

My Wife is a beautiful Officer Chapter 716 - Chapter 715: No, You're Lying (part one)

Chapter 716: Chapter 715: No, You're Lying (part one)

"Yes. Only this way YS group can make new breakthroughs in the advertising industry." Belinda raised her head to look at him. Partnering with YD Group was just the preliminary stage. Whether or not they got the company's outdoor advertising plan depended a lot on their abilities.

"Okay. But take care of your own self. Don't stress yourself out about this too much." Duke's eyebrows furrowed. He didn't know much about YD Group. He was a bit worried about Belinda putting in so much effort into this. But it wasn't possible to try and persuade her to quit now. She knew that if a company wanted to survive in the competitive market, sticking to the rules didn't do the trick. Only innovations and new elements could help one remain invincible.

"You will help me, right?" Belinda asked Duke hopefully.

"No, I won't. I have a lot of things to do myself. I won't have time to help you." Duke glanced at her indifferently. Her hopeful expression hadn't moved him.

"Huh. You're selfish." Belinda pursed her lips. She had known that Duke would say no to her request. But she hadn't expected his blunt reply. She felt a bit hurt.

"Is there anything else that needs to be done? If not, we should go." Duke glanced at her and saw the clear disappointment in her eyes. He couldn't let himself help her too much, she'd become dependent on him. For her own good, she should learn to handle things by herself. He'd still be by her side every step of the way.

"Just a second." Belinda packed up her things, including the documents she had to take home with her. Although she was bothered by Duke's coldness, she didn't say anything. She couldn't force him to do something he didn't want to do. She was indeed stubborn and a little childish, but she wasn't the kind of person who would willfully force someone to help her.

Dusk in late autumn was always exquisite. Yellow leaves danced in the breeze, flaunting their beauty one last time before descending onto the ground lazily. The elegant couple walked slowly. Their alluring looks against the charming scenery made every passerby feel envy.

"We will take my car. Leave yours in the parking lot," Duke said as he pulled open the car door. It was more of an order than a suggestion. He had always been the dominating one in their relationship.

"I guess that's okay. I can use a driver right now. I don't want to drive anyway." Belinda gladly got inside his car. It would be a waste if they drove two different cars at the same time anyway. So she accepted the suggestion without any hesitation.

Duke's jaw ticked. He was at a loss for words. Was he a mere driver in her eyes? His mouth set in a grim line. He swiftly went over to the driver's seat and settled behind the steering wheel.

"Buckle up." Duke glanced at her, his expression dark.

"Duke, you're really volatile. Your mood swings are out of control." Belinda looked at him as she obediently fastened her seat belt.

"That's true. You know that, so you shouldn't try to rile me up." Duke said dangerously with a smirk. He started the car and drove out of the parking lot of YS group.

"Well, as long as others don't provoke me first, I don't usually bother them without a valid reason. Don't worry, I'm too tame to trouble you." Belinda scrutinized him, realizing that he looked more handsome in his side profile.

"That's good." He honked the car's horn several times. It was rush hour after work and they were stuck in the traffic jam.

"Should we ask Leena to come too? She must be bored. She's not used to being alone at home," Belinda changed the subject abruptly, remembering Leena. Even though it was aggravating how Leena always defied her, Belinda couldn't help but worry about her. In her eyes, Leena was just a little girl, no matter how many times she tried to prove otherwise.

"No, let her be. The marriage is her own choice. Now she has to adapt herself to that way of life. She's on her own." Duke said coldly. He was not the same person anymore who used to spoil his little sister recklessly.

"Are you serious? It's been a long time since that happened. You can't still be mad about that?" Belinda couldn't help but snort. No wonder Leena was afraid to see her big brother these days! It was quite petty of Duke to still hold a grudge against Leena for her decision.

"Who says that I'm mad about it? Why should I even care?" Luke would never admit that he was indeed still angry that Leena secretly got married without even informing him. But he wasn't in the habit of showing his emotions, so he pretended he didn't give a damn at all.

"I don't know what you're thinking. But it seems like you're still angry about it." Belinda watched him closely, trying to find something in his expression that would give away his true feelings.

"That's just your imagination talking." He turned the steering wheel and smoothly pulled over in front of a small, quaint restaurant.

"Is this the vegetarian restaurant?" Belinda asked abruptly, glancing at the layout.

