

## Be Gentle 221

### Chapter 221

Assaulted by the cold wind, Marie felt that her face was becoming stiff and her limbs were becoming icicles.

She turned around and saw the RV parked in the distance.

After that morning, she was familiar with the RV driver. She brought the coat with her, went to the RV, and asked the driver to open the door. She could not stand the cold anymore.

The driver recognized Marie. He thought that she was Leia's new assistant or something. He opened the door to the trailer.

Marie sat inside, rubbing her fingers, trying to warm herself up.

Meanwhile, at the shoot, Leia was not concentrating.

The director was nationally renowned, and his movies were widely acclaimed. He was a regular at award ceremonies. Countless actresses wanted to star in his movies but there were not many that could impress him.

The director put Leia Norman in the starring role out of desperation. One of his biggest funders had withdrawn their financial support, and production of the movie was stalled.

Just when he was running out of options, someone approached him with an investment, though one of their conditions was that Leia Norman had to star in the movie.

Caught between the allure of the investment and being forced to change the female lead, the director agonized over the decision for two months.

Finally, to realize his dream of bringing his script to the screen, he bowed to money.

Leia's debut was in a domestic movie that received generally favorable reviews. The director knew that Leia had an elevated social status and had a politician as a father. However, he was not worried about that. Instead, he thought that if he could obtain the investment and at the same time polish Leia's acting skills, that would be a win-win situation.

were no hitches in her previous two shoots, but somehow she could not get it right today after

director roared angrily once

was not in a good mood either. The male lead was a handsome middle-aged man in his forties. He kept a low profile in the entertainment industry, though all the movies he acted in were critically acclaimed, and he had gone up the awards stage many times. None of the female leads in his previous movies was like Leia, an empty beautiful shell without any

lead wiped his face annoyedly and went aside to take

that the male lead's agent cast a disdainful gaze at

should rest for a while, Leia." Her assistant walked up to her and handed her a glass of

took a sip of the warm water, but she was still cold. Her bad mood was intensified when she did not see Marie, who was tasked with holding

my coat?" Leia asked

assistant hastily asked the other people to look

"It's fine. I'll check on her."

looking for an outlet to vent

the driver opened the door to the RV trailer, Leia saw Marie slumped inside the comfortable high-class room. She had already fallen

*She was even using the coat as a pillow!*

"Well..."

**The two** female assistants did not expect the new hire Marie to be *so daring...*

Leia shook her head. "She's new, and she probably doesn't know anything. I ought to be more patient with her."

**The two** female assistants understood that Leia had always been kind toward her assistants. Another female star would have thrown a tantrum on the spot.

Leia went inside. The assistants closed the door so that Leia could *rest*.

**The** trailer was tall and spacious. The driver's cabin was separated from the trailer, and so the driver would not be able to hear what was going inside the trailer.

Only Leia and Marie were in the cavernous **trailer**.

**Marie was** fast asleep with no signs of waking up. With a long face, Leia walked over, raised her leg, and brought her foot down on Marie's hand on *the couch...*

"Ah!"

Marie was awoken by the pain. She immediately pulled her hand back.

rubbed her hand that was in pain. About ten seconds later, she came to her senses and realized that it was Leia Norman who had stepped on her

her head and saw that Leia had meant to

know that it's the fall now? Once I've finished a scene, you need to immediately drape my coat on me. Are you an idiot?" Leia was yelling

venting all her grievances on

gasped for air and held back the urge of slapping Leia. "I'm sorry. I was too cold outside, and that's why I came in. I didn't expect myself to fall asleep..." She

Leia glanced at Marie's clothes and grinned sarcastically. "Yet you bare your legs in the fall! Tell me, are you trying to flirt with someone? Look at yourself in the mirror! Do you think you can achieve anything with your

Marie's facial expression changed several times.

would still be subject to Leia's verbal abuse if not for Shakira's car arriving on

knew to remove herself from the scene when Leia helped Shakira into the trailer. She hid behind a large tree and lit a cigarette. She was cursing Leia to hell in her

In the trailer.

Shakira explained her reason for coming, she asked, "Aunt Neile, why are you suddenly asking about my that you're the apple of your mother's eye, and you're trying your best to look for treatments for your father's infertility so that your parents can have a child of their own. I want to tell you that... there's a possibility that I've found the child that your

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That was the first time Bianca was called "Mommy."

For the typical person, that word was as normal as it could get. In fact, those were usually the first words of a newborn baby.

However, to Bianca, those words were an unfamiliar luxury.

It was unfamiliar to her because ever since she knew how to speak, she had no one to call "Mommy." In her twenty-four years of her life, she did not have the opportunity to call anyone that name.

She was pregnant at eighteen years old but was separated from her children at nineteen.

In the period she was studying overseas, she encountered many young mothers. Some of them were single, and some of them were clinging on to their equally young husbands' arms. However, they had their young children next to them, calling them "Mommy" in a different language.

Whenever Bianca saw that as she wandered on the streets, she would think of her children.

She wondered if they have the chance to call someone their "Mommy" like the other children. Perhaps they would share a different fate than her.

No matter the season or occasion, she would be walking forlornly on those foreign roads by herself.

She would wonder where her children were and what they were doing, and if they would miss their Mommy, just as she had missed her mother when she was a child.

When her father fell sick, and she had to bow to the harsh realities of life, she eventually forgot that sentiment.

If that was how life would treat her, she did not have the luxury to fantasize about the love from a mother or any familial relations.

