

## Destiny 281

### Chapter 281 - A Moment in Destiny

Leila felt suffocated. As she was holding her breath, she seemed to have heard Vincent's ragged gasp. She subconsciously looked at Vincent, and realized that he was staring at her. She suddenly panicked; her voice also started to tremble. "Sorry, I'm hanging up! That's your own business."

After she said that, she hung up the phone, looked at Vincent, and explained sheepishly, "It's just a friend!"

At the same moment, the phone rang again, and Leila was so scared that she almost jumped up.

Vincent remained silent; he did not say anything. He just held out his hand, signaling that he wanted her to hand over the phone.

Leila was nervous. "It's really just a friend whom came back from Australia not long ago!"

'Hand it over!' He said in a deep voice.

He had already stood up; his long arm reached over and took the phone directly from her hand. He then looked at the number and answered the phone. Since he also pressed the speaker button, Leila was able to hear Theodore's voice.

"Leila, I still like you... just give both of us a chance! I really like you."

Leila raised her head in a panic, she wanted to stop Theodore from taking nonsense. However, as soon as she opened her mouth, she heard Vincent spoke in a deep voice, "Who are you?"

On the other end of the phone, Theodore seemed to be stunned, he then quickly hung up the phone.

After what just happened, Leila seemed to have an unexplainable feeling, she whispered, "It's a senior who was formerly from our school! I don't know how he knew my phone number!"

Vincent just put the phone on the table and raised his eyebrows. "The word 'senior' is a very flirty word!"

Leila's was shocked, was he looking for trouble? If so, that was the thing that she was scared of.

"This man likes you! He's confessing his love for you!"

"I don't know!"

"He had already confessed though the phone, both you and I heard it! Why are you still acting dumb?"

The sentence that he has said was the main point. Leila, who has never been very logical, suddenly realized, he was angry because of Theodore's sudden confession. However, who knew that he would suddenly come out and say that to her, even though he did have feelings for her in the past, but it had already been three years and times had changed.

It's just that she did not understand. Vincent obviously did not love her; he did not even like her. However, he still could not let her go, it should be because he wanted to maintain his reputation, "Then what do you want?"

She looked up at him and saw the mockery through his eyes... mocking at her as if he did not care about her.

"I'm wondering if I've been too tolerant towards you!" It was now that he squatted down, a cold smile could be seen on Vincent's handsome face.

Leila frowned. "Tolerant?!"

She really did not know how he dared to say that word, "He really is just my senior, but you should also have juniors, right? The word 'juniors' is also a very flirty word to use, it's even flirtier than the word 'senior'. You are also a flirtatious person, both literally and figuratively. For example, you always have a woman by your side. Even if this person likes me, so what? You are also liked by many people, right? The only difference between you and I is, I am still performing the duties of marriage while you are not!" Leila suddenly felt some heaviness in her heart. She raised her eyes, secretly sighed with relief, and slowly spoke the words in her heart. "So, if you want to pick a fight with me, I can only say the innocent will always be able to prove oneself! I have nothing to be guilty of!"

He did not say anything. After being silent for a long time, he put out the cigarette in his hand with his finger, threw it into the cigarette holder, and laughed teasingly, "How can you claim innocent if you are already not a virgin!"

Being scolded by him in such a straightforward manner, Leila felt sad and embarrassed. While his sharp eyes, staring straight at her face, seemed to be hiding something. "An unchaste woman dared to say that she is innocent in front of me, what a joke!"

"It's quite funny. You're right, I'm not a virgin anymore, so what, do you regret it? If you think I am already a virgin, why did you still do it to me? And more than once!" She stood up, wanting to go upstairs immediately, but had to hold back and restrain herself, "I don't want to fight with you, because we are both highly educated people, and fighting only makes us more and more childish!"

She lowered her head and suddenly felt a little uncomfortable.

Vincent sneered and said, "You think I want to quarrel with you?!"

"Then what do you want?"

The phone rang again.

Leila subconsciously looked at the phone on the table.

But Vincent's gaze remained on her face, sharp as a tack.

"Are you going to answer? Why aren't you answering it?" He gave a cold snort. "That person really liked you!"

Leila's heart ached, she grabbed the phone and pressed the answer button. The speaker button was still remained turned on, and she heard Theodore's voice came from the other end of the phone, "Leila, is that you?"

Leila spoke indifferently. "Theodore, please don't call me again, do you know it's almost ten o'clock, we need to rest, I'm sorry, I'm hanging up!"

