

## **Destiny 251**

### **Chapter 251 - A Moment in Destiny**

Leaning on his sweaty chest, Leila could smell the sweat that radiated off his body, a smell which strangely seemed to make her feel at ease. Tired, she shut her eyes and fell asleep.

At daybreak, the sunlight crept in through the window from cracks in the white curtains. The entire room was lit up.

The pure white bed was a complete mess; half of the blanket was on the floor, while the other half covered over Leila's naked body. Her entire body was filled with kiss and bite marks and scars from the car accident. Her black hair scattered over the pillow and made her white face appear even whiter. Her eyes were shut and motionless, her lips slightly open as she steadily breathed.

A tall, handsome figure leaned against the window, with a cigarette between his fingers and puffs of smoke surrounding his flawless face. For some inexplicable reason, he exuded sexiness.

Vincent quietly looked at the sleeping figure and felt a reaction down under. It seemed that he couldn't resist against her.

"Uh..." Leila moaned as she slept. The sunshine made her unable to rest easily. Her eyelids twitched, then she slowly opened her eyes. She raised a hand to shield her eyes from the brilliant sunlight, and then she noticed the figure standing by the window.

"Ah-" Leila let out a scream; ignoring the aches all over her body, she covered all her private areas by reflex. Her face became bright red, and she hid under the blankets, afraid to look at him.

Vincent looked up; his thin lips smiled, then he put out his cigarette and headed back into bed.

Leila's reaction was beyond her brain's control; her body subconsciously pulled backward, but her entire body was in pain! She let out a small yelp, but didn't dare to move around in the blanket. As his overwhelming presence got closer, she became more and more panicked.

He reached his huge palm into the blanket and hooked her right into his embrace. His deep, manly voice muffled by her ear, "You're awake?"

Her abashed eyes met his deep gaze; the sunlight that shone on his eyebrows made him look even more dashing and handsome. His eyes were locked onto her snow-like white skin.

"Good morning, Mr. White!" Leila managed to let out a whisper; her cute voice in the morning was incredibly sexy and seductive.

He had on a white robe, which partially unveiled his muscular chest. The atmosphere was filled with a mixture of cigarette and the unique smell of his body.

Leila tightly gripped onto the blanket; as she breathed in the air, she started to feel tenser, and unconsciously began to move slightly toward the edge of the bed.

“Don’t move!” With his arm outstretched, Vincent grabbed her thin waistline. He pulled her close until his chest touched against her back. In a swift motion, he spun her around, until they were face to face. He raised an eyebrow, “Trying to escape?”

“No!” She gasped; then she placed a hand against his chest to keep him at bay, “Don’t you have to go to work?”

“It’s Saturday!” There was a glint in his eyes, a sort of devilish look in his cool, calm expression. The entire room was filled with his scent.

At this moment, he began to slowly slide his hand down her body, bringing a warm sensation across her back. She jumped by surprise and unwittingly tried to escape his grasp. “Mr. White, I-”

Before she finished talking, he violently kissed her on the lips.

Leila was stunned by his action.

“You’re not going anywhere today!” He said in a low, raspy voice next to her ear, “The only place for you today is the bed!”

“No-” She pushed him away.

“You can’t say no, Leila; in our little game, you don’t have the right to refuse!” His aura rushed all over her; his eagle eyes stared right at her, and he began to rapidly kiss her lips. While she was captivated by his kisses, he flipped her and pressed on top of her body.

Little game!?

So it was just a game after all! What more did she expect?

With the words he just said, Leila felt her heart sink. So, that was it. Leila felt her heart sink into an abyss.

Vincent did not give her the chance to think at all. His tongue reached into her mouth and made it hard for her to even breathe. This stifling feeling not only made her unable to think, but its dominating nature felt as though it was invading her senses. She could not think of doing anything but let him have his way.

Naturally, they had sex again in bed.

Afterwards, he hugged her and did not move an inch. The sensation of their skins brushing against each other made her feel flustered...

This feeling felt as though they were a normal couple, enjoying the morning weekend. This feeling inexplicably made her heart race a little faster...

By the time she woke up again, it was already eleven at noon. Medication appeared to have been applied over her bruises, but there was no one else in the room. Leila looked at the scars on her body

in awe. Did Vincent apply medicine while she was still asleep? She could see traces of iodine and rubbing alcohol over her body.

Leila got up to get changed. In the closet, she noticed the oversized, cartoon-designed T-shirt that she always wore. The shirt was large enough to cover down to her thighs. She put it on, tied a ponytail, and headed out the room.

The door to the study was half open. Vincent sat on a grand chair; he was silent, expressionless, with only a cigarette in hand as he quietly smoked.

Why was there such a look of sadness in his eyes?

Could it be that even he had troubles?

Was it over her sister?

Leila suddenly began to feel disheartened. Even now, she couldn't understand these two people. Were they going to spend the rest of their lives like this?

Her dad told Leila to make Vincent fall in love with her. Would it be possible?

As she stood by the door, she unknowingly sighed. Little did she expect it, but Vincent heard her sigh, and he snapped his gaze to the door. His cold, sharp stare stung her deeply...

It seemed that all he wanted was to have sex with her. Out of bed, she meant nothing to him. Maybe, at this moment, he was regretting having had sex with her!

Suddenly, Leila did not feel any sadness nor resentment. She raised her eyes to look calmly at Vincent, and smiled, "Mr. White, what would you like to eat? I'll go make it!"

He was taken by surprise. His cold eyes lingered for only a few seconds as he scanned her from afar. Then he looked at her face, and replied in a manner with a hint of pride, "Whatever!"

She turned around and pursed her lips to hide a hint of bitterness, "Alright!"

The breakfast she prepared was simple yet bountiful.

A refreshing porridge with pickled cucumbers, boiled eggs, and green scallion pancakes.

Leila was in the kitchen for over an hour. Suddenly, a loud, deep voice rang out from behind her, "Aren't you done yet? I'm starving!"

"Um! In a second!" Leila hurried turned around, only to find herself face to face with Vincent; his lips cracked a smile.

"Did you make all this?" He inquisitively pointed across the kitchen at her work, with a look that mixed awe, surprise, and a hint of playfulness.

"Right!" Leila couldn't make out anything from his expression. She turned around and picked up breakfast. "Just wash your hands and we can eat!"

He had on a playful smirk, "I don't like boiled eggs? Got any fried eggs?"

"Eating too many fried eggs will cause cholesterol levels to rise; boiled ones are healthier!" Leila said in a gentle tone. "If you want fried ones, I can prepare right away!"

She carefully looked at him, and he said with a frown, "Forget it, I'll just have boiled eggs!"

He did not bother help her and sat down at the dining table, waiting to be served by her.

Leila brought the utensils over and sat down.

Vincent already began to eat. Leila stole a glance at him, then quickly looked away. After last night, she couldn't tell whether anything had changed between them. But she did not expect there to be any change in her heart.

"Any plans for today?"

The second her eyes looked down, Vincent's voice rang out to break the silence in the air.

"Do some reading!" As soon as she uttered these words, uneasiness flashed across her face. She was done with her graduation thesis, but she still had some more research to do. She was afraid that he would take up her time. Thinking back to last night's conversation, she could still feel the heat on her face.

"Oh!" He gave a short reply and returned to eating.

Leila finished eating quickly. "Mr. White, I'll clean up here later, you can just leave everything here!" Leila said as she got up and wanted to head upstairs. She started to fear being alone with him; even the air felt suffocating.

Vincent nodded. His cell rang, and he threw a quick glance at Leila before he picked up the call, "What's up, baby?"

Leila's heart skipped a beat. Baby?

Of course!

As the president of the White Group, of course there would be plenty of women around him.

She laughed at herself and turned around to head up the stairs. At the corner of the stairs, she turned around and looked at him. He was basked in the sunlight, the brightness made it hard to see him clearly. The tall bridge of his nose, his rosy red lips, his sculpted chin, his chilling nature; he gave off an

aura that kept people away. Even if he spoke the sweetest words, there was a coldness to him. "Oh, do you miss me, baby? Alright, wait up, I'll be there right away!"

After that phone call, Vincent left shortly after, and disappeared for three days.

On Tuesday, Leila was working overtime until quite late. As she got off work, she headed to the bus stop. Along the way, she spotted a slender figure smoking next to a parked car. Upon seeing her, the man threw the cigarette and walked towards her.

"Julian!?" The man turned out to be Julian Gordon.

"How're you feeling?" Dressed in black, Julian stepped before Leila and asked concernedly. There was a complicated look behind his pair of shades.

"I'm fine," Leila laughed, "See you!"

Her body was fine for the most part now. Besides, Julian already paid her medical bills, so there was no need to keep holding him responsible. Also, she had worked until quite late; it was past nine o'clock already. If she didn't leave now, there won't be any more buses running soon.

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"Let me walk you home!" Julian said in all haste. "It's so late. When you arrive at NT Mountain, there might be no transport!"

"Ah!" Leila was surprised for a moment. "No, thanks. I can just call a cab!"

"Damn. Am I a devil? Why do you hate me so much?" Julian raised his pretty eyebrows. "Is it that bad? You told me that you know I'm not trying to get you."

"Well." Leila felt embarrassed after she heard it. She shook her head and let out a bitter smile, "I'm really capable of going home alone!"

"Leila, I found you quite stubborn! Can't you just take it I'm pursuing you?"

"I'm not a narcissist. If I believed that every man around is pursuing me, I would be mentally. I just don't like to bother other people. That's all!"

"Then just get into my car. I'm driving a cab today. You can pay if you feel necessary. " Julian said it without embarrassment. "I'll give you a discount. How about that? " He winked.

Leila was stunned by the gleam behind his glasses, feeling that it would be inappropriate if she refused. "Well, thanks. But I will pay you the full price. I don't want you to lose money.

Julian cast a glance at Leila from the rearview when she got into the car. He found her rather surefooted. She became a public servant in this city at such a young age. Although the salary was good, he thought it was pity that a girl like her didn't chose a more promising job.

Before he could even start the engine, Leila's phone rang.

The name shimmering on the screen was Vincent, which startled her. She looked out of the window subconsciously. She vaguely saw his car there.

"Hello?"

"Get out of that car!" The words sounded cold on the phone.

"You're here?" She asked tentatively.

But the phone was hung up. No, it was just that her phone out of battery. Leila stared at her phone motionlessly.

But Julian had already started driving before she could make a choice.

Get out of the car to do what?

She didn't do it, but she was somehow terrified, which twisted her features.

“What’s wrong?” Julian cast a glance at her.

“Nothing!” She shook her head and looked out from the window subconsciously. This time she didn’t see that car. Maybe it was never there. She shook her head, thinking that she must be delusional. He had other women to keep him accompanied. What was she expecting? It had just been three days. How could she think of this?

The car was moving fast. Leila shot a glance at the man in front of her and could not help asking, “Why you are here?”

“I’m here for you!” He said it straightly. “My dad is also working overtime tonight. I thought that you might be short of transport when you are off work, so I went here. By the way, how’s your body? Did the wounds get worse?”