After all, she had failed as a mother.

flustered when Rainie called her "Mommy." She pressed her lips together and held the little girl tightly in her

interior of the car fell silent. No one made a

rearview mirror, Luke looked at her daughter clinging

that Rainie had called Bianca "Mommy," he felt as though he could be a proper father

he was sharing Bianca's pride as a

welled up in Bianca's eyes. Her eyes

Miss Bea? Are you unhappy that I called you Mommy?" Rainie looked at Bianca with her crystal-clear eyes and blinked innocently. The more Bianca looked at Rainie, the more she thought that the little girl looked like

love it a lot." Bianca looked blankly at the little girl in her arms. She felt like Rainie had once been part did not know why Miss Bea

her plump little hand touched Bianca's face, Bianca's phone

your seat, Rainie." Luke did not smile much. When he said those words, it sounded like a

did what she was

"Aunt Wanda," Bianca answered the call from her **aunt**.

"Are you in the small town? I'll be transferring you a sum of money later in the afternoon," Wanda **said**.

"I'm in A City," Bianca said truthfully. "You're transferring so much money to me, Aunt Wanda, I..."

"**What's wrong** with your voice? You sound weird," **Wanda interjected**.

"No, perhaps I caught a cold..."

"Since you're in A City, let's meet. You can tell me if you have any concerns," Wanda said.

...

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Bianca met with her aunt Wanda at a fifth-floor cafe in a shopping **mall**.

**Wanda** was sitting on a brown cloth seat in the cafe, sipping on her coffee. "I've never hidden anything from you, Bianca. I don't have any children, my father is elderly, and my brother is sick. I've heard from your grandfather that my brother feared your stepmother and that she was not a kind person. Were **you** **bullied**?"

Bianca did not wish to talk about the times when she had to rely on another. "She was alright, but it's in the **past anyway**."

"Your aunt is perhaps the only relation that you have with some mobility. Who else should I give my money to, if not to you?" Wanda said.

Bianca still could not accept it.

woman sitting in front of her was not too old, and she was also beautiful and well-educated. Her previous marriage was a blissful one

fate had played a trick on that woman by bestowing her with an

first met in the small town, Wanda had told Bianca about her disease and how long she had to

was when Bianca understood why her aunt Wanda had sent her grandfather back to the small town to live alone and disappeared without

Wanda found out about her disease, she had experienced unspeakable fear

feel pressured by taking this sum of money, then I can give you an idea. You have a degree in design, right? You can take the money and start your own design studio. I have a few classmates from college in the same industry. Perhaps I can hook you up with them," Wanda

Bianca still could not accept it...

it as though you're working for me. It's still better than working in your current job. Not only do you have to work overtime, but you also don't have time to take care of your grandfather and father. If you work for someone else, how are you going to realize your dreams? Does your company appreciate what you do for them?" Wanda's words hit a soft spot in Bianca's

student ventured into the field because of their passion, but not many people would have the opportunity to make it

to put them in the spotlight, all they could do was to realize someone else's dreams. It was a

thought that Bianca was stubborn. After coffee, Wanda took Bianca shopping in

said that she was not short of beauty cream and other

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"No, Aunt Wanda, I don't want those..."

Bianca pushed those away while blushing fiercely. She thought that the lingerie her aunt had picked for her would bring her trouble.

She held her head down, not even wanting to look at those items.

Wanda could not understand what her niece was thinking. "You're only twenty-four years old, Bianca. Not forty-four or fifty-four! If you don't wear these now, don't tell me that you'd only wear them when you're older? That won't have any effect!"

Wanda dragged Bianca to the fitting room.

"No, Aunt Wanda, I can't possibly... they're too..." Not only was her aunt dragging her to the fitting room, but the sales clerk behind her was giving her countless reasons a young woman should buy sexy lingerie.

Bianca knew very well that a young woman ought to know how to flaunt their curves, but the lingerie that her aunt had picked out was too embarrassing.

Wanda knew how to enjoy her life to the fullest. She was destined to live a short life, but in the decade and a half since her twenties, she had never gone against the desires of her body and soul.

In the fitting room, Wanda stripped off Bianca's conservative clothes while muttering, "Fortunately, I don't have a daughter. I'd have a headache if she were as stubborn as you. No matter if you're a man or a woman, you shouldn't be ashamed of talking about sex, especially with the one you love. What's there to be shy about? You only live once, so you ought to experience as many things as you can."

"Please, Aunt Wanda..."

Bianca hid in the fitting room, looking at the strips of cloth that barely qualified as clothing. Her face was so hot that one could fry an egg with it.

Wanda looked seriously at her niece. "Listen to your aunt. A woman is like a blooming flower that needs tender loving care. You ought to place your pleasure as your top priority, no matter if it's carnal or spiritual. Why are you so easily embarrassed, Bianca?"

Bianca did not want to try on the lingerie, much less buy them. "Stop resisting, Bianca. I'm not feeling well. If you accidentally shove me to the ground, I might pass out."

both verbal persuasion and physical threat, Wanda managed to put on the lingerie onto Bianca's

skin was dazzlingly fair. She was blushing intensely when Wanda did not go out of the fitting room but instead stayed there to watch her niece put on the

here. I'll go out and take a look." As Wanda spoke, she took Bianca's student-like underwear and stepped out of the fitting

you bringing my underwear, Aunt Wanda?" Bianca

However, it was too late.

