

Destiny 231

Chapter 231 - A Moment in Destiny

Macey sneered. "Leila, Aunt Mabel. What an irony in the family. The younger sister seems to always like to steal the elder sister's boyfriend!" Her words made Mabel's face went pale at once. She bit her lip and did not utter a word. "Sis---" Leila instantly grabbed her mother's hand when she saw her pale face and said, "Don't be sad, mom!"

Macey snorted. "Is it him the one who wants to marry you or you're the one who insist marrying him?"

"Did he really say he wants to marry you?" Brian asked abruptly. Seeing her father walking towards her with a gloomy face, Leila lowered her eyes and nodded docilely. Brian nodded with understanding. "If that's the case, then marry him!"

"Dad?"

"Dad!"

Leila and Macey were both startled. Leila did not expect that her father would agree straight away as Vincent had used to be her elder sister's lover after all! "For the sake of the Hunter family's reputation, that's the only way!" Brian seemed to have a lot of reluctance, but he did not say any of it.

Leila felt bitterer all of a sudden. She had only changed her surname to Hunter these few years for the sake of the Hunter family. She tried hard to raise her head, wanting to smile for herself, but poignant tears uncontrollably gathered at the corner of her eyes. She took a deep breath and still regained her calmness in the end. She then nodded silently.

At the City F church, sunlight had shined across the solemn church, but it did not manage to chase the cold and darkness away from the shadowed corner. The bride and the bridegroom were in the middle of a wedding while being watched by many pairs of eyes in the church.

Leila was wearing a white wedding gown and she looked more other-worldly beautiful under the sacred atmosphere. Her red lips were shiny and alluring, and her delicate body figure was gently clad in nicely tailored wedding gown. Her tender skin grasped everyone's heart.

Vincent who was wearing a white suit was gripping her pale hand with an attractive smile. Yet it was not hard to realize when looking up close that there was no joy in his eyes, but a little contempt, as if he was planning some conspiracies, it was just that nobody could tell.

With her hand being gripped by the god beside her, Leila looked up and took a glimpse of Vincent. Blush appeared on her cheeks and there was more uneasiness in her eyes. That man was going to be her husband! And their marriage was not based on love from the start. The moment she looked at him, he suddenly stooped and spoke beside her ear, "Dear Leila, do you know that you've irritated me?"

She was startled, yet he kissed her lips in front of everyone out of the blue. Everyone was taken aback by his crazy action. Although not many people had come, and the wedding was not widely broadcast, there were still a few of her father's friends who attended the wedding.

Macey saw it too and she wrinkled her eyebrows. If she had not made a blunder, the one who was standing there with the groom would be her. Yet she had not expected that Vincent would lay eyes on her silly little sister. She then let out a grim smile and her eyes were brimmed with envy and jealousy.

“Get your ass back home!” Brian lowered his voice and criticized her. “You useless thing!”

“Dad, aren’t you being too biased?” Macey snorted and she felt aggrieved. “What a disappointing daughter!” Brian snapped at her. “You’ve embarrassed me greatly!” Mabel quickly stopped him. “Brian, calm yourself down. Macey, enough of the talking too! It’s Leila’s wedding today, and it’s inappropriate to let Macey go home. Why don’t both of you just shut your mouth and control yourself? Everything we do is for the Hunter family!”

Leila drew a cold breath when Vincent finally released her. She was feeling embarrassed, and at the same time she sensed a deep horror. Vincent’s eyes were like hawk’s eyes. He fixed his eyes on her face as if he was looking at his prey. The masculine aura he possessed was conspicuous.

“Mr. White!” Leila exclaimed. His eyes were too imposing and his action made her mouth dry. She could only lower her head once more. Yet Vincent spoke again, “Darling, we’ve gotten married! How could you still call me Mr. White? Come, call me honey!” He sounded like he was flirting with her, but Leila knew he did not have that intention at all!

How would the man who had used to talk about marriage with her elder sister love her? It was her elder sister who betrayed him that he had become that scary. As she was afraid of him, her heart also ached for him. She wondered how long would it take to cure his broken heart. She lowered her head and bit her red and swollen lip which was kissed by Vincent just now. Her long and curvy eyelashes hid the panic in her eyes.

She did not call him and Vincent narrowed his eyes, looking dangerous. He unintentionally caught a glimpse of Brian’s face. He let out a grim and creepy smile when he saw Brian’s slightly worried and thoughtful eyes. Just then, the pastor started his long-winded wedding speech. Leila stood quietly beside Vincent and the guests all listened silently.

The pastor asked, “Vincent White, do you, take Leila Hunter as your wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, joy or sorrow, to love and to cherish, and remain faithful to her till death do you apart?”

Vincent blinked and did not reply. He turned, glimpsed at Macey and Brian with his sharp eyes and turned back. He glimpsed at Leila who was beside him and slightly narrowed his eyes. He then let out a cunning smile and answered calmly, “I do!”

Leila shuddered and heaved a sigh of relief. She thought he would make the Hunter family embarrassed during the wedding. Luckily he did not! She really had no idea what he had in mind, but she still married him. Because he was Vincent White! The man who once had a cheerful and heartwarming smile. When the pastor asked her the same question, she answered without any hesitation, “I do!”

The guests clapped thunderously and the pastor handed over the rings. Brian could never relax his eyebrows. There was a transient light in his eyes when he stared at her little daughter’s blushing face. Hearing Leila’s answer without hesitation, Vincent’s smile grew bigger, so as his contempt. Both of them then exchanged their rings. “The groom can now kiss the bride!”

Yet Vincent said to everyone, "I've done that just now! And I'm eager to go to the bridal chamber now! Do enjoy yourself, I'll leave my father-in-law to you!" After finished, without caring for the guests, he carried Leila up and straight away walked out of the church.

A commotion was immediately stirred up in the church. Macey stamped her foot and her eyes were brimmed with jealousy when she watched them left. The bride was supposed to be her and Vincent was her man. If not because of her love affair being exposed, how would Leila have the right to replace her?

The White house was located halfway up the NT Mountain of City F. A limousine had brought both Vincent and Leila there. Leila was nervous along the way and she did not know how to face the bridal night that was about to come. The car stopped upon arriving at the villa and Leila wanted to get out of the car. "Don't move!" Vincent spoke lethargically and bewitchingly beside the car door. "We can't ask the bride to get down the car herself, right? I'll carry you, darling!"

"Ugh! M, Mr. White..." Leila panicked. Before she could finish, her lips were kissed. The kiss was aggressive and Vincent was kissing her lips hard. He did not care about his subordinates at all. Yes, that kiss was like rainstorm and had etched in her mind.

That made Leila felt as if Vincent wanted to take everything from her. Their lips tightly pressed against each other and almost merged to each other. Their lips seemed to melt and recombine. Vincent's tongue swirled and poked without giving her any chance to puff. Leila's eardrums were thumping hard like her heart.

As she was going to suffocate, he stooped and carried her up, lowering his head and kissed her again. Without letting go her lips all the way, they went upstairs. The servants all lowered their heads as if they were not surprised by that at all, and they seemed to not dare have any objections at all.

"Mr. White---" Leila was nervous and she was so shy that she wanted to resist. Yet her helpless resistance made him had a stronger urge to do something to her. Her light body seemed to betray her soul and invite him, but she still struggled hard. As he carried her to the second floor into the luxurious bridal chamber, he tossed her onto the bed and started to take off his necktie.

Leila exclaimed and she instantly sat up. She was afraid and nervous, yet Vincent only took off his necktie and did not utter a word. He lighted up a cigarette and started to smoke while sitting on the bedroom's couch. The room went deadly silent at once and there were only soft breathing sounds. Leila was extremely nervous, she grasped her wedding gown and did not dare to move a muscle. She did not know what to do.

Vincent gazed at her innocent look, extinguished the cigarette in his hand and stood up. Leila lowered her head in panic and a disdainful smile was seen on Vincent's chiseled facial feature. "What? Are you scared?"

"I, I'm not!" Leila shook her head and still did not raise her head. "Go take a shower!" he rumbled. "Ok!" Leila took her pajamas and walked to the bathroom docilely. She hesitated and stayed in the bathroom for more than one hour. She had no idea how to face the bridal night and she sat on the toilet bowl in her pajamas. The sound of the water flow was finally overcome by a woman's ear-piercing giggle from outside. Leila went instantly awake. What was that?

She pulled the door open carefully and saw clothes scattered on the floor in the bedroom. Her husband was putting his arm around a strange woman on the bed which was supposed to be hers and his for bridal night. They were hugging each other intimately and that scene before her eyes had become the pain that she could not get rid of for the next few years even until the end of life. "Oh---" The woman suddenly shrieked. "Vin, you're so bad! Where are you touching? It's itchy!"

"Is it?" Vincent's deep and alluring voice crashed Leila's eardrum. She was in a complete daze. She saw him turning around and looking towards the bathroom. A smile broke upon his lips when he saw her stoned beside the door. Yet he continued hugging the woman and rumbled slowly, "Is it still itchy? Little fox."

"Oh---It's too itchy---I beg you, Vin! Don't touch there!" The woman shrieked and writhed, rubbing her body against Vincent. "Then how about here?" Vincent seemed to have touched the woman's private part. He looked towards Leila and let out a leer. "My dear wife, have you done taking shower? If you have, come join us!"

Leila's ears hummed and her heart instantly plummeted.

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Their gaze met each other. He blinked his eyes and said in a low voice, "Why are you still standing there? Come here!"

What did she see?

Leila's heart throbbed suddenly. No! How could he humiliate her like that? How could he bring another woman into their bridal chamber and used their bed on their wedding night?

She knew Vincent wasn't sincere in getting married with her. She also didn't understand why Vincent wanted to marry her, but these weren't important anymore. She didn't expect he would be so unrestrained that he even ignored father's words.

The loud groan and the situation on the large bed almost made her faint.

"Come here!" His voice became louder.

Leila was frightened, but she didn't obey him. Instead, she involuntarily closed the door of the bathroom. After closing the door, she immediately regretted and thought she should run out of the bathroom and left this bedroom.

The sky outside was getting darker as Leila's heart found it difficult to understand this man.

Was it because her sister had betrayed him that he was seeking revenge on her as well?

Leila didn't know. She only felt her heart aching and her whole body was cold. She opened all the water taps in the bathroom to cover the noises of excitement outside.

It was just a nightmare, there was nothing to make a fuss about. She comforted herself.

However, Leila's heart felt really so painful that she couldn't breathe properly!

She bent down and couldn't stop her tears from streaming down. She bit her lips hard. Her bite marks engraved on her lips until it was bleeding. She was crying so hard to the point where she felt drowsy. The lewd screams of a woman and the rough gasps of a man still sounded outside the bathroom.

She sat on the floor in the bathroom. The cold water made her pyjamas wet and she felt dizzy from all these tears while listening to the sound of Vincent and a woman fooling around in bed outside. She didn't know whether to laugh or to cry at herself.

After a while, the bathroom door was suddenly opened. Vincent appeared in front of her unclothed, revealing his built muscles full of sexiness. He stood in front of her with a wild and upright temperament.

"Vin...Vincent!" Leila exclaimed in fear and looked down. Her eyes were red and swollen because of all these tears. Her gaze was blurry, but she could still see an unpleasant scene. His chest was full of red lipstick prints that were displeasing to her eyes.

She dared not look at him again, because she really didn't know how to face this situation in front of her.

"Why didn't you come when I asked you to?!" He said in a low voice.

"You're not convenient!" She sobbed out the truth. Since he wanted to enjoy his wedding night with someone else, she would help him to achieve his aim. However, she would never have a threesome with them.

"Leila, don't you want to listen to me?" Vincent didn't expect her to be so calm after seeing such a scene. It was out of his expectations. He thought she would rush out and made a fuss with him, but she didn't. She just hid in the bathroom and cried!

All women were the same! Did they only know to shed tears whenever something happened?

"Vincent, I've always listened to you. I married you because you wanted to and followed all your orders, but I had a healthy mind. I'm not suitable to play this kind of game with you!" Leila's tone was a little anxious because she didn't want to say a word more to him, especially at this current situation.