How could she not be touched by these words? There was nothing in his eyes but concern. It was something even worse for her. “I’m okay now.”

She thought of those scratches handled by Vincent, and her mind flew towards a realm unknown by others.

“Thank god! I’m relieved!” Julian smiled again.

She also put on a smile, “You’re really a taxi driver?”

He smiled and shook his head, “No!”

“Then what’s your job?”

“A journalist. I’m experiencing the life a taxi driver and I’ll write an article about it. I rent this car and when I have time, I will drive it and take passengers!”

“No wonder! I never believed that you’re a taxi driver.” She remembered that the car that gave her car scratch was obviously not a taxi. Besides, he was the son of Director Gordon, which made it less possible.

“Why can’t I?” He raised his eyebrows.

“Because you don’t look like one!” She smiled and cast him a glimpse. His features were quite feminine.

“So what do I look like?” Julian sounded curious.

“Like a pretty boy!” She was straightforward.

“Well...” Julian rolled his eyes, seemingly embarrassed. He coughed and said, “Don’t you think that was too much!”

“I’m just kidding!” She smiled, imitating him.

“Are you imitating me?”

Leila bite her lips and said, “You are a good journalist. I haven’t expected that you would lose money to experience the life of a cab driver!”

“Nah! The company will pay for it. I’m not that silly.”

“Really? I thought you were willing to lose money!”

“I’m not that silly!” Julian smiled and said, “By the way, if my dad makes it difficult for you, you can tell me. I’ll tell him to stop!”

“Director Gordon is a nice person. He won’t do that to me.”

“Right. You are the son of the mayor. How can my dad dare to offend yours?”

“Is my dad really that powerful?” She wondered if she made the right decision that she worked for government. Many knew she as the step daughter of the mayor, but few knew that he was her biological father.

“It’s said that you dad is a fierce leader. But I don’t know if it’s true!”

Leila smiled. She didn’t want to make judgement about her dad’s personality, because she actually didn’t approve something he had done, like his affair with her mother. He betrayed her aunt, so she was born secretly. She didn’t want to argue about it since her mom did it willingly. But she didn’t like that and she didn’t even like her mom. But she could not say anything more about it.

“Leila, why did you marry at such a young age?”

Her mind went blank for a moment, then a bitter smile appeared on the corner of her mouth. “Does that matter? A woman will get married sooner or later.”

Julian looked away when he heard the answer. “Does he cherish you?”

“He does.” She didn’t want to talk about her marriage. It was her privacy and it didn’t need to be known by others.

“Okay!” His eyes dimmed and he became silent.

Soon they arrived home. She wanted to pay after she got off the car. But he refused. He held her hand and said, “I was just joking. But you better buy me dinner tomorrow. You’re so adorable. Good night, beautiful miss.”

“Thanks. I’ll buy you dinner!” Leila smiled and stopped trying to give him money. But all of a sudden a Bugatti slid into the mansion gate.

She was terrified because she had not expected that Vincent was really following them. She wondered if the car she saw before was his car.

Meanwhile, Julian noticed the Bugatti and there was a hint of sadness flashed in his eyes...

Vincent could barely control his anger now after he saw this.

In the rearview, his wife, Leila, was sent home buy a man in the middle of the night. And she seemed happy while talking to this guy.

He had not expected that his meek wife, although sometimes she would fight against him, now smiling and talking to another man. Does she a hooker or something?

Lelia sent off Julian and turned around and felt something wrong. She shivered and realized that she irritated him. But it was hardly her fault because her phone was suddenly dead. "Vincent, My phone..."

"You seemed very happy with that man." He interrupted, "Do my word mean nothing to you?"

She wanted to say that her phone was dead. But his interruption made her speechless. A curve appeared on his thin lips. No one knew what emotion was hidden in his deep eyes.

She gave up on defending herself and waited for his punishment.

Looking at this meek woman, he finally felt his anger vented out. "Who do you think you are? A whore? You just can't live without a man's company?" He scolded.

She just lowered her head and stared at her tiptoe. His words were sharp like knife cutting through her heart. But she could not argue and she didn't want to say anything. She found the tip of her shoes were worn-out. She felt maybe she should buy a pair of new shoes.

But Vincent felt something wrong as he went on. There was no regret on her face. She looked very calm. So he stopped.

SH waited for a moment. She raised her head when he stopped. She intended to explain. But she only met his gloomy face. She sighed. This man slept with different women every night, yet she could not talk to another guy?

She took out a bottle of water from her bag as he stared at her. Then she gave it to him.

He was surprised. Then he frowned.

"Vincent, are you thirsty? Have some water!" He had been scolding her for. She felt he might be thirsty.

"Damn it!" He finally understood what he meant. He growled and found the carelessness in her eyes. She didn't care about what he said. He was infuriated, but he didn't want him to be seen like this. So he just walked in.

She looked at the bottle in her hand, shrugged and drank some water. Mineral water tasted better than purified water. She decided to only drink the former from now on.

Then she walked in. Under the bright light, Vincent was standing in the hall, giving off a frightening vibe. He just glared at her. His gaze was concentrated.

There was nothing but coldness and tension in the air. She just stood there worriedly. Then she took a deep breath and went upstairs.

Then her gaze became sharper, because she ignored him.

He looked at her back with her somber eyes and his anger froze. In an instant, a sarcastic smile touched his lips. Then he went upstairs.

She walked in her room, took a shower and changed her clothes. Then she got a call from Macey. "Leila, what the hell was going on? The bastard Vincent has uploaded that video online. Do you know that?"

## **Chapter 253 - A Moment in Destiny**



"What? Leila was shocked. "Sister, when did it happen?"

"Just now!" Macey shouted hysterically, "Leila, you told me that you're going to take it back for me. He called me and told me that you made him angry. How?"

"Let me see it!" Leila opened the computer in a hurry. "Macey, tell me the website. I need to look at it!"

"Why bother? He's such a cruel man!" She cursed but she still told her sister the website. "My face is not shown on it. But I know it's a warning. What have you done to make him so angry?"

"I..." Leila entered the website and saw the footage. But their faces were mosaicked. Apparently it was tempered. She realized that he was really made. Was it truly because she was in Julian's car?

She hung up and strode straight into Vincent's study. "Vincent, what do you want?"

She pushed the door open and questioned him. She was truly angry and wanted to know what was this man's purpose.

"I'm just having fun!" She saw the smirk on his thin lips. It seemed that he was truly enjoying it. Then he spoke, his voice still aloof and cold. "So now you know the consequence of provoking me?" His expression made her even more angry. But she controlled herself and said, "Please, just stop tormenting her!"

"What will you do for it?" He raised his eyebrows.

She was married to him and she had even knelt before him. What did this man desire after all this?

Tears of sorrow swirled in her eyes. Somehow she felt like crying because she didn't know why this man had to be so cruel. Tears fell down from her cheeks as she lowered her head. She bit her lips and wiped the tears away. "Just tell me what you want!" She said stubbornly.

"Leila, you have to know that you are in no position to talk back to me!" He crossed his hands and stared at her, the amusement plain in his eyes. He even pitied for her when he saw the stubbornness on her pale and pretty little face.

"I'm not!" She said with a low voice.

"Well, that's good." Finally there was a hint of smile in his deep eyes. But there was a condescending quality to it. "From now on, stay away from Julian!"

"We're just friends!" She explained.

"There was no pure friendship between a man and a woman!"

"Not everyone has so many bedmates like you!" She just could not help arguing.

"You want to make me angry again?" His sudden booming voice startled her. She didn't dare to say one more word. They were all caught in her throat.

Then, he stood straight and cast her a glance with his starry eyes. He raised his eyebrows and said in a sluggish voice, "I play games slowly, so there will be more fun. You better remember that. Do you want to know how the game will continue?"

"What will you do?" She felt frightened.

"Playing a game!" Vincent strode towards the floor-to-ceiling windows, ignited a cigarette. Then she heard his eerie voice again.

"Do you expect it?"

She clenched her white and tiny hands into fists. Her teeth sank deep in her lips. The man standing in front of her is a devil!

"Get out!" He had one puff. White smoke curled up in the air as he said it.

She froze, not knowing what to say. So she had to walk out.

Leila didn't know how she managed to get back to the bedroom. She buried her face under the pillow and tears began running like a river.

If Vincent truly wanted to destroy her sister, how could she face her aunt? Her mom and dad already did something awful to this woman, who died for saving her. Lelia had sworn that she would watch out her sister for her aunt. But now she could not even retrieve the footage. She felt so useless.

"Vincent, come out!" In the quietness of night, she heard her sister shouting below.

"Sis---" She had not expected that Macey would come in the middle of the night. She hurriedly walked down stairs and saw her sister shouting in the hall.

"Vincent, you bastard. Get down here and face me!"

"Sis, please leave now!" She ran downstairs and grabbed her sister's arm. "Please don't provoke him, otherwise he might do something worse. Please, go back!"

"And you, get out of my sight! It's all because you're an ingrate. I assume you did it on purpose so that I would be humiliated?" Macey suddenly began blaming her sister.

"What? No! Sister, I would never!" She shook her head. She never wanted to humiliate her sister.

"What are you doing in my house in the middle of the night?" Vincent's voice drifted into their ears. It came from the corner of the second floor.

The sisters raised their head simultaneously and found the man standing there with his hands in his pockets. He was looking at them condescendingly, the disdain plain in his eyes. "What, you want to see the whole clip? Want your pretty face shown on the screen?"

"Vincent, you're so vicious!" Macey said it with all her anger. "You're nothing but a scum!" She cursed while pointing at him.

"Macey, don't force me to use the hard ways. It will do you no good." He warned.

“Vincent, I won’t mind now. Wipe the mosaic. I won’t be frightened by your threat!” She sounded not afraid.”

“Macey, don’t----” Leila tried to stop her sister. She could not imagine how Macey would live her life if Vincent uploaded all the footage.

“Piss off!” Macey shoved her sister, who then fell on the ground.

“Vincent, what do you want?” Macey roared.

“Nothing!” He just smiled with that bewitching smirk on the corner of his mouth.

“Vincent, please don’t be like this. No matter what happened, you two were in love once. Indeed she did something unfaithful to you. But can’t you just let it go?” Leila’s beautiful face paled because of the anger and fatigue. But her cold eyes were still fixed on him. She didn’t believe that this man would that ruthless. She still had hope.

But he just sneered and said, “Who said that we were in love?”

Then he shrugged and kept staring at the sister with his condescension.

Leila gasped. Now all she felt was helplessness.

Macey’s mind went blank for a moment. She suddenly became quite. “So, you never loved me...” She said it with a self-deprecating smile.

“Sister...” Leila whispered. She saw her sister’s helplessness and she almost felt the same. Vincent was such a cruel man.

Closing her eyes slowly, Macey smiled gently. Tears rolled down her soft skins. “Vincent, I’m no match for you. Do whatever you want, if it pleases you!”

“Sister!” Leila held her sister’s hands. But Macey wrenched free without any emotion. “Get out of my face. I don’t want to see you again!”

Then she headed outside.

“Macry, wait!” Leila looked up at Vincent and said, “Mr. White, please, stop torturing her. I beg you!”

