

## **Substitute B 981**

Chapter 981: I Was Seduced and Violated by Him

Laura Xavier fell off her wheelchair, her forehead struck the wall, blood immediately blurred her vision, and she entered the most disgraceful moment of her life.

"Mom." Justin Xavier stepped forward, reaching out to hold Laura.

Laura looked at Hugh Xavier with bloodshot eyes, her lips trembled, and she suddenly burst into laughter, tears streaming down her eyes amid her laughter, tears flowed continuously, she laughed and cried like a fool.

Perhaps she was laughing at her own life.

Soon, Laura lost her breath and fainted directly.

The scene was a bit chaotic, everyone was discussing, the staff exclaimed, "Quick, prepare the car, hurry and take the lady to the hospital!"

Justin held his mother, slowly lifting his head, his icy eyes fell on Hugh Xavier.

Hugh Xavier didn't care at all about Laura's life or death, but he was very concerned about his son Justin, because his future prosperity depended on him. Now, he met Justin's gaze, Justin's black eyes were like two dangerous and terrifying abysses, seemingly ready to devour him.

"Ju... Justin, this isn't my fault, your mom bumped into herself, and also... Leah Thorne," Hugh pointed at Leah angrily, "It's all her, she's the one causing all this trouble, Justin, Leah doesn't even want to marry you, she's just waiting to destroy the Xavier family at this wedding!"

The medical staff arrived, Justin handed the unconscious Laura to them and then stood up, walking towards Leah Thorne.

Leah Thorne remained expressionless throughout, just coldly watching; Laura was a pitiful, pathetic, and hateful woman, she showed no sympathy and would not forgive.

Justin came up to Leah, his handsome features shadowed by a dark expression, "Was it you who brought this driver Barrett?"

Leah nodded, "Yes, President Stone gave me the number, I called it. When Hugh Xavier wanted to get rid of Barrett back then, President Stone secretly helped him."

"Actually, there's another witness, our Thorne family's Nanny Diaz, but right after reuniting with her, Nanny Diaz was run over and killed right in front of me."

Justin narrowed his beautiful eyes, asked in a low voice, "Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

"There's nothing much, just that after the infidelity scandal, my parents died in a car accident on their way back. I suspect the accident was deliberate, I've reported it, and want the case reopened. The Xavier family's hands are stained with blood and death, I want you to pay it all back."

Justin displayed no expression, making it hard to discern what he was thinking, "Finished talking?"

Leah looked at him, stayed silent.

"After you're done talking, let's continue the wedding, everything will wait until after the wedding."

He still wanted to continue the wedding.

The whole crowd gasped in shock, looking at Justin; Leah had caused such a stir with the Xavier family, and he still wanted to get married. The former non-marriage advocate now had such a deep obsession with marriage.

Justin extended his large hand to take Leah's small hand.

But Leah retreated two steps, not allowing him to touch her.

The atmosphere between the two froze like this, and the whole crowd fell silent, watching the two.

Justin pressed his thin lips together, his displeasure already evident on his face, "Leah, come here."

Leah stood still, her delicate alluring eyes were cold, looking at Justin with chilly indifference, "Justin Xavier, I said, I won't marry you."

As she spoke, her red lips curled into a shallow and mocking crescent, "Your Xavier family rose on the Thorne family's blood, you, a lowly son, what right do you have to marry the Thorne family's treasured Aurora?"

Leah was still wearing her wedding gown, the long bridal skirt trailing on the ground, she stood amid the bright lights, defiant and radiant, making others dare not look directly.

Justin's large hand remained extended mid-air; he looked at her, slightly furrowing his brows like swords, "Leah, come here, don't make me repeat myself."

Leah's eyes lingered on his handsome face for a moment, then she turned to the cameras held by the media journalists, her voice crisp and forceful, "As everyone knows, I was pregnant at 18 and had a miscarriage, that child was indeed Justin Xavier's, but I was sedu...ced by him."

The moment she spoke these words, the whole crowd gasped, Leah was saying what?

After the pregnancy and miscarriage incident was revealed, Justin responded, but Leah hadn't; this was her first public statement, and she said she was sedu...ced by Justin?

Today's wedding was truly a spectacle, everyone was stunned.

Leah faced the camera, without any hesitation, "I have officially appointed a lawyer to sue Justin Xavier, he not only sedu...ced me at 18, but for the following years, he has continuously entangled me. I was with him very early on; I am his mistress hidden in the dark, I have records of us booking rooms at hotels, and evidence of our cohabitation!"

After Leah finished speaking, a lawyer in a suit stepped up, came in front of Justin, "President Xavier, I am now Leah Thorne's appointed lawyer, this is our lawsuit letter, apart from the above points, I've heard President Xavier has abnormal fet...ishes with men and women, likes to abuse people. My client has retained photos of all large and small injuries previously received, these will be submitted together."

Justin reached out, accepting the file folder from the lawyer, he opened it, and took out the evidence inside.

This evidence was rather complete, ranging from Leah's proof of miscarriage at 18 at the hospital to the recent hospital proof of him forcefully tearing her apart after returning from the station, it even covered his semen test, not one thing missing.

He was very forceful, every time he touched her, he couldn't control the strength, and coupled with her delicate skin, he easily bruised her, Leah had taken pictures, from waist to thigh, truly shocking to look at.

Justin casually flipped through, his tongue pressed against his right cheek, he rolled out a low, hoarse, dangerous laughter from his throat.

So, she had started preparing long ago.

Every time she lay beside him, every intimate encounter with him, she came with a purpose.

Justin looked up, his eyes darkened with a hint of red, "Leah, is this the new wedding gift you've prepared for me, I'm really... surprised."

After saying this, Justin strode towards Leah.

But the lawyer blocked the way, "I'm sorry, President Xavier, given your abnormal preferences, my client has already applied for a protection order from the court, within ten steps, you must not approach my client."

Chapter 982: Call Her Mrs. Xavier Now!

From now on, every time he sees her, he must stay ten steps away...

Justin Xavier's handsome face was always calm, but now there was a noticeable change in expression. He curled his lips into a smile, his teeth showing like the cold, sharp fangs of a wild beast.

He stopped and nonchalantly raised his hands, "Fine, I won't approach. Is this okay?"

As he spoke, his gaze passed over the lawyer and landed on Leah Thorne's small face, his spirited eyebrows raising slightly. He laughed, "Leah, do you really think this protective order can stop me? You truly don't understand me."

He looked lazy yet devilish now, extremely dangerous. Sometimes Leah Thorne even felt he was born rebellious, a dark and sinister person.

This wedding had already turned ugly. If she didn't take the opportunity to crush him, she didn't know how crazily he would retaliate against her in the future.

Leah Thorne raised her hand, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, "President Xavier, you better think about how to handle the aftermath. Your mother is in a coma in the hospital, your father won't be getting out, and as for your grandfather, I'm not done with him yet. And as for you, the dignified president of Xavier Corp is caught in a scandal of seduction and sexual deviance, your image has plummeted to the bottom. The public is already stirring, and with my influence added on, do you think you can walk away unscathed?"

"We'll talk about the future later. I'm very interested to see how President Xavier will stand up again."

Justin Xavier looked at Leah Thorne's eyes, still clear and bright, but devoid of any love for him. In her eyes, he had eventually become... one of the Xavier family, the indifferent Xavier family she despised.

He didn't know when she started plotting against him. He knew her well; she wasn't like her best friend Serena Sterling, not skilled in scheming. The girl he held in his palm was a bit naive and sweet.

Only now did he realize she could wield a knife too, with a steady hand, each slash potentially fatal.