Bianca's underwear and tossed them into the garbage bin. She did not like how conservatively Bianca at herself in the full-body mirror in the fitting room. Her breathing was becoming faster, and her heart was thumping hard. The design was

"Here, try these on."

returned, she was holding a clean and sterilized set of lingerie that could be directly

When Bianca took the lingerie, she felt that it was still warm, as though it had been never gone to a high-class lingerie store before. She took the lingerie and put it

she looked at herself in the mirror again, her face turned red like a cooked prawn. Her mouth went agape, and she shook her head. "This... doesn't look

"*What are you doing? Don't take it off.*" Wanda smiled when she looked at how perfectly the lingerie had fit her niece's curves. "This is beautiful. If I were your age, I'd buy a hundred sets and wear them every day. I'd even be charmed of **myself**."

**Bianca** did not want to try any more lingerie. She was too **embarrassed**.

**Silk and** lace lingerie was her limit. She tried to accept those.

*However*, the one that Aunt Wanda brought her, the set that she was trying her best to take off, was more like *fetish wear*.

**Bianca thought** that she would never accept wearing something like that.

"Aren't you going to wear it? Your previous underwear made you look like a spinster. I've already thrown them into the bin," Wanda told her truthfully.

"You've thrown them away?"

*Bianca* understood suddenly that her aunt was forcing her to give *in...*

"**It's** fine. No one will see me under the thick clothes anyway." Bianca did not submit to her aunt's will.

**Fortunately**, it was late in the fall, and the weather was cold. She wore a hoodie with a cartoon print and a coat outside.

*Under those* thick layers of clothes, no one would notice that she was not wearing any *underwear*.

**She would** rather die than wear that sexy *lingerie*.

Somehow, she felt embarrassed and guilty.

did not continue to make her niece's life difficult. When she took the lingerie out of the fitting room, Bianca was already standing outside

to the checkout counter

to this address," Wanda said as she wrote Bianca's address on a piece of

in an opposite section of the mall, Marie stood in front of a rack of bras, looking at Bianca walk away and disappear from

took out her phone and sent Xavier a message. "Aren't you

up the escalator. Where are you?" Xavier gave a call

stepped on Marie's hand to release her anger, Leia's other assistants continued to serve her. Meanwhile, Marie went to look for a clinic and got her bleeding fingers

treatment, she had the urge to go shopping. That was the way she could put up with Leia's

dog would have its day. Who knows if Marie would be the one to step on Leia's hand in the

minutes ago, Marie saw Bianca having coffee in a cafe with a  
that she was jealous of

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Marie walked to the escalator and met up with Xavier, who had hurried there.

Xavier did not even glance at her. He looked around but did not find the person he was looking for.  
"Where is she?" He asked Marie.

At the same time he asked the question, he glared at Marie with a stern gaze, as though saying, "You're dead if you had lied to me!"

"She walked away, and I didn't stop her. I thought I saw her buying some embarrassing things," Marie said.

Embarrassing things?

Xavier glanced around the shopping mall. All the stores there sold lingerie, but could there be another store that sold something more explicit?

As far as he knew, Bianca was not so open-minded.

"You can go to the store and ask if you don't believe me." Marie led the way to the store.

At the high-class lingerie store, Marie asked the sales clerk, "Can you tell me what the beautiful lady bought earlier?"

The sales clerk replied with a smile. "Several sets of lingerie."

Then again, the store sold lingerie exclusively. There was nothing to hide.

"Can you show me the designs? I'm interested in buying them for myself," Marie continued.

sales clerk led Marie to the display. Xavier saw the sales clerk introduce the three sets of lingerie to  
first two sets were already alluring

third set was the most ridiculous. It was made out of sheer black

her fingers across the third set of lingerie and said embarrassedly, "Is... this even

the best-selling design in the current season," the sales clerk said. She did not read entertainment news, and that was why she did not recognize Xavier. She smiled at Marie and continued, "The material is soft and thin, yet it can protect your skin. You can feel it with your hands. Most importantly, most of your breasts will be exposed when wearing this. It'll provide a lot of enjoyment to you and your husband's sex

sales clerk did not shy away from using

glared coldly at the revealing set of lingerie. Who was Bianca buying

Marie was about to buy a set of lingerie so that she could entertain Xavier, she heard the man beside him coldly spit out two words.



you going, Xavier?" Marie was shocked by those two words. She apologized and returned the lingerie to the sales clerk, then quickly rushed out to chase after the

followed carefully behind Xavier, she could not help but think, 'Was he referring

out of the shopping mall parking lot, before he reached the intersection, Xavier noticed Bianca standing at the bus

graceful figure should have been unremarkable, but it happened to catch Xavier's

*Marie looked* in the direction that Xavier was looking. She became flustered when she saw **Bianca**.

**Bianca** was not carrying anything in her hands.

Earlier, she saw the well-dressed woman drag Bianca into the lingerie store. When they left the store, Bianca was indeed *empty-handed*.

*However*, the other woman was at the counter paying **for something**.

*After* that, when Marie answered the call from Xavier, she did not notice whether the other woman left the store with *shopping bags*.

'What's going on? Didn't the woman buy the lingerie for Bianca?

'Why isn't Bianca carrying anything in her hands?'

*When* Xavier stopped his car at the bus stop, many people looked at it in frustration, wondering where would the bus stop if the Porsche Cayenne occupied the **space**.

Bianca was also one of the people who looked over.