"Why? You don't like it?" Duke raised one eyebrow and got out of the car without waiting for an answer. He walked over to Belinda's side and opened her door.

"No, I just didn't expect you to like this kind of a place." Belinda herself used to come to the restaurant occasionally. Lately, however, she was too busy and couldn't afford the time to do so. She hadn't tried the delicious food here in a long time.

"Come on. Let's go inside." He casually slipped his hand into hers and pulled her toward the restaurant. Belinda blushed at the intimate gesture.

The Fragrance was a charming little restaurant. Although it was not as luxurious as other fancier restaurants, the food here was delectable. Once someone had savored the vegetarian dishes here, they were bound to come back again for another taste.

"Mr. Leng, we reserved the usual table for you. This way please." Apparently Duke came here often. The waitress even knew his name.

"Sure! Is your boss present here right now?" Duke asked, pausing to face the waitress.

"The boss was here this morning. But she went home after lunch," The waitress stood by and answered courteously.

"Okay, I see. You must be busy. No need to wait on us." Duke led Belinda by her hand toward an enclosed private cabin in the corner. He seemed to know his way around the restaurant. The decoration of the cabin was prettier than the intricate designs outside.

"You know who runs this place?" Belinda asked, the surprise obvious in her words. As far as she knew, this restaurant had been running for years.

I do. In fact, not only do I know her, you are also familiar with her," Duke said with a small smile. Opening a restaurant was just one of her whims initially. He hadn't expected the idea to actually come to fruition and ultimately result in one of the most popular restaurants in the city today. After she went abroad to pursue her studies, he had been in charge of this restaurant. He had to admit she put a lot of effort into building it. She had designed all the interiors herself. The reason for opening this restaurant was quite simple. This way, she could order all the dishes she wanted to eat, she said.

"I know the owner too? Seriously? Who is she? How come I have no idea about this?" Belinda was even more curious now. She turned around, perusing the elaborate designs and decorations and tried to find a clue about the owner of the restaurant.

"Didn't you ask me before if we should invite her to have dinner with us?" Upon hearing Belinda's suggestion, Duke had decided to come here and see if they could meet Leena by any chance. He hadn't expected her to go home early.

"You mean Leena?! I've been here several times before, how did I not know this is her restaurant? You're kidding, right?" Belinda was astonished. She wouldn't have ever thought that Leena owned a restaurant. Leena was just a young girl.

"That must have been a long time ago. You didn't know each other back then. Even if you saw her here, you couldn't have possibly recognized her. The Fragrance is indeed hers. She's the owner, but it's basically run by Edward and me. In truth, she's a little free rider." Duke's eyes were affectionate as he talked about Leena. It was such a departure from his usual self.

"I wonder how she got the notion of opening a vegetarian restaurant? I mean, it's a great idea, but it's unusual." Belinda was impressed by Leena's business acumen. Vegetarian restaurants were rare, especially in today's times when everyone was overindulgent and chased luxury. It was because there weren't many vegetarian options in the city that Leena's restaurant was so sought after. There wasn't an empty seat during dinners. Belinda had often left dishearteningly after failing to secure a vacant spot.

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"I'll tell you. For a while when she was younger, she had gained a few extra pounds. We told her that she looked adorable, but she wanted to lose the weight right away when she was fat-shamed by her classmates at school. So she started eating vegetarian meals. Later, that became her inspiration for opening a vegetarian restaurant."

.90Duke reminisced, as if it had happened yesterday. It was obvious he was fond of the lovely memory he shared with his little sister. It made Belinda realize that no matter how reluctant he was to admit the love he had for his sister, he deeply cared for her in his heart. He wouldn't have looked this happy otherwise.

"She's so slender now, I wouldn't have thought she was a chubby kid." Belinda couldn't imagine Leena being overweight. She was so petite.

"It took her about a year of exercises and vegetarian meals to get back in shape." Duke poured out a glass of water and put it in front of Belinda. In those times, he used to accompany her to the gym for all kinds of exercises. Edward had done it too.

"She's quite persistent. Once she sets her mind on doing something, she doesn't stop until she succeeds. I really admire that." Belinda was slowly coming to understand why Duke liked spoiling her. Leena was a unique girl. She was coddled by a lot of people, but she never got cocky. That was remarkable.