Justin Xavier slowly curled his thin lips, his deep voice flat without any fluctuations, as if simply stating a fact, "Leah, I said you can't get rid of me."

"Whether I can or not, I'll only know after trying. Let's go," Leah Thorne said, turning with the lawyer to leave.

Justin Xavier stood there watching Leah Thorne's graceful figure disappear from his view, the bride was gone, the entire banquet hall erupted, but Justin stood still, quietly watching Leah Thorne's silhouette through the surging crowd.

She left in her wedding dress without hesitation, not even looking back.

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In the hospital.

Laura Xavier entered the VIP ward, still unconscious, receiving an IV.

Justin Xavier sat on a bench in the corridor, the area dimly lit, casting a shadow over his handsome features.

Just then, his private secretary ran over with a solemn expression to report, "President, today... with Miss Thorne causing such a scene at the wedding, it's the talk of the town. The scandal is uncontrollable on Weibo, the public is buzzing, and both your personal image and the credibility of Xavier Corp are facing a huge crisis. The company's stock is fluctuating, and people are anxious."

"President, Miss Thorne's move was too ruthless. She set a trap for you, first claiming a miscarriage to attract attention, then accusing you of seduction at the grand wedding. Leaving aside her being a superstar, anyone involved in such a scandal will be marked for life. Now, everyone is saying you're a... a psychopath..." The private secretary's voice grew smaller, afraid to continue.

Justin Xavier's brows twitched, then he gave the private secretary a faint look, "What Miss Thorne? You haven't changed your tone yet?"

"..." The private secretary was stunned, what did he mean?

"She is now my Mrs. Xavier." Justin Xavier stated.

"...President... Did you forget, the wedding didn't happen..."

"No worries, she'll soon be my Mrs. Xavier."

The private secretary looked at his president, unable to discern what he was thinking now.

"President, about your father?"

"Ignore him. Let him stay there for what he did."

"What about the public opinion outside?"

"Also ignore it."

Private Secretary, ...alright.

Actually, the Xavier Corp's top-notch crisis management team was all set, prepared for several nights of overtime, but this president just told them to disperse.

"President..."

"You should go back too."

"...Yes, President." The private secretary took his leave.

The corridor in the hospital was unusually quiet at night. Justin Xavier leaned his strong back against the bench with a lazy, defeated air, hands in pockets, not moving for a long time.

Footsteps approached him then.

Justin Xavier curled his lips, "Grandfather, you're here?"

In front of him was Old Master Xavier.

Old Master Xavier's cloudy yet sharp eyes looked at Justin Xavier, "Justin, you knew I would come?"

Justin Xavier looked up, hands still in pockets, his long legs lazily stretched out, "Speak, was the car accident involving Leah Thorne's parents your doing, and her brother too?"

Old Master Xavier nodded, "Yes."

"Oh." Justin Xavier wasn't surprised at all, he let out a laugh, "So that's it, you really caused the Thorne family's ruin... How ridiculous, I hated the Thorne family for so many years, I even thought... Leah Thorne was compensation from the Thorne family. Turns out, Leah Thorne was mine to steal."

Old Master Xavier looked at him, "Justin, what do you plan to do?"

Justin Xavier took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, pulling one out and holding it between his thin lips. He nodded slightly, lighting it with a lighter.

The crimson flame flickered, casting his handsome face in and out of shadow. He slowly took a drag of the cigarette, then blew the smoke out gently, "We're on the same boat now, aren't we?"

Old Master Xavier nodded, he'd expected his grandson wouldn't let him down.

In fact, Old Master Xavier didn't plan to hide the Thorne family incident from Justin Xavier. Once Justin knew, he'd be the strongest backer and force to protect the Xavier family.

"Justin..." Old Master Xavier wanted to speak.

"I know what to do. You should leave. I don't want to see you or them now."

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Leah Thorne returned to her villa, Madame Goldie by her side, "Leah, Hugh Xavier trying to rape isn't escaping punishment. The old trick scandal has been overturned, but the car accident involving your parents doesn't have strong evidence. We probably can't charge Hugh Xavier."

Leah Thorne was aware of this, she hadn't found any trace of the accident from back then, but Father Fan discovered it. Unless she collaborated with Father Fan.

Regarding the collaboration, Leah Thorne hadn't decided yet.

Chapter 983: I Don't Love Him Anymore, But Not Yet

"Leah, Van's father has already found clues about your parents' car accident from years ago. Why don't you cooperate with him? That way you can take your revenge," Madame Goldie asked.

Leah lowered her gaze, remained silent for a few seconds, and then spoke softly, "But, they're targeting Justin Xavier..."

Madame Goldie was taken aback.

Leah continued, "I can confront him, but others shouldn't, because I know my limits. A few scandals can help me break free from him, but won't harm him physically. He's strong enough not to be crushed by them, but others might... want him dead, given how audacious and flamboyant he is, making too many enemies."

Leah's lips curved into a gentle smile, as if thinking of something.

Madame Goldie understood that Leah ultimately couldn't bring herself to hurt him.

Madame Goldie reached out to touch Leah's head, "Leah, you still love him, don't you?"

Leah rested her head on Madame Goldie's shoulder, "I said I no longer love him, but not at this moment."

"A man I've loved for so many years, I still don't know how to remove him from my heart."

"Madame Goldie, at least for now, I still love him."

Madame Goldie felt a pang of pity for the girl, burdened with so much at just over twenty years old, feeling guilty about her deceased family because of her deep love for Justin.

"Leah, it's not your fault. Love has no right or wrong."

Leah nodded lightly, "I don't want to marry him, and I'm actually scared. He's never said he loves me, and I don't know when his slight affection for me might disappear."

"Because I can't feel loved by his side, I became the one who left first."

Madame Goldie didn't know how to comfort this girl, after all, she wasn't Justin Xavier.

Madame Goldie let Leah rest quietly for a while before speaking, "Leah, today you stood up and accused President Xavier, causing another media frenzy. Are you really planning to leave the entertainment industry?"

Leah nodded, "Madame Goldie, I want to retire."

"Why?" Madame Goldie was shocked; she never thought Leah would want to retire from the industry.

Because her memory is getting worse, she's already starting to forget her lines.

So she wants to speed up, fearing she'll forget the hatred she carries, forget her parents and brother.

"There's no real reason, just... I'm too tired. Contact Director Wright, I'll start work again tomorrow. I want to finish 'Floating Life' quickly, then leave here to start anew where no one knows me."

As a top agent, Madame Goldie should persuade Leah, who is her financial lifeline, but in this moment, she sees Leah's weariness and desire to leave. Leah is really tired.

Madame Goldie smiled and nodded, "Leah, I can't promise you, but I can give you an extended vacation, no limit. Go wherever you want, play to your heart's content. When you're ready, come back and find me. Isn't making money in the entertainment industry tempting?"

Leah nodded, "Okay."

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Madame Goldie left the villa and called Director Wright to confirm Leah's secret return to work the next day.

After hanging up, Madame Goldie went downstairs and quickly encountered a dark figure in the shadowy stairwell—Justin Xavier.

It was very dark here with no light. Madame Goldie walked up to confirm repeatedly; it was indeed Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier had come.

He was wearing a well-fitted black suit, standing quietly in the corner of the stairwell, one hand in his pants pocket, lazily leaning against the wall, a half-lit cigarette in his other hand.

A layer of cigarette stubs had accumulated at his feet, indicating he had been here smoking for some time.

"President Xavier, why are you here? Aren't you supposed to be in the hospital?" Madame Goldie asked.