He laughed and said viciously, “No!”

“You’re so cruel!” Leila dashed out, only to find her sister in a racing car.

“Macey! Macey----” Leila wanted to comfort her sister. But she already left.

In this moment, Leila felt the her hopelessness and fear were crawling on her spine.

“You niceness was never rewarded. Why do you still want to help her?” She turned around and bumped in to chest. She looked up instantly and glared at him.

“Will you be satisfied if she killed herself?” She growled, the hatred plain her eyes.

“It’s not enough. There will be no fun if it’s enough.” He approached and whispered in her ears.

She felt his breath on her neck. There was slight smoke in it. It was the scent of a man.

“What do you want?” She suddenly looked up and met his eyes, which seemed dangerous like a puma staring at its prey. She was frightened.

He only looked at her and the emotion in his eyes kept changing. Then, he suddenly grabbed her by the shoulder and pressed his lips on hers. But he didn’t kiss her. He bit her hard. She frowned because she could feel the blood in her mouth. Her eyes dimmed and were overwhelmed with hate.

“I hate a nice person the most!” He sneered and licked his bloody lips. Then a smile touched on then. “If you first time was given to me, maybe I would give you the clip. However---”

Leila’s eyes were empty and there was pain on her face. She stared at him with hatred, her lips shivering and face paled.

Sadness.

Hopelessness.

Her hands were entangled tightly.

She suddenly understood the word ‘heartbroken’.

Her heart began sinking. It turned out that Vincent, the man she used to admire, was truly a devil!

Late night.

She went to his study after he fell asleep.

Since he would not give her the clip, she decided to find it herself.

She opened his computer and found an encrypted folder.

Was the clip inside of this?

If it is, what will be the password?

She knew his birthday, so she tried it. But it didn’t work. Then she tried her sister’s birthday, it also was wrong.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Then she typed her birthday. She barely had expected it would work. But she had to try.

However, it worked.

She was shocked because she had never expected that Vincent would use her birthday as the passwords.

Thunderstruck, she wondered why?

She found that she just could not ignore this fact. Her heart was beating fast. And in that folder, the clip of her sister was there. She deleted it without a second thought. She even emptied the one in the recycle bin.

However, in that instant, she was still shocked.

"Deleted?" She suddenly heard a deep voice at the door.

She raised her head and saw him leaning on the door. His eyes were sharp and complicated.

She could not meet his eyes after she knew that he used her birthday as passwords.

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At the moment she bowed her head, his words were clearly heard by her. He said, "Deleting the video is a pleasure, isn't it? Is it more pleasant than reaching orgasm?"

"Please don't threaten her anymore!" Leila Hunter plucked up the courage to look at him and said softly.

"Come here!" He said.

She took a deep breath, stood up, and walked slowly to him.

"Are you surprised?" He gently lifted her chin, and she tried to wriggle free from his hand, but the strength of his hand kept her from moving, which forced Leila to look at him. He said, "I used your birthday as a password!"

"Yes, I'm surprised about that." She replied and nodded. Actually, she was very surprised and her face felt hot. She had no idea about his true thoughts, but she knew that at this moment, her heart can't beat with a normal frequency.

He put his hand around her waist and whispered, "Was it fun?"

Her heart was beating wildly. She looked up and saw that he was smiling. His eyes were deep, and she wanted to know his purpose for doing this, she couldn't help but whispered, "Mr White, why do you do this?"

"Just for fun!" he replied with a deep voice and stared at the corner of her lip that he had bitten earlier, where it was red and swollen. "You are my dearest wife, the closest person of mine in the world. So of course I am going to use your birthday as a password! Don't you think so?"

"Is it really as simple as that? Is it just for fun? Am I really your dearest lover?" These questions were asked emotionally, and her voice gradually softened, and she didn't even dare to look at him.

"Of course you are the closest lover of mine. We have had skin to skin contact with each other, right?" He continued to say in an evil tone.

Leila Hunter was in a panic and whispered, "Mr White, thank you anyway!"

Anyway, she had deleted the video. She felt able to breathe again. She was sure the whole family would be relieved, too. But when the video was deleted and she found out about it, she couldn't keep her mind at peace.

"You thank me for what?" His voice was low, and there was no hint of anger. "Is the Hunter family so important for you? Because of Brian Hunter, you have lived as an illegitimate daughter for more than

ten years; don't you hate him at all? Don't you feel unfair for your mother? Have you forgotten what you went through when your mother was his secret lover for so many years?"

"He's my father, and I don't care about the grievances of the last generation and I can't do that as well."

Leila Hunter felt a trace of bitter. Her mother loved her father, and she couldn't hate anyone because she had a deep understanding of her mother's hardships over the years!

"Oh! You are really kind, Leila. Kindness is the worst thing in the world, understand?" He suddenly said these words, which made Leila felt panic.

He raised his head slightly, and his eyes were so shining that could not be ignored.

At that moment, she felt that something was flowing in her heart.

He lowered his face and kissed her on the brow which made her feel warm. She could only shout in a low voice, "Mr White, please, don't play with me, I can't afford it."

His kisses went all the way down to her eyes, and she could not resist it. She closed her eyes and felt the warmth of his lips. And he whispered, "You are so clever!"

With her face feeling more and more hot, Leila felt drunk, but she didn't drink a drop of wine!

"Mr White!" she said haltingly and she did not know where to put her hands on but seized a corner of his skirt. Gradually, she felt too limp to seize his skirt.

It was a feeling she had never had before, and her mind went blank.

As his lips fell gently on her lips, she snorted softly. One of his hands gripped Leila's slender waist tighter, and she began to let her minds run away with her in order to make herself not focus on his kisses.

Was it a good way to stop her from falling love with him?

Was it a good way?

And he seemed to have insight into her thoughts; his kisses were getting deeper and stronger. Under his great kissing skills, she gradually gave up resistance and even became fascinated with his kisses.

Her heart was pounding and he picked her up and went straight into the bedroom.

There was something magical about his kisses. He must date with many girls so that he knew how to make girls became fascinated with his kisses. Thinking of this, a kind of jealousy gradually rose in her heart. She began to become greedy and she didn't like the feeling of sharing her lover with others.

The light was suddenly turned off by him. In the darkness, he untied her clothes and kissed all parts of her body. Their bodies started rubbing...

In the dark night, she could not see his expression; she just felt that tonight he was extremely fanatic. He was wild, but he didn't make her feel uncomfortable...

"Mr White, I'm afraid."

“Don’t move!” Vincent White’s deep voice sounded like an incantation and he held her firmly under his body...

Vincent bowed his head and kissed her forehead lightly. His lips moved all the way down to her long eyelashes, her rosy cheeks and her lips with delicate fragrance.

He kept moving downward and lifted her leg before she knew what to do...

This feeling really scared her.

“Mr White!”

“Don’t be afraid!” In the darkness, his deep voice was more like a caress.

“Ah –” Leila screamed in shock.

“Don’t refuse me.” He muttered in a low voice and gradually dissipated her fear.

“Mr White, don’t play me, I cannot afford it.” She cried out her fear again.

He stopped and remained silent for a moment. In the dark night, she seemed to see a touch of tenderness in his deep dark eyes.

His eyes were very charming. There was a faint melancholy in his dark eyes. He just looked at Leila. Leila tried to figure out his thoughts through his eyes but she failed.

He did not say anything but lowered his head and kissed her lips gently. He acted carefully, as if he was kissing his first love. From such a kiss, you can see how much he loved her.

“Leila,” he whispered her name and kissed her at the same time. He can feel that she was gradually intoxicated with his tenderness.

He stroked her cheek as if he was stroking a piece of fragile porcelain.

If he had been so gentle in the beginning, she would never have let him regret for the rest of his life, but in the beginning...

Leila was not willing to recall. She decided to enjoy it and move her body with him.

“Who is the first man that you have sex with?” He hesitated in the darkness and finally asked. Leila froze abruptly.

“Who’s that man?” he asked again. “Who made you dare to ignore my threats and have sex with?”

Leila suddenly felt uncomfortable. A great bitterness turned into tears, and fell noiselessly from the corners of her eyes.

As soon as she raised her hand, her slap fell on his cheek crisply, and all the tenderness disappeared at this moment. “Vincent White, are you trying to trick me?”

For a full minute he was startled and stunned.

In the darkness, he looked at her incredulously, and then shouted: “Leila Hunter, you are son of a bitch, a slut, an unchaste woman! What do you think I’m doing? Tell me who the hell was that man?”

Vincent White was extremely angry and the lights were turned on. Leila looked at him and he looked like an angry leopard and she was his prey

Their bodies still intersected with each other. But there was no tenderness and sweetness anymore, only the storm was left.

"If you have the ability, you can investigate by yourself; I will not say a word!" She looked away and did not expect that she would slap him impulsively.

"Bitch!" He roared again.

"Yes, I am a bitch. But you are worse than me. I'm unchaste, you are also unchaste."

Leila didn't expect that after they made some progress in their relationship, she destroyed it herself.

She probably shouldn't have slapped him but she had done it and there was no way to reverse it.

Leila, naked in front of him, shed tears silently, feeling that she had no dignity at all.

"Huh! You have the ability to provoke me!" Vincent White gave a low growl and his body moved faster than before.

Leila began to find her mind straying and she allowed Vincent to kiss her body inch by inch. Under his stimulating, Leila was quickly intoxicated with the joy of sexual love. His skill was so superb that a young girl like her cannot resist.

Even if she closed her eyes, she can feel that he had many women in the past. But why she was softhearted in a moment when he told her that he used her birthday as a password. She can't figure out what evil thoughts he had towards her.

Was the hymen really that important?

She kept crying and his body moved more crazily than before.

She choked with sobs, not wanting to make herself too vulnerable.

Her nails sank into his shoulders, and he bit her earlobe. Unable to resist his movements, she finally groaned beneath him.

Time passed by, and he didn't stop all night.

After making love for many times, it was already dawn. Vincent turned over and lay on his back. He wrapped his arms around her waist. She was too tired to think and did not even know that her little head was nestled in his wide arms.

And he was silent.

Leila smelled the unique masculine scent of his body and fell asleep. There were two blushes on her hibiscus-like cheeks, and her white skin was covered with the red marks he had kissed.

Leila was used to waking up after six o'clock in the morning, so she woke up after only a short sleep. Vincent's arm lay across her waist. Even when he was asleep, Vincent would not allow her to escape from his arms. Leila sighed and moved her body carefully without disturbing him. She moved his hand to



one side and got out of bed. Then, she put on clothes and hid in the kitchen to call her elder sister Macey Hunter. "Macey, I deleted the video. Don't worry about it anymore!"

Vincent, who followed closely downstairs, heard what Leila said with a deliberately low voice, and a wicked smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. He blinked and leaned against the door of the kitchen.

After making a phone call, Leila turned around and saw him. She was so afraid that almost threw the phone on the ground. Then she looked down and did not look at him.

After last night's insatiable demands, her impression of him was at a new low.

"I'm hungry, and I want to have a breakfast." He said to her.

"Uh-" She was stunned and didn't expect him to say this.

