

## **Substitute B 991**

Chapter 991: Justin Xavier, Don't Bite Me!

Justin Xavier felt a sharp pain in his heart, he stepped forward, knelt on one knee, and then slowly reached out to touch Leah Thorne's small face.

In her sleep, Leah seemed to sense his presence, her delicate brows furrowing quickly, and she seemed to recoil away reflexively.

She avoided his touch, her body pressed against the hospital door, as if this room was the only thing giving her a sense of security.

"Brother..." she murmured these words vaguely in her sleep.

She used to call him brother, but this time Justin knew she was calling for Mort.

Justin's fingers froze in the midair. He looked at the closed door of the hospital room, she had no idea that inside was not Mort.

At this moment, a doctor hurried over, whispering, "President Xavier, Mrs. Xavier can only watch from the window, she hasn't gone inside. We are very careful, and Mrs. Xavier has not yet suspected that the person inside is an imposter."

Justin nodded, absentmindedly moving his thin lips, "If she does suspect, then there's no need for you or this doctor to exist, understand what I mean?"

The doctor sweated profusely, "I understand, of course I do!"

Justin reached out and picked up Leah horizontally, leaving the hospital.

He already felt that Leah now was like sand slipping tightly through his fingers, the only reason to hold on to her being Mort.

Once she finds out that the Mort inside is fake, that he used a photo to deceive her into marriage, then she really will slip away from his grasp.

He couldn't let that happen.

As Justin left carrying Leah, the doctor stood quivering in place, watching their figures leave. At this moment, another figure emerged from the dark, took out a cell phone, dialed a number, "Hello, sir..."

...

When Leah opened her eyes, she was already back in the master bedroom of the villa. It was now morning, and the sunlight poured in abundantly, extraordinarily warm.

She moved slightly, and only then did she realize she was nestled in a firm and warm chest.

Leah looked up, Justin's exquisite and handsome face magnified within her view.

He hadn't gotten up yet, holding her as he slept, it was probably past eight o'clock, and it was his first time waking up so late.

Leah reached out to push him, trying to leave his embrace.

At this moment, the strong arm wrapped around her waist suddenly tightened, a husky voice emanating from above her head, "Awake? Don't move, stay with me a while longer."

Leah looked up at him, he hadn't opened his eyes, speaking lazily, "President Xavier, the sun is already high, wasn't it your promise to earn money for me?"

Justin then opened his eyes, his dark and bright eyes staring at her, "Mrs. Xavier, you only remember half the promises. Besides earning money, I recall saying I want to... double sleep with you."

With that, he rolled over, pressing her beneath him.

Her long dark brown hair lazily scattered on the pillow, the newly awakened Leah exuding a tender allure, she frowned lightly, "President Xavier, stop it..."

"Who's messing around?" Justin propped his arm, pressing down with his firm waist and bumping against her forcefully, "This place clamored all night, hasn't Mrs. Xavier forgotten that today is only our third day of being married?"

Leah evaded his hot and blatantly aggressive breath, "President Xavier, it's daytime right now, don't commit such deeds in broad daylight."

Justin unbuttoned her nightgown with one hand, his other hand reaching under the pillow for a small bottle, "Just lie down, let me handle it."

"..."

Seeing his deft actions taking out the small bottle, Leah knew she couldn't escape, her eyelashes trembled as she closed her eyes, not resisting.

Justin's fingers caressed her tender skin, lying beneath him, she indeed looked captivating.

At that moment, Leah sensed something was wrong with her body, she immediately opened her eyes, her small hands pressed against his chest, "President Xavier, I have bad news for you..."

Justin was at a peak moment of excitement, he lifted his scarlet eyelids and glanced at her, "You'd better not say anything disappointing."

Leah looked at him apologetically, announcing, "President Xavier, my period started."

"..." Justin froze, his handsome face turning black, "What?"

Seeing his darkened face, Leah inexplicably felt satisfaction, "Yes, you heard right, my period came."

Justin didn't move, his beautiful brows knitted, displeased as he pressed his lips together, "Really?"

"Not lying to you." Leah wanted to push him off, "Hurry up and let me go~"

Justin remained immobile, seeing the cunning in her eyes, he pinned her delicate wrist directly above her head, "You're a little liar, you like deceiving men, how do I know if you're telling the truth, now, let me check."

Examination...

Leah's small face rapidly blushed, she gritted her teeth and cursed, "President Xavier, you're really perverted, don't touch me!"

Justin forcefully held onto her wrist not allowing her to move, his eyelids lifted cautiously as he looked at her, then pushed her skirt upward...

Leah felt utterly ashamed, her teeth biting her red lips, burying her flushed face tightly in the pillow, pervert, Justin is a big pervert!

"Have you seen enough, let go of me!" Leah used her feet to kick him.

Justin fell onto her body, burying his handsome face into her pink neck, inhaling her scent fiercely, then bit her earlobe, it wasn't clear if he was dissatisfied or taking out his frustration, intending to pain her.

Sss.

Leah gasped in pain, "Justin Xavier, don't bite me!"

Justin released his mouth, his voice low and hoarse, speaking three words near her ear, "I want to..."

Leah quickly pushed him away, then got up and went into the bathroom.

...

Leah tidied herself up in the bathroom, her earlobe still red, due to his bite and his words.

This person had no limits, saying anything that came to his mind.

Leah opened the bathroom door, Justin was still lying lazily in bed, a big spread-out figure, his hand covering his scarlet eyes, his lower half intolerably eye-catching, making one blush and ears turn red.

Leah picked up a blanket and threw it over him, covering his pants, to prevent any eye-burning sight, "President Xavier, with no more entertainment, are you not getting up?"

There was no response from Justin, clearly dissatisfied and ignoring her.

Just then, there was a knock at the door, a timid voice coming from outside, "Sir, madam, breakfast is ready."

Leah suddenly found this voice familiar, oh, she recalled, it was the fresh girl Laura Xavier had sent, Carol, to have children with Justin.

Leah looked at Justin on the bed, then playfully curled her red lips, "President Xavier, shall I open the door for you, let Carol come in to serve you~"

Chapter 992: Leah, Don't You Want to Have Children?

Justin Xavier reached out and pulled her into his arms, "You're getting cheeky again when you think I can't do anything to you, aren't you?"

Leah Thorne raised her delicate eyebrows, "It seems President Xavier doesn't plan to get rid of Carol, so what about your mom? If something happens to her, you'll be seen as unfilial."

Justin Xavier kissed her cheek, "You don't need to worry about my mom or Carol. I'll handle it in a couple of days. Instead of spending so much time on other women, you should care more about your husband."

Leah said nothing. Just then, there was a knock on the door. Carol's voice came through, "Sir, Madam, are you awake?"

Leah pushed Justin Xavier away, "I'm hungry, going down for breakfast."

Leah walked over to open the bedroom door. Outside, Carol was dressed in a maid's outfit, looking pure and pretty. Seeing the door still closed, she became a bit anxious and was about to knock again.

When Leah opened the door, Carol stiffened and quickly chuckled, "Ma... Madam, you're up?"

As she spoke, Carol's gaze drifted past Leah into the master bedroom.

Leah curled her lips, asking, "In such a hurry to get in?"

Carol looked at Leah timidly, "Madam, I'm here to fulfill a task. Since you can't have children, if I and... and sir consummate the marriage soon, I could give you a big, healthy son."

Leah lifted a strand of hair beside her cheek and laughed lazily, "Well, having dreams is nice. Your man is inside, go on in, good luck with him!"