Justin Xavier's face was hard to see, only the scarlet glow of the cigarette in his hand was visible as he exhaled smoke slowly and softly asked, "Is Leah asleep?"

"Yes, she just went to sleep."

Justin Xavier did not speak again, leaving a heavy silence hanging.

Madame Goldie was the first to feel suffocated; his presence was overwhelming, and since she considered herself Leah's ally, she couldn't betray her. So she said, "President Xavier, if there's nothing else, I'll be leaving now."

"Alright," Justin Xavier responded casually.

Madame Goldie hurried away.

As she reached the turn, she glanced back at Justin Xavier. He remained in the same stance, smoking without moving or attempting to enter the villa. He seemed to only come for a look.

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Leah secretly returned to work, and the entire crew maintained strict confidentiality and security measures, leaving no room for leaks.

"Leah, are you ready?" Director Wright asked Leah, who was studying the script.

Leah nodded, "Yes."

This scene was Leah's opposite Shane Young's, with Director Wright formally clapping the slate, "Action!"

Shane Young reached out and grabbed Leah's shoulder. "Anya, I've heard that war is about to break out. Come with me, I'll take you away from here!"

Leah shook her head, "No, I... I..."

Leah suddenly forgot her lines.

Director Wright quickly clapped the slate, "Cut."

Shane Young released Leah, and Director Wright approached, "Leah, what's going on? The lines aren't long, how could you forget them?"

Leah apologized, "Sorry, Director Wright. Let me check the script, we'll try again."

Leah checked the script but still couldn't perform because she kept forgetting her lines. Director Wright had called "cut" many times.

The crew's pace noticeably slowed, spending the entire morning repeating the scene.

"Leah, you seem to be off your game. Take a break and we'll shoot other scenes," Director Wright suggested.

Madame Goldie draped a coat over Leah's shoulders, also puzzled, "Leah, what's happening? You've never made such a low-level mistake as forgetting lines before. Are you too exhausted?"

Leah knew her condition was worsening with rapid memory decline.

"Maybe I'm tired, Madame Goldie, could you get me a cup of hot water?"

"Okay."

Madame Goldie left, and Leah sat on a chair, picking up the script to memorize lines. She even copied them down with a pen.

At that moment, she heard whispers from behind her,

"Look at Leah Thorne, a whole scene took half a day. We're all exhausted following her, and she's been absent for days. Now completely off her game; she's dragging down the crew's pace. She's going to ruin us."

"Yeah, 'Floating Life' is a major production we fought to get into."

"Oh, Leah nearly stepped into a wealthy life, almost becoming Mrs. Xavier—we shouldn't risk offending her!"

#### Chapter 984: Getting the Marriage Certificate at the Civil Affairs Bureau

The originally sensational wedding of Leah Thorne and Justin Xavier made all the actresses in the entertainment industry green with envy. After all, the ultimate goal of female stars is to marry into a wealthy family, and they had long been jealous of Leah.

Now that Leah and Justin have officially torn faces, everyone is watching the show, so they all want to take this opportunity to mock and insult.

Leah's pen paused for a moment; this morning she saw the news that the stock price of Xavier Corp was quickly stabilized after a period of fluctuation. Justin Xavier, this business giant, once again demonstrated his ironclad tactics and remarkable power.

As for those external rumors of him being a sexual predator and deviant, he didn't pay them any mind. Clearly, these are trivial matters to him, nothing more than gossip and jokes for others over tea and meals.

Leah had no expression as she continued to copy her script, hoping to enhance her memory; otherwise, it would be difficult for her to continue filming "Fleeting Life."

Acting is her passion, and she wants to do her best with what little passion she has left.

Just then, a deep, magnetic voice came from above her head with a hint of a smile, "What are you writing?"

The pen in Leah's hand suddenly stopped and froze. The voice was too familiar to her to mistake—it's Justin Xavier!

Justin Xavier had arrived.

He actually came to the set.

Leah looked up, and Justin Xavier's handsome face broke into her view. Today he was wearing a black turtleneck sweater with a deep blue coat on top, adding a touch of noble elegance to his casual, fashionable ensemble, making him look exceptionally young and dashing.

Leah gazed up at him with her small, palm-sized face and paused.

At this moment, Madame Goldie came running with a hot water cup, "Mr. Xavier..."

A few black-clad bodyguards arrived, lifting a few of the gossiping actresses, "Who was badmouthing Mrs. Xavier just now?"

The actresses, who had never encountered such a scene before, were scared stiff, "Her! It's her!"

Slap.

Slap slap.

The black-clad bodyguard slapped the actress who mocked Leah twice.

Director Wright came running upon hearing the news, "Mr. Xavier, what brings you here?"

The personal secretary looked at Director Wright, "Director Wright, how can the 'Fleeting Life' crew tolerate gossipmongers? For harmony's sake, our president believes they should be removed."

Director Wright broke into a cold sweat, immediately nodding, "Alright, Mr. Xavier is right, Mr. Xavier is reasonable, we will all listen to Mr. Xavier."

The expressions of those actresses changed; they had fought tooth and nail to get into the crew, hoping for the show's success to bask in the rewards. But Justin Xavier wants them kicked out.

The reason being, they uttered a few words against Leah?

"Mr. Xavier..." The actresses cried in fear and tried to plead, but the bodyguards swiftly escorted them out.

Director Wright watched this unfold; this was indeed how Justin Xavier operated—strong and forceful.

"Director Wright, our president's wife is a bit tired recently and might need some time to adjust, thank you for everyone's hard work. It's about mealtime now, and our president will treat everyone to a meal."

The moment the personal secretary finished speaking, people came streaming in with the food.

The entire crew watched; those gossiping actresses had been taken away before their eyes, destined to disappear in the entertainment world. Initially, everyone thought Leah had severed ties with the wealthy family due to the wedding incident, but who would know that Mr. Xavier came today to back her up, directly calling her 'Mrs. Xavier'.

The members of the crew, being perceptive, realized that Mr. Xavier was deeply enamored with Leah, and none dared to offend Leah again.

"It's not hard work; it's what we should do."

"Thank you, Mr. Xavier, thank you, Mrs. Xavier."

"Wow, this is divine kitchen cuisine. Usually, you can't even get a reservation. It looks so delicious."

The atmosphere quickly warmed up, and Leah, as 'Mrs. Xavier,' received heaps of flattery.

Leah put down her pen and looked at Justin Xavier, frowning slightly.

Justin Xavier wasn't involved in the previous events; not even a hint of movement in his handsome brow. His gaze remained on Leah's palm-sized, charming face, "Read your script later; have a meal first."

The personal secretary brought over the food, "Madam, these are made by the chef under the president's order, all your favorites."

Leah glanced at it, "I have no appetite..."

"Leah, you can quarrel with me, but you must eat, otherwise, do you want me to feed you?" Justin Xavier interrupted her.

Argue?

So her wedding scene was nothing more than a 'quarrel' in his eyes.

Leah genuinely feared he would feed her, so she accepted the chopsticks and quietly began eating.

The personal secretary brought a chair, and Justin Xavier took a seat, elegantly crossing his long legs as he began reading a financial newspaper.

His face sported refined, gold-rimmed glasses, and the mature allure and elite aura of this man were intrinsic, especially his cool and ascetic demeanor, which made the actresses on the crew secretly glance at him, making the claim of being a deviant both frightening and blush-inducing.

As Leah ate, Justin Xavier was next to her, accompanying her while reading the paper.

Leah truly had little appetite, managing barely half a bowl before putting the chopsticks down. She looked at the man beside her, "Mr. Xavier, I'm finished."