"She's not only persistent; she's also very stubborn." Duke involuntarily smiled, thinking about how heartbroken they were when they saw her put in the efforts at exercise. They tried to persuade her to quit, or to at least tone it down a bit. But she hadn't listened to a word they said. She stuck it out and achieved her goal in the end.

"I know that very well." The corner of Belinda's mouth lifted. She loved the hot and sour potatoes at this place. Every time she was here, she enjoyed having the dish.

Duke didn't say anything further as he silently watched her eat. He made mental notes of her preferences secretly. He piled up her plate with more food, as he had done during lunch, earlier in the afternoon. Duke didn't eat much himself, Belinda noticed.

Time passed by in silence. Finally, they finished dinner and walked out of the restaurant. It was nighttime and the city had lit up. The scenic beauty was a feast for everyone's eyes.

"Let's go to the seaside and get some fresh air, what do you say?" Belinda's eyes were hopeful as she raised her head to look at the tall and handsome man beside her.

"Right now? It might be a little cold there at this time." Duke scrutinized her outfit. Belinda's outfit was suitable for the downtown city where it was warm, but if they went to the seaside, she'd need warmer clothes. He worried she'd catch a cold otherwise.

"That's okay. Don't worry. We won't be there for long." Their marriage wasn't based on love. Sometimes that made Belinda feel insecure, for it meant that it hung by a thread. She couldn't deny that she was developing feelings for Duke. This distant but gentle and handsome man constantly occupied her mind. She only hoped that he was slowly falling for her too. Only then she'd feel at ease.

"Fine. Let's go." Duke couldn't bear to reject her eager face. He agreed to the simple request without another thought.

Belinda bubbled with excitement when she heard him agree to go. She rarely got an opportunity to spend time with Duke, just by themselves. Her eyes beamed with happiness.

The sea breeze was coolly blowing as the tides rolled by. In the misty night, the sky and the sea had become one. It became impossible to tell them apart. Belinda couldn't resist the temptation to take off her shoes. She began sprinting freely on the beach. She was like a seagull flying in the sky, without a care in the world.

The corner of Duke's mouth twitched into a smile. When she wasn't busy being the powerful CEO, Belinda was just like any other girl-next-door. He hadn't seen this side to her before. As he watched her, something in his cold heart melted.

"Duke, come get me!" The sea breeze moved against her long hair. Belinda's voice sounded fainter by the minute, but Duke heard her words. He was always calm and restrained. He didn't play these childish games. So even after he had heard her, Duke didn't move. He stood there, his eyes locked on his wife's silhouette.

It was the season of late autumn and not many people were on the beach in the evening. There were only a few couples, all of them either snuggled together or were having fun. Duke and Belinda stood out as the most distant pair in the vicinity.

Duke didn't want to join her and Belinda could only do so much by herself. She walked back in disappointment. She decided not to sit next to Duke. Instead, she sat down at a distance and played with the sand.

Duke was staring at the invisible line between the sky and the sea, his eyes intense and soulful. Except for Duke himself, nobody could tell what he was thinking.

Belinda was engrossed in building her various sand castles. She didn't bother him. She could tell she didn't really hold a place in his heart. He only paid attention to her from time to time, when it was convenient or when she happened to be close-by. She was aware of how little she mattered in Duke's life.

A sudden, immense wave came up and wiped out the castles she had been building. Belinda stood and found another dry place to sit, still keeping a distance from Duke. Suddenly, she regretted her decision to come here. She felt a little mistreated and her eyes reddened slightly.

Belinda had never been a sensitive woman. But since marrying Duke, she felt like her heart was made out of glass. She felt vulnerable and got emotional about little things. Not only that, she got suspicious when it came to him. She knew she should put more trust in Duke, but she didn't know how to get a grip on herself.

Rubbing her cold arms, she bit her lip and gazed at the doting couples with envy. She couldn't help but feel sorry for herself. What was she doing? Her eyes darted away and she stared blankly at her toes.

"What's wrong? You're not playing anymore. Are you tired?" A magnetic voice next to her ear asked, as a coat faintly smelling of peppermint was laid on her shoulders. Duke sat down beside her. He casually put his long arm around her and held her close.

"Do you want everyone to think I'm mad?" Belinda struggled, trying to get out of his arms. She didn't want to be pitied.

"If you were a madwoman, you'd be a beautiful one." Duke smiled helplessly. He hadn't chased her around on the beach, but he had been watching her every action. He had only been distracted for a short moment while watching the sky.

