grandfather and I were utterly exhausted, running around for you. We are your family; we genuinely love you. Must you turn the Xavier family upside down and tear us apart for Leah?"

"If that's the case, then there's nothing left for me to hope for in life. I might as well die now, right here and now!"

With that, Laura grabbed a knife from the dining table, emotionally prepared to cut her wrist.

"Madam!" Chelsea screamed, quick as a flash, snatching the knife away.

Laura pounded her chest and sobbed, wailing loudly.

Old Master Xavier looked at Justin, "Justin, now that you're grown, you're like a wild horse that no one can tame. If you can leave your mother behind, then just go!"

Justin looked at Mrs. Xavier, and after a few seconds, his handsome eyelids lowered slowly. He lifted his long legs and kicked over a chair, then headed upstairs, "Where is my room? Can someone show me the way?"

After all that commotion, Justin finally compromised and stayed the night.

"Madam, don't cry anymore." Chelsea took tissues and began to wipe Mrs. Xavier's tears.

Old Master Xavier looked at Chelsea, "Chelsea, you'll tend to the young master in his room tonight."

Chelsea's heart pounded wildly, her pretty face turning red again, "Yes, Old Master."

...

In the room, Justin sat on the sofa, his tall and handsome frame lazily reclining. He raised a hand to pinch the weary and desolate center of his brows.

Soon, he took out his phone and opened WeChat, only to find it empty. Leah had not reached out to him on her own.

Just as everyone had said, after he went in, she forgot about him.

He waited and waited inside, but she never contacted him.

Justin opened her Moments on WeChat, where she had posted a photo from a scene—a sunlit afternoon, her white sleeves, and in her hand was a cup of milk tea.

Justin found himself looking at the photo multiple times, not wanting to close it.

Just then, the door creaked open, followed by light footsteps, "Young master, let me assist you with your bath."

Justin put down his phone and gently raised his handsome eyelids to look—it was Chelsea who had come in.

Chelsea's pretty face was covered with a suspicious blush as she looked at Justin on the sofa. Though she stood higher, towering over the seated Justin, his authoritative gaze made her feel timid and anxious.

Justin slowly curved his thin lips into a somewhat sinister and alluring smile, "Serve? How do you plan to serve?"

This was the first time today the man looked at her directly, so of course, Chelsea seized the opportunity. She knew Laura Xavier had adopted her as her goddaughter to make her climb into the young master's bed.

Chelsea slowly raised her hand and took off her outer clothing, revealing only a sexy lace camisole nightdress beneath. Her young body was fair and exquisite, with a tight and curvy figure exuding endless allure.

"Young master, let me help you take off your clothes."

Chelsea knelt beside Justin, reaching out her small hand to unbuckle his sturdy waistline belt.

Justin did not refuse, his gaze dark and watching her intently.

Chelsea felt her fingertips aflame, and with a click, the belt was undone, her fingers slowly sliding down...

Very quickly, Chelsea froze because Justin's body showed no reaction.

Could it be that her allure wasn't enough?

Chelsea had training in this art. She tentatively glanced at Justin before rising. Her small hands wrapped around his neck as she boldly and passionately straddled Justin's lap.

The position was teasingly intimate and stirring.

Justin still did not refuse, allowing Chelsea to climb onto him. He even stretched out a large hand to feel Chelsea's soft waist.

Chapter 942: Justin Xavier Is Here!

The slender waist was embraced, and Chelsea nearly collapsed onto Justin Xavier's body.

"Young Master, let me serve you tonight." Chelsea's seductive breath whispered in Justin Xavier's ear, as her entire body writhed like a water snake on him.

Any other man would surely be unable to resist such temptation, so Chelsea was very confident as her small hand slid down again...

Quickly, Chelsea froze, because Justin Xavier still had no physical reaction!

This...

Chelsea was shocked. She felt she had tried her best, yet Justin Xavier felt nothing. To her, this was an immense humiliation.

Old Master Xavier and Mrs. Xavier had ordered her to serve him, but there was no response from him. What was she supposed to do?

Justin Xavier looked at Chelsea, his dark eyes still cold and indolent, "Why did you stop? Is that all the tricks Old Master taught you, and you thought you could use them to serve me?"

"Young Master, I..." Chelsea felt an inexplicable chill.

Just then, Justin Xavier's large hand tightened, gripping her slender waist forcefully, "If that's all you've got, get off my lap and don't smear your sleaziness on me!"

The blush on Chelsea's pretty face vanished immediately, turning pale white, her eyes red and filled with tears of humiliation.

Chelsea swiftly crawled off, picking up her coat from the carpet in a disheveled manner, holding back tears as she rushed out.

As soon as she opened the door, Old Master Xavier was there waiting outside.

Seeing Chelsea running out in this state, Old Master Xavier's face darkened. He reprimanded sternly, "What's the matter?"

Chelsea managed to cover herself with the coat, "Old Master, I... I... Young Master he..."

"Useless thing, pack up and leave!" Old Master Xavier immediately dismissed her.

Chelsea knew she was finished. She had not accomplished her mission, so now she was worthless, and the Xavier family would not keep a useless person.

Chelsea ran away crying.

Old Master Xavier entered the room where Justin Xavier was still sitting on the sofa, unmoved. His long legs casually crossed, he leisurely took a cigarette from the pack and lit it.

"Justin, what happened just now?" Old Master Xavier asked.

Justin Xavier unhurriedly took a drag of his cigarette, then slowly exhaled the smoke, "What could have happened, Grandpa? You let Chelsea in to serve me. I let her try, but down there, it didn't cooperate, couldn't rise."

Justin pointed with the hand holding the cigarette toward his trousers, with a nonchalant look.

Old Master Xavier was furious, "Justin, you!"

"What did I do?" Justin Xavier shrugged, looking aggrieved, "Or, Grandpa, would you like to personally instruct your grandson in the bedroom, or maybe you should take the lead yourself since Grandma's been gone for years. You could as well take Chelsea."

"..." Old Master Xavier was shaking with rage, surprised that such outrageous words could come out of Justin's mouth.

"Justin, I see you're just trying to defy me. Forget about Leah Thorne. If Chelsea doesn't work, I'll send other women to you. My stance remains the same: choose Leah Thorne, and you're out of the Xavier family!" Old Master Xavier angrily declared.

Justin Xavier took another drag, then extinguished the cigarette butt in the ashtray, dusted off his trousers, and stood up.

He turned to leave.

"Where are you going?" Old Master Xavier asked.

Justin Xavier turned back to glance at him, "Grandpa, weren't you kicking me out? So, I'm leaving."

With that, Justin Xavier left without looking back.

"You! You! You unfilial child!" Old Master Xavier was flushed with anger, almost losing his breath.

Justin Xavier quickly went downstairs and slowed his pace as he reached the living room because Mrs. Xavier, Laura, was watching him.

"Justin, are you really going to find Leah Thorne?" Laura Xavier asked through clenched teeth.

Justin Xavier, with one hand in his pocket, nodded, "Yeah, haven't seen her for days, missing her a bit."

