

Destiny 261

Chapter 261 - A Moment in Destiny

As she struggled, Leila caught glimpse of his neck again. The image of the red bite mark was burned into her eyes.

“Don’t forget that you are my wife!”

Leila was stunned after hearing what he yelled. Her mind went blank. He called her his wife, but did he ever treat her as his wife?

She kept looking at the bite mark around his neck. Her clear and big eyes were wide open as she stared at it blankly. Her eyes were filled with puzzlement and confusion, and she was slightly upset.

Vincent was annoyed seeing the weird expression in her eyes, he frowned and said, “What are you looking at?”

He lowered his head, but he couldn’t see the bite mark.

Leila’s body trembled. Suddenly, her eyes met Vincent’s. She said, “Do you still want a massage?”

She tried her best to speak calmly, but her voice still trembled.

Vincent stared into her eyes and realized that the expression in her eyes seemed tremendously melancholic. At that moment, his pupils constricted, and he stared at her blankly. He felt a surge of annoyance deep inside. He then shrugged her off, turned around and lied on his stomach.

He actually let her go. He was surprised by his actions, “Of course I want a massage!”

Leila took a deep breath and let out a sigh of relief. She got up and kneeled next to him. She caressed his wide back with her small hand and massaged him with a comfortable strength. Vincent closed his eyes, hiding the tiredness in his eyes.

“Massage me for one hour non-stop, okay?”

Leila tensed up. This was exploitation! She felt very uncomfortable being ordered by him like that, but she was willing to do this compared to sleeping with him.

If they were in love with each other, she wouldn’t even frown if he asked her to massage him for an hour, maybe she would even do it for 10 hours. But the problem was that they weren’t a couple who were madly in love with each other, and he wasn’t the man he used to be!

If there was no love, it could only be plain exploitation.

“Harder, did you not eat?”

“Ugh!”

“It hurts! Are you trying to kill me?”

“Is this okay?”

“Harder! No! Softer! Yes, like that. It’s barely okay. You have to practice more, you idiotic, stupid woman!”

“Why marry me if you think I’m stupid?” She couldn’t help but mutter.

“Do you want to die?”

There was a banquet at night.

Leila put on a modest black evening dress. Vincent was still sleeping when she got a call from Renee. Vincent slept for 2 whole hours as she massaged him.

Leila went to change after the phone call. She was all dressed and saw that Vincent was still sleeping. She took out the stuff in her handbag and put in into a black glossy clutch that Pippa gave her. She then walked out of the room quietly.

Vincent opened his eyes the moment the door closed. He got up and went into the bathroom. Only then he realized that there was a bite mark on his neck. His eyes flickered. Leila was staring at his neck for so long, she had to be staring at the bite mark.

At the banquet.

“Leila, wow! You’re so pretty! I told you that a long dress will show off your figure nicely. The men’s nose will start bleeding just by looking at your curves!” said Renee excitedly when she saw Leila.

Leila smiled. She thought that black didn’t suit her, but Vincent didn’t want her to wear the beige-yellowish dress and she didn’t want to make him upset. By not upsetting him, her life would also be a whole lot easier.

She looked at Renee. Renee was wearing a long blue dress and it was eye-catching as well, “Your dress is really pretty too!”

“Ha! I’m here to catch me a rich husband, of course I have to stand out!” said Renee as she glanced at Leila.

“Catch a rich husband?”

“Yeah! Everyone here is business elites. Even though we are working for the government, our salaries are peanuts when compared to what those business elites are earning. We won’t be able to save up much even if we work our whole life. My salary is not even enough for me to buy myself the make-up products I want! I’m not like you, you have a rich husband already!”

“I think the salary is okay, I’m not into make-up though!” Leila smiled.

“Yeah, you really don’t have any make-up on. It’s so annoying that you have a naturally flawless face. Hey, Leila. You should put your hair up. I think it will look better if you tie it up. Come over, I’ll help you!”

“There’s no need!”

“Come on, your hairstyle doesn’t match your dress!”

Leila was pulled to a corner and Renee took some black hairpins out of her clutch. Leila's hair was tied up with a black hairpin with rhinestones on it and the stray hair was secured with bobby pins. Leila's dainty nape was now perfectly exposed.

Renee clapped her hand happily, "Yes! It's wonderful like this. I bet Vincent would like it! Oh, he's here!"

Speak of the devil! Vincent took large strides and walked across the banquet hall. A pretty lady was walking next to him with her arms familiarly wrapped around his. They appeared in front of the other guests with their arms locked together like that.

Leila's heart turned wintry and heavy. She looked away, trying to not look in his direction.

Vincent smiled faintly. He glanced at Leila and didn't show any other emotions. He walked straight ahead and greeted the other VIPs.

"Oh my god! Leila, why weren't you the one next to him?" It wasn't Renee's first time seeing something like this, "That woman seems to be the car model, Meredith Baker."

"It doesn't matter, we are on duty, aren't we? Renee, let's go eat. I have not eaten dinner yet!" Leila's feeling was indescribable. There was always someone next to him and it would never be her. There was no reason for her to be narcissistic and be full of herself.

She tried to not pay more attention to him and didn't show many emotions. Leila walked to the buffet area and Renee looked at her with a hint of pity in her eyes. She went along with her and whispered, "Are all rich guys playboys? It seemed wonderful to marry a rich person, but in reality, it doesn't seem good! Leila, tell me, should I find myself a rich husband? Or maybe someone with a higher position in the government? But should I really?"

"You should let love take its shape. If you are in love, you will be happy even if you and your husband are poor!" Leila's heart was pumping oddly. She didn't want to attend this banquet, but at least this time she was forced to accept the fact that she wouldn't be able to keep someone like Vincent by her side forever.

He wasn't the type of man that would easily succumb to her.

Her dad said that it was okay as long as he fell in love with her. She laughed self-deprecatingly. This was a tough mission and she wouldn't be able to accomplish it. Even so, she wouldn't have to be as exhausted as before.

Leila picked her favourite food from the table. Renee couldn't help but ask, "Leila, how could you just take it? How can he bring another woman to the banquet when you're here?"

"Shh!" Leila smiled as she put a finger on her lips, trying to stop Renee from asking more. "Let's eat!"

Renee rubbed her shoulder as if she was trying to cheer and comfort Leila, "Leila, you have lost faith in man. It's okay to cry, I'll lend you my shoulder! My shoulder is nice and wide!"

Leila shook her head and smiled brightly, "I'm not going to cry! I just want to eat!"

"Mr. White, let's have some food!" Meredith walked towards the buffet area with a tray in her hand. Vincent was walking behind her.

Leila looked back and realized that Vincent was intentionally or unintentionally glancing at her. She smiled faintly as if what was happening didn't bother her at all.

Vincent had a frigid expression on his face, but he was pursing his lips.

Leila turned around and said to Renee, "Try this, it's good!"

She grabbed more and put it on her plate as well. She then grabbed another plate and gave it to Renee. She quickly grabbed more food and walked away to somewhere else to eat.

The look of pity in Renee's eyes intensified. She couldn't help but snorted at Vincent as she walked past him. She looked at him in disdain. So, what if he was a young and successful business elite? He was an indecent man with a frivolous personality! She hated playboys!

Vincent's face turned sullen as he felt Renee showing her hatred towards him.

Leila didn't notice anything. Renee pouted, what was his deal, giving her the cold shoulder?

Leila sat down in a corner and started eating. Renee didn't have any appetite.

"Fuck, where's Callum? Why is he not here yet? I'm so bored! I'm going out for a walk!"

Leila was done eating and she continued to sit in the corner. A comfortable piano tune could be heard from the hall. She subconsciously glanced towards the hall and saw Vincent and Meredith sticking closely to each other in a dark corner. Suddenly, as if the pressure in the air turned heavy, Leila found it oppressing and hard to breathe.

In the distance, Vincent noticed that Leila was staring. He glanced coldly at her and she tensed up. She didn't shy away, but there were waves of emotions in her eyes. One couldn't tell if she was happy or sad.

Vincent's grip on Meredith tightened. He pressed her against the wall and kissed her.

Leila's pupil constricted and she closed her eyes. She turned her head and only then opened her eyes again.

"My lady, would you care for a dance?" Leila heard a familiar voice as she opened her eyes. Callum was standing in front of her.

"Oh! It's you. Renee was looking for you!" Leila quickly calmed herself down and looked around for Renee.

"She'll be fine, she's not a child. But you, what are you thinking about so deeply? Let's dance!" said Callum. He didn't even say Renee's name. "The music is starting soon and everybody's going to dance! Let's go!"

"You should dance with Renee!" Leila felt that Callum and Renee were like quarrelsome lovers and that Renee seemed to be quite concerned about Callum.

"Well, I'll accompany you here if you don't want to dance!" said Callum as he sat down next to her.

At this moment, the friendly organizer of the banquet invited Vincent to warm the dance floor. He walked into the middle of the hall together with Meredith. The music started playing soon after. They started to waltz dance gracefully, it was a common ballroom dance step.

“Such a beautiful couple!” Callum couldn’t help but gasp.

Leila smiled faintly, “Oh right, what kind of dances do you know?”

“I know everything!” Callum smiled brightly.

“Let’s rumba after this!” said Leila softly. After looking at Vincent and Meredith, she also wanted to dance.

“Sure!” Callum was surprised but he said, “Sure thing, sure thing!”

Renee was nowhere to be found as if she disappeared into thin air.

Vincent and Meredith were spectacular and no doubt the centre of attention.

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Leila was somewhat looking in their direction. Vincent was handsome and Meredith was pretty. They looked beautiful together. Meredith was 173 cm tall and her heels were three and a half inches high. The two of them looked like they were about the same height.

Meredith’s bodycon dress was swaying with the rhythm. She had a nice figure, her steps were light and elegant, and she seemed well-mannered. Dancing with Vincent, she seemed small in comparison even with her tall figure.

The song ended. Vincent held her hand and they went to sit down somewhere to rest.

Callum went up and talked to the DJ and then the DJ started to play rumba.

Callum walked back to Leila with a smile on his face. He didn’t say anything and held Leila’s hand gentlemanly as they walked into the dance hall. He placed his hand on Leila’s tiny waist and held her up. They then started to dance.

Soon, they were the centre of attention. Vincent and Meredith were good, but Callum and Leila were better.

Rumba was the dance of love. As the gentle and sensual music played, the female dancer’s movement exuded tenderness and at the same time showing off the body’s beautiful curves. The duo’s movement also showed flirtation and longing, it was alluring.

Leila didn’t think that Callum was such a good dancer. She was getting excited as she hadn’t danced in a long time. She felt as if all her troubles and worries were dissipating into the dance steps.

Leila relaxed her facial muscles and was getting into the music. She was dancing better and better.

Callum was in a good mood and his expressions were on point. Soon, they were on the same wavelength.

They were smiling as brightly as ever!

Everyone else was engrossed with the light footsteps and the dress swaying along with the rhythm.

The swirling dress and the radiant smile! The swivelling hemline looked like it was chasing after the cocktail attire!

The emotions conveyed in the music was at times calm and at times exciting because of their dance. It was as if everyone around them had forgotten all their sadness and worries for the time being! They were so elegant and happy! Their mood was swinging, moving and soaring along with the music...

Leila was enchanting and Callum was just as exciting. They were dancing gently and their movement lingering, as if they were a couple madly in love with each other. It was sensual and exciting.

Vincent stared at the dancing couple in the middle of the dance hall. There was a hint of awe hidden behind his stare. But shortly after, his gaze turned indifferent and cold again. He smirked and there was a fire in his eyes.

That Leila! How dare she danced and flirted right in front of him? Did she want to die?!

“Vincent! They’re good! They took all the attention away from us! So annoying!” said Meredith as she inched closer to Vincent’s ear. She said flightily, “Let’s do the cha-cha next!”