"Hurry up and make breakfast!" Vincent's voice suddenly became cold again.

Leila frowned, but whispered, "I'll make it right away!"

## **Chapter 255 - A Moment in Destiny**

Then Vincent went towards the French window of the living room. Leila had been busy in the kitchen for more than half an hour. When the meal was ready to be served on the table, Vincent stood in front of the window, looking at the sunny earth outside the window at a loss.

The glistening sunshine refracted in through the glass window, shining on the handsome man with aggressiveness under the window. However, although he looked domineering, there was a disappointed expression in his eyes that could even not be warmed by the sunshine and attracted the girl unintentionally, quickening her heartbeat.

She had never imagined that Vincent, who was usually aloof and arrogant, could also become so depressed.

Leila hesitated, but did not know how to interrupt his meditation.

And Vincent did not look back, still looking out the window. There were obvious sad and lonely expressions on his brow.

Leila was shocked. Looking Vincent standing sadly, she recalled that when she was young, she hid on the balcony lonely and looked at the scenery outside the window, fantasizing about her father's return. But she never thought that her aunt's husband would be her real father. Until she was sixteen years old and accidentally found the affairs of the man and her mom, her mom then told her that her uncle was her biological father.

Later, Leila sat on the balcony watching the scenery more frequently and more lonely. Now seeing Vincent like this, she thought of when she was unhappy before. Suddenly her eyes turned dark and complicated expressions welled up in her mind.

For a long time, she came to her sense and walked over gently, quietly waiting for his turn.

Time passed by, and it was quiet. She kept silent and looked out of the window like him.

Looking out of the window, beyond the villa area, there were lush forests on the mountain. In the mountains, F City was at the foot of the mountain. It was prosperous.

What was he looking at?

What was he thinking about?

She stared at him, and he was frowning. For a moment, Leila felt heartbroken. He had visited her home many times, but she still felt him very strange at this moment.

She witnessed his business growing and expanding from a small enterprise, involving all walks of life, especially in the last year, his position as the commercial overlord of F City was almost untouched, but why did he feel so lonely at this time?

Leila forced a smile. His loneliness had nothing to do with herself.

She did not know how long it took. Vincent finally turned around. When he saw Leila's moody eyes, his black pupils flashed slightly. He raised his eyebrows and said warmly, "The food is ready?"

"Yeah!" Leila nodded and quickly repressed her emotions.

"What did you cook?" The tone of Vincent also sounded warm.

"Egg flower soup and shortbread." Leila answered tonelessly.

"Did you often cook before?" He stared at Leila because he wanted to see every expression on her face.

"In the past, when my mother went to work, I cooked for myself!" Leila honestly replied. When her father was not at home, she and her mother lived a hard life. Her mother worked hard to support her alone, and they stuck together and helped each other in difficulties, so that she learned to help her mother to do housework at an early age.

He always asked her some questions so suddenly. Fortunately, she responded quickly this time.

Vincent strode towards the dining table, sat down, and looked at the dishes on the table. It was such an ordinary breakfast including golden shortbread, laver egg flower soup and pickles on the table. Some expressions flashed again in the eyes of Vincent. Then he began to eat slowly and charmingly. He was so noble even when he was eating.

Leila did not want to eat. She just said in a hurry, "Mr. White, I'll go to work!"

"Wait!" He raised his head and looked at her with an earnest expression in his eyes.

Leila froze at the table, but he did not speak. She felt that the atmosphere was strange.

Leila's heart was beating wildly. She remembered what happened last night and could not pretend to forget it like Vincent. She still had anger in her heart, but she did not want to lose her temper.

"What's up?" Seeing that he did not speak, she finally could not help but said.

"Go after breakfast!" He said.

"No. I'm too late!" She looked at her watch. It would take some time to go by bus.

"I will send you!" He said.

Leila looked up in surprise. The man sitting in front of her was so charming like a god. What did he say? Send her?

"Why?" She flushed and blurted out.

"What?" Vincent smiled meaningfully and looked at her reddish face leisurely. Then he suddenly felt a sexual drive.

"What do you want actually?" She asked uneasily.

"Hum! I just wanna send you. Leila, if you feel strange, just treat it as a little reward after you please me last night!" His voice was hoarse with sex appeal.

"You...you...you." Leila suddenly blushed and did not dare to move. She immediately stammered, "No! I'm leaving now! "

How could she ask him why?

She knew he wouldn't say a single good word!

"Leila, listen to me clearly. It was just the beginning. I'm the only person who can stop it. If you don't obey, I'll do something that you cannot imagine!"

The video had been deleted, so she was not afraid. Regardless of his threat, Leila went straight upstairs. After washing up, she left with her bag and completely ignored Vincent's words. However, he only frowned slightly and drank the soup slowly before getting up and changing clothes.

At eight o'clock in the morning, Leila stepped into the Municipal Government.

Today's sunshine was exceptionally bright early in the morning that people did not want to open their eyes. Fortunately, there was a light and refreshing wind. Summer was coming, which must be very hot.

As soon as Leila entered the office, the director's secretary came in, clapped his hands and said to everyone, "Attention, everyone, gather in the conference room in ten minutes!"

It was the first time that Leila attended the plenary meeting after arriving at the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office. Director Fisher sat in the top position and said to everyone, "Comrades, in order to tie in with the launch of the nationwide and regional overseas Chinese law publicity month, further strengthen the overseas Chinese law publicity and education, improve citizens' awareness of overseas Chinese law, and create a good atmosphere for the whole society to know, understand and implement the overseas Chinese law, the United Front Work Department and the Urban Law Popularization Office jointly launched the overseas Chinese law publicity activities in May. Through the use of blackboard newspapers, wall newspapers, websites, and distribution of publicity materials, we will widely publicize the overseas Chinese law and expand its social impact. Now we cooperate with several units to carry out the overseas Chinese law award-winning knowledge contest and flexibly combine the overseas Chinese law study and publicity with the overseas Chinese law award-winning knowledge contest. Please do your job well in the next week! "

After listening to the lengthy speech, Leila finally figured out one thing to do- to host a "docking conference between financial services and overseas capital projects" in HJ Hotel, which belonged to the White Group. Coincidentally, Leila was also arranged to serve on site, and she and Renee Byrne were responsible for distributing meeting materials.

The preparatory period for the meeting was one week.

Leila never told Vincent about it because she did not want to talk about her work. Vincent did not go home this week or did not call Leila. Leila thought that maybe he was accompanied by another woman.

Fast forward to Monday, they would have the meeting.

HJ Hotel was a Five Star hotel.

The meeting invited a large number of elites from related industries, and Leila did not know that Vincent was also invited. When she held the cases and was busy with the details before the meeting with the hotel service personnel, she suddenly felt someone behind her looking at her. When she looked back, she saw Vincent's soulful eyes.

They had not met for a week.

He was still handsome and cold. After seeing her, although he smiled, he still maintained a serious expression on his face. He was formidable like a king in a high rack. Standing in a line of staff, he was undoubtedly a standout.

Leila froze for a few seconds and did not dare to speak. Then she bent down to check the seat card of the conference guests.

"Mr. White, our Director Gordon was very satisfied with the service of your hotel!"

Vincent also replied to the man around him, "I'm very grateful to Director Gordon for choosing us. Our hotel will do its best to assist you in this meeting!"

"We never doubted your ability!"

"Thank you, Assistant Cruz. Please tell Director Gordon that after the meeting, I will personally go to the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office to visit him. It's our pleasure to have the opportunity to undertake such an international conference!" Vincent's voice was very low, but what he said was appropriate and polite.

Leila had never seen Vincent at work. When she first saw him talking with business partner charmingly, she could not help gasping in admiration. He was really suitable for doing business. Maybe he would visit Director Gordon with ulterior motives.

Leila was distracted for a moment, and then she was hit by a waiter next to her. "Oh."

She teetered and fell backward. A crash could be heard. She hit the seat behind her and made a bigger sound.

"What happened?" Someone asked.

Vincent looked there and saw Leila fall to the ground. Some expressions flashed slightly in his eyes. Without too much emotion, he just said calmly, "Help this lady to the lounge first to see if she was injured and whether she need to go to the hospital!"

"No. It's OK!" Leila had stood up, and her head hurt. She touched her head and found that there might be a bump the back of her head. Vincent noticed her twitched slightly.

Leila smiled awkwardly towards people around her and said, "I'm fine. I didn't notice the chair. Let's work!"

"Miss, let's go to the lounge first!" Vincent motioned for a hotel manager, so the manager immediately come forward to Leila.

"Leila, you'd better take a rest. When you send the materials in the afternoon, don't make a mistake!" Assistant Cruz also said. "Go quickly!"

"Well, OK!" Leila had to follow the hotel manager and went out.

Vincent smiled towards Assistant Cruz and then held out his hand and said, "Assistant Cruz, if you need help, tell Manager Billy. I have work to do, so I'll go first!"

Assistant Cruz also held out his hand, but he then froze because he found a card in Vincent's hand. He was confused for a second but immediately forced a smile. He held the card tightly and shook hands with Vincent again. He said, "President White, you are busy. Never mind."

Vincent quietly withdrew his hand, and the card was in the hands of Assistant Cruz. Looking at Assistant Cruz's smile, Vincent also smiled and nodded. Then he turned around and left.

Manager Billy brought Leila into the lounge. Actually the so-called lounge was a presidential suite in the hotel. It was considerably luxurious. The magnificent design and decoration made Leila felt like entering a palace. She was slightly surprised, opened her mouth, and froze for a while.

## **Chapter 256 - A Moment in Destiny**

Manager Billy retreated quietly. A tall man bolted into the room. Before Leila found out, the door was closed.

The tall man came in and stood behind Leila. She seemed to feel something. So she turned and screamed. "What, what are you doing here? "

Where was Manager Billy?

When did he leave? Why didn't she know?

When she looked at him from a close range, she saw bleary red eyes from lack of sleep. The bags under his eyes were heavy, and his eyes were sunken and black-ringed. It seemed that he had not slept for a long time. Although his chin was clean and smooth, he was enervated by fatigue.

"This is my room." He said in a deep voice, looking at her.

"Well." Leila panicked. How could this be his room? "I'm going out now."

"Who allows you to go out?" He raised his eyebrows.

Leila was puzzled even more, and said, "I'll go to work."

He did not say anything, she found that she dared not leave, and he seemed to be particularly weary.

"Haven't you had a rest for a long time?" Leila can't help but ask. No other meaning, she was just concerned about him even if they are strangers, not to mention that they were still husband and wife.

He looked at her solemnly. She wondered what had happened to him?

The expression on his face, which she had never seen in so many years since she knew him, seemed to be very tired. It seemed that he was caught by severe pain. The pathos in his eyes scared her.

He did not evade, and looked at her for a long time with silence.

She was flustered, she hasn't seen him for a week, was he busy with business or affairs?

She couldn't imagine, so she bowed her head and said in a low voice, "Take a rest. You look very tired. Aren't you going to attend the meeting this afternoon? You can't do it in low spirits. I'm going to work."

