

Destiny 241

Chapter 241 - A Moment in Destiny

Leila grunted; her body was stiff from the pain, but she did not beg for mercy at all. She silently bore Vincent's violence without saying anything.

Her stubborn attitude provoked him even more, to the point that he violated her body even more ferociously.

His violence not only made her feel incredibly painful, but also feel as though her body was being tamed by him. While enduring his madness and punishment, Leila felt her dignity collapse. Each time he entered into her body. The slight tearing pain made her slightly frown, but she worked hard to put on a smile and continued to look at him, to not let him detect anything amiss.

After a long time, it all finally stopped.

Vincent got up and left without a word, as if repulsed by her. The fact she was not a virgin really affected him!

Leila struggled as she sat up on the pure, white sofa; there wasn't any hint of blood. She cracked a smile on the corner of her lips. 'Mr. White, you might be disappointed, but who says I am not?'

'I was not your prostitute!'

'I was not some woman you can just bully around; I had got my bottom line as well. Can't I protest? Won't you even allow me this simple act?'

She stood up and picked up the messy clothes off the floor. Her whole body was in pain; the pain between her legs was unspeakable, and the pain clearly showed on her pale face.

This was the husband and wife's first night together; everything that needs to be done has been done. But there was no lingering look into each other's loving eyes, nor any exchange of lifelong vows, nor any sweet talks underneath the moonlight; just the lingering resentment towards one another.

With that, he left with his anger, and she held onto her sorrow on the messy sofa, catching her breath. After a while, she laughed bitterly, and left staggered out the study.

Shower.

Change of clothes.

As she walked out the bedroom, she became directly faced with Vincent, who had nothing on but a towel at his waist, and his hair was still dripping wet. He gloomily stared at her.

Leila forced a slight smile from the corner of her lips and looked back at him.

Vincent's lips formed into a graceful yet wicked arc, "The whorehouse must be referring to the Hunters, correct?"

"And yet, you insisted on marrying a bitch like me!" Leila feigned a smile, "Mr. White, just between you and me, we're no better than the other!"

Upon hearing this, Vincent did not throw a fit nor get angry. His wicked smile remained, and a thought raced through his mind. He extended a hand and grabbed her chin. "What a woman! Then let's make you even more of a bitch!"

Leila felt a chill down to her bones, but she still had her smile on and looked directly at Vincent, "You're furious, but you still have some concerns. Tell me, Mr. White, what are you worried about? Is it my father's fame and power?"

"Don't bother trying to figure me out; you're nowhere near qualified!" Vincent pinched her soft chin and viciously remarked.

As she was inhaling due to the pain, he kissed over her lips in a foreboding manner. His teeth bit down ferociously on her lips, which made her feel unbearably painful.

Leila forced herself to appear unfazed, and did not even show a hint of pain.

"If you want to screw around behind my back, you better make sure you've got the nerves to face the consequences!" Vincent glazed over her beautiful body in a menacing manner. He proceeded to press his lips behind her ears, then bit down on her earlobe.

Leila suddenly began to tremble; how could she have forgotten the consequences of going against Vincent? She asked in a trembling voice, "What, what are you planning to do?"

"Oh, you'll see! It's not time yet!" After he said this, he bit down hard on her earlobe and sucked. This mad torture suddenly made Leila felt a tingle down to her bones, and her body stiffened unconsciously.

Just as she was about to fall, Vincent suddenly let her go, "Such a slut; didn't I satisfy you just now?"

Against his anger, she was relishing the success of her protest, but she was also in severe pain from loneliness.

She might have hurt his pride as a man, but did he not break her heart?

"Your skills in bed are nothing to flatter yourself over!" Leila gritted her teeth and rebuked.

"Is that so? Does that mean you want to have another go!?" Vincent roared and could not suppress the unknown anger he felt inside him. How could he possibly let a woman like her ruin his pride as a man?

"Even if we do it again, I won't resist, but it's true that your skills are laughable!" Leila put herself out there just to provoke him. Her tiny white hands were balled tightly by her side. She could clearly see the contempt in his eyes. He was really affected!

Deep breath!

Vincent's eyes were a dark abyss; even his tone was full of anger. Looking at the time, if it wasn't for his meeting appointment later, he would definitely not let her off the hook. There was no way he would let anyone trample over his pride. "Hmph! Even if you wanted to do it again, I wouldn't want to touch you! You're too dirty, you're a cheap whore! No, you're not even worthy to be called a whore!"

"I may be no better than a whore, but you're no better than a beast. This is our nature; let's see who's worse than the other?!" Leila snapped back.

“You might anger me, but it’ll be Macey who’ll feel my wrath. You better think it over!” Vincent’s expression was stone cold. This woman used to always seem gentle and upright. But for some reason, right now, an inexplicable feeling seemed to radiate from her. Did he really have her on a leash under his control?

“Is that the best threat you can come up with? If I don’t care about her, what else can you do?”

“Hmph! I could care less as to whether you care about her, but I’m sure you care about your family name!” He adamantly believed that there was no way she didn’t care about anything.

This jerk was right on the money; there was no way she could ignore the family name!

She was angry and rebellious, but she forgot the reason why she married him in the first place. At this very moment, she was distraught.

“Mr. White, I’m impure and unfit to be your wife. Let me and my sister go, will you? Let’s get divorced!”

She was exhausted beyond expression. There was no way she could make him fall in love with her. She did not give him her virginity, so how could he possibly ever fall in love with her?

What was father thinking, asking her to make Vincent fall in love with her?

“Leila, don’t think that you can do whatever you want just because I’m being patient with you!” Upon hearing her suggestion to get divorced, his expression turned even grimmer than before. He grabbed her thin wrist and emphasized each word one by one, “I make the rules. You play by my rules!”

“You want to drive me and my sister to death, is that it?” Leila’s wrist was in pain from his grip. It felt as though he was going to crush her bones.

But Leila did not show any sign of pain on her serene face. Her expression was so still that there was no way anyone could read what she was really thinking.

“Look at yourselves!” Although he was steaming from anger, his tone was exceptionally cold. Vincent stared at this woman who continued to defy him. The two of them were so close together that his exhaled breath fell right on her tiny white face.

Was this man always this ruthless?

Leila looked away to avoid his breath. As she calmed down, she began to notice the pain on her wrist.

Vincent abruptly let her go; she fell backwards, but he made no motion to help her.

Vincent got changed and headed out, but he was in no hurry to head to the office. He lit a cigarette as he stood by his Bugatti. The white smoke encircled the air as he made a moody face to reflect the uneasiness and negative emotions he currently felt.

Biting her lips hard, Leila sat on the floor for a while. Then she pushed against the walls and took deep breaths to slowly help herself off the floor and calm herself.

She took her bag and headed downstairs. The second she arrived, Vincent brushed past her in large strides, and then she heard the car engine start. Leila smirked; to think, this man left by himself first and left her to this forsaken place where it would not be easy to hail a cab; he had no class at all.

But, so what? She slightly smiled and readjusted her mood.

At the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office of Municipal Government.

“Morning, Leila!” Renee greeted as Leila entered.

Leila hurriedly replied, “Morning!”

“Morning, ladies! Want to grab breakfast together?” As soon as Leila arrived at the office and turned on her computer, a tall young colleague entered with a small box of snacks.

“Callum! What are you up to!” Renee frankly said outright.

“What! What makes you say that, Renee?” Callum said with a smile as he raised his eyebrows.

Leila knew this man was a colleague over at the Economic & Technology Department of the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office.

“Before Leila arrived, you didn’t even come to ask me to get breakfast together. Looking at this timing, don’t think I don’t know what you’re up to!” Renee squinted her eyes as if she already clearly saw through everything.

“I already ate!” Leila was in no mood to eat at all.

“Hmph! Renee, how about we eat together?” Callum seemed a bit disappointed but he didn’t show it. He quickly glanced at Leila, then looked over at Renee.

“Sorry, I already ate too!” Renee folded her arms and smirked.

“Fine, I’ll eat by myself!” Callum embarrassingly laughed.

Leila laughed and sat down at her seat. The second she did, the pain between her legs made her slightly frown.

Callum was on his way out as he caught sight of Leila frown and her face was pale white. Out of concern, he asked her, “Leila, are you feeling alright?”

“No, I’m fine!” She smiled and shook her head in a polite yet distant manner.

“Alright, I’m off to eat and work, then.” Callum said as he sprinted out.

“Ugh! Leila, you’d better stay away from that guy. He likes to hit on all the pretty girls. You’d better be careful!” Renee kindly warned Leila.

“Thanks!” Leila thought to herself, how could such a straightforward girl who speaks her mind last in a government agency? Doesn’t she know better how to protect herself? “We’re all colleagues!”

Upon hearing her say this, Renee was stumped for a second, and she looked at Leila. Then she laughed out loud and said, “Right! We’re all colleagues, so it’s better we unite and work together! I shouldn’t be badmouthing others behind their back! Don’t mind me!”

“Hah!” Leila shook her head and laughed, “You’re too cute!”

She didn’t expect Renee to be this straightforward.

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"Is this a compliment or sarcasm?" Renee asked rhetorically.

"Compliment from my heart!"

"Thanks, I think I'm cute too!" Renee nodded smugly, "For your compliment, I'll treat you to lunch!"

Unable to resist Renee's warm invitation, Leila had no choice but to join her for lunch at noon, but just as they were walking out the door, she received a message from an unknown number - Let's eat together at noon?! Callum!

"Uh!" Leila was startled and looked at the message in a daze.

"You've an appointment?" Renee asked.

"No!" Leila decided to ignore it, but as soon as they walked out of the office, they bumped into Callum.

"Two beautiful ladies, how about having lunch together?"

"We're going to Seah Restaurant, can you afford to treat us to this meal as a civil servant?" Renee raised an eyebrow.

Callum also smiled and raised his eyebrows, "Just give me a chance, how do you know I can't afford it?"

"Haha! Well, Leila, let Callum treat us to lunch, it's only on me tomorrow!"

So Leila and Renee went to Seah Restaurant by Callum's car.

In the window seat, Renee sat like a leader drinking tea and not forgetting to lecture Callum. "I want sea cucumbers, and I want them wild, not cultivated, and not even semi-cultivated. Leila, what about you?"

"Shrimp dumplings!" Leila said faintly. It suddenly occurred to her that she had also ordered a plate of shrimp dumplings when she had dinner with Vincent yesterday. It seemed that she always liked such simple things. They were economical, not flashy, but they could appease the hunger.

The three of them sat around the table. After Leila said lightly, she also picked up her cup and took a sip of tea. Her line of sight drifted inadvertently to the side, and she happened to see a tall man getting out of a car through the glass window - Vincent.

And from the passenger seat of his car came down a woman wearing a white dress. She was dressed to the nines, with long hair cascading over her shoulders, looking slight and delicate, a typical classic beauty.

Vincent seemed to feel someone looking at him. He turned his eyes and saw Leila inside the glass window. They looked at each other through the glass window, and he froze slightly, then his eyes sharpened.

Leila felt a chill in her heart when she saw Vincent shift his gaze and looked at Callum across from her with a frighteningly cold gloomy expression. Renee, on the other hand, was nowhere to be seen now,

and it seemed that only she and Callum were at this table. She felt something wrong with the atmosphere, and the hair on the back of her neck couldn't help but stand up in fear.

Her heart pounded with trepidation and she withdrew her gaze.

At that moment, the woman in white also walked up to Vincent's side and they walked into the restaurant. Judging from this scene, they should be familiar with each other. After they walked into the restaurant, Vincent darted his gaze toward Leila again. Then Leila saw him striding in her direction, and her heart beat like a drum...