Justin Xavier glanced up from the financial newspaper at the food left on her plate. Her small consumption made him frown slightly in displeasure. Quickly, he set down his financial newspaper and stood, "If you're done, then let's go."

"Go? Where to?"

"Since you made a scene at the wedding, we won't hold it for now, but I'll make it up to you later. For now, let's go to the civil affairs bureau to get the marriage license."

Go to the civil affairs bureau to get a marriage license?

Leah laughed, her black, shiny eyes coldly amused as she looked at him, "Mr. Xavier, the civil affairs bureau isn't just something you can stroll into. If you dare bring me in there, do you believe I won't seek help from the staff to have you caught?"

Justin Xavier raised a handsome eyebrow, "You really won't go?"

"No," Leah flatly refused.

"Alright, see what this is?" Justin Xavier unlocked his phone and handed it to Leah.

Leah glanced over, and her breath caught, pupils constricting sharply.

"Hand me the phone!" Leah reached out to snatch the phone.

But Justin Xavier lifted his hand high, a faint sinister curve playing on his lips, "Consider whether you want to go get the marriage certificate."

After saying that, he turned and walked away.

"Justin Xavier!" Leah quickly stood up, knocking over the table, the script scattering all over. She chased after him, grabbing his coat sleeve forcefully, "I'll go! Isn't it just about getting the license? I'll go, I'll agree to anything you say!"

Chapter 985: Go Upstairs and Take a Bath

This answer was within Justin Xavier's expectations. He didn't stop his stride, just reached out his large hand to hold Leah Thorne's soft and slightly cool little hand, and led her away in big steps.

"Your household register is with me, did you bring your ID card?" he asked.

Leah nodded vigorously, "I brought it, I brought it."

"Can you ask your lawyer to withdraw the case? You consented when you were 18, and there's no way I could be ten steps away from my wife, right?"

"Right, I'll call the lawyer right away."

The two walked out of the set, a long stretch limousine was waiting outside, and the private secretary had already respectfully opened the rear door.

Justin Xavier wasn't showing any emotional fluctuations, "The new house is ready, we'll move there after the wedding, Leah, I don't like your career. Once 'The Floating Life' ends, you should leave the circle and peacefully be my Mrs. Xavier..."

The little hand in his palm suddenly slipped away, Justin Xavier stopped in his tracks, and turned his head to look at the girl behind him.

Leah stood there disheartened, the cold wind outside blowing against her thin body, her eyes were already red, thoroughly red. She looked at him, her voice trembling with a crying tone, "Justin Xavier, m-my brother... where is he? I'm asking you, where is my brother?"

Justin Xavier looked at the tears in her eyes, feeling a bit displeased. He didn't like her shedding tears for another man, even if it was her brother, he really didn't like it.

"Once we're married, I'll naturally tell you." He lifted his thin lips.

Leah slowly extended her little hand, "Then give me the phone, I want to see... my brother..."

Justin Xavier took out his phone and handed it to her.

Leah tapped the phone screen and zoomed in on the photo. Yes, it was her brother.

But her brother was lying in the intensive care hospital bed, with many tubes inserted in him, and an oxygen mask on his face. Her brother looked very unwell.

Her brother must have been seriously injured, otherwise he would have come back to her.

For so many years, if he could return, he would have returned.

Her eye sockets felt very hot, big teardrops kept falling down. Leah held the phone tightly, her slender white fingers gripping so tightly they turned white with pain. She slowly squatted down, squatting on the street corner, holding the phone and hugging herself, unable to stop crying.

Her brother is still alive!

She always felt that her brother hadn't died, but the speculation was far less impactful than the current scene. It turned out she wasn't an orphan; she still had a family in this world, her brother was really still alive.

That was the brother who loved her and cared for her the most.

Justin Xavier looked at Leah; she was squatting there alone, a small and fragile little bundle, crying so hard she was gasping for breath.

Justin Xavier walked over, knelt on one knee, and extended his large palm to stroke her little head, like treating his most beloved pet.

"Don't touch me!" Leah pushed him away with red eyes, glaring at him with tears blurring her vision, "It's all you, it's all of you, you killed my daddy and mommy, made me an orphan!"

"Your mom always liked to scold me, scolded me for years whenever she saw me, your dad was sordid and shameless, had those thoughts about me, the worst was your grandpa, and you, you hurt me the most."

"You lifted me to the clouds and then slammed me to the ground, you even deprived me of the right to be a mother. I don't know if you executioners ever wake up in your nightmares at night, if you can smell the bloody scent your hands are stained with!"

"My dad, my mom, both such good people, my brother... my brother was born a chosen one, the most brilliant and bright star in Bayside, but now my brother is lying in a hospital bed, relying on oxygen even to breathe... such a proud person, he must be so sad..."

"Justin Xavier, I've always wanted to ask you, what did I do wrong, what did I do so wrong that you would destroy me like this? Had I known the pain of today, I'd rather wander aimlessly and suffer a lifetime than step into the Xavier family's door and come to your side!"

Leah roared at Justin Xavier from the street corner, her fists clenched tightly, her eyes bloodshot staring at him fiercely. For the first time, Justin saw in her eyes... the excruciating pain, and hatred.

He didn't know why, but he always felt that although Leah was in her twenties, the most vibrant of ages, she seemed like she was slowly withering.

Justin Xavier's long eyes also tinged with a bit of red, he reached out once more, holding her trembling shoulders, "Leah, don't be willful, you've seen, your brother is very unwell now, he needs you to save him, you will save him, right?"

Leah was touched on her sore spot, she truly hated, how could she not hate? The Thorne family was shattered, and the man before her always maintained such an arrogant posture, forcefully controlling everything.

"Leah, it's getting late now, wipe away your tears, we should go to the civil affairs bureau."

"Justin Xavier, how do you still have the nerve to marry me now? My brother will come back soon, he will take me away, and you will never see me again!"

Justin Xavier used his fingertip to wipe away the tears on her face, his movements gentle and full of affection, "Leah, don't say such silly things. Perhaps Mort Thorne of the past could compete with me, but what can Mort Thorne, who's become like this, use to take you away?"

"However, as long as you peaceably become my Mrs. Xavier, then your brother is my brother, and I can listen to him very well."

"So do you understand, Leah, how I treat your brother completely depends on your attitude towards me."

"You treat me well, I treat your brother well. If you don't treat me well, then don't blame me... for being unkind to your brother."

This insidious, despicable man, Leah had tried everything to escape from him, but unexpectedly she was caught back so easily.

Now her brother is under his control, what else can she do?

Besides being his Mrs. Xavier, what else can she do?

"Justin Xavier, you'd better ensure my brother comes back safe and sound, otherwise... there's nothing I can't do, but I can let you lose your Mrs. Xavier forever."

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Justin Xavier took Leah to the civil affairs bureau, the two successfully obtained two red booklets.

Leah officially became Mrs. Xavier, legally protected Mrs. Xavier.

Justin Xavier didn't return to the company, instead bringing Leah back to their new home.

Everything in the new home was designed by Justin Xavier himself, low-key warmth filled with extreme luxury.

After eating a bit of dinner, Leah put down her chopsticks, and the maid quickly said, "Madam, eat a little more, you've only eaten a little bit."

Leah shook her head, "I'm full."

Across from her, Justin Xavier glanced at her, "If you don't eat, that's fine, go upstairs, take a bath."

Go upstairs, take a bath.

Leah knew, the wedding night had arrived.

Chapter 986: Call Me Husband and Let Me Hear It~

Leah sat still, not moving.