Laura felt a nerve snap in her head, "Justin, are you really trying to drive your own mother to death..."

"Mom," Justin interrupted her directly, "What do you want me to do?"

Laura froze, staring blankly at her son.

Justin Xavier also looked at her, his cold dark eyes slowly filled with a hint of sorrow, "If it's really unbearable for you, I'll kill Leah Thorne, then myself, and join you. How about that?"

Laura's eyes widened in disbelief at her son—how could he say such a thing?

His demeanor did not resemble someone speaking in a moment of passion; he seemed entirely earnest.

"Mom, I'm leaving now." Justin Xavier walked away briskly, disappearing into the night outside.

...

Leah Thorne was led back to her room in the acting troupe by Madame Goldie, who treated her injured ankle, and Leah lay down to sleep.

She wasn't sure if she had fallen asleep, as she was in a daze, plagued by continuous nightmares.

She dreamt of her dad, mom, brother, the bloody Beryl lying in front of her, and finally, the child she had lost...

Leah abruptly opened her eyes, waking from the nightmare.

Madame Goldie had left a dim lamp on when she left. Leah stared at the crystal chandelier overhead, gasping for air, realizing it was just a dream.

Bang.

Bang bang bang.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise, and Leah shivered in fear.

She looked at the tightly closed door—someone was knocking.

Who?

Bang.

Bang bang bang.

"Leah Thorne, it's me, open up!" A deep, magnetic voice rang in her ears.

Leah quickly sat up; she recognized the voice—it was Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier had come.

Didn't he leave with Old Master Xavier and Laura to go home? It's so late; why is he here?

She thought he wouldn't come.

"Leah, did you hear me? You've got three seconds to open the door, or I'll kick it down. You know a flimsy door can't stop me." Outside, Justin's patience was obviously wearing thin as he pounded on the door, hinting at the threat.

"One..."

"Two..."

He was already counting down.

Leah quickly threw off the blankets and jumped out of bed, running barefoot to the door. As Justin's count reached three, she stretched her hand to open the door.

Outside stood Justin Xavier, tall and handsome, dressed in black, standing in the dim light, one hand braced against the wall, exuding an aura so dark and powerful, he looked like the king of devils from the underworld.

"Why did it take so long to open the door?"

He spoke as he walked in, kicking the door shut behind him with his leg.

Chapter 943: Justin Xavier, My Stomach Hurts So Much

Bam, the door to the room was slammed shut by him.

Leah Thorne shuddered, frightened, and quickly retreated a few steps, staying far away from him.

Justin Xavier shoved his hands into his pockets, advancing toward her step by step, his tall and handsome figure quickly casting a shadow over her, "Why are you scared? Do you have someone hiding in your room?"

His cold black eyes scanned the room, sharp and somber.

Leah shook her head, "No, I just... didn't expect you to come out so soon."

Justin slowly curled up his thin lips, "Why do I dislike hearing that? Didn't I say I would be back soon? Did you wish I'd never come out?"

Leah's lashes trembled slightly like dense brushes, "It's late, let's talk tomorrow. This is the set, there are a lot of paparazzi outside. It's easy for them to find out you're in my room."

Justin looked at her, giving a ghostly smile, revealing a set of grim white teeth, "I just got out and you're telling me this, trying to kick me out?"

Leah had already sensed the eerie chill emanating from him. Before he left, he said he'd be back soon. She knew he was back to settle scores with her.

He had already taken down President Stone, and now he was coming for her. He would not let anyone who betrayed him off the hook.

"Justin Xavier, what do you intend to do?" Leah had backed up to the edge of the bed.

Justin looked at her, her wavy, curly dark hair lazily draped down, her expression dazed as if she just woke up, wearing only a black nightgown, looking extremely appealing, indeed far superior to those common women like Chelsea.

Justin raised an eyebrow arrogantly, gesturing with his eyes toward the big bed, "Lie down there, please me, and I'll leave."

"..." Leah pushed him away and tried to run.

But where could she run to?

Justin reached out with his strong arm, wrapping it around her slender waist, and took a step forward, causing the two of them to fall onto the soft big bed together.

Leah felt dizzy.

Leah inhaled sharply from the pain, using her small hands to push against the man's shoulders, then randomly pulling at his short hair, trying to push him away from her chest.

Justin remained motionless. Her creamy white skin was so delicate that a single press would leave a mark. This deeply stirred the darker tendencies within him, wanting to destroy her fervently.

Men like him are always attracted to beauty. From the moment he first saw her years ago, he wanted to claim this jewel from the prestigious Thorne family as his own, to be kept within his grasp.

Justin's long, narrow eyes were already tinged with scarlet, all his emotions seeming to find an outlet. Claspng Leah's struggling wrists with a few fingers, he pinned them above her head, his voice low, hoarse, and menacing as he breathed, "Leah Thorne, I'm definitely having you tonight. Cooperate, and we both enjoy it. Refuse, and you'll only end up suffering."

Leah's face was as pale as paper, but her pitiful strength was no match for the man, "Justin Xavier, don't do this."

Justin slightly straightened, the "swish" of his belt came off...

Leah couldn't describe this feeling; in that moment, she was pinned onto the bed, pain enveloping her entire body.

Memories from when she was 18 flooded in. That night was painful too.

She thought she wouldn't have to endure it a second time, her long nails quickly left several scratches on the man's body.

Justin wasn't comfortable either. Her pain was his pain too, his black eyes filled with terrifying bloodshot veins. He thought his life was over.

He took her again.

Made her his woman for the second time.

Justin held her small face with both hands, kissed deeply with closed eyes.

Leah felt breathless, like a little boat sinking in the vast sea.

She struggled regardless, "It hurts... It hurts so much... Justin Xavier, it hurts..."

She cried in pain, her voice small, with a touch of delicate softness, and Justin didn't truly want to harm her, so he released her lips, hoarsely scolding, "What are you yelling for? I've told you, if it hurts, bear it."

Leah tried to dodge everywhere, trying to escape his embrace, to evade his overwhelming masculine presence, "I really hurt... My stomach hurts..."

Leah truly felt a stomachache, her mind filled with scenes of her 18-year-old miscarriage, blood gushing out of her body.

Raindrops pattered.

In that small rented room, blood stained the sheets, and drop after drop fell to the floor, like a winding stream slowly flowing towards the door.

She lay on that small bed, feeling something disconnect from her body. He wasn't there then, wasn't by her side. She could only listen to the "pitter-patter" of dripping blood.

Falling from heaven to hell, just like that.

Leah's lashes trembled in panic, tears fell heavily from her eyes.

"It hurts, It hurts... My stomach hurts..." she whimpered, crying.

Justin knew she was fragile, couldn't withstand pain. He used to pamper and indulge her, so he refrained from touching her.

She had been back for years, blossoming these years, parading in front of him every day, leaving him wanting her insanely, yet he restrained himself.

Still, pampering her and indulging her was his business; his pleasure. She shouldn't have stepped on his bottom line.

Now he had no idea what trick she was playing again, he wouldn't be fooled anymore. He wanted to teach her a good lesson, so she wouldn't dare in the future.