She wanted to go out and walked past him, but before she made her first move, he had already stretched out his strong arms and hugged her. He took her to the luxurious bed, "Lie down with me and have a rest."

"No!" She didn't want to sleep with him while at work, or to be seen with her clothes in disarray, because she didn't have time to change.

Suddenly, he blocked her lips with his, swallowed her crying completely, and felt her body temperature and her existence through hugging. But he just kissed her and hugged her, that's all.

He held her, as if deliberately did not let her head touch the pillow, she frowned, wondering why he would put her on her side, maybe because her head was hurt, and the bump was on the back of her head.

He hugged her tightly, his face buried in her chest. A minute later, when Leila was strengthless, his deep breath came and he fell asleep!

But his hands still tightly clasped her waist, such a handsome face lying on her chest, eyes closed tightly, long eyelashes covered his eyes. She froze in amazement seeing him lying so quietly.

Her head still hurt, she huddled on her side not daring to move, afraid that she would hit the bump again.

Just looking at him, an indescribable feeling burst out, making her speechless.

She hasn't seen him for a week. When he came back, he just hugged her and slept in the suite. But how long has he not slept? Is it fatigue after excessive indulgence?

He held her and slept maintaining this position, but she didn't feel sleepy. She looked at the sunny weather outside. There was a slight lament in her mind, inexplicable sadness, poignant and unbearable.

An hour and a half passed.

He finally awoke, she maintained such a posture. She has been watching him sleep for an hour and a half. He opened his eyes and caught hers, she trembled with the guilty feeling of being caught, because she has been looking at his handsome face for a whole hour and a half.

She kept her eyes wide open, and she saw her red face reflected in his dark eyes.

Her soul seemed to be pulled away for a moment and her heart was startled, feeling embarrassed, she tried to push him away.

"What time is it?" He spoke in a hoarse voice.

"You slept for an hour and a half." Leila rolled her fresh eyes and her face was flushed crimson. Her heart was still flushed with embarrassment that she looked down.

He closed his eyes again, as if he was coming to his sense. "Has my phone rung yet?"

"No." She raised her eyes and saw his. He measured her with his bushy eyebrows and penetrating look.

She dared not look at him again, her breath became unstable. She managed to suppress her surging emotion. "Mr. White, let me go!"

He was stunned. It seemed that he was surprised himself that he had been holding her waist all the time. Yes, he was holding her waist all the time, neither tight or loose, just holding.

Seeing this, Vincent pursed his lips. His eyes seemed to twinkle. He frowned and looked at her. He raised his big hands and patted on her head.

"Oh, it hurts!" Leila Hunter shouted.

Vincent curled his lips. "You fool, only a fool can be so stupid!"

"I, " Leila swallowed. She was indeed stupid. How could she fall if she was not stupid? But his tone seemed to be mixed with a hint of sorry. Was it her delusion of self-sentimental, or did he tease her out of boredom?

"Get me a glass of water." He let go.

She nodded, got out of bed, meekly helped him get a cup of warm water.

He had stood up and made phone calls. "Assistant Leo, please help me to prepare the information about the resorts, inform all shareholders to have a meeting in the conference room of the company at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, and send a copy of the material to each shareholder before that. Besides, send some hearty lunch up. "

Then he hung up the phone, he turned and saw Leila handing over the water, he glanced at her and gulped down.

"Help me with my clothes. I'll take a bath." He finished drinking and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

"Clothes?" Where did Leila find clothes for him?

"In the closet." He walked to the bathroom without looking back.

Leila was stunned and walked to the wardrobe obediently. She opened the closet, and saw a row of suits, with casual wear, ties, shirts, from soup to nuts. The next row were leather shoes, matching with formal wear and sportswear. She was surprised to recall that Vincent said in the phone that the hotel had a special room. It just occurred to her that it was his special room.

Well. He's the boss. How could he not have a room? And he said in the first place that it's his room.

It's already half past eleven. It's time for lunch. What is he going to wear at the meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon?

Leila thought that it was a formal occasion and it's suitable that he wore a suit, so she took a dark suit, matching with a dark shirt and a light purple printed tie. When she was ready, he just came out of the shower with a bathrobe on.

Leila took out the clothes, hung them on the hanger, looked at him and asked, "Is this ok?"

Vincent glanced at it and nodded. "Plain clothes first, I will change after lunch."

"Well," Leila ran to the closet and found a light-colored pajama, "Is this ok?"

"Give it to me." Vincent didn't have time to glance. Then there was a knock on the door.

Leila subconsciously hid because she didn't want to be seen with him.

Vincent looked at her sharply and understood her intention. He answered the door. As soon as the door was opened, Leila heard a low male voice: "Mr. White, the notice has been sent. Everything has been arranged. This is the material and lunch."

"Ok, you had a long day." Vincent said.

"You are welcome."

Hearing the sound of footsteps, and then the sound of closing the door, Leila leaned out carefully. His secretary left, and there was a fancy lunch on the table.

"Help me change." He didn't look at her, he said while holding a stack of materials.

"Well." She was embarrassed to change his clothes, it's not like he didn't have hands.

"Hurry up!" He raised his voice, and it was no longer pleasant.

"Ok." Leila took his clothes and dare not see him, he didn't give it a second thought. He took off his bathrobe and stood naked in front of her.

"Oh!" Leila Hunter screamed awkwardly.

Vincent almost got earache from her screaming, "What are you screaming for? It's not like you haven't seen it before. "

Leila blushed in embarrassment. She dared not see below his chest. However, when she saw his neck, her movement became stiff, because she saw a red tooth mark in his neck.



Leila can't help but be stunned for a few seconds. She didn't notice it when he was wearing a tie, but now he is naked. It was obvious that these tooth marks were left by a woman.

"What? Want to continue to appreciate my body? Or do you miss me this much after a week? " He didn't realize where she was looking. He opened his arms and waited for her to put on his clothes.

She settled her mind and helped him, but the tooth mark was so unpleasant to look at. The woman who left the mark must be ruthless to leave such a heavy mark.

Suddenly, bitterness came flooding.

Seeing her pause, he said in a cold voice, "What are you doing? Hurry up."

He has turned his attention to the materials again.

Leila took the trousers and handed them to him directly. "You can wear the trousers yourself. I have to see if someone need help in the meeting room."

She went out, feeling inexplicably depressed.

"After lunch." Vincent put on his trousers and said in a deep voice.

"You can eat by yourself." She had no appetite and wanted to leave.

She put up with the discomfort in her mind while walking out, she walked straight to the elevator, and went to the direction of the conference room. Renee Byrne was just looking for her, "Leila, where have you been? You forgot your phone and bag. I've been looking for you for an hour!"

"Are you all set?" Leila said weakly and avoided Renee's question.

"Well, I've nailed it myself and Assistant Cruz has checked it. Now let's go have lunch!" Renee said.

"I'm not hungry." Leila already lost her appetite.

"We have to stand along the meeting. If we don't eat, we will have no energy. What's the matter with you? I heard that Vincent White came this morning. Have you seen him? " Renee asked.

"You go have lunch." It was obvious that Leila didn't want to reveal anything, and there was no mood swing in her voice.

"Are you in a bad mood?" Renee could see that Leila was obviously in a mood, she asked out of concern.

"No, I'm ok. I'm just a little nervous. It's my first time handling this kind of important meeting, I heard a lot of general managers would come." Leila turned aside from the topic and didn't want to think about Vincent any more.

## **Chapter 257 - A Moment in Destiny**

"Yeah, there'll be many obese CEOs here later on. Young businessman like Vincent is really hard to come by. You're really in luck to have him, Leila!"

Leila went into a short daze, her smile disappeared. She shrugged and remained silent. Suddenly, Manager Billy walked towards them hurriedly. He sighed in relief when he saw Leila and walked up to her.

Leila was stunned when Manager Billy seemed to have a hard time opening up.

Renee had been working in the institution for years and was sophisticated enough to sense the awkwardness. She raised her eyebrow. "I'll leave you guys to talk!"

Only after Renee left that Manager Billy whispered, "Miss Hunter, the president asked you to have lunch in his room!"

"I already had lunch!" She didn't expect Vincent will send someone to ask for her.

Manager Billy didn't leave but added, "The president said, if you don't go, he'll lock you in the room this afternoon and make you be an irresponsible member in your team!"

Sweat was dripping down his forehead when he said that. This message the president asked him to convey was like a kid's nuisance, he felt embarrassed to have to say that as a man in his forties. So he fled immediately after saying that without waiting for Leila's reply.

Leila frowned and felt her heart sank.

Screw him! She decided not to go to his president suite. Let him do what he wants!

Feeling a bit vexed, she turned around and saw Renee, who was sitting in a distance. "Renee, want to grab lunch?"

"Sure! The buffet in the restaurant downstairs is nice. Let's go fill our tummy and get rid of all the problems!" Renee walked over and took her arm. They then left for the restaurant together.

Seeing Leila didn't show up, Vincent made a call to Manager Bill and heard she was having lunch with colleague in the restaurant downstairs. Looking at the dishes on the table he specially ordered for her, he put on a long face and pursed his lips, wanting to curse.

Glimpsing at the food on the table, he felt a sudden rush of rage. He never felt this before. Scratching his head in frustration, he felt like flipping off the table.

One o'clock in the afternoon, Director Gordon showed up early. The news reporters arrived early too. They set up the cameras and equipment, waiting for the big shots to arrive.

"Hey! Leila, what a coincidence!" Leila heard a familiar male voice calling the moment she entered the hall.

She turned around and fixed gaze with a pair of plain glass spectacles. Slightly stunned, she was surprised since this was the first time she saw Julian in his reporter's look, carrying a notebook and wearing his reporter's licence. So he was a news reporter after all. "Oh, it's you, Julian! You really are a reporter?"

"Of course!" Julian smiled. "Why would I lie to you! Well, how do I look?"

Leila smiled back at him, feeling she was probably a little paranoid for being suspicious of him before this, "Are you here to do interviews?"

"Yeah, this is a big event, many foreigners would be here. My director sent me here to write a draft to con some drafting fee!"

"You're funny!" Leila shook her head while laughing.

Vincent saw them chatting away in laughter the moment he entered. He shot his sharp gaze at them while his face went dim.

His strong aura made Leila subconsciously turned to the doorway. She felt indescribably flustered when her eyes met his long gaze. She could sense he was angry.

Julian also looked towards the doorway. Seeing Vincent walked over, he walked up to him and greeted cordially, "Hey, senior! We met again! What a coincidence!"

Vincent nodded lightly while giving him a long gaze. "What a coincidence!"

"Yeah, I admire you a lot that you develop the business in White Group so well within the short span of just a few years!" Julian was not just being courteous here. Everyone who knew Vincent heard about his prowess in business. He was young, smart and aggressive, a rising star in the business world. He even developed his business in wide varieties of industries like service, properties and allegedly going to expand to pharmaceutical industry. "When can I do an interview with you?"

"Probably not, I'm not interested to do that!" Vincent's gaze was guided at Leila's flustered eyes when he chatted away with Julian. Speechlessly, he glimpsed at Leila's face with mixed feelings for a few seconds before turning back to Julian. "I'll excuse myself first!"