"Do you mean I don't have a healthy mind?" There weren't any emotion in his words, but the corner of his lips was tipping into a gloomy smile.

"I didn't say that!" Leila took a deep breath and tried to keep her voice calm, but her crying tone still exposed her emotions at that moment. How could she not care about her husband spending their wedding night with another woman on the big bed that belonged to them?

"That's exactly what you mean!"

"That's what you think. I don't have a habit of fantasizing. If you want to take a shower, the bathroom is all yours. I'm going out!" She exclaimed. It was not that she didn't have any temper, she just didn't want to lose her temper easily. That would be too unreasonable.

"You're jealous?" He frowned.

“That wouldn’t be!” Leila sobbed out these words as tears streamed down her thin cheeks from the corner of her eyes and flowed to her mouth. “I know our marriage is just a deal, but when will you return my things back to me?”

“This is just the beginning of the game!” He said wickedly.

“Vincent!” Even after the pain in her heart had disappeared, Leila murmured gently with her pale lips and face that seemed anemic, “To me, you were still the boy with a sunny disposition when you first arrived at my house. You had a bright smile at that time, I thought you would become my sister in law. Even if you wouldn’t be my sister in law, you were still the kind-hearted brother that I always had. My sister didn’t cherish you, so I made atonement for her sins. I’ve forborne everything. It’s fine that you don’t like me, but you can’t humiliate me like this!”

Leila became even more agitated and she shouted with a crying tone, “You can kill me, but you mustn’t humiliate me!”

It was painful!

It really hurt so much!

It turned out that there was a kind of pain that couldn’t be expressed out in this world. She had felt it at that moment. She looked down and her tears blurred her gaze.

She quickly put away her tears. Then, she straightened her back and passed through him to exit the bathroom.

He immediately pulled her back. She seemed to have seen this coming that she unconditionally reacted to get rid of his hand. It was as if she was sickened of him and felt that he was disgusting.

Vincent didn’t catch her again and Leila quickly walked out.

On the big bed, the woman loosened her hair as she laid on their bed. She smiled in pride and stared at Leila coming out from the bathroom. She also said provocatively, “Miss, where are you going?”

Leila slightly raised her gaze and saw the alluring young woman lying on their bed. She flirtatiously flaunted herself in various styles. Leila knew she could never put on such a show in her entire life. Her face was expressionless that the woman couldn’t see her emotions at all. Then, she left the room without saying a word.

As soon as she went out, her shoulders collapsed and she suddenly felt powerless. The strong personality that she had disguised earlier vanished just like that.

She couldn’t stay in her wedding bedroom anymore, so she went to another room and opened the door. It was the guest room. She locked the door and buried herself on the soft mattress. Her heart ached slightly when she thought of the scene that she saw earlier.

She didn’t know since when her tears had streamed down from the corner of her eyes.

No wonder all novels quoted that a marriage without love wouldn’t achieve happiness. Besides, her marriage with Vincent was just a deal to get her sister’s video back. That was it. Therefore, no matter

what Vincent did and how he humiliated her, she shouldn't care about it. She must learn to adapt to the situation. Leila, you mustn't cry!

After wiping her tears, she curled herself up and fell asleep on the big bed without a blanket.

The next day.

When she woke up, she had a runny nose. She caught a cold after sleeping without a blanket the whole night.

She purposely got up late as she didn't want to meet Vincent. As expected, she didn't see him anywhere, so she moved all her clothes to the guest room. She went downstairs after she had cleaned herself up and changed her clothes. Then, she saw a man sitting on the couch in the living room downstairs, Vincent.

He sat on the couch with his legs crossed and looked at the newspaper in his hand. The young woman yesterday was gone. When he saw her coming downstairs, he raised his head and stared straightly at her. His gaze was so intense that her heart twitched.

However, Leila was calmed down in an instant.

"Morning, Vincent!" Leila greeted him calmly. She didn't seem unhappy at all, but her voice sounded stuffy as if she had caught a cold.

Vincent's gaze fell on her face as he didn't expect her to be so calm.

Leila's face turned pale when she saw his gaze, but she straightened her back and walked downstairs.

Vincent sneered, but even when he was just sitting on the couch, he looked slightly gentle and reserved, but charming at the same time.

Leila still felt a little nervous, especially when he was intensely staring at her. After she had calmly greeted him, she saw him tightening his gaze. She seemed to feel his hidden rage, but she didn't know why he was angry.

She gritted her teeth and took a deep breath.

"Did you sleep well last night?" The corner of Vincent's lips slowly tipped into a charming smile. His tone sounded harsh, but kind at the same time. Asking something like this, he didn't feel ashamed and guilty at all for spending their wedding night with another woman last night.

"I've slept until dawn thanks to you, but too bad there isn't a blanket in the guest room. If there is, I'd sleep better for sure!" Leila replied faintly.

She had set an aim for herself to ignore everything he did and bear with it. In order to get the video tape, she could only forbear it for the sake of the Hunter family, her mother and her aunt. Hence, she must behave calmly.

"Eira?" Vincent shouted.

"Sir!" Eira walked out of the kitchen and stood at the side.

"Why didn't you bring a blanket for Leila?" Vincent sounded like he was blaming her.

Eira was a little confused, didn't Mr. White order her not to do so yesterday? But Vincent was her boss, of course she wouldn't dare to say anything. She secretly took a glance at Vincent and apologized immediately, "I'm sorry, Sir! I've forgotten about it."

"It's fine, I've found a blanket." Leila smiled gently and sat by the dining table. "Eira, could you prepare some food for me? I'm hungry!"

She hadn't eaten anything since last night, so she really felt hungry. It was ten o'clock in the morning now, it seemed that they had eaten breakfast already.

"Yes, Ma'am! I'll prepare it now." Eira went back into the kitchen.

Leila and Vincent were left in living room. She felt the atmosphere was quiet, but dreary too.

Leila widened her eyes and looked at the plain white ceiling. The interior design of the living room was really elegant, but the scene that she saw him holding a unknown woman last night was still clearly showing in her mind.

The scene kept flashing, again and again!

Vincent suddenly stood up and was ready to go out.

"Vincent!" Leila shouted at him.

Vincent turned around and raised his brows.

"When will you return the video tape to me?" Leila asked.

Vincent turned his eyes. Under the morning sunlight that shined through the door, Vincent looked indifferent even when he was smiling.

"Did I say that I would give it back to you?" Vincent's voice was as calm as ever.

"You..." Leila was pissed. What did he mean?

Vincent glanced at the petite figure in front of him and took out a cigarette. His charming face looked disdain as he lit the cigarette. He took a pull of his cigarette and exhaled it on Leila's face which made her cough uncomfortably.

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"Ahem, ahem, ahem-"

Vincent grunted coldly and walked straight out the door.

"Vincent!" Seeing that he was leaving, Leila followed him out. She blocked his path with her tiny body. "You said you'd give it to me after we're married!"

Vincent sneered, looked down at this little face of hers and snorted, "As long as we don't get a divorce, until we die, it's after we're married!"

"You!" Leila didn't expect him to trick her. "You, how can you not keep your word?"

"Did I?" He asked.

"You're a villain who go back on your word!"

"I never said I was a gentleman!"

"..." Leila was speechless. It wasn't that she'd never met an unreasonable person. It was just that she'd never met anyone so unreasonable, especially a man!

God!

Was he a man?!

After all, she was not as shameless as he was, and Leila finally knew what her father had really meant when he said that no businessman was scrupulous. No wonder Dad had always let her work in the government administration and not in a company. Today she had learned the treachery of businessmen.

Vincent left.

Leila was helpless and just watched his back as he left. An indescribable feeling spread through her heart.

Eira brought the food, but Leila's phone rang. She looked at the number and saw that it was her sister's. "Hello! Sis!"

"Did you get that?" Macey's voice came over the phone in a somewhat unintelligible tone.

"Sis, sorry, not yet. I'll get it as soon as I can!" Leila said.

"You're not just having sex with Vincent and forgetting about the most important thing, are you?" Macey's voice was immediately raised to the highest level.

Leila put the phone out of her ear and said, "He wouldn't give it to me!"

"You've only been thinking about having sex with him and forgetting about it, haven't you?" Macey's shrill, cold voice seemed even more terrifying coming over the phone.

"I didn't!" Leila hurried to explain. "Sis, I'll ask for it, but he won't give it. He, he doesn't keep his word!"

"How could he refuse to give it to you? Leila, do you ever ask for it by heart?" Macey's voice rose once more.

Listening to the sharp sarcastic voice on the other side of the phone, Leila wondered when her sister had become such a sarcastic person.

"Leila, it must be you who didn't want it! I know Vincent. He's not that heartless. I've been with him for so many years, can I not know him? He'll still remember our old times!" Macey's shrill voice was unusually harsh, and her sarcastic words stabbed at Leila like a knife.

Leila just pursed her lips and felt exceptionally bitter in her heart. "Sis, he's not the Mr. White he used to be!"

"Humph! Don't think I don't know your selfish motives. Leila, no matter what, he's the man I used to sleep with. Even if you marry him and he becomes my brother-in-law, it doesn't change that fact! He's a leftover I've played with! You and your mother are all the same and all you do is steal your own sister's man!"

"Sis, I'll find a way!" That was all Leila said before she hung up the phone. She suddenly felt a little sad. Looking at the delicious food, she lost her appetite.

Leila went out just in time to meet a taxi at the corner of the villa. And this was not a good place to get a taxi. As she got into the car, her hair was a bit dishevelled and her eyes were so blank that the young driver in front of her, wearing glasses, gave her two more glances. Finally, the driver struck up a conversation with her.

"Where do you want to get off, miss?"

Leila glanced out of the window at the flashing landscape and pursed her lips in a faint smile, "Where is the terminal?"

"Miss, this is a taxi, not a bus!"

"Oh, then drive me onwards. Where the traffic jam, I will get off!" Leila said blandly.

"You've lost your love?" The driver in front of her asked.

Leila was stunned, and suddenly laughed out. Then she asked in a light tone, "Do I look like I've fallen out of love?"

The young driver was stunned, "I thought you were out of love because you looked a bit disoriented!"

Leila looked up and saw through the mirror in front of her that the driver was very young. He wore a pair of silver-rimmed glasses and looked very civilized. So she smiled, "Don't you get bored driving a taxi at such a young age?"

"I love what I do for a living. You can call me later if you need anything!" The driver reached over and took a business card out of his case and handed it to Leila, "You can call me anytime. I'm a very ethical taxi driver!"

Leila took the business card, smiled and nodded. "Okay! Thanks!"

She looked down at the business card and found that there were only a few words on it, but the design was quite personal. There was only one name: Julian Gordon, in addition to a series of phone numbers. No title, no occupation, just a name and a phone number. This kind of business card was a bit weird.

The surname was also unusual, and Leila couldn't help but look at it more than once before placing it in her bag. Even if it was out of courtesy, because she couldn't just open the window and throw the card out in front of the driver.

Fifteen minutes later, by the time they reached the central area, there was actually a traffic jam starting.

Leila looked at the location and saw that it was the White Group Building, and when she looked up, she saw the eighty-eight-story building rising into the clouds.

"There's a traffic jam!" Julian warned.

Leila nodded feebly, then took her money and got out of the car.

"Your name, miss?" Julian asked.

Leila turned around to see a handsome face. As Leila sized up Julian, he also sized up Leila.

It was then that Leila noticed that his glasses were flat. Uh, why was he wearing a pair of flat glasses?

Leila couldn't see his eyes. The only movement was a shiny white light sliding from the lower left corner of the glasses towards the upper right corner, "May I know your name?"

"We just met each other by chance. If we ever meet again, I'll tell you next time!" With a faint smile, Leila turned to leave.

Julian smiled softly and looked at Leila's back in thought, then he looked at the White Group Building rising into the clouds. Behind the flat glasses, his deep eyes had more wisdom in them.

"Remember, next time, I must know your name!" His words seem to take on an extra touch of ambition.