"Why are you crying? Don't cry!" Justin pressed both hands on either side of her, closed his dazzling eyes, "How is it that you can parade yourself in another man's room, disrobing and indulging, yet you become unbearably fragile in mine? Leah, are you so sure you have me at your mercy?"

"Where have you been these past few days? Why didn't you come to see me? You truly have no conscience. After all these years, I've provided for you, given you everything. You eat what's mine, use what's mine, wear what's mine, yet you have no sense at all. I want to sleep with you, and you should lay ready without putting up some facade of chastity!"

His voice was harsh and venomous, completely tearing down his mask, speaking vicious words.

Leah just felt immense pain, tears streamed down her small face, she grabbed his big hand, "My stomach really hurts... feel my stomach..."

She guided his hand to her stomach.

But in the next second, Justin mercilessly flung her small hand away.

Chapter 944: Don't Have Children with Other Women

Justin Xavier flung her small hand away, "Leah Thorne, you said your stomach hurt and I believed you, but I will never trust you again. You're just a little liar!"

Leah shook her head, slowly lifted her little hands to wrap around Justin Xavier's neck, buried her tear-streaked face into his neck and rubbed, "It really hurts... Brother, it hurts so much..."

Brother...

She called him "Brother," sweet and soft just like before.

Justin Xavier quickly closed his eyes, his adam's apple bobbing up and down.

He had planned to teach her a good lesson, to make her hurt and scared, but her calling him "Brother" immediately broke his resolve. His strong heart quickly turned soft, unbelievably so.

The women he had been with before, he always had them call him "Brother." Davina Rowe called it the best, but Justin Xavier knew from now on, those women were no longer her. She didn't even give him a chance to find solace in other women anymore.

Justin Xavier's long fingers threaded through her long hair, "Okay, don't cry. I'll be gentle."

"Brother, my stomach hurts..."

She kept saying her stomach hurt.

Justin Xavier's large hand slowly moved down to rest on her flat little belly. His originally rough actions turned gentle, full of affection and tenderness, softly massaging her little tummy, "Does it hurt here? Let me rub it."

Leah nodded like she was mashing something, tears fell. She cried fiercely, gasping for breath.

Justin Xavier saw she wasn't putting on an act and was genuinely crying. Not having seen her for days, upon close observation, he noticed she had gotten thinner, her complexion looking bad, sobbing pitifully to the utmost degree.

He reached out and brushed away the long hair around her little face, "Stop crying. With me, did I make you feel so wronged?"

Leah looked at him through watery eyes, feeling a myriad of grievances, it wasn't being with him that made her feel wronged, but... loving him made her suffer all the grievances.

These past days, she really missed him.

Always sleeping alone at night, constantly having nightmares, dreaming of Daddy, Mommy, Brother and Beryl, guilt drowning her. But when she woke up, she longed for the scent on him, missed his embrace.

Tonight he came, she was very happy.

Always feeling like the world was a storm, only by his side did she have a harbor to dwell in.

"I'm... sorry, I didn't think you'd end up going in there. You hit him yourself... it's got nothing to do with me..." she cried.

Justin Xavier thought she was like a child who had done wrong but acted stubborn. He slowly curled his thin lips, "Then why did you go into that old pervert's room? You know I don't like other men eyeing you. Sometimes I can't control myself. I don't know what crazy things I might do."

He asked why she entered that old pervert's room?

This...

She couldn't possibly tell him.

Love him, truly.

Revenge, also truly.

"I won't... tell you, anyway... anyway, I haven't done anything to betray you..."

"And... and I went to see you, but then your grandpa and mom took you away. I came back alone, sprained my ankle, it really hurt..."

She sobbed, not knowing if she wanted to capture his heart with this move or if it was unintentionally showing girlish affection. Either way, Justin Xavier felt a tenderness and numbness in his heart. All the fiery anger he had just felt vanished in her sobbing softness, feeling himself thoroughly subdued.

"Did you really come to see me?" he asked.

"Of course I did, my ankle is still swollen..." Speaking, she placed her little hands against his firm chest, pushing him away.

Justin Xavier looked at her with scarlet, dark eyes, his tongue pushed against his right cheek, letting out a low, hoarse laugh from his throat, "Finally showing your true colors, aren't you? Going in circles just to get me to let you off tonight, save it, I'm not satisfied yet!"

He refused.

Leah pushed him forcefully, "It really hurts, my stomach hurts, my ankle hurts..."

And she suddenly remembered something, "I don't want to be pregnant, I don't want to have a baby..."

When it came to the topic of "pregnancy," she fluttered like a little bird. Justin Xavier furrowed his brows, remembering how a few years ago, when he hadn't even touched her, she got emotional and asked him to buy contraceptive pills.

Justin Xavier sensitively noticed her strong aversion to pregnancy.

Though he didn't want kids either, hadn't planned on having them even now, seeing how she was, displeasure still arose in him.

"Leah Thorne, what are you making a fuss about, huh? Having children isn't about what you want or don't want. If I want a son, you must give me one!"

"I refuse! I'll never give you a baby... mm!"

Justin Xavier abruptly sealed her red lips.

Leah couldn't breathe. She opened her mouth and bit hard on the corner of his lips.

She bit fiercely, nearly taking a piece of his flesh away. The metallic taste of blood instantly spread in both their mouths.

Hiss.

Justin Xavier winced in pain, letting her go, utterly furious. He swiftly raised his large hand to hit her on the face, "Leah Thorne, I've spoiled you too much!"

Leah stubbornly lifted her little face, meeting his impending slap, "When I was 18, you took my first time and gave me a slap. Now, you forced me a second time and want to slap me again? Then go ahead!"

Justin Xavier's large hand hung suspended in mid-air, unable to strike down.

Tonight's determined victory ended abruptly. He could never truly be harsh to her.

Justin Xavier looked at the dazzling crystal chandelier above, his thin lips curling into a mocking arc, "Leah Thorne, if you don't want to have my child, so be it. I may not even like the children you bear. There are plenty of women out there who want to bear my children. One day I might let one of them have a son for me!"

Leah turned over, drew close, and bit his already wounded lip again.

Justin Xavier grabbed her smooth shoulders, pushing her away, reprimanding in a deep voice, "Have you become addicted to biting, little dog? If you really like to bite things, shall I give you something else to bite?"

Leah trembled slightly, eyes shimmering like crushed diamonds, tears streaming down. Her swollen lips trembled as she looked at him and said, "Brother, please don't have babies with other women, okay?"

Chapter 945: Giving You to Him

She said, "Brother, don't have children with other women."

Justin Xavier's tightly knitted brow slowly relaxed. He reached out, stroked her small face with his finger, and said, "That depends on how you behave."

Leah Thorne leaned in and kissed his bitten lip lightly.

Justin clasped the back of her head with his large hand and huskily said, "Open your mouth."

Whenever he kissed her, she always clenched her teeth.

Leah trembled slightly as she looked at him, then obediently parted her red lips.

Justin effortlessly lifted her and seated her on his strong waist.