He didn't greet Leila. It seemed he never greeted her in front of other people. He was wearing the suit she picked for him. His tie was tidy, covering the bite mark at his neck near the collar bone. Who would've guessed what was behind the tie of White Group's president?

Leila sighed and shot a glimpse at him. She felt a prick in her heart. Vincent was seated when the rest of the representatives arrived one after another. The scene grew a bit chaotic.

"Leila, pass me a brochure, for my drafting later!" Julian smiled at her.

"Oh! Sure!" Leila smiled while passing him the brochure, the gloomy emotion just a moment ago was nowhere to be found. Suddenly recalled she hadn't give Vincent the brochure, she took one and walked up to him, then pass it to him without a word.

"Thank you!" The corner of Vincent's lips curled up. Even though he seemed to be smiling, his expression seemed cold.

"You're welcome!" Leila didn't expect he would thank her. It gave her goose bumps. She smiled widely to cover her fidgety.

In a slight daze, Vincent looked towards her. He noticed a hint of evasion and suspicion in her eyes behind the bright smile. Stunned, he pursed his lips and lowered his head.

While nobody was paying attention to them, he said in a low voice, "Come to my room after this!"

"Ugh!" Leila widened her eyes in shock.

Vincent lifted his head and stared at her while narrowing his eyes, "Did you hear me?"

"Hmm!" Leila dropped her head.

"Go distribute the brochures. Everyone's watching!" Vincent took his gaze away from her and glimpsed at the big shots entering the doorway.

"Oh!" Leila fled immediately.

A pair of deep-set eyes were peering at them behind a pair of plain glass spectacles. Its gaze trembled a little and moved away immediately. Flashlights were flashing wildly as the grand ceremony began. This was a grand event held by the institution, all the reporters were handpicked and underwent investigation prior to attendance.

Soon, everyone arrived. Vincent was seated with the rest of the attendants.

Leila knew everyone attending the event today were all elites in the business world. There was less than five businessmen who were as young as Vincent on the panel, and none was as good-looking as him.

She knew Vincent had strong personal charisma as well as diplomatic skills in the business world.

When the event began, Leila and Renee finished distributing the brochures and stood in the corner at the back. Leila brazenly peered at Vincent's face from the side, he was looking through the brochure seriously. This was the first time she saw him working. He looked very focused, frowning and listening from time to time.

She wasn't interested at all when they started to discuss about service industry and overseas projects. Her mind wandered away as she listened to their tedious discussion.

The meeting was a success. It was when Director Gordon came up to do the conclusion that he knew the meeting was over. Everyone left and moved towards the banquet hall downstairs. There was a banquet at night after the meeting.

"Leila, the director said we need to wear a gown for tonight's banquet!" Renee whispered into Leila's ear.

"Err...can I be excluded?" She didn't know how to deal with that kind of event, and the director didn't inform her about the banquet to begin with. Moreover, she didn't have a gown.

"You have to ask the director about this!" Renee shrugged. "But why not?"

"I didn't have a gown!" Leila was a bit embarrassed. Since the underwear incident last time, she stopped wearing dresses, not to mention something classy like a gown. As for dresses, the ones she wore in the past were all too childish for the event.

"What! You're Brian Hunter's daughter yet you don't have a gown?" Renee screamed. "My gosh! What kind of joke is this? Leila, why don't you have a gown?"

Leila simply shrugged off her question. She really didn't own much clothes that were presentable. Even though her identity now was Brian Hunter's daughter, there was a long time when she was just a love child. Even now that she had changed her last name to Hunter, Brian didn't really give her any extra care or attention.

Leila saw Director Gordon left for the door after talking with Vincent. Leila caught up with him and asked, "Director Gordon, can I take a leave for tonight's banquet?"

"Why?" Director Gordon was slightly taken aback.

"I have things to do!"

"What there is that can possibly be more important than this meeting? We have come all the way here, this is the last event. I'm running out of time, you girls go dress up. We don't have enough ushers to begin with, which means you cannot be absent! That's that, go get your gown. I have other things to attend to. See you tonight!" Director Gordon left after saying that.

Leila still wanted to say something but Director Gordon had walked into the distance.

"Leila, the director doesn't approve it, right?" Renee knew it wouldn't work.

At this moment, Vincent stood up and walked towards the doorway. He gave Leila a cold gaze which carried a hint of warning when he walked pass her.

Leila felt her body stiffened. Sensing the tobacco smell from him as he walked by, she remembered what he told her before the meeting began. She should be going to his suite after the meeting. She wondered if she should really go.

Leila was pondering while looking at Vincent's back leaving the hall.

"Leila, you don't have to attend the banquet if you don't want to, don't care about what that old man says!" Julian walked up to her. It seemed he had done well with the draft.

"He is your dad! How can you talk about him like that?" She was slightly shocked, and surprised at the relationship between this father-and-son. How could he disrespect his father like that?

"Haha, he's just an old stubborn man. For real, you don't have to go if you don't want to!" Julian smiled. "I'm going to submit my draft, see you later!"

"See you!" Leila nodded.

"Are you coming?" Renee recalled the gaze Vincent gave Leila when he left the hall and asked, just in case Leila needed to talk to him.

"I..."

"I know you have other things to do. Go ahead and get it done, just give me a call when you're done. Julian, I'm leaving with you, wait for me!" Renee said and ran towards the door.

## **Chapter 258 - A Moment in Destiny**

Leila was about to say something, but they had already left straight away. She was stunned. She hesitated for a moment and headed towards the stairs. Vincent's suite was located two floors away from the conference room, so she decided to use the stairs.

When she was walking in the corridor, a tall figure walked towards her from the direction of the elevator. Leila was dumbfounded as she saw that he just came up to this floor although he used the elevator.

He didn't say anything but only took a glance at her.

"Vincent!" Leila shouted, "Are you looking for me to do something for you?"

He kept silent and opened the room door. Leila had no choice but to follow him in. The atmosphere between them was a bit weird.

Until the door was completely closed, blocking everything outside, Leila lowered down her head, waiting for Vincent to say something.

"How dare you!" His voice was deep and as cold as ice.

Leila shivered and felt aggrieved. Was he talking about the incident where she didn't come to his suite when Manager Billy asked her to come this afternoon? She felt an inexplicable sense of nervousness in her heart.

Leila, there's nothing to be nervous about! You had decided to reject him, so you must bear the consequences. The video had already been deleted, so there's nothing to be afraid of. He can't threaten you anymore! Even though Vincent is a big shot, but he is still a human! There's nothing to be afraid of!

As she thought about this, she felt calm. She lifted her head. However, as she looked into his pair of eyes which were filled with anger, her slight hint of calmness disappeared immediately.

"Take a deep breath! Relax! Don't be afraid!" She thought to herself.

Leila consoled herself and forced a smile on her face. She spoke softly, "I don't know what you're talking about!"

As he heard this, he snorted coldly and tugged his tie hard with frustrations. He tugged so hard until the tie came off his neck. Two buttons on his shirt were untied and a teeth mark on his chest was revealed. Leila was shocked and she turned her face away.

"You're acting dumb, aren't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" She still said the same thing.

"Didn't Manager Billy find you?" Vincent asked patiently,

The atmosphere around them was domineering. Leila could clearly feel his hostile aura. She felt uneasy and took another deep breath.

Now she realized what Vincent was referring to. She gave him a smile that looked sweet and bright.

"Manager Billy did find me!"

She didn't comply with anything before this. Hence, this time she wouldn't need to comply too.

Vincent looked at her, his eyes regained their calmness. He asked calmly, "So you took my words as farts?"

The smile on Leila's face stiffened. She couldn't believe that he just described his own words as farts. She felt a little awkward and said, "I didn't!"

While she was saying this, Vincent kept staring at her. All her facial expressions had fallen into his eyes. He snorted in his heart.

"You have the guts to rebel but don't have the guts to admit it?"

"I have an appointment with a colleague!" She said, "And it's my work time. I don't have time to come up here!"

"Is it?" Vincent slowly walked to Leila's side. He bent his body and looked at her eyes, saying coldly, "You'd hide on the stairs to read a mobile novel if you didn't have time?"

"Uh!" She froze, her heart suddenly beat in shock. She couldn't believe that he actually knew about her hiding on the stairs at noon to read a novel.

Her small hands clenched and grabbed her shirt. At this moment, she felt very embarrassed. She wished that she could just turn around and run away.

"What do you want to add?" Vincent spoke coldly. He noticed that she had kept her head low for quite some time, not saying anything.

"I just don't want to come up. Just kill me or do whatever to me as you wish!" Leila suddenly raised her head and looked into his eyes. Then, she quickly lowered her head again, "Anyway, I just don't want to come up!"

"Do I look like a venomous and fierce creature to you?" Vincent said impatiently as he wrinkled his eyebrows.

"Uh... You're way scarier than those creatures!" Her body stiffened and her teeth clenched her lower lip. She just couldn't help but refute. He was such a sinister and cunning man. She was afraid that she wouldn't even know what would he do to her if she was not cautious enough.

"What did you say?" He glared.

"..." Leila was speechless.

"Lift your face. Don't you know that you should look at people's eyes when you talk?" His tone was already very impatient.

She didn't know what his expression was, so she lowered her head even more. He was slightly impatient. Finally, he reached out and lifted her chin. He narrowed his eyes and observed her from head to toe. He caught sight of her eyes, which were filled with stubbornness and struggles. Her expression looked contradictory. Two different kinds of emotion appeared in her eyes. From that, he could figure out that she was contradictory.

Leila looked at him. The teeth marks on his chest pierced her eyes. He had been with different women every night. She couldn't bear with him any longer. Leila gritted her teeth and decided to say what was in her heart, "Let's get a divorce!"

"What?" His eyes closed. His cold and handsome face showed the anger in his heart.

"Divorce!" Leila gritted her teeth and turned her head away, "We are not in love in the first place. There's no point in maintaining such a marriage! It's better to get rid of it earlier."

"The rules of the game can only be set by me. Did you forget what I said?" Vincent smiled faintly. A hint of danger crossed his eyes. He smiled coldly. He reached out and scooped up her hair, and placed it below his nose. He smelled it. His tone was extremely frivolous as an aura of danger could be felt from him, "Did you think that you're safe as long as the video was deleted?"

Leila shivered. She did not understand what he meant, "What are you going to do?"

Vincent blew into her neck, making her shiver even more. She had goosebumps instantly and her heart was pounding hard. This man was so seducing and domineering that he made her flush. She pulled down his hand and hung her head.

The video had been deleted, what could he do now?

She shouldn't be threatened by him anymore. So, she shouldn't be afraid of him anymore. But why, she still felt insecure in her heart?

"Do you think that you can just relax after deleting it? Don't you know that there is something called backup in this world? My dear wife, should I praise you for being innocent or stupid?" Vincent looked at her with cold eyes.

All of a sudden, Leila's face turned pale. "You, you mean that you backup the video?"

How could he be so shameless?

How did she mess with such a horrible guy?

Vincent smiled seductively and shrugged his shoulders.

Leila couldn't figure out what he meant. She asked him reluctantly, "Vincent, do you still have a backup or not?"