*However*, her eyes widened when she saw the man coming out of the car. It was as though she had seen **the devil**.

*Xavier* got out, slammed the door closed, walked up to Bianca, grabbed her wrist, and dragged her away. His gaze was cold and bloodthirsty.

"Let go of me! Are you out of your mind?" Bianca stumbled and tried to pull her hand away. Her other hand grabbed onto the bus stop sign.

around and cast a chilling gaze on her. "Go home with me. You've always wanted me to sign the divorce knew what kind of person Xavier

knew that she could not believe

her head and continued pulling away. "I'll leave it to my lawyer to handle the divorce papers. Our marriage will be annulled when it's time. I won't be deceived by

man had once abducted and harmed her grandfather just to get her name on the marriage certificate. If she had followed him this time, she did not know what he might do

did not want to follow him, even if he said that he wanted to divorce her. That was a

got out of the car and heard that Bianca and Xavier were on the brink of divorce. Something sprouted in her cold and

are you going if you're not following me home? You're a seductress under that clean and innocent face. I'm sorry, even if you're a seductress, I'll be the first one to have a taste of your body!" Xavier looked at Bianca from head to toe with his perverted and domineering

did not see Bianca carry the shopping bags with the lingerie. He reached out and grabbed her handbag that was slung over Bianca's

handbag held her identification documents and bank cards. Under the watchful gazes of the crowd at the bus stop, the two people started fighting for

Xavier Tanner!" Bianca shouted as she held on to her handbag

coldly. "That's enough? So, should I let you bring those filthy things in your handbag to have a tryst with

## **Chapter 225**

Xavier sat on the leather driver's seat in the Porsche Cayenne with his eyes closed and brows tightly furrowed. One of his hands was pressed on his temples, while the other hand held a cigarette which he occasionally took a drag from.

Marie wanted to go into the car and explain herself, but she did not find the courage to do so.

Xavier's expression was extremely unpleasant at the moment. Now that she had made him angry, she was going to suffer.

However, if she did not try to comfort or persuade him, she would suffer equally.

Xavier had introduced her to Leia. Leia did not treat her like a human and had even stepped on her fingers. Even if she left Leia, who else would treat her like a human and take care of her?

Even Marie did not treat herself like a human.

As long as she stood by Leia, perhaps Leia would eventually give her an opportunity to make it big!

After the Porsche Cayenne drove away, Marie hailed a cab, got on, and instructed the driver to follow the Porsche.

Xavier went back to his bar.

He found a quiet seat next to the window and enjoyed the breeze while appreciating the dark red liquid in the glass.

Soon, he downed half a bottle of wine.

A waiter came over. "That's not good for your stomach, Boss." The wine had a high alcohol content. The typical person would not be able to withstand half a bottle of it.

Xavier did not say anything. He waved his hand and dismissed the waiter.

did not say anything and went

poured himself another glass. He thought that the alcohol would numb his feelings, but he only felt more lucid after downing half

Bianca Rayne!

What a stunning woman!

not forget that graceful body that was standing at the bus stop. As his thoughts wandered, the alcohol brought him back to the memories five

before he went

childhood friend, who had asked him for a favor, invited him for a drink. That friend told him that he had obtained a virgin from a middleman, and he could do whatever he wanted to

not interested in transactions

did not mind taking

was dimly lit. Xavier sat on the couch, as dignified as a buyer could be, looking at the frail body appear in his field

enveloped by an aura of soft

head was lowered, and she was too embarrassed to look at anyone eye to

remembered that in his experience of making out with countless women, Bianca was the youngest, most tender woman he had ever seen, as though she would bruise if he pinched her a little too

She was wearing a white dress and a plain pair of canvas sneakers. She looked cheap from head to toe.

*Xavier* admitted that he could not bear to lay a finger on that young woman with a delicate face and a **timid character**.

*He* might have been as experienced as an ancient emperor with a harem, but he could not bear to bring any harm to that girl who stood in front of him.

Eighteen-year-old Bianca Rayne was like an unripe peach. She had the preliminary curves of a mature woman, but she would have been tasteless and astringent instead of sweet and **juicy**.

"Do you know how to serve a man?" Xavier **asked**.

"N... No... but... I can learn..." She stammered while keeping her head down.

**Xavier** could tell that it took her a lot of courage to speak those words. She was even biting her tongue after her reply. Her brows were tightly furrowed **in pain**.

*Xavier fantasized* about how she would be when she was more mature.

*Not* wishing to corrupt her, he held his urges back, nor did he allow her to serve any other man. Instead, he talked to the middleman that night and asked him for her *price*.

*He* did not wish for her to be ravaged by someone else who could afford her.

**The negotiations** were complete. All that was left was the money to exchange hands the next **day**.

Unfortunately, he met with an obstacle.

The middleman called him and said that another party had completed the transaction. That person would provide all financial and medical resources to that *girl's family*.

that buyer?" Xavier's voice was trembling as he asked

was the other party's assistant who completed the deal. The assistant said that his employer is a man in his fifties, and he desires a woman to bear children for him," the middleman

call ended, Xavier was overcome by anger and threw his phone on

detested the fifty-something-year-old man who had set his eyes on a young

matter had bothered him over those

years later, after he was freed from prison, he saw a familiar face in Crawford

was Bianca Rayne, the young woman from five

no longer dressed in that cheap, pilling white dress or that very worn and heavily-scrubbed pair of canvas shoes. She looked exactly how a mature woman should

had grown into a ripe, sweet, and

as though someone had snatched something important from

Crawford, that animal, had snatched the young woman that Xavier dared not

used to playing dirty anyway, and so he did everything so that he could be married to Bianca. He wanted to get back

years ago, he might have been reluctant to lay a finger on a callow young woman, but he had to admit that five years later, he had been irredeemably caught up in this game of

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Xavier abruptly stopped when he was inches away from Marie's lips. "I admit that I'm not an animal like him. Otherwise, you'll be bearing a child for me five years ago..." He said, aggrieved.