Now he was on the bottom, and she was on top.

Leah's body was still tense, and she furrowed her brows, trying to endure. Yet she couldn't help but want to push him away, however, Justin held her firmly and grasped her small hand, guiding it all the way down...

...

Madame Goldie received the news, knowing that Justin Xavier had arrived.

Justin was at the center of media attention. His sudden appearance at the "Ephemeral Life" film set, even after clearing the site, was still witnessed by someone.

Madame Goldie was anxious and felt that Justin and Leah's relationship was too thrilling, like a roller coaster. Now there were paparazzi waiting outside the set, and inside, there were many people with loose lips. Even if they weren't afraid, she was worried. If something leaked, the PR team might be exhausted.

Madame Goldie quickly dealt with the two who saw Justin and then went to Leah's room. She wanted to knock but pulled her hand back.

She was quite perceptive; knocking at this moment was indeed inappropriate.

Madame Goldie waited outside, and two hours passed. She even wondered if Justin planned to stay the night.

He can't stay! Madame Goldie racked her brains to think of a way to get Justin out of Leah's room.

Just then, with a "click," the door opened.

Madame Goldie quickly stood up straight, turned around, and saw Justin coming out, holding Leah horizontally in his arms.

"President Xavier, is Leah asleep?" Madame Goldie approached to look at Leah.

Leah was wrapped snugly in a black coat, looking like a small bundle in Justin's arms. Madame Goldie saw half of her small face; her snow-white cheek nestled obediently against the man's strong chest, her lashes drooping quietly like a dense fringe. She was already asleep.

Madame Goldie let out a sigh of relief. Only Leah could tame Justin, the wild horse, but at the same time, only Justin could handle Leah, the thorny rose.

"I'm taking Leah home," Justin said in a low voice.

"Oh, but..." Madame Goldie was startled, "Leah still has to film..."

"Give her a few days off. Do I need to teach you this too?" Justin glanced faintly at Madame Goldie and then walked away.

Madame Goldie, "...". She truly didn't understand how Leah could date this man. Anyone in front of him seemed like his servant!

...

Leah had a good sleep; she didn't have nightmares and slept till dawn.

As she slowly opened her eyes and woke up, she realized she was no longer on the set but at his villa, in his master bedroom, and on his large bed.

He was there too.

Leah looked up; she was nestled in his arms as he slept on his side. One strong arm wrapped around her shoulder while the other rested casually on her waist, in a thoroughly dominant posture.

Leah didn't move. His body warmth, the strong, rhythmic beat of his heart, and the masculine scent on him made her feel secure and infatuated.

Sleeping in his arms meant no nightmares.

"Awake?" His voice sounded, lazy with the huskiness of early waking, exceptionally magnetic and pleasant.

Leah looked at him, "President Xavier, you should have been awake earlier. The sun's already high in the sky."

Justin opened his eyes, gazing at the jade-clear face in his arms, black hair tangled softly among her mundane brows, so beautiful he couldn't look away. "I've been awake for a while. I planned to get up, but every time I moved, you'd cling to me, not letting me leave."

What?

She didn't believe it.

"President Xavier, I think you're just too tired from last night, can't get up today," Leah teased, hinting at how exhausting he was last night.

Justin arched his chiseled brows and cursed under his breath, "Damn it! Last night's bit wasn't even enough!"

"..." Leah saw his gaze becoming a little intense, with certain undertones, so she quickly avoided eye contact, not daring to provoke him further.

Justin planted a firm kiss on her forehead's beauty spot before getting out of bed.

Leah hugged the quilt, "You're up?"

"What else? I need to get up and work to support you," he said.

"..." She had her own hands and feet; why should he support her?

Justin went to the bathroom to clean up. When he came out, he wore a classic white shirt and black pants, exuding cool elegance and celibacy—a style that would leave women itching.

Before leaving, he approached the bed again, "I'm heading out. There's a mountain of work waiting, and I might be back really late. Eat and sleep on your own. Don't go out without my permission, understood?"

Leah knew he had many matters to handle, including President Stone and the company waiting for him, so she obediently nodded, "Understood."

"Give me a kiss." He suddenly requested.

Leah sat up, wrapping her small arms around his neck and planted a playful kiss on his thin lips.

Justin didn't leave.

Leah knew he wasn't satisfied, so she extended her small tongue to lick the corner of his lip that she bit last night.

Justin enjoyed her initiative but made no further moves. He had to restrain himself; otherwise, it would never end. The woman could be enjoyed again in the evening.

"I'm off." He patted her head with his large hand, then turned and left.

...

After Justin left, Leah got up after lying around for a while. This was his private villa with a consistently low-key luxury flair. The only person inside was an elderly maid, calm and a good cook.

Leah felt that her ankle was no longer painful. Last night, Justin applied medicine not only there but on other bruises she suffered from his earlier roughness.

By noon, Leah's phone rang. It was a call from Old Master Xavier.

Leah pressed the answer button, and Old Master Xavier's somber voice passed through swiftly, "Did Justin take you to his place last night? Have you two started cohabiting?"

Cohabiting...

Leah hadn't really contemplated this, "Old Master Xavier, is this why you called?"

Old Master Xavier immediately gave a cold snort, "Justin has gone to the hospital to see President Stone. The matter with President Stone must be settled sooner or later. Leah, President Stone has already said he won't pursue the issue with Justin breaking his things, but only if you are delivered to him."

Chapter 946: Never Fall in Love with Me

President Stone was relentless. A couple of days ago, when Old Master Xavier went for negotiations, President Stone said he wouldn't pursue the matter, but Leah Thorne must be sent to him.

Leah Thorne slowly curled her red lips, "Old Master Xavier, you agreed to this?"

"Of course I agreed. Leah Thorne, this matter started because of you, so you should solve it yourself."

Leah Thorne laughed. President Stone is truly disgusting. He's already impotent, no longer a man, yet he still wants her. Who knows what methods he will use to torment her? That is hell, and Old Master Xavier agreed without even blinking an eye. It's like it's only natural to engage in such human trafficking.

Leah Thorne looked at the scenery outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, "Old Master Xavier, just because I respectfully call you 'grandfather,' don't think you are truly my grandfather. If I go just because you say so, wouldn't that be losing face?"

"Leah Thorne, you don't want to go?"

"Of course, I won't go. President Stone and you, one is obsessed, and the other delusional. I'm not going to play this game with you. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up." Leah Thorne moved to hang up the phone.

"Leah Thorne, you really don't plan to help Justin?" Old Master Xavier suddenly said.

Leah Thorne paused, then smiled nonchalantly, "Justin Xavier is your grandson. To deal with one President Stone, you don't even have that much confidence in your grandson? If you get to see President Stone again, tell him that Justin Xavier is back and he better watch out for himself."

The dial tone sounded twice, and Leah Thorne directly hung up the phone.

...

In the hospital.

President Stone was still lying in a VIP hospital room. A man being crippled like this is an enormous disgrace. If the Xavier family doesn't give him an explanation, he won't get up.