If he really had a backup, she didn't dare to think about it anymore. However, for a business elite like Vincent, it wouldn't be possible that he would let her delete that stuff so easily. She was so grateful and touched when he deleted it.

It turned out that...

"You're joking right?" As she said this, she gathered the courage to look at his eyes. She found out that his eyes were smirking and she didn't know what he meant. She was desperate to know the answer, so she smiled awkwardly and asked again, "Is it true?"

"Hmm!" Vincent gave another light hum, the expression on his face become even eviler, his eyes narrowed slightly, his lips opened slightly, and said word by word, "Do you think it's a joke?"



"Is it not?"

"If it is not, what would you do?"

"So, it's not?"

"Do you still want to divorce?"

"..." Leila stopped. So, there was still a backup with him.

"Do you think that I'll be so silly to give you the original document?" Vincent asked rhetorically. "You thought that you got it and there will be no more threat. Then, you can just divorce and embarrass me, right?"

"Vincent, I never thought of embarrassing you. While there are not many people who know about our marriage, let's divorce. I know that you don't love me, and I don't deserve such a good guy like you. If you feel that my sister had done something wrong to you, or you're hurt, just let out all your anger on me. Then, please let go of the two of us, okay?"

Deep in his heart, Vincent laughed coldly. Let them go? Impossible!

"You're right, not many people know that we're married, and I don't intend to let too many people know too. It's true that you don't deserve me and your sister indeed did something wrong, but that's not the point!"

"What's the point?" Leila was surprised.

"You want to know?" Vincent's eyes had a hint of interest. His sharp eyes looked into her eyes and said wickedly, "I won't tell you!"

As soon as Leila heard his words, she was dumbfounded and almost fainted. He was such a pervert! A true pervert!

"I thought that in the business world, you are considered a businessman who sticks to your principles and credibility. I thought the same goes for being a human. I didn't expect you to be a villain!" Leila said seriously.

"This isn't the first time you called me a villain. Anyway, I don't want to be a gentleman after all."

Vincent walked towards the sofa and sat on it. He leaned backwards and said, "If you like to disobey my orders and treat my words as farts, just try, and I'll show you how am I gonna play this game!"

Leila gritted her teeth, raised her eyes, and smiled, "How do you want to play? I'll definitely accompany you. Plus, I will never go against you in the future."

"Come here!" He waved his hands.

She stopped, and walked slowly to him, "Vincent!"

"Sit on my lap!"

She wished to kill herself when she heard his words. She remembered the scene when that day he ordered her to sit on his lap. Her heart shivered but she walked straight over and sat on his lap. "I see, you like to be a chair!"

His cold eyes narrowed fiercely. After two seconds, a smile bloomed on his lips. His gaze was like a knife as he looked at her. Then, his thin lips slowly spat out five words, "Help me light my cigarette."

"Nuts!" She refuted him in her mind, but she knew that she couldn't make him angry. However, he grabbed her waist suddenly.

"The cigarettes are in the pocket of my suit, the right side."

Leila reached out for the cigarettes, and she really felt the cigarettes in his pocket and the lighter too. His strong male scent lingered below her nose, making her heart flutter constantly. Her hands shook and she could barely take out the cigarette. She didn't know what he was going to do, and she could only take out the cigarette as she was told and put it in front of his mouth. Vincent used his mouth to hold the end of the cigarette. She saw the dangerous aura in his eyes, making her even more nervous.

She looked at Vincent in fright, "Vincent, I will help you to light it up!"

She opened the lighter, a flame emerged. Her hand was shivering as she lit the cigarette. The tip of the cigarette glowed and showed a light of red flames.

#### **Chapter 259 - A Moment in Destiny**

Leila put the lighter and cigarette pack into the pocket of his suit again. She remained silent and sat on his lap without knowing what to say.

"Cough, cough, cough—" Suddenly, she was choked by the smoke from him and coughed uncomfortably. "Mr. White, my trachea is suffering to smell the smoke, can you let me go!"

"No!" Vincent White's ruthless words rang in Leila's ears and she continued to cough uncontrollably. Vincent's eyes condensed and he became quiet, letting her go.

After that, he took out a card and put it on the coffee table. "Go ahead and buy a dress, you are going to join the banquet tonight!"

Leila didn't know how she got out, holding the gold card given by him. She was stunned for a while. This was the first time that he gave her his money. However, she felt like she owed him.

As soon as she walked out of the hotel, her phone rang. Leila turned on it and she found out that it was Vincent's call. She had never forgotten to answer his call after it rang for three seconds.

"Wait for me at the corner 100 meters ahead, I am going there now!" Vincent said solemnly. Just as he finished his words, he hung up the phone immediately.

Leila looked at the front and walked straight for 100 meters. However, she was a little absent-minded as her mind was recalling the moment that he gave her the gold card. His eyes were deep and his voice was overbearing. She was not given a chance to reject it.

Why did he give her the gold card and why did he order her to attend the banquet tonight? She thought a lot but still couldn't think of a reason. She just felt that the relationship between both of them became very complicated if she spent his money.

That feeling was not good.

Now he called her again, was he going to accompany her to buy a dress?

Her prediction was right. When she was about to reach the corner 100 meters ahead, his Bugatti squeaked to a halt at her side. Leila looked up in a flash and saw the car window rolling down, revealing Vincent's handsome face.

The deep voice rang, "Get into my car!"

Leila lowered her head, pursing her lips. Then, she got into his car.

After knowing that he might have a backup of the video just now and after taking the card which he forcibly gave, she felt very awkward and terrified of him. She seemed like on the edge.

"Mr. White——"

"I am bringing you to buy a dress. Although there are not many people who know that you are my wife, I am not letting you put me on shame in front of those who know!" Vincent started his car as nothing happened.

He really took her to purchase a dress.

Leila couldn't believe it. Wasn't this the same situation that she saw last time? He often helped women to buy clothes. When she thought of that scene, she felt upset and whispered, "If I don't attend the banquet, I would never put you on shame!"

She never had the interest to enter the legendary upper-class society. Even if those events were organized by the government or agencies, she would not like to join any so-called economic forum-like banquets because her motto was to keep a low profile. She never wanted to show off anything.

"Vincent White's wife must attend every occasion!" he said.

Wouldn't it be better if she was not going?

Why must he force her to go?

Oh! It seemed wrong. This was ordered by Director Gordon!

Feeling a bit irritated, Vincent loosened his collar and that was the first time he felt that he didn't know much about himself.

The car stopped in front of a luxurious building. Vincent led Leila into the VIP elevator. After stepping out from the elevator, a woman in white smiled gently and greeted him, "Vincent, how come you heading here in person? If you called me, I will certainly let someone send any clothes you like to you."

Vincent pulled Leila to the front of that woman, "Pick a dress for her for a banquet tonight."

After saying that, he sat on the sofa and lit a cigarette to smoke. He looked around the store and glanced at Leila. Then, he took a magazine next to him and started to read it.

At that moment, Leila found out that this woman was the one who had dinner with Vincent at Seah Restaurant last time. She was very charismatic. It seemed like this woman loved to put on white clothes and she looked so pretty and charismatic.

"You smoke again. Smoking is bad for your health. Do you want to die?" The woman walked over to grab the cigarette in Vincent's hand and extinguished it. "Other than that, there are all high-end dresses here. If you spread the smell of smoke at my store, what should I explain to my customers about that? Are you going to take responsibility if it affects my business?!"

Vincent frowned, "How much does it cost? I will pay you!"

"Why should I get your money? Do you think that I'm the same as those women? Although I want to be a parasite, I am sorry that I don't own such a life!" The woman rolled her eyes. Then, she glanced at

Leila and her eyes shined with profound meaning, "Vincent, you have such a good taste, another pretty lady here!"

The woman in white had a beautiful smile. She was praising Leila but her eyes were full of disdain, it seemed like she grouped Leila as the kind of woman who would be kept as a mistress.

Leila could see that this woman in white had a close relationship with Vincent because she dared to extinguish his cigarette and Vincent only rolled his eyes at her without getting mad. It was obvious that they were very familiar with each other. There was even a trace of pampering from Vincent's eyes to her.

Seeing Pippa Russell's disdain from her eyes, Leila recalled that Pippa had said "another pretty lady" just now, she guessed that Vincent always brought women to buy clothes there. Not knowing the praise from the woman was sincere or ironic, Leila still replied politely, "Thank you! You are more beautiful!"

"Pippa, dress her up, there will be a banquet tonight! I'm in a hurry, don't waste my time!" Vincent ordered.

"Alright, I got it! Don't keep rushing me!!"

Oh, her name was Pippa! Her name had a meaning of ethereal and elegant beauty but the way she spoke was very frank and forthright.

Pippa found a long dress for Leila, it was a coquettish wine red. Leila just took a glimpse of it and shook her head, "I won't wear this kind of dress!"

Vincent glanced around and found that the dress really didn't suit Leila because it was too dazzling.

Then, Pippa raised her eyebrows, "Why?"

Leila smiled faintly, glancing at the clothes placed in the show window, and smiled, "This dress is too ostentatious. It will more suitable for the prostitute to wear. I am just an ordinary girl who is not suitable and can't stand for such showy dress!"

In fact, Leila wanted to say that the dress was for the prostitutes, but not her.

Pippa was taken aback for a moment. She smiled when she saw the same disdain in Leila's eyes as she didn't expect Leila to realize her sarcasm.

Leila's sight turned slightly to look at Vincent, who was gazing at another side. It seemed like he didn't turn to her side and see what she had done. He even didn't have many expressions on his grim face.

There was a sunny smile on Pippa's face and Leila was surprised by her warmth. "I will give you a suitable dress! Wait for a minute, I am going to get it for you!"

Pippa opened a door behind the counter and she went in.

Vincent turned and looked at Leila. At the same time, she happened to stare at him. Both of their sights intersected. Then, Leila lowered her head.

"Can you dance?" Vincent spoke out of the blue with his cold voice.

Leila had no choice but to look up and she saw him staring at her with his sharp eyes. She nodded, "Yes!"

Vincent's pupils constricted, "Your father asked you to learn?"

Leila shook her head. "No, I joined dancing classes when I was young. I also learnt ballroom dancing in Physical Education class when I was in college."

The door opened and Pippa brought a yellow tube dress and Leila felt warm when she saw the colour of yellow. It was a simple design and the dress was just over the knee. Moreover, the dress was embellished with rhinestones which made it look so elegant and beautiful.

After Leila put on that dress, she opened the door of the locker room. Pippa's eyes were full of surprises to see her wearing that yellow dress and she praised Leila in excitement, "I didn't expect this dress to suit you so well!"

Vincent's looked over there as well. When he looked up, he was also amazed by Leila in that dress. Since it was a tube top dress, her white, slender neck was exposed. Besides, the yellow dress showed her fair skin and this made her looked brighter and more glamorous. Her black eyes looked cautious and anxious at the moment. Leila looked pure and refined. She was so charming when she looked around. Besides, she looked naughty but also gentle and good-natured.

Vincent's eyes quickly darkened after shining.