Leila didn't turn around, just waved her hand and shook her head, smiling softly. The driver was really quite funny.

The White Group's office building was located in the central area, the busiest commercial centre in F City.

In the spacious president's office of 100 square meters, the decoration was in the same color scheme. The simple design desk was placed in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, and the documents of each department were neatly arranged on the desktop. Through the floor-to-ceiling windows, one could see the cosmopolitan city of F City at a glance.

Vincent was sitting in his office at the moment, lighting a cigarette and smoking it slowly. Behind the smoke, his eyes were deep and unmoving.

Downstairs on the street, Leila walked slowly and turned into another street. At the corner of the Central was WH Park. Looking at the endless scenery in front of her, the bits and pieces of what happened last night couldn't fade away in her mind. After walking for about two miles, she realized that she was hungry. So she went into a small shop and ate beef noodles.

At the table next to her sat a couple, the boy was tall and thin, while the girl was beautiful and elegant. The boy was clumsily holding the dishes for the girl, with a simple smile on his face. And the girl was happily enjoying the boy's service. In the whole shop, it was as if they only had eyes for each other. It was a heart-warming scene that made Leila's heart ache with sorrow.

If she married Vincent, she was afraid that there would never be such a thing as love again in her life. Because Vincent's love would never be given to her, and she had never wished for it.

She was hungry, but she could not eat anything, so she finally settled her bill and came out. Standing on the small bridge in the centre of the lake in WH Park, her hair was disheveled in the wind, but she walked slowly with a calm and composed face. She was not the kind of girl who would only complain

about what had happened, and she would not regret it, nor did she want to shed any more tears and die. She would just accept it silently, only, it would take a little time.

Her phone rang again, and it was from home. On the other end of the line, her mother's worried voice came through, "Leila! Did you sleep well last night? Vincent didn't bully you, did he?"

"Mum, I'm fine. Mr. White is very nice and gentle to me. Don't worry, mum!" Leila took a deep breath of fresh air and her tone returned to a lighter one. She looked at the sunshine, but in the back of her mind she wondered if she would be struck by lightning for lying in broad daylight.

"That's good. Your father and I were worried sick. I thought he was up to something, but now it seems to be all right. I'll hurry and tell your dad. You and Vincent come back for dinner sometime!" Leila's mother sounded relieved.

"Okay, I got it, mum. You tell Dad that I've decided to go to work at the agency!" Leila said. "It's just about the internship period, so let's have Dad arrange the selection now. When I graduate in two months, I'll apply for the job!"

"Really? That's great. Your dad will be so happy!"

"Yes!" Leila smiled bitterly, yet felt at peace. Luckily, she still had her mother. She would be strong for her mother's happiness, and for her aunt in heaven!

She put the phone down when the phone suddenly rang again.

Leila looked down and saw Vincent's number.

She hesitated and had a slight shudder running through her heart. Looking at the number kept blinking, but she didn't answer it.

The ringing stopped abruptly and Leila stared at the phone in disbelief. A few seconds later, a message came - If you don't answer the phone after three seconds of ringing, you will be responsible for the consequences!

She was stunned. The phone rang again. It was Vincent again.

She took a deep breath and answered the phone. "Hello, Mr. White!"

"If I remember correctly, shouldn't you be calling me husband, my dearest wife?" Vincent's low, ambiguous voice came from the other end of the line.

Leila just felt a chill run through her body. She still couldn't say the word "husband", so she just said, "Mr. White, is something wrong?"

"Where are you?"

"Outside!"

"I know you're on the outside. But where exactly are you?" He asked again.

"On the street!"

"Leila!" She said unhappily.

"If you don't want to give me back that tape, I really don't know what you want from me. You've humiliated me, I've begged you for mercy on my knees, and I've married you when you asked me to. I'm fine with you sleeping with other people, Mr. White, can't you return the tape to my sister for the sake of my father? Even if she betrayed you, but for the sake of my father helped you over the years, can't we just forget about it?" Leila gathered enough courage to say a lot of things in one breath. She really didn't know what Vincent was up to.

"Leila, what you are saying is that without your dad, without our most beloved and respected Brian all these years, the White Group would not be where it is today, right? You mean your dad is playing favouritism and committing irregularities or perverting justice for a bribe?" His laughter seemed to come from the other end of the phone, but it was a sneer.

Even from that distance, she could still feel Vincent's anger. And the angrier he got, the more charming his smile would be. Only the smile never reached the bottom of his eyes.

"You!" Leila was dumbfounded. "Fine, I won't talk to you anymore. I can't talk to you. If you don't give me that tape, don't call me again. I have nothing to say to you!" With that, she just hung up the phone.

Chapter 234 - A Moment in Destiny

After the phone call with Vincent, Leila turned off her phone.

She went to the movie theater alone for a film in the afternoon, when the movie finished it was already evening. When she got back to the White house, she saw that Vincent's car was already parking in the lot.

She didn't know why, but her heart suddenly started racing, then she comforted herself, what was she afraid of?

He wasn't a tiger, he had no intentions of eating her alive, especially since they went through so much trouble to get married, he probably only wanted a position for the Hunter family in the political circles, he probably just needed father's blessings, the White Group was a new company after all, it was still a newbie in the business world.

When she entered the living room, she saw Eira waiting for her, who's face expression was a little unnatural after seeing Leila.

"Eira!" She greeted.

Eira nodded quickly, but didn't dare to speak much, she said in a low voice, "Miss, the Master seems to be angry, and, and..."

Leila smiled thankfully, and nodded her head, "And?"

"Nothing!" Eira didn't dare to say more, "Miss, he usually isn't like that, what you are seeing probably isn't the real..."

Leila felt a hint of anxiety, she didn't understand what Eira meant, so she went upstairs, and before she could enter the guest room, suddenly a hand grabbed hers.

She looked up in surprise and looked at her grasped wrist. It was a bit painful. The slender fingers held her wrist tightly. In the moment of astonishment, she looked straight into his pair of eyes that looked particularly dark, they were full of unexplained emotions, Leila felt angry, but his eyes made her heart beat a little faster, and the smile on the corner of his mouth was even more charming.

Vincent curled his thin lips, his eyes were extremely deep, and he looked like a fierce lion.

"Where did you go?" he said roughly.

Her heart was pounding like a drum, Leila started to find it difficult to breathe. She didn't like this feeling at all.

"Let go of me!" She whispered, remembering that she saw him with another women in their bed last night, she thought he was very dirty. Last night, he must have had sex with that woman!

"Where did you go?" His voice was as deep as the one of a dictator.

"To the movies!" she said.

He smiled softly and let go of her hand. "Don't you want that videotape?"

Leila looked up as expected, somewhat surprised. "Are you saying you will give it to me?"

"How could that be possible?" His eyes tightened, his dangerous eyes narrowed to stare at her overly surprised eyes.

Leila was speechless as her small face collapsed in disappointment.

She turned around and walked indifferently to the guest room. She really didn't know what he was thinking in his mind. She couldn't guess him. All she knew was that he was an entrepreneur, a very powerful young entrepreneur. He was once her most respected person, who almost became her brother-in-law but became her husband somehow.

But the moment she opened the door, she was startled, the bed was covered with messy sheets, the room was in an ambiguous atmosphere, the quilt fell to the ground, she didn't need to guess what happened on the bed she made in the morning, from the bathroom she could hear the sound of running water...

Leila froze at the door and turned to look at Vincent. After a long while, she finally asked: "If you like this room, you can have it, but can I have a room of my own?"

"This is the White house!" Vincent raised his eyebrows slightly, implying that he would be in the room wherever he wanted to sleep with a woman, Leila had no right to interfere.

Leila was speechless, and opened the door to another guest room upstairs, then took her own things out of the cabinet and went in. She closed the door tightly as if she wanted to seal the whole disgusting atmosphere outside the room.

The sound of closing the door was so loud in this quiet night, Leila stood at the door in a daze, she was standing there for quite a while but there was no movement outside.

She stared at her clothes for a moment, turned around and went to the bathroom, and suddenly thought that maybe this room has been contaminated by him someday, she felt really dirty, and a bitter smile appeared at the corner of her lips. If he thought it would humiliate her, so help yourself! In fact, she was really hit hard, again!

It was a sleepless all night.

The next day, Leila went outside to find a student hotel, she slept all day before she came back.

Just like yesterday, the bed in the room she stayed in was the same as yesterday. The room was full of ambiguity, wilting atmosphere, and the sound of water running in the bathroom...

There were three guest rooms upstairs, one bedroom, one study, one locked dark storage room, and three of the six rooms have been contaminated. Leila didn't know where to go, but suddenly realized that maybe the marriage was really wrong, she laughed at herself trying to cover up her heartache.

She stood there at the door, frozen for a long time, a woman walked out of the bathroom with a bath towel wrapped around herself and her hair dripping. When she saw Leila, she screamed, "Ah--"

Leila was also a little surprised, because this woman was not the one from that day, she thought, which one was the one from last night? He really had a lot of women, he was nasty, so nasty!

She shook her head and was about to leave, turned around but hit his solid chest, also water dripping from his hair, his strong muscles made Leila's nose a little sore.

She took a step back, trying to get around him, but was pulled by him. "Where are you going?"

"Home!" She said, there was no place to sleep for her, it was all dirty, and she didn't need to stay here.

"Are you going to complain about me?" His tone was full of disdain. "Can't stand this anymore, huh?"

"Vincent!" The woman inside called irritably.

Vincent smiled softly, and said to the woman in a childlike tone: "Babe, go to bed first! Don't spoil my night!"

The woman didn't want to listen, but she could only crawl onto the bed with her lips pouting.

"If you want to play around, that's your business. I just want a clean place to sleep. Vincent, I don't know what you want to tell me. I just think it's funny, don't you think it's funny?" She was looking at him,

there was a lazy and dangerous aura on him, after the shower.

To be honest, she was a little afraid to look at him, she was afraid of him! Very much! Because he would do whatever it took! He only wore a bath towel, his face was handsome, his hair dripping, and he still looked like the handsome man he used to be.

Leila looked at him, she was feeling strange, the old love and old memories flowed through her mind, her most respected Vincent turned out to have such a vengeful heart, but he took revenge on the wrong target, she was just Macey's sister.

Looking at him, there was a feeling of trance, as if it was not real, as if she had never seen this person.

Leila was about to leave. He took a few steps, and his voice suddenly came from behind, "Aren't you afraid that I will publish the video? Leila, if you dare to step out of the White family, tomorrow you are going to be the most lascivious and shameless woman in F city. !"

Leila stopped, she bit her lips, her small hands clenched into fists.

Vincent seemed very satisfied with her response, "If you don't want that, go to the master bedroom and wait for me!"

Without speaking, Leila turned around and walked silently into the master bedroom, which was their wedding room. The sheets were changed, but it still looked dirty to her. Leila walked to the sofa and sat there.

She was taking a deep breath, her trembling hands clenched into fists, and after a few seconds of deep breathing, there was finally a trace of spirit on her pale face. For the happiness of her mother and her aunt, who was in heaven, she must bear it!

The door slammed shut.

Leila's heart tightened and her body stiffened.

Vincent walked into her, she almost instinctively moved aside, away from him, but his eyes suddenly tightened.

"Do you want to show your temper in front of me?" He said coldly, Vincent watched the thin figure curled up on the sofa, his tone still cold, "You don't have the right yet."

Leila didn't look up, because the tears blinded her eyes, she took a deep breath and swallowed the tears. This man was cold, arrogant, and always had the attitude of a king. What was he going to do?

"If you want to humiliate my family, why did you marry me? I'm just an illegitimate daughter. It took me a lot just to get the Hunter family's name. What can I get you? Vincent, please have mercy and leave me and my sister."

There was too much bitterness, too many problems, but this man came back with different women every day. In that case, why bother to get married in the first place?

Leila smiled mockingly, even though the smile was extremely bitter.

"Look up at me!" He said.

She was puzzled, but raised her head.

Without warning, he leaned down and pressed himself on her.

"Let go of me!" Leila's reaction was a little big, but she couldn't get rid of him.