Vincent's hawk-like sight almost saw through Leila's mind, her heart was trembling, but fortunately she had long practiced the skill of not showing her emotions, so her nervousness didn't show on her face, and she just quickly bowed her head and took a sip of tea.

Vincent stared fixedly at her, his gaze so scorching that Leila's heart beat several beats faster. Even with her head down, she could still feel his gaze.

"Would you guys like something to drink?" Renee walked over with a bottle of yogurt, asking as she walked, her voice quite high.

Not knowing whether it was because Renee came over suddenly or for some other reason, Vincent turned his body after walking to the seat next to them and stopped at another table. Then he extended his hand and made a gentleman's invitation to the woman behind him, while the woman in white smiled and sat down.

Vincent also sat down and looked across the table at Leila.

"Leila, what would you like to drink?" Callum asked with concern.

"No, I'm fine with tea!" Leila smiled, and as soon as she looked up and made eye contact with Vincent, who was sitting across the table, she abruptly averted her gaze.

'I'm screwed.'

Leila thought to herself. Throughout this meal, she would see Vincent across the table whenever she looked up. Even though they were separated by two tables and by Callum, she was still easily affected by the high-wattage aura projected by Vincent, feeling panicked and uneasy.

'I'm screwed', 'I'm really screwed', these two phrases kept tossing and turning in Leila's mind, haunting and tormenting her again and again.

"Didn't you sleep well yesterday?!" Callum looked at the absent-minded Leila and asked with some worries.

"Yeah, I slept late yesterday." Leila nodded politely, not daring to look at Vincent at all.

In fact, it wasn't that she hadn't slept well last night, but that she had been forced to have sex with Vincent this morning. Now, she felt like a chewed rag and was very uncomfortable. Especially when she met Vincent, she was so frightened that her face blanched, and others would have thought she was not feeling well at first glance.

"It's good for your health to go to bed early and get up early." Callum spoke with the appearance of an elder.

"Ok!" Leila nodded absentmindedly.

"Chronic insomnia can lead to endocrine disorders, if you still have insomnia afterwards, try practicing yoga!" Renee proposed aside.

"Alright!" Leila nodded good-naturedly again.

She glanced at the opposite Vincent inadvertently and saw a flicker of light flash across his eyes. She immediately withdrew her gaze while the slender white figure wavered before her eyes.

Alas!

He really was a womanizer, how come the Mr. White she used to know wasn't like this? At least he was never like this in public. Did he hide the real him too well, or did she simply never know him?

"What do you want to eat?" Leila heard Vincent ask the woman in white in a low, gentle voice.

"Same as before!" The woman's voice was gentle and cool, like a stream in the mountains, sweet to the soul.

She wasn't the kind of woman who hooked up with Vincent; on the contrary, she was elegant and well-bred. So Leila concluded that this woman in white must occupy a very important position in Vincent's heart.

"You're still so persistent!" Vincent said again.

"Leila, what you ordered is too simple, how about we have hairy crabs? You and Renee are both too skinny, you both need to fatten up with dietary supplements in a hurry!" Callum's voice drowned out the voices from the opposite table, interrupting Leila's desire to continue listening, and she immediately looked up.

"Thanks!"

She could feel Vincent fixing her with an unwavering gaze as he sat at the opposite table, talking to the waiter about something.

"I'm going to the washroom!" Leila smiled at Renee and Callum.

She had suddenly lost her appetite, but she didn't want to look across the table at Vincent in such a formal way. She had no choice but to escape temporarily. As soon as she got up, Vincent also stood up after ordering and said to the woman in white, "I'll be back soon!"

The two walked almost one after the other in the direction of the washroom.

When Leila walked to the washroom, she didn't go in as she hadn't intended to go to the washroom in the first place. She just stood by the window and sighed.

"Who's that guy?" The sudden voice from behind almost scared Leila out of her wits. She turned around abruptly and her heart nearly jumped out of her chest from the shock of the man standing just out of reach behind her.

"Mr...Mr. White?"

Vincent wrapped his arms around his chest, his dark eyes shining with an unfathomable light, then stared closely at the terrified pretty face. "What are you afraid of? Are you so scared because you've done something against your conscience? Did you give your virginity to that guy?"

Something against her conscience?!

Leila swore she'd never done it in her life. Her virginity? Haha, she pulled her lips up in a forced smile.

"Mr. White, I'm going back!"

When she saw Vincent staring at her with the look of questioning a criminal, she felt uncomfortable all over and was surprised that he had followed her here. Apparently, he hadn't meant to come to the washroom either, but simply followed her.

"Is it him or not?" Vincent's questioning voice was tinged with a surge of anger.

"Does it make a difference who it is?" Leila asked rhetorically. "Anyway, my virginity, it's not given to you!"

"Good! Very good!" His voice went cold.

Leila's breathing, which had just slowed down, tensed up again under the gaze of those dark, handsome eyes.

Vincent's sexy lips pursed into a line, staring fixedly at her somewhat nervous and flushed pretty face. She was really bold, and she actually had the audacity to give her virginity to another man after he had examined her.

"I will pretend not to know you in front of your friends, and please respect me. Let's each live our own private lives and not interfere too much with each other!" When Leila saw that he didn't say anything, she added and turned to leave, only to have him grab her wrist.

"Let go of me!" Leila whimpered.

"I ask you one last time, who exactly you gave your virginity to?!"

"Go find it yourself if you can! I, even if I die, won't tell you!" Leila snorted coldly and said stubbornly.

Vincent's eyes narrowed slowly, his gaze locked on her brow.

While Leila's big eyes shone with a stubborn and defiant chilling light. Her lips pursed unconsciously, and she raised her head unhurriedly and looked him straight in the eye.

"Mr. White, let go of me, please don't let your date misunderstand!"

Vincent's eyes were stunned, and a hint of playfulness appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Leila was taken aback by his playful expression and felt a sudden pang of agitation in her heart, inexplicably unusual.

"So you won't misunderstand?" He asked rhetorically.

"Mr. White, I know you're not sincere in marrying me. Our marriage was just a deal. No matter how stupid or foolish I am, I know you never considered me as your wife. Maybe I'm just a pawn in your hand, what do you expect a pawn to do?" Leila said without condescension, her expression serious and calm.

Vincent looked at the woman in front of him. Her calm face was tinged with a hint of flush, her body was slender, her hair was tied in a simple ponytail, and her long bangs covering her big eyes. There was still some soft hair hanging from her cheeks, but she exuded arrogance and assertiveness all over her body; she was not at all the well-behaved and soft person he had imagined her to be. She was like a sapling growing in a rocky crevice at the top of a cliff, with tenacious vitality and the inner roots many times longer than the visible trunk.

"Vincent?!" Suddenly came a cool female voice, and Vincent let go of Leila's hand and slowly turned around.

And Leila also saw the woman in white, who was approaching with a noble smile on her face.

Leila gave no reaction, fortunately Vincent was stout and she was petite enough to turn sideways, pretending she didn't know Vincent and walked past him.

"Why are you coming over?" Vincent said to the woman in white.

The woman in white seemed to sense something and reacted almost instinctively as she stepped forward to hold Vincent's hand. When she noticed Vincent's gaze falling on Leila, who was walking by, she took Vincent's arm and shook it, whining, "I noticed you hadn't been back for so long, so I came to call you! The food is already served! Aren't you hungry?"

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Vincent White looked at her and did not express anything on his face. "Let's go to eat now!"

The woman grabbed Vincent's arm and went back to the dining table. Vincent inadvertently looked at Leila Hunter who had already seated. Meanwhile, Callum West was helping her to get some food. "Leila, you need to eat more since you are too skinny!"

Vincent noticed her facial expression with his sharp eyes.

Leila lowered her head habitually but she still felt Vincent's scorching eyes that were coming from a distance.

"Thank you. I can do it myself!" said Leila. She did not eat the food given by Callum but picked up other food by herself.

“Can you give me some food too!” Renee Byrne noticed that Callum was embarrassed so he said it immediately.

“Alright!” Callum helped Renee to get some food.

“Leila, I heard that you are married? Is it real that your husband is a group’s director?” Meanwhile, Renee asked suddenly.

Leila was stunned and the men sitting at the next table were stunned too.

“Leila, have you married for real?” Callum put down the chopsticks and his eyes were gloomy.

“This crab is really good, you all should give it a try.” Leila did not answer the question but changed the subject.

She could feel the attention from all the directions where the people around were staring at her as if they wanted to know her thoughts. She did not like to become the focus and be stared at by others especially when things came to personal matters.

Leila started to put down the chopsticks and pried open the crab shells with her hands.

“Let’s eat. It is really good. The crab is fleshy and tender!” Callum knew that Leila did not want to speak more about that so he did not ask continuously but just smiled elegantly.

Renee said, “If it were me, I will definitely look for a rich bachelor so I can rely on him for the whole lifetime. There is no need for me to work and sleep until I wake up naturally. After that, I can do facials and go shopping too. What a pleasant day like that!”

“You? Impossible!” Callum sneered at him.

“Callum, do not underestimate others!” Renee said it powerfully.

Leila smiled and did not say anything. Without noticing, she saw Vincent then felt worried in her inner side so she pulled the crab forcefully by accident. At that moment, the crab’s leg was pierced into her delicate skin.

“Ah!”

“Ah! Wound!” Callum immediately held her hands and asked, “Why are you so careless, are you fine?”

While saying, he helped Leila to wipe away the blood with a piece of tissue.

“Oh my god! This meal causes your bleeding, are you alright?” said Renee.

“Nothing, I am fine for real.” Leila pulled back her hand and wiped her hand with the tissue.

“Vincent, why don’t you eat?” The lady in white noticed that Vincent lost his attention so she regained Vincent’s attention immediately. Meanwhile, she looked in the direction of Leila.

Vincent smiled and took the chopsticks to eat while looking at the dining table placed next inadvertently. Then, he paused and waved his hand to look for the waitress. He said softly to the waitress and then she nodded. She looked at Leila before she left.

After a while, the waitress took two band-aids and said, "Miss, a man gives these to you!"

At that moment, Callum, Leila and Renee were stunned.

Leila looked in the direction of Vincent subconsciously and he looked at her with his sharp eyes. The blinking of his eyes made her tremble as if they were devil's eyes. She did not feel grateful but disdainful.

"Which man?" Renee asked curiously.

"The man said that he is the most important person to miss!" The waitress smiled and left.

Leila took a deep breath and was stunned. She silently looked at Vincent who sat at the opposite site across a table.

As for him, his scorching eyes met her in the air. The shine refracted from his deep eyes made her feel that she was stabbed so she immediately moved away her eyes and lowered her head.

"Vincent, why don't you eat?" The woman was confused.

"Let's eat! My appetite today is extremely great!" There was Vincent's voice from the next table.

Under Vincent's sharp eyes, Leila almost did not eat anything during the meal and she kept silent most of the time. She only answered Callum and Renee's questions and she kept a low profile all the way.

When she got off from work in the afternoon, she stepped out from the entrance of the office of Municipal Government. Meanwhile, a car passed by her side, and the window had been rolled down. Callum, who was in the car, said, "Leila, where are you going? I can fetch you!"

Leila was stunned and smiled politely then shook her head. "No, it's okay, thank you. I have something else to do!"

"I can fetch you there!" Callum was still very friendly.

"It's okay for real!" Leila shook her head.

She knew her identity, married.

She did not want to cause any trouble because she already felt uneasy recalling the night that she lost her virginity. When she thought of it, she could not bear from shivering.

"I will not do anything to you!" Callum did not know anything and whenever he looked at Leila's eyes, he felt that they were gloomy. She was like a female main character in the innocent comic who had a pair of beautiful eyes and the others would come to care for her.