Justin Xavier raised an eyebrow, exuding the charm of a mature man, "What, want to join me in the shower?"

Leah stood up and left.

...

In the master bedroom, the maid had prepared the rose milk bath and placed a set of pajamas in the bamboo basket, "Ma'am, you can bathe and change now."

Leah glanced at the pajamas, vintage red silk with gold trim, quite beautiful.

"Understood."

The maid withdrew.

Leah undressed, got into the bathtub, letting the warm, comforting water envelop her. She spaced out for a moment, then got up.

After drying the water drops off her body, she put on the silk pajamas and stepped out.

Returning to the room, she stood in front of the vanity using a hairdryer to dry her damp long hair.

Soon, a respectful voice from outside came through, "Sir."

Justin Xavier had arrived.

In the next second, there was a "click" as the room door opened, and Justin Xavier's tall, handsome figure appeared in view.

He had just showered in the adjacent room and was now wearing black silk pajamas, with sleeves trimmed in vintage red gold, obviously matching hers, in a newlywed couple style. The pajamas were V-neck, revealing his prominent Adam's apple and exquisite collarbone, making his youthful handsomeness blush-inducing.

Leah stopped the hairdryer in her hand, turning to look at him.

Justin's gaze also landed on her body, flickering with two flickers of dark red flames, as he walked in and closed the door.

He moved forward.

Leah backed away.

Quickly, he advanced on her, took the hairdryer from her hand, and grasped her delicate, fair wrist, pulling her toward the marital bed.

Leah closed her eyes, knowing she couldn't escape this obstacle. He had already said that the Mrs. Xavier he married wasn't just for show but for enjoyment.

But, how could she lie beneath him?

The cause of her parents' death remained unclear, her brother was still lying in the ICU, and she actually married him, now on the verge of conjugal affection. Every time this happened, Leah particularly hated and despised herself.

Reaching the bedside, Justin pushed, and Leah's soft, delicate body fell directly onto the large bed.

Slight dizziness overtook her as she tried to scramble off the bed.

But Justin crowded her, cupping her soft waist with his big hands, firmly pulling her into his arms and pinning her underneath.

He lowered his eyes and kissed her.

Leah desperately avoided him, "Justin Xavier, if you want to touch me, take me to see my brother first."

"Stop talking nonsense, kiss me first," Justin's voice was hoarse, finding her red lips, kissing her passionately.

Ngh.

Leah's breath was immediately seized. He kissed her fiercely, without any gentleness, like a beast ravaging her red lips before forcibly prying open her teeth, launching a frenzied assault inside.

Leah's small hands pushed against his strong chest, soon running out of breath.

Just as she neared suffocation, Justin released her.

Cough.

Cough, cough.

As fresh air rushed in, Leah coughed uncomfortably.

Justin curved his lips in a low, husky laugh, "Sorry, I've been fond of this for a long time, couldn't control it."

As he said "sorry," his hands showed no such intent, pressing her down, kissing her hard, and starting to unbutton her pajamas, "Cooperate a little, and I'll be gentle."

Leah furrowed her delicate brows, holding onto his large hand, "I want to see my brother, I want to see my brother..."

"Mrs. Xavier, are you sure you want to call for another man on our wedding night in my bed?"

Leah paused, clenching her fist and hitting him twice, murmuring, "Justin Xavier, that's my brother, are you some kind of pervert!"

Justin took her blows, not dodging at all, wickedly raising an eyebrow, "Well, I'm your brother too. Tell me, who do you love more, me or Mort Thorne?"

"..." Leah truly thought he was a pervert, a lunatic!

Sensing her silence, Justin frowned slightly, "I heard you and your brother were very close, will there be no place for me if he wakes up?"

Leah was furious, "Justin Xavier, don't judge my brother with such vile and filthy thoughts!"

Brother, brother, brother, Justin just felt that her heart and eyes were full of that brother Mort Thorne now, and what did he count as?

Justin would never allow himself to lose favor, though now he felt quite insecure.

"Fine, fine, your brother's a good man, I'm the bad guy, I'm the bully you like to pick on, alright?" For the first time, Justin found the buttons of the pajamas annoying, roughly tearing open Leah's pajamas.

The girl's pale tender skin was suddenly exposed to his eyes, Justin's eyes turned red with excitement. He lowered himself, burying his head in her delicate neck, murmuring hoarsely, "Hmph, I don't care to be your brother either, Mrs. Xavier, switch titles, call me husband and let me hear~"

That day on the call with Hayden Crawford, Serena Sterling sweetly called him husband, and at that moment, he inexplicably thought, one day he'll make Leah call him husband too.

"Not calling! I don't want to call! Justin Xavier, let go of me, you're so heavy, you're hurting me, I'll sue you... for marital violence!"

The girl underneath kept writhing, both dressed lightly, and Justin, young and vigorous, at the age of craving such things, felt the blood rushing all over.

His kisses trailed down her neck, kissing downward, "Mrs. Xavier, don't vent your anger toward the Xavier family on me."

Leah shivered slightly, soon curling her lips into a smile, retorting, "Then why did you vent your hatred for the Thorne family on me in the first place?"

The body above her stiffened.

Leah stared at the ceiling above, the smile at her lips widening, "The past generation's matters, you now cry innocence, but at eighteen, I was even more innocent, you didn't spare me then, so what right do you have to ask for my forgiveness now?"

Justin propped himself on both hands beside her, raising his body, looking down at her.

Leah suddenly wrapped her small arms around his neck, their posture intimate, "Justin Xavier, sometimes I really wonder if you've fallen for me, now tell me, do you love me?"

"If you love me, take me to see my brother, alright? My brother's still lying in a hospital bed, I'm really worried about him. Even if you don't support me, you should compensate for something for the Xavier family, shouldn't you?"

"Also, you know my parents' car accident was caused by the Xavier family, more than anyone, right? If you love me, help me send the perpetrator to jail, let my parents rest in peace, alright?"

Chapter 987: Leah, I Can't Let Myself Have Nothing Left

"Justin Xavier, these two requests of mine aren't too much, are they?"

Justin Xavier knew these two requests weren't too much, but...

Justin stared at her with dark eyes, saying nothing.

In the long wait, Leah Thorne fell silent, slowly moving from disappointment to despair, just like her love for him, from waiting to despair.

Ha.

Leah let out a light laugh, then slowly closed her eyes. She suddenly realized that whether Justin loved her or not no longer mattered.

If he loved her, then his love was just like this.

Seeing her smile, the emptiness in Justin's heart grew larger. He lowered his head, gently touched her red lips.

This time, he kissed her very softly, as if he was afraid of hurting her, extremely tender.

"Justin Xavier, let go of me. Since our marriage is a transaction, let's talk business now. Let me see my brother first, only then will I let you touch me!"

"No," Justin refused hoarsely, "You don't have the bargaining rights in this deal. I will let you see your brother, but first, I must... inspect the goods."

The words "inspect the goods" made Leah's face turn pale and red alternately. She began to struggle hard, her small hand touched his pajama pocket, and something fell out of it.

Leah glanced at it; it was that small bottle, for lubrication.

He had brought it with him.

Leah reached out, wanting to throw that small bottle away.

But Justin was faster; with a few long fingers, he clasped her fair wrist, pressed it above her head, and then pushed her clothes upward...

Leah trembled in pain all over. When he let her go, she bit down hard on his shoulder.

Hiss.

Justin grunted, then quickly pulled her into his arms, "Leah, be good, this is a marital obligation. I've wanted you for a long time..."

Leah's head knocked against the headboard. Just as she was about to escape his grasp, he pulled her back. She felt like a small boat on the sea, the whole world in turmoil.