Carol stiffened. She had expected her words to provoke Leah, to see some jealousy or displeasure on Leah's face, but there was none.

"By the way, after having the child, is your next step to become Mrs. Xavier through the child?" Leah casually looked Carol up and down with a faint smile, "I've seen plenty of small characters like you, but it's rare to see one with such ambitions."

Leah's words were light yet full of disdain, an aura of a cold and aloof movie star that overwhelmed Carol.

Carol felt completely belittled, her face pale, "Ma... Madam, I..."

Leah wasn't interested in listening further and left directly.

...

Leah went downstairs, and a maid handed over a package, "Madam, this was delivered this morning, for you."

Leah took the box, and then a melodious ringtone sounded; a call was coming in.

It was from her close friend Serena Sterling.

Recently, Serena had been working on a medical research project, even going overseas to find some precious herbal medicine. The two hadn't been in touch for a while.

Leah answered the call, "Hello, Serena."

"Leah, did you get the package?"

Leah glanced at the package in her arms, "Just got it. What's inside?"

"My latest medical achievement, for you."

"I'm not sick, why would I need medicine?"

"Leah, do you not want to get pregnant again?" Serena asked pointedly.

A shiver ran through Leah, and she suddenly understood. Serena's overseas search for herbs was all to treat her infertility.

Only the best of friends would know her deepest pain.

"Serena, you don't need to concern yourself with my issues. The doctors have said it's hard for me to conceive again..."

"Leah, are you mentioning doctors in front of me? Difficulty conceiving isn't the same as impossible. I've examined you and know your condition well. One pill a day from the box can create miracles."

Leah lowered her feather-like lashes, which cast shadows on her pretty eyelids. She didn't say whether she would take it or not.

Serena didn't press further. A good friend offers options, not decisions, "Leah, I can't get back soon. Since you married Justin Xavier, is there anything you need help with?"

Leah shook her head, "No."

"Really?"

Holding the box, Leah looked up at the brilliant sunlight through the window, "Truly nothing, Serena. It's not that I can't fight them off, it's just that I still care about something. If that care disappears, then I'd have nothing to fear."

...

Leah left, and Carol couldn't wait to enter the master bedroom, where she saw Justin Xavier's tall and handsome figure.

Justin Xavier got up, his black silk pajamas loose, the awakening man exuding an indescribable refinement and charm.

Carol's face flushed as she approached, "Sir, do you need help getting dressed?"

Justin Xavier didn't look at her, not even sparing her a glance, as he walked straight into the bathroom to take a cold shower.

Carol stood frozen in place. After all, a man's disregard is the greatest denial and humiliation for a woman. Being treated like air, she turned pale.

Carol tugged at her clothes, then stepped forward to tidy up the bed.

Soon, she paused because she saw a smear of blood on the sheets.

Leah had her period today, which had stained the sheets.

Carol was overjoyed; Leah had her period, so... her great opportunity had come!

Carol deeply understood her value lay in getting Justin Xavier into bed as soon as possible, getting pregnant with his child, and securing a future of wealth and honor.

She couldn't let herself lose her value.

Moreover, Justin Xavier's handsome and noble, yet abstinent image appeared in Carol's mind. She had never seen such a charming and attractive man in her life. She would even spend a night with him for free.

Now in the new marriage, with Leah on her period and Justin Xavier's youthful vigor, she, being youthful and pretty, felt confident things would work out, surely.

...

In the bathroom.

Justin Xavier finished a cold shower, dried himself, and got dressed when his phone rang; a call was coming in.

It was Laura Xavier calling.

Justin Xavier answered, "Hello, Mom."

"Justin, you promised to bring Carol back. So did you make a move on her?" Laura Xavier asked eagerly.

Justin Xavier remained expressionless, "No."

"Why not yet?" Laura Xavier became anxious, "Justin, tell me the truth, is it because Leah disagrees? What does Leah mean by this? She can't have children herself, so is she not letting Carol have them for you either? Does she want you to end up without a son?"

"Justin, I think Leah doesn't love you at all. She's just too selfish! Or perhaps, it's her way of punishing the Xavier family, planning to make us cut off the family line!"

Chapter 993: Her Frenzied Jealousy

Justin Xavier slightly furrowed his sharp eyebrows and directly interrupted Laura Xavier, "This matter has nothing to do with Leah Thorne."

"Then what are you waiting for, quickly give me a big fat grandson!" Laura urged.

Justin Xavier had no patience for these words, "Mom, I still have things to do, I'll hang up first."

...

As Justin Xavier was coming downstairs, he saw Leah Thorne standing by the floor-to-ceiling window, holding a box in her arms, lost in thought.

Justin Xavier walked over and hugged her from behind, "What's in the box?"

Leah Thorne clung tightly to her box, "It's something Serena sent me, none of your business."

Justin Xavier scoffed, "I think you're not just best friends, but rather soulmates."

Soulmates?

Did he actually suspect her and Serena of being more than friends?

Leah Thorne thought his possessiveness was frightening, and he was a huge bucket of jealousy, indiscriminately jealous, even of her brother before, and now of Serena. Could she not have a single breathing person around her other than him?

"Didn't your mom call you?" Leah Thorne raised an eyebrow.

"She did."

"What did she say?" Leah Thorne asked, intrigued.

"She didn't say much, Leah, actually, we could have our own child."

Leah Thorne turned her gaze to him, his dark eyes also fixed on her.

Justin Xavier's voice softened slightly, "Leah, it depends on you, do you want to be a mom?"

"We used to have a child, but an accident happened to that child and left us, now we can let that child come back."

Justin Xavier's large hand rested gently on her flat abdomen, tenderly rubbing back and forth.

Leah Thorne watched him for a few seconds, "President Xavier, are you serious? Raising a child is not like raising an animal, and you don't have much affection for animals either, let alone children. I remember you never wanted kids before, are you ready now, prepared to be a dad?"

Justin Xavier looked into her alluring black eyes and nodded, "Leah, I'm ready now, I'm not getting any younger, let's have a child to settle down. I'll definitely love the child you give birth to. For the first time as a dad, maybe I won't do well, but I'll try hard. I'll be a good dad and a good husband."

Leah Thorne listened intently, then suddenly curled her lips and started laughing, "Ha, hahaha."

She was truly laughing, shaking with laughter in his arms.

Justin Xavier furrowed his brow.

Then Leah Thorne stopped, her eyes curved as she looked at him, "President Xavier, I was moved by what you just said, but what can I do? I want to give you a child, but nothing can come out of here."

Leah Thorne pointed to her belly, "Isn't it ironic? When I was pregnant, you didn't want the child, and now when I can't conceive, you tell me you'll be a good dad."

With that, Leah Thorne pushed him away and coolly smoothed her skirt, "Alright, President Xavier, the joke's over, let's go have breakfast."

Leah Thorne turned and went into the dining room.

Justin Xavier was frozen in place, watching her departing figure, realizing his words had been nothing more than a joke to her.

Justin Xavier put his hands in his pockets, feeling somewhat ridiculous himself. With medicine so advanced today, if they truly wanted a child, they could find a way. In reality, a child hasn't been born yet, how would he know if he'd like being a father or have the patience and kindness to be a good dad; perhaps he was just fooling himself...

He just, truly wanted a child. He just had a desperate desire to have a child.

He wanted a child of him and her.

Because he knew she would be a good mom.

With a child, she definitely wouldn't let the child grow up without a dad, so she would always stay by his side; he could use this child to tie her down.

The child had nothing to do with him, only because the child was hers.