The moment when she wanted to reject him, she saw a familiar car coming from a near distance. It was Bugatti!

Leila raised her head to have a look at it but she could not see the inner side because all the windows were black and coated with solar film. Meanwhile, her phone rang.

She lowered her head to look at the phone and it was Vincent's phone number. Subconsciously, Leila looked at the Bugatti.

Callum also noticed the car and he frowned.

“Bye!” Leila smiled and answered the phone call. “Hi?!”

“Get in the car!” There was Vincent’s deep voice on the phone.

“It’s okay. I can go back by myself!” Leila did not want to ride in his car.

“I ask you to get in the car!” His tone was getting serious.

“No need!”

“Get in the car!” The same sentence was spoken in a more serious tone and he hung up the phone call.

Leila sighed and walked towards the Bugatti. She opened the car door and got on Vincent’s car.

When Callum saw Leila got on the Bugatti, he squinted his eyes and pressed on the pedal strongly to move the car.

When Leila got in the car, she looked at Vincent’s deep eyes. He gave a sidelong glance to her with a playful smile.

“Mr. White!” Leila said softly.

Vincent was not in a hurry so he asked with a deep voice, “Do you have a close relationship with that guy just now?”

“We are just colleagues!”

Suddenly, Vincent grabbed her waist and pulled it to his side, causing Leila to lean against him. He could smell her fragrant smell and look at her seriously. “The colleague that is special?”

“...” Both of their faces were really close and they could feel the breath of each other. An ambiguous atmosphere lingered around both of them.

“Leila, you make me feel so strange on you. Your surprise is indeed not small, I don’t expect this!” Vincent’s handsomeness expressed his confusion while looking directly into Leila.

He truly did not expect that she would lose her virginity to the other guy. Even after he investigated for a long time, he could not figure out who the guy was.

Vincent’s words made her stunned, “Mr. White, I am Leila always. It’s just that my sister is always the apple of your eyes, that’s all! We are originally strangers. Leila is Leila, always like this!”

“What? After the intimate relationship this morning, you want to get rid of our relationship?” Vincent’s voice was getting louder because he was unpleasant.

Leila curled her lips. Although he was puzzled and did not know what he meant, she said, “Mr. White, our current relationship is just stranger. No matter what happened, it will just remain the same. Even after we have sex, we are still stranger.”

“Stranger that can have sex?” Vincent showed an unknown smile on his face.

He stretched his slender hand and gently touched Leila's chin. He lowered his head to look at her eyes and both of them looked at each other for quite a long time.

"Whatever you say. It is also not impossible to use a 'sex partner' to describe our relationship." Leila felt that she was going to become a statue and Vincent's big eyes were engulfing her souls with a fascinating power.

"Don't you want to marry me?" He frowned even stronger.

"Who doesn't want to marry Vincent? Vincent is the most potential and charming bachelor and countless women would dream to marry him. Why don't I?" Leila asked.

"You are lying!" Vincent looked at Leila's red lips and he did not hesitate to kiss her lips...

Leila did not resist and accepted his kiss.

When Vincent pressed her on the car seat, she suddenly felt flustered.

"If we have sex in front of the office of Municipal Government, your dad will definitely be pleased when he witnesses our conjugal love!" He said the sentences steadily while looking at her deeply.

"No, please don't do that!" Leila did not understand him because the man did not have any omen before doing anything. Ineffably, he came to pick her up from work and did not have further relationships on the wedding night except this morning. Even though he was having lunch with another lady at noon, he came to fetch her now.

Vincent's eyes looked at Leila's shocking face and his eyesight moved downwards from the beautiful neck to the sexy collar bone as well as towering breast...

His breath started to become irregular because her shocking expressions were too sexy until he was having some kind of reaction. It was a different kind of style and temptation.

"Leila, show me your face!" Vincent's eyes were becoming deeper and they were full of desire while his hands were rubbing on Leila's breast.

Leila looked outside subconsciously and she could see the scenery outside clearly. Although she knew that nothing could be seen from the outside, she felt embarrassed and afraid because the car was parked in front of the office of Municipal Government.

She slowly raised her head and could not help but took a deep breath. His appearance was too scary because the fire of desire filled his eyes.

Vincent slowly approached Leila and said word by word near her ears, "Don't you resist?"

"..." Leila pursed her lips and remained speechless.

"What? Aren't you good at pretending?" Vincent smiled coldly and his eyes were full of irony and disdain.

Irony!

Disdain!

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She had already used to his ridicule even since she tried to her sister in getting back the tape.

She told herself to bear with this because she had come a long way. She had to do this for the tape, for the Hunter family, and for the promise she made to her dad that she'll make Vincent fell in love with her, even though she knew that will never happen.

"Yes! I've been pretentious. I had given my virginity to someone else, so what's the point of you checking? No matter how many times you check, it's not there anymore!" She didn't want to be humiliated and threatened by him all the time, that she was willing to end her own life in the worst case scenario. So when she said that, she put on a light smile and looked at him in obstinacy.

Since there was no good in struggling, Leila calmed herself down. She looked at Vincent nonchalantly. His expression at this moment horrified her.

"You've intrigued me!" With that said, Vincent ripped off her shirt and her bare chest was exposed in the air.

"Ah!" Leila was completely flustered and automatically covered her chest. She screamed, "Not here!"

Vincent didn't give her any chance to resist and pressed her hands above her head. "Does it make any difference? It's the same for me as long as this body of yours can satisfy me!"

"No! Mr. White! No!" Facing Vincent, Leila felt an indescribable fear, her hear was racing. Pushing at him, she evaded his gaze and kept on struggling her way out of his confinement.

But the presence of this man in front of her made the air feel denser. She felt suffocated. She knew this devil had brought hell into her life from the day she married him.

"Why not? Hmm? My dear wife, Leila?" Vincent sneered. There were mixed feelings in his gaze. Rage, despise, aversion, and some unfathomable emotions...

Leila was struggling while panting, "Can we go home, Mr. White? Let's not do it here!"

He couldn't help but smirk at her pleading face. He reached out and stroked her hair, then moved down to her cheek and neck...

Suddenly, he locked her neck with his arm. He had an impulse to choke this woman to death right at this moment. He couldn't bear the thought this damn woman gave another man what was supposed to be his.

Soon after, while suppressing his rage, he put on a cold sneer, "You are a woman who cheated on her husband right after the marriage. Is there any place in the world you'll be scared to have sex?"

"Mr. White!" Biting her lip, Leila's face turned pale.

"Interesting, now you're just testing the limit of my patience!" Vincent leaned his robust body against Leila's. With such intimate action, his pheromone made her nervous. With her heart throbbing, she kept on struggling, hoping to keep some distance between them...

Vincent frowned as her mellow body rubbing against his. He didn't expect himself to get aroused by this woman so easily. Her warmth and mellowness were invading his mind and body...

A sense of thrill shot throughout his body like a current. At this moment, his lust grew stronger. He started off just messing around, but now he wanted to do it for real.

"Mr. White, can you please let me off?" She pleaded desperately and just wanted to get out of there. Suddenly, her abdomen rubbed against something hard, it was...

"Trying to seduce me?" Panting, he narrowed his eyes like a beast and locked Leila up with his body. Leaning closer to her ear, he whispered into it with his low raspy voice.

With that said, unbothered with her struggle, he separated her legs with his knee and reached down into her skirt and yanked away her underwear.

"No!" Leila yelled in fluster.

Without much extra motion, he undid his belt and unveiled his hard-on. Lifting her leg, he thrusted in and owned her relentlessly. Rage drove his lust to the extreme.

"Ouch!" Leila frowned, "Mr. White..."

With burning eyes, he said with a sore voice, "This is not your first time, stop acting chaste!"

"No! Vincent you bastard!" Leila cursed out of rage. She never expected he would force this on her in the car among the crowd of people getting off work.

Knowing there was nothing she could do to resist, she cursed.

"A bitch and a bastard, we're just made for each other!" he said ruthlessly. At this moment, he was like a ferocious beast, ripping off his prey.

On force!

Leila couldn't resist but she refused to enjoy it either. Even though Vincent was good in bed, she wouldn't allow herself to become a lecherous woman. She understood her fear would only make him more excited, so she could only look at him expressionlessly and bearing his rough invasion.

Seeing her obstinate gaze, he narrowed his eyes menacingly.

Leila's reaction obviously stunned him. However, he wasn't upset. A peculiar gaze flashed across his eyes. He never imagined a day would come when a woman was expressionless under him. This hurt his pride as a man.

He thrusted harder and reached deeper into her body. Leila frowned, while the corner of Vincent's lips curled up. The game was just about to begin...

Another forceful invasion made Leila gasped. The following deep offences brought about a strange feeling of pain and pleasure, which Leila couldn't seem to control. Her thoughts started to fall apart...

"Ah...!" As if her body was being ripped apart, she couldn't breathe out of his tyranny and let out a dooming squeal.

“You can scream louder and let everyone know how horny the daughter from Hunter family really is!”
With a mocking smile, Vincent stared at her coldly, bringing her along into the abyss...

No!

She couldn't!

This was a public place, she couldn't act so lecherously! And she couldn't let anyone else see the embarrassing situation she was in this moment! Biting hard on her lip, her nails poked into the skin of Vincent's arm.

She couldn't control the pleasure she was suppressing and bit through her own lip. The smell of blood reeked inside her oral cavity. But even so, she refused to make any sound. Tears of grievance rolled down her cheek. Her body hurt, but what hurt more was her heart...

Even in tears, she chose to keep her mouth shut.

She felt dizzy!

Her dizziness grew with each impact on her body.

But how could she show him her vulnerable side? She forced open her eyes and stared at him.

Vincent suddenly lowered his head and breath heavily onto her face.

She suddenly recalled the scene few years ago when they met for the first time. He smiled at her and greeted, “You're cute, Leila!”

It felt like ages ago. That man with the warm smile was nowhere to be found anymore. He had turned into a devil.

The scene was soon replaced by his blood-thirsty raid. All of a sudden, Leila felt extremely exhausted and gradually closed her eyes, her tears continued to roll...

Before she finally lost her consciousness, she vaguely heard Vincent whispered while biting her earlobe, “You better remember this is what you got for provoking me! Don't let me find out who that guy is, or I'll give him the most painful death!”

She shivered upon the cold threat and fell into the abyss...

The Bugatti dashed under the night sky. Vincent laid his slender fingers on the car window while his other hand was on the steering wheel. Wind ran across his perfectly structured face. He turned to the side and looked at the woman who was in a daze out of exhaustion. There were still traces of tears running down her delicate palm-sized face. She looked vulnerable.

But his face turned grim when he thought about how she gave her virginity to someone else...

Just as he drove into the mansion, he saw a red mini car parking in the yard.

He frowned slightly and pulled up into the yard.

The moment he pulled up, the door of the red car opened and a slender leg emerged. The black high heels and silk stockings were giving off sexy vibes.

Vincent opened the car door and took a glimpse at Leila, who was sleeping on the passenger seat. She was covered by his suit.

“Vincent!” It was none other than Macey.

Vincent put on a long face, raised his brows slightly and said mockingly, “What is Miss Hunter doing here?”

“Vincent!” Macey walked up to him and reached out to take his arm.

But he agilely evaded her hand.

Slightly taken aback and feeling awkward, Macey acted as if nothing happened. “Vincent, you’re now married to Leila, we don’t have anything to do with each other anymore, what about you give me back the tape?”

Vincent looked at her and remained silent.

Leila woke up when Vincent got off the car and slammed the door shut. She raised her head and saw her sister talking with Vincent outside the car.