Vincent pulled his tie and grabbed a glass of wine. He gulped the alcohol and had a look of disdain on his face. How dare she provoked him in public like that, she had to be punished!

As Leila was dancing, she looked around for Vincent. As she met his blood-thirsty eyes, she raised her head and tried to provoke him.

She was trying to challenge him?!

Vincent was shocked.

He smirked and had a dangerous look in his eyes. He hid his gleam and clinked glasses elegantly with Meredith who had heavy make-up on. He quickly camouflaged the unhappiness that he was feeling and was trying his best to hide his real emotions from the people around him. “No, I’m tired!”

“Then let’s go rest in the room,” said Meredith as she put her arms around his neck. She stuck her red lips close to his ear lobes and whispered, “Vincent, I want you!”

“Maybe next time, I’m really tired,” said Vincent as he smiled flightily. He hugged her waist tightly.

They were flirting and seducing each other. Meredith wanted to give her everything to him, but it always ended like this. They were together for quite some time now. They flirted and kissed, but he never slept with her. She was unhappy about it.

Leila and Callum were dancing for the longest time.

Leila raised her leg in the end and everybody could see her black panties. Vincent frowned and placed the wine glass hardly on the bar table.

Damn that woman, how dare she exposed herself like that?!

His face turned sullen and he felt anger brewing in his chest. He snapped his finger and Manager Billy immediately came over. Vincent whispered to him about something.

Manager Billy left and after a minute as Leila and Callum were about to reach the climax of their dance, the music suddenly stopped. The hall was filled with darkness, the electricity went out!

“Ahh!” a woman screamed.

“Why did the power go out?”

“Such bad timing! Such a wet blanket, it was getting to a good point!”

“Ahh!” Leila suddenly yelled.

Callum quickly said, “Leila, it’s okay. I’m here!”

“Everyone, I apologize. Please stay where you are and don’t move. We checked the breaker and realized that the fuse was blown. It will be fixed in a jiffy!” yelled Manager Billy.

Leila stood where she was, but she felt someone walking towards her. As she was in a daze, her arm was grasped by someone. Before she could say anything, she was already pulled out of the hall, tumbling and fumbling.

The person was walking without an issue in the dark. They didn’t walk into anyone.

The light was back when she realized that they were in the hallway.

Leila then found out that the person holding her arm was Vincent.

“Vincent, it was you?!” She was surprised and puzzled. She didn’t think that it was him. He brought her to a room next to the hall. He closed the door, and they were alone and isolated from the outside world.

“Who were you expecting?” said Vincent resentfully. His eyes turned darker and he smirked, “Why? Do you still want to dance? Did you feel good sticking so close to that man? You think you looked good?”

Leila pursed her lips. She was uncomfortable at his derision.

He grinned and said in a deep voice, “I think you haven’t learned your lesson. Why do you try to anger me so much?”

He took out a cigarette and lit it. He huffed and puffed and squinted his eyes as he locked his gaze at her like an eagle hunting its prey. “Tell me, why did you provoke me on purpose? What was your goal?

Are you craving for my attention?”

Leila’s eyes were wide open. Oh, he could tell. Well, she was provoking him. She was exasperated. Why could he dance with another woman and do anything he wanted, but she couldn’t and had to obey his every word? “Well, yes! I was provoking you, but not because I wanted your attention. I just wanted to tell you that I’m a human with emotions as well. And you better treat me like one!”

“Leila, who do you think you are? Do you really think that you are the mayor’s precious daughter? Did you know that your father was only just using you?” he said as he sneered. Vincent reached out his free

hand and pulled Leila into his arms. He inched his face closer to hers and had a cold expression on his face. He puffed out some smoke,

Leila was prepared and she held her breath. She wasn't choked by the smoke, but she was surprised at what Vincent just said, "What did you say?"

He inhaled his cigarette again and kissed her as she opened her mouth. Though he wasn't kissing her, he puffed the smoke into her mouth.

Leila didn't think that he was such a bastard. She coughed violently and her eyes turned red, "You asshole!"

"So what?" He arched his brow and said impolitely. "I said, your father is just using you!"

Leila was dancing vigorously just now and didn't have much strength left. She couldn't move away from his hand that was holding her waist tightly. She gave up, but she glared at him stubbornly with an indifferent look in her eyes. She wasn't going to give in to him and she was adamant about it. But she also felt conflicted. She bit her lips and said tenaciously, "No need to drive a wedge between me and my dad. It's useless!"

"Great, there's finally hatred in your eyes." He tightened his grip on her waist as if he was going to break it in half. He smiled coldly and inched closer to her cheek, he muttered in a wintry and soft voice, "How does hatred feel? My Leila, my bitch. Will you die if you don't have a man by your side?"

His cold gaze was stabbing her heart like a sharp knife. Leila's breathing hastened, but she suddenly smiled provocatively and coldly as she said, "Well, yeah! I'm a bitch and I need my man. So what of it?"

"You wench!" She was successful at adding oil to his flame. He grabbed her chin so hard as if he was going to break her bones.

But this time, as he met her eyes, a strong will could be seen. She wouldn't surrender any more. His acrimony intensified and he kissed her on her tightly pursed lips.

His kisses were rough and painful, Leila was trying hard to breathe.

She couldn't stop him and win against his strength, she was forcefully kissed. Leila then bit down hard and blood started dripping from Vincent's lips.

Fuck! It was the second time today, and how dare she bit him!

"Do you want to die?" Vincent yelled angrily. The frigid voice echoed in the quiet room. He didn't wipe off the blood and proceeded to move his hands down her dress. He lifted her dress and stripped off her panties.

"You like to cheat? I'll let you cheat!!"

Vincent pressed the meek Leila against the wall. He had a cold look in his eyes that was camouflaging his tiredness. He hadn't done it in a week and his lust quickly penetrated Leila.

Leila was frowning in pain with the sudden penetration. She felt as if she was torn apart and her face blanched.

“Vincent, I fucking hate you!”

“Oh really?” he said as he pressed harder against her back, stopping her from struggling. He smiled faintly and indifferently as he said, “Hate me then!”

He pushed against her and forcefully turned her chin towards him. Their eyes met and the hatred in Leila’s eyes made Vincent shiver. But the annoyance that he was feeling and was wildly taking over his other emotions.

It hurt!

Leila’s body tensed up from being nervous and Vincent couldn’t move because she was so tight. She was in so much pain, she yelled and struggled, “It hurts! It fucking hurts! Argh!”

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Vincent, however, just enjoyed Leila's tight body. The corners of his mouth curled into a beautiful and wicked smile, "If you ever provoke me like that again, I will only make you hurt more in the future."

It hurt, but she didn't feel numb at all. The excruciating pain tormented her over and over again. Her screams turned to cries of pain. This lovemaking without a hint of pleasure was her nightmare.

Vincent admired her loss of control and desperation with a smile on his face. He was deliberately gentle, and a drop of sweat suddenly slid down his forehead and onto her cheek.

Leila's body jerked slightly. The drop of sweat acted as a catalyst, causing a surprisingly strange reaction in her otherwise aching body.

A messy night, a messy lounge, and a messy heart for Leila.

When it was all over and Vincent picked up his own clothes from the floor, Leila was curled up against the wall. Her hair was disheveled and a smile, hollow and desperate, rose to her lips.

She was now like a broken porcelain doll, devoid of strength and spirit. Helpless and seemingly deaf, she simply wrapped her arms around herself in a hug. It was only when the smile froze at the corners of her mouth that she got up, straightened her gown, then ignored Vincent, turned, and left.

"Where are you going?!" Vincent was still sorting out his clothes.

Leila had already walked out. No one saw that her bleak, infinite eyes revealed a deep, unseen coldness...

When Vincent chased her out, to his surprise, Leila was nowhere to be seen.

"Leila." He called out.

The hallway was awfully quiet.

As Vincent went to the surveillance room to try and find Leila through the surveillance equipment, Leila left the HJ Hotel and took a taxi.

"President, this young lady was hiding on the upper level of the stairs just now. She left in a hurry after you entered the ballroom!" The staff member pointed to the surveillance screen and said, "Oh! She's out of the building!"

The screen switched to the entrance of the building where Leila, dressed in a black dress, walked out in a hurry and beckoned for a taxi. The car left quickly.

"Shit!" Vincent cursed. She had actually gone! "What was the number of the taxi's license plate?"

"JTX673."

Vincent turned around and left the surveillance room. As he walked, he called, "Get my car to the door. Yes, immediately, right now!"

He called Leila's phone again, but she didn't answer. The phone kept ringing, but there was no answer.

He could have left her alone, but the look on her face when she left made him feel a little uneasy. Her desperate face flashed through his mind.

The Bugatti weaved its way through the streets. Through the taxi company, he tracked down the owner of the car. After getting the phone number, he called and knew that Leila had got out of the car. She had gotten off at the Pearl Community.

Vincent was stunned when he got the news. Wasn't that the home she had been in with her mother before she went to the Hunter family?

It was!

Leila had gone back to her and her mother's house. It hadn't been lived in for years, but all the furniture was still there. It was left to her by her mother, a small two-bedroom flat. She came once a month to clean it. Pulling away the cover of the sofa, she curled up on it, feeling lonely as she had never felt before, and powerless.

The memory of being pinned against the wall and forced to make love to Vincent at the HJ Hotel overwhelmed her with memories of humiliation. The helplessness, the anger, the sadness, it never went away. Was she still not strong enough to hurt like this?

Something slipped out of the corner of her eye and chilled her pretty face.

She didn't bother, except that her tears were growing. Those tears flowed from her eyes to the melody of sadness and confusion, creating an unspeakable bitterness in her mouth that went straight to the depths of her heart.

She clenched her lower lip, but the uncontrollable sobs came pouring out. She finally burst into tears.

Could she go on?

The road to marriage was really too difficult. She didn't know where the future lay and where her hope in life lay. Was she going to be tormented by Vincent forever? In fact, she really wasn't greedy, and she

just wanted to live the simplest life possible. At this moment, even the desire for freedom felt like a luxury.

She cried bitterly and her heart became sore.

Suddenly, her stomach ached. A hot, sour, rising sensation came from her abdomen. Was she about to have her period? Every time she had her period, she had the pain two days early. It should be coming again.

Suddenly, there was a thunderclap, which sent Leila, who had been suffering from abdominal pain, to the sofa in a cold sweat. Was it going to rain?

Wiping away her tears, Leila took a deep breath and fought back the pain in her abdomen as she went to take a bath. As the warm water poured down, she felt as if the pain in her abdomen had eased a little. She looked up and saw her white body in the mirror covered in bruises left by Vincent, and another wave of bitterness hit her heart.

"Boom ..." Another burst of thunder shook Leila even more to her core. She changed into her pajamas and made her way to the bedroom. The pain in her abdomen still persisted, and it was killing her.

Then it rained heavily and Leila went to check the window and vaguely saw a Bugatti parked downstairs. Only a sudden clap of thunder made her afraid to stand in front of the window for too long. She then went back to her bedroom and later, fell into a deep sleep listening to the sound of the rain...

In the morning, it was still raining, only the downpour was replaced by a drizzle.

Leila changed her clothes. Thankfully, she still had her old clothes and her abdomen didn't hurt as much. At half-past seven, she went downstairs. Just outside the entrance to the building, she saw the white Bugatti parked in front of the door.

The car looked brand new after being washed down by the rain. Seeing her step out, the door of the Bugatti was opened and Vincent just walked over. He was still dressed in the same clothes he had been wearing last night.

Leila was still stunned when he approached. She wasn't sure if it was just her illusion, but there was a flash of affection in his eyes that made Leila a little uneasy. If there was a word to describe it, it seemed to be called 'pity'!