"Leila, who was that man just now?" The person on the other side of the phone did not care if she hung up or not.

"My husband!" She said calmly.

Vincent's eyes flashed when he heard what she called him, but he still stared at her viciously.

"Leila, I still really like you! You don't need to lie and say that you're married, you haven't graduated yet, how can you possibly get married?"

"I never liked you!" These merciless words were spoken out, Leila continued saying, "To me, Theodore is just a senior, that's all. It the same as three years ago, and it will continue to be so three years later! Also, I'm really married. Weather you believe it or not!"

She hung up the phone again and looked up at Vincent. "I can go upstairs now, right?"

Vincent did not say anything and left her to go upstairs, leaving Leila alone, frozen there, not moving for a long time.

Midnight.

She heard the sound of thumping downstairs, and then the sound of a car engine starting.

The next morning, Leila got up and did not see Vincent, nor did she know where he had gone. She felt upset.

But then she thought, she had not done anything wrong to Vincent, so why would she be upset? She was righteous, so why should she care?

Everything that was on the table last night was still there, no one moved it.

Those dishes, was cooked by him. She sat down at the table, looked down at the red wine he had not finished last night. She then looked at these dishes, picked up the chopsticks, and ate sullenly.

Overseas Chinese Affairs.

Today was Friday. After work, Leila intended to stay at the school dormitory, as she remembered that Vincent did not allow herself to call him, so she did not say anything. However, when she arrived at the school, she suddenly remembered that her thesis that she had written was in the computer, and that computer was missing.

She had to call again until his cold voice rang out on the other end, she was a little apprehensive, "I know I shouldn't call you, but I have my thesis written in my computer, can you give it back to me?"

After she finished speaking, she waited for his answer, only to hear the sound of his breathing coming from the phone at the other end, and finally she heard him say, "Come and get it yourself from my exclusive suite in HJ Hotel!"

"Now?" She asked.

“Yes!” The phone was snapped shut and he had hung up the phone.

Leila took a deep breath and sighed. She took a taxi and went straight to HJ Hotel. As she just arrived downstairs and got out of the taxi, she met up with Julian, “Huh? Julian, it's you?”

Julian was slightly surprised. “Uh! It's you, Leila, what are you doing here?”

“Oh! I came to get a copy of something.”

Julian seemed a little surprised. His eyes flickered, and loneliness could be seen. He then smiled again and spoke. “Going to the twenty-seventh floor?”

“Yeah, how do you know where I'm going?” She was shocked.

“Because I'm a God!” He laughed, but it was still hard to hide his despondency. “Go ahead, I have to go back to the press immediately! Let's meet up when we're free!”

“Alright!”

After saying that, he got onto the taxi that Leila had just gotten out of. He told the driver the address of his destination, and the taxi took off.

Leila stood at the entrance of the hotel building while feeling a little bit confused and puzzled. Why did Julian know she was going to the twenty-seventh floor? It was really strange. As she was shaking her head, she walked in.

After going up from the elevator and arriving on the twenty-seventh floor, she walked towards Vincent's exclusive suite. She walked to the doorway, took a deep breath, but hesitated to knock on the door. At the same moment, the door was opened.

His handsome face just appeared in the door, in front of her.

“Where is my computer?” Although she was a little surprised that he suddenly opened the door, but she immediately talked after she was shocked for a while. She just wanted to take the computer and leave immediately.

He moved away as a signal for her to come in.

Leila had to walk in. This was still the same room, the last time she was here, she had massaged him for two hours and accompanied him to rest here for a few hours.

Her eyes subconsciously looked around, but she did not see her computer, “Where's my computer?”

“It's not here!” He replied.

“Why did you make me come here for if it's not here?” She was a little dumbfounded, feeling that he had fooled her again.

“I just wanted you to come here for nothing!” He spoke disdainfully.

“You're really shameless!”

“You are right! I am not a gentleman in the first place!”

“Vincent!”

“I know my name is Vincent!” He gave a wicked cold hum. “By the way, did you have your period?”

“You...” She was shocked by his question and her face turned red. “You're a hooligan!”

“Yeah, I am a fucking hooligan towards you! Is that any problem?” He sounded like he did not care for her at all.

“Slap!”

Her instinctive reaction was to raise her hand and slap him, only her palm was still frozen in mid-air and her whole body was already in a semi-stunned state.

She actually reached out and hit him!

Vincent covered his face and looked at her incredulously, a bloodthirsty and cold chill surged from his eyes, even the air around him seemed to have been frozen.