She felt both pain and discomfort, yet was trapped in his iron grip, making her want to cry.

In the end, she really did cry out. Justin gently licked the tears on her face, then kissed her, swallowing her sniffled cries...

...

After an unknown amount of time, Justin turned over and got off, his crimson eyes lifting slightly, his throat moving a few times as he suppressed that deadly feeling.

At this moment, the room was lit by a soft, warm light. Justin raised his hand to cover his crimson eyes, suddenly overwhelmed by a sense of tenderness.

He got up, looked at Leah. Leah moved a little, her slender figure turned sideways, raising a thin arm to wrap around herself. Her black-tea curls were scattered beautifully and seductively on the sheets, clothes in disarray, looking exactly like someone who had just been... ravaged.

Justin pulled up his pants, went into the bathroom, didn't bother showering himself, and first brought a towel out to wipe her down.

Leah kept her eyes closed, her breath weak. Having been bullied mercilessly, she didn't even have the strength to lift a finger.

Justin wiped the sweat from her forehead, suddenly smiled, "If you go report me for abuse now, you'd probably win."

Leah's skin was covered with marks he had pressed into it. Even he felt he wouldn't be wronged; he likely had a tendency for sexual violence deep in his bones.

Leah fluttered her eyelashes, opened her eyes. Having just cried, her eyes were watery and pitiful, like a pure kitten that the man couldn't resist, "Is it enough? Can you take me to see my brother now?"

Her voice was hoarse.

Justin's actions didn't stop, "Keep me company tonight, I'll take you to see him tomorrow."

"You..."

"Do you want to go see your brother looking like this? Go look in the mirror, your face screams you've just been bedded by a man."

"..." Leah closed her eyes.

She was really exhausted, had no strength left, and soon fell asleep.

Justin wiped her clean, then went to the bathroom to take a shower himself, before returning to bed and pulling her into his arms.

At this moment, with a "ding," his phone rang with a new message.

He opened the message; the content was simple: They still hadn't found Mort Thorne.

Justin put down his phone. Leah kept nagging to see Mort Thorne; it wasn't that he wouldn't take her, but he hadn't found Mort Thorne at all.

He was indeed despicable and shameless because he used an old photo to trick Leah into marrying him, making her Mrs. Xavier.

Mort Thorne had been missing for many years. The picture in his phone was from a long time ago. Mort had been severely injured, had been bedridden for years. At the time, the doctors had said his chances of survival and recovery were very slim. But one day, Mort suddenly disappeared from the hospital, with no trace ever since.

Mort Thorne was Quinn Thorne's son, a prodigy from a young age, who joined the military in his teens and became the highest-ranking officer of The Bloodwing.

The Bloodwing was a special task force rumored to have black slashes on their faces, ghost-like. Over the years, they had cracked numerous trafficking rings, organ trade syndicates, drug cartels, almost sweeping away all criminal kingpins, striking fear into many hearts.

No one had ever seen this Bloodwing unit, but it was said that anyone who had seen them was dead.

The high-ranking commander of this Bloodwing unit, Mort Thorne, was a legend in both the military and civilian worlds, with stories of him in every corner of military, political, and judicial sectors.

When the Thorne family had trouble years ago, Mort secretly returned home. Old Master Xavier and Hugh Xavier betrayed Mort's whereabouts, leading him into multiple ambushes by dark forces on his way.

Everyone said Mort was dead, and an official death certificate was issued for him. With Mort's disappearance, The Bloodwing faded from everyone's sight, as if they had vanished along with Mort.

The underworld settled into peace.

It had been peaceful for many years.

Justin wanted to smoke, but remembering Leah didn't like the smell of smoke on him, he resisted. He looked down at the small face in his arms.

Her brother Mort Thorne was an extraordinarily talented person. He speculated that Mort, with his unyielding nature, might have survived. But as the highest-ranking officer of The Bloodwing, he couldn't show himself to see Leah, as his presence would stir up chaos in the calm underworld and bring unpredictable dangers to Leah.

However, Justin had already sensed Mort Thorne's presence.

He felt that Mort was already on his way back.

Leah's second request was for him to bring the ones who killed her parents to justice, but he couldn't.

Crashing a car, betraying the highest-ranking commander, even the entire Xavier family wasn't enough to atone.

Justin's fingertips traced Leah's cheek with both infatuation and affection. He softly murmured, "Leah, I can't let myself have nothing, because if I have nothing, what would I use to keep you?"

Chapter 988: Leah Thorne Brings Homemade Soup with Love

When Leah Thorne woke up, Justin Xavier had already left for the company.

She sat up, still feeling sore all over, but he had applied some ointment, which alleviated some of the discomfort and pain.

Leah felt something flowing between her legs, a lot, but since her body was damaged and she couldn't get pregnant, he wasn't concerned or restrained.

Leah picked up her phone and called Justin Xavier.

The melodious ringtone sounded once before being picked up, but it wasn't Justin Xavier; it was his personal secretary, "Hello, madam, are you looking for the president?"

"Yes, where is he?"

"Madam, the president has a very important business meeting today; he's a bit busy..."

"So, he doesn't even have time to answer my call?"

"Uh..."

Leah directly hung up the phone.

...

Xavier Corp.

In the president's office, Justin Xavier sat in the office chair, looking up at his personal secretary, who pointed awkwardly at the "busy" tone and whispered, "President, the madam seems angry."

"I could tell." Justin Xavier's thin lips curved slightly.

"President, should we now..."

"Come on, let's go to the meeting." Justin Xavier walked briskly to the VIP meeting room.

The personal secretary quickly followed.

In the VIP meeting room, Justin Xavier sat at the head seat. At this moment, a sweet voice came to his ears, "President, here are the meeting materials."

Justin Xavier glanced up; in front of him was a stunning woman wearing a black business suit, with a white blouse underneath that outlined her round chest, her hips very shapely, wearing high heels, and legs covered in... black stockings.

"President, this is the newly appointed Director of Public Relations, Keira Young," the personal secretary whispered.

Keira Young curved her fiery red lips, her eyes seemed to be electric as she looked at Justin Xavier, "Hello, President, I look forward to working with you."

Justin Xavier showed no expression, his gaze calmly withdrawn, his demeanor aloof and ascetic.

Keira returned to her seat, her eyes bright as she looked at Justin Xavier, like a hunter watching her prey.

She had already investigated everything; this outwardly cold and restrained man on the head seat has a slightly twisted hobby and a tendency towards SM.

Having worked in public relations for so many years, Keira had dealt with men the most. She had seen too many men, including ones like Justin Xavier, who appeared to be upstanding but were like beasts once the clothes came off.

She was sure she could get this man!

...

The meeting ended around noon, and Justin Xavier returned to the president's office.

At this moment, there was a "knock, knock" on the door, and outside came Keira Young's sweet voice, "President, I have a document here that needs your signature."

"Come in."

Keira Young pushed the door open, swaying her sinuous waist as she approached Justin Xavier, "President, it's this document."

Justin Xavier reached out to receive it.

But the next second, Keira's hand released, and the document fell directly onto the carpet.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry President, I'll pick it up now." Keira bent down to pick up the document.

Before coming in, she had already undone three buttons on her white blouse, and as she bent, the full curves were on full display.

Blatant seduction.

As Keira picked up the document, a polished black leather shoe entered her vision, stepping on the document she was about to retrieve.

Keira immediately looked up, following the polished shoe upward, past the knife-edge tailored black trousers, to the tight waist cinched with a black belt, a white shirt, and a delicately handsome face.

Justin Xavier had turned the chair to face her at some point.