How had he come to be here? He was still wearing the same clothes he had been wearing last night. Had he been downstairs all this time? The car also looked like it had been parked for a long time. She suddenly remembered the car from last night and then she subconsciously took another look at it. It was as if the car had been in this spot the whole time. And there didn't seem to be many Bugattis in the F City.

Her heart stuttered and she looked up at him. He was staring at her, motionless and unblinking, as if waiting for her to say something. Yet his eyes were so complex as if he had thousands of words to say.

"Mr, Mr. White!" She thought she would hate him, but she was softened by the suspicion that he might be her downstairs all night. 'Leila, you are useless. Was Vincent the kind of man who waits downstairs? Given how direct and tactful he was, he would have been there to kick in the door!'

He was silent. After a long time, he sighed softly. After what seemed like a long, long struggle, he stared at her red, puffy eyelids and spoke slowly, "Have you had breakfast?"

She was stunned!

His deep eyes were fixed on her. A wave of affection flowed through them, adding a touch of intoxicating tenderness to his expression.

Leila's heart beat violently faster.

What did he mean by that? Her face changed and looked more bitter than a bitter gourd. Then she looked at him helplessly, waiting for his next words. She was afraid that it would be ridicule and mockery and hurt again.

"Let's have breakfast together!" He spoke again. He said it so softly and slowly that it sounded tingly in her ears and made Leila's face heat up all of a sudden.

She was unmoved, afraid that this was a dream. As if the dream would shatter if she moved.

She looked at him. The distance between them was so close that Leila seemed to feel his exhaled breath intermingling with her nostrils. She could clearly see his thick eyebrows, his high nose, his tightly pursed lips, and those deep, dark eyes that were so thick they couldn't be read. An occupant passed them by and Leila came back to her senses with a start. She heard herself say one word, "Okay!"

Their relationship, it seemed, was ambiguous.

Vincent's handsome, domineering face, which made girls afraid to get close, appeared in the early morning when the slanting rain was flying. He stood in front of her as if he had fallen from the sky and asked her, "Shall we have breakfast together?"

He stood there quietly in front of her with one hand in his suit pocket. His suit was slightly creased and his hair was a little unkempt. A few crystalline drops of water in his hair look so mischievous as they move in the wind. He looked like a male protagonist from a comic book, who was melancholic, evil, and handsome.

"Are you going to keep looking at me like this?" He raised an eyebrow.

She was slightly stunned.

"You're going to be late for work today if you don't leave!" He raised his hand and looked at his watch.

Without apology, without another word, he reached out dominantly and took her small hand towards the car. And she seemed to just compromise.

Powerless and helpless.

Until she got into his car, with the drizzle falling, Leila did not dare to ask him if he had been waiting for her here last night. She didn't dare ask, and she was afraid to ask!

Who could tell her what was going on here? If he had really waited here all last night, how should she face him?

The car stopped at a soymilk shop not far from the city hall.

"Let's have some soy milk. I haven't had it for a long time!" Vincent said in a deep voice with no emotion visible on his handsome face.

Leila was even more surprised. Why did he suddenly seem like a different person? This kind of him was too much for her to get used to. She felt like she had suddenly gone from the South Pole to the equator.

At the window seat, Leila sat quietly and remained silent for a long time.

"Why didn't you answer my calls last night?" He blurted out lightly as he glanced at her face.

Leila's body shuddered. The phone rang for a long time at first, and then she turned it off. After the rape she had experienced, she didn't want to answer it, much less know what to say. "I was tired yesterday, and I didn't want to see you."

It was the truth. Because she didn't know if she had the decency to face him without getting hysterical, only that she wouldn't. Because she was really sad and upset.

She took out her phone and turned it on. Lots of alert messages flooded in, from Vincent, from Callum, and from Renee. She scrolled through the screen, looking at them one by one, and found a few more messages from Callum.

'Leila, where are you? Why have you suddenly disappeared? Are you all right? Call me back when you see the messages!'

'Leila, it's raining heavily. Have you gone back? Why have you turned off your phone? I'm worried about you. Give me a call back.'

'Leila, you're such a good dancer. Can I still dance with you? Where are you?'

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"Whose message is it? You're looking at it so intently." Vincent reached over abruptly and took her phone. Leila's hand trembled again as his grim voice suddenly sounded overhead. He'd taken the phone, but it seemed she still had messages left to read.

Vincent happened to see the last message. Strangely enough, he just grunted and didn't say anything. Then she didn't know what he was looking at, except that he seemed to press a few buttons. Leila's heart tightened again. He handed the phone over and she looked down subconsciously to see that the message was gone. He had actually deleted all the messages.

Putting the phone away, Leila looked down and took a small sip of the water on the table.

She felt scared of him as if she had done something shameful. He had seen Callum's message, right? Was he going to humiliate her again by saying she was hitting on men?

"Let's eat!" Vincent ordered two set meals. He ate as if nothing had happened.

Leila looked at him in disbelief, but picked up her chopsticks and started eating anyway. She was a little hungry. The soy milk was pure and the small steamed buns smelled good...

Vincent felt a little distracted and he loosened his collar. For the first time, he felt like he didn't even know himself very well. He hadn't changed all night, and last night he had rushed up and tried to kick the door open and break in, but when he heard her broken cries of pain coming from the flat, he didn't go in.

Leila, sitting opposite him, wolfed down the breakfast in front of her for a while, eating it all, even the soya milk, before taking a tissue and wiping her mouth, and stopping.

Vincent was distracted and didn't eat more than a few bites. When he looked up at Leila across the table, he laughed at himself even more.

He must be out of his mind to have breakfast with this impure woman?!

"Do you want ... another one?!" Watching her eat her breakfast clean, Vincent shrugged his shoulders and looked hopelessly at Leila in front of him.

Her eyelids were red and swollen from crying too long last night. He hadn't expected her to eat an entire set meal with such appetite today.

Leila pursed her lips and shook her head. "I'm full!"

"Then let's go!"

"But you haven't eaten yet!" She pointed to the meal in front of him. He took a few sips of soy milk, a bite of the small steamed bun, and left the side dish untouched.

"I'm not hungry!"

"But skipping breakfast for a long time is bad for your stomach!" She couldn't help but say. Knowing full well that such concern was wrong for them after what had just happened yesterday, but she couldn't help but speak up anyway.

Vincent frowned and actually started to pick up his chopsticks and eat.

Leila seemed relieved and smiled at him.

She was smiling at him. But thinking about her crying last night, he sighed, lowered his head, wolfed down a few bites, then wiped his mouth with a tissue. "Okay, let's go!"

The restaurant staff seemed to have just mopped the floor in the morning, and as Leila walked beside him, she slipped when Vincent suddenly reached out and grabbed her around the waist. That was close. She almost fell.

"Is everything all right? Why don't you be careful? Stupid woman!" His hot breath was at her ear. His body was thick with the scent of tobacco. Presumably, because he smoked a lot.

Leila raised her eyes in panic and her lips brushed his. His eyes narrowed and flashed with a certain lust she was familiar with. She blushed completely and whispered, "Thank you."

"I called you a stupid woman, and you're really stupid!" He sounded a little helpless. Then he released her and took her small hand. Leila's heart warmed and her face froze slightly in shock at his thoughtful gesture.

Vincent drove Leila to work and the car stopped in front of the city hall. Leila was about to get out when Vincent said, "Wait!"

She turned to look back at him and found him leaning over and planting a tender kiss on her forehead.

She blushed suddenly.

"Go on! I'll pick you up from work this afternoon!" He said.

Such a tender kiss made her tears freeze in her eyes instantly. She turned to get out of the car, took a few steps in a hurry, and turned back around only to find his car still there. She was too shocked and nervous again to say goodbye and ran into the gates of the city hall. It wasn't until she turned the corner and could no longer see him that she gasped for breath with a pretty red face and then took a deep breath.

The moment she entered the office, Leila took a deep breath, forced a professional smile appropriate to her status as an employee, and stepped through the door.

"Leila, what happened to you last night?" Callum asked worriedly as soon as she entered.

"Oh, I had a family emergency last night. Sorry, I didn't get a chance to tell you about it!" Leila looked to one side of her head to see Renee behind Callum, who also looked at her with concern.

"I'm glad you're okay!" Renee breathed a sigh of relief. "Callum and I were freaking out last night. We didn't expect you to be gone after the power went out and came back on. I heard you danced with Callum last night and wowed the crowd. Leila, I didn't expect you to have this in you!"

"Uh! Just so-so!" Leila smiled, then realized that Callum seemed to be looking at her with a bit of heat in his eyes. She nodded, politely and distantly, and fled from his gaze.

"Callum, I never thought we'd have two great dancers in our unit, Leila and you. When are you going to show me how to dance? I can't believe I didn't see it last night. What a shame!"

For some reason, Leila felt as if Renee's tone was tinged with a hint of jealousy.

"You went for the eligible bachelor last night, didn't you?" Callum glanced back at her, "It's your loss if you didn't see it. Leila, I wonder if I'll ever get the chance to dance the rumba with you that we didn't finish last night."

His words seemed to have a deeper meaning.

Leila's reply was also very meaningful, "It depends on fate. It's time to go to work. Don't you all work?"

"It's time to go back!" Callum didn't give up, but could only walk towards his office next door.

As soon as he left, Renee immediately came up to her. "I saw Vincent drag you out last night. Are you guys okay?"

"You saw that?" Leila was surprised.

"Yeah, as soon as the power went out, I happened to come over the hallway and saw you guys go into the lounge next door ..." Renee said as her eyes got ambiguous and looked Leila up and down. "You guys aren't doing anything in the break, are you?"

"What?" Leila didn't respond for a moment.

"My goodness, Leila, you really are so innocent!" Renee couldn't help but raise her voice. "I didn't expect there to be a woman as innocent as you in this society. My God, you're like a national treasure!"

Leila reacted, and her face suddenly flushed. "Why are you going out?"

"Hey! Don't mention it! I had a small talk with one of the bosses of HY Group. I saw that the man looked like a gentleman, but I didn't expect him to be a lecher. Before I could say something, he wanted to drag me to have sex and made excuses about going outside for some fresh air. As soon as we came out, he wanted to take me to the suite. Luckily, I was smart enough not to follow him in. In fact, it was fine to go in. Even if I had gone in, I would have kicked his dick as long as I didn't want to have sex!"

"He's interested in you?" Leila wasn't gossiping, but fearing Renee would change the subject to her again, she had to make herself gossip.

"He's interested in my body, I think!" Renee shrugged dismissively. "If he's only interested in my body, that won't do. I want a combination of spirit and sex, not just sex. If it's just for sex, I can go to a male prostitute, and I don't need to find an eligible bachelor!"

Yes!

Women want to have sex with love. That was different from men!

Just thinking about her relationship with Vincent made Leila sigh a little. What was it between them?

A couple? And yet there was no affection.

Bedfellows? It didn't seem to be consensual. Weren't bedfellows always willing and happy? But between them, there was only violence and unhappiness.

"I'm trying to find an eligible bachelor, but I'm trying to do it with integrity. I don't want to end up getting myself into trouble without finding an eligible bachelor. That would be a big loss!"

Startled by Renee's words, Leila smiled. "Yes, love is the most important thing!"

"Leila, did you and Vincent get married because of love?" Renee changed the subject back to Leila.

Leila froze and asked, "Is there love in this world?"

"Who knows! Didn't you have a like-minded boyfriend in college? Why did you get married before you even graduated?"

Speaking of boyfriends, Leila's eyes couldn't help but get deeper. The man who had said he would be her boyfriend had gone to Australia to study in her sophomore year and she hadn't heard from him since. She wondered if he was doing well now.

"No!" Leila shook her head. Although the man had said he would be her boyfriend, she hadn't said yes. Technically speaking, she didn't have a boyfriend.

"Then we're really in the same boat! I've never been in a relationship either!"