Her body seemed to be developing well, pressing her down, he could feel the softness of the breasts, but she wasn't as meaty. Compared to Macey, her figure seemed to be better.

"If I remember correctly, we haven't had our wedding night yet?" Vincent approached Leila with a solemn face, close enough that she could smell the light soap scent on him.

"Aren't you having sex every day?" Her tense teeth trembled.

"Jealous much?" He raised an eyebrow.

"You think too much of yourself!" She chuckled, but in her heart she was panicked to death.

"Liar!" Vincent reached out and unbuttoned the buttons on her clothes. Leila struggled. Her behavior aroused him. He pulled on her shirt and all the buttons came off.

"You don't need clothes on my bed." Taking off Leila's clothes, pushing the bra up, he lowered his head and sucked on her nipples.

She turned her head to the side without saying a word, she didn't want to watch what he was doing, and didn't want to be treated like this by him. She just felt sick, very sick. But his hands have already begun to explore her young and smooth skin.

Vincent didn't expect that the body under the clothes was so perfect. Her skin was delicate. He didn't know if it was because of her shyness or anger that her white skin turned slightly pink.

Looking at this charming waist, he couldn't help but lower his head, sucking and biting on it, leaving hickeys.

Leila was shocked by his sudden behavior, her hands were clenched into fists, she wanted to calm herself. She felt ashamed, all her thoughts were on how to escape. But she couldn't, so she simply closed her eyes and let him go crazy on her.

His kisses moved up quickly, he moved to her chest, and spent a long time on her soft breasts, so that she had to bite her lower lip to prevent herself from making a sound.

His movements were not rough, but she could feel that he was taking in her body without feelings. He only regarded her as a bargain, a woman used to pay back her debts.

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His lips approached and laid on her lips. The cold lips made her froze. When he put his tongue in, she closed her eyes shut to resist the eagerness to push him away.

She felt he had aroused. His hard-on was poking her thigh, and they were not in a comfortable position on the sofa. Just as he was about to get up and pick her up to the bed, she lifted her knee forcefully and knocked at his hard-on.

"Ugh...Damn it!" Vincent held his abdomen in pain.

Leila picked up her clothes unhurriedly. She knew he wouldn't be able to have another hard-on for the night after that attack. But she felt guilty looking at him frowning and holding his abdomen in extreme pain, "I'm sorry, Mr. White!"

"Hmph!" His forehead was covered in cold sweat. He underestimated this damn woman. He didn't expect her to be so vicious. "Leila, do you think you can run away?"

After being silent for a while, Leila said in self-mockery, "I'm not running away, Mr. White. I just feel filthy. I have mysophobia, you see. It's a mental disease, and have nothing to do with you! If you're looking for some fun, please look for it somewhere else. I don't want to see it, because it's disgusting. Please respect my condition! Or you can just stay away from me, give me my own clean guestroom, and I'll stay out of your business. You didn't marry me because you like me after all, did you?"

He was surprised. So many women out there want to get into his bed, but she...

"Women indeed like to play hard-to-get. Do you think you'll get my attention like this, Leila?" The pain had now subsided, but he felt he couldn't get himself a hard-on anymore for the night. That attack crushed him.

"Whatever you say!" Leila turned around to leave, she didn't want to waste time talking to a condescending man.

"Wait!" Just as Leila had her hand on the handle and about to open the door, Vincent caught up with her and trapped her between his body and the door.

"What... what are you doing?" Turning around, his charming face was less than twenty centimetres away from Leila's. Different from his usual smirking expression, he put on a gloomy face at this moment which made her heart throbbed nervously. She tried to act calm.

Raising his brow, Vincent stared at her delicate face and approached closer. A charming smile was now seen on his pale face. He said in a raspy low voice, "Do you think I'll let you off just like that after what you did to me?"

"What do you want then?" Leila sensed his warm breath on her face. The peculiar feeling made her heart beat faster and messed up her breathing.

"I'm in the lead here. This only ends when I say it is, you understand?" His low and seductive voice whispered into her ear. Leila held her breath. What do you want, Vincent?

She didn't want him to sense her fluster, so she could only close her eyes at the arousing scene he created.

He planted his lips on her slender neck, completely ignored her fright and trembling.

Yes, she lost!

She had lost before it even began!

"Mr. White, this is not what I remember of you!" She said with her eyes closed. In her memory, he was a smiley gentleman, not the wicked man he is now. "Let's talk some deal, shall we?"

"Do you think you still have the chance to talk some deal with me?" He mocked her helplessness while continue to invade her neck. The warm lips made her heart racing.

"Perhaps there's still a slight chance!" she said stubbornly, "If there's no even the slightest chance, why did you marry me?"

He snorted, "You have some wild imagination!"

“If I guess it correctly, you’re still afraid of my dad’s status, right? You marry me just for business purpose. I thought you’re a genius in the business world, but I don’t know that you would take this kind of a despicable shortcut.”

Just as she finished saying that, she felt his teeth biting her neck. It was painful.

She frowned but continued, “I thought you’re different, the most reliable man in the world, who won’t date my sister just because of her family background. But I am wrong! It turns out you’re such an irresponsible man! However, I won’t tell my parents about this. As long as you give me back the tape, you can do whatever you want and I’ll stay out of your way! I won’t say a word to anyone else!”

Her neck was still in pain as he bit the skin on her neck with controlled force. She felt all her sensation was focusing on the spot where Vincent was invading, his every action triggering her sensitive body.

Leila looked at the ceiling light and smirked, “Mr. White, please let go of me! I really feel you’re filthy!”

He stopped moving. Not advancing or leaving her body, Vincent stayed there with his slightly messy hair. His laid back vibe was giving off an alluring aura.

Breathing abnormally, he panted lightly. The warm breath fell on Leila’s skin and kindled an arousing sensation.

Lowering his head, Vincent’s deep-set eyes were beaming with wickedness.

Leila should’ve push him away, but she didn’t do it.

“Are you afraid?” He exhaled on her neck, sending a wave of shiver through the skin. His tongue licked on the artery in her neck like a slithery snake, then moved down towards her collar bone.

Once again, Leila closed her eyes.

After God knows how long, she felt his breath spitting on her face, “Open your eyes and look at me!”

When she opened her eyes, he locked eyes with her with his lust-burning gaze, “I wanted to completely own you tonight, but I changed my mind! It would be boring to eat my prey in one bite, why not have as much fun as I can with it until it wears out?”

With a pale face, she widened her eyes trying to digest his words.

Wicked smile lingered by the corner of his mouth, in contrast with his deep-set eyes, which carried no sign of a smile. If it wasn’t for that she knocked at his junk, he would’ve completely own her by now! Relentlessly!

“Remember, tomorrow night, you’ll be mine! Are you excited? My dear wife?” he said in a mixed tone of ambiguity, tender and hypocrisy.

With that said, he left for the room next door.

Left alone in the empty bedroom, Leila felt like crying but was too afraid to do so. She curled her body up in the dark. Her deeply wounded heart was stone cold.

Vincent's threat made Leila stay up for the rest of the night. Throughout the night, she sat alone on the sofa with the same posture until dawn.

The next day, she ran home.

She couldn't bear living with him in the same room, especially after seeing how he brought different women home for three consecutive nights.

In Brian's study room.

"Leila, does Vincent treat you well?" When Brian saw his daughter, he asked the question that had been concerning him.

Slightly astonished, perhaps not used to her father's care, Leila nodded stiffly and forced a smile, "Good! Everything's good! When can I go to work, dad? Can I go to work after you sign the paper?"

"I'm glad you get to work in the institution. Go to the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office next Monday and look for Director Gordon. I had already informed him about this. You have to be able to bear the loneliness working in the government institution in order to prosper! The workload in Overseas Chinese Affairs Office won't be too hectic, and I can see you often too since it's under the Municipal Government." Brian patted on Leila's shoulder, while she subconsciously evaded it. Feeling awkward, he put on a long face and sighed, "I can't count on your sister anymore. The Hunter family will have to rely on you now, Leila!"

"Dad!" Leila suddenly felt bad for her father, as she never heard her stern father talked to her in such tender tone. "I'll work hard and won't let you down!"

"Good girl. Even though it's hard, I hope you can make Vincent fall in love with you using your wits!" Brian said diffidently.

"Dad, I..." She wanted to remark that was impossible, and wanted to ask why did she have to make him in love with her? But looking at her father's pleading gaze, she swallowed her words and nodded. "Okay, I'll make him fall in love with me!"

Ending the conversation with her father, Leila headed downstairs. Suddenly, there was a call from Vincent made to their residential phone. Mrs. Hunter picked up the phone. "Hey, Vincent. Yes, Leila's at home. Do you want to come over for dinner?"

"Mom, I asked Leila to go home. I'm going to Rome for some business, so Leila will be staying at home for the next few days. I afraid she'll be too lonely staying here. Please take care of her for me while I'm away!" Vincent said courteously on the other side of the phone.

A wave of horror struck Leila when she heard it was Vincent's call. She was scared that tonight he would... but her father said... she didn't know what to do.

"Don't worry about Leila, Vincent. Dad and I are both pleased to see you two are getting along so well. You go ahead with your business, Leila can stay at home for now!"

"Thank you, mom. Is Leila there? I want to talk to her," he said courteously with a deep voice, it was hard to make out his emotions behind those words.

“Yes, wait for a second.” Mrs. Hunter passed the phone to Leila. “Vincent wants to talk to you!”

Leila was taken aback and almost dropped the phone. She immediately forced an awkward smile to cover up her fright so her mother wouldn't be suspicious. With the phone by her ear, she took a deep breath. “Mr. White...”

“You think you can run away from me by just switching off your phone? I'll let you off tonight. I'll come back in five days to claim what's mine.”

“Why are you quiet? Are you afraid to let your mother know about what happened the past few days?” Vincent's voice was extremely grim. Even though she couldn't see him over the phone, she could sense he was smiling wickedly while saying that, which made her tremble.

“No... I understand, I'll be waiting for you!” Leila didn't want her mother to worry and added, “be careful, remember to eat your meals and don't drink too much. Have a safe trip!”

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“Hmph! Very good!” Vincent's tone which had embodied profound meaning coupling with chilliness sounded from the other end of the phone, and each single word of his was hammering on her heart, pricking and suffocating her.

“Don't ever try to push my buttons, or else you know the consequences of doing so!”

“I know what you mean, I will miss you!” Leila curled up the edge of her mouth to force a smile onto her face, but her despairing eyes had given away her distressed state.

“Hahahaha...” His convoluted laughter was accompanied by the sound of him hanging up on her, and anxiety started to gnaw at her heart as she knew that he would not get on well with her.

After Leila had hung up on her phone, she looked up only to stare into Mabel Ross's worrying and contemplative eyes.

“It has never crossed my mind that the one whom Vincent likes is you, Leila. Oh, dear! I've always thought that he likes your sister, but it is a crying shame that she is unfaithful to him! Your father is really adamant in not letting you marry Vincent at first, but he has unexpectedly changed his mind and given his approval after the two of them have a talk in the study.”

“They had a talk about it?” Leila was taken aback by the revelation that Vincent had had a conversation with her father.

“Yes, they did. When I ask your father about it, he just stays silent and puffs at his cigarette, so I have no idea what the dialogue is about as well!” Mabel sighed heavily and continued, “If not for Macey's scandal, this wouldn't have happened. Oh God, it is a relief that Vincent at least treats you quite well, so that makes my heart eased up a little. You have no idea how worried sick your father and I are for you these past few days.”

Vincent had gone to her father to have a talk?!

Leila was still trying to digest the sudden divulgence of information as her father was the mayor of F City, so how could she not perceive Vincent's true intention behind his action?

However, why had her father consented to his proposal of marrying her instead?

Brian Hunter clearly was fully aware that Vincent had the tape of her sister having a roll in the hay with someone else in his possession, and it was evident that his intention of holding on to that was to threaten the Hunter family with it. Brian must have tried to get his hands on that tape, but it was likely to no avail.