"President, you're stepping on my document~" Keira flirted with a glance.

Justin Xavier looked down at her, his gaze lingering on her full chest, a mocking smile playing on his thin lips as he spoke, "Stop playing around, tell me, what do you want?"

Stop playing around...

The three words were said with lazy allure, Keira was delighted, he indeed understood.

"President, I wasn't thinking of anything, I just...feel a bit itchy. How about...you whip me twice with your belt?" Keira stood up with a sultry air.

Justin Xavier raised an eyebrow, "I've seen a lot of coquettish women, but it's my first time seeing one like you come looking for a spanking willingly."

"President, it's just the two of us here, so you don't have to pretend. Don't you like to play games? I'll play with you~" As she spoke, Keira sat on Justin Xavier's firm thigh.

Justin Xavier didn't immediately push her away; instead, he asked with interest, "Who told you I like playing games?"

"Rumor has it everywhere, unless the President only likes to play with Miss Leah, not with us?" Keira raised her hand to touch Justin Xavier's handsome face.

Justin Xavier turned his head, avoiding her touch.

The next moment, the office door was pushed open, and the personal secretary's anxious voice came through, "Madam, the president is busy right now, let me go in and announce first..."

Justin Xavier looked up and immediately saw Leah Thorne standing at the door.

The personal secretary froze, glancing at Keira on the president's lap, then at Leah, awkwardly scratching his head, "Heh, hehe, this situation... Madam, please don't misunderstand..."

Leah stood at the door, her dark alluring eyes fixated on Justin Xavier's handsome face, "It seems President Xavier really is a busy man, busy discussing work with his female subordinates in the office. I must have come at the wrong time, President Xavier, I apologize for disturbing you."

Justin Xavier quickly got up, but since Keira was still sitting on his thigh, when he stood, she fell "thud" onto the carpet.

Sitting with her butt on the floor, she grimaced in pain, looking utterly disheveled.

Justin Xavier strode over to Leah Thorne, his brows and eyes full of respect as he smiled, "Leah, what brings you here?"

The personal secretary inexplicably sensed a hint of flattery on the president's face.

Leah raised the thermos in her hand, "I made some soup for you myself. I planned to bring it to you, but it seems President Xavier doesn't need it anymore. How can home-cooked soup compare to the freshness outside?"

Leah gave Keira inside a mild glance.

Justin Xavier looked at the personal secretary, "Get rid of her, I don't want to see her again."

"Yes, President."

The personal secretary promptly removed Keira, thinking, Auntie, you're really courting death, you can seduce any man outside, but why would you think of seducing the president? The president is a married man now!

...

The office quieted down, Justin Xavier took the thermos, holding Leah's small hand as he invited her to sit in his office chair.

"Leah, I didn't expect you to come to the company to find me."

"President Xavier, last night you were so affectionate, and this morning you left as soon as you finished, not even taking my call, so ruthless. I feared you'd forget everything after pulling up your pants, so I eagerly brought some heartfelt soup to check on you~" Leah playfully glared at him.

Chapter 989: The Day After the Wedding, You Want Me to Sleep Alone?

Leah Thorne sat in the president's office chair, while Justin Xavier stood by her side. Hearing her words, he leaned down, bracing a hand on the desk, and kissed her forehead, "Mrs. Xavier, you really know how to joke."

Leah smiled, "What I said is true, all men are the same, once they've got something, they start to take it for granted, get tired of sleeping with it, easily distracted by other temptations, let alone a president who loves to sneak around like you."

He loves to sneak around?

Justin Xavier chuckled softly, "Mrs. Xavier, you really like to pin the blame on me. When did I ever sneak around?"

"Didn't your eyes just wander over that pretty female subordinate's chest and butt?"

This...

Justin couldn't refute because he indeed did look.

He looked, and he wasn't ashamed to admit it. He reached out and pinched Leah's delicate chin, "Mrs. Xavier, I'm not blind. She pushed herself in front of me, so I took a glance. Not looking would mean I'm guilty. After looking, I still find her not as attractive as you. Mrs. Xavier, be good, I have no intention of having an affair."

With a "slap," Leah forcefully swatted his large hand away, "Having an affair is perfectly fine, as long as President Xavier is happy."

"Mrs. Xavier, I'll just assume you're jealous. Besides, this is trouble you brought upon me. If you hadn't accused me of having strange hobbies, would I attract these nuisances?" Justin Xavier didn't even feel angry.

Leah blinked her long lashes, her captivating black eyes showing a bit of softness, "President Xavier, I really slandered you. Would you like to see the marks on my body?"

Justin Xavier looked at her. Today she was wearing a little black dress with a small scarf tied casually around her neck, covering the love bites, but faint traces were still visible behind her ears, left by him.

Suddenly, vivid scenes from last night flashed through Justin's mind. She was under him, crying...

His gaze turned intense and fervent. Leah, without needing to guess, knew he was thinking about those inappropriate things again. She immediately pushed a thermos bottle towards him, "I made some soup. Do you want to drink it?"

"Yes." Justin Xavier opened the thermos and began drinking the soup.

"Is it good?"

"Yes, it's good."

"After drinking, can you take me to see my brother?"

Justin Xavier's expression remained unchanged, and he replied with one word, "Okay."

...

Justin Xavier took Leah to a hospital. She stumbled inside, trying to push open the ICU door.

But the doctor stopped her, "Sorry, Mrs. Xavier, the patient is seriously injured and hasn't woken up yet. He requires sterile care and cannot be visited, so you can only look from the window."

Leah's eyes turned red, and she nodded, "Okay, I won't go in. I'll just look from here."

The doctor left, giving Justin Xavier a respectful nod on his way out.

Justin stood with his hands in his pockets, watching Leah. She clung to the small window on the door, tears welling in her eyes as she looked at the patient inside. She covered her mouth with her small hand, sobbing quietly.

Brother.

She thought the patient in the room was her brother.

Just then, the phone in Justin's pocket rang. It was Laura Xavier calling.

Laura had been badly shaken at the wedding, in a coma for a long time, and only woke up in the past couple of days. She was still in the hospital.

Justin Xavier answered the phone, and Laura's weary voice came through, "Justin, I heard you and Leah have registered your marriage. I couldn't stop you, so I've accepted it. I acknowledge Leah as my daughter-in-law. Bring Leah over; I want to see you both."

Justin Xavier hung up the phone and shoved it back into his pocket. He walked to Leah's side, touching her little head, "Don't cry. Isn't your brother not dead?"

"..." Leah kept her eyes inside, where her brother lay on the hospital bed, covered in tubes. She hadn't seen him for years. Finally seeing him again, she couldn't bear to look away. She choked up, "Can you speak properly? Do you even know how to speak? My brother is the best; he won't die."

Justin Xavier let out a light laugh, his handsome brows showing a bit of disdain. Such deep sibling love, fine. Her brother was great, he was a god. The entire Bayside knew Mort Thorne was a doting brother. He saw Leah as a full-on brother complex.

Justin took out a handkerchief, wiping the tears from her little face, "Wipe up. You look like a little kitten now..."

Leah snatched the handkerchief and threw it at him, accusing him disdainfully, "You're so annoying. Go away. I don't want to see you now."

Justin Xavier, "..."

He understood. Once Mort returned, there was no place for him with Leah.

...

Leah stayed by the small window all afternoon, and Justin Xavier could only accompany her.

In the evening, Leah moved slightly and soon exclaimed, "Ouch."

Justin hurried over, a touch of anxiety in his deep voice, "What's wrong?"