She then lowered her head and looked at Vincent’s suit covering her body. She thought perhaps she would have to live like a prisoner from now on. There was nothing but hopelessness ahead for her. She knew she would always be at the lower hand in a spar with him.

Slowly picked up her clothes and put them on, she got down the car, stood by the door and greeted, “Hey, Macey!”

When Macey saw Leila, who was wearing Vincent’s suit, her gaze turned menacing and she rolled her eyes.

Leila knew she was mad at her for didn’t manage to get the tape back for her. She sighed helplessly.

She heard Macey saying, “Vincent, with the relationship we had, can’t you give it back to me?”

Vincent said smilingly, “Dear Macey, you’ll be able to live happily if I give it back to you, no? Happiness is not something so easy to attain.”

This was Vincent White! The devil!

Leila stopped walking towards them, while Macey looked at him astonished.

So this was Vincent White, the man who played with people’s emotions and manipulated them relentlessly. Leila turned away slowly when she saw Macey started crying uncontrollably, “I was wrong, Vincent! Please!”

Macey seldom cry, but this was humiliating for her, especially when she was Vincent coming back with Leila. She felt Leila took away the happiness she deserved. All her grievance turned into tears hanging on her long eyelashes, making her already beautiful eyes looked even more appealing.

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“Vincent, couldn’t you give that back to my sister?” Leila couldn’t help but plead again. She hoped for the best even though she knew that he wouldn’t agree to it.

Vincent smiled faintly, he looked at Leila and leered sharply at her. The smile then vanished from his face as if it wasn’t there from the start, “What thing? I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Vincent!” Macey growled.

Vincent looked at Macey, “Oh god, Macey. Why are you crying? Leila and I would be sad seeing you like that.”

Macey felt like a bone was stuck in her throat and she found it hard to breathe, her body trembled as she grunted in a low voice, “Vincent, I beg you...”

“Beg me for what? I have not eaten yet and have no time for you. Also, Leila and I are newlyweds, please stop bothering us and let us enjoy our time together!” he snorted as he paraded slowly towards Leila. He reached out his hand and held her by the shoulder. He pulled her and made her walk into the house together with him.

Leila’s face was as pale as a sheet when Vincent pulled her into his arm. She went along with him into the house and her body was as stiff as a rod. Every step she took was unbelievably agonizing and her heart was filled with despair.

“Vincent, when will you forgive me?” yelled Macey hysterically.

“Depends on my mood!”

“Vincent, why are you being so ruthless?” whispered Leila so that no one else could hear her.

He paused and glanced at Leila who was standing next to him. He then turned around briefly and looked at Macey who was still screaming hysterically. He frowned deeply and the expression on his eyes was wintry, but there was a smirk on his face.

Leila froze up, his expression sent shivers down her spine.

“It’s my fault! Vincent, it’s all my fault. I shouldn’t have betrayed you, that incident shouldn’t have happened. Please forgive me, please let me free!” Macey’s voice turned softer as she begged him.

“She’s begging me, Leila.”

Leila gulped and was speechless. She didn’t reply.

“What should I do? I’m tired of waiting for her to leave!” said Vincent as he smiled handsomely, “I want to do you right now!”

“You!” Leila was taken aback.

He smiled brightly and inched his handsome face closer to her. Leila froze up subconsciously.

Wait, what? Was he planning to do something like that in front of her sister? “No...”

She couldn’t finish her sentence as Vincent swallowed her words.

“You guys, you guys...” Macey was shocked seeing them kissing, her face blanched, “Leila, you’re shameless!”

Because from her point of view, Leila was whispering something to Vincent the whole time.

“No, stop...” Leila tried to resist. Her sister misunderstood her, and she got worried!

But Vincent wasn’t letting her go. He kissed her aggressively on the lips and slipped his hand under her shirt. The suit that was hanging on her shoulder fell to the ground. As the suit fell off her shoulder, Leila’s uncovered upper body was exposed.

“Bastards!” Macey’s eyes were blood-shot. She stomped her foot and went back into her car.

No!

Leila was frightened. She couldn’t let Vincent provoke her sister like this anymore. She struggled hard but he tightened his grip.

The car started, but Vincent was still deepening his kiss. He didn’t care about Leila’s struggle. Her scent made him took a deep breath as if he wanted to ingrain this scent into his body.

Leila clumsily bent over and picked up her clothes on the floor. Her eyes were wide open as she put on the clothes. She bit her red lips and she looked dejected and angry, “Why did you do that? Why are you trying to make her sad?”

Vincent gazed at her without blinking with his keen eyes as if he was trying to read her mind by staring at her face.

“Are you having fun shaming me and my sister?” Leila just only realized that she had involved herself with a demon.

Vincent’s gaze turned frigid. He turned around and strode into the house.

“Stop it, okay?” Leila followed him.

When he got to the living room, he turned around slightly. He glanced at her and said in a low voice, “I’m hungry, go make food!”

Leila was shocked. What did he just say?”

Why did the topic jump so much?

“Go now,” his voice sounded more threatening.

He threatened her with his large stature and glared at her. It was as if the wind rustled.

The atmosphere in the room turned cold, it was comparable to the Siberian cold front crossing.

“Didn’t you hear me?” he questioned her sternly and his eyes were vicious.

“Erm...” Leila pursed her lips as if she was trying to hide something.

He leered at her from above seeing that she wasn’t moving. It was oppressing. From his perspective, Leila looked even smaller. She looked tiny and fragile.

Leila tensed up. She gritted her teeth and pursed her lips. She then finally turned around and went into the kitchen. She was thinking about drugging him. If only she had a bottle of poison with her!

But as she walked into the kitchen, she turned around and looked at him. She had a complicated look on her face, "What do you want to eat?"

"Whatever!" answered Vincent in a low voice. He lighted a cigarette and started smoking.

There were some ingredients in the fridge that was in the kitchen on the first floor. Leila took out some frozen meat and fresh vegetable. She defrosted the meat in the microwave and washed the vegetables. There were lettuces, brinjals and tomatoes.

She put on the apron that was hanging on the wall and cooked some rice. She then took a chef knife and cut the meat into slices. She also cut some garlic, spring onions and gingers. She then took out some eggs and turned on the kitchen hood. She turned on the gas stove and started cooking.

Vincent looked behind him and was staring at Leila who was working in the kitchen through the glass. She was familiar with what she was doing, and she looked like a skilled housewife.

Not long after, two dishes were ready, and she also made some soup. It looked wonderful and appetizing.

She took off the apron and brought the dishes to the table. Vincent turned around and lighted another cigarette.

After she set the table, Leila looked up and looked around for Vincent. He was standing in front of the French window and his side profile made his jawline looked more refined. Even though they were in a large house, all they could hear were each other's soft breathing noises and his on and off cigarette puffing.

For some reason, Leila thought that he looked lonely.

Maybe he was still in love with her sister!

Vincent and Macey were a match made in heaven, but...

As thoughts were running through Leila's head, Vincent turned around elegantly. He looked at her sharply and had an odd expression on his face. She shivered as he looked extremely dangerous.

"The food is ready!" said Leila as she tried to break the silence.

Vincent walked over leisurely with the cigarette between his fingers. As he approached her, Leila suddenly felt nervous. Her face turned pale and she stood there blankly without saying a word.

Vincent looked at Leila who was scared and stiff and he laughed, "Let's eat!"

Leila let out a sigh of relief. As he sat down, she suddenly blurted, "You haven't washed your hands!"

The moment those words got out of her mouth, she wanted to bite her tongue off. It was that kind of situation and that was what she cared about? It was so embarrassing!

Vincent squinted and stared at her, he then laughed. Leila's face turned even redder.

Leila didn't think that he would listen to her and go wash his hands. She was a bit dumbfounded. When he came back, she was still standing there with a blank look on her face.

"Towel!" said Vincent.

"Oh!" Leila quickly went and grabbed a towel and passed it to him.

Vincent stared at her tiny hands as he was going to grab the towel. Just when Leila was about to pull her hands back, he reached out his large hand and grabbed her hand that was holding the towel.

"Ah!" Leila quickly retracted her hand, her heart was beating faster.

"Are you feeling shy?" said Vincent as he laughed. He was getting excited seeing her reaction and he grabbed her hand harder with his heated palm.

"Leila, you better remember that you are Mrs. White right now. If I ever hear you say something to help Macey again, I'll make sure that you end up in a worse situation than her! Also, I haven't completely forgiven you as well!"

She knew that he cared for her sister. She knew that he cared a lot. Because everything he was doing right now had to do with taking revenge on her sister.

She laughed self-deprecatingly. Everything was in his control from the start. No matter what she couldn't get out of his grasp. Leila nodded and said, "I understand!"

He let go of her hand and sat down. He then looked at the dishes on the dining table.

They looked at the food on the table at the same time, "It looks good!"

Leila noticed that Vincent was shocked about it. But well, she wasn't born into a rich family. Unlike him, she was a peasant and had to learn how to cook from a very young age.

She lowered her head as she sat down and ladled Vincent some soup.

It was agonizing, eating at the table in the large dining room in the mansion. They were husband and wife, but it also felt like they were also strangers.

"Not bad!" said Vincent as he nibbled some food. He felt nostalgic as he hadn't had home-cooked food like this in a long time.

"Thank you!" Leila thought about cooking more often for him after hearing him praising her. She looked up hesitantly and glanced at Vincent, but she couldn't say anything. Her words were stuck in her throat.

Vincent then drank some soup and looked at Leila. She tensed up like at tightened guitar string and her breathing hastened as if she was subconsciously worried that he wouldn't like the soup. But after taking a sip and tasting it, he smiled brightly and warmly. It was a genuine smile.

The taste of the soup pleased his tastebuds, he was surprised and said, "I didn't know that you can cook so well!"

Leila was stunned at him praising her in his low tone of voice. She smiled with her eyes and said humbly, "I had to cook when my mom goes to work back then..."

“Do you not hate your father?” asked Vincent after hearing her. He looked up and stared at her, “He made you guys suffer for so many years!”

Leila was taken aback, the twinkle in her large eyes dimmed, “If mom doesn’t hate him, then I don’t either!”

Vincent thought that it was unbelievable. His eyes dimmed. But as he looked up again his eyes were filled with warmth, as if it was an illusion, “So if your mom hates him, you will hate him too?”

“I don’t know!” It wasn’t something that Leila had put much thought into before.

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Thinking about her previous life, Leila's eyes still couldn't help but dim. Yes, she had actually been an illegitimate daughter, and even though she knew that her biological father was Brian, all the outsiders knew that she was the illegitimate daughter of an unknown father. Because of the death of Brian's wife, her mom, who had been Brian's underground lover for many years, finally had the opportunity to become his official wife, and she finally had the honor of being Brian's daughter.

However, she was always Brian's daughter! Although she was an illegitimate daughter, the illegitimate daughter was also his daughter!

But who made her mom fall in love with Brian, who was actually her brother-in-law? Her mom stole Mrs. Hunter's husband, and Mrs. Hunter even sacrificed her life to save her. Therefore, she owed Mrs. Hunter this life, and all she could do was to help Mrs. Hunter guard Macey.

"Little liar!" Vincent snorted coldly.

Leila lowered her head to hide her loss of coolness, tears welling up in her eyes. Yes, if she said she had never blamed her father, how was that possible? And he, on the other hand, could see through her mind so easily.

The atmosphere of the dinner became a little different and no one spoke anymore.

Later, Vincent received a phone call. When he looked at the caller ID, his face clouded over and asked in a deep voice, "What did you say? Alright! I got it. I'll be right there, wait for me!"

Leila didn't know what had happened as she saw Vincent stood up, almost hit the table, and left in a hurry. He didn't even give Leila a second look. She had never seen him in such a hurry before and wondered for a moment what had happened.