This was a bit of a surprise to Leila. How could a girl as outgoing as Renee not have been in love?

As they were talking, the office phone rang and Renee answered it. "Hello! Oh, Callum. Why are you calling instead of working? We're so close, come and talk if you need something!"

"What? Leila, have you had breakfast yet?"

"I've eaten!" Leila replied.

"Leila said she'd eaten, but I hadn't. Callum, what? I can't believe we're still classmates! Are you such an old-school friend who forgets his friends when it comes to sex? What do I want to eat? Hey, let's have KFC. I'll have the fried chicken leg. Yes, the same as before. Yeah!" Renee cheerfully hung up the phone and turned around to see Leila looking at her. Then she asked sheepishly, "You, what are you looking at?"

"So you and Callum were classmates, huh?"

"Yes! Didn't I tell you?" Renee was slightly puzzled.

"No!"

"Callum and I were classmates from kindergarten to primary school. We didn't go to the same school in middle and high school. When his dad got a job transfer, he transferred away after primary school. Then to my surprise, we met again in college and became colleagues again after college. That was it!"

"That's quite a destiny!" Leila exclaimed.

"What a shitty destiny! Can't you see he's interested in you?" Renee shook her head. "But you're married. I bet if you weren't married, he'd be chasing you like a wolf on a lamb! You don't know how he used to chase girls in college. He is quite good at it!"

"Unfortunately, I'm married!" In one sentence, Leila set aside her relationship with Callum. Because she seemed to have picked up on the subtle relationship between Renee and Callum. A childhood sweetheart? Years of schooling together? That was quite a relationship! "Why are you trying to find an eligible bachelor instead of developing a relationship with Callum?"

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At the mention of this, Renee turned embarrassed, "Who wants to develop with a stud? Leila, don't make nonsense! The office gossip is not fun at all!"

"Oh, really? It is impossible for ordinary people to encounter their childhood friends unexpectedly and have been in bed for so many years and joined together into the same company." Leila made a joke.

"Damn, How dare you make jokes on me!" Renee said while giving her a flying fist punching.

Meanwhile, Leila's phone rang at this moment, "Alright no more nonsense, there is a call here!"

She saw that it was Vincent's phone when she lowered her head, she had only just left and he called which really made her feel uncomfortable.

But it turned out that Vincent had called her to tell her that he was going for a business trip and informed her to go back home from work directly.

That night, Leila didn't go back to the villa either, but went back to Pearl Community.

She took a day off on Wednesday as it was her aunt's death anniversary.

Leila returned to the Hunter family early in the morning and went to the grave with her parents. By the time she entered her house, she saw her father sitting on the sofa angrily while her mother was trying to convince.

"What's wrong, dad?" Leila was puzzled.

"Nothing, you come and persuade your dad, let's go later today!" Mabel Ross stepped forward and took her hand while whispering, "We don't know where Macey went and she always doesn't return overnight. You father is furious about this!" Leila realized and nodded her head.

"Leila, does she always contact you?" Brian Hunter saw Leila returning home, yet, he still showed a serious face but with some anger hidden away.

"No!" In fact, Macey rarely contacted her, especially after knowing that she was her father's daughter and after her aunt had died, trying to save her four years ago today, Macey had nothing but hatred for her.

"She is getting worse and worse!" Brian only said a sentence, he then didn't say anything after realizing something. "You and your mother will go to your aunt's grave today, I will go by myself later as I have a meeting in my office!"

In the end, only she and her mother visited her aunt's grave while nobody knew where Macey who was her aunt's biological daughter was.

Leila called Macey and a sleepy voice came from the other side as if she was still not awake.

"What do you want from me, Leila?"

"Sister, today is aunt's death anniversary!" Leila whispered.

"Humph! You don't forget that it is my mother who died to save you!" Leila pursed her lips as she listened to her words.

"I'm going to the grave with my mother, you should go too!" Leila waited for her to finish then spoke.

"What's the point of all this ritual? Don't I know what's on my aunt's mind? She is so aggressive because she owes my mother, if my mother didn't die, you and your mother will never enter the Hunter family! Don't think I don't know what's on your minds, I don't care to go with you all, I will go by myself!" Macey spoke with an impatient tone.

Then, Leila seemed to hear the sound of man's rough gasping, followed by Leila's soft moan. "Hmm... stop it..."

Leila was about to say something else when the phone hung up. Who was that man who her sister was with? Was it the man on the video? She hadn't come back all night, not even on aunt's death anniversary. "Leila, isn't Macey coming back?" Mabel sighed as she worried. "Mum, let's go together, Macey is busy and can't return." Without explanation, Leila took her mother's hand and together they went to her aunt's grave.

"Leila, is mum wrong?" Mabel turned her head back to ask Leila at the moment she entered the cemetery. "I shouldn't have fallen in love with your father and stole your aunt's happiness. Now that you are married to Vincent, can't both of us escape this fate?"

"Mum, you are overthinking, happiness is something that no one else can snatch, even if you were wrong at the beginning, but all these years, you have had such a difficult journey, you deserve to be happy, I believe that in heaven, my aunt will also forgive us!" Leila could only comfort her mother in this way, she didn't know what to say but she just didn't want her mother to be sad!

"She won't forgive me, I'm sorry to her!" Mabel's eyes turned dimmer.

"Mum, it is dad who should take the responsibility, not you!"

If a man was not half-hearted, how could such a mistake occur? Mum was responsible for this as well, she shouldn't have fallen in love with dad who was her brother-in-law, but since so many years had passed, everything had turned irreversible, those who had passed away had passed away and those who were alive should live well.

'A beautiful bouquet of white chrysanthemums had just been placed on my aunt's grave, but I didn't know who it was!'

'Was it father?'

'Or was it sister?'

Leila didn't know, she just looked at the picture on the tombstone and she was sad and emotional, if her aunt hadn't saved herself, she would be the one lying here today!

In another city, R City.

It was a lazy night full of ambiguous passion and the mystery of the night was adorned with the flashing neon lights, the strolling crowds and the streaming shadows of cars.

The five-star HJ Hotel, another hotel that belonged to Vincent.

In the suite on the twenty-seventh floor.

A long figure in his loose white bathrobe was leaning lazily, yet, his bronze colour skin with his well-defined features looked like a Greek sculpture and his dark and cool eyes turned even more sexy and unrestrained in the cold night.

Vincent was sitting quietly in the darkness of the night and his hand was holding an almost burnt out cigarette. Under the light, his handsome face became more indifferent and his gaze slightly raised when a woman had just knocked the door and entered.

“Vincent, it’s been a long time, I miss you so much!” A woman in her fashionable strapless dress said and walked over. As soon as she walked, her breast was swinging that made her sexy enough to seduce ordinary men but not Vincent.

Looking at the sexy girl at this moment, a confused face appeared in his mind as he remembered that night when she had gritted her teeth to bear with his crazy demands.

She was his wife!

She was ridiculously not a virgin after checking up. What was even more ridiculous was that the little face would appear in his mind from time to time and always appear inexplicably at some unconscious moment.

Raising the corner of his lips ridiculously, he pursed his thin lips to smoke an almost burnt out cigarette while watching the faint smoke ring in the air before he threw the cigarette into the ashtray. Meanwhile, the sexy girl with a pair of slender hands intimately wrapped around his neck and kissed the side of his face, “Vincent...”

Demi Pearson, a famous host of entertainment channel in R City, the new darling of fashion and the admirer of the upper class, but when she met this man, she lost in love with him.

“I haven’t seen you in R City for a long time, I heard that you got married, is that true?” Her slender hands drew circles on Vincent’s chest, then she sat down gracefully on his side, her red lips kissed his raised throat knot from Vincent’s eyebrow all the way up to his throat, and while she was lightly sucking, her slender hand did not forget to untie Vincent’s bathrobe, however, she was instantly stopped by a pair of large palms.

“I’m tired, Demi.” With a light tone, Vincent pushed the sexy woman sitting on him away and got up to walk to the bathroom, leaving her behind to pursue her lip in disappointment while her eyes coveting the man’s upright figure with some reluctance.

In the dark night, a Bugatti was driving along the highway, talking on the phone as he drove.

He was calling Leila, “The number you have dialled is turned off!”

The words came from the other end of the phone.

Vincent had the urge to slam the phone. He again called the villa’s number but there no one answered. Having no choice, he then called the Hunter family again. When Mabel received the call, she kindly asked, “Vincent, are you looking for Leila?”

“Yes, is Leila at home?” Vincent asked with an inexplicable nervousness.

“She just left after dinner and she said she was going to meet up with Macey before going back to the villa! Where are you?”

“I’m on my way, alright I know it, I won’t disturb you!” Vincent hung up the phone.

Why was the phone switched off for meeting with Macey?

The bar at midnight.

Leila found the bar where Macey told her to meet here.

Leila entered the bar for the first time where it was full of seduction.

Leila didn't understand why people loved to come to such a dark place that was full of corruption and even wasting their youth.

The bar was a place where people of all kinds of stupidity could find an early encounter for themselves.

As soon as Leila entered, she looked for Macey's figure through the dim light.

Perhaps it was because they had seen too many sexy women, a sudden sight of innocent and shy Leila drew men's intention in the bar.

Leila became the focus of the whole people in the bar, and even for the young men at the entrance.

Only that no one knew she was the second daughter of Brian Hunter and her sudden appearance attracted most of the men in the bar.

Macey was drinking, a large glass of beer was poured into her mouth and burnt across her throat which made her frown. Vincent had married Leila, her mother had passed away and her father was in love with her aunt, yet, she was the loneliest person in this world.

Laughing at herself, she still didn't hesitate to take a big gulp of wine into her mouth.

"Sister..." Leila saw her drinking desperately and immediately ran over to stop her. "Stop drinking, let's go home!"

"You are here! Have a drink with me!" Macey took over the beer poured next to her. "Dare you drink? Good girl?"

"I don't drink, sister!" Leila shook her head.

"Why don't you drink?" Macey burped and was already feeling drunk.

She loved the taste of beer as she felt good after drinking.

"Sister, let's go home now!" Leila saw many malicious men looking towards them, "Let's go, you are drunk!"

"Am I drunk?" Macey mumbled while gently shaking the glass, looking at the golden liquid swirling around in her drunken eyes before she puffed out a laugh, "Go away, I have nothing to talk to you, I don't want to talk to you anymore, get lost!"

"Hey girls, join us for a drink!" There were men walking over with their lustful eyes sweeping over Leila and Macey's bodies, especially Macey who wore an evening dress that showed half of her back at the moment.

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Leila saw the man's hand already slowly rubbing against Macey's back. Her first reaction was to pull Macey away. "Don't touch my sister!"

"Your sister? Little girl, come drink with me too! A pair of hot sisters, the older one's hot and sexy, the younger one's sweet and pure!"

A strong stench of alcohol rushed over, and Leila turned away in disgust. She held onto Macey, who was a bit drunk, and said in a harsh tone, "Get away!"

"Oh! This little girl's so feisty! Just the way I like it! Come on, give me a kiss! I'm gonna make you feel good tonight!" The shameless pervert came closer and grabbed Leila. Leila was about to shake off his hold, but Macey unwittingly pushed her right into the man's embrace.

Then the man's disgusting lips kissed her cheek.

"Ah-" Leila screamed, then angrily pushed against that man, "Get away!"

"I'm not going anywhere!" The man laughed and lunged in again, "Little girl, you're too cute! I love a girl like you! Oh fuck, how dare you splash me!"

The pervert didn't expect that Leila would splash alcohol on him. In his rage, he pulled Leila even harder to try and kiss her.

"Get away! Get away!" Leila shouted.

Macey staggered her way toward the exit. Then a man came over and held her waist. Amidst the chaos, Leila saw Macey smiling at the tall stranger, who was about to take her away.