"Duke, was marrying me the worst decision you have made in your life?" Belinda sniffled as the sea breeze blew against her long hair, causing it to fall onto her eyes.

Where did you get that idea from? Why would you ask me that all of a sudden?" Duke frowned. He had to admit that women were indeed fickle. Belinda was so happy moments ago, but now, all of a sudden, she looked dejected. He didn't understand why.

"Don't worry about where I got the idea from. Just answer me, was it the worst decision of your life or not?" Belinda gently shut her eyes for a moment. She hated being like this. She hated being insecure and petty. She felt awful about herself.

My answer is an emphatic 'no'. What else do you want me to say?" His hand around her waist tightened. No matter what she thought or said, he never regretted marrying her.

"You're lying. You regret marrying me. Ever since you met Rachel again, you've been having second thoughts about our marriage. Am I wrong? You wouldn't be this miserable otherwise. You're only lying to comfort me, or maybe you're just lying to yourself." Belinda still remembered the way he had unconsciously released her hand in front of Rachel. If Duke really didn't care about that woman, why didn't he want Rachel to see them holding hands? She didn't mention to him that she had noticed, but it bothered her greatly.

"Do you really have to bring up Rachel when we are talking about us? I thought we'd already reached an agreement on this. Things between us have nothing to do with Rachel. I thought you were a reasonable woman, Belinda. It looks like I was awfully wrong. You disappoint me."

Duke quickly let go of her. He stood up, frustrated. These days, everything he did for her was a waste. She didn't realize how he was indulging her at all times. After everything, she still couldn't completely trust him.

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"Even if I don't mention Rachel, she's still between us. That's indisputable. Do you really feel nothing when she's around you? I don't believe it." Duke had withdrawn his arm from around Belinda. She turned on her side, causing the coat to slip.

"If that's what you think about me, then all my explanations would go in vain." Duke didn't want to get angry, but a sense of overwhelming frustration seized him. Everything he did was futile when it came to her.

"I knew it. You don't even intend to explain yourself. We aren't married out of love, so we don't have to be faithful to each other." Belinda rose to her feet. She shook the sand off her shirt and began walking dazedly, away from Duke. In her hurry she forgot to pick up the overcoat he had put on her.

"Belinda, are you in love with me?" The wind carried Duke's words to Belinda, as the scent of seaweed grew in the air. But Belinda was in no mood to enjoy the pleasant smell, because Duke's words had shocked her. They stood with their backs facing each other. Neither could see the sorrow on the other's face.

"Ha! You think that could ever happen?" Belinda smiled and said in a mocking tone. Duke's love was out of her reach. He probably had feelings for his ex-girlfriend. How could she admit to her love for him when his own wasn't certain? She was afraid of stepping on her own heart.

"If not, excellent! Don't fall in love with me. I can't give you the love you want." Belinda closed her eyes in bitterness. She had expected that answer, but she still felt a stabbing pain in her chest. She didn't mean what she had said, but apparently, Duke didn't love her anyway.

"You don't have to worry about that. I'm not a naive girl; I don't ask for things that aren't mine to have." A single tear slid down Belinda's face. She tried to get a glimpse of Duke from the corner of her eyes, but it was in vain. She bit her lip to suppress the impulse to cry, then she turned around and began walking briskly. It was too painful to remain on this beach any longer.

Duke swallowed angrily as Belinda walked away. At long last, he turned around to follow her. To his surprise, she wasn't heading to his car. Duke panicked, hastening his pace. As soon as she was within his reach, he took hold of her wrist.

"Belinda, where are you going? Are you crazy? Stop testing my patience, please!" Daisy had told Duke about Belinda's temper. But her capriciousness and ruthless words had hurt and enraged him so much that he left the advice far behind.

"Let go of me. After all, you think I'm a crazy woman who likes to make trouble for no reason!" Belinda shook his hand away violently. She resumed walking without turning back again. Her face was stained with tears.

"Look at yourself, Belinda! You're using Rachel as a pretext to express your dissatisfaction with me." Duke clenched his teeth to subdue his fury. Belinda was determined to leave, and he couldn't do anything but watch his stubborn wife leave.

"You can think whatever you want. If you think I'm mad enough to make a fuss over nothing, then my explanation would only appear deceiving to you, just like you said!" Belinda turned to cast Duke one last glance. Then she stepped forward and left without hesitation.