The door to the room was pushed open then, and a subordinate rushed in, "Bo...boss..."

"Why the rush? Speak properly!" President Stone reprimanded in dissatisfaction.

"Boss, President... President Xavier is here!"

What?

President Stone immediately sat up from the bed. Though he talks tough, the thought of Justin Xavier kicking him that day made him a little intimidated, "Quick... block him, I don't want to see him!"

Then a low, deep magnetic voice came from outside, carrying a touch of amusement, "President Stone, I'm already here, why seal the door and refuse to meet?"

Justin Xavier!

President Stone hadn't even reacted when the hospital room door was pushed open the next second, and a chill from outside swiftly invaded.

Justin Xavier arrived, dressed in all black as usual, tall and handsome. He stood at the doorway, his deep black eyes calmly falling on President Stone before striding in with a graceful, composed manner like a king strolling through the forest.

President Stone had his guards at his door. Those guards tried to stop Justin Xavier but were swiftly brushed aside by the black-clad men Justin Xavier brought with him, and he just boldly walked in as if there was no one else there.

President Stone was shaking with anger. The bodyguards he paid to hire were basically useless, useless!

In front of Justin Xavier's men, they were like chickens waiting to be slaughtered.

Then Justin Xavier arrived at the bedside, removed his black leather gloves, and patted President Stone's face with them, "President Stone, I heard you're still hospitalized, so I brought some supplements to visit you."

The strength of Justin Xavier's hand made a "smack smack" sound as the black leather glove hit President Stone's face, very much like Justin Xavier had slapped him twice. President Stone was furious; he felt Justin Xavier was nothing but a thug!

"Justin Xavier, get out, I don't want to see you!" President Stone ordered him to leave.

"President Stone, still angry, are we? Don't be. Take a look at what supplements I brought you?"

His personal secretary handed over several exquisite gift boxes. Justin Xavier stuffed the boxes one by one into President Stone's arms, "Look, this is antler velvet, this is Polygonum multiflorum... all precious traditional Chinese medicines to treat your... impotence. Oh, right, I also bought some Western medicine health supplements. Maybe these health supplements will heal you."

President Stone's arms were filled with gift boxes, one slipped and fell.

President Stone's face was flushed red. He could already feel the blatant humiliation. Justin Xavier was just too arrogant and rampant. He was the victim here!

At this time, his personal secretary brought a chair forward, and Justin Xavier sat down. He tossed his black leather gloves to the secretary, lightly curling his lips, "President Stone, please don't be polite. Accept all these supplements. After all, I'm the one who crippled you. Don't worry, I'll definitely treat you. Later, report your medical expenses to my private secretary, I'll cover them."

With a wave of his large hand, Justin Xavier displayed his wealth.

President Stone was so furious he felt like he was about to cough up blood. Looking at Justin Xavier, with his buzzcut that accentuated his exquisite features, like some kind of monster, there was not a hint of remorse on his face. Instead, he looked back with a playful, mocking smile, his wild arrogance as if it was ingrained in his very bones.

President Stone felt like he was the most pitiful victim ever. He threw those supplements onto the ground, "Justin Xavier, stop this act with me. As long as I don't let it go, this matter won't end! If you have any sense, you should apologize now, beg me to let you go!"

Justin Xavier stretched his long legs lazily forward, crossing them elegantly at the ankles, and squinted at the sunshine outside, "President Stone, is it day or night now?"

What kind of question is that?

"Of course, it's daytime!" President Stone answered.

"Oh," Justin Xavier nodded, "You know it's daytime. Then why are you dreaming, talking nonsense? Wake up, stop daydreaming."

"..." President Stone sucked in a breath of air. He now realized Justin Xavier was mocking him. My God, this man is simply... lawless!

President Stone felt like he was about to faint from anger.

Just then, Justin Xavier retracted his gaze indifferently. He lifted his handsome eyelids and glanced at President Stone, "Back to the topic, tell me President Stone, why did Leah Thorne look for you that night?"

President Stone froze, staring at Justin Xavier incredulously, "You came here... just for Leah Thorne's matter?"

"What else?" This time Justin Xavier truly smiled, a low, teasing laughter rolling from his throat, "Did you think... I came to see you?"

"President Stone," Justin Xavier eyes glanced over President Stone, "You're this hung up on me, could you possibly... be in love with me? Don't fall in love with me, I only like women."

"..." Before Justin Xavier arrived, President Stone thought being crippled was an enormous disgrace, but now he felt this was truly the most disgraceful moment. Justin Xavier crippled him and stomped his dignity into the dirt, grinding it again and again.

This devil!

Chapter 947: She Threw Herself Into His Arms

Regarding the past events between the Leah and Xavier families, President Stone will not speak of them.

"Justin Xavier, I'm afraid you've wasted your trip, because I won't tell you!" President Stone said.

There was no emotional ripple on Justin Xavier's handsome features. He raised his bold, sword-like eyebrows and said, "Oh, is that so? Since you're not willing to talk now, I'll take my leave."

Justin Xavier stood up and left.

President Stone watched Justin Xavier with suspicion and unease. Did he really come here just to ask about Leah Thorne? Then what about the things he's done to hinder him?

By this time, Justin Xavier had already reached the door. He suddenly paused, "President Stone, when you decide to talk, give me a call."

Justin Xavier curved his lips into a slight smile, then swaggered out with his entourage.

He was gone.

President Stone touched his forehead, which was already covered in cold sweat. His VIP hospital room still lay in disarray, with supplements strewn on the floor.

President Stone had a bad premonition, feeling that Justin Xavier was about to make a move.

...

By afternoon, that bad premonition was confirmed. His subordinate rushed in, "Boss, something bad has happened!"

Xavier Corp held a press conference that afternoon. Justin Xavier, the president, appeared publicly for the first time since the turmoil. He sat at the main seat in a custom-made black suit, facing the cameras with a serious expression, and said to the cameras, "I did hit someone. I hit President Stone. It was wrong of me to hit him, and I apologize."

President Stone sat on the hospital bed watching Justin Xavier on camera. He was so angry he wished he could smash the camera. The same man who had been so arrogant and domineering that morning now looked all contrite on camera. What an act!

President Stone knew Justin Xavier wasn't a good person. Not only did he have the business acumen to make Xavier Corp the richest in a few years, but he also possessed the inherent cunning and deceit of a businessman.

"Boss, President Xavier said just that one sentence at the press conference, but it wasn't said jokingly. It directly put you in the spotlight."

"Because President Xavier didn't state the reason for hitting you, everyone is more curious. The majority of netizens started digging into your past, exposing everything about you."

"All the things you've done over the years are now out in the open. Your affairs during marriage, getting your secretary pregnant and causing her husband's death, the backdoor deals with C-list actresses—all exposed. Just now, a young model at a car show came forward in tears, accusing you of raping her five years ago.

You're now trending at the top on Weibo, and people are calling on official media to investigate you. The snowball of public opinion has become a storm ready to drown you."

President Stone quickly opened Weibo. He was a renowned film critic with a large reputation. Now, Justin Xavier had rocketed him to the peak of notoriety.