Leah's eyes were swollen from crying, looking somewhat like a delicate pear blossom in the rain, "My foot's asleep."

Justin Xavier reached out and scooped her up, carrying her out of the hospital.

"I don't want to leave. I want to stay here with my brother!" Leah quickly struggled.

Justin Xavier smiled, but the smile was dangerous, "Mrs. Xavier, don't you have any sense of being a wife? It's just the second day after the wedding, and you want your husband to sleep alone?"

"I just want to stay with my brother!"

"Then who will stay with me? Mrs. Xavier, right now you belong to me!"

"My brother..."

"If you keep mentioning your brother, do you believe I'll pull out the tubes attached to him and throw him onto the street?"

"..." Leah gasped in shock, looking at him with disbelief. He...he was simply inhuman!

Justin Xavier placed her in the passenger seat of the Maybach, fastened her seatbelt, and drove away.

Leah felt emotionally drained today, a mix of great joy and sorrow, and now with reuniting with her brother, she dared not easily cross Justin Xavier.

However, she soon realized the route wasn't leading home. She turned and asked, "Where are you taking me?"

"To another hospital. My mom wants to see you."

His mom?

Laura Xavier?

Leah's delicate features turned cold, "Can I refuse?"

"No."

"Oh." Leah obediently shut up, saying no more.

...

In the hospital.

Laura lay in the hospital bed, her face pale as a sheet of paper. Years of deeply held hatred and beliefs had suddenly collapsed, leaving her looking 20 years older.

Leah's small hand was held firmly in Justin Xavier's palm as she stood obediently behind him to perform and let Laura see.

Laura looked at her son, then at Leah, "Since you're married now, I have nothing more to say. But I have one request: I want a grandchild!"

Chapter 990: Have a Child With Her!

Actually, Leah Thorne understood Laura Xavier. Laura was a woman both hateful and pitiable. When the truth came out, she might be tired, but she would never learn mercy.

So when Laura said she had accepted her marriage with Justin Xavier, Leah was waiting for her follow-up, and sure enough, Laura did not disappoint her. Laura said she wanted a grandson.

Ha.

Justin Xavier showed no emotional fluctuations. He looked at his mother indifferently, "Mom, I don't like children. Leah and I don't plan to have any."

Laura Xavier slapped her thigh forcefully, her emotions started to rise again, "No, absolutely not, Justin, how can you not continue the family line?"

"Mom doesn't ask for much now, whatever you do, I've accepted your marriage, I've accepted Leah as my daughter-in-law, what more do you want from me?"

"Mom has only one request for you, I want a grandson, before I close my eyes, I must hold a grandson!"

Watching Laura stirring up trouble, Leah curved her red lips slightly, "Mrs. Xavier, you keep saying you acknowledge me as your daughter-in-law, but I hear great grievances in your words. You shouldn't wrong yourself, after all... whether you acknowledge me or not, I won't acknowledge you. I will always be Leah Thorne, and you will always be Mrs. Xavier."

Laura froze, "You!"

"Did I say something wrong? Your husband thinking of another's wife might not be Mrs. Xavier's fault, but Mrs. Xavier vented her resentment and hatred on a naïve and ignorant girl, making her grow up under your shadow. When the truth was revealed, you had no apology, yet you accepted me with great grievance. Knowing I can't get pregnant, you're still trying to force a grandson. Mrs. Xavier, should I thank you?"

Leah always knew there would never be a day of reconciliation between her and the Xavier family, with each member of the Xaviers.

Because they keep hurting her.

Because they keep rubbing salt in her bloody wounds.

Clearly, these wounds were cut open by you all with knives.

Laura was furious, pointing at Leah, "Justin, look, see for yourself, this is the wife you insisted on marrying! It's only her second day in the house, and she's already bold enough to contradict her mother-in-law even though I'm still alive!"

Justin Xavier tightly held Leah's small hand in his palm, "Mom, you've said all you want, we're leaving."

"Justin!" Laura beat her chest in anger, "You can't leave. If you don't agree with me today, then I'll die right now!"

"My life is too miserable. My husband of so many years is a heartless beast in a man's clothing. Finally, I looked forward to my son growing up, and he doesn't listen to his mother but only protects his wife. What more hope do I have in life? I might as well die early!"

Laura threw back the covers. Her legs had long since been disabled. In her spasm of agitation, she fell off the bed.

With a thud.

"Mrs. Xavier!" Medical staff quickly rushed forward, and the ward turned into chaos.

At this time, Leah felt the big hand holding hers loosen. Justin Xavier stepped forward, helped Laura up, and said in a deep voice, "Mom, enough!"

"Justin," Laura grabbed Justin Xavier fiercely, "give mom a grandson. It's Leah who cannot have children. If she truly loves you, she would certainly agree."

"This won't affect your marriage. Mom has already arranged everything. I found a girl, very fertile. You can have children with her."

At this moment, the ward door was pushed open with a "click," and a young girl entered.

The girl was 20 years old, with long, jet-black hair and dressed in a white dress, at a pure, youthful age. Handpicked by Laura, her hips were sharp, evidently good for having sons.

"Mrs. Xavier, what's wrong?" The girl quickly stepped forward to help Laura.

At that moment, her small hand accidentally brushed against Justin Xavier's big hand. The girl looked up at Justin Xavier, then quickly withdrew her small hand as if struck by lightning, her pretty face flushed red.

You could clearly see she fell for Justin Xavier at first sight.

Leah stood in place, not stepping forward. She watched this scene coldly, feeling utterly superfluous.

Laura took the girl's small hand, "Carol, that's Leah Thorne. Later, you will go back with my son and Leah. Serve them well. You can call Leah 'sister' in the future. You sisters should get along well and strive to give us a chubby grandson for the Xavier family as soon as possible."

Leah felt disgusted, thinking Laura as a mother wanted her son to enjoy the blessing of having both sisters serve him, like some double beauty of history.

Carol raised her big eyes to look at Leah. Compared to her earlier bashfulness, she looked timidly at Leah as if Leah were a villain who had bullied her, "Sis... Sister..."

Leah's slender and beautiful back was always straight, her lips coldly curved, "As for having a child, I agree."

Laura was delighted.

Justin Xavier's eyes fell on her face.

"Actually, my agreement or disagreement doesn't matter. You all decide for yourselves."

"But next time, don't call me for anything. Though I know notifying me is your greatest respect for me."

"Also," Leah glanced at Carol, "that 'sister' can be skipped, it's rather disgusting."

With that, Leah left directly.

...

Leah left the hospital, took a breath of fresh air on the street, and hailed a taxi.

The driver asked, "Miss, where to? It's so late, are you going home?"

Home?

She never had a home.

No,

She had a home now,

She found her brother.

"Take me to the hospital."

"Okay."

Half an hour later, Leah arrived at the hospital. It was very late, the corridor was deserted, only dim and cold lights illuminated it.

Leah leaned on the small window, looking at Mort Thorne inside, wrapped heavily in white gauze, his face completely obscured.

She extended her fingers, tracing her brother's features through the small window.

Her brother was the most handsome.

Compared to Justin Xavier's refined and dignified beauty, her brother was a true tough guy.

Eight-pack abs were her brother's standard!

Leah felt her entire heart settle down, her eyes slowly became red again, she whispered, "Brother, please get well soon. There are too many bad people outside, I can't fight them off. When you wake up, you can protect Leah..."

No one responded to her.

Only silence and loneliness were there.

Leah sat on the ground, legs curled, hugging herself with her slender arms, then closed her eyes.

When Justin Xavier arrived, he saw this scene; she had fallen asleep.

In front of her brother's ward.