The expression on his face was scary, really scary!

Leila got scared, her whole body stiffened as she tried to step back. She was trembling as she walked back step by step, finally retreating to the door.

“Open the door, open the door, let me out ...” she pulled at the door handle with all her might and shouted hysterically.

But the door did not budge at all, no matter how hard she tried she could not pull it open.

Leila pulled hard on the door handle, but the door just will not budge. she turned around and saw the cruel smile at the corner of Vincent’s mouth deepen. Seeing that she was scared of him through her clear eyes, his cold eyes flashed with a hint of pleasure. This was great, he wanted to see her scared look, she finally got to know what fear looked like, right?

Trying to retreat without any consequences after hitting him, do she really think that is possible?

“I want to go out!” Leila shouted.

Vincent had been walking towards her slowly. His cold eyes staring straight at her suddenly pale face, holding a cruel and scornful sneer as he walked step by step closer to her.

“You... don't come near me...”

Leila panicked and looked at the handsome but cruel and bloodthirsty face in front of her, the fear in her heart was increasing and her body involuntarily began to tremble.

“Heh, are you afraid now?”

As Vincent was slowly approaching her step by step, a cruel and ruthless smile could be seen appearing on his face.

**Chapter 282 - A Moment in Destiny**

Leila was tensed up, clenching her fists. The way he forced her was making her body break out in goose flesh.

"Why didn't you return my laptop? If you return it to me, I could probably just let you hit me back!" The way he looked at her was vengeful, and it scared her stiff. He was like treating his enemy, not showing any mercy, and he only seemed to satisfy of killing her.

"Hitting you would just be letting you off lightly!" Vincent White curled his lips, glowering at her. His voice was cold, "I'll punish you in another way!"

Leila was stunned for a moment, feeling frightened for him being so terrifying. She bit her lips and stared at him, who was giving a sinister glance, he was like a cheetah in the bush and was watching its prey. She fell back while he took a step forward again, forcing her until there was no way to go. They were circling in the presidential suite as he pressed forward.

Her back hit the edge of the bed, giving out a sound.

"Ahh..."

She leaped to her feet as she fell on the edge of the bed, touching it. Her body trembled as if something terrible was going to happen.

As she just sat up in a panic, Vincent grabbed her shoulders and pushed her down on the bed.

She was stunned, "What are you doing?"

"You'll know it soon!" His strong arm encircled her slender waist while his tall body was pressing on her. Leila had no way to resist him.

She felt cold inside his arms. The way he stared at her was sending a chill down her spine as if it could make her frozen.

"Let go... of me..." Leila gulped nervously, not daring to look straight at his eyes, and she even had to breathe cautiously, "You're hurting me!"

"Is it so? There's even more!" He growled as he approached her wickedly. He encircled her waist tightly with one hand, and the other hand propped up on her side, looking down on her pale little face, tasting her fear.

"No..." She recalled the violent incident that also happened in the same hotel last time. She was being pressed by him against the wall of the lounge, torturing her, which she nearly got killed. It still made her blood run cold when recalling it. She would never want to go through that again. She shook her head hard, struggling, "No! No! Let go of me!"

Leila's white teeth bit her soft lips. Her ponytail was scattered due to her struggling. Her face was refreshing as there was no makeup on her and her eyes were glittering, with her eyelashes shading her face. She looked frightened.

Vincent was stunned when he saw the paleness of her face as well as her eyes blinking uneasily. And he could feel her trembling. Was she... afraid of him?

Such a thought flashed through his mind, making him frowned suddenly.

"You dare to beat me. What would you still be afraid of?"

He felt complicated facing such a beautiful face.

"No..." Leila was about to cry out. If it would still hurt that much, she would rather die than having him touching her. The memory locked deep within her heart was now torturing her mind, making her filled with fear.

"Why did you hit me?" He grabbed her by the lapels tightly, and his eyes were deep and dark.

"You're the one who insulted me in the first place!" Her face turned purple due to the suffocation, and she even had breathing difficulty, but his hand was still strangling her neck. She knew that she was snookered this time.

Seeing that her face was getting paler gradually due to the deep pain. She had lost her very last strength, she like like a leaf flying in the air, it was just about to land on the ground and will die in a short moment.

Vincent's eyes darkened, feeling complicated, and he even grieved for her. Finally, he let go of her, embracing her in his arms, and asked in a low voice, "If I let you decide between the Hunter family and me, who would you choose?"