Duke stayed in place, having lost the will to keep up with Belinda. Anger took possession of him. He should walk away and pay no attention to her. No matter how awful she felt or the dangers she could walk into at this hour, he'd do well to turn a blind eye to her. But he couldn't! He wouldn't have felt this pain if Belinda meant nothing to

him. The beach looked like an ugly monster this late into the night. All Belinda could feel was her sadness. In spite of the dark and the unknown trail ahead, she kept walking with purpose. Compared to the abyss behind her, she was willing to be the prey of a wolf, tiger, leopard or any other dangerous animal. There was no way she'd retreat.

Like a naughty fairy, the sea wind played with Belinda's hair until it was a tangled mess. The hair veiled the woeful expression on her face. She couldn't take the smothering pain in her heart any longer. The person who was first to fall in the snare of love was the one who suffered the most, she felt. Just look at Daisy and Edward. They were the best example of it!

If there was a way she could time travel, she'd wish she never met Duke. He was her fatal venom, who had poisoned all her senses so she was no longer the woman she used to be. He had changed her. She was deeply affected by his every little conduct.

Belinda had never envied two people in love, for they seemed to undergo tremendous pain, although there must be sweet moments between them too. It was hard for her to grasp that her own love story was full of torments. It wasn't until this moment that she understood why Daisy had lost herself after her being Edward.

A flash of light came up from behind her, illuminating the rugged road beneath her feet. However, Belinda's pain was still shrouded in darkness. With no intention of blocking the road, she stepped aside. But the vehicle didn't pass her. Instead, it pulled over by Belinda's side.

"Get in the car," said Duke coldly. The passenger door on her side flew open. "No, thanks. I can walk home," Belinda stubbornly refused, glancing at him indifferently. She didn't linger for a moment longer before walking ahead.

"The house is quite far away. Are you sure you want to walk?" Duke asked through clenched teeth. His handsome face had darkened.

"I'm sure. Don't bother. it's none of your business." Belinda spoke the words against her wish. She didn't, of course, want to walk home or refuse Duke. But her pride was at stake.

"Fine. Do whatever you want. I won't insist any longer, if it means forcing you into doing something you dislike." Duke shut the car door furiously. Stepping on the gas, he drove away at full speed. He was enraged to the extreme. So it was none of his business, huh? He'd like to see how long she could stay out here.

More tears streamed down Belinda's cheeks. She stopped to watch the lights of Duke's car eventually disappear out of view. Sadness overwhelmed her like a rampant flood. She lost the strength to support herself and crouched down. Burying her head between her legs, she cried her heart out.

Belinda remembered how Duke had said he'd never leave her. But now, he had just driven off and left her behind. Duke had broken a promise. Men were truly untrustworthy liars. Even if she refused to get in the car, couldn't he have held on for a little longer? Didn't he care? Did he not know that sometimes, a woman's refusal was a disguise for wanting attention? In her vulnerable state, a woman needed even more love and understanding.

He wouldn't have left her behind if he had seen that. But whom could Belinda blame for this sham of a marriage? They weren't lovers. Sure, they were husband and wife, but they didn't act like a real couple. Was Rachel truly better than her? She was Duke's ex. He must have been hers, body and soul. But as Duke's legal wife, what did she own?

The seaside of S City was quite remote from the downtown. The night was pitch black and only a crescent moon hung in the sky. The trail was shrouded in darkness. As she stood up to walk, Belinda lifted her teary eyes to take measure of her gloomy surroundings. The terrible sight made her hair stand on end.

Belinda sped up as fear spread in her heart. She finally grasped what she had gotten herself into. She hastened ahead. It was so dark that she tripped on gravel, feeling a sting on the palm of her hand. In spite of the sharp pain, she got up and went in the direction of the highway. She could take a taxi once she got there.

She felt a sense of helplessness she had never experienced before. She had never been as fragile before now. Belinda wasn't usually a person who cried a lot, but tonight her eyes were a river of tears. She knew very well that Duke had a heart of stone, but his coldness went beyond her imagination.