So, in this spacious villa, Leila was left alone. She got up and put away the dishes, and after washing the kitchen utensils, she went back to the room alone. She laid down on the bed, with her eyes open. This night, she spent most of the night with her eyes open looking at the ceiling, with no intention of sleeping.

It had been three days since Vincent left that day, and the weekend came in a flash.

Leila hadn't seen him or received a single phone call from him in the past few days. After work, Renee asked her to go shopping at the mall.

"Wow!" Hearing an exclamation from Renee, she then ran to a brand store at the speed of a hundred meter sprint and pointed to a white dress on the model under the light. She shook her head uncontrollably and exclaimed, "Wow! Leila, look at this dress. It's so beautiful, you must look like a princess in it."

Leila looked at the dress and nodded. "Yes, it's very beautiful!"

"Miss, we would like to try on this dress!" Renee said to the sales lady.

Leila thought Renee was going to try on the dress and headed for a lounge chair. But when she was about to sit down, she didn't expect Renee to give her the dress. "Go in and try it on!"

"Uh!" Leila shook her head and said to Renee, "I'm not buying a dress!"

"This dress is perfect for you, listen to me! It really suits you!" Renee's excessive enthusiasm left Leila with nothing to say but to let Renee push her into the fitting room.

Yes! This dress was so beautiful! After wearing it, her temperament completely changed and she became a lovely princess.

She squirmed and walked out of the fitting room.

"Ah...You're so beautiful!" Renee almost screamed.

The sales lady also came over with a smile. "Yes, Miss, this dress is so suitable for you. It seems to be specially tailored for you!"

"Just buy it!" Renee suggested excitedly.

"How much is it?" Leila thought it shouldn't be cheap, the clothes in this store were all exquisite.

"Miss, this dress is our new arrival and there is only one in the whole F city. Its price is 9,800 yuan!" The sales lady introduced it with a very professional smile. "It is definitely worth more than its cost!"

When Leila heard the price, she almost fainted. The price was equivalent to several months of her salary, "Uh! No, I can't afford it!"

She was honest.

"Leila, why don't you buy it? This dress is well worth its value. You can ask your husband to buy it for you!"

Renee said, "Isn't he a corporate tycoon? By the way, Leila, I heard that Vincent is your husband, is this rumor true?"

Leila twitched the corner of her lips awkwardly and shook her head.

When the sales lady saw that she couldn't afford it, her face immediately changed, "Miss, if you don't want to buy it, please take it off!"

Although the sales lady's tone was wrong, she didn't go too far; however, Renee felt offended.

"Hey! Who says we can't afford it? Leila, call your husband! I want to know who your husband is too! See if the rumors are true?"

When Leila was about to speak, she heard a softly spoken voice from behind. "Vincent, this dress is so beautiful, I love it so much!"

"Then buy it!" A low and familiar male voice followed.

Leila was stunned as she saw in the mirror a slender figure walking towards the store with an elegant stride.

With a "buzz", Leila felt a thunderbolt explode in her mind, followed by a blank in front of her eyes.

She saw Vincent, and by his side, a willowy beauty was holding his arm. It was another unfamiliar woman. When they stood together, the handsome man and the beautiful woman were really a pair of perfect couples, so dazzling that others couldn't open their eyes.

Renee and the sales lady's attentions were drawn to them.

Leila kept looking at Vincent's face from the mirror, and he glanced as if unconsciously into Leila's eyes in the mirror. His eyes went cold, flickering with a certain shimmer, but still remaining his composure. Slowly, a grim smile emerged on his lips.

Leila was flustered and immediately lowered her head.

"Vincent, I want to buy the dress she is wearing!" The beauty said to the sales lady.

"Okay, then I'll take this dress she's wearing!" Vincent's voice was low and clear.

Leila instantly came back to her senses, he wanted her to take off this dress because he wanted to buy it for another woman? A self-deprecating smile appeared on her lips as she quickly lowered her head and said, "I'll change it right away!"

She walked into the fitting room and changed into her own clothes. Leila hooked up the corner of her lips gently, he pretended not to know her, and she could also pretend not to know him. She still had that quality.

She took a deep breath and thought to herself, 'don't think too much, Leila, it's no big deal!' Then she took the dress and walked out of the fitting room.

"Leila, let's buy it, I'll buy it for you!" Renee was irritated, "You look beautiful in this dress, let's buy it!"

With that, Renee gave a disdainful glance at the woman beside Vincent, snorted and took out her purse.

"No! I don't want it!" Leila didn't expect Renee to do that and immediately drew the dress back to stop her from paying. "Renee, thank you!"

"Vincent, will I look good in this dress?" The beauty asked Vincent.

"Sure! You'll look good in anything!" Vincent's voice was gentle and affectionate.

Leila didn't look at her, and as she was about to hand the dress to the sales lady, a slender arm unexpectedly stretched out in front of her. His slender fingers were right in front of her eyes, and Leila handed the dress over.

"Miss, thank you!" Vincent said.

Leila lifted her head with some surprise and met Vincent's dark eyes, which were as unfathomable as a whirlpool in the deep sea. His nose bridge was high, his thin lips pursed into a sulking curve, and his black suit outlined his well-built and robust body.

They hadn't seen each other for three days, and he was still as handsome as ever. She thought he was busy with work, but she didn't expect him to meet with his lover secretly. Facing his impeccable face, she knew Vincent had the capital to do whatever he wanted.

"Sir, you're welcome!" Leila said indifferently.

Their tone sounded as if they were strangers, and no one could tell that they were actually newlyweds, not even that they knew each other.

"Vincent, I'm going to try on this dress! Thank you!" The beauty smiled delicately, took the dress, printed a kiss on Vincent's cheek, and went to the fitting room.

Renee also came back to her senses and pouted. She was a little stunned just now as this man looked familiar to her, but she couldn't remember who he was for a while, so she kept thinking. Seeing that the beauty was going to buy the dress, she nudged Leila, "What a pity! This dress is so beautiful, but it's actually going to be worn by a mistress. Leila, this dress really suits you, why don't you let me buy it?!"

Leila's gaze still fell on Vincent, she hadn't recovered from when the beauty kissed him just now.

Vincent's eyes locked on Leila's face, and slowly, his lips curled up playfully.

"Leila?" Renee nudged Leila with her elbow again.

"Uh! Let's go!" Leila was finally brought to her senses and pulled Renee towards the escalator in the mall.

"Hey! Leila, that man looks so familiar, who is he? He looks rich, and I can tell that woman must be his mistress. It's disgusting that a prostitute actually wears such an elegant dress. She fucking ruined the designer's elaborate design! The moral degradation of this world is getting worse day by day! Yuck!" Renee cursed spitefully as she walked.

Leila smiled. "Let's go, I'll treat you to dinner!"

"The dress has been bought by the mistress, you are still in the mood to eat? Such a handsome man has also been ruined by the mistress, how you can still be in the mood to eat!" Renee rolled her eyes.

"Food is the paramount necessity of the people," Leila said with a smile. "Eating is important!"

"Alright!"

They went to the restaurant on the first floor, found a seat and started to order.

"That man just now is so familiar, how come I can't remember?" Renee frowned, still racking her brains.

Leila indulged herself in the deliciousness of the food, but she had no idea what it really tasted like.

"Ah - isn't he Vincent?" Renee suddenly exclaimed. "That's right, isn't that man Vincent? No wonder he looks so familiar! Leila, there is rumor that he is your husband, is it true?"

Leila nearly choked to death with her startled scream. "Shhh!"

"Oh! Damn, he's actually keeping a woman, Leila, you..." Renee's gaze towards Leila began to be filled with sympathy and pity.

"How could he do that?"

"Let's eat!" Leila smiled, obviously not wanting to mention it.

Her silence made Renee at a loss for words. She felt like comforting her, but she actually didn't know what she should say when she saw Leila being so calm.

After dinner, the time was already 8:00 p.m. After bidding farewell to Renee, Leila went to take the bus and had to walk some distance.

Leila was walking along the street and with a loud bang, a car seemed to lose control. It almost crashed over and she didn't notice, but fortunately the driver reacted quickly. The car skidded, and at the moment it was about to hit Leila, there was a creak and then the car brushed against Leila

"Bang -" Leila was hit by the car and her whole body fell backwards. The scene was a mess and all the chaos stopped after a few seconds.

"Ouch...hurt...It hurts..." Leila curled her body by the street.

The driver in the car also hadn't recovered from the fright. He actually had a flat tire!

The driver was actually Julian, who didn't notice that the person he had knocked down was Leila, and it was only when he got out of the car in shock to check the woman's injuries that he realized it was Leila.

"Leila?!"

"Ah, she's bleeding...hurry up and send her to the hospital." A passerby next to her shouted nervously, while taking out his cell phone to call an ambulance. "Hello, here is XX road, someone was hit by a car over here, please send an ambulance!"

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"It hurts!" Leila whimpered.

"Are you alright? Leila?" Julian asked nervously while checking her injuries.

"I'll take you to the hospital!" Julian could no longer listen to what other people had to say and made a move to carry her.

"Don't touch her first, see if there are any broken bones?" Someone in the background said.

"If I can't touch her, what should I do if she continued bleeding?" Julian was getting even more anxious.

"There should not be any bones that are broken!" Leila said with a frown. Although it was really painful, she could still move her hands and legs, the injuries were not that serious.

"I'll take you to the hospital, let's get you checked first. Leila, are you really sure that your bones are not fractured?" Julian carefully held her shoulders as he looked down with a worried expression and asked, only to notice that Leila's face was very pale, eighty percent of it was caused by the scare she got.

"I should be fine, just help me get up!" She could not tell where her body was hurt as it seemed like every part of her body felt pain. Her forehead was bleeding from the fall, her arms were all scraped, and the stinging pain at her ankle made Leila so uncomfortable that she could not open her eyes. Her hand grabbed onto Julian's arm to try to stand up.

"Alright!" Julian supported her and pulled her up. "How is it? Does it hurt?"

"Just a bit, it's okay!" Leila replied in an incomparably weak voice, it sounded so fragile as if she was about to die, it was frightening.

Julian's dark eyes narrowed as he moved her body over and wrapped his arms around her to carry her, "Let's go to the hospital first."

The hospital.

Leila was sent into the emergency room for a thorough examination.

By the time she came out, it had been half an hour. The wound on her forehead was cleaned, the scrapes on her body were also cleaned and medicated. The good thing was that it was only a soft tissue contusion and her bones were not broken. The doctor suggested her to stay overnight for further observation to prevent a concussion from happening.

"There is no need, I want to go back!" Leila said to the doctor. "I'm really fine!"

"How is this fine? You have to stay in the hospital for further observation, just listen to the doctor!" Julian held her down on the hospital bed. "If the doctor says you are fine tomorrow, only then we can go back!"

"There really is no need!" Leila stared at him with her beautiful eyes wide open. This was because she did not expect that it was Julian who had injured her in the first place.

"Just do as you're told, and let my conscience be at peace, otherwise I might not even sleep well tonight!" As Julian's hands were on the edge of the bed, he leaned down and his sharp gaze was focused on her. "And, I'm sorry, the car had a flat tire, and I could not control it!"

"Alright!" Leila could only nod in agreement when she saw how earnestly he said it.

"Are you sure that you are all right?" He moved closer to her.

"Uh... I ..." His sudden approach appalled her. Leila, whom was lying on the white hospital bed, retracted back, her small hands gripping on the edge of the quilt. "I'm okay... I'm sure I'll be fine!"

"Do you want to give a call to your family?" Julian asked.

“No, there’s no need!” Leila shook her head; Vincent was going to be with his lover tonight. Today, in the mall, she saw him with a beautiful woman so she thought that he will not return home tonight, since he had not returned home for three days straight already.