"What... are you... trying to do?" She was fluttering, spitting out the few words in a hoarse voice. She was quaking in fear and had a bad feeling about it as she asked.

"Answer me!" He was waiting for her. He seemed to be afraid of losing her. "Make your choice. Who would you choose?"

"I can't!" She was terrified and not sure why did he ask this.

Could it be that his target was the Hunter family? What was he trying to do?

"Pick one!" He roared.

"I won't choose!" How could she make her choice? How could she choose between her family and her husband?

To her, her family and her husband were the same. She couldn't choose, especially not knowing what he was up to.

But the next moment, Leila hadn't reacted yet as he leaned down, unaware, and bit her slightly opened red lips.

"Ah... Umm..."

The taste of blood was filling up their mouths. Leila's lips were bitten to bleed, and he licked away the blood from the wound on her lips. His tongue protruded in, filling her up. It was domineering and aggressive.

"Umm. Umm..." Leila struggled, but she couldn't speak out a word. She felt the weight on her body increasing as he had her pinned underneath him.

"Answer me!" There was a vague sense of unease from his low overbearing voice. A voice sounded above her, "Choose only one!"

"No! I won't choose!"

"Can't you just choose me?" His voice turned soft, with a hint of annoyance, "Can't you just be with me forever?"

She struggled to swing up to her fist, wanting to hit him, but she stopped. What was wrong with him?

She tried to feel his emotions, but she found that he was so emotional and horrified. He was moody all the time, being ferocious and then changing to gentle, he was unpredictable.

At that moment, his tone was soft, like a forlorn child being abandoned. He was like a ship lost its direction in the sea. His tone was making her feel sorry for him.

Without getting any answer from Leila, Vincent's tongue slipped into her mouth, and his action was getting rough, without any pity.

"Hiss.." Leila's clothes were torn into pieces by Vincent, giving out a sound.

The cold air was burning her skin, and she was shivering.

Leila screamed as she was filled with horror, "Don't do this..."

In the meantime, Vincent was in lust, staring at her naked body, he became more aggressive. He gulped, "You asked for it!"

"Ah..." Leila shrieked as her hands immediately covered up her naked breasts. Her eyes were filled with fear as she looked at the man in front of her.

Vincent looked coldly at her, who was covering her breasts in fear. He curled his lips and sneered. He grabbed each side of her slender arms and pulled them to the sides, opening her arms completely to him easily. "Tell me that you want it!"

"I don't want it!" She shook her head and squirmed. "I don't want it. Not at all. Don't touch me! It hurts!"

Her gorgeous body caught his eyes, with her pale skin being exposed. Her tempting breasts were rising and falling as she breathed. And it seemed to be enticing him to plunder them.

"I don't want you to touch me. I don't! It hurts! You can't rape me!" Leila cried out in a low voice, "You'll only hurt me. I don't want a pervert like you touching me!"

His face turned pale, with his lips trembling, and he frowned. "You mean that I can't get it up?"

"Yes! You can't! She screamed, wanting to escape.

"Damn it. How dare you saying I can't get it up?!" He was growling.



It hurt initially, and it wasn't that he couldn't get it up, just that her previous experience had been too brutal. She didn't bother to explain nor answer him. Perhaps such reaction of hers seemed as she acquiesced in it. This made him being bloodthirsty.

"Leila, do you know what happens when you say a man can't get it up?"

He was the one who said it, and she was just going along with it. Now that he blamed it on her, she retorted, "It just hurts a lot. It's uncomfortable. You're too selfish, and I don't like the way you treat me. It's a rape! Making love is a two-way thing..."

Before he could start insulting her again, she added, "If you don't love me, don't treat me like this. I don't mind if you find someone else. As long as it's not me!"

Although her words were harsh and even against her will, she didn't want to be treated like this way. No!

Subconsciously, she might be still having hope in him, thinking of him caring for her during her period. She thought of him saving her, cooking for her. And thinking of the laptop... But when she was dependent on him, he became bloodthirsty and erratic again. She was so afraid that she would fall from the clouds.

He was stunned. His face changed several times in just a few seconds. Finally, he sneered, sending chills down Leila's spine, "So you're not in love with me. How about Theodore?"

"Did you investigate me?" Leila whimpered.

"Three years ago, you two had an ambiguous relationship. You are his girlfriend, right?"

"No!" It wasn't at all three years ago. It was just a close call.