She could not bear to continue down her train of thought as it had started to overwhelm her. No wonder her father had urged her earlier to try every means to make Vincent fall in love with herself. Did Vincent really have something on him?

"Leila, is Vincent really treating you..."

"Don't worry too much about me, Mom. He has been nice to me. I'll head upstairs to take some nap now, alright? I'm exhausted from last night!" Leila cut Mabel off abruptly and continued to console her, "Everything's alright, Mom. I'm really fine and happy, so stop worrying about nothing, alright? Just try to be happy for yourself, I know happiness has not come easily for you, and all I've ever wanted is for you to be happy!"

Leila had not gotten any sleep last night, but her words had other implications to Mabel instead as she thought that the reason for her daughter's weariness was due to the newlyweds enjoying conjugal bliss on their wedding night. After hearing Leila's affirmation, she nodded while putting on a relieved but glum expression, "I'm sorry that you have to go through this, Leila!"

"Here you go again, Mom!" Leila hugged her mother and gave her a peck on the cheek as she said, "Alright, I'll head upstairs now! Good night!"

"Good night!" Even though Leila had repeatedly reassured her, Mabel still felt an inexplicable feeling that her daughter's demeanor was unusual in some ways as she stared at her disappearing figure on the staircase.

The next morning, Leila could see her sister whom was staying in the room opposite hers at first sight when she raised her head after coming out from her room.

"Morning, Macey!" Leila greeted her at once. Macey was not present at the table yesterday during dinner, so it was to her surprise that she had gotten up early in the morning today.

However, Macey squinted her eyes and shot her a piercing gaze as she uttered in sarcasm, "If I have not been caught cheating on him, the person whom gets to sleep beside Vincent will not be you! How was it? He didn't disappoint at all, am I right? I do think that our fate is the same as our mothers' which is such a satire, Leila. How does sharing a guy with your sister feel like?"

Leila's face was flushed in an instant as she was startled by Macey's unexpected and blatant remarks, but all she could do was biting her lips and getting reduced to silence. That's right, Macey was Leila's half-sister, but her mother was also Leila's aunt and Mabel's sister. Her aunt had passed on after shielding Leila in a car accident, and it could be said that her life was saved by Macey's mother. From that day onwards, Leila and Mabel had felt that they owed Macey for her mother's death, hence no

matter what Macey had done and what she wished to do, Leila had pledged to try all her means to help her achieve her goal. It was her wholehearted attempt to try to pay her aunt back for saving her life, and so that the departed could rest in peace.

“I’m sorry, Macey!” Leila lowered her head as she spoke with a soft tone, “I’ll try to think of a way!”

“Hmph! Don’t you think that Vincent has really fallen in love with you! To tell you the truth, he only values Dad’s power and dominance, not you!” Macey’s cruel words were like an edged sword that had pierced her heart although she knew that was the truth.

Even so, there was no use in crying over spilt milk anymore, and it was futile to even talk about it. All she had to focus on for the time being was to get the tape back and not dwell on anything else, but deep down in her heart, she knew that Vincent would not let her have what she wished. But then again, how would everything in life go as smoothly as one wished?

“He won’t fancy me; I know my place very well.” Leila mocked at herself in a self-deprecating manner while tugging at the corner of her lips, “He obviously will only be interested in beautiful girls like you!”

“Hmph, good that you know!” Macey gave out a snort of contempt, “You are indeed not as attractive as I am!”

Macey was, strictly speaking, the hot type as her body was voluptuous and sexy while her face was enchanting as well.

Leila was indeed beautiful as well, but her aura was a different type compared to Macey. She had the tenderness of a gentle woman whom exuded elegance and quiet charm, and if the sisters were to be described as flowers metaphorically, Macey would be like peony while Leila was more like jasmine.

“Let’s head downstairs now and get some breakfast, Macey!” Leila uttered softly and proceeded to make her way down.

Macey pursed her lips and followed her downstairs right after, but when she had discerned Leila’s strange walking posture from the back, she immediately scoffed bitterly at her, “Why, is Vincent too vigorous in bed to the extent that you are not able to walk properly after two days? Look at the way that you’re walking right now. Are you doing this on purpose in front of my face?”

Leila remained silent upon hearing her insulting remarks, and she had only stopped in her tracks for a few seconds as her body went rigid before she kept going again while trying her best to walk in a natural manner.

Macey shut her mouth in the end after realizing that she had asked for a snub and gotten the cold shoulder from Leila’s silence, but her pretty face was convoluted with bitter jealousy instead.

After breakfast, Leila went back to her room again and lied down quietly on her bed as she cast her sidelong glance out of the window.

“It seems that Vincent has really worn you out seeing that you are heading to sleep again after a full meal, and it’s only early in the morning, Leila!” Mabel pushed open the door and walked inside while teasing her with a smile on her face.

Leila was thrown into a panicky state upon hearing her remark while her face blushed instantly due to mortification as she was surprised that even her mother had thought that her weariness was due to Vincent.

“Why do you feel so embarrassed about it? I’ve been through it as well, so don’t be!” Mabel smiled at her, “Get some sleep if you’re still tired, and you can come down after you’ve rested enough!”

Monday had approached in the blink of an eye, and it was today that Leila had to report to duty at the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office of Municipal Government.

The Municipal Government office was housed in an old-fashioned building which had prevailed an atmosphere of solemnity and reverence. The towering trees had provided welcome shade in the courtyard, and it was a mystery as to how long did it take and how much wind and rain had washed on these platanus orientalis for them to grow into such a majestic state.

Leila made her way to the edifice where the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office was located, and when she could finally spot the name tag of the Director of the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office outside a room, she took a good look at it and breathed in deeply to calm her nerves. It’s right here, she thought to herself, and she proceeded to knock on the door after a few seconds.

“Come in!” A familiar husky voice sounded from the inside of the room, and when she had walked into the room, her eyes were laid on an extremely young face and a pair of optical glasses that was hanging on the countenance of the man. It turned out to be him — Julian Gordon.

“Uhm!” Leila turned back to look at the name tag outside the room of the Director of the Political Research Office again as she was astonished by her sight, “Are, are you Director Gordon?”

In fact, the real questions that she had wanted to ask him were whether he was a taxi driver and the reason that he was present here.

Julian shook his head and smiled, “Director Gordon is my father, and I’m here to talk to him about something. What about you? Why are you here?”

“Oh!” Leila let out a sigh of relief after hearing his answer. The Director of the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office would not be a person whom was this young just as she thought. He looked twenty-three or twenty-four years old at most, and he was lacking the bearing that a leader of a cadre would have. “I’m here to report to duty!”

“May I have your name now, Miss?” Julian blinked his deep eyes behind the glasses as he put on a relaxed smile while staring intently at her.

Leila felt slightly resigned as it had never occurred to her that she would meet him again although F City was neither too big nor small of a city. She smiled and replied while ignoring his question, “If Director Gordon is not here now, I’ll just come back later!”

“I see that you are still reluctant to let me know your name. Never mind then, I shall not ask again. You don’t have to leave the room as he is almost here soon!” Julian said while smiling at her, not paying any attention to or being affected by Leila’s watchful manner towards him.

Leila sat down on the sofa while Julian had seated himself in the office chair behind the table. He got curious and popped his question to her while turning in his seat, "Why do you want to work for the government when you're so young? It's terribly boring here!"

"I can just try to love whatever job that I've taken up, and it might turn out that I am suitable for this role!" Leila smiled as she replied.

"Oh! You're copying my phrase!"

"Who's copying you?" Leila raised her eyebrow and pouted her red lips in return.

Julian blinked in amusement and could not help but to chuckle at her response. When Leila had turned her head to gaze out of the window, she suddenly felt that a figure had blocked the residual light out of the corner of her eyes. By the time she had turned her head back to get a look, Julian had already materialized in front of her. His striking face that was wearing a smile moved in closer to her, and his distance from her was close enough for her to be able to feel his warm breath spraying on her skin, and to smell the vague sweet scent of soap emanating from his body.

"What're you trying to do?" Leila immediately pulled herself away from him and widened their distance from each other, her body leaning tightly against the back seat of the sofa as she scanned the faint smile on Julian's face, "You don't have to lean so close to me, just spill it if you have something to say, Julian!"

"Why won't you tell me your name, Leila?" Julian did not mind her alienating action as he put on a relaxed smile while fixating his seductive and bewitching eyes on her. After pausing for a second, he continued, "What a pity! I still have my way of finding out your name!"

"Why do you still insist on asking me when you have known all along!" Leila remained her composure although she was roasting him in her heart for being such a cunning man.

"I want to hear it from you instead!" Julian's striking face dimmed in an exaggerating manner as he grabbed her hand and moved his face closer to her again, "Will it kill you to just tell me your name?"

"We're in the Director's office!" Leila threw a scornful glance at Julian whom was putting on a show and instantly tried to withdraw her hand from his clasp while sneering at him, "Please have some self-respect, Mr. Gordan."

Even though he was Director Gordan's son, he should not take liberties with woman in such an unscrupulous manner. She had always hated those second generations with some political background as they had always thought that they could flirt with and molest all women in this world with their father's authority. Did he think of himself as an emperor in the ancient times?

Her first impression of him had disappeared completely at this moment just as with Vincent's case. All men were indeed the same in this aspect!

"Hahaha..." Julian's thumb was still strobing her delicate hand in his palm affectionately and feeling her soft hand that had felt as if it was boneless, and it was an extremely pleasant sensation to him.

"Mr. Gordan, Mr. Gordan, please let go of my hand right now!" Leila tried to withdraw her hand again while annoyance had gradually shown on her fair face as his actions had peeved her, and her voice had come out from her gnashed teeth in which frustration was clearly manifested.

“Haha! You look cute when you’re angry, Leila!” Julian uttered with a malicious smile as he had never felt such fun while teasing her after perceiving the contorted look on her face and her attempt to stand up and leave the room.

“Do you think I should feel happy instead?” Leila countered at him sarcastically while trying to pull her hand free with all her might. She rose to her feet at once and tried to exert her full strength to pull her hand out, but little did she know that Julian had released his grip on her right at that moment.

She was caught off guard by the sudden release and was about to fall backwards after not able to find her balance, but a figure flashed in front of her immediately and surprisingly, she did not feel the expected pain from the fall.

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“I see that you like my hugs.” They fell onto the ground after Julian caught Leila who was falling into his arms. He smiled maliciously and was touching her waist with his large hands, as if he was assessing her, “I see this is how it feels to lightly grip somebody.”

“Julian, you!” growled Leila as she fell onto his big and wide chest.

Her face was twisted. The door suddenly opened as she was about to get up.

“Eh, well,” Director Gordon froze up as he walked into the room, seeing Leila lying on top of Julian. He quickly slammed the door to hide this awkward situation.

Leila struggled to get up as Julian wasn’t keen on letting her go. He continued yanking on her clothes. Director Gordon couldn’t see what Julian was doing behind Leila. He was shocked seeing that Brian’s daughter was riding her son and got angry from embarrassment, “What are you guys doing? Get up this instant!”

Director Gordon growled. How could Brian’s daughter act so shamelessly, doing something like this with his son in the office in broad daylight? If this were to get out, his name in the city hall would be sullied!

“Julian, let go!” Leila’s face was twisted. She gritted her teeth as she realized that this ill-natured man was doing this to her on purpose.

“Haha!” Julian finally let go. He said as he helped Leila up, “Dad, it’s just a misunderstanding. We ran into each other accidentally and fell! And I was being a gentleman, cushioning her fall!”

Director Gordon sat down at his table at the back of the office. He looked displeased, but Leila was Brian’s daughter and hence he couldn’t say much. He then said in a low voice, “Leila, are you reporting in today?”

“Yes, Director Gordon!” Leila knew that Director Gordon was looking at her mockingly with disdain after witnessing what happened just now.

Leila sighed deeply inside. She then glanced at Julian who was behind her and rolled her eyes at him as a warning.

It was all his fault. It was his fault that she couldn't say anything. Director Gordon probably misunderstood her because of that.

And she wasn't even given a chance to explain herself.

"Julian, get out!" said Director Gordon in a low voice.

"About my case..." said Julian.