But she didn't want to give birth.

Because she didn't want to have a child with him anymore.

...

Carol received a call from Laura Xavier and shared the good news she knew with her, "Madam, the mistress's cycle started today."

"Really? That's wonderful!" Laura was delighted, "Justin and Leah Thorne just got married, it's the perfect time now that Leah's cycle has started, a godsend opportunity, Carol, you must seize it and get pregnant soon for me."

"Yes, Madam, I'll do my best."

Laura had already returned to the Xavier family mansion, and she was quite happy about Leah Thorne's inability to conceive because she didn't want a child from Leah Thorne at all.

Her grandson would have half Thorne family blood—it was a great irony to her.

Laura hung up the phone and looked at Old Master Xavier on the sofa, "Dad, things should progress smoothly today."

Old Master Xavier sipped his tea, "I don't want 'should', I want... absolute certainty."

"Dad, what do you mean?"

Old Master Xavier's murky eyes flashed with shrewd and sharp calculation.

...

Leah Thorne didn't go out today; she was planning to go to the hospital to be with her brother.

Her brother was her greatest motivation now.

"Madam," Carol came over happily, "Madam sent some books over, I see they're all about prenatal preparation and pregnancy education. The babies pictured here are so cute, Madam, do you prefer a daughter or a son? Although the madam prefers sons, I think daughters are nice too."

"By the way, Madam also sent over a lot of supplements for getting the body back in condition, and she said there's a secret formula among them that makes it easy to conceive twins. Madam, why don't I give birth to a boy and girl pair for the mister?"

Carol beamed as if the twins were already in her belly.

Leah Thorne curled her red lips slightly, "Wake up, stop daydreaming."

Carol, "..."

Leah Thorne glanced at the books in her arms, indeed all filled with pregnancy and childcare knowledge, even the cover adorned with cute little babies.

Leah Thorne looked away and turned upstairs to get her bag.

In the master bedroom, as Leah reached for her bag, her hand unexpectedly touched something—medicine sent by Serena.

Leah Thorne's slender white fingers paused, and suddenly the images of the small babies from those pregnancy books came to mind as her long lashes slowly lowered. Perhaps she should admit it, she was jealous.

Insanely jealous.

Because others had healthy bodies and could have children.

But she couldn't.

She couldn't be a mom anymore.

After a few moments of silence, Leah Thorne picked up the small medicine bottle, opened the cap, and took a pill, swallowing it.

Putting the bottle back, she planned to go to the hospital to see her brother, but her phone rang. It was a call.

A call from Old Master Xavier.

#### Chapter 994: Her World Collapses

Ever since Hugh Xavier went in, Old Master Xavier had quieted down a lot. But Leah Thorne knew that all the schemes Laura Xavier had stirred up were orchestrated by Old Master Xavier behind the scenes. Now that he's calling, it surely can't be for anything good.

Leah pressed the button to answer the call, "Hello, Old Master."

"Leah, I'm calling to tell you something," Old Master Xavier got straight to the point.

"What is it?"

"It's about your brother."

A sudden tightness gripped Leah's heart, and a cold, wary light emanated from her eyes.

Old Master Xavier chuckled, "Leah, there's no need to be nervous. Now that the hospital is full of Justin's people, he handles matters flawlessly. Even if I wanted to harm your brother, I wouldn't have the chance."

Leah sneered, "Then why this call?"

"What I mean is... do you really think the person in that ward is your brother?"

Leah's heart skipped a beat, her slender white fingers clenched tightly around the phone, "What do you mean? Speak clearly! Are you saying the person in the ward isn't my brother?"

"Whether it's your brother or not is not for me to say. Why don't you go see for yourself?" Old Master Xavier abruptly hung up the phone.

Listening to the "beep beep" of the busy signal, Leah's face instantly turned cold. She had never doubted that the person in the ward wasn't her brother, but the doctors had always stopped her, not even allowing her a glance inside.

Now that she thought carefully, Leah noticed something abnormal. Could it be that the person in that ward really wasn't her brother, and Justin Xavier had deceived her?

Leah put the phone in her bag and headed straight for the hospital.

...

At the hospital.

Leah leaned against the small glass window on the door of the ward, looking inside. The person was still lying on the bed, everything was as before.

At that moment, a doctor walked over, "Mrs. Xavier, you're here?"

Leah did not show anything, "Doctor, how is my brother doing? When can I go in to see him?"

The doctor quickly replied, "The patient's condition is not optimistic. You can't visit for now. Mrs. Xavier, if visiting is allowed, I'll inform you immediately."

Leah carefully observed the doctor's facial expression. When she spoke of "visiting," the doctor showed a hint of vigilance and nervousness. Leah didn't want to alert anyone, so she just nodded obediently, "Okay, thank you, doctor."

"Mrs. Xavier, there's no need to be polite." The doctor walked away reassured.

Leah didn't do anything further, because as Old Master Xavier said, the hospital was full of Justin Xavier's people. If he didn't want her to see, he wouldn't let her. Any action on her part could easily arouse suspicion.

Leah quietly watched through the small glass window, and soon it was evening. Her phone rang inside her bag; it was Justin Xavier calling.

Leah answered the call, her tone steady as usual, "Hello, President Xavier."

Justin Xavier's smooth, magnetic voice slowly transmitted over, "Mrs. Xavier, you've been with your brother at the hospital all day. Can you come home now? Your time should be mine next."

Leah glanced at the time, "President Xavier, it's only six o'clock. Aren't your house rules too strict, having to go home by six?"

"To set a good example, I also go home by six."

"Well, a good man like you who returns home right at six is rare. President Xavier is indeed a good husband."

"I'll pick you up."

"No need, I've already called a car. It's here now, so I'll hang up, bye-bye." Leah ended the call.

The moment she hung up, Leah's eyes turned cold. She turned away and left.

"Mrs. Xavier, are you heading back?" the doctor in the corridor asked upon seeing her.

Leah nodded and smiled, "Yes."

The doctor's and nurse's expressions relaxed, as if they had finally sent off a deity, "Mrs. Xavier, see you tomorrow."

"See you tomorrow."

Leah maintained a composed demeanor as she disappeared at the end of the corridor. However, she didn't leave but instead quickly pushed open an office door and slipped inside.

A nurse's uniform, freshly taken off, was hanging on the office coat rack. Leah took off her coat and put on the white nurse's uniform, donning a hat and mask, then walked out carrying a notebook.

Everything went smoothly because Leah had lulled everyone's nerves, making them let their guard down. Her small hands reached the door of the intensive care unit. With a "click," she pushed the door open and entered.

Leah step by step approached the bed. She was already very, very close to the person lying on it.

Thump.

Thump.

Her heart was beating wildly.

She didn't even know why she was nervous.

Under the mask, her face was as pale as paper. Her hands, feet, her whole body's bones were cold, cold as ice.

She was here to uncover the truth.

She wanted to see with her own eyes whether the person on the bed was her brother.

Justin Xavier...

The name suddenly popped into Leah's mind. Justin Xavier, I beg you, please show me some mercy, will you?

Don't deceive me anymore, don't let me down again, will you?

She only had her brother left...

If she lost him, she didn't know what she would do next.

Leah stopped in her tracks, looking at the patient covered in tubes on the bed, his face obscured by bandages, unrecognizable.

Leah slowly raised her small hand and peeled away the white gauze on the patient's face.

She saw clearly.

A completely unfamiliar face appeared in front of her.

Not her brother.

Oh, so it really wasn't her brother!