"Ah-"

The pervert grabbed Leila again, and was about to kiss her.

Leila shouted again, "Don't touch me!"

It was so disgusting!

In her panic, she grabbed a nearby beer bottle. Next was the sound of "smash" and broken pieces. With her eyes filled with horror and determination, Leila pointed the broken bottle at the man and said, "Let me go, or I'll stab you!"

"Hah! You, stab me? Who do you think you're trying to scare?" The man was unfazed.

"Ah- You really stabbed me! Fuck!" What followed sounded like a pig's screech, as the man held onto his arm and howled in pain.

Leila still held the bottle and ignored the man's screams. She had to go find her sister. She had to find Macey, or her mother would die from a guilty conscience.

"Miss, you can't leave!" Two security guards came up to her, "You injured someone in our bar, you can't just leave!"

"He was harassing me!" Leila desperately explained, "Get out of my way, I have to find my sister!"

"I'm sorry, but you can't leave!" The guard politely stopped her, "We're responsible for every guest. You've hurt someone, you can't just leave like this!"

"What do you want?" Leila frowned.

"We notified the police, we'll settle it at the police station!" The guard replied.

Leila looked outside; being in a hurry wouldn't solve anything. At this time, the pervert began to walk toward her. "Fuck, how dare you hurt me, you must be asking for a death wish!"

The security guard grabbed the man, "Sir, if you've got anything to say, save it for the police, they'll be here soon!"

Suddenly, two cops entered the bar. How did they arrive so quickly? On the way out the bar, Leila saw them give a look to the injured man, and she seemed to have understood the situation, they were together!

As soon as they arrived by the car, Leila sprinted away.

"Damn, she's running away!"

"Chase her!"

Leila did her best to run out into the open street, but the bar was in a desolate corner of an alley. She didn't know if she would make it, with three men chasing her from behind.

"Don't let her get away, hurry up!"

"Help!" Leila desperately shouted; some bystanders saw, but none came up to help her. Maybe it was because of the two seemingly uniformed officer behind her?

She only managed to run 30 meters before they got up. When the fiend stretched his hand out to grab her, Leila was terrified.

The three men pulled her into a dark corner, "Fuck, keep running! You bitch, let's see you keep running!"

Leila panicked and couldn't think of what to do, "What, what do you want? You aren't police!"

"Hmph! We want you! How dare you stab me!" The pervert coldly replied. "I'm gonna fuck you up tonight!"

"Bro, fuck her now; let's head deeper in the alley, there's no one around, anyway!" One of the fake cops said. "Let's do it here, I can't wait."

Leila was about to shout for help, but a big dirty palm covered her mouth. The disgusting hand made her stick to her stomach.

Inside the dark alley, the horny man's hand already reached up Leila's inner thigh.

Leila tried to scream out in terror, but with her mouth covered, all that came out were whimpers.

“Bitch, how dare you stab me; we’re gonna fuck you up tonight!” The pervert threatened her in a whisper, then pressed her against the wall as he began to pull at her clothes.

No!

Leila struggled hard to get free. Even if she dies, she refused to be sullied by these men. She continued to struggle out of the man’s grasp. With tears in her eyes, she saw her clothes torn apart, revealing her white skin. At that moment, her face turned pale white, and the terror she felt in her heart was beyond comprehension.

“Ooh-” The man pressed his lips on her neck.

The other two men restrained her arms.

Seeing a window of opportunity, she bit down on the pervert’s dirty hand. “Help! Don’t touch me!”

Slap-

A hand slapped her across her face. “Fuck! Even if you bite me, I’m still fucking you tonight!”

“No!” Leila shouted in pain.

Her top was torn off, revealing a part of her breast. She sunk into despair. Who will come save her?

Vincent called Macey’s cell, but only heard noise. He guessed that she was probably at the bar she liked to frequent. He asked if Leila was with her, but Macey denied it and hung up.

For some reason, Vincent’s gut reaction told him that Macey was lying. He made a few more calls to various bars, and got intel that she was drunk and taken away. “Vincent, bro, there was a girl who came looking for Macey, but it seemed like some guys took her away!”

“Grab some guys and go find her right now!” Vincent commanded in an ominous tone; a deadly aura radiated off him.

As he sped along the empty night streets in his Bugatti, Vincent arrived at the bar in three minutes.

A small group was ere gossiping in the alley; Vincent took a glance in their direction.

“That poor girl; it seems like some guys have it out for her. Hurry and call the cops!” A young man muttered.

Vincent grabbed that man and questioned, “What girl?”

Two men looked at him in shock and quickly explained, “A girl who was chased by some guys into that alley. Who knows how she is now?”

“Damn!” Vincent squinted and headed straight into the alley.

“Don’t-” The second he entered, he heard Leila’s piercing scream.

Vincent’s heart sank and his body shook. He hurried over and saw Leila being pressed against the wall by a tough man, and she struggled hard to get free.

Bam-

The tough man's body hit the floor.

Vincent's fist landed right on the man's face.

The two fake cops were surprised to see a man show up out of nowhere, then their faces had a menacing look enough to send chills up anyone's spine.

The pervert was sprawled on the floor; he didn't even notice Vincent until he got up.

With the weight off her body, Leila opened her eyes, and much to her disbelief, Vincent was standing before her eyes.

"Where'd this asshole come from?" The pervert shouted, "Fuck him up!"

Vincent's gaze had a bloodthirsty, chilling look, and the air around him seemed frozen still. He reached out and pulled Leila behind him.

"Mr. White-" Leila whimpered, half scared to death. It was a good thing he arrived, or else, she didn't dare think about what would have happened to her!

Vincent's look was incredibly ominous! But, at this moment, standing behind his wide back, Leila felt incredibly at ease. She grabbed onto the corner of his suit and did not want to let go.

"What, just you guys?" Vincent snorted, then took off his suit and covered it over Leila in one swift motion.

"Get him-" The fake cops tried to ambush him while he had his back turned.

"Ah- Be careful-" Leila shouted.

Vincent swiveled to his side and kicked, sending one man flying. It was a good thing he was a black belt from his four years of training in Taekwondo back in school.

The man hit the floor and cried out in pain; it took him quite a while to get up.

The other two hoodlums thought twice before they rushed Vincent, "Fuck, who are you? Where'd you come from? Tell us your name!"

"You don't deserve to know my name!" Vincent was glowing in a powerful, dignified manner, which made him look even bigger and tougher, "If you don't want to die, get out!"

"Just you wait, you're gonna get it!" The pervert boldly threatened as he picked up the man on the floor and they vanished into an alley.

"Mr. White-" Leila was bawling in tears; his suit felt incredibly comforting and warm.

Looking at her miserable condition, Vincent swallowed all the rage and blame he wanted to shout out.

"I was so scared- I thought... so dirty..." Leila was trembling all over as she tried to speak, "They, they were so scary!"

As she spoke, she buried herself into his embrace and held onto his waist tightly.

Vincent was taken aback. He reached out a hand, and placed it on her back, then patted her. "It's fine now!"

"I was so afraid!" She sniveled as she cried.

"It's OK now!" He held her tightly, "Let's head back to the car first!"

He let her go, and she quickly held onto his large hand, like a lost little child. She gripped his hand tightly and refused to let go under any circumstances.

"Stop crying!" Leila had been crying in the car for the past half hour. She said nothing but just cried. Vincent was at the end of his patience and shouted.

Leila continued to cry; she was incredibly terrified by those men. She was afraid they were going to rape her...

Just thinking about that dangerous situation-

Wait-

What about her sister?

Suddenly, Leila's eyes widened, and she looked at Vincent. "Mr. White, my sister... Can you help me find her?"

Macey had left the bar with a stranger; where was she now? Was she safe?

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Vincent's face turned gloomy after he heard about that. He was feeling like he wanted to strangle a person. His voice was cold and ruthless like a bloodthirsty Satan, "Mind your own business first, she will not be in a trouble!"

"But—"

"No, but!" he gritted his teeth to say out each word.

Leila held her breath for a moment when she saw his cold smile.

"Who asked you to come here?" Was it an accident tonight? She saw a flash of doubts in Vincent's eyes.

"I came by myself to look for my sister! I called her and she told me that she was here." Leila whispered and her hand was holding his suit tightly without thinking much and there was only a tube top in it. Thus, she leaned her body against him to cover herself and it made her feel very warm.

"Don't mind her business from now on! Sit properly!" He started his car with his grim face and it was definitely a serious order, "Did you hear me?"

"Yes!" she replied reluctantly. "But she is my sister, I can't just leave her alone!"

"Do you know that you will be in big trouble tonight if I did not appear at the scene!" He became more furious when he thought of the scene that she was pushed on the wall by three men.

“But you still come!” She whispered and sniffed again.

“Shit!”

“I am sorry!”

“Huh! How do I know whether I should be there? Who knows are you really scared? Maybe you just didn’t want to be saved! Anyway, you’re not a virgin—”

Leila’s face turned pale after hearing his sentence. She pulled her lips up sadly and then she glanced carefully at Vincent who was driving.

Although the man beside her looked stern and scary and the words from him were sarcastic, when she thought of the scene just now in which he appeared in the most important timing and took off his clothes for her, she knew that the caring brother, Mr. White was still the same. Leila’s heart was inexplicably filled with warmth and she sighed, “Is virginity really that important?”

She was actually asking him and also herself.

She knew that he cared about her but this man was so domineering even when he was showing concern. Maybe she should try to understand his inner world.

In the villa, Leila had been in the bathroom for more than an hour.

Her body was scrubbed several times, her fair skin was rubbed till red and swollen but she was still soaking herself in the bathtub. The water was kept flowing to wash away the dirty scratches left by the men on her body...

Mr. White had saved her!

He seemed like a powerful captain who descended from heaven.

Her eyes were in a light trance. Suddenly, the door was slammed open by a kick which came along with a world-shaking movement.

Leila was astonished and her heart pounded very fast. Just then, she saw a tall shadow standing in front of the bathroom door. Vincent was wearing a luxurious pyjamas and showed up with his

handsome face. His dark hair was a bit messy and his deep eyes were half-squinted. He spoke impatiently, “How long do you need to take a shower?”

Leila covered herself subconsciously.

“What are you covering? Is there any part of your body I have not seen?” Vincent took the towel aside and threw it to her. Leila caught it. “If you are not coming out within a minute, I will destroy the bathroom!”

“Oh, I almost finish!” She saw him walking out of the bathroom.

When Leila came out, she lowered her head. Thinking of the fact that he saw her body just now, her face blushed inexplicably and she seemed fondly and weak like a little flower.

Soon, she wrapped herself with a bath towel and walked out with water dripping from her hair. Just as she stepped out, a towel was thrown at her and it covered her face. Leila caught it again. She was stunned for a while and then looked up. Vincent was frowning and staring at her.

She lowered her head helplessly, holding a towel to wipe her hair which was dripping with water. She felt so anxious yet she still whispered: "Thank you, Mr. White!"

"Come over here after wiping your hair!" His eyes shuddered when he saw the wound left by the men on her neck. Then, he walked over and raised her chin with his rough fingers. Leila's heart beat very fast and her face flushed again.

Vincent lowered his head, keeping his lips on her neck and he took a bite on it when Leila was still in shock.

Painful!

Numb!

Leila didn't dare to move!

At the next moment, Vincent let go of her and stared at her neck. Then, he turned and walked towards the bed. "Come over here, I am going to apply some medicated oil on your neck!"

Leila was astonished but still, she walked towards him obediently.

"Sit down! Take off your bath towel!"

Huh! Her face was totally flushed! "No, I don't need it! I don't require the medicated oil!"

Since her body was full of bruises, it doesn't matter if she didn't apply medicine. Most importantly, she was not wearing anything inside.

However, just as she finished speaking, Vincent had torn off her bath towel. "No more nonsense, or else I am going to fuck you until you die tonight!"