Marie did not take any alcohol and was entirely sober. However, she did not understand what Xavier was talking about.

Who was not like an animal?

Who was the animal?

Who bore a child for someone else five years ago?

Marie's passions died down after listening to Xavier's words.

Drunk people had a common problem. They would say certain truths that they would not while they were sober!

She did not want to miss any truths the drunk man might divulge. She hoped that he would tell her more secrets.

"What... are you talking about... ah..." Just when Marie opened her mouth, her passions were rekindled by the man's hand.

Xavier brought her to the bed, closed his eyes, and pinned her down. He placed one of his hands behind her head and fondled her cheeks with the other. "Why couldn't you wait for me, just for another day? I've already prepared the money for you. How did you agree to sell your body to a fifty-something-year-old man? What were you thinking? Weren't you disgusted?" He mumbled.

Eventually, he found out that the person who had given Bianca financial and medical resources was not a fifty-something-year-old man but the young and handsome Luke Crawford. However, the information presented to the middleman and Bianca was not so.

"Are you an idiot? Hmm?" Xavier held the woman in his hands with the utmost tenderness, and their foreheads touched each other. The alcohol in his system gave him nothing but agony.

to divulge his sentiments because of the alcohol. "Don't you know, five years ago, I wanted to go to the hospital to meet your father with liver disease and tell him that his daughter had sold her body to a half-century-old man in exchange for his

opened wide in shock when she heard

had entirely died down and would not be rekindled no matter how the man

'Five years ago... liver disease...

he talking about Kevin Rayne, Bianca's

'The time and circumstances matched.

'Sold... sold her body?'

Marie was at a loss.

tried to recall what Xavier had said earlier and analyzed the main points. 'Was Xavier going to buy Bianca's body five years ago but failed? Bianca was bought by a

bought to bear someone

no response to the

to her senses when she noticed the bulge in Xavier's pants, indicating that his urges were still

'Did he think that I am Bianca?

'Is that why he wants to *continue*?

'Were those words meant for Bianca?'

**Marie recalled** that Xavier had not been interested in her recently. Even after both of them had taken off their clothes, he would abruptly stop and lose all interest. She could only leave the room **dejectedly**.

She was wondering if he had been facing any health problems lately. Perhaps he had made out with too many women.

**Perhaps** he was bored of making out with women and shifted his interest to **men**.

From Xavier's pants, Marie could tell that he was still interested in women. In fact, he was at the peak of his **health!**

Marie could feel tears welling up in her eyes, though she could not tell if that was because of sorrow or anger. Was she *that unattractive?*

*She* resigned to fate that she was not as lucky as Leia, but she could not bear it when Bianca was better than her! How dare **she?**

"*Look at me carefully... who am I?*" Marie was wholly devoted to Xavier. Xavier provided her with everything, and she admitted that he was the man for her.

**However, she** could not bear being mistaken for Bianca.

**Marie had** hated Bianca ever since her mother was married into the Rayne family and she saw Bianca for the first *time!*

considered herself to be the legitimate daughter of the Rayne family, Marie would drive her away and claim everything that she

told her everything that he wanted to tell Bianca. To Marie, that was the

looked at the man tearfully yet defiantly as he forcefully pinched her jaw. "We're not born from the same mother or the same father. We don't even look alike. How did you mistake me

did not look like Bianca at all. Not

the influence of alcohol, Xavier seemed to have stepped into a fantasy world. The more he thought about Bianca, the more he considered every woman around him to be

his eyes and looked carefully at the woman on the bed. His brow ridge and his sculpted double eyelids trembled slightly. Bianca's face and Marie's voice overlapped. He could not tell who the person under him

caused him to be inexplicably furious. No matter who the woman on his bed was, he had to reclaim his pride as a man. He shoved the woman toward the door. "Get lost! What right do you have to sleep on my bed? There are a thousand types of beauty, but you're so

did not want to admit that he cared for any woman, especially that filthy,

nothing more than used goods that had given birth to Luke Crawford's

...

Bianca rode on the bus to visit her grandfather. After making sure that her grandfather was healthy and he had been keeping up with his medication, she went to the hospital, where her father

Luke sent her a message to ask her

## Chapter 227

In Kevin Rayne's house.

Jennifer came back from a session of bridge. She went to Marie's room to check on her and found that her daughter was huddled under her blanket.

"What's wrong with you? Haven't you slept enough?" Jennifer flipped over the blanket and asked Marie.

Marie turned around and frowned. "Go away! Don't come into my room!"

"Are you sick? Did you catch a cold?" Jennifer saw that her daughter looked miserable. She touched Marie's forehead.

Indeed, Marie was having a cold and a fever.

She almost made out with Xavier in the room above his bar. Xavier had already taken off her clothes, but his interest was dashed after realizing that he had mistaken her for the wrong person. She was even forcefully shoved out of the room.