President Stone glanced over the online comments; he was now like a rat crossing the street, with everyone out to get him.

President Stone felt cold all over. He knew this media storm must be manipulated by someone, and the mastermind behind it was Justin Xavier.

But he couldn't refute it because it was all true. He couldn't even remember the weeping model; he'd been with too many women. Even if she was an actress hired by Justin Xavier, there was nothing he could do.

"Boss, the company called," his subordinate said, handing him the phone.

President Stone thought, "Not good," and quickly answered the phone, "Hello."

"Boss, bad news, there's trouble at the company!"

"My scandals are all over the news, it will definitely affect the company. Don't panic, I..."

"Boss, it's not about that. People came from above to audit all our accounts. We've been anonymously reported for making fake accounts, tax evasion, and underpayment. The CFO has already been taken away."

What?

President Stone could no longer breathe. He felt as though he'd been pushed into an abyss. He had been careful with the accounts for years; they shouldn't have been discovered...

This was illegal, punishable by imprisonment!

Justin Xavier...

Now President Stone's mind was filled with the name "Justin Xavier." It was him, it must be him; he's truly a devil!

President Stone regretted it. He should never have provoked this devil!

...

Xavier Corp.

In the president's office, Justin Xavier sat in his chair, using a pen to sign his name on the documents with a "swish swish" sound.

There were a pile of documents waiting to be processed, as he'd been away for a few days.

Just then, there was a "knock knock" on the door. His personal secretary came in, whispering reports, "President, everything is proceeding smoothly as per your instructions."

Justin Xavier didn't look up. Initially, he hadn't planned to toy with President Stone, as not everyone was worth his time, but President Stone had successfully caught his attention. What else could he do but entertain him until... he was played to death.

Justin Xavier glanced at the time, "Got it. It's already late. I'm leaving work now."

Justin Xavier tossed the documents to his personal secretary, then stood up, grabbed his coat and car keys, and headed out.

The personal secretary also checked the time; it was just past six o'clock...

Past six is already late?

President, have you forgotten you were once a workaholic and a night owl?

...

At the villa.

Justin Xavier only prohibited Leah Thorne from running away. He didn't cut off her contact with the outside world, so when Madame Goldie called, Leah learned about President Stone's situation.

On the other end of the call, Madame Goldie expressed her endless admiration for Justin Xavier, "Leah, President Xavier is really so cool and awe-inspiring. He handled that old lecher President Stone just like that. Aren't you going to properly reward President Xavier tonight?"

Leah blinked her lashes. "Madame Goldie, what are you talking about? I don't understand."

"Leah, you can pretend with me, but surely you can't act in front of President Xavier anymore..."

At that moment, a maid's voice came from downstairs, "Sir, you're back?"

Justin Xavier had returned.

"Madame Goldie, I can't chat with you anymore, I'm hanging up." Leah quickly hung up the phone, opened the door, and ran downstairs.

Downstairs, the maid opened the villa door. Justin Xavier walked in. The maid crouched down to change his shoes. He strode into the living room, extending his long, defined fingers to take off his coat and handed it to the maid, then asked, "Where's Miss Thorne?"

The maid hadn't replied before a soft, charming voice came from the stairs, "Justin Xavier~"

Justin Xavier looked up to see Leah Thorne standing on the stairs, looking at him with her delicate presence.

"Come here," Justin Xavier said simply.

"Oh." Leah dashed down the stairs, throwing herself into his embrace.

Chapter 948: Moving In Together

When she pounced over, Justin Xavier immediately spread his powerful arms and embraced her.

Today, Leah Thorne wore a retro jacquard sweater, with a red-green contrast in a Chanel-like style. Her wavy long hair was tied up high in a bun, with a few strands falling beside her ears, making her small face exceptionally soft and charming.

Holding her, Justin brushed his thin lips against her cheek. Her silky, soft skin made him particularly covetous. "Aren't you afraid of falling, rushing like that?"

Leah pouted her red lips, "I was afraid you'd wait too long."

Justin thought her little mouth was truly sweet. Whenever she lowered her stance and spoke to him with loving, tender words, he would be utterly delighted.

Justin released her, "I brought you a gift. Take a look at what's inside."

Only then did Leah notice a delicate gift box in his hand, a present from him to her.

Leah opened the box, and with a thud, thud, thud, large pearls dropped out, freely scattering across the carpet.

Oh my goodness.

Leah was stunned. These pearls on the carpet were as large as goose eggs, crystal-clear, illuminating the entire living room with a brilliant glow.

Just one of these pearls was worth millions, and there were so many of them here.

Leah, spoiled over the years and having been in the high-end entertainment industry, had seen a single pearl before, but never so many at once.

The world of the wealthy is truly astounding.

Leah reached out her small hand, picked up two pearls, and cradled them in her arms. She blinked at the man, "President Xavier, are all these for me?"

"Yes." Justin nodded.

"President Xavier, thank you."

Justin looked at her, his handsome brows and eyes softened, as if looking at a beloved pet.

Leah crouched down to pick up more pearls from the carpet. She had just gathered a few when she felt a kick on her backside from the man behind her.

The pearls rolled to the ground as she let out a little "oh."

Turning her head, she saw him standing behind her, tall and long-legged, looking at her with mischievous eyes, a hint of wickedness that made her blush deeply.

Leah's face turned red; he had the audacity to kick her butt.

What kind of wicked interest is that?

The maid stole a glance over, seeing Leah squatting on the handcrafted wool carpet looking up at the man, who stood with his hands in his pockets, exuding a charismatic arrogance.

The maid blushed and quickly retreated.

Leah, having had enough of being kicked, stood up defiantly, "President Xavier, I'm not picking them up anymore. You pick them up for me."

Justin curled his thin lips, "Acting all delicate after one kick? If I do something more, wouldn't I have to treat you like an empress?"

Leah blinked, "And would President Xavier do something else to his empress?"

"..." Justin had nothing to say. He knelt on one knee, obediently picking up all the pearls from the carpet and handing them to her.

Leah reached out to take them, but he didn't let go.

Leah looked up at him in surprise.

Justin lowered his voice, leaning to her ear, whispered three words, "Go upstairs."

He pointed upstairs towards the bedroom with his gaze.

Leah was no child; she knew that the "go upstairs" from his lips was not meant innocently, and she instantly refused, "No."

Justin put his large hand on her slender waist, tyrannically trapping her in his embrace, then half-guided, half-pushed her upstairs. "If you prefer downstairs, that's fine too. The maid I've hired knows what to see and what not to see."

Leah, "..."

...

Leah was brought into the master bedroom. She twisted and freed herself from his arm, "I'll hide the pearls first."

Leah went to the nightstand, placed the pearls in the bottom drawer, and locked it securely.

"No need for such trouble. Tomorrow I'll have something prepared for you—a treasure box specially for storing these gems," Justin said.

Leah's heart skipped a beat as she looked up at him.