"Get out!" repeated Director Gordon as he interrupted his son.

"I won't go out if you don't promise me that!" Julian sat on the sofa and wasn't going to leave.

Director Gordon stood up, "Leila, I'll bring you to my office and we'll have you familiarize yourself with the working environment!"

"Yes!" Leila nodded.

And they left the room. Julian was left all alone. He then ran out and yelled behind them, "Dad, how could you? This is not how it should be?"

Director Gordon didn't even look back and Julian could only stare at their backs as they walked away.

Even though he was surprised by what happened just now, Director Gordon quickly regained his composure. He introduced Leila to the other employees enthusiastically, "Renee, this is Leila. She's going to be your working partner. Do cooperate nicely and teach her about the basic working procedures."

In the external liaisons office, a woman who was in her mid-20s stood up and bowed slightly as she said, "Yes, sir!"

"Leila, refer yourself to her if there's something you are unclear about. Tell me directly if there are any complications. I'm heading back, you guys can talk," said Director Gordon as he left with a smile on his face.

Leila sat down opposite Renee and smiled at her.

As soon as the director left, Renee tried to kiss ass, "So, I heard that you are Mr. Hunter's daughter?"

"Erm!" Leila was taken aback. She smiled and didn't respond.

Renee shrugged, "I know that kids with parents of statuses don't like to talk with peasants like us. But it's okay, I'll still tell you everything I know about our work. So, our job is to study overseas Chinese affairs and propose suitable policies. We also overlook the networking and services for overseas Chinese, people of Hong Kong and Macau, and other associations. We are also responsible for the affairs with Taiwan and we review and approve the overseas Chinese's international networking events that are held in this province. Isn't it interesting?"

"It is!" Leila thought that Renee was a nice and straight-forward person.

It was her first day at work and she didn't have much to do. She was looking at important news online and was analyzing the important reports, studying foreign affairs.

She would get off work at five and this would be her work from now on. She would be working here after she graduated. 5 days had passed in a blink of an eye, she wondered if Vincent would ever come back.

She felt depressed at the thought.

As she walked out of the government office building, she heard someone calling out her name, "Leila!"

Bystanders were staring because of Julian's loud voice. Leila didn't want to interact with him. But because of Director Gordon, she could not be rough with him. And she was still mad about the incident today which caused Director Gordon to misunderstand her.

Leila ignored him and continued walking forward.

"Hey, Leila!" yelled Julian as he walked over, "Are you still mad? How about I treat you to a meal? I was just pulling your leg in the morning, don't be so petty!"

"I'm not free!" Leila rejected him. She pondered briefly and said harshly, "Why did you me dirty like that? I don't even know you!"

"Erm! I was really just playing around because you won't tell me your name!"

"Well, I'm going home!" Leila rejected him again.

"Could it be that you think I want to court you?" said Julian as he laughed.

Seeing the faint smile on Julian's face, Leila tried to calm herself down and said indifferently, "I'm not that much of a narcissist, but I hope that you'll leave me alone!"

"Well, then the misunderstanding is cleared up. Let's go have a meal!" Julian said excitedly as he yanked Leila's hand.

Leila was scared by his sudden action, why was he pulling her around in public like that? "Hey, let go. Have some decency."

"I'll treat you to a meal as an apology!" Julian tried to make himself sound more serious, "Give me a chance!"

"No!" said Leila as she tried to yank her hand away. But Julian wasn't letting her go.

They didn't notice that not far behind them, a Bugatti parked by the roadside. A tall young man in a suit got out of the car. He smiled viciously at Julian and Leila and said in a low voice, "Leila!"

Leila who was struggling to make Julian let her go was shocked upon hearing Vincent's voice. She looked behind Julian and it was indeed Vincent. What was he doing here?

Vincent smiled brightly but there was anger in his eyes. His smile was dazzling, he relaxed his clenched fist and walked towards Leila. He grabbed her arm and managed to get her out of Julian's grip.

Leila was afraid of Vincent, but she still stood close to him for dependence. She thought that Julian was much scarier than Vincent. Maybe she was hallucinating, but in her mind, Vincent was still the Vincent from a few years ago who would smile brightly.

Vincent was content with her reaction, he tightened his clasp and put Leila under his arms. He then turned around and looked at Julian.

Julian was shocked when he saw Vincent. He froze up and stared blankly at him, but soon after he broke into a bright smile and said, "Vincent, long time no see!"

He knew him?!

Leila didn't think that Julian would know Vincent. How did they get to know each other?

Vincent smiled at Julian as he arched his eyebrow, "It's you?"

Vincent wasn't hiding his oppressing aura as he looked at Julian. Julian smiled and said, "Yeah, it's me!"

Vincent's eyes flickered. He then looked at Leila and stared at her black hair. Her hair was tied up into a bun with a hair stick, it was elegant and not gaudy. She looked wildly gorgeous and her dark grey suit made her look dignified and serene. She was so very attractive. Her outfit for her first day at work wasn't any different from the other women working in the office. A dull outfit, but it looked charming on her...

Leila's hand was hurting from Vincent's grip.

"Leila, let's go home!" Vincent wasn't planning to say anything else to Julian. He led Leila to his car.

Surprisingly, Julian didn't say anything as well. He turned around and looked in their direction. Without looking closely, one couldn't tell if Julian's gaze was locked onto Vincent or Leila. His gaze turned more and more profound as the two slowly disappeared from his sight. The flicker of heated emotions in his eyes that was on and off was hidden behind his glasses.

Leila got onto Vincent's car and Vincent was silent.

Leila felt nervous, but she stayed quiet as well. She didn't think that he would be here.

It had been five days. And the first thing he saw was she messing around with some unknown young man in front of the government building!

The veins on Vincent's hand were popping out as he held onto the steering wheel. A burning rage could also be seen in his eyes.

"Vincent, you're, you're back from your business trip!" Leila tried to liven up the atmosphere.

"I see that you're having fun without me around?" said Vincent slowly. Every word was mixed with the intention to kill.

Leila was terrified after hearing him. She couldn't even say things properly, "I..."

"What? Cat got your tongue?" Vincent sounded a bit annoyed.

Leila didn't want to push her luck. Suddenly, her phone rang. She glanced at her phone and noticed that it was her mother. She glanced at Vincent subconsciously.

"You're not taking it?" He raised his eyebrow.

Leila had no choice but to answer the call, "Hey mom!"

"Leila, Vincent called me. I told him that it was your first day at work and he said that he would go and get you. Is he there yet?"

"Yeah!" No wonder he knew where she was working, he called home. "I, we are together right now, mom!"

"Get home soon, newlyweds. Mom will hang up the call now! Be nice to Vincent, I really hope that you guys will be happy!" Her mom hung up the call after bombarding her with words. Leila didn't even stand a chance to say anything.

The phone call was rather loud. Vincent could tell that it was Marbel's voice and he smiled slightly. His eyes were gleaming, and they were glistening.

Leila held her phone sulkily, she was thinking about what to do next!

"What do you want to eat?" Vincent asked.

"Erm! Anything's fine!"

"Give me a concrete answer!"

"Well, I don't know!" Leila didn't have much appetite. She didn't forget what he said before he left. After 5 days, he would be doing that to her. And she didn't know how to deal with it?!

"Well, if you're not hungry, we'll go on the bed immediately when we get home," said Vincent abruptly.

At the same time, Leila said, "I want to have some seafood!"

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"Eating seafood?" Vincent White was slightly stunned for a moment before he suddenly laughed indulgently which his laughter was so genuine and cheerful, and it was different from his usual fake smile. "Leila Hunter, you won't get away with it!"

"I don't run away!" Leila sighed in resignation. "Mr White, I don't want, can we live in peace together?"

"Don't want to be my woman?" He raised his eyebrow and his cool face was stunned for a while, he was really handsome and under the eyebrow, there were a pair of dark eyes which were cold and shining.

Such a look of Vincent had made Leila suffocate, but she still said softly, "If there is a choice, I really don't want to!"

"Why?"

"You are too dirty!"

Upon hearing, he then pursed his thin lip and snorted coldly, "Leila, you have already attracted me and the more you behave like this, I am more reluctant to let you go, what should I do?"

“But I’m not interested in Mr. White at all!” Leila argued coolly, “If you really want to do that, I’ll accept it as it’s an obligation as a wife, but I also have a condition, no matter how you play, you just don’t bring them back home, that’s my baseline, is that okay?”

With his long and slim fingers holding the steering wheel even tightly, Vincent laughed lightly, a sense of meaningful smile could be found on his handsome face, he didn’t answer her but instead gave her a rhetorical question, “Don’t you want to marry me?”

“You don’t really want to marry me either!” Leila spoke so calmly, and it was hard to find her emotion. “Sorry, I don’t like men like studs!”

“Fake mind matches pretending, don’t we match well?” Vincent gave a lazy smile.

“Does it matter if we are a good match?” Leila pursed her lips.

The car stopped in front of a seafood restaurant, “How about here?”

Leila looked at the signboard--- Seah Restaurant.

“It’s too expensive here!” She said honestly.

“Hahaha...” In the end, what she said just caused his laughter.

Leila was a little annoyed but she didn’t get out of the car, and her small hands were clutching her bag.

“What’s wrong?” Vincent turned around.

Only then Leila got out of the car, and then looked at him in a very tangled way before she said, “I don’t have money!”

“You think I’m letting you treat me?” Vincent was a little stunned.

Leila tooted, “I’m afraid you trick me!”

“Don’t worry, I haven’t done anything like making a woman pay for a meal!” Vincent laughed lightly and walked over while taking her hand in his.

Ugh!

Leila jerked her hand but he gripped it even harder.

His palm was so big that it completely wrapped around her small hand. His palm was warm and dry, and it is dirty too. She instinctively pulled her hand away, but he held it tightly again and walked through the restaurant lobby before going into a private room.

“Leila.” Vincent’s voice sounded beside her and she looked up when she only realized that only two of them in this beautifully decorated room.

“I’m wondering if you’re really afraid of me.” After finishing his words, Vincent then revealed a sly smile.

She was afraid of him! She disliked him too! “I’m not used to being led, I’m not a puppy!”

“Hahaha...” he laughed and he seemed to be in a good mood today.

Seeing her sullen face, Vincent finally let go of her hand after she jerked her hand for many times.

She walked to the table and sat down. Then, she took wet wipes from her bag, pulled one out and started to wipe her hands. Thinking about the hand which was held by him just now, she was wondering how dirty it could be since he might not wash his hands and he might hold the other women's hands. She lost her appetite. But she dared not to resist him fiercely in consideration of his threat.

Vincent took a few steps closer when he saw her movement, he narrowed his eyes, his smile which was sly now turned to be more sinister, "You do have quite a lot of habits!"

Did he understand the meaning of wiping hands?

Leila felt a slight pressure above her head and she became more depressing in the quiet space.

Vincent didn't say anything else but Leila noticed that his expression had returned to normal. He then sat next to her and snapped his fingers when the door opened and a waiter came in with a menu.

"Just order what you want to eat!" Vincent said.

Looking at the menu, 'every dish was so expensive! Even the cheapest one cost several tens.' She then ordered the cheapest one and said, "Have a plate of shrimp dumplings!"

Vincent was shocked as he looked at the two cheapest dishes she ordered. He then took the menu and added a few more. Leila frowned, what he ordered was enough to cover her living expenses for a few months at her school.

As the waiter left, Vincent spoke, "Your sister just ordered expensive ones when we were out!"

Leila froze and lowered her head. "I'm not my sister!"

Vincent smiled slyly, his eyes were narrowed, they were deep yet dark which nobody can see through "You mean, you won't mess around with anyone! Or you won't let anyone get a video of it?"

He actually guessed what she was thinking. She wouldn't mess around with anyone. Leila gave him a quick glance then lowered her head and turned silent.

"People will always change!" A voice with a different meaning sounded out, Leila was stunned, and she lifted her head up, and she just met his dark eyes.

"Does Mr. White love my sister?" She spoke suddenly while looking at Vincent in a daze. "Because you love my sister too much so you can't accept the fact that she betrayed you and you even want to take revenge on me who is her sister?"