The late fall weather was cold, and that was how she got a fever.

Early in the morning, Marie had called in sick to Leia's agent.

Marie's mind was not occupied with Leia Norman, but with Bianca Rayne...

Marie's head was spinning after sleeping for an entire day. She sat up and leaned against the headboard to think about things. Jennifer came into the room with a glass of warm water and two aspirin.

"Here, take some medicine." Jennifer sat down on the bed next to her.

Marie took the water and aspirin but did not eat them. Instead, she looked at Jennifer, "Mom, do you remember Uncle Kevin's liver cancer five years ago..."

"Of course I remember. Why did you suddenly ask about that?" Jennifer was taken aback.

Marie remained calm. She had been brooding over the matter for an entire day. "Then do you remember who was the one who provided Uncle Kevin with the organ replacement and paid for his medical fees?"

furrowed her brows and thought about it. "I think... Bianca mentioned it before. It's some charity foundation that unconditionally helps patients with liver cancer. Right, it's a charity

would rather forgo treatment. He wanted to use his savings to send Bianca

the aspirin and looked at Jennifer again. "I have reliable information that it wasn't a charity foundation that helped

it be?" Jennifer was confused. If not for the charity foundation, where did he get that

he emptied his savings, that would not have

sarcastically and lowered his gaze as though she had finally found some dirt on Bianca. "Bianca had sold her body to a fifty-something-year-old man for that

"..." Jennifer was speechless.

'Impossible!

'How could that be?'

became excited, even though she was feeling terrible from the fever. She told Jennifer her idea, "Go to the hospital with me tomorrow,

we going to the hospital..." Jennifer

should go to the hospital to talk to Uncle Rayne. Perhaps he should transfer the title of this house to us..." Marie massaged her injured fingers as she spoke, thinking of what to tell Kevin when they meet at the hospital

...

apartment in the

After picking up the children from school, Bianca took them to the grocery store to buy vegetables, meat, milk, and bread, for tomorrow's *breakfast*.

*She was* busy preparing the next meal in the kitchen. The door was closed, and she did not realize that Luke had *come home*.

In the living room.

*Lanie* was concentrating on his homework. He gripped the pencil tightly and was copying **new vocabulary**.

*Rainie* was slumped on the couch with her face down. She did not seem to be in a good *mood*...

"*Why didn't* you ask your sister to do her homework with you?" Luke asked **his son**.

Lanie lifted his head and looked at his father, then at his sister. "She says she doesn't want to go to **school anymore**."

Rainie's body wriggled a little.

'I don't wanna do homework. Hmph!'

*Luke was* not in a rush to discipline his children. He went to take a shower **first**.

When Bianca served dinner on the dining table, Luke had finished taking a shower and dressed in dark-colored casual clothes. He seemed comfortable, but his presence *was domineering*.

"Come and eat," Luke spoke in the direction of the **living room**.

**He spoke** softly, but the children reacted as though they had received a royal *decree*.

**Lanie** turned to glance at Rainie and tried to comfort her. "Don't be sad, Rainie. Going to school can be fun *too*."

"It's not fun at all!"



pouted angrily. She was about to cry at not look at Luke. Instead, she looked at the two children. Lanie was getting used to school life, but Rainie the initial excitement of going to school, Rainie was beginning to school-going children would experience that. Proper guidance dinner first, and we'll talk later. OK?" Bianca comforted Rainie and carried her to the seemed to have a clue of the situation. "What's going on?" He at his stern face. She was worried that he might frighten up his spoon but dared not begin eating. "Rainie said that she doesn't want to go to school anymore. She doesn't want to want to go to school anymore?" Luke took a bite and asked. "You don't want to go to school tomorrow, or did not know how Luke usually interacted with his children. She sat down and quietly observed pouted. Her eyes were teary. "I don't want to go to school the visible change in Luke's expression. "Let's eat first. We'll discuss this least Rainie calmed down The dining table was silent.

## **Chapter 228**

An eye-catching puddle of blackness could be seen in the middle of the study floor that was covered by lightly-colored tiles. It was obvious to the naked eye that the lingerie was designed to tease and excite. Bianca, still blushing, picked up the lingerie in her hands and hastily left Luke's study. She went into the bathroom, closed the door, and looked at the things she was holding in her hands. All the pieces did not use much cloth. She could hold everything in one hand... That was too embarrassing! She took out her phone and messaged Wanda. The lingerie was exactly the same designs as those her aunt picked out for her in the store! How did that end up in Luke's hands? Soon, Wanda sent a reply. [That's right, I paid for the lingerie and had it delivered to you. What else could I do? You didn't want it when I gave it to you at the store...] [I really don't need the lingerie, Aunt Wanda. Can you return it?]

Bianca did not know how to explain her grievances.

Everyone desired different things. Bianca had no desires in that aspect of her life.

For her, comfort was the most important when choosing underwear.

Obviously, none of the three sets of lingerie looked comfortable. In fact, she would feel extremely awkward wearing them.

return lingerie, especially after you've tried them on in the fitting room. It took the sales clerk a lot of effort to sell it, and you want to return it? Can you bear to deprive her of her sales

the idea of returning the lingerie, as though by doing so, she would become an irredeemable

typing a reply to

could hit send, Wanda sent a

brought the phone close to her ear, in case Luke and the children might be

you, and you said that you have a boyfriend. Trust me, no matter how close the two of you might be, your relationship will eventually grow stale. You need to whet his appetite sometimes so that he can excite you as well. It's beneficial for the two of you, so why not try something

sounded deadpan as she said that, as though she was a teacher disciplining

was blushing intensely when she heard

of her aunt had turned into a lesson from her aunt

Lanie knocked on the bathroom door.

came to her senses and quickly opened the door. She saw the little boy squeezing his legs together and clutching his pants. "Miss Bea! I need

quick." Bianca pulled him in and closed the door for

...