“Don't you need to tell your family that you’re not going back home tonight?” Julian saw that she was struggling through her eyes.

“There’s no need!” Her mother will worry if she told her and Vincent did not care about her, so there's no need. “You leave first, I promise I won't leave the hospital tonight and I'll wait until tomorrow!”

“No matter how we look at this matter, I am still the perpetrator, I have to take responsibility!” Julian pulled a chair beside him and sat down. “Do you want me to compensate you?”

“Uh!” Leila was shocked, she shook her head. “I don't think you need to! Didn't you pay for the medical expenses already?”

“I thought you will take the opportunity to scam me!” Julian snickered.

“Did I give off an expression that I had to ask you for compensation?” Leila asked rhetorically.

“No!” Julian was also shocked, and then he continued laughing.

Leila’s phone happened to ring at that moment, she looked down and wanted to get the phone. However, it was a little bit inconvenient for her with the IV drip attached to her hand, and her phone happened to be in the pocket of her pants on the right side of the IV.

“I'll get it for you!” Julian volunteered as he lifted up the thin blanket, and his long fingers reached into her pocket.

Leila’s face turned red, but Julian did not notice it. After taking the phone out, he saw the name of the person displayed on the screen was in one word - Vincent.

Although his gaze narrowed a little bit unnaturally, he handed the phone to her. “Here!”

“Thanks!” Leila took over the phone and as soon as she saw the caller’s name on it, her whole body shivered. She almost dropped the phone in fear, why did he call her?

Her panic was seen in Julian’s eyes, he gently pulled the corners of his lips and turned his eyes to the window. “Do you want me to go back?”

“No, there's no need!” Leila shook her head and answered the phone. “Hello?!”

“Why don't you come back here, it’s already so late?” Vincent’s deep voice could be heard from the other end, and he was obviously annoyed. “I haven't eaten yet, come back and cook for me!”

After only saying that sentence, he quickly hung up the phone.

Leila did not had time to explain anything, she could only stare at her phone in a daze. ‘He had gone home? Isn't he shopping with a beautiful woman?’ she thought. Looking at the IV bottle, she also could not leave immediately.

Putting the phone on the pillow, Leila remained silent.

Julian also remained silent, the atmosphere around them turned a bit strange. After a long time, Julian's sharp eyes fell on Leila's face and he finally spoke, "Leila, how about letting me hit on you?"

Leila was stunned, and her hand unconsciously grabbed the quilt. "You, what are you joking about?"

"Do you think this is a joke?" Julian looked at Leila with unblinking eyes, "Do I look cynical to you?"

Leila glanced at him, a light and elegant smile appeared on her thin face. Her soft smile was like a flower blooming on the top of a cliff, ethereal and beautiful, making her small face instantly becoming

incomparably dazzling. "You look in my eyes, there is no love and desire in it, so surely this must be a joke, right? You want to cheer me up? Oh... I'm happy, there is no need for you to do so."

Julian was dumbfounded for a moment; he did not expect her to say so. "You... really are unique!"

Leila continued to smile, the kind of smile that gave off a feeling of reassurance to anyone who saw it.

For a moment, Julian was captivated by her smile, uh! No, he was dumbfounded by her words.

Seeing that he was not say anything, Leila changed the topic, "Is Vincent your senior?"

Julian nodded, his eyes were looking away, as if he was recalling the past. "Yeah, he was my senior in college!"

Speaking of him, Julian's gaze could not help but soften a bit, "He was a legend, he did his homework, his was great in sport and so was his exam results, he was multi-talented. He was also the school president. We always thought he would enter politics after graduation. However, we did not expect him to start a career by doing business. After just six to seven years, he became very successful in the business world, squeezing himself into the world's top five hundred businessman."

It seemed that when it came to talking about Vincent, Julian's tone is full of praise.

Leila also nodded her head, "I didn't expect you and him to be schoolmates!"

Julian pulled his lips. "Both men and women in our school love him!"

"Both men and women love him?" Leila was surprised.

"There were men whom fell in love with him!" Julian's gaze fell on Leila's small face, and when he saw her stunned expression, he laughed. "You don't believe me?"

Leila swallowed her saliva. "No! I do believe so!"

She almost choked on her own saliva, knowing that he was loved by men was too shocking. "How many men like him?"

"At least two to three!" Julian had a profound smile on his face, his deep gaze quietly focused on at Leila's small face, seemingly observing every expression on her face.

"He really was popular!" After muttering to herself, Leila closed her mouth and stopped talking.

After another hour, the IV drip was almost finished when the phone rang again. The one who called her was still Vincent. "Why haven't you come back yet? Are you meeting your lover in private? Come back home to me immediately!"

"Sorry, I can't go back for now!" Leila looked at the IV bottle, remembering that the nurse had said she had to put on one more IV drip.

"Come back immediately!" He still did not give her a chance to explain and he quickly hung up the phone.

Leila bit her lips, as if she had made up her mind. "I have to go back! I don't want to put on and IV drip anymore."

As soon as Julian heard that she wanted to leave again, he immediately stopped her. "No, what if something goes wrong after you leave like this?"

"Don't worry, you don't have to be responsible if something happens later, I'm fine!" Leila smiled. "Quickly call the nurse!"

After looking at Leila with a serious look, Julian still shook his head. "What kind of person disregards your safety like that? Give me the phone!"

With that, Julian grabbed Leila's phone and immediately helped her turn it off.

"This-" Leila was dumbfounded, she gritted her teeth and said, "This won't work, I want to go back!"

"Don't go anywhere, you must finish the IV drip first!" Julian's voice couldn't help but turned deeper, it added on to his seriousness.

For a moment, Leila looked at Julian and saw the seriousness in his eyes, she suddenly felt sad in her heart. Why could even a stranger care about herself like this, while Vincent would not?

"You can only leave after finishing the IV drip!" Julian's tone eased down and he sat on the stool by the hospital bed.

"Then give me back my phone and let me send a message first!" Leila's tone was a bit anxious because Vincent's tone at the phone just now was clearly impatient, and she did not want to anger him.

After looking at Leila seriously, Julian finally handed the phone over. "You can only send one message!"

Leila saw the concern in his eyes and felt warm in her heart. She smiled and nodded. She then took a deep breath, grabbed the phone and started pressing the message, "Mr. White, I have overtime today, so I will be return home late, I am sorry."

After pressing the short sentence, Leila was mentally exhausted. She was afraid that Vincent would be angry and she did not want him to be angry. After turning off the phone, she put the phone on the table and smiled at Julian, "The phone had been turned off!"

"That's the right thing to do!" Julian nodded while feeling a bit guilty. "I'm really sorry for what happened today!"

"I can't blame you either, it was an accident after all!" Leila giggled and smiled.

The IV drip took most of the night and they had to wait until it was almost midnight to finish it.

Leila thought that she had turned off the phone without following Vincent's orders, wondering what he would do?

She opened the phone and realized that there were actually three missed calls on it. After checking on the logs, she realized that it was Vincent who called her those three times/

Her heart suddenly pumped fast and she started to get anxious.

"I'll send you back!" Julian waved his hand to called over the taxi that was parked at the hospital's entrance.

'I'll take a taxi and go back by myself!' Leila did not want to bother anyone.

"This will not do, you were injured by me, I have the responsibility to send you back. Other than that, if you think something is wrong, call me to inform me, I will not be person who will hit and run!" Julian said with a smile on his face.

"It will be fine!" She was just a bit shocked. Although she had some bruises, no bones were fractured so there was no need for him to do so. She was not someone who will rely on others.

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"Let's go, I will be more relieved by sending you back!"

Leila's small hand clutching her phone but she dared not to call Vincent as she was really afraid of his anger.

Julian Gordon got off the car before he took care of Leila getting off when both of them reached the villa. "Make sure you don't forget to take anti-inflammatory medicine, even though it's a small wound, you still need to take some antibiotics!"

"Thank you for sending me back!" Leila nodded her head.

"Good night!" Julian waved his hand and his eyes purposely looking into the direction of the villa before he got into the car.

Standing at the door where the lights in the villa's lobby were on, Leila took a deep breath, sensing that there would be something happening to her, yet, she still pushed the door open and walked in.

There was a smell of tobacco and immediately, she felt an oppressive pressure around her which was even more depressing.

Leila subconsciously looked at the sofa where Vincent in his casual white top and beige trousers sitting there with a lazy posture. Yet, he was holding a cigarette between his long fingers while looking at her with his cold and sharp eyes.

Lowering her head to cover her wound on her forehead, she called out nervously, "Mr White!"

"Where have you been?!" Vincent lifted his head and asked in a cold voice.

“Working over... overtime!”

“Is lying fun, Leila?” Vincent stood up immediately and gazed coldly at the woman who was standing at the entrance of the villa and dared not to come over.

“I’m sorry!” She could only apologize.

“Did you go to meet your adulterer?”

“No!” Biting her lips, she then said softly, “I don’t have such a hobby!”

“Don’t you? Then who did you give your first night to?” His tone was clearly unpleasant.

For Vincent, he couldn’t understand the woman in front of him. If she was not an easy woman, why did she seem innocent as looking from her pure and clear eyes?

If not, he had checked that she was a virgin before but she lost her hymen after she had returned from a business trip and she seemed calmer than him when being questioned.

Was it possible that she can be passionate with men night after night without having the most basic shame as a woman?

Vincent didn’t speak anything but Leila subconsciously looked at him who showed a cold face with a cold smile, and yet, she could sense the anger around him and it looked like that he was going to burst in his anger.

“Do you want supper? I’ll cook for you!” Not wanting to argue, she turned and walked towards the kitchen but her foot was twisted and she was not walking well, yet, she gritted her teeth and straightened her back to make her stride smoother to walk into the kitchen.

She didn’t want to tell him that she had a car accident today because she knew even if she did, he might not care for her.

“I ask you again, where have you been?” He obviously refused to stop questioning.

Leila gritted her teeth and paused, “Shopping!”

Didn’t he see her with Renee Byrne?

“Didn’t you work overtime?”

“I go shopping after working overtime!” She didn’t turn around.

“Leila, the office building of the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office is dark, may I ask where do you work overtime?”

“How do you know? Are you investigating me?” Leila was stunned then turned around and looked at him. Did he go to the office?

“Do you think you are worthy of my investigation?” His tone was full of disdain, he smoked and exhaled a white circle, “Leila, you are my wife and do remember of your status, don’t shame on me and Brian Hunter!”

His word sounded unintentional but threatening in fact.

His words were like a steel needle stuck inside her heart that was painful enough, and after a while, she only nodded her head quietly.

"I haven't eaten my dinner yet!" Vincent suddenly spoke.

Leila was surprised and hurriedly said, "Alright! I'll cook the dinner for you right now!"

Vincent's dark eyes flashed and he said in a cold voice, "Next time, when I call you, answer it in three seconds and don't turn it off! Come home within half an hour when you get the call!"

"Yes." Leila answered softly.

"Answer it!"

"Got it! I will answer it in three seconds!"

She then forced up a smile and walked into the kitchen to get the vegetables from the fridge. Luckily, she had prepared some ingredients as there were still some vegetables which she bought yesterday.

She picked, washed and cut the vegetables skillfully, followed by unscrewing the gas stove and pouring the oil.

Watching the oil temperature rising nervously, she sighed at the bottom of her heart and told herself, "Leila, you can do it, fighting!"

Putting in the vegetables, she then took the spatula and stir-frying.

Vincent saw her unusually quiet today. He then smoked on the sofa while watching her through the glass. At the moment when she turned around, he saw the gauze on her forehead which was hidden under her forehead, he frowned and immediately, he put out the butt of his cigarette, standing up and walking towards the kitchen.