Leila was taken aback.

How could he rip her clothes off? Even though they were couples, even if he was going to help her to apply some medicated oil, it was just too ambiguous!

Vincent's eyes squinted slightly when looking at her bumpy body. A sense of danger spilled out from his eyes but he just took the alcohol cotton out with tweezers to disinfect her wound.

It was actually very humanitarian but Leila's face was just blood congested throughout the whole process.

There were lots of bruises on Leila's body which seemed a little scary. Vincent put some medicated oil on his palm and he rubbed it accurately on the bruises. Vincent's strength was just perfect and the medicated oil slowly vanished the bruises and the pain. His hand was like burning with flames which

could burn her skin up, causing her to be blood congested. However, her heart was filled with warmth due to his considerate action.

Don't know whether my sister had been back home at this moment? !

A pair of deep eyes blinked on Vincent's handsome face but he said nothing. After some time, his hand finally left her body. By then, he stood up and said, "I am tired, you should rest early too!"

After saying this, he walked out.

Leila opened her mouth a bit and blinked her misty eyes. After all, she didn't say anything. She actually wanted to ask him if he had eaten since she didn't have her dinner yet.

Leila changed her clothes and went downstairs. Their home was covered with a thin layer of dust because no one was staying in it for several days.

Home?!

Leila was taken aback by that word. Why did it turn out in her mind?

Thinking of Vincent who said that Eira was on holiday but she had not come back for more than a week. He said that their home needed a cleaner. Thus, she rolled up the sleeves of her pyjamas, and took a towel to wipe the table. She just began to clean the house.

Kneeling on the floor, she rubbed the floor little by little without feeling tired.

She cleaned the entire living room, kitchen and even the stairs, Leila wiped her sweat off and looked at the watch with a sense of accomplishment. Oh, two hours had gone.

So hungry!

Leila went to the kitchen and looked around. No one went to buy the groceries for several days. It only left some noodles and eggs so she cooked some noodles.

When Leila was just about to serve it out and have her dinner, a voice rang suddenly.

"What are you doing? Didn't I ask you to sleep?" Leila had no idea when did Vincent appear behind her silently and that brought her a shock.

"Uh, the house is a bit dirty so I just cleaned it up and I have cooked some noodles, do...do you want to have some?" Leila didn't expect him to show up out of the blue.

"Why are you not sleeping during midnight, aren't you tired? Stupid woman!" Seeing her in such an innocent appearance, Vincent's temper came back again, "Haven't had your dinner?"

"Yes!" Leila nodded, twisting the corner of her clothes vigorously and lowering her head as low as possible. The comforting matter was although his tone sounded serious, it didn't seem to be ironic, but revealing his hidden care. "Stupid woman!"

She was stupid but was she as stupid as he said? He was pampering her domineeringly although he did not treat her very friendly.

Cleaning up the house at midnight and not sleeping, did she look like a woman who was almost raped by the gangsters? Why didn't she hide and cry? After crying for a while in his car and dirtying his suit, she could just come back to clean up the house, cook noodles, and eat as nothing happened.

On the other hand, he was really starving. When he came back all the way from R City, he actually hadn't eaten anything. He looked at the noodles in the pot, it was not much.

Just then, Leila looked up and realized that he was staring at the noodles. She asked, "Are you hungry?"

Vincent looked back and Leila lowered her head immediately when their gaze intersected.

His black eyes were very deep and there was always a trace of anger in them which made people to be frightened to look at it.

Her words made his face look unpredictable.

The expression from his eyes seemed to be elusive and he looked a bit angry. When he took a glimpse at Leila, it seemed to be more complex and difficult to explain.

"Mr. White, I take some noodles for you, please have some, I have cooked a lot!" Leila thought that he might be shy to tell her that he wanted to eat, she felt that he was very cute to act like that, most likely he was embarrassed to do so.

"Okay!" Vincent spoke out a word quietly, then he said, "Are there any other dishes?"

Leila didn't expect that he would ask so. She smiled, "There are only some eggs and dried noodles in the fridge, the rest are pickles. Do you want to eat them?"

Her eyes seemed to be lit up and her vitality was burned up on the spot. Vincent was likely to be affected and he smiled too. "Sure!"

When Leila finished cooking noodles and took it out, Vincent had already sat at the side of the dining table, showing a tired expression. Although he slept for more than two hours, the dark circles under his eyes were very obvious.

Leila looked at him carefully and then she began to open the bag of pickles and shrimp paste, "Didn't you rest well?"

"Uh...I am a bit busy and have no time to rest!" Vincent replied in a simple sentence.

"Then you should go back and sleep after having your meal!" Her concern showed up suddenly. Just as she finished speaking, she was stunned for a while and lowered her head.

Vincent's pupils constricted but no emotion had shown up.

Leila pursed her lips and walked to the kitchen again.

Vincent looked at the bowl in front of himself. It seemed like she gave him all of the noodles. He turned around and realized that Leila turned on the natural gas again. Soon, she brought out another bowl of noodles after cooking busily in the kitchen.

While putting the poached eggs into his bowl, Leila said, "I will go shopping to purchase some groceries tomorrow to fill up the fridge, you can tell me what you want to eat so that I can get it ready!"

Vincent spoke no words and he remained silent for a while. Leila looked up at him before he said softly, "I'll go with you!"

Leila shook her hand and opened her mouth. Had the sun risen from the west?

"It's more convenient to buy the groceries with a car!" he explained.

"But aren't you busy? Will you be too tired?" She asked. Leila felt that they were having more topics of conversation. Before this, she had always thought that they did not have any common topic to talk about with each other and even if they have, the topic would only be sarcastic.

Chapter 268 - A Moment in Destiny

"Tomorrow will be my off day!" He had been busy for two days without resting and now, he just wanted a rest. He looked at her and added, "Tomorrow you're off too!"

"But today, I already took the day off!" Leila whispered.

"Then ask for another one!"

Leila looked up in dismay. She looked straight into the charming face of Vincent. The expression on his face was serious and earnest, which did not look like a joke. As he received no response from her, he pursed his lips, seemingly a bit impatient.

His order made her nod uneasily. 'He was acting a bit extraordinary today,' thought Leila.

Looking at her puzzled expression, Vincent secretly raised his eyebrows, and the thin lips that were tightly pursed now were pulled into a smile, a smile with a hint of interest. "I'm full."

Vincent stood up and went upstairs.

Leila giggled and responded, "Oh! Good night!"

"I'll wait for you in my room, come up after you've finished your food!" He walked to the second step of the stairs. Looking at the spotless stairs, he blinked and threw out these words.

"I still have to wash the dishes!" Leila panicked.

"I'll wait for you!" He directly went upstairs.

Leila was so panicked as she could have ever been. As she finished her noodles, she stood up and cleaned up everything. However, she didn't expect that she had used up 40 minutes to clean up. She guessed that Vincent might be asleep by now. Hence, what was the meaning behind that he said he would wait for her?

She headed upstairs. As she passed by the door of the master bedroom, she realized that the door was open. And Vincent, who was wearing pyjamas, was not sleeping. He was sitting on the bed and reading a book.

Leila was dumbfounded.

"Finished with your work?" He lifted his head and his sharp eyes swept over her face.

Leila nodded uneasily. Wouldn't he think that she was deliberately dawdling in the kitchen?

“Come over and sleep!” He said in a deep voice.

An inexplicable emotion of shyness took over her like the lava from a volcanic eruption. Her cheeks blushed instantly. She could even feel that her ears had started to blush too.

She secretly clenched her fingers behind her back and took a deep breath. Her face was as red as a tomato, which made her too shy to see anyone. She lowered her head and said, “I’m going to sleep right now!”

She panicked till she could barely stand straight. She was so afraid that she would need to sleep with him, “Goodnight!”

She quickly ran to the guest room after she said that. Her heart was fluttering like having butterflies in her stomach.

Early in the morning.

A sound of closing a file with frustrations was heard in the study. Vincent turned and took a glance at the sky which was already bright and sunny. His cold face looked even gloomier than before.

A wave of inexplicable anger burned in his chest. Suddenly, his long and narrow eyes looked sharp. He quickly picked up the phone and his low voice sounded, “It’s me, help me investigate the argument that happened in YS Club. Moreover, investigate the relationship between Macey and the person she argued with!”

“Alright, I’ll call you after half an hour.”

“Thanks,” Vincent said lightly.

“No need to thank me, just come and find me when you’re free!”

Half an hour later, the phone rang.

“Vincent, what happened last night was strange. It was said that Macey’s sister, that is, your wife was targeted by another man. That man had slept in Macey’s bed the night before yesterday!”

“Got it.” The hand holding the phone tightened. Vincent’s sharp gaze looked out of the window. His hawk-like gaze focused on the mountains outside the window. The cold and lonely figure was emitting an even colder aura, like the hooker from hell.

His eyes narrowed. He fell into deep thoughts. So, she had something to do with it. Was she trying to harm Leila? Macey, he had underestimated her!

Leila woke up to see that Vincent had stayed up all night. The door of the study was open and the light was on.

She had fallen asleep not long after she ran to the guest room last night, but she didn’t expect Vincent to stay up all night.

Since there was no more food in the fridge, she walked to the door, “Vincent, you had been staying up all night?”

“Yes.” He turned around from the window, his unsmiling face was soaked with the coolness of the night, and his dark pupils looked at Leila.

“Why didn’t you sleep? Didn’t you say you were very tired?” She remembered that he said he was tired and had been looking very tired.

“I can’t sleep!” The three simple words made Leila stunned.

“Then go to sleep now, I’ll go out to do some shopping.”

“I’ll call for delivery, there’s no need to go out!” He changed his mind and refused to go out shopping.

“Is that okay?”

“Why not?” Vincent couldn’t help but narrow his eyes. He was arrogant and haughty like an emperor. He casually grabbed his phone. Sitting on the executive chair, he made the call, “Manager Billy, let the Purchasing Department of the hotel go buy some daily groceries and send them to my villa. Yes, vegetables, meat, seafood. Ya, let them decide the rest.”

Erm...

Surprisingly, he bought the groceries from the hotel!

Leila looked at her watch. She was going to make a call to apply for leave later.

Vincent put down the phone and looked at her, “Leila!”

Leila’s heart trembled as she waited for his next words, but he only called her name and stopped talking.

His deep voice made her heart tremble. Her heart shook so hard that something like a piece of ice between them broke suddenly. Or it had broken long ago, only that she didn’t realize it yet.

She was so panicked that she didn’t know how to react at all.

Vincent’s lips moved again, “Leila...”

Leila froze.

A gloomy light shining from Vincent’s eyes made her heart tremble even more. She looked up and stared at him. Leila looked at him in bewilderment as he called her name again. Then, she watched him standing up and walking towards her.

He was right in front of her, 30 centimeters away. She could see his blood-shot eyes. His slender and tall figure was right in front of her, and he looked down condescendingly as if he was examining his prey that he had already targeted long ago. His low voice went into her ears. “After our dinner, dance with me!”

Leila was stunned, then he said again softly, “How about wearing a creamy yellow dress?”

Her lips trembled, forgetting to respond.

“No?” He raised his eyebrows.

Leila snapped back to attention, “Yes!”

“Good girl!” Vincent laughed softly, and in his deep eyes were unreadable shrewdness.

Leila didn’t notice that her heart was shaken by him because he was extra gentle this morning. She also found that as long as he was gentle, there was no way for her to refuse, especially after he saved her last night.

“But you haven’t slept, do you want to take a nap first?”

“Sleep with me!”

“I’ve slept!” She was a little awkward and a little shy.

“Then do something else with me, you are my woman, you should do what a woman does!” After he finished talking, his handsome face moved closer to her all of a sudden, with a smile of determination, as he would definitely take down his targeted prey.