**The** delivery bag and packaging were torn and had to be thrown *away*.

*After* a trip to the trash can, Bianca was still holding onto the lingerie. She could not bear to throw away the expensive items of **clothing**.

*Eventually*, she stashed the lingerie into her handbag. She would figure out what to do with *them later*.

"Are you sleepy yet, Rainie?" Bianca carried her daughter in her arms and asked softly. She kissed Rainie's soft cheek and asked, "Shall we take a bath then go *to bed*?"

Rainie nodded groggily.

**Her arms** were hugging Bianca's fair *neck*.

Bianca brought the slightly heavy Rainie into the bathroom. The little girl was drowsy all the way there; with Bianca carrying her, she did not have to worry **about anything**.

"Who was the one who gave you baths before this?" Bianca wanted to know about Rainie's life before **she arrived**.

The little girl slumped across her shoulder and mumbled, "The two grannies take turns to bathe me. One of the grannies slipped and fell, and the other granny bathed me after that. I didn't want them to fall again, and so I bathed *myself*."

The "granny" that Rainie mentioned was obviously not Allison but the two caretakers in Crawford Manor.

"Has your Daddy ever given you a bath?" Bianca felt sorry for the little girl. No matter how much she would try to make up for the five years of Lanie and Rainie lacking a mother's love, she would not be able to make up for everything.

**After all**, no one could return to the past.

Rainie pouted when Bianca mentioned Luke. Her eyelashes fluttered, but she did not open her eyes because she was sleepy. "Daddy only bathed me once. I was naughty and splashed water on his shirt, and he threw a tantrum at me. I didn't dare to let Daddy bathe me *after that*."

"..."

felt a complicated mix

sorry. I'll be a good Mommy to the two of you. Daddy won't have to scold you anymore.' That thought repeated in her

DNA test proves that I am your

...

tucking Lanie and Rainie into their beds, Bianca packed up the children's homework and backpacks. It was half-past

did not disturb the man who was busy working in the study. Instead, she took her things, gently opened the door, and left

glanced at the time when she stepped outside. Fortunately, she could make it in time to take the subway back to her rental

took her forty minutes to

house had been unoccupied for

switched on the kitchen lights, put a kettle on the stove so that she had drinking water, then rolled up her sleeves and started to

would not be able to sleep well if she did not clean up. Without anyone living in the house, she felt as though a thin layer of dust coated

she was almost done cleaning up, the doorbell

**Chapter 229**

"Ah! Let go of me!"

Before Bianca could reach, Luke had lifted her off her feet and dashed into the cramped room...

She looked at Luke's face while her hands wailed at his solid chest under his shirt. She did not want to be captivated by the man's mature charisma.

She gulped and said apprehensively, "What... do you intend to do?"

Not only were the two people not married and so it was inappropriate for them to make out, but she also could not stand making out so frequently.

In the small town, Bianca lost count of the number of times the man had asked it from her. After they made out, she felt groggy and lethargic. She could not focus on her work.

That also happened five years ago, when she was with her benefactor.

She thought that she did not have to wait for the DNA test results. From how relentless and eager Luke's sexual habits were, she was almost sure that the benefactor five years ago was him.

She felt that it was unfair that he did not seem to suffer any consequences after every session. He could stand up and go to work as though nothing happened.

Bianca was still reeling from the activities the day before, but he was hungry once more.

Luke seemingly ignored Bianca's refusal and struggle, and he continued to walk toward the small room. He lowered his head to look at her; his gaze was profound and hungry, as though he was going to swallow her up with his eyes.

Meanwhile, Bianca could only look at him wretchedly.

thought that he was going to "let her go" but his gaze suddenly turned sinister. Suddenly, he carried her over

felt dizzy when she was suddenly lifted up and

she could get used to the blood rushing to her head, she suddenly felt a cold breeze across the lower half of the body. The man had stripped her pants off and tossed it

knew that he had a fondness for that sort of thing when he placed her on the rather shabby second-hand bed in the

were partially undone. He could smell a faint and familiar scent

over to kiss her. Bianca lifted her head and arched her body to push him away. "No...

want, I want you..." Luke whispered coarsely. He reached behind and held her delicate waist. As he savored her tender lips, he pushed her white sweater

worn the same clothes since she returned to A City from the small

was colder, and the clothes were not as thin and light as summer clothes. When she was busy, she sometimes would forget to change

hurriedly rushed back to A City from the small town because she was concerned about the two children. She did not bring other clothes with

did not want to spend the money to buy new clothes, nor did she find the time to get fresh clothes from the rental

After meeting Aunt Wanda at the shopping mall, she went to the hospital and spent the night there with her **father**.

In the morning, she brought her work laptop to spend time with her grandfather, and she was busy with work until it was time to pick up the children from *school*.

*Then, she* went to buy groceries, make dinner, and put the children to bed. That was when she found some free time to return to her rental **house**...

She did not expect that after taking care of the two little ones, the big one followed her to her house and asked for a different sort of *care*...