Suddenly, a staggering figure caught Belinda's attention. She stopped, afraid. A man singing an obscene song came into her view. Belinda quickly took several steps aback. Was he drunk? she wondered, cautiously studying the man. If that was the case, what could she do? She turned around to take a look at the beach. But it was so far away! How would she run? The beach might not necessarily be a safe place either. There were several roads from the beach leading to the highway. What if the people at the beach had left by the other roads? What if nobody was there? Who could help her? If she went back, wouldn't she be further away from home?

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Belinda regretted not having learned Chinese Kung Fu or kickboxing because of laziness. The only thing she could do was stand still. As the man stalked forward, her heart went to her throat. Belinda had a strong impulse to run off, but she dared not pass the man by. She didn't know what kind of person he was. She was at a loss. The best course of action for her was to stay put.

She had always been a tough woman. But in this remote and dark place, Belinda was scared. Her hands clenched into tight fists. She was prepared to fight if necessary.

The man approached her step by step. Belinda's knees trembled, as if she was about to face a monster. She didn't dare move her eyes away. If she had anticipated this would happen, she wouldn't have refused Duke's invitation in exchange for her ridiculous pride. She'd already have been far away from this damned place! But what was done couldn't be undone. She had to bear the consequences for her waywardness.

"Oh, my! I never dreamed of seeing such a beauty on this remote land." Belinda was right, the man was indeed drunk. She could clearly smell the disgusting scent of alcohol that he gave off as he drew nearer.

"You... What do you want?" Belinda asked, her lips quivering. She glanced several times in the direction of the highway, hoping Duke would come back. To her disappointment, however, not a ray of light could be seen at the end of the trail. Everything was cloaked in sheer darkness.

"Hmm... You're so beautiful, doll! What do you expect I want in this dark, desolate place?" The man asked as he burped loudly. He was of medium built and in his forties. Belinda could not make out his facial features in the dim light. But his sentence had already frightened her.

"Stay back. My husband... he's nearby. He went to fetch something. He'll be back soon." Belinda backed away as she threatened him to ward him off. But she panicked and lost control of her pace.

"Husband! Aha... You can take me as your husband, doll. Hmm... I won't mind taking your husband's place tonight." He staggered nearer. Belinda screamed and darted in the direction of the highway. The man began chasing her immediately as she sprinted.

"Hey, doll. Don't leave me alone! I promise it'll be fun for you!" He yelled as he chased Belinda on one foot. He was in such a drunk state that it wasn't easy for him to catch her. Belinda, however, was in high heels. In panic, she tripped again.

No, please! Don't hurt me." Belinda lay on the gravel that wasn't paved with cement. She retreated inch by inch as the drunkard approached her. She had several wounds on her body. In spite of the pain, she screamed for help in desperation. She would never have been afraid of this man in the past. But tonight, she was completely worn out emotionally after the fight with Duke. In her place was just a helpless woman in need of protection.

"Don't what, doll? Would you like to have some fun with me? I promise to give you the time of your life." His face was hidden in the darkness, but Belinda could well imagine the lascivious expression on it.

"Stay where you are. I'll scream for help if you take another step forward." Belinda warned him, her eyes widening. She had lost the ability to cry. Her hands blindly searched around, hoping to find a weapon. Maybe a stone could work.

"So scream! I'd be disappointed if you keep silent. Go ahead, doll. Let me hear you scream! It will excite me." The man deliberately swallowed, before licking his lips lecherously. Belinda was disgusted.

"Shameless beast! Go away! Duke, help me! Save me!" Belinda cried. She felt traumatized to the point of collapse. How she regretted fighting with Duke! But it was too late.

"Hey! Doll! Stop shouting for help. Don't you understand? It's as quiet as a graveyard here. Even if you scream your head off, no one will come to your rescue. Now, listen. I promise to treat you nicely." The man wretchedly bent down toward her. She could finally see his face. His expression was lewd and he was clearly aroused. What a pig!

"Go to hell!" Belinda took hold of a handful of earth and threw it at his face. She had intended to attack his eyes, but the wind made it fall into her own as well. She didn't care. She took advantage of the opportunity and ran off before he could finish wiping off the dirt. She could hardly see through one of her eyes, but it didn't make her stop.

"Bitch! You play tricks on me! I'll fuck and kill you once I get my hands on you!" The pain had sobered up the drunkard a little. He cursed as he rubbed his eyes. Then he dashed to catch Belinda. She couldn't run much faster because of her wounds. He was catching up to her quickly.