That was her most beloved brother. Even if he had a new face, even turned to ashes, she could recognize him at a glance; this person wasn't him!

Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier had ultimately deceived her!

Leah's lashes trembled. Her eyes felt scorching hot, as if seared by some fireball, steamed with something, yet nothing fell.

She should've cried.

But, she couldn't cry.

...

Leah didn't know how she left the hospital. She got into a taxi, numb, sitting in the back seat, her head against the window, staring blankly at the city's fleeting scenery, utterly desolate.

At this moment, her mobile phone rang again, it was a text message.

It was from Old Master Xavier.

Leah opened it, Old Master Xavier: Leah, what on earth are you thinking? Your brother Mort Thorne died long ago, in an explosion, nothing was left of his remains.

I personally went to the scene, so much blood, all your brother's. Oh, and I saw something else, left in the blood, a doll.

Old Master Xavier sent a picture, it was Leah's favorite doll.

But the doll was covered with dust and blood, lying on the ground.

Mom and Dad died in a car crash, her brother secretly returned, bringing her the favorite doll.

Leah slowly curled up her knees, burying her small face in them, she had nothing left, her world collapsed completely at this moment.

Chapter 995: Locked the Bedroom Door from Inside

The taxi stopped outside the villa, Leah Thorne got out of the car, she felt very cold, as if icy raindrops had fallen on her body.

Leah looked up, not knowing when, the sky had already started to rain.

The rain was heavy, hitting her body cold and painful, and it didn't take long for her clothes to get soaked.

She absentmindedly reached out her hand to catch the raindrops.

At this moment, a large hand suddenly reached over, grabbing her small hand, and a breathless voice came beside her ear, "Leah, what are you doing, you're a grown-up, is getting drenched in the rain really that fun?"

Leah looked up, Justin Xavier had come out.

He was holding a black umbrella, and now the umbrella was covering her head. He grabbed her small hand and pulled her over, handsome brows covered with a layer of gloom and displeasure, "Get inside quickly, don't make me angry."

Leah was stunned for two seconds, "But, I haven't paid the fare yet, I forgot to bring money."

Leah patted her empty bag.

Justin laughed in frustration, he paid the fare for her.

When he turned his head, the person beside him was already gone, Leah had left the protection of his black umbrella, walking slowly step by step into the pouring rain, heading towards the villa.

Justin stiffened, his thin lips tightened into a line.

...

Inside the villa.

Leah went into the master bedroom for a hot shower. Justin inexplicably felt a bit uneasy and irritable, a feeling that had been lingering around him lately.

Justin took out his phone and called the doctor at the hospital, "Did my wife have any unusual behavior at the hospital today?"

"No, President Xavier, Mrs. Xavier was just usual today at the hospital."

"Got it."

Justin hung up the phone, and then footsteps came from the stairs, Leah came downstairs.

Leah had finished showering, wearing a sweater, her long hair lazily scattered, her complexion not much different from usual, just a bit pale.

Justin walked over, holding her small hand, "Why are your hands so cold, did you get wet and catch a cold? I'll get you some cold medicine to drink."

Leah glanced up at him, "President Xavier, have you noticed you've become naggy?"

Justin pinched her little cheek, then went into the living room to prepare the medicine.

Leah watched his busy back, devoid of any warmth in her eyes, she turned around and poured herself a glass of water.

At this moment, sounds came from the kitchen, it was the maid and Carol.

The maid said anxiously, "Carol, what did you add to the master's stew? If the master finds out, the consequences will be very serious."

Carol replied boldly, "This is the Madam's order, to nourish the master, why are you, a servant, worrying so much? Just pretend you didn't see anything."

After saying this, Carol sashayed out with the stew.

As soon as she came out, Carol bumped into Leah, and the two exchanged glances.

Carol hadn't expected Leah to be outside, which meant Leah had heard her adding something to the stew. Would she tell Justin and ruin her plans?

Carol looked at Leah nervously and stammered, "Ma... Madam..."

Leah gave Carol a cold glance, then drank the water from her cup.

At that moment, Justin came over, took the cup from her hand, and handed her the cold medicine, "Hurry and drink the cold medicine."

"Oh." Leah didn't say anything and obediently took the cold medicine, drinking it all.

Carol felt uneasy, secretly watching Leah, afraid she'd report it, but strangely, Leah didn't say anything.

Did Leah not care that she added medicine to Justin's soup?

After all, Justin was her husband.

Leah pushed the empty cup to Justin, raised her hand to lazily brush back the locks by her cheek, "Let's have dinner, I'm hungry."

...

In the dining room.

Justin and Leah started eating dinner, Carol brought the stew, one bowl for each person.

"Sir, Madam, this is the stew Madam ordered for you, drink it while it's hot," Carol said.

Justin watched Leah, lately her appetite had been small, although hungry, she only ate a bit of rice.

Then Leah looked over, curled her lips, "President, why are you looking at me, hurry and drink the soup."

Saying that, Leah picked up a small spoon, took a sip of the soup, her eyes curved with a smile as she praised, "President, your mom's stew is really delicious, very flavorful."

Justin also picked up a small spoon and tasted a sip.

Leah asked, "Is it good?"

Justin nodded, "Yes, it's good."

The dinner ended, Leah walked upstairs, "President, you still need to work in the study, I'll go to bed first."

Justin stretched out his strong arm to wrap around her slender waist, letting his thin lips fall on her cheek, "I'll accompany you."

Leah coquettishly raised her delicate eyebrows at him, "President, it's my time of the month, I can't play with you, otherwise I'll easily get gynecological issues. If you have needs, go play with someone else."

Leah's seductive eyes subtly glanced at Carol.

Justin punitively pinched her soft waist.

Agh!

Leah furrowed her brows in pain, tenderly yelping in his arms.

This sound made Justin's strong waist go numb. He always thought Leah had the potential to be a voice actress, just she wasn't willing to make noise, but once she was willing, it could drive a man crazy.

Justin's dark eyes burned intensely as he pulled her into his arms.

"President, you're really rough, so annoying, let me go! You're hurting me!" Leah twisted her snake-like waist, slipping right from his embrace.

Justin tried to grab her.

But Leah quickly moved into the master bedroom, closing the door behind her.

Left at the closed door, Justin, "..."

Was she trying to start a fire and then run?

Justin stood with hands on hips, licking his dry thin lips with the tip of his tongue, this time she initiated the spark, knowing full well he had a wolfish nature, not to be given even a little sweetness.

Coming during her time and still teasing, she must be punishing him.

...

In the master bedroom.

Leah knew he was still outside, her dense lashes fell like a screen, and the smile on her face slowly turned cold.

She reached out and locked the bedroom door.

...

Justin stood outside for a while, then went to the study, he had a pile of documents to handle.

Lately, his work-life circle was structured, coming back early, spending much time working from home.

In truth, he really wanted to move the documents to the master bedroom, have her lie on his lap as he reviewed documents, always feeling that was the happiness of married life.

He felt he truly was quite clingy.

Justin wondered if he was overthinking, he only felt his throat hot, body temperature rising, he tugged at the tie around his neck.

Chapter 996: You're Not Worthy—Do You Understand?

Justin Xavier sat in his office chair and began reviewing documents.

However, he found himself unable to concentrate.

All he could think about were the flirtatious exchanges he had with Leah Thorne earlier.

Tossing aside the pen in his hand, Justin Xavier pulled out a cigarette and held it between his thin lips. He lit it with a lighter, and as the scarlet flame flickered, he began to puff clouds of smoke, hoping the nicotine would numb his restless desires.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door, and Carol's voice came from outside, "Sir, your coffee is ready."