*Luke pushed* her sweater up and saw that she was not wearing anything inside...

**The** underwear that she was wearing had been thrown away by Wanda at the shopping **mall**.

*No* one would have noticed that she was not wearing any underwear beneath the thick sweater and long-sleeved jacket. However, the sweater was pushed away.

Everything was in plain sight...

*Bianca* was feeling tired and worn out, but under his teasing, she opened his mouth slightly and **started moaning**...

"*You've* bought that sort of lingerie, and now you're not wearing anything underneath. Tell me, where did you learn these tricks?" As Luke spoke, he closed his eyes and sucked on Bianca's red lips.

The wild thumping of their hearts echoed in the silent room, sometimes fast and other times *slow*.

was late in the night, and no sound came from the dark outside. In the cramped room of the rental house, the wooden bed creaked along with the rhythm of its

"I'm coming... ahh... mmh..."

"Ooh... ahh... ah!"

as though her soul was bewitched. She was half-conscious, and her body was

returned to the rental house and the man went to the bathroom, Bianca could vaguely hear that her phone

brought her pajamas to the small town, and there was none left in the rental

had his fill for the day, she would change the bedsheets and sleep without any clothes

Luke was not in the room, she took off her sweater before answering the

pushed herself off the bed with her sore limbs and picked up her phone on

The call was from Nina.

There were nine previous missed calls.

### **Chapter 230**

Bianca had just ended the call with Nina. She hugged her legs close to her and tried to hug them under the oversized sweater.

She did not want to meet his gaze and expose her weak point.

However, she did not look any better by shying away.

Their bodies might have bonded many times, but Bianca could never bring herself to look at him directly in the eye. Even when fully-clothed, his body aroused sinful thoughts in her mind...

Those long and masculine legs alone carried deadly appeal.

Luke lowered his head and looked at her with a gentle gaze. Seeing that she did not speak, he stroked her hair and asked her, "You don't feel like leaving? I didn't bring my pajamas. How about if we sleep here together. I haven't had enough earlier anyway."

The man's lips pressed on her hair and slowly moved down to her brows. Then, his moist tongue extended toward her blushing cheeks...

Bianca had to admit that she was still feeling the remnants of excitement from earlier. Now that he was kissing her one more, she shuddered reflexively when she heard the cloying sounds from his lips.

Their breaths intertwined and became heavier and faster.

Bianca slowly came to her senses. Her cheeks were hot as though they had been scalded, and her throat was uncomfortably dry...

While she tried to break free, Luke's eyes seemed to have turned blood red from his lust, and his Adam's apple moved up and down.

As he continued to savor the woman's saliva, he wrapped his hands around hers and fondled her slender fingers. He pressed her meek fingers onto his body and announced hoarsely, "It's too late, neither of us is leaving..."

'I don't think I can take this any longer...' Bianca thought.

if this'll take some years off

a few years older than

man's domineering attitude told her that it was too late for her to slip

to go to the company early next morning to pick up something, then I'll have to rush to take the high-speed rail. If we do it again, I'm afraid I won't be able to wake up. Can we... not do it?" She said softly as she was pinned under the

take the day off tomorrow." Luke gently kissed her hair. His tone of voice was soft but

considered that her body was reaching her limit and therefore did not exert her too much. Instead of taking his coat off, he reached toward his waist and undid

"Ah!"

abruptly carried her with his

turned around and pinned her back against the

next moment, she realized that her arms had instinctively clung to the man's neck and her legs were around

were in a rather awkward

did not give her time to catch a breath. He casually toyed with her lips and made her start to gasp

...

*It was after midnight before peace returned once more to the house.*

The shower area of the bathroom in the rental house was very small. One person could barely fit inside to take a **shower**.

*Clearly, they could not take a shower together.*

*Bianca was barely conscious that the man remained inside her for a long time after he had come. Eventually, he placed her on the bed.*

*The man's actions were very gentle, but she was aware.*

*She slowly curled up beneath her blanket and lost consciousness.*

**In her** dreams, Luke was tirelessly demanding it from her, like a tenacious man-eating **demon**.

**For someone** who had limited stamina like her, it was a nightmare, and she was eventually **startled awake**.

She opened her eyes and gasped for air. When she saw the scene in front of her, she did not have the energy to blush or feel embarrassed. Instead, she looked at the man in front of her. "What... what are you doing?"

"Wiping you down. You'll sleep better that way." Luke was holding a warm towel in his hand.

*The water* heater in the bathroom was rather crude. He had depleted its tank of hot water, and it would take some time to **replenish**.

to go to the kitchen, boil a kettle of water, pour it into a basin, then soak a towel into it. He waited for the towel to cool down a bit before he used it to wipe her

had not done that sort of menial work since he was a

even his two children enjoyed such caring treatment from

take a shower." Bianca tried to get off the bed as she

her the hot towel. "There's no more hot water in the

'What happened to the hot water?'

held the hot towel, she remembered that Luke had taken two showers. That was why there was no more hot

just wipe myself. You can go back." Bianca spoke to the well-dressed man. She remained curled under the

not move. He looked at

"Lanie and Rainie will be miserable when they wake up, and no one is there to take care of them. I'm not there, and you're not there

was comforting Rainie earlier, she found out that their father rarely showed a friendly face toward the children. She was angry when she heard that. She wanted to argue with him, but before receiving the DNA test results, she felt that she did not have the right to

became impatient. He frowned and told her, "Follow me back if you really care about the