Belinda's face distorted in fear. She glanced backward from time to time as she ran. She forgot about the pain, or even the direction in which she was headed. Sheer panic had taken possession of her. She was resolute in her belief that she could not let herself be stained by this drunkard, otherwise she'd lose any confidence she had regarding Duke. If she couldn't have Duke's love and be with him, she wouldn't be able to live. She'd rather die.

"Hey! Keep running! As fast as you can! I wonder how far you can go." His voice was getting increasingly loud as he closed the distance. Belinda could hear him panting as he yelled.

Belinda could image how deplorable she looked, but it didn't matter. She wanted to be as far away from the drunkard as possible. She had never anticipated such an encounter and didn't know how to respond under the circumstances. She could only think of escaping. But how, she didn't know. Her mind was blank.

"Bitch, you're a good runner. You've already exhausted me. You must serve me nicely, or I'll let you apologize to me on your hands and knees later." He was now within an arm's distance. If he stretched out his hand, he'd easily catch her. The drunkard suddenly darted forward, trying to grip her wrist. Luckily, Belinda twisted in time. In the process, he accidentally touched her collar and tore part of it open, revealing Belinda's fair skin. Aroused at the sight of it, he grasped her again, pulling her toward him before

she could realize what had happened. The man circled his other arm around her waist and locked her in. It was impossible for Belinda to move.

"Let go of me, you beast! Leave me alone or you're a dead man!" Belinda racked her brains for every conceivable dirty name she could think of to curse the bastard. She struggled to twist her body and fend him off, but didn't realize how that excited him. He couldn't restrain himself any longer. He grabbed Belinda's face and tried to kiss her. Belinda could smell the alcohol on him. She felt nauseated and tried her best to dodge the forced kiss.

"Abuse me if you like! I get aroused hearing you curse. Smooth skin, pretty face. What a beauty you are! I can't wait any longer, doll." The man said as he caressed her arm, before moving to her face. Belinda shuddered, and dodged his touch in time.

"You demon! If you try anything with me, you'll die pitifully. My friend is a colonel. When she catches you, you'll be tortured in ways you can't imagine." Belinda was exhausted beyond belief, but she insisted on fighting till the very end. She would never surrender herself to this man. She'd find an opportunity to escape.

"But I must sleep with you before I die. It must be nice, dying in a beautiful woman's arms. You're mine tonight. You can't escape your destiny," He said, before pressing his mouth on hers. Belinda was horrified as she struggled against his arms. She stomped on his foot with one of her heels. He groaned in pain and relaxed his hold, helping her get away from under his body. But before she could think of escaping, heavy hands dragged her down on the ground. The drunkard laughed as he looked at Belinda's beautiful, teary face. He began taking off his clothes.

Chapter 720: Chapter 719: Duke , Help (part one)

"What are you doing? Stop!" Belinda clutched at the chest of her clothes. Desperation was in her eyes when she suddenly let out an empty laugh. It felt like it was hopeless for her to get away now. She wished someone could show up and help her. What was happening to her was just too hard to believe.

"What am I doing? It's rather 'who am I doing.' Come on, hot stuff. You and I are going to have a wonderful time tonight." The man took off his clothes and tossed them on the ground. It was then that he started to haul Belinda towards the roadside.

"Ah! Let me go, you bastard! You son of a bitch! Pervert!" She struggled and cursed but the drunken man was bulky and strong. Getting out of his clutches just seemed impossible.

"Come here, hottie." There was a lewd smile on the man's face.

"Don't come closer! You will regret it!" Belinda hugged herself tightly. Horror and tears flooded her face as she looked at the man. ...

Help! Duke! Help me! Duke!" Belinda cried and screamed. She kept kicking with all her strength. However, her resistance did not make anything better as this just aroused the man even more. He put her hands above her head and held them with one hand as he started to unbuckle his belt with his other. Belinda felt like vomiting just by seeing the gross horny look on the man's face. Her mind went blank.

"Yeah! That's right! Scream! Nobody's coming to help you! They can't hear you ..." The man wasn't able to finish his sentence when a sudden beam of light appeared. He looked up but he couldn't even open his eyes. The light was too bright. A sound of a car pierced through the air then stopped abruptly. Before the fat man realized what was going on, he already received a kick and fell on the ground on his fours like a huge meatball. No doubt the person who kicked him was burning with wrath and had exerted as much strength as he could.