"Come in."

Carol pushed the door open and entered. As soon as she entered, she saw the man sitting in the office chair. His handsome face was obscured by the swirling smoke, making it hard to discern his expression, but she could vaguely see his brows knitted beneath the haze.

He smoked urgently, and bits of embers kept falling. His distinct fingers tapped the cigarette in the ashtray. His masculine aura was overwhelming.

Carol's face flushed as she carried the coffee over, "Sir, your coffee."

Justin Xavier didn't lift his head; he merely parted his lips indifferently, "Leave it and go out."

Carol hesitated. She wasn't going to leave; now was a golden opportunity.

"Sir, you look tired. How about I give you a back rub and massage your shoulders? I learned how to do this," Carol reached out.

At this moment, Justin Xavier gently lifted his eyelids and glanced at Carol. His voice was low and frosty, "Don't you understand the rules? Who allowed you to touch me?"

Carol's hand stiffened.

Justin Xavier took a puff on his cigarette and gave her a once-over, "What kind of good girl goes around learning how to give back rubs and shoulder massages? Did my mother give you a health checkup? You're not carrying some disease, are you?"

"..." Carol's face turned deathly pale, looking at Justin Xavier in utter shock.

She had entered full of expectations, hoping to shine today. But clearly, to Justin Xavier, this was a case of beauty being useless. His humiliation came suddenly and fiercely, and Carol felt as though she'd been slapped multiple times.

Carol was utterly stunned.

Justin Xavier slowly exhaled a puff of smoke, his profile cast in a layer of coldness, "Do you know why I brought you back here?"

"Beca... because... madam..." Carol stammered.

"Since you know it's because of madam, how do you plan to handle the childbirth matter?" Justin Xavier asked as he tapped his cigarette, giving her another indifferent glance.

Carol always felt that Justin Xavier regarded her as air because he never looked at her, which she considered an insult.

Carol had long vowed that one day she'd make Justin Xavier's gaze fall upon her.

Now her wish had come true; he had looked at her several times. However, his gaze was cold and disdainful, as if looking at a piece of garbage at his feet.

Carol clumsily clutched her maid uniform, "Sir, I... I... I'm, of course, following madam's orders; I want to give you a son..."

"Ha." Justin Xavier suddenly let out a low laugh.

Carol immediately fell silent, her pretty face turning red, unable to comprehend what she said that made him laugh.

In front of this man of wealth, power, and status, Carol felt both nervous and inferior.

"Are you truly naive? Did you really think I would want a child from you?"

"Sir..."

"I wouldn't dare have a child from you. If it turns out to be a daughter who enjoys giving back rubs and shoulder massages to men like you do, I might not be able to stop myself from killing her."

"..."

Justin Xavier's straight back lazily leaned into the chair, continuing, "You seem rather dim-witted. I explained it clearly, but you still don't get it. I'll tell you now, listen carefully—I only say this once: I like good girls. My children must also come from good girls. You're not qualified, understand?"

Leah Thorne is a good girl.

The treasured Aurora of the high-profile Thorne family, with a heart full of sunshine. Someone like him gravitates towards beauty and is always drawn to beautiful people.

Carol's body had begun to tremble. She stood beside Justin Xavier, trembling as he humiliated her repeatedly.

This humiliation was of her own making.

"So, the question remains, how will we resolve this with my mother?" Justin Xavier tilted his head, thinking for a moment, "The child must definitely be born..."

Carol's eyes suddenly lit up. She felt a glimmer of hope after a moment of despair.

The man who had been adamant about not wanting her to bear his child was now contradicting himself. To her, this was like a miracle.

"Sir..."

"Of course, this child definitely won't be mine. I've already instructed my secretary to find a man..." Justin Xavier let the sentence hang, his icy, profound eyes glanced at her.

Carol's mind buzzed at his words. She felt as if she'd been cast down from heaven into hell. What was he talking about?

He wanted her to have another man's child?

No.

She refused!

She would only bear the Crown Prince of the Xavier family!

She wouldn't bear children for those lowly, impoverished men; she wanted riches and honor, to gain status from her child.

"Sir, that's impossible. If madam finds out about this..."

"Will you inform madam, hmm?" Justin Xavier asked in a low, eerie tone.

Carol fell silent; she perceived this man was truly sinister and capable of any unlawful action.

Carol was genuinely scared, her teeth chattering from the cold.

"I've finished speaking. You can go now. Keep a low profile in the future. If you become an eyesore to my wife, my mother won't mind finding a replacement. After all, there are plenty of hens that lay eggs."

"..."

Carol opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. She left as she came, full of anticipation, but left drenched in cold sweat, fleeing as if for her life.

But as she reached the door, the man's deep voice called from behind, "What did you add to my soup?"

Carol's steps halted, and she turned to look at Justin Xavier.

Justin Xavier extinguished the cigarette in his hand in the ashtray, shaking his head thoughtfully, "This doesn't feel right; something was done to my soup. Tell me, what did you add?"

Justin Xavier knew his body's changes all too well. Now his throat felt as if it had been scorched by hot coals, his whole body boiling with bloodlust.

His long, narrow eyes flashed scarlet as he looked up with a menacing glare at Carol.

Faced with such a look, Carol nearly dropped to her knees in fear, "Si... sir, it's not my doing. These were madam's orders, and I merely followed them. Madam wanted a grandchild so much that she added a little something to your soup..."

Justin Xavier's eyes darkened, and a few seconds later, he stood up and left the study, heading straight for the master bedroom...

Chapter 997: She Doesn't Want You Anymore! She Doesn't Want You Anymore!

Justin Xavier arrived at the master bedroom door and raised his hand to knock, "Leah! Leah, open the door!"

There was no sound inside.

No one responded to him.

Justin's handsome face was as dark as water, and there were terrifying red streaks in his eyes. He wasn't unfamiliar with such lowly tactics, but no one had ever dared to use them on him.

Now, he felt his body temperature rising uncontrollably, as if there were little bugs crawling through his bones and blood, making him extremely uncomfortable.

He had only one thought in mind; he wanted to see Leah Thorne!

His clearly defined fingers knocked sharply and rhythmically on the door panel. His voice was low and hoarse, "Leah, I know you're in there. Open the door quickly, I want to see you, immediately, right now!"

Still, there was no sound inside.

Justin waited for a while, then put his large hand on the doorknob, intending to open the door directly.

He quickly discovered that the door was locked from the inside.

Justin was an astute man, and he had already sensed something. Leah never locked the door earlier or later, but chose this moment to do so, unless...

"Come over here!" At this time, a black-clad bodyguard brought Carol over and directly threw her onto the carpet.

Carol already realized something was wrong. She knelt on the carpet begging for mercy and reached out to grab the leg of Justin's suit pants, "Sir, you... please forgive me, this was really the madam's idea, it has nothing to do with me..."

Justin looked down with his gloomy and handsome eyelids at Carol, "Does the madam know about your drugging?"

Carol nodded vigorously, "Yes, madam knew when she was drinking water in the downstairs living room just now, but she didn't tell you..."

Saying this, Carol glanced timidly at the tightly closed door in front of her. She also realized something, "Sir, is it because the madam isn't opening the door for you? I get it, the madam did it on purpose."

"The madam watched coldly as you drank that bowl of drugged soup and even locked the door. Sir, the madam really doesn't love you anymore; she has abandoned you... Ah!"