"You have a rich imagination, if I say yes, why do you agree to marry me?"

"It is your request which is the terms of our exchange!" She answered honestly. "I kept my word but you broke it!"

He looked at her as if he was trying to find something from her face expression. He was sure that she will marry him, but he wanted to see if she was lying. Unfortunately, the woman in front of him didn't seem to have any interest on him.

He vaguely remembered that Leila would shyly call him before retreating to her room when he went to the Hunter family. Yet, she had always been a good girl who always did well in her studies.

“That video tape will not be returned to you, but it will not be released to the public either!” He spoke indifferently.

“Ugh!” Leila was slightly stunned.

“It all depends on your ability whether you can take it back or not!” Finishing his words, his eyes swept over her chest ambiguously.

“You have no shame!” Leila then took a deep breath before she calmly raised her head to glance at Vincent’s teasing expression in his eyes.

She had really underestimated him and trusted him again, he sure would betray her again! How could she possibly trust him again! “The tape is your protection which you use to threaten my father to help you to achieve your business goals, am I right?”

There was a faint smile on his face which was hard to be seen, but Vincent only reached over and touched Leila’s head as if nothing had happened, “You are very clever! The food is coming up!”

Yes, the dishes were coming up!

Leila frowned as he seemed to admit the fact that he was using the tape to threaten his father, but she didn’t understand that the White Group was already very powerful and they had a lot of money already, how much money did he still want to make?

Leila was lost in her thought, thinking about how should she do in that case?

‘Life was all about thinking for oneself and the same went for Vincent, otherwise, how would he know how to seize the power from my father?’

The atmosphere was very depressing and Leila didn’t eat much.

Vincent drove Leila back to the White family after the meal. Somehow, she suddenly felt a bit melancholy while sitting in the car.

Squinting his eyes to look at the road ahead and occasionally glanced at Leila, Vincent then raised his eyebrow and asked in a deep voice, “Why do you want to be civil servant?”

“To make a living!” She didn’t expect he would ask her about her job and she only said calmly, “It is an easy job with a stable pay which is suitable for girls!”

“Does the White family can’t afford to support you?” Vincent’s thin lips were pursed and his eyebrows were furrowed.

Worrying that he was going to make things difficult for herself again, she said calmly, “I just want to support myself, but I am afraid there are too many women to support, and even if the White family is rich, they can't afford too many women, so I just reluctantly support myself!”

The car braked sharply, Leila who was unstable almost fell forward, she didn't figure out why he did so, she was worried and got back to her seat, then she moved her head to Vincent, but she found that he was just staring at her with his shining eyes, she held her breath and asked, "What?"

Vincent said without a haste, "You have a personality that makes man want to choke you to death."

Flattening her lip and leaning back on the chair, Leila then turned her head to look out the window. "No one in this world is savior, you always have to support yourself and you're rich, yet what is the purpose that you still work tirelessly to make money for?"

"A man should not live in vain!"

"A woman should not live in vain either!"

"You are a rebel!" Vincent glanced at her and started the car again, he asked, "Have you got used to the job?"

"Fine." Leila squeezed out these two words from her mouth.

"Is it your father's intention to work at the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office of Municipal Government?" The tense aura that Vincent exuded made Leila feel that as if he was forbearing something when he mentioned her father.

"It is all my own idea!"

"What if I don't allow it?" His cold voice made her feel chill from her back.

"Would you forbid it?" She felt helpless as she was unable to guess his thoughts and she felt so powerless that she could only ask the question inexplicably in return.

"Eira has asked for a leave for a month, and you will be responsible for the cleaning and handling the meals of the White family!" He didn't answer but instead instructed her to do something.

Biting her lip and telling herself not to anger him, she nodded her head, "Okay!"

Somewhat distracted and irritated, Vincent who was driving loosened his tie with one free hand, feeling for the first time that he didn't even know himself very well.

When they finally got home, he didn't mention her job again, and Leila thought that perhaps he had agreed.

The White family was big yet quiet.

There were no servants and only the guards at the door. Vincent sat on the sofa but not talking, only glancing at Leila.

His dark eyes had an intimidating power that made people dare not to look at him when he deliberately gazed at others.

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Leila felt uncomfortable under his gaze, and now that he looked enigmatic, she could only hope for the best, "Vincent, I'll get you some tea!"

After she spoke, she hurried into the kitchen without waiting for his reply. She made a cup of tea, placed it on a beautiful tray, came back and put it on the table, "Vincent, please have some tea!"

Vincent glanced at the teacup on the table with a clear, cold gaze. Suddenly, he looked up sharply, and his stare made Leila slightly afraid of what would happen next.

Did it mean that it was only Vincent and her who would be in this huge White Residence tonight?

"I, I'll go and prepare the bathwater for you." Then, she ran upstairs, leaving again. The bedsheet in the master room had already been changed, but upon thinking that another woman had slept on this bed, Leila could not help but get goosebumps all over her body.

After Leila cleaned and filled the bathtub with water, she turned around and saw a slender figure standing by the bathroom door.

"Ah—" It startled her. Did Vincent not make any sound when he walked?

Leila's hands trembled a little. She looked up and instantly looked down again, "Vincent, the bathwater will be ready soon!"

However, Vincent just looked at her. His dark eyes were just staring at her.

Leila could not help but murmur, "Are you not going to shower?"

Vincent just stared at her in silence.

She moved back into the corner, raised her hand to her forehead and said with difficulty, "You just came back from a business trip. You will feel better after taking a bath!"

Without a word, he began to remove his tie, took off his blazer and threw it directly to her. Leila could only catch the blazer, followed by the tie and dress shirt thrown to her.

She walked towards the door, wanting to leave the space for him.

"Vin—" He blocked her path.

Leila wanted to say something, but upon seeing his dark expression, she could only shut up.

When he was silent, she realized that he had an intriguing aura capable of arousing fear in others.

However, she was even more afraid of him when he smiled because she felt that it was far more terrifying than when he had a dark expression on his face.

She had a pair of slippers on and was standing before Vincent, who was also wearing home slippers. Even with that, her height only reached somewhere slightly under his chin, and it made her feel a strange sense of oppression.

With his clothes in her arms, she wanted to leave the bathroom, but he stood at the door and blocked her way.

Leila's gaze flickered subconsciously to his sturdy, bronze-skinned chest, layered with a sheen of seductiveness under the warm, yellow lights of the bathroom.

"Vincent, I'm going to the laundry room to wash your clothes!" She gave him an excuse in hopes that he would let her leave.

She lifted her foot and was about to leave but was pulled back by him. It caused Leila to lose her balance and fell to the left side of the bathroom. With her round eyes, she threw him a glare. His action frightened her, and when she wanted to open her mouth to speak, his lips landed on hers swiftly.

Her back was against the wall, her mind was blank, but her lips were warm. She didn't know how to explain the feeling, and the clothes in her arms fell amidst his attack. Vincent licked and sucked on her lips, then suddenly looked into her eyes, "Are you ready?"

Leila was trapped between his arms, unable to come back to her senses after a while, and it allowed him to kiss her again. Finally, she realized what was happening and quickly turned her head to the side to avoid him, "Wait.."

Vincent had his arms wrapped around her, "What?"

She reached out her hand, wanting to push him back a little, but as soon as her hand touched his chest which was burning, she retracted her hand instinctively as if it burned her, "Vincent!"

Leila understood what he meant by being ready. She was ready, but right now, she didn't really know what to do in such a situation. She didn't know whether her preparation was right or wrong!

Vincent stared at her in silence. His dark and bright eyes reflected her small face in them.

She laughed awkwardly, "Sorry, Vincent. If you want to hear the truth, then my answer for you is to look for someone else. I'll be grateful as long as you leave a clean and untainted bed for me."

He was mad, and his expression turned dark and gloomy.

Leila removed his arms from her, turned and picked up the clothes from the floor before escaping the scene. Due to her hurried footsteps, she slipped again and fell to the ground.

Vincent was initially mad, but upon seeing her current state, he couldn't help but release a chuckle before he approached her and helped her stand. There was a hint of a smile on his face, unlike the usual gloom he had on his face, "Why are you running?"

It was embarrassing to death, and her whole face was flushing red, "I'm going to wash your clothes!"

"Then wait and wash my pants too!" He spoke, and without hesitation, started to remove his belt, then all of the remaining pieces of clothes he had on in front of her eyes.

"Ahh—" Leila widened her eyes in shock and roared in a low voice, "How can you do this?"

She saw his dick amidst a dense, black forest, and in shock, her mouth shaped into an 'O'. While she was screaming, she turned around and wanted to run away in shame.

It turned out that a man's private part looked like that. Leila's pretty face was blushing red, and her round, bright eyes were flickering. Her instinct was to run, but she was too astonished to do so and just stay rooted on the spot.

It was Leila's first time seeing his bare body, and it was also her first time to look at a man like this. He had honey, golden complexion, a close-to-perfect body proportion, and a little Vincent that could not be ignored. Right now, it was erected, standing tall and proud.

"So, are you satisfied with what you are seeing?" Vincent smirked, reaching out his hand to hold Leila's chin tightly. The friction from his rough fingertips on her skin caused her to tremble.

Leila couldn't help but suck in a breath. Her wide, teary eyes stared at him angrily in embarrassment while her face flushed redder uncontrollably, "Get your hands off me!"

Although she was furious, she was also flustered from being unable to break free of his restraint at all.

Vincent bowed his head down and closer to Leila's reddened face, his warm breath fanning her face. His dark, burning eyes never left her face for a moment since the beginning, and then without warning, he lowered his head and locked lips with her.

"No—" As soon as she opened her mouth, Vincent, who was initially only pressing his lips to hers, started to put in more force and took advantage of this opening to attack her mouth with his tongue. With the clothes in her hands, Leila tried to use them as a barrier between their bodies and subconsciously closed her eyes to her cover up her worry and shame...

"Mmf—" Leila suddenly frowned and released a scream, though it was muffled and her body tightened because of the pain. There were even tears hanging by her eyelashes.

Vincent's gaze turned deep and gloomy instantly before he slowly revealed a satisfied, sly smile.

"Open your eyes!" He ordered in a low voice.

Without a choice, Leila timidly opened her eyes and met his burning, blazing black pupils again. He said faintly, "I hate pretentious women. Since you looked at me daringly, you need to take responsibility for that."

"I didn't mean to see it!" Leila's face was burning hot at this point, and right at the moment he released her, she dashed outside as if a ghost was chasing behind her.

At the sight of her who left in a hurry, Vincent furrowed his brows, whereas his eyes were gloomy. With the madness that came from within, he licked his lower lip as if to reminisce the gentle taste from earlier. Then, he turned and stepped into the bathtub, but he seemed to be stuck in his thoughts.

On the other hand, Leila ran downstairs in a breath, and her face was now as red as a tomato. She took a deep breath after escaping from a risky situation. They almost –

She shook her head and placed the suit in a special dry-cleaning machine, then started to handwash his dress shirt and boxer.

His boxer was black, and at the sight of it, her face started burning again, which even extended to her ears.

Indeed, she had imagined washing her husband's clothes before, but she had never thought that the man would be Vincent White. It felt like she was truly his wife, and it was a habit of hers to wash her husband's clothes every day.

The buzzing sound of the dry-cleaning machine came, and it concealed a particular emotion within Leila.

Her tiny hands carefully washed his boxer, and she did it with even more seriousness than when she was washing her own. After draining it with clean water about 20 times, then only did she wrung it dry, ironed it before leaving it to dry.

It took more than an hour to wash and iron a set of clothes, but she didn't realize it at all, until the smell of cigarette smoke travelled from the door of the laundry room, then only did she turn around quickly and saw a handsome figure leaning lazily at the door. He had a cigarette lit between two of his fingers and was breathing in and out mists of clouds. The faint smoke enveloped his impeccable, perfect face, and it made him exude a gloomy kind of sexiness.

"Vincent?"

Vincent narrowed his eyes and smirked. That should count as a smile, right? That was a gentle, tender, royal-like smile.