Duke's eyes were filled with anger. He kept kicking the man as if he wanted him dead right away. The next kick was always harder than the last one. Based on the grim air that surrounded Duke, it seemed that he wouldn't calm down unless he was sure the man was at least crippled.

Belinda curled up with her arms crossed over her chest to cover her exposed skin. She was in a shock. Duke went over to her and attempted to carry her in his arms. The sight of her pained him so much that his hands were trembling. Seeing someone was approaching made Belinda scoot backward in horror.

"No! Don't touch me! Please!" she screamed. Her hair was a mess. Her body was covered with bruises and small cuts from gravel.

"Belinda, it's me. Shh, it's okay. I'm taking you home." Belinda was barely with any clothes on. Looking at her, Duke felt heartbroken. His eyes were wet. He was remorseful.

"Home ..." Belinda murmured. Her eyes looked dully ahead. She still hadn't recovered from the shock.

Yes, home. So don't push me away. We'll go home together, okay?" Duke said quietly. He hated himself for what had happened to Belinda. He knew this place was remote and dark but he had left her here alone anyway just because he had been angry with her. He felt he was such a jerk.

"I want to go home. Please hurry. Take me home now." Belinda suddenly got very agitated. She grabbed Duke's arms, shook him and begged him to get her out of there as soon as possible.

"Okay. Let's go home right now." Duke carried her to his car quickly. Belinda's clothes had been torn apart. Duke put his coat on Belinda and took her into his arms tightly.

"You said you would never abandon me under any circumstances. You promised." Belinda muttered to herself.

Her eyes were lifeless as if she was lost in her own world.

"Belinda, "I'm truly sorry. I shouldn't have left you there alone." Duke kissed her head repeatedly. A feeling that he had lost and found her again was cruising all over him. She was so fragile and helpless. The guilt in Duke's heart was so overwhelming, he lifted his hand and slapped himself twice. Belinda was startled by the loud sounds. She raised her head and gazed at the red mark on Duke's face.

"Does it hurt?" Her slender hand reached for his face hesitantly and timidly. She felt bad for him, but thinking of the injury in her palm, she withdrew her hand.

"It's nothing compared to the pain you are going through." Right now, he was convinced that Belinda cared about him even at this moment when she was both physically and mentally hurt. It touched him so much that tears streamed down his eyes. He had never cried for anything before and her forgiveness made him feel ashamed.

"I want to go home. I don't want to stay here any longer." Belinda looked out of the car window, shaking.

"Don't be afraid. I'm right beside you." Duke kissed her on the lips and straightened the coat wrapped around her. Having buckled her seat belt, he started the car slowly without looking at the man who was still huddling painfully on the ground. Duke dialed a number on the vehicular telephone.

"Hello, Mr. Leng. What can I do for you?" Mr. Yi, the chief of Public Security Bureau, checked the time. It was late and Duke scarcely contacted him. He wondered why Duke was calling.

"Mr. Yi, please pick somebody up on the path from National Road 702 to the beach. He committed an attempted **** and physical assault. I hope the police can handle this matter properly and let this thug learn his lesson. I don't accept settlement out of court. You do what you do."

Duke hung up immediately and put his phone aside. A sinister smile appeared on the corner of his mouth. Apparently, the fat man had touched a nerve and he was going to pay for what he had done. The car started to speed up.

Belinda had been quiet, motionless, and cringing in the passenger seat. The drunken man's hands had been all over her. She felt dirty although the man didn't get what he had wanted. She was old-fashioned and committed in relationship. Those touches crushed her.

Different from the suburb, the city center's night was as bright as daytime. Duke had been checking on Belinda all the way. She hadn't said a word after he had smacked himself. She neither cried nor yelled. He didn't disturb her silence. Words were hollow and pointless at this point.

It was very late when they got to the Leng's residence. The night was tranquil. Duke opened the car door and carried Belinda out. Belinda didn't struggle. She was like a puppet in his arms as he carried her upstairs to their bedroom.

I want to take a bath. Belinda finally spoke when Duke put her on the bed.

Okay. Wait here. I'm going to run water for you. He replied in a gentle and low voice, trying to do whatever and he could to make her feel better.

Belinda didn't say anything in response. She just pulled the oversize coat. Her body was stiff. She had gotten many bruises and scrape from the fall. It hurt too much when she made a move.