Before Carol finished speaking, she let out a miserable scream because Justin lifted his leg and kicked her in the chest.

Gasp.

Carol fell to the ground, and a mouthful of fresh blood spurted out.

Carol struggled twice, trying to move, but her body went limp and fell down. She looked at the man in front of her with fear in her eyes. Despite the years of gentlemanly and elegant disguise, the dark and sinister elements in his bones had not been washed away. He was terrifying.

"Take her away. I don't want to see her again!" Justin said coldly.

"Yes." The black-clad bodyguard quickly dragged Carol away.

With peace restored to his ears, Justin placed one hand on his waist, panting lightly. Soon, he curled his thin lips into a smile, letting out a mocking laugh. So she knew all along.

No wonder she was flirting with him on the stairs just now; she must have thought he was a ridiculous fool!

"Leah Thorne, open the door!" This time, Justin couldn't be bothered to raise his hand to knock. He licked his dry thin lips with the tip of his tongue, his expression neither amused nor amused, "This lousy door can't stop me. If you open the door voluntarily now, I won't hold a grudge, and we can just move past today's incident!"

Justin's voice wasn't loud, but it was enough to intimidate. All the maids in the villa came out, too scared to make a sound.

The master of this house had a terrible temper, and the consequences were severe when he truly got angry.

Still no sound inside.

Leah didn't respond to him.

Justin raised his hand and touched his cropped hair. The enormous gloom and hostility filled his chest, and he was on the verge of losing control.

So calmly and composedly pushing her own husband into another woman's bed, she truly was the exemplary Chinese wife.

Though she had said she agreed to him having kids with another woman and even suggested bringing Carol in to serve, he didn't take it seriously. He just thought she was jealous and was speaking out of anger.

Now he knew, she was telling the truth.

"Leah Thorne, I'm giving you one last chance, open the door, or else, tonight is the end for you, understand?"

"I'm counting down for you, three seconds, three...two...one..."

Justin slowed the time at "one," but inside, there was no sound. He got no response.

Justin's handsome face twitched grotesquely twice, then he lifted his leg and kicked the door panel.

A thunderous sound.

The loud noise was deafening, and the maids held their breath in fear.

My God.

The man standing outside the door, full of hostility, was more terrifying than a Satan from hell.

With that kick, the door didn't budge, as it was of good quality.

Justin continued with a second kick, a third, a fourth...

Each kick carried a fierce force, landing directly on the door, as if he wouldn't rest until it opened.

Soon there was a creak, and the door opened.

Even the door succumbed to the power of this man, Justin.

The door opened, and Justin walked in expressionlessly, "Leah Thorne!"

The maids were jittery, with the master's violent temper, madam you'd better look out for yourself.

Indeed, Justin went in with the intention of giving Leah a harsh lesson. She was simply too reckless, relying merely on his adoration.

His strong chest heaved up and down, and his bloodshot eyes scanned the room before pausing, because Leah wasn't there.

In his line of sight, there was no trace of Leah.

Justin froze, and all the hostility and anger in his chest vanished instantly. His heart sank, "Leah Thorne! Leah, where are you? Are you mute? If you hear me, make a sound!"

There was still no response from her.

Justin went and opened the bathroom and the closet... there was no one inside.

Leah was gone.

She had vanished from his sight.

It was terribly quiet around, so quiet it was terrifying. Justin searched around, but there wasn't a soul.

Carol's words echoed in his ears, "She really doesn't love you anymore!"

"She abandoned you!"

"She left you!"

Justin felt the world spinning before his eyes, and that wave of panic and unease surged up like a tide, threatening to drown him.

"Someone!" He shouted loudly.

Several black-clad bodyguards swiftly entered, awaiting orders.

"Go find her, hurry and find her. Even if you have to turn the entire city upside down, bring her back!" Justin's voice, grim and chilling, broke from his throat, and the veins on his forehead throbbed.

"Yes, boss." The black-clad bodyguards turned and left immediately.

"Wait a moment." Justin spoke again suddenly.

He noticed something was off, something was indeed wrong. Earlier, he had panicked, but he needed to calm down first.

He had watched Leah enter this room with his own eyes. She didn't leave the room, which meant... she was still in this room.

"All of you, get out." Justin changed his mind.

The black-clad bodyguards obediently exited immediately, closing the door behind them.

Justin's eyes, dark and sharp, scanned the room, searching for places where someone could hide. He tried to control his emotions, his hoarse voice carrying a hint of coaxing affection, "Leah, where are you?"

Chapter 998: The Greatest Punishment for You Is Losing Me

Justin Xavier walked softly across the plush carpet of the room. He tentatively reached out to open the curtains, checking every corner, "Leah, I know you're here, you heard my voice, didn't you?"

"I admit I'm still very angry right now. Hurry up and come out. If you try to appease me, maybe I'll be easily soothed."

No one responded to him.

The room remained quiet, and only his own voice echoed.

Justin inexplicably felt a strong sense of panic. He searched every corner of the room but could not find her figure.

Where did she go?

Where, indeed, is she?

Justin's mind was stretched taut like a wire about to snap at any moment, and then his gaze fell on the wardrobe, so he walked over.

Justin reached out to open the wardrobe.

The wardrobe was filled with his clothes, pristine shirts and suits, and at first glance, there was no one inside.

But Justin's tall and handsome form suddenly stiffened because he had found Leah Thorne.

Leah was hiding in the wardrobe, curled up into a small ball in the corner of the wardrobe. It was very dark inside the wardrobe before it was opened, with not a glimmer of light, and she was just quietly hiding inside.

The tension in Justin's nerves finally eased when he saw her, and the panic and unease in his heart slowly smoothed out. He pursed his lips and spoke, "Leah Thorne."

Leah remained in that posture, her legs curled, arms hugging her knees. She had her eyes closed as if she were asleep.

Justin was angry. While he was in chaos here, she was sleeping peacefully.

"Leah, wake up, don't sleep!" He reached out to shake her.

The shake caused her earphones to fall from her ears, and she trembled slightly, then woke up.

She was wearing earphones while sleeping. It wasn't clear if she really wanted to listen to music, or... didn't want to hear anything about him.

Leah opened her eyes, and there was a hint of drowsiness there, her small face looking up at him. She smiled nonchalantly, "President Xavier, you found me after all. It seems I'm not an advanced player at hide and seek."

Justin frowned, "Why are you hiding?"

"Afraid you'll lose control of yourself and forget about my time of the month and want a bloody battle~"

"Then why didn't you tell me when I was drinking soup? It was you who got us into this!"

"Oh," Leah's expression was cold and languid, "I just thought it was fun. President Xavier, are you angry?"

Then Leah laughed, her laugh crisp like a bell, shaking like a blossoming tree, "President Xavier, what kind of chastity memorial are you establishing with me? When that Davina Rowe was servicing you, you seemed to enjoy it quite a lot. I almost believed that President Xavier was clean and hadn't been with anyone but me."

"It's already dirty, what's wrong with touching one more woman?"

Justin's icy gaze fixed on her small face. He wanted to see even a trace of jealousy and sadness from her, just a trace, but there was none. Her eyes were very cold, carrying only nonchalant mockery and sarcasm.

He no longer remembered who that Davina Rowe was. Her mention kindled some memory, someone who was most like her...

Past events couldn't be undone. Justin extended his slender fingers and pinched her delicate chin, "These things didn't bother you in the past; what exactly are you minding about now?"

With that, he extended his long arms to gracefully lift her soft, delicate body out of the wardrobe, "Join me for a shower."