Leila was concentrating on stir-frying and didn't notice that Vincent had appeared at the door. By the time when she turned around to take the plate after turning off the fire, she found him standing in front of her.

"Bounce!" the plate fell to the floor with a clear sound of broken porcelain.

Vincent's 185cm-tall figure was right in front of her and before she could do anything, she turned even nervous.

Oh no! Leila tried to duck her head to hide her panic.

Vincent's serious expression remained unchanged but he only raised his two thick eyebrows. He frowned when his long and slim fingers pulled her hair away and he saw a white gauze on her forehead in a Band Aid size, he frowned.

His dark eyes gazed at Leila who seemed a little overwhelmed with nervousness, gripping both sides of her dress with her slender hands, she looked so nervous as if she didn't know how to face him.

Such a nervous look raised a displeasure in his heart, "Tell me, what happened?"

“Hmm...nothing...” Vincent’s stare made Leila even more nervous, and her beautiful face turned pale.

“Nothing will cause you to bleed?” The tone of his voice remained cold and his handsome face was cold too.

“I...” Being nervous, she looked at his cold face but she couldn’t see if he was angry or not. “I got injured on my way back from work!”

The end of Vincent’s eyebrow twitched and he looked at her again with his dark and cool eyes, “So?”

“Nothing, I am fine and still alive!” Her calm tone and nervous expression made Vincent’s heart ached and he felt uncomfortable.

“Are you sure you are fine?” He asked again.

“Yes!” She nodded.

“That’s good! I want to eat hand-rolled noodles! Can you?” Vincent glanced at her arrogantly when he said those words.

Leila was stunned as she thought that Vincent would not care for her when he saw her injury but she didn’t expect that he would instruct her to make complicated hand-rolled noodles. She was dumbfounded, biting her lips and dropping down her eyes, she then finally said, “Yes! Please wait for a moment!”

“Hurry up! I’m hungry! Since you are fine, make it faster!” As soon as finishing his words, he turned around and stepped out of the kitchen.

As soon as he left, Leila sighed and immediately, she took the broom to clean the porcelain tiles in the kitchen.

When the noodles were ready, she then set it on the table when she saw Vincent sitting on the sofa and his body leaning on the chair with his eyes closed. Beneath his eyelids which were covered by the long eyelashes was greenish as if he had not slept well for a long time.

“Mr. White.” She shouted softly.

Opening his eyes, Vincent said in a deep voice, “Finished cooking?”

“Yes.” Leila nodded her head.

Vincent’s eyebrows furrowed as he stood up from the sofa.

There was a trace of fear in Leila’s eyes and she couldn’t retreat even half an inch when Vincent walked towards her step by step. She was panicked while she found it was hard to step back. Her pupils contracted and he was already standing in front of her, so close to her.

Leila subconsciously lowered her head and her heart beat even more rapidly.

“Lift your head.” He ordered in a deep voice.

Leila hesitantly raised her head to meet his handsome face. In panic, Vincent bent slightly to meet with her eyes, yet, his eyes were dark but shining that made her fall deep in their relation.

“Are you aggrieved?” He asked.

“No!” She cried but what could she say? Who would care about her grievance? Laughing at herself, she looked out at the sky which was dark as ink. “This world doesn’t need sympathy.”

“Does it hurt?” He raised his eyebrows and looked at her as if he was thinking about something.

“No!” She gritted her teeth.

Subsequently, he waved his hands up to rip her clothes off.

“Ah...” Leila shouted out unexpectedly as she was almost thrown to the ground by him. Meanwhile, she felt her injury on her waist even more painful. Soon, the tears that had been stored in her eyes for a long time finally fell down due to her grievance and pain, and she hastily covered her chest with her hands.

Unexpectedly, he glanced at her teary eyes, he suddenly looked serious but returned to normal soon, he then spoke with a calm tone, “Was your body injured too?”

She didn’t say anything, instead, she cried even profusely. The exquisite and beautiful curve of her body attracted Vincent.

It was just surprising that there were several scrapes on her white skin and Vincent’s heart was aching for no reason but he remained expressionless, and on the other side, Leila was still shedding her tears down while heading down. “Can I go upstairs now?”

Vincent turned serious as he was concerned about what had happened to her. Wasn’t it a date? Didn’t she meet with her adulterer?

Leaning forward, he saw her wound looked like it had been treated well, had that man treated it?

Anger began to rise in his heart, but he just stood there without asking anything and also not allowing her to go upstairs.

Leila was so helpless that her feet were dripped with a stain of tear water, yet, her shoulders were still trembling with her slender arms covering her chest.

“What are you crying about?” He frowned and his tone was a little impatient. “Tell me! What happened? I want to know the details of the process!”

Leila felt so aggrieved and sad that her body stiffened for a moment and she bit her lips tightly without saying anything as she was afraid that she wouldn’t be able to stop crying once she spoke out.

Upon seeing that she didn’t speak anything, he pulled her hand over and together with him going upstairs.

“Don’t pull me!” Leila struggled but her voice was tinged with sobs, “Don’t pull me!”

He turned around and found that she was looking at him with a sorrowful expression while crying.

He was stunned and his eyes flashed for a few seconds but he didn’t let her go. Leila had no intention to stop and her big teardrops fell right in front of him.

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“How did you get injured?” He stood there and stretched his hand out as if he wanted to wipe away her tears. But when he raised his hand, he put down his hand afterwards and just looked at her who was crying desperately.

“I was hit by a car and injured myself. When you phoned me, I was getting the intravenous drip in the hospital and you didn’t allow me to explain, not even a word! Is there a need for me to inform you? You are not the Mr. White that I knew already, you wish for me to die... woo... you are waiting to laugh at us... boohoo...” Tears ran in rivulets down Leila Hunter’s cheek and her hand kept wiping them away.

“Stop crying!” His voice was deeper and he directly brought her upstairs.

Leila had been brought to the bedroom. She saw him opening the wardrobe to take out her T-shirt. He helped her to wear the shirt. She was stunned and shocked, causing tears to well up in her eyes. With the blurred eyesight, she apparently saw a flash of care in his eyes. Perhaps it was just her hallucination as it only lasted for a short time.

Then, he paused for few seconds and raised his lips suddenly. He said slowly, “Why are you crying?”

“I...”

“My wife should be someone who is multi-talented and will not cry when she meets obstacles?!”

Leila felt like she was struck by a lightning.

She stared at him with astonishment and saw that he was looking at her too. She did not know what his words and actions meant. She said again, “Mr. White...”

Vincent White had turned around and went downstairs. She looked at his tall body walking out of the bedroom.

Leila sniffed and went to the washroom to clean her face before following him to go downstairs. He helped her to wear the shirt and not sarcastic to her anymore so she would not be narrow-minded as well.

She walked towards the dining table and took a seat while he started eating already. The noodle had become a lump so she said softly, “The noodle is not nice to eat already.”

“Still edible!” He lowered his voice and did not care about the appearance of the noodle. After finishing a bowl of noodles, he handed the empty bowl to her and she took over.

There were two dishes and one bowl of noodles on the table. She carefully helped him to put the handmade noodle from the big bowl into the small bowl. The taste was fresh and good because the noodles were poured with some sesame oil and chives.

“The wound cannot have any contact with water because it will cause inflammation!” Vincent received the bowl given by Leila and said with a deep voice.

Leila was surprised that he suddenly cared for her. Her body stiffened as she was not used to it.

He looked at her and frowned. "Alright?"

"Yes! I understand." She immediately nodded.

"Can you adapt to the job in the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office?" He asked again.

Unexpectedly, he asked her about her job so she nodded before figuring out the reason. She answered honestly, "Yes, the job is very relaxing!"

"Do you want to spend the rest of your life like this?" It seemed like she planned to be an office-bearer and received an average amount of salary for her whole life. Or, women were suitable to become office-bearer because it was a relaxing job. As long as the job did not involve politics, it would be easy for her.

"Ah!" She did not know what he meant because he was extremely strange. Just now, he was still frustrated but he was chatting with her relaxingly for now. He really changed his attitude towards her all of a sudden.

"Do you want to do this job for a long time?" He asked while eating.

This can be considered as the first time that they had proper communication and Leila was very surprised at once. "It seems not bad. After the thesis defense, I will need to handle the documents. My father wants me to become an office-bearer and I don't think it is bad though!"

At least, she did not need to be like her other friends who tried their best to look for a job in the market.

"Is it a must to follow his words?" Vincent lowered his head to eat the food and he felt that the dishes here were more delicious than those in any restaurant outside.

"I help you to get the noodles!" She saw him finished his noodles again so she took over the bowl to put some noodles into it.

"It's okay. Just give the big bowl to me!" He said and looked at the big bowl of noodles then directly took it to his front.

Leila saw that he had a good appetite and finished all the dishes. She said, "Have you been hungry for a long time?"

He seemed like he had not eaten for three days. It was too much for him!

"It was my first meal for today!" He wiped his mouth with a piece of tissue.

"Ah!" She shouted softly. "Why don't you eat? So, you called me so that I can come back to cook for you?"

"Yes!" He nodded and continued eating. Although he ate fast, his movement was very graceful and not noisy.

Didn't he eat when he was shopping with the woman? Leila frowned. Why didn't he accompany the woman to have a meal? Who was the woman? Nevertheless, when she thought of the reason for the phone call, she apologized to him as she came back late.

“Why did you apologize?” He raised his eyebrows while asking.

“If you do not eat for a long time, it will damage your stomach! So, if you want to come back and eat, just call me to cook!”

“Aren’t you happy if I have gastric problems? If possible, it would be better that I suffer from stomach cancer or any incurable illness then die eventually. So, you can marry the other man with all my assets. Isn’t it better?” He said calmly.

Leila looked at Vincent with a guilty look and said, “You, do you think that everyone is the same as you?”

“Me?” He raised his eyebrows.

“Your idea is despicable!” She could not bear from revealing it.

He threatened her sister with her video. Her sister was someone she loved before. Even though they were separated afterwards, he should not threaten her like this. He was indeed a bastard.

“Despicable?!” Vincent sneered. “I never say that I am noble! Being despicable is somehow interesting too!”

Leila never expected that he would describe himself in such a way. At that moment, she was speechless because she had nothing to say anymore since he described himself as a bastard.

When a person threw his dignity away, no one could save him!

After eating, he wiped his mouth with a piece of tissue and his face seemed to be smiling. He slightly narrowed his beautiful eyes and said, “So, if you want me to die, it would be easy too. You can directly put some poison into my food while cooking my food. This idea seems not bad right!”

“You...” Suddenly, she felt powerless and speechless.

He took out a cigar and lit it. He exhaled a circle of smoke and said, “I am teaching you how to defeat me. Don’t you hate me?”

“I don’t!” Leila denied.

Vincent’s face was cool and calm as usual but the fierceness portrayed by his eyes made her panic. He asked her in such a direct manner and she did not know how to answer his question but she really did not hate him so much in her inner side.

Leila slowly raised her head. Her eyes were filled with complicated emotions. She sighed and looked at him. She felt upset with him.

“You lied!”

“Believe it or not. I hope we can stay together peacefully!” Leila did not want to quarrel with him.

Although he was hateful in terms of his actions, she did not hope that something bad happened to him.

“You ate too fast and too much just now which were not good for your stomach. You better get up and go exercise for a while. I go to wash the dishes first!”

While facing such a man, Leila could not understand his mind so she took the tableware then went into the kitchen.

But in the next second, Vincent's reaction astonished Leila.

He slowly approached her and there was an unpredictable smile shown on his face. Slowly, he held her chin and kissed her lips without any hesitation.