However, Leila seemed to catch a whiff of danger in the air.

She swallowed her saliva and did not dare to speak anymore while her heart thumped uncontrollably.

And Vincent, on the other hand, was casually holding a cigarette as he stood at the door to the laundry room. His dangerous gaze was locked on Leila's face. He was unreadable.

This kind of Vincent made Leila anxious as she started to hold her hands tightly together.

Then, Vincent walked over to her, and his tall figure hovered over her petite body.

Suddenly, Leila felt an invisible, unprecedented pressure on her. She had no place to escape to and could only lift her head and meet his eyes bravely. If he wanted to have sex with her, what can she do?

In Vincent's bright, predatory-like eyes, a trace of secrecy flashed across but was soon replaced by indifference. He just stared at her for a few seconds without saying a word before he turned and left.

Leila only looked at his leaving figure. A moment ago, although his gaze was cold, there was a thoughtful look that was difficult for her to read.

And he left just like that, without even saying anything.

Leila stood on the spot in a daze and gently tugged the corners of her lips. What was his real motive for marrying her?

At night.

Leila went to another guest room.

Upon entering the room, she let out a yawn then climbed into bed.

Sometime after she slept, she suddenly felt that the bed became more occupied. It was a comfortable and warm presence, which made Leila scooted over subconsciously. The smell was pleasant and could calm her down.

Her forehead felt slightly itchy, and it made her open her eyes, only to find that there was one more person on her bed, and it wasn't anyone else but Vincent White! As for why her forehead was itchy, it was because it was touching his stubbled chin.

"Ah—" She screamed, "Why are you here?"

"To sleep!" He peeked open one of his beautiful and deep eyes while the other one was still tightly shut. He threw her a sideways glance before closing his eyes again.

Leila was terrified. She never expected Vincent to sleep in the same bed as her, and he was even cuddling her.

"If you don't want to sleep, we can do something else!"

"Ah! I'm already asleep!" Leila was so frightened that she closed her eyes immediately while her heart was beating crazily.

Chapter 240 - A Moment in Destiny

A smile could be seen on Vincent's face, but the excitement in his eyes was hidden by his long eyelashes.

Leila closed her eyes and frowned, only to think that her whole body was going to get goosebumps from the discomfort she was feeling.

She thought she would not be able to sleep this night, but she did not expect that she would get a good night's sleep. When Leila woke up, Vincent was no longer sleeping beside her, no one was beside her. The bed quilt had also lost its temperature, so she had no clue when he had left.

It was five-thirty in the morning, and though the window, the sun could be seen rising up.

Leila got up and looked around, she noticed that the corridor was exceptionally quiet.

The door of the study room was half-open, with bright lights mapped out inside. Leila quietly walked to the door of the study room and saw Vincent slumping on the big chair, smoking a cigarette. While he was smoking, his was also frowning, as if he had a lot of worries in his heart.

As Leila was hidden in the dark shadow of the doorway, she looked at Vincent's nose which made him looked strong, his eyebrows which made him looked domineering and his thin lips which made him looked ruthless. This sharp and striking face was even more handsome than some celebrities, this was a dangerous man. He was able to project a merciless aura and the menacing bearing and coolness within him could freeze one man. This was also the first time she saw him deep in thought like this. She also knew that, the angrier he was, the more sinister his smile gets. She seldom saw him like this.

He was frowning as he looked in the direction of the window. This heavy, gloomy look had an extremely strong attraction...

Leila felt as if she was swept into a whirlpool, and after it stopped, she was no longer able to see the beautiful scenery around her as her eyes were already locked on to him.

As a strange feeling surged into her heart, Leila immediately shook her head and clenched her teeth. 'Don't think about anything and don't be compelled, he is a dangerous man, a ferocious animal like a cheetah.' She thought to herself. He was someone that she could not afford to mess with.

"Come over here!" Even though Vincent did not even raise his eyelids, he already knew she was at the door.

Leila's heart throbbed for a moment as she had to enter the door. "Mr White!"

He slowly raised his gaze, his sharp sight focused on her eyebrows. In this big study room, there were only the two of them. An eerie aura filled the room, causing Leila to feel a stream of cold air drilling straight into her back.

"Come over to my side!" Vincent narrowed his eyes and focused his sight on her troubled watery eyes that were hidden below her long eyelashes.

Leila's small face had a slight twitch, as if she was panicking. However, she instantly returned to normal after that. She smiled calmly and said, "I have to prepare breakfast, what do you want to eat? I have to go to work later!"

Vincent took another puff of his cigarette, extinguished it, and dropped it in the ashtray.

He stood up violently and made his move when Leila was caught off guard.

He tightly clasped Leila's small waist and pulled her into his arms. The tobacco flavored lips quickly captured Leila's earlobe.

"Mr, Mr. White, don't..." Leila suddenly panicked.

Vincent fiercely held onto Leila's small chin and said sinisterly, "Don't? Do you think you have a say in this?"

Leila's body immediately tensed up.

Vincent grabbed her body and put her on the sofa, while his whole body followed closely.

With a tug of his both hands, Leila's clothes burst open in all directions, revealing her snow-white skin.

Vincent's gaze suddenly deepened. He lowered his head and kissed her. Causing her lips to felt pain.

Leila's small face wrinkled, and she subconsciously exclaimed lightly, "It hurts."

Vincent paused for a moment, but then he kissed her lips even harder. Leila gently closed her eyes, allowing the air around her to become thin, allowing the pain on her lips to intensify. However, she no longer said anything back.

Silence passed between the two, leaving only the mingling of each other's breath, and she felt desolated in her heart.

“No... don't...” Leila whimpered, and when she realized what his hands were doing, she immediately struggled.

However, one of his hands had already caught Leila’s hands. As he pressed her down on the sofa from above, he smiled grimly. His remaining hand slowly moved all the way down from Leila’s cheek, directly to her belly.

“No, Mr. White, you can’t do this!” Leila whimpered.

“You are my wife!” Vincent said each word one at a time in a cold manner, his black eyes bursting with a burning flame, staring at the corners of Leila’s lips that were red and swollen from his kiss, and kissed them fiercely again.

Her lips were unusually soft and sweet, causing Vincent’s body to stiffen. He then aggressively nibbled on her lips while taking in her breath and sweetness to punish and humiliate her.

Leila was struggling, but seeing her struggle actually made Vincent more aroused.

Her white and slender legs were opened up, and his rough hands slid into her inner thighs and he stroked them carefully. In the process, her private part seemed to have been touched by him, and Leila tried to prevent herself from succumbing to his teasing.

However, she knew that this man was dangerous and could not stand being rejected. Finally, seeing that struggling had no use, Leila could only compromise.

When he looked down at her, through his eyes, she noticed that he seemed to be in a trance.

It was an inexplicable feeling which was also heartbreaking for others to see.

They just stared at each other, Vincent’s eyes locked onto her eyebrows, and she also looked at him in a daze while murmuring, “Mr. White...”

He was once the Mr. White that she admired the most!

He was once her sister's fiancé!

But he was also a dangerous man, a man who could not stand being rejected!

Leila could not remember how long they stared at each other. As they remained in an ambiguous posture at an ambiguous distance, she could clearly feel the temperature of his breath. Her heart was beating fast, and she could also feel his firmness against her belly.

However, she was not so ashamed, she was just a little afraid. The more terrifying part was that her body was actually getting excited, as if she had returned to her youth, the fire inside her became to spread, burning her entire body.

Leila had never felt this feeling before. It was very comfortable, every nerve in her body was stimulated by a special painful feeling.

“Relax!” The word signaled his determination to win.

In the moment of her dismay, Leila came back to her senses and looked at him.

Her legs had been parted a little wider than before. He immediately put his dick into her, stimulating her senses.

The moment Vincent entered her body, he noticed that there was nothing blocking it, the layer he had checked earlier was gone!

Vincent abruptly stopped his movements, his dick still remained there. He pursed his lips, that pair of dark cold eyes, instantly lit up with a blazing fire like an angry beast.

“Who did you give it to?” Vincent roared in anger. He already checked this woman beforehand, but he still did not take her first time, this really surprised him. Could it be that she found another man during the few days he left?

With a gloomy face, Vincent’s gaze was complicated as he looked at the stubborn and faint-hearted little face beneath him, her facial features were well-defined and profound, her expression became more and more cold.

Leila swallowed her saliva. She did not say anything as she turned her face away.

“Tell me, who did you give your first time it too!” His tone gave off a dangerous feeling. His heart actually had an inexplicable sting of irritation attacking it, and his dignified, handsome face gave off a clam before the storm kind of expression.

“I will never tell you...” she closed her eyes, like a lamb that was about to be slaughtered.

“You actually gave your virginity to another man behind my back!” Hatred could be seen through Vincent’s eyes.

And at that moment, Leila’s heart also hurt as if it was torn apart... her heart fell into an abyss of never-ending darkness.

“You bitch, you are simply a bitch! How can you not tolerate loneliness? Tell me, to whom did you have sex with?!”

The sarcastic and humiliating words said by him hurt her heart. Leila looked away, while he jerked his body aggressively as if he was punishing her. She bit her lips. ‘It was painful, too painful, why is it still so painful?’ she thought. “I will never tell you!”

She really did not know why people want to have sex; it was no different from dying!

“I can't imagine that you are as cheap as your sister, tell me whom did you gave virginity to?” The tone of his cold voice was not loud, but one can easily feel the bone-chilling coldness hidden in the icy voice.

The pain and his cold words made her body shuddered and shivered.

Vincent’s grim face was icy cold, his sharp gaze locked onto her eyebrows, she did not dare to look at him, he simply clamped his hand on her jaw and forced her to look at himself.

When their eyes met, through Leila’s eyes, he could see her unwillingness.

“Damn it!” Vincent cursed softly. “Bitch, What a bitch!”

It was the first time Leila had seen Vincent being so angry, she was enraged by his words, who was he to humiliate her like this?

However, once she was agitated by his words, her small face began to regain its calmness and soon became abnormally calm. Her gaze was untamed as she looked directly at Vincent. Her eyes seemed to be provocative, her black eyes were so calm that no ripples could be seen in her eyes.

She asked in a soft voice, "Do you regret it? That I did not give you my virginity!"

"Tell me! To whom did you give it too?" Vincent once again asked in a cold voice, but the corners of his mouth began to curl up into an eerie smile.

"Does it matter to you?" Leila asked rhetorically, forcefully holding her composure.

"Who the hell did this?" Vincent's angry roar shook the study room, causing echoes to be heard.

Leila remembered Vincent was a man who was very good at controlling his emotions. No matter what he faced, he was used to hide his emotions behind his expression, the angrier he was the more he smiled playfully. But now, his anger was clearly etched in his eyes, the veins on his forehead were filled with blood. His hands were clenched as hard as possible while holding her shoulder, almost crushing it in the process.

Cold sweat bubbled up on Leila's face, the pain in her shoulder and lower body made her entire body tense. She took a deep breath and exhaling it slowly.

"Who exactly did you give it to?" The tone of his voice was sinister, like he wanted to tear the man who took her first time to pieces.

"Mr. White, you're not a virgin either, so why should I be a virgin?" Leila's dead eyes was mixed with a hint of mockery, and a hint of rebellion. She knew that men like him had high pride. "Yeah! If I'm a bitch, then you're a whoremaster, no, you're worse than a whoremaster!"

The moment he placed his dick into her, she could still clearly feel the sharp pain of being torn inside. Although her whole body hurt, she still remained usually calm when looking at him.

Wasn't this the effect she wanted?

After seeing his angry expression, seeing his stunned look as if he was hurt in some way, why did she feel sad? She wanted to see him get hurt, but after seeing it, why did her heart hurt so much? Her feelings were also mixed with a strong unspeakable regret. It should be impossible for her to make up for it in this lifetime, right?

"I didn't expect you to be the same as Macey, a slut who is willing to do it with anyone!" Vincent no longer took pity on her. He accelerated the speed of his thrust. Everything that happened next was like a raging storm, full of harshness and with no restraint.