He badly needed a cold shower; the drug's effect within him was growing stronger, and he felt as though he were on fire.

He needed to extinguish that fire.

"Let go of me. If you're not interested in Carol, I can call other girls for you."

"I know many pretty girls in the entertainment industry. President Xavier is irresistible; I think they would line up eagerly for President Xavier to choose from."

Justin paused in his steps, and then suddenly changed direction. He walked to the bed and threw Leah onto it, pressing atop her, "Leah Thorne, you're intent on making me angry, aren't you?"

His distinct fingers approached her collar. Impatient to undo her buttons, he tore her collar open roughly and directly with a "rip."

The tender white skin was exposed to the air, and Leah's brow and eyes turned cold as frost. Emotionless, she gazed at him calmly, softly saying, "Let go of me; I warn you, you'd better not touch me with your filthy hands!"

Using the word "warn," Justin curled his lips, considering she had become lawless. This night, he must properly teach her a lesson.

"Leah Thorne, you are my lawful wife, my Mrs. Xavier. When I want you, you can't refuse. That's a marital duty, understand?"

He lowered himself, burying his face in the nape of her neck and began to kiss.

Leah glanced at the crystal chandelier above her, then reached out a small hand, feeling for the lamp on the bedside table. She raised her hand and forcefully, with all her might, smashed the lamp over Justin's head.

With a bang, the lamp shattered.

Justin felt a pain in his head, blood quickly oozing down his handsome cheek.

He sat up, touched his face, feeling a hand full of fresh blood.

His handsome features turned cold in an instant, as though covered in a layer of icy frost. He looked at the girl beneath him, "Leah Thorne, what on earth are you playing at, hm?"

Leah beamed at him, "Forgot to tell you, when I was 18, a fat landlord tried to rape me, and I also smashed his head with a lamp."

Justin froze.

"But unfortunately," Leah looked slightly regretful, "unfortunately, I didn't have a knife in my hand at that time; otherwise, I could have...like now..."

Suddenly Leah raised her hand, and at some point, a sharp knife was already in her grip. She thrust the blade forcefully towards Justin's heart.

Justin only saw a glint of cold light; he reacted quickly, grabbing the knife as Leah stabbed.

Though the blade didn't strike his heart, the sharp edge sliced deeply into Justin's palm, large drops of blood falling down.

Justin looked at her, "Leah Thorne, you actually...want me dead?"

"Yeah, you and your Xavier family, none of you are innocent, you all deserve to die!" Leah's eyes blazed with fierce flames of hatred.

Justin lowered his handsome gaze, after a few seconds curling his lips to reveal a sinister smile of white teeth, "Then you are a pathetic avenger chicken, thinking you could hurt me with a knife?"

Meeting his gaze, Leah also smirked, "Justin Xavier, never let me know that you love me, otherwise, this knife will be thrust straight into my heart. Someday, I'll make you watch me wither away and die by your side—losing me will be your greatest punishment."

## Chapter 999: I'll Be Waiting for You in Hell

Justin Xavier's black pupils contracted fiercely; he hadn't expected her to say such a thing.

She said that if she ever found out he loved her, that knife would be driven into her heart, and the greatest punishment for him would be for him to lose her!

Justin Xavier watched her, red blood vessels spreading in the corners of his long eyes. After a while, he said hoarsely, "Then you'll never wait for that day because I don't love you."

He said he didn't love her.

There were no longer any waves in Leah Thorne's heart; her love had been wasted in vain for ten years. Once, she loved him deeply, but now, all that remained was hatred.

At this moment, Justin Xavier forcefully grabbed the knife from her hand.

With a sound, the blood-stained knife was discarded on the carpet.

Justin Xavier got up, sat on the edge of the bed, and casually grabbed a few tissues to press against his wound.

"Justin Xavier, let's divorce," Leah Thorne said softly.

Justin Xavier's handsome body suddenly stiffened. He then turned his head to look at her, his throat rolling as he spoke, "Talking about divorce on the third day of marriage, Mrs. Xavier, do you think it's appropriate? Besides, you have no choice in this marriage. Even if there comes a day for divorce, it can only be initiated by me, not you, understand?"

Leah Thorne laid on the bed looking at him, curling her crimson lips, "Justin Xavier, are you still going to continue deceiving me? Are you still not planning to tell me the truth?"

Justin Xavier quickly furrowed his brows, realizing something was wrong. Tonight, Leah Thorne was acting unusual. Logically, with her brother Mort Thorne in his grip, she wouldn't dare.

Unless she already knew the truth...

"Justin Xavier, I sneaked into that intensive care unit today. You know how much I miss my brother. I thought my brother was still alive. As long as he was alive, I wouldn't be alone. I'd have a home, courage, and determination to live well, but... When I reached out to remove the bandages on that person's face, guess what, guess what I saw? That wasn't my brother; it was not him at all. Ha, haha, this is simply ridiculous..."

Justin Xavier's heart skipped a beat. All his guesses were confirmed at this moment; she knew, she still found out.

Sure enough, as soon as she realized it wasn't her brother, she immediately proposed divorce.

"Who told you all this?" Justin Xavier asked in a deep voice.

"Your grandfather, your good grandfather told me!" As she spoke, Leah Thorne handed him the text message on her phone for him to see, "Take a look yourself. This time, I really have to thank your grandfather. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't have known you were such a vile and shameless scoundrel. You're a big liar. You used my brother's photo to trick me into marriage. Justin Xavier, I hate you, I hate everyone in the Xavier family!"

Justin Xavier glanced down at the text message, his lips already pressed into a cold, pale line.

The atmosphere was silent for a few seconds. He raised his hand to hold her shoulder, "Leah, I..."

"Don't touch me!" Leah Thorne recoiled, avoiding his touch, her eyes filled with disgust and aversion for him. Her bloodshot eyes stared at him, saying word by word, "Justin Xavier, in my lifetime, there will never be a day of reconciliation with you and the Xavier family. I'll be waiting for you in hell!"

She vowed, I'd be waiting for you in hell!

Justin Xavier froze like that; he knew she wasn't joking. Mort Thorne had become the last straw that broke her, and she was already in a living hell.

She hated the Xavier family, and she hated him.

He and she eventually reached this point.

Justin Xavier took a deep breath and after a long while said, "You've made enough trouble tonight, sleep early. Leah, nothing will change. You are still my Mrs. Xavier. Until I plan a divorce, don't mention that word again."

With that, Justin stood up and shouted forcefully, "Where are the people? Are they all dead somewhere?"

The door immediately opened and the maids rushed in, trembling.

"Sir... Sir, what are your orders?"

"Where did Mrs. Xavier get the knife? From today, confiscate all the knives and sharp tools in the house. Next time Mrs. Xavier grabs dangerous items, she'll face consequences herself!"

The maid was trembling with cold sweat, "Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Xavier hasn't been feeling well lately, prohibit her from leaving the house and no guests are allowed to disturb her. Both the inside and outside of this villa will be guarded by bodyguards. If Mrs. Xavier escapes, you know the consequences!"

Is she going to be grounded?

The maids dare not think too much, quickly nodding repeatedly, "Yes."

"Clean up the room a bit, everyone else get out!" With that, Justin Xavier kicked the bathroom door open and went to take a cold shower.

...

The sheets and carpets in the bedroom were all replaced with new ones, and an air purifier was placed; there were no signs of chaos, as if nothing had just happened.

Leah Thorne lay on the bed; just now, her phone had also been confiscated.

Justin Xavier had confined her in this villa, cutting off all her connections with the outside world.