His other hand even directly held her head. When she was shocked, his agile tongue pried open her teeth effortlessly and got into her mouth.

The sensation he got from the kiss was beyond his imagination. Although she felt as sweet as what she had imagined, he did not want to stop it.

Everything happened too fast and even Leila thought that she was in a dream. When she was still stunned, Vincent pulled her to his side and hugged her in his arms powerfully to the extent that she could not escape from it.

He came near to her ears and said with a deep voice, "Wash the dishes tomorrow, you go to rest first."

Leila looked at him as if he was a monster, "Mr. White..."

Mr. White raised the corner of his mouth and grabbed her waist with his hands. "There are many ways to exercise after having a meal! And the exercise I hate the most is walking!"

With coercion and intimacy, he brought her upstairs with her in his arms. Leila almost fell down when going upstairs because she was overly panicked.

"Ah! Painful!" The sprained leg became more painful at the moment. She bent her body to rub on her leg bone with her hand.

"Leg pain?" He squatted in front of her and covered her small hand that she rubbed on leg bone with his big hand. He gently pressed on it.

His voice was very close to her as if he was talking beside her and his hand was like having electricity where a powerful current rushed into her limbs. She was frightened so she raised her eyes and both of them looked at each other.

"Yes..." Leila could sense that her heart was beating rapidly and she expressed shyness and nervousness on her beautiful face.

He hugged her in his arms and brought her upstairs directly. Her wound was getting more painful due to his embrace but she was stunned to the extent that she could only stare at him blankly.

His handsome face which was very close to her showed that he cared for her. However, Leila thought that it was just her hallucination because the feeling in his eyes was in a flash only.

Vincent looked at her deeply and did not say anything. He then brought her to her bedroom. He put her on the bed and helped her to rub on her calf.

"Mr. White, I am fine now, no need to rub anymore." Leila swallowed her saliva because she did not expect that he would help her to rub on her calf. "It is not painful anymore."

She was extremely panicked while sitting still on the bed. She did not dare to move.

“Are you sure?” Surprisingly, he did not let go of his hand but kept rubbing on her calf with his big hand.

“Sure!” She nodded immediately because she would like to get rid of the ambiguous atmosphere.

Vincent let go of his hands and his fingers were touching her lower jaw while squinting his eyes. His eyes were shining strangely and he said, “Since you are fine now, let’s do something different. Didn’t you say that I need to exercise after having a meal?”

“Ah... No! My whole body is painful!” She screamed nervously.

He seemed to smile then looked at him, “Did I say what to do? Why are you so scared?”

Both of them looked at each other again. His mind was unpredictable whereas she was embarrassed and panicked. She almost wanted to bite off her tongue, did she misunderstand him?

He got up calmly and gently embraced her in his arms then kissed her lips. He asked softly, “Leila, do you want to be comfortable? Do you want to ignore the pain on your head and leg?”

When Leila heard that, she almost collapsed. What actually did he mean?

Vincent looked unpleasant on her silent reply. He pinched her white face nastily with his hands. His facial expression showed that he was unsatisfied and he said with a smile, “What? Do you really want it but shy to ask for it?”

When Leila heard that, she shook her head immediately and grabbed her lapel tightly. She said powerlessly, “No...”

Chapter 250 - A Moment in Destiny

Vincent White narrowed his eyes and caressed her ear, asked smilingly, “The person that sends you back is a man, right? Should I check your body whether there is any love mark made by him? Or your first time is given to the man that sends you home? Or another man? Tell me, who do you give to?”

Leila Hunter was dumbfounded for a few seconds, she moved her pale lips, “He is your junior, that one that you met before, Julian Gordon.”

“Oh! Really?” His tone was neither fast nor slow.

“I will not tell you anything, you have promised that you will not ask anymore but you ask again. I tell you one last time, it is fair that my first time is not given to you, you’re not a virgin, why should I have to be a maiden? You can go and find up by yourself if you are smart, I will not tell you anything even if I die!” Leila did not know whether her fear could be alleviated after saying those words, she even could not make sure that Vincent would not ask her again, she was sicked of it.

After hearing that, Vincent blinked his eyes, his lips curved, he said with a flirtatious tone by her ear, “Don’t think about anything else, just follow me. You know my bad temper, whoever makes me angry will not live peacefully! Understand? Or else I will announce your sister’s bad news to the world, you don’t blame me if Brian Hunter and the Hunter family will feel embarrassed!”

She recoiled from his kiss, bit her lips and muttered, "Understand."

Even if she did not understand, she must have to understand, wasn't it?

He gazed at her silently for a moment and asked execrably, "Why Julian will be by your side?"

"He bangs me!" She said softly.

"Oh?!" His tone was weird.

She was stiff and speechless.

He pushed her hard and pressed her on the bed while his body was above hers. He kissed her lips, kissed heavily and sucked the liquid in her mouth, sucked her sweetness and sucked her soul.

His tongue tangled with hers tightly.

They did not have much foreplay, he tore off her clothes in a hurry and opened her legs directly. He took off his belt and entered her body. Her uterus was tight and warm, he has adhered to her body tightly.

The feeling made him crazy.

Leila bit her lips due to the painfulness of her body after the strange organ entered. It was so painful, every part of her body could feel the pain. Beside painfulness, she could feel something strange, she could not help but endure it.

Her private part started to become moist and fluid came out from her body.

"Are you happy?" Vincent moved uneasily and asked evilly.

"No!" Leila lied and answered indifferently, "It is painful!"

"You are not obedient! I am angry!" Vincent turned around her body abruptly, made her back facing him. Then, he tortured her body at a fast pace.

His acceleration made Leila feel like her body was being torn apart. Her body could not endure the painfulness, her sweat kept falling.

Leila was as stiff as a puppet, did not respond to Vincent.

Her indifferent attitude made Vincent angry again, he kept entering her body hard. He tangled and flirted, Leila almost went crazy under the painfulness and joyfulness.

She could only hold the blanket tight, bit her pale lips, responded to Vincent's passion with an indifferent attitude.

Vincent only slowed down when her body almost died off. He left her body and turned her around, entered again.

There was a lot of bruises on her body, he observed that but did not let her go.

He lowered his head and kissed her, his hot and strong muscle rubbed with her tender skin. He moved slowly, entered and rubbed intimately with her soft body part. He did not behave violently, roughly and crazily anymore, he became gentle.

Leila's private part was moist, the conjunct part of them had caused the flowing of fluid. Vincent was not satisfied by only entering slightly and rubbed. He moved backwards and entered hard, a hot stuff banged in.

"Who——" Leila could not control herself to hum softly. Her humming sound made him excited. He was exhilarated.

Because of hatreds? Then he hurt her like this...How could this man do so?

Leila kicked with her thin legs, her tears flowed out uncontrollably. Because of his torture, because of her indulging feeling, she was afraid that she would indulge in his act!

She opened her eyes big, looked at him strugglingly, did not know where to put him in her heart. He was so cruel, his determined lust broke her heart, her tears flowed out to her cheek to her lips and lastly to his mouth.

Vincent raised his head when he tasted the salty tears, he bit his teeth and stared at her, "Why do you cry?"

"Let me go!" She begged him, more tears flowed out. Why she always cried after getting married to him? She did not like herself to be so fragile, did not like at all.

"Impossible! No one can escape after having sex with me! You, Leila is so bold!" He said cruelly while inserted his dick into the deepest area. He held her waist tightly and touched the bruise on her waist. She could feel the hellish painfulness and almost fainted.

This kind of torture was so alluring. He kept doing it for an hour until she could not endure it anymore. Then, he stuck on her body and released his seminal fluid.

Vincent got up and went to take a bath.

Leila heard the sound of the flowing water in the bathroom. She blinked hard to control her tears and wanted to hide her emotion desperately. She surrendered to his awesome sex skill, she was indulged in it and could not control her lust.

For him, what was his purpose to marry her?

When Vincent came out, he saw Leila was in a daze, "Why are you dazing? Go and take a bath!"

Leila bit her lips, she stood up obediently and got down the bed with her painful body. When she passed by Vincent, he grabbed her arm and blocked her way.

Leila looked up indifferently and looked into Vincent's deep eyes with no expression. He revealed his strong chest under his bathrobe, his moist black hair stuck on his handsome face, he looked so charming.

Vincent's sharp sight was like a lamp that stared at her and almost penetrated her soul and heart!

Leila's eyelid chattered but she did not want to reveal her emotion so she lowered her head.

Vincent pushed her away when he saw her indifferent behaviour, he roared angrily, "Take your bath now! Why are you standing here?"

Leila bent her waist and said softly, "I will go now."

After saying that, she bit her lips and turned around, walked towards the bathroom.

The sound of the flowing water concealed her heart-cracking feeling. Her father wanted Vincent to love her but she teased herself. There was a lot of women beside him these days, she was just one of the women around him. The difference was that she was lucky to become his wife, she did not have other advantages beside having the identity.

However, when she thought of him and other women, she felt that her body was sullied as well.

The sound of the flowing water could conceal her heart-cracking feeling. She felt dizzy after having herself immersed in the water for a long time, she did not care about her scars would be infected. Everything was silent and peaceful, the dripping sound of water stopped. Out of the blue, she heard someone knocking the door.

Vincent patted the door, "Leila, haven't you finished bathing?"

She listened to his voice, his voice seemed to have a far distance from her.

When she was still in a state of shock, he kicked open the door.

Leila looked at him confusingly.

Vincent saw her lying in the bathtub, her beautiful body looked alluring under the clear water. He only took a glance at her but he breathed fast, his lust was triggered again.

He squatted down and looked at her cold eyes, his sight shrunk.

He bent his body and lifted her, "Get up! How long have you immersed yourself?!"

"I will get up by myself!" Her cheek was flushed after immersing in the water.

"The water is so cold, are you silly?" He lifted her.

Leila struggled in his arms, he held her tightly with his arm, did not want her to fall. At the same time, he used another hand to grab the towel and wrapped her up, he sighed suddenly, "You don't come out from the bathroom is just hoping me to lift you, isn't it?"

He did not care about her struggle. He lifted her to the bedroom, pulled away the blanket and put her into it. Then, he went into the blanket as well. He turned off the light and hugged her in his arms.

His heart beat fast suddenly, he approached her face and kissed her as a punishment. He touched her lip, it was so soft. He opened her lips after hesitating for a moment.

In the dark, she groaned, "My body is painful—"

She closed her eyes and raised her head, endured his attack. Her tears fell, she did not know whether she was wronged. Her father wanted Vincent to love her but she knew that Vincent was heartless...

Her tears kept falling one by one...She could not differentiate whether she was sad or wronged.

He did not talk, he only lowered his head and had a bud in his mouth.

Leila bit her teeth and controlled her groan. Why did he keep wanting to sex?

The bed was messy. Their body tangled, Leila could not differentiate whether it was tearing, struggling or lust...

He did whatever he enjoyed with his lips, tongue and hands. Leila was unable to stop him.

When he opened her legs again, his dick entered her body abruptly, he crooned excitedly. She also could not control herself to hum.

More tears flowed out!

It was not because of his dominant action, it was because of her indulging emotion. She could obviously feel that her body was keen to be occupied by him!

"Is it comfortable?" Men seemed like to ask women this kind of question.

"No!" Leila bit her teeth, did not want to admit it.

"You're lying!" He banged even hard.

"Ah—"

"If it is not comfortable, why are you humming?"

He kissed her lips and kissed her tears in the dark. Their body was tangled crazily, he occupied her body evilly, continuously.

"Whoo—!" She forgot about all her logic and the past, she held his neck and responded to his dick enjoyably.

In the dark, his lips curved joyfully.

Finally—

Everything was settled, she belonged to him.