"Isn't it ugly?" Leila asked apprehensively after seeing Vincent's gloomy face.

"You are so beautiful, how can it be ugly? This wonderful dress is designed by me and I didn't expect it to suit you so perfectly!" Pippa exclaimed in happiness, "Vincent, this dress is finally sold out, it's worth to be celebrated!"

"Change another one!" Vincent said suddenly.

"What?" Pippa was shocked to hear that.

"I said change another dress!" Vincent didn't explain much on it but stating the facts.

Leila was dumb, this dress looked good. The colour was not too ostentatious and it was not over revealing. It was simple yet classic. Why was he unhappy?

Pippa was also startled for a few minutes and then she clapped her hands in a sudden. "Oh, alright! Vincent, I get it!"

Just as she finished her words, she entered the room again and came out with a black dress with wide shoulder straps, which was actually a dress with a posh design. There was a black bow at the waist and it was more conservative than the previous yellow dress.

"Vincent, you will love this!" Pippa smiled and blinked at Vincent again. Her wink seemed to be strange but meaningful.

Leila didn't miss the expression on Pippa's face. It seemed like they were very familiar with each other!

Vincent nodded, "Good! Wrap up that yellow dress and I will buy both of them!"

"You still want it even if she is not going to wear it?" Pippa was stunned slightly.

"Why did you talk so much nonsense?" Vincent glared. Immediately, Pippa smiled and folded the dress. She secretly gave Vincent a thumbs up. After Vincent rolled his eyes at her, she stuck her tongue out.

Vincent took a glimpse at Leila doubtfully. A sense of complexity flashed in his eyes, and his face was still grim, "Pippa, don't forget to prepare a pair of shoes and a bag so that she can wear them with the dress!"

"No problem, Mr. White!" Pippa didn't look back.

"I will be waiting outside, come out immediately after taking your dress!" Vincent spoke to Leila in a cold voice. Then, he put a blank cheque on Pippa's checkout counter. "Fill in any amount you want!"

"I have heard of Mr. White's generosity a long time ago, thank you!" Pippa collected the cheque in a smiling face and Vincent left the shop.

Leila had been watching them quietly. The way they communicated reminded her of Vincent in the past. He used to talk to her sister in that way. Although he was an apathetic person, he looked sunny when he smiled.

## **Chapter 260 - A Moment in Destiny**

The second Vincent left, Pippa looked at Leila and seemed hesitant to speak. After a few seconds, she said "You're the woman that Vincent brought to please me, so I brought you this dress. Do you have any idea why he won't let you wear this yellow gown tonight?"

A hint of bitterness flashed across her eyes, but Leila managed to suppress it.

From Pippa's tone, Leila felt as though she was nothing but a cheap servant next to Vincent, who was like a king. God knows she didn't want to be with Vincent either. Leila replied, "Can I leave now?"

Pippa was slightly taken by surprise; she didn't expect Leila would talk to herself in such a disdainful manner. For a woman who always held herself in high regards, Pippa suddenly laughed. "Hah! You've got spirit; I like that! You're young, but you've got spirit. That's cool!"

Leila was surprised herself. For some reason, her face quickly changed colors, like a chameleon.

She liked it? Leila smiled slightly. She didn't need Pippa to like anything. All she wanted was to live a peaceful life, with her family happy. Then it'd all be OK.

"Vincent didn't let you wear this yellow gown because he didn't expect that you looked so good in it. He was surprised, and didn't want to let other men see this beautiful side of you. He's quite bossy, you know? This black dress is also quite luxurious, and you won't be the focus of the crowd, so it suits you better. Plus, its matching bag, leggings, and shoes are all prepared too. Go on, take it!" Pippa said a mouthful that made Leila's mouth slightly agape.

"What, don't you believe me?" Pippa said.

Leila laughed at herself, "Ms. Murray, you misunderstood me. Mr. White doesn't care what I wear! Thanks for your thoughtfulness. I'm leaving now!"

She picked up dress and turned to leave. Was there any woman Vincent actually cared about? Probably not!

"Hold on!" Pippa called out again.

Leila turned and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Vincent's gone through a lot to get to where he is today. Lately, he's been in a bad mood. I know it's not easy being his woman, but I hope you can bear with him! Don't let him get angry! He's been in a bad mood, but he's quite tired too."

Leila smiled; bear with him? Hasn't she bore with him enough yet? But what caused him to be so tired?

And what right did Pippa have to tell her all this?

Leila didn't understand the meaning behind Pippa's words, but she could tell that the relationship between Pippa and Vincent was not like that of a couple, but more like old friends. She said nothing, turned around, and headed out.

Pippa looked on as Leila left, and she was deep in thought.

It didn't matter what kind of relationship the two of them had.

From afar, Leila saw Vincent's figure standing beside his Bugatti, smoking. There seemed to be a deep sadness in his eyes as his gaze looked at the night sky. Who knew what he was pondering.

It's this kind of cold attitude that drove strangers away.

The clouds of smoke hovered around his face, which made his expression look even more moody. The air about him seemed incredibly chilly. As Leila walked over toward him, Vincent's eyes narrowed.

"Plop" with a soft sound, he threw the cigarette to the ground, and put it out with his foot.

Leila couldn't tell what was wrong, but she could feel that there was something on his mind.

Vincent didn't say anything as he opened the car door for her with a sulky face. Leila quickly got in, then Vincent hurriedly got into the car, stepped on the gas pedal, and sped away.

Vincent brought her again to his personal suite in the hotel.

The second they entered, he began to make calls and left Leila alone. Leila hung the dress on a coat hanger and sat on the sofa. Pretty soon, she fell asleep.

These days, she had been living alone in the villa. With its large rooms, it was extremely quiet, which frightened her at times. She didn't sleep well each night, as if she always worried about something.

Vincent was on the phone for at least half an hour. Once he hung up, he was surprised to find out that Leila had fallen asleep. He squinted in dissatisfaction and headed over to the sofa with an air of danger about him, ready to forcefully wake her up.

But the second he saw her beautiful face as she slept, he suddenly stopped.

She looked incredibly cute as she slept. She had long eyelashes and slightly pursed lips, but there seemed to be traces of wrinkles on her forehead, as if she was deep in worry. She has worries?!

Vincent's eyes flashed. He already felt irritated, so he suddenly bit down hard on her lips.

"Ah-" Leila was awakened by the pain and let out a small yelp. As she came about her senses, her sight focused and saw Vincent's handsome face before her. She then lamented again at her situation.

Vincent let her lips go, but his face was still inches away from hers. Leila's face could feel his breath as he exhaled.

"Mr. White-" Leila placed a small hand on his tie, her eyes wide open.

Vincent looked down at her and said in a prideful tone, "Who said you can fall asleep?"

Looking at his beautiful face and the hostility in his eyes, Leila tilted her head backwards, revealing her slender, white neck, "Mr. White, is there something you need me to do?"

If there was some task, she could stay awake to do it. But he said nothing, and brought her here. Also, he was gone for a week without a word. She didn't even know what he was doing during that time. Her eyes looked down at his tie, and she spotted an obvious red lipstick mark. Just where did he go off to have a good time again?

Thinking about this, her tone became tough, and she was no longer afraid of the temper in his eyes. "If you don't have any work for me to do, I'm going to sleep; I'm incredibly tired!"

Vincent smiled angrily, "Oh, there's work; give me a massage!"

The second he finished speaking, he pulled her up and began to undo his tie.

"Massage?" Leila confusedly asked.

"Yes! Can't you do it?" He raised his eyebrow.



“Mr. White, I’m not a professional masseur, I’m afraid my massage won’t help you much. How about I call for a masseur?” Leila smiled bitterly; she never expected Vincent to exploit her like this. He was doing this purposefully.

“It has to be you; are you trying to be lazy? How much does it cost to get a masseur? Why should I pay for one when I have one for free? Do you think I’m made of money? I’ll have you know that it took me blood and sweat to make the money I have today. Why do you get to spend it thriftily?” Vincent cracked a smile; he was surprised she dared suggest getting a masseur.

“I didn’t!” Leila felt wronged. Why did he get to go have a merry time, and make her help him massage to relax?

“Then hurry up and get over here!” Vincent said as he walked towards the large bed.

Leila’s face looked ill; she unwillingly followed. She pursed her lips, but still said, “Coming!”

Vincent took off all his clothes and had nothing on but a pair of briefs. He lied on the bed and said, “Massage my back first!”

Looking at him lying in bed like this, Leila’s eyes widened. There was no denying that his body looked perfect, with his impeccable muscles and no loose fat at all. The briefs covered his tight, sturdy buttocks, and below were his slender, powerful legs...

Leila’s face suddenly began to turn red...

She swallowed her saliva, then glared at him again. At the exact same moment, he suddenly turned around to look at her.

Frightened, she suddenly looked down and said with a hint of guilt, “OK!”

There was a mixture of emotions on his expression. His face was still stone cold, but there seemed to be a hint of warmth and kindness in his eyes. “Sit on my waist!”

“Ah-” As soon as she crawled onto the bed, his sudden command made her fall face flat with her nose on his waist. It hurt!

“Shit!” Feeling a jab on his waist, Vincent took a deep breath, turned backwards and flipped Leila around, until he rested on top of her with his breath inches from her nose. He said with a temper, “It’s fine if you don’t want to give me a massage, but trying to get revenge like this?”

Leila was frightened as she was suddenly suppressed and questioned by him in an alarming tone. Feeling afraid, she rebuked, “I didn’t mean to; who told you to speak in such a scary way?”

“My fault for speaking in a scary way?” Vincent suddenly looked down and seemed about to get pissed, “What did I say?”

“You, you told me to sit on your waist!” She shyly repeated what he said. As she did, she could feel her face turn red, all the way to her ears.

Suddenly, he began to roar in laughter. “Are you sure you were scared by my tone, and not doing it on purpose?”

Leila looked up at him. Just moments before, she could feel his anger. Now, he was laughing hysterically. She was certain, he must have gone crazy! To the point of no return.

“Hurry up and give me a massage, we’ve still got a banquet to attend later!” Vincent playfully began to look at Leila’s shirt collar, then he spotted one of the buttons across her breast was unbuttoned, slightly revealing her white bra underneath. His eyes widened, and he asked in a flirtatious manner, “How about we have sex?”

“Ah- No-“ Leila realized he was staring at her breast, and suddenly lost her senses and shouted, “Pervert!”

“Pervert?” Vincent was stunned; this was the first time a woman called him a pervert, and he was quite displeased at the accusation.

Leila struggled and pushed him.

“Why am I a pervert?” Vincent clamped her jaw and forced her to look at him, “You’re my wife! So what if I’m perverted toward you? The law gives me the right to do so!”

Leila began to panic, but she couldn’t escape his grasp, “Mr. White, don’t!”

In her panicked state, she was holding her breath, but he maliciously exhaled a large breath of air on her, “Don’t what?”

Leila suddenly felt the back of her head propped by his hand, then his lips suddenly came down and sealed her lips completely!

Oh god!

Leila was in a daze!

She didn’t want this kind of foreplay, this kind of teasing; is that so much to ask for?