Justin Xavier was a man with extremely keen instincts; he could make decisive judgments and swiftly take all preventive measures, keeping control over everything.

Then came the sound of "click" as the bathroom door opened; he had come out after showering in cold water.

Leah Thorne lay on her side, feeling the side of the bed sink; it was him lying over.

Soon, her soft waist was tightly embraced, Justin Xavier's strong arm coming around to hold her from behind, his thin lips falling on her face and hair.

Leah Thorne glanced at him; his wound was deep, but it hadn't been treated, only crudely wrapped with white bandages.

After showering just now, his body temperature was still hot, evident of Laura Xavier's hefty investment to ensure her son consumed the best tonic for a grandson.

Justin Xavier pressed her and kissed for a while, then reached to pull open her collar...

Leah Thorne moved a bit, trying to struggle.

At this moment, his ominous, raspy voice came by her ear, "Do I have to tie you up?"

Leah Thorne stopped moving, she gently closed her eyes, letting him do as he pleased.

...

Midnight, Justin Xavier suddenly awoke, finding his arms empty; she was gone.

Leah Thorne had disappeared.

Justin Xavier instantly sat up, his forehead breaking into a cold sweat. He threw off the covers and got out of bed, not even bothering to put on shoes, he ran out barefoot.

He was going to call for help.

But soon he stopped in his tracks, because he sharply noticed the wardrobe door had been opened.

Justin Xavier walked over and opened the wardrobe door, inside was pitch black, and in a corner, he found Leah Thorne.

Leah Thorne was curled into a small ball, had fallen asleep leaning against the corner of the wardrobe.

She got up in the middle of the night and fell asleep here.

She was now unable to sleep peacefully in his arms.

Chapter 1000: Justin Xavier Displays the Authority of the Legitimate Spouse

Justin Xavier's large hands at his sides quickly clenched into fists, and only after a long while did they slowly relax. He reached out and carried Leah Thorne in his arms, placing her gently onto the soft, large bed.

...

Leah had been confined to the villa, disappearing from the public eye for an entire week. Justin had tightly suppressed any external gossip and media attention, keeping things quiet.

At the Xavier Corp headquarters, in the CEO's office, Justin Xavier sat in his chair reviewing documents when his phone rang. It was a call from Laura Xavier.

The phone rang over and over again, but Justin showed no intention of picking it up.

His private secretary stood to the side, not daring to make a sound. These days, their CEO seemed clouded with gloom, and even the air felt oppressive.

Every day, there would be calls from Mrs. Xavier, but the CEO never answered them.

Even Carol had been dealt with, leaving Mrs. Xavier's dreams of having grandchildren thoroughly shattered. The more Justin refused to pick up the phone, the more the main house was like ants on a hot pan. It seemed as if Justin had done nothing, yet his actions were as piercing as a dagger to the heart.

"CEO, Mrs. Xavier is calling again. Perhaps... you should take it. Our people should have already arrived..." The private secretary suggested tentatively.

Justin paused with the pen in his hand, then set it down and picked up the phone, pressing a button to connect the call.

Laura's agitated voice immediately came through, "Hello, Justin, what on earth do you mean by this? What are these people you've sent here for? They say they're following your orders to send your grandfather and me overseas, never to return!"

Justin's face showed no emotion. His cold, dark eyes resembled two small, dangerous abysses. "Since you've already heard my intentions clearly, why bother asking?"

"You!" Laura was shocked. She never expected the day when her son would speak to her in such a cold and distant manner. "Justin, your dad is now in custody and will soon be sentenced. You've ignored him, and now you want to send your grandfather and me abroad too. Are you trying to drive away all your relatives and become an orphan yourself? You are so rebellious, you're downright unfilial!"

Laura was trembling with anger.

Justin's gaze fell on the documents, his voice indifferent and chillingly detached, "Sometimes... I really wish I weren't a member of the Xavier family. If only I were an orphan... that would be great."

The private secretary was shocked, quickly glancing up at their CEO.

Losing one's roots is part of everyone's destiny. The secretary didn't know what had caused their CEO to harbor such... frightening thoughts.

Over the line, Laura gasped, so angry that she directly fell off her wheelchair.

"Madam! Madam, are you alright!" Panic ensued at the Xavier home.

"I'm fine!" Laura snapped angrily with a breath of air, "Justin, how could you... say such things? Ever since Leah came into your life, you've changed. What kind of spell has she cast on you to mesmerize you so? Is it wrong that I want grandchildren? You dealt with Carol, and I didn't even say a word. And now you want to send us away, even claiming you don't want to be a Xavier!"

"I understand now, I understand. You don't want me as your mother anymore, so I'll just go die now!"

Laura began yet another melodramatic episode.

"Madam, don't do anything foolish!" The maids on the other end were pulling her back.

Justin remained expressionless, his voice flat and unyielding, "If you want to die, there's no need to inform me. If you're dead, what can I do about it?"

"..."

The Xavier home suddenly fell into an eerie, oppressive silence.

"If you don't succeed in dying, then go abroad. I've arranged everything there. If you do die, I'll come back to arrange a grand funeral for you." With that, Justin directly hung up the call.

The private secretary looked at their CEO with trepidation, only to see the CEO coldly set down the phone and continue reviewing the documents in his hand.

Laura's calls ceased.

"Ceo... CEO, I'll be going out now." the private secretary said.

Justin replied with a faint hum, "Go on."

As the private secretary headed out, there was a commotion outside, "Sir, you don't have an appointment and can't meet with our CEO. Please leave immediately, or we'll call security!"

"Where's Justin Xavier? I must see Justin Xavier today, and no one can stop me!"

The next second, the office door was flung open with a bang, and someone barged in.

Justin lightly lifted his eyes, and at the door stood Simon Ford.

It was Simon Ford who had burst in.

"CEO, this..."

Justin's eyebrows twitched slightly, "It's fine, all of you can leave."

"Yes." The private secretary ushered everyone out and closed the office door behind them.

Simon stormed over, glaring at Justin in anger, "Justin Xavier, where's Leah? I haven't been able to contact her for days now. Besides you, I can't think of anyone else who would hide her away."

Justin set down his pen, lazily leaning his broad back against the chair. He casually curved his thin lips, "Young Master Ford, I really don't know why I have any obligation to answer your question. Moreover, I'd like to ask why you're looking for my... Mrs. Xavier?"

Mrs. Xavier...

These words exploded in Simon's ears swiftly because the news of Justin and Leah's marriage hadn't been made public, so Simon was unaware.

Now, with this abrupt revelation, Simon was left stupefied.

"Justin Xavier, you... you're talking nonsense! When did Leah become your Mrs. Xavier?" Simon shook his head in disbelief.

The gloom that had been settled in Justin's brows for these past few days dissipated at that moment. He genuinely smiled, showing a rare, joyful grin. He admitted that the advantage of being married was that when these... man interference came knocking, he could calmly wield his legal standing to defeat them utterly.

"Young Master Ford, Leah and I have our marriage certificate. She's my lawful wife, so I sincerely advise you to stay away from my Mrs. Xavier in the future. Anyone thinking of decking me with a green hat, I'll return the favor to their entire family!"

"..." Simon was too furious, immediately clenching his fists, "Justin Xavier, Leah surely didn't willingly marry you. You must have used some despicable means to force her. Where is Leah? Hand her over!"

Simon stepped forward, hurling a solid punch onto Justin's handsome face.

Justin felt he had been too complacent and hadn't avoided it in time, taking the punch head-on.