A shiver of fear swept through Leila’s heart and she opened her mouth unconsciously. A trace of fear had left a bad impression in her heart after he had rudely violated her that night after the banquet.

“No...” Leila shook her head nervously.

“Leila, I don’t like to be rejected by women, especially my wife!” The gloomy words caused Leila’s heart to shiver instantly. She felt terrified and nervous.

The next second, he had dominantly enclosed her body within his aura. His mouth held a cunning smile and he pressed down his head. His tall figure covered her small body. His lips held her soft and delicate lips, and kissed them fiercely, like a person who had been in the desert for several days and now saw a water source. He sucked the sweetness from her lips desperately, their breath mingled and his kiss was hot like fire, seducing her to enter into the blazing fire.

Leila could not resist this kind of dominating passion.

His kiss was overwhelming her, sweeping her mind away...

Not knowing when, his hands slipped into her thin T-shirt, unbuttoning her bra. His hand teased her ‘little pearls’ wickedly.

“Uh...” Leila drew back a breath, panicking. She was completely in a mess.

Vincent’s head rested against her forehead, seeing her little face flushed, her eyes wet, which looked as mysterious as if it was covered with a thin veil.

Her mouth was slightly open. Her lips were red as they were sucked by him. Her body was tense when it came into contact with him, her red shy face was even more seductive.

Without another thought, he lowered his head again and kissed her.

Leila endured helplessly, allowing him to arouse her even more.

Her face was covered with a red flush of shyness, which made her even more seductive, replacing her normal innocent look. Her eyes were clouded with a layer of mist. Her red and swollen lips and a pair of distracted eyes showed a million unknown emotions.

As his hands slipped to her butt, Leila felt a warm flow of liquid flowing out of her body. Her belly felt a sense of soreness. Vincent's hand also felt a warm flow, and he frowned instantly. Unfortunately, it was Leila's period!

Just like this, her period came without a sign.

Vincent's hand was stained red. As he removed his hand from her butt, he could clearly see the red stain on her pants. Leila could never forget the shocked and dumbfounded expression look on his face, and then she heard him cursing in a low voice, "Damn!"

But her stomach started to pain, if it didn't, she might not be able to stop laughing, but it was very painful. Fortunately, her period saved her, otherwise, she would be very scared, because every time they were doing it, it hurt a lot. So, she was afraid.

Now that he saw her embarrassing moment of the period coming so suddenly, she felt shy and blushed. She couldn't help but bend down, holding her stomach, "I didn't mean it!"

Because the menstrual period could not be controlled by her, it was a natural thing.

"How can there be so much of it?" How could this stuff flow out through the clothes?

"Erm..." Leila's face flushed again until her ears reddened. This amount of flow was a bit abnormal. It was always a heavy flow when it was the first day of the period, feeling like a bloodbath, but the words 'so much' came out of his mouth made her very embarrassed.

Oh my God! Why did she have to let him see her in such an embarrassing state?

"Are you sure you're having your period?" He reached out to touch her forehead, but there was cold sweat on it. His heart was shocked, this was way too abnormal, wasn't it?

"It's okay, I'll be fine after a rest!" She was used to it. Every time, her period would be in heavy flow, especially for the first two days, causing her cannot do anything else at all. This was how her period was.

"Let's go to the hospital!" Vincent said in a deep voice, dragging her to go.

"No!" Leila shouted urgently. "I don't want to move anymore, I'll just go back and lie down, really, just lie down will do!"

"I'll help you to the bed." A hand reached out and picked her up. He walked out of the study and went directly into the master bedroom. He carefully placed her in the centre of the bed, and then covered her with a thin quilt.

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The bed was the same big one they'd had as newlyweds, but it had been tainted by another woman. Leila's heart jerked, but at the moment, she couldn't move. It hurt too much. She curled up, and her heart ached with it. She shrank into a ball under the covers in pain, and her whole body trembled.

"What's wrong with you? Why are you hurting like this? I'm taking you to the hospital!" Vincent was terrified by her. With that, he leaned down and prepared to carry her.

"I'm not going to the hospital. It's so embarrassing!" Leila shook her head. "It'll be fine in a minute!"

Vincent frowned. He was a little overwhelmed for a moment.

Why did it hurt so much when a woman had her period? Was he not knowledgeable, or was she a special case? No one else had ever suffered like her even when giving birth, right? Seeing how sweaty her forehead was, he couldn't say anything sarcastic or reproachful for a while.

Lifting the blanket, he sat down on the edge of the bed. "Let me rub your tummy!"

"Don't touch me. It hurts!" Leila curled her tiny body, eyes closed, and struggled to bury her head under the pillow. She gasped and didn't say anything for a long time, just closed her eyes and cringed with a frown. Why did it hurt so much every time?

Vincent finally managed to get his hand under her covers. He fumbled to find her small hand and held it in his palm, transferring the warmth of his own palm to her cold fingers. She was really suffering and even her blood wasn't circulating. No wonder her hands were so cold.

It had hurt so much that Leila didn't want to hold hands with him. But his hand was big and warm and it made her crave his warmth so much.

Then Vincent's other hand went to her belly. He stroked her abdomen, rubbing it gently. Warmth passed through, Leila frowned but felt much more comfortable.

"Does it still hurt?" Vincent asked patiently when he saw her body stretch out a little. It seemed that he was extraordinarily patient today and spoke much more gently. He did not sneer at her wickedly, nor did he mock her coldly.

"It still hurts ... but it's not unbearable!" Leila closed her eyes. She was really feeling better. It was more comfortable than it had been earlier, but it still hurt so much. "Maybe it'll get better later!"

His warm palm was still pressing gently at her abdomen, a steady stream of heat penetrating her belly and soothing the tightness. "Do you suffer this much pain every time?"

"Ah!" She froze, with an embarrassing look on her face. But she answered honestly, "Yes!"

"Why does it hurt like that?"

Oh, God! Would he please stop asking her that question? It was congenital, okay? How was she supposed to know what was going on?

"Say something, I'm asking you!" Seeing that she didn't say anything, Vincent looked at Leila under the pillow with only her chin showing, then increased his tone. "Haven't you been to a doctor? Your mother didn't take you to a doctor?"

She had never told anyone, okay?

How was she supposed to tell someone about something like that?

"Is your mother a mother or not? Is she a woman or not?" Vincent's tone was so overbearing that it startled Leila. She pulled down the pillow and saw him frowning at her.

"What does this have to do with my mother?"

"Her own daughter has menstrual cramps and she doesn't even know about it. What kind of mother is she?"

"That ..." Leila was speechless, nearly choking on her saliva. "I'm the one who hasn't told her about it. She doesn't know!"

Actually, her mother did know, but every time she ached, to comfort her, she said it would be fine after a while. And indeed it did. It would be fine in a little while. It would hurt for a while, as it did for many women.

"And she let you ache for all those years?" His tone was tinged with contempt. The conflict now seemed to rise to her mother.

It made Leila's chest tighten when he said that about her mother. She didn't like people talking about her mother. She and her mum have been dependent on each other for so many years. And her mother had always been looked down upon and bullied. It could be said that she had had a hard life. It made her uncomfortable to have people talk about her mum like that again.

"It has nothing to do with my mother, Mr. White, it's me who is in bad health. A lot of women have it! Maybe I'm the worse one." She pulled his hand away, "You don't have to rub it for me. It'll be all right when this pain passes! It'll hurt every time. I'm used to it."

Who would have thought that as soon as she pulled his big warm hand away, her abdomen ached again! She immediately frowned and couldn't help but grunt. It hurt so much. After leaving the heat source, her abdomen contracted again and a cold sweat continued to break out on her forehead.

Vincent's eyes narrowed. Looking at her furrowed brow, he suddenly stood up and grunted coldly, "You might as well be dead!"

Leila froze, watching him walk towards the bedroom. His tall and straight figure still seemed to carry a hint of anger and indifference. In the twinkling of an eye, he disappeared into the doorway, and Leila felt only more tightness in her chest and more pain in her abdomen.

"Ummm..." she grunted in pain. The pain seemed to last longer this time. "Oh God, just let me die!" Leila thought to herself.

Her body couldn't help but twitch again. She wanted to cry, but she kept her eyes tightly closed to keep the tears from falling.

It was no big deal. Everything would pass. This pain was nothing. She could get through it. It was just that her heart hurt a little.

Not long after, there were footsteps at the door again and Vincent came back after he had left.

Leila was slightly surprised. He was back again? She had to look up at him and saw him coming over with a cup and a bottle in his hand. It was a mineral water bottle, and it seemed to be hot. She was stunned when she heard Vincent say in a deep voice, "Get up and drink some water. There's no brown sugar. You can have some water first. Brown sugar will come later! There are no hand warmers. You can make do with this bottle for now!"

With that, he wrapped the mineral water bottle in a towel, lifted the blanket, and placed it on her abdomen. The warmth stretched her belly again and Leila was startled again. Her heart warmed up all at once. She giggled despite the pain in her abdomen. Tears welled up in her eyes.

Was that moving her?

Leila was really touched. Why had he suddenly become so considerate and so gentle? She was so touched!

Not ignoring the tears in her eyes, Vincent handed over the glass of water with a cold face and said in a harsh tone, "Get up and drink. Don't try to play the victim with me!"

His tone was harsh, but she didn't find it abhorrent in the least. Instead, she nodded and giggled. She sat up, took the glass of water, and took a sip of the warm water. This water was so sweet. It was the sweetest water she had ever drunk.

"When your period passes this time, you go to the hospital. I'll contact a gynecologist and see if you need to take herbs or western medicine!" He said in a deep voice while she was drinking water.

Leila choked on the water. Oh, God! Could he not be so considerate? As fond as his gentleness was, what was he doing? Was he feeling sorry for her?

"You!" Vincent gritted his teeth, "You can't even drink a glass of water. How stupid you are!"

His harsh tone made her heart grow even warmer. "I don't need to see a doctor. I'm fine!"

"Why are you yelling about pain if you're fine?" Vincent slapped Leila on her head. Such a gesture unconsciously carried a hint of tenderness and pampering, only he didn't know it either.

"No, really!" Leila bit her lip and lowered her head, handing him the glass of water, which Vincent took. Leila couldn't help but look into Vincent's eyes again.

"You're deliberately pissing me off, aren't you?"

"No!"

"Then do as I say!"

"Wouldn't you be happier if I died of pain?" She couldn't help but say. "Haven't you always disliked me?"

"How dare you talk back!" As he spoke, he took her into his arms, then lowered his head and kissed her on the lips, "If you talk back again, I will strip you naked now and ravage you to death! Even if you're bleeding right now, I won't hesitate!"

"Ah ..." Her face flushed red. His words were so ambiguous and evil that they embarrassed her! And yet she felt no malice. At least, there was no malice in his words today.

He released her with satisfaction, and his eyes grew even deeper. "Just so you know, I'm most annoyed by nagging, especially when women nag. Do what I tell you to do!"

Leila looked at him dumbly, "Oh, I know!"

"It's best if you know!"

Hearing what he said, Leila's eyes darkened and she said no more. It was just that she felt so much warmer inside. Why was it that the person who cared about her was Vincent, who tormented her? He was more attentive and gentle than even her mother!

The doorman called to say that the food had been delivered, so Vincent went downstairs. Leila was lying alone in bed.

Half an hour later, warmed by the heat of the hot water bottle, she felt better and regained her strength. Her hands and feet warmed up and it was only then that she remembered that she had not worn a sanitary napkin. So she immediately got out of bed.

When she got up, she found blood all over the covers. Oh God, it was so stained. There was blood on the quilt, on the sheets, and on her trousers. My God, it was like a war zone! For those who didn't know, they would have thought someone had been killed.

She put the quilt over the blood and thought she would wait until she came back to wash it after she had showered and changed her clothes. However, when she came back, she found that the covers and sheets were missing.