Justin casually took off his outer suit. Now in a white shirt and black trousers, he sat on the edge of the bed, unbuttoned the silver cuff on his shirt sleeve, rolled it up a few times, revealing a strong forearm, "By the way, do you like the design of this place? If anything needs renovating, or if you prefer, I have many properties you can choose from and design yourself."

Leah looked at him, "President Xavier, are you planning to... live with me?"

Justin asked back, "What else?"

Leah said no more.

Justin patted his thigh, "Come sit."

Leah hesitated for a few seconds, then stood up to sit on his lap.

"How are you sitting?" Justin frowned at her plan to sit cross-legged. "Can you straddle, Leah? I'm not your brother now; I'm your man."

"..." Leah looked at his domineering manner, then spread her legs and straddled his strong thighs, reaching out with two small hands to hug his neck, "President Xavier, I don't want to live with you now."

Justin held her and started kissing her soft little face with thin lips, "Regarding cohabitation, I'm just informing you, not asking for your opinion."

"But, I still have to film and will be living with the crew, it's inconvenient..."

"I'll come to find you when you're with the crew." Justin kissed her red lips.

Leah knew he was assertive. If he wanted cohabitation, it would definitely happen.

Then Justin grasped her small hand, guiding it into his pocket, "Reach in and see what's inside?"

What is it?

Leah slipped her small hand into his pocket and quickly pulled out a small item.

She looked at the little item, all in English, which translated to lubricant.

Leah's feathered lashes quivered. She understood all too well; he actually bought this.

"What is this?" Leah raised her enchanting eyes, looking innocently at him, pretending not to understand.

Justin's gaze burned with intensity as he stared at her, then curled his lips into a smile, "You don't understand?"

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

"Then forget it, just set it aside for now." Justin placed the little item under his pillow.

Leah's fingers subtly clenched, clutching his shirt collar. He was pressing her step by step, leaving no room for resistance or retreat.

"Leah, the issue with President Stone has been mostly resolved. I'll soon manage my grandfather's situation as well. I've been handling my matters, and you need to understand this—you, I definitely want you, I'm no pushover. You need to make your man happy, understand?"

Chapter 949: So Obedient~

He said that President Stone's issue was almost resolved, and the old man wasn't a problem either...

Leah Thorne lowered her lashes. Madame Goldie once said that men are made to conquer the world, while women are made to conquer men. In this revenge, she ultimately has to use him as a blade to hurt all his loved ones.

Perhaps out of guilt, Leah felt she should treat him a little better.

"I know." Leah lifted her small hands to his handsome face and then gently kissed his thin lips.

Justin Xavier's large hand clasped her slender waist and fell back, both of them tumbling into the soft big bed. Leah lay obediently and softly on his firm chest, kissing him with a mix of shyness and initiative.

She didn't know how long it had been when a "knock knock" sound came from outside the door.

Leah's lashes trembled, and she ended the kiss. She didn't know how long they'd been kissing, her lips and tongue were numb.

"Sir, dinner is ready." The maid said from outside the door.

Justin Xavier's long, narrow eyes were a deep red, and he raised his hand to cover them, his voice hoarse, "Got it."

The maid outside the door wisely left.

Leah moved, wanting to get down, "Let's go have dinner."

Justin Xavier still domineeringly restrained her, not letting her go, "How am I supposed to go down like this, you think a kiss is enough to brush me off?"

"... I'm afraid you'll get hungry."

"Have you eaten?"

Leah shook her head, "No, I was waiting for you to come back to eat together~"

Her gentle words gave Justin Xavier a sense of having a beauty hidden in a golden house. He reached out and pinched her soft alluring cheek, "Good girl."

While speaking, he held her small hand...

Leah quickly resisted, "No, my hand is still sore~"

Her innocent alluring black eyes looked at him, lightly biting her red lips, gently acting coy and coquettish.

Justin Xavier felt his soul was about to be hooked away by her, but he indulged in his current infatuation. He originally liked her youthful beauty and enchanting figure, these were what he supposed to enjoy.

"Why don't we... try the little thing under the pillow?" Justin Xavier raised an eyebrow and asked.

Alright, Leah accepted the threat, her small hand softened, no longer resisting.

...

The two of them messed around for a long time, Justin Xavier was like a wild horse off the bridle, endlessly entangling Leah.

The maid reheated the now cold dishes, Leah went to the kitchen to help with the bowls and chopsticks.

At this time, a melodious phone ringtone sounded, Justin Xavier got a call.

It was President Stone calling.

This call was expected, Justin Xavier walked to the side to answer.

President Stone's tearful plea quickly came, "Mr. Xavier, it's all my fault, please forgive me, let me off this time. I played too big this time, and I'm almost ruined by you."

Justin Xavier stood tall and handsome in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, one hand in his pants pocket, the other holding the phone, a cold, indifferent arc curling his thin lips, "I don't have time to listen to your nonsense. I'll give you two minutes, tell me something I want to hear."

On the other end, President Stone stiffened. What he wanted to hear... was probably about Leah entering his room.

"Mr. Xavier, the bowls and chopsticks are ready, let's have dinner~" At this moment Leah came over.

Justin Xavier slightly turned his body, his cold black eyes fell on Leah.

Seeing him on the phone, Leah turned to leave.

Justin Xavier watched her departure, didn't make a sound, but moved his fingers to turn on the speakerphone, President Stone's voice immediately reached her ears clearly.

"Mr. Xavier, I'll speak, I'll say everything. That night Leah entered my room to inquire about the past between the Thorne and Xavier families, about Leah's mom and your father, Hugh Xavier."

Leah halted her steps ahead, frozen on the spot, she quickly turned around.

She met Justin Xavier's black eyes. Now, Justin Xavier was looking at her, his eyes as deep as ink, watching her without moving, making one's heart feel fear.

"Oh, really?" He said, looking at Leah but speaking to President Stone, "Since she wants to know about that past, why don't you tell her now? Just as well, I would like to hear it too."

"Mr. Xavier, I had lustful intentions at the time, so I wanted to lure Leah. Therefore, I... I deceived Leah, I intentionally told Leah that her mom didn't seduce your father Hugh Xavier, there was another underlying story, and she fell for it."

"Mr. Xavier, there's nothing much to say about the past. It's just Leah's mom seduced your father. They were caught by Quinn Thorne and your mother while they were opening a room outside, and then the tragedy between the two families began."

"Mr. Xavier, I've said everything, please spare my worthless life..."

Leah couldn't hear what else President Stone said afterwards, as Justin Xavier directly hung up the call.

Justin Xavier put away his phone, stretched his long legs and walked over, looking at Leah. Leah's small face as big as a palm lost all its color in an instant, becoming extremely pale.

He reached out and held Leah's small hand, her hand was cold, like ice.

"Is it cold?" He rubbed her small hand, trying to transfer his body warmth to her, "If you want to know something, just tell me directly. No matter what it is, as long as you have doubts in your heart, I will help you investigate it. In the future, don't cause trouble, don't run out to make trouble for me, understand?"

Leah couldn't say a single word, looking at Justin Xavier in front of her, feeling cold all over. She had been running around for so long, and he easily found out about it. She had known he was a dangerous man, but she didn't expect him to be so deeply scheming and terrifyingly composed.