Leila immediately panicked. Even though Vincent had seen her in the worst possible state, she was even more embarrassed to think that he had taken away the sheets and covers, which were stained with her period blood. So she scurried downstairs, "Mr. White?"

Something seemed to be cooking in the kitchen downstairs. A strong smell came from it, making Leila swallow instantly. What was that smell? Was Eira back?

There was a rumbling sound from the laundry room and Leila ran that way again. She had just reached the door when she saw Vincent standing by the washing machine. The washing machine spun while he frowned and lit a cigarette.

Oh my God! It really was him who had taken away the sheets and covers!

How awkward! She was so embarrassed!

"Mr. White, I can just wash them myself!" She ran over to him with a red face.

"Your abdomen doesn't ache anymore?" Turning back to see her, Vincent frowned and took another puff of his cigarette before tossing the butt in the ashtray to the side.

"No, it doesn't ache anymore!" If there was a crack in the floor, Leila wanted to get in and not get out.

"The chicken soup will be ready in a minute. I added red dates!" He said to himself.

"You cooked it?" Leila froze. She thought Eira had come back!

"If it wasn't for me, would that be a ghost?" He gave her a cold stare. "Go away. You don't have to worry about it here. Later I'll dry it."

Seemingly not yet recovered from the shock Vincent had given her, Leila was pulled by him into the living room. He turned on the television and tossed her the remote control, "Watch TV. I'll let you off the hook today and you don't have to work. You can be a patient in peace!"

Leila watched dumbly as Vincent, who was arrogant, walked to the kitchen and light another cigarette, smoking it and stirring the chicken soup in the casserole with a spoon in his hand. Inexplicably, she found the image so beautiful, as well as harmonious. He was tall and strong, and even standing in the kitchen, even with a spoon in his hand, he was just as imposing, different, and distinguished.

Vincent really was a shocking man!

Chapter 270 - A Moment in Destiny

He was making chicken soup for her!

Who would believe it?

She held the remote control, but she had no intention of watching the television. She kept looking towards the kitchen and biting her lip. Inexplicably, her eyes were red and wet again. She had the urge to cry!

He was so considerate. Was it a good start, or was there another horror building up? She didn't know, and she didn't want to know. It was just that for the moment, she was inexplicably fascinated by him.

From a distance, looking from the direction of the living room, she could just see him behind the glass window. He really was a work of God's satisfaction. With his broad forehead, firm chin, deep eyes, slightly curved lips, and straight nose, Vincent was dazzlingly handsome and chillingly dominant. No wonder so many women are willing to go to bed with him ...

The thought of him being with so many women made Leila's heart ache again. And the thought of this man making love to other women made her feel sick inside.

Why was that?

Even though he had hurt her more than once, even though he had been her sister's lover, even though he had married her in a hurry and probably with an ulterior motive, she could always feel her heart involuntarily beating wildly for him. She would feel pain for every hurtful word he would say, be upset and aggravated for a long time by a look or a gesture from him, and could not resist provoking him again and again.

What was this feeling? Her heart ached and she felt heartbroken. What was this feeling?!

'Don't think too much, Leila, you mustn't be too greedy!'

Leila couldn't be idle after all, and she was born to be busy. She stood up and walked towards the kitchen.

The kitchen floor was covered with food that had just been delivered. There were fresh vegetables, fish and prawns, and seasonings. The pile of food was enough to feed them for a week. Leila walked over and bent down to start packing.

"Put it down!" Vincent's low voice sounded above her head. "I'll clean up later!"

"I'm fine. I can do it!" Leila smiled and didn't stop. She began nimbly taking things out of the bags, cleaning them up, and sorting them. Then she wrapped things up again in packets, sorting them into different categories for freezing and refrigeration.

Vincent didn't say anything else, except that he glanced with sharp eyes at Leila, who was busy. And his gaze became deeper and deeper.

When she had cleaned up and washed her hands, he began to serve the soup.

Leila took the ashtray out. The ventilator was on, drawing away the rich aroma and the smell of tobacco.

The soup was served and carried out, and Vincent didn't say a word. He had been silent since earlier when Leila had been sorting things out. Now he didn't say anything either. And he didn't say a word as he carried the soup past her. Leila took the rest of the bowl and walked out of the kitchen with him.

He returned to the kitchen to work on something. Not long afterward, he came out with two bowls of rice. He had actually steamed the rice!

Leila was shocked again!

The chicken soup was served, the rice was brought in, and there was a special western dish heated in the microwave - a roast goose burger with foie gras.

Leila looked on dumbfounded as Vincent brought out a few more plates. My God, why were there Russian stuffed white mushrooms and braised chicken wings?

She hadn't even seen these anywhere!

Vincent then sat down, gave her a look, and then slowly uttered three words, "Let's eat!"

She looked at her watch. It was half-past nine. It was sort of a breakfast. But it was too hearty, wasn't it? Leila didn't know if she was having Chinese or Western food, but Vincent was having rice.

"Eat up!" He said in his usual commanding and irresistible tone.

"Mr. White, which do you think I should eat first?" Leila hesitated and asked softly.

She looked at the chicken soup in front of her. It was glistening with a bit of oil and was very light. There were a few red dates in the bowl, which looked light and refreshing but smelled strong. It was very tonic at first glance. It was cooked by his own hands. She wanted to eat it but was a bit reluctant to do so.

Vincent gazed at her and then frowned suddenly. Apparently, he was getting impatient, "You can eat whatever you want!"

Hearing him say that, Leila gave a sad expression and responded with reluctance. She was still going to have the chicken soup first.

Vincent watched her take a sip of the soup and watched her stick her tongue out. She had a satisfied look on her little face, then lowered her head again and took another sip. Then again, he saw something called tears slide out of her eyes.

He frowned in confusion. "Doesn't it taste good?"

Leila immediately shook her head, wiped the tears away with her small hand, and hurriedly said, "It's delicious!"

"Then why are you crying?" He then remembered something and asked again, "Your abdomen ache again?"

"No!" Leila shook her head. She suddenly became warm inside. So he'd been watching her. He'd seen her moved to tears.

"Then what is it?"

Biting her lip, Leila whispered, "I just don't know if I'll ever have the chance to drink the soup you cooked again!"

Despite what she said, she dared not listen to what he would say next. And how could a busy man like him, such an elite businessman, be confined to the kitchen cooking soup for a woman?

He should be racing through the world of business, being invincible and making his career!

Such tenderness and consideration on his part was a flash in the pan and fleeting!

He didn't answer her question, just remained silent for a while, then said in a fierce, cold voice, "Nice try. Just this time. No more! Drink up. If you don't drink it, then pour it out!"

Her little face dimmed again, but she immediately held the bowl and said, "I'll drink it. I'll drink it right away. It's good!"

Looking at her, Vincent's lips couldn't help but curl upwards as he began to eat.

"It's delicious!" Leila couldn't help but praise in a small voice again.

"Just eat. Where are you getting all that nonsense?" Vincent glanced up at her again, and her tone went colder.

Leila stuck her tongue out and stopped talking.

Her stomach didn't ache much anymore, but her back was aching badly. She didn't eat the Western food on the table. And she ate only one bowl of white rice and drank two bowls of the chicken soup he cooked.

Vincent didn't eat that western food either. After dinner, Leila wanted to wash the dishes, but Vincent wouldn't let her. He put away the dishes by himself and washed them quickly, then went back to drying the sheets.

Leila felt that her nose twitched. What she couldn't stand was being touched. Because when one was touched, his heart softened.

He had said he wanted to dance, and her stomach didn't ache now.

She went and picked out a disk of dance music and came back to play it on. If he wanted to dance, she was willing to accompany him. Consider it a reward for him. With the dance music on, she turned around to find him standing a stone's throw behind her.

"Ah-" Leila was startled.

She looked up to see Vincent standing in front of her, looking down at her in a superior manner, and Leila dropped the remote control in a panic. She hastily knelt down to pick it up. But as soon as she bent over, her buttocks hit the TV cabinet behind her again, and she gave a muffled grunt of pain.

Vincent took a step back and looked at her with stern eyes. "Stupid woman!"

Leila blushed immediately!

"Mr. White, I, I found dance music ..." He had said he wanted to dance, so of course she dared not fail to accompany him.

Vincent's eyes froze and he said in a deep voice, "Are you sure you can dance? I don't want to touch another handful of blood later! It's disgusting!"

"Yes!" Leila responded. Her face got even redder!

"Go get changed!" He spoke, pointing to the bag in the corner of the couch. Leila saw the yellow dress she had taken from Pippa that day. It had been left at the HJ Hotel. She hadn't expected him to have it delivered here.

Her long, dark hair was tied back, while her face was as delicate as jade. Her eyebrows were slender and her dark pupils looked like they were shining with water. And she was wearing a yellow dress that showed off her perfect, white, delicate legs. And on her feet, she was wearing a pair of five-centimeter high heels. As she walked down the stairs, her steps were brisk and her figure was mesmerizingly beautiful.

She walked slowly down the stairs. Vincent's eyes widened as he turned.

Leila gave a timid expression while her small hands clenched at her side. Seeing his eyes glued to hers, she began to regret it. Was it a bit too risky for her to do this? Why did she have to wear a dress?

Vincent walked over and held out his hand. Leila just walked up to the last but one of the stairs. Their eyes were parallel and tension filled her heart. She placed her small hand uneasily in his large one, and he held it tightly. Her heart tightened abruptly.

"Yes! It's beautiful!" His tone was ambiguous and wicked enough to make her heart tremble. "If today wasn't your period, I'd press you hard under me ... and make love to you hard!"

He ran the index finger of his other hand slowly across her lips, eliciting a shudder from her. Leila raised her eyes in panic to find a wild gleam in his eyes.

In his deep, provocative eyes, she saw her blushing little face, her restless eyes, and her trembling body.

She took a deep breath. Suddenly, he wrapped his arms around her waist and she fell into his broad embrace. Leila was startled and looked up immediately to meet his eyes, which were flashing with a hint of anger. A shudder ran through Leila and she stammered, "Mr. White, you're hurting me."

"You're not allowed to dance with anyone else ever again, do you understand?" His eyes took on a complex look of anger, disgust, and ...

There was always an inexplicable fear in her heart when she faced him, and she would tremble. She nodded her head. "Okay!"

The thought of her rumba with Callum with her legs split so wide that her panties were showing made him want to strangle her.

But he didn't ask her to dance with him after all, as Leila thought he would.

The dance music was playing, but he reached out and turned it off. He hooked her around the waist and pressed her body towards his abdomen, letting her feel his cock.

"We're not dancing today. We'll dance next time!" He whispered in her ear, panting roughly. Male breath sprayed against her ear. His eyes narrowed slightly like a wild animal's. He held Leila close to him and moved closer to her ear. His husky, low voice slowly reached her ears.

Next time?

Leila got panicked.

The next second, an unprecedented intimacy hit her mind. He had actually nibbled on her ear. Boom, she felt like her face was going to burn off!

Luckily -

His phone rang!

Vincent looked a little sullen, even annoyed. Looking at the clothes she was wearing, his eyes inexplicably burned with a kind of fire, and finally, he pursed his lips and said viciously, "Change your clothes!"

With that, he went to answer the phone. Leila undressed again like a model on a catwalk and changed into conservative pajamas.

After taking two days off, Leila went back to work.

Vincent had to travel early in the morning. When he left, he said he wouldn't be back until three days later.

Their relationship seemed to be starting to take a subtle turn. He told her about his trip and warned her to stay out of Macey's business.

Leila's head ached again as she thought about her sister. How could she not care about her? She was her sister and her aunt's only daughter. Moreover, her aunt had died trying to save her.

Leila couldn't put her mind at ease after all. She called Macey at lunchtime to meet her at a restaurant they used to go to when they were just cousins.