Now he was rubbing her small hand, indulging to the extreme, yet she couldn't feel a bit of warmth.

The past was like a thorn between them, not mentioning it didn't mean it didn't exist.

She knew he hated the Thorne family and hated her.

"Do you think what President Stone just said is true?" Leah asked.

"What do you mean?" Justin Xavier slightly lifted his handsome eyelids to look at her, "What do you think is true? Your mom didn't seduce my father is true, my mother's legs weren't crippled because of you is true, and all these years the Xavier family wasn't put in hell by your Thorne family is true?"

Leah knew, she just knew he wouldn't believe it.

He believed from his bones that everything was done by the Thorne family.

"I don't know why President Stone suddenly changed his statement, but I believe my mom, my mom didn't... ah!"

Before Leah could finish her words, she cried out in pain, because Justin Xavier suddenly gripped her wrist tightly.

Leah felt like her bones were about to be crushed by his grip.

Justin Xavier looked at her, expressionless, even his voice was calm without the slightest fluctuation, "Hungry? Let's go eat dinner."

Chapter 950: Justin Xavier Sleeps in the Study Tonight

Justin Xavier pulled her along as he walked.

Leah Thorne knew he was angry. Stumbling, she followed behind him, "Justin Xavier, why are you angry? No matter what others say, I believe in my mom. I will prove everything, prove that everything you imposed on me was wrong, prove that you hated the wrong person from the very beginning!"

Leah truly didn't understand why President Stone would say that, but she only trusted her own heart.

Justin Xavier stopped in his tracks, his handsome brows already shadowed with gloom, "Leah, you know, I don't like discussing this topic. Be good, accompany me to dinner first."

Leah forcefully pulled back her small hand, "In your eyes, I should be a sinner. Sinners don't deserve dinner, so you eat by yourself!"

With that, Leah turned and ran up the stairs, going straight into the master bedroom, locking the door behind her.

Standing downstairs with one hand on his waist, Justin Xavier licked his dry lips with his tongue, surprisingly amused in his anger. He was still mad, and she dared to give him attitude.

Justin suddenly thought of a serious problem: she locked the door, so where was he going to sleep tonight?

Was this the so-called... being locked out?

Justin couldn't accept this. It was their first day cohabiting, and he was determined not to sleep in the study.

Justin strode upstairs, stopping outside the master bedroom door. He raised his hand and knocked, "Leah, open the door."

"No! I'm not opening it!" Came Leah's voice from inside, refusing.

Justin lowered his voice, tinged with indulgence and coaxing, "Leah, open the door. I admit I shouldn't have been harsh with you, shouldn't have raised my voice, but you shouldn't have provoked me. Don't be angry."

There was silence inside. A few seconds later, the door creaked open slightly, revealing Leah's dark, watery eyes as she looked at him from inside.

"Justin Xavier, even if we're both wrong, you're the man. Can't you give in to me?" Leah pouted, her voice soft and coy.

Justin's heart softened. She was his cherished little pet, and he couldn't bear to be harsh with her.

"Alright, whatever you say," Justin replied softly.

"Fine, now you say 'sorry,' and I say 'sorry,' and we'll move past this," Leah bit her red lip, looking innocently alluring.

Justin, "I'm sorry, I was wrong."

Is that enough now?

"Well, Justin Xavier, you finally admit you were wrong. Tonight you're punished to stay out of the room and reflect properly!" Leah threw the prepared quilt and pillow into Justin's arms, then with a "bang," locked the door again.

Outside the door, Justin, "..."

What happened to saying 'sorry' each and letting it go?

What happened to moving on?

This little trickster!

Heh~

Just then, a stifled laugh sounded nearby.

Justin turned his head sharply, glaring, only to find a maid who couldn't help but laugh at seeing the master locked out.

"Mas... master, I didn't see anything. I'll get back to work now..." the maid hurried away.

Justin withdrew his gaze, his handsome face fully disgruntled. He had planned to hold her to sleep tonight. She was like a little kitten, burrowing into his arms when she slept. He didn't lie, whenever he moved, she'd cling tighter. Sleeping with her was... indescribable.

But clearly, he was going to sleep in the study tonight, alone in an empty room.

At that moment, Justin felt a surge of impulse, wanting to kick the door. This door couldn't stop him.

But, he let it go; she would really blow up.

Justin carried his pillow and quilt into the study, and at this moment, his phone rang. It was a call from Old Master Xavier.

He had dealt with President Stone, so such a "greeting" call from the old master was expected.

Justin tossed the phone aside, not answering it.

...

The Xavier family mansion.

Old Master Xavier listened as the mechanical female voice on the other end repeated, "Sorry, the number you've dialed is temporarily unavailable."

Old Master Xavier slammed the phone down in anger, knowing Justin Xavier was deliberately not answering.

The butler quickly tried to calm him, "Master, please calm down."

"How can I calm down? This Justin is getting too hard to control; he won't even answer my calls!"

"Master, in my opinion, young master is the most outstanding among the Xavier descendants. His decisive handling of President Stone's affair proves that. Of course, young master has quite a temperament, very much like the Xavier lineage."

Old Master Xavier's expression slightly improved. He was quite satisfied with his grandson, Justin Xavier, for deftly handling President Stone without any hesitation. A big temper was normal, as historically, those in power rarely had good tempers.

However, he had also heard that his grandson had taken Leah back to the villa, and they were indeed cohabiting.

"I'm not worried about Justin in anything, just about Leah. Justin brought Leah back right upon his return, openly cohabiting under my nose, completely ignoring my threats and warnings."

"Justin's at an age where he's full of energy, seeking pleasure is normal, but that person is Leah. If Leah captivates him in bed, Justin won't be able to let her go in the future. Even heroes succumb to beauties."

"I originally called Justin to tell him about Leah's plan, but he didn't even answer, this grandson has grown wings, and I have to coax him now!" Old Master Xavier huffed angrily.

"Master, we shouldn't confront the young master directly. He naturally rebels against authority, and a direct confrontation might just push him further towards Miss Thorne. How about we visit the villa tomorrow to discuss matters with him face to face? Despite his youth and desire for fun, the young master is extraordinarily astute and discerning. Once he knows what Miss Thorne is plotting, he will naturally keep his distance."

Old Master Xavier found this advice quite reasonable and nodded, "While Xavier Corp is still in my hands, I can still hold Justin in check. Let's make a visit to Justin tomorrow."

...

In the company, Justin Xavier received a call from the maid, who said, "Sir, Miss Thorne said she's feeling too stifled and wants to go out shopping today."

Remembering the cold night he spent in the study, Justin swore to sleep in the bedroom tonight. He frowned, "Got it, let her go out and have fun. Also, let her use my card, and use it as she pleases."

He had given her a gold-plated black card long ago, though she had never used it.

Soon, while reviewing documents, Justin received a text notification: "Dear VIP customer, your card ending in xxxx has been used for a purchase of 40,000 yuan."

Beep beep beep.

One card spending notification after another rolled in, continuously.