"No?" He sneered as he moved closer to her, just inches away from her face, gritting his teeth, "What if I let him lose his job now, then would he still be attractive to you? How about letting him not be able to work well in F City?"

"You..." Leila wanted to say that he was shameless, but according to her knowledge of him, that would just piss him off. And that would harm Theodore too. She suppressed her anger and tried to say in a calm and low voice, "Actually, it isn't what you think of me and Theodore. We haven't been contacted for the past three years, and we just met today. No relationship at all."

### **Chapter 283 - A Moment in Destiny**

Leila's heart throbbed vigorously, and the corner of her eyes were slightly wet. She bit her lips and looked at him unsatisfactorily.

He was suppressing his emotions, but he just frowned and stared at her intensely.

They were standing too close together that they could feel the warm breaths exhaled on each other's faces.

No one compromised in the end.

But suddenly, Vincent lowered his head and kissed her violently again. He changed the topic, "Make a choice between the Mabel family and me. Who would you choose?"

"Why are you forcing like this?" She widened her eyes, "I don't want to choose. I'm not choosing anyone!"

Vincent held her hand and embraced her tightly. He suddenly whispered in her ear, "Good girl, I'll make you choose me. You can only choose me!"

Leila was stunned. Vincent gently held her in his arms as his warm breath exhaled on her ears. He murmured with a gentle tone, "You have no choice! I won't touch you yet, at least not now!"

Leila's pale face regained some colour, but she did not respond. She just stood still over there. He let go of his hands, "You're not allowed to see any man late at night from now on. You can't date them, let alone watch movies with another man."

Leila was dumbfounded, "I didn't watch movies with a man!"

"You can't do that three years ago either!"

"But you were still my sister's boyfriend three years ago!"

"I'm your man now!" He casually said with his especially bright eyes.

"You're still the man of another woman, not mine!" She wanted him to be only hers, but he would never belong to her. She didn't like this kind of unfair treatment.

He raised his eyebrow and the corner of his lips suddenly tipped into a smile, "Are you jealous?"

"Who's jealous?" She immediately denied.

He sat up and pulled her up as well. Then, he took his clothes at the side and covered it on her.

Leila lowered her head and said nothing. He walked towards the coffee table by the couch and picked up a cigarette to smoke. The smell of tobacco drifted towards her, "I've already sent the computer to your dormitory!"

"What?" She immediately stood up in dismay, "When?"

"After you've called me." He turned around.

"Then why did you call me here?"

"Because I haven't had any woman here for more than a week!" He said.

"..." Did she hear it wrong? She thought about it for a while and felt unexpected.

"I want you, but you don't want me! I don't want to be a rapist!" Leila listened to him teasing her, "Are you afraid of me? Was that night really too terrible for you?"

She pursed her lips and didn't say anything.

That night wasn't just terrible, in fact it was awfully terrible. The pain she felt was unbearable. It wasn't sex, it was death!

“Go change your clothes. I’ll take you out for dinner!”

“Change my clothes?” Her small hand subconsciously grasped his suit as she looked at the torn T-shirt on the ground, “I don’t have any clothes!”

He had torn all her clothes. Where could she change it?

He turned around, “Go look in the closet over there!”

She was stunned for a moment before walking towards the closet. She felt reluctant, but she still stood up and walked over. When she opened the closet, she was startled to see the clothes in the closet. There were at least ten dresses hanging in it, and each of them seemed extremely expensive.

“This, what is this about?”

Vincent walked over, “My woman would never be lack of clothes!”

Vincent’s words sounded behind her. His voice was hoarse, but certain.

Leila was stunned and almost fled away. She didn’t know how to face him!

“Go change!” He said again.

She casually took one of the dresses and ran into the bathroom. Her heart was pounding wildly, as if it was going to jump out of her chest.

“Ahh... this is insane!” Leila shook her head and spoke to herself.

‘Oh god! This was really insane! Who could stand it if he was gentle to me now and treated me violently the next second?’

Vincent, what on earth did you want to not torture me?’

Leila was lost in mind for a moment. It was as unrealistic as stepping on the clouds.

In the mirror, she saw her red and swollen lips. It hurt so much! Her eyes were lost and her cheeks flustered, as if she had experienced a passionate moment. He was angry. She knew Theodore was the reason behind his anger, and the Mabel family too. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have asked her that today.

Deciding between these two options, she couldn’t choose!

But just now, she could clearly feel the loneliness, insanity and a trace of panic from him. Was there even a thing in this world that he couldn’t control?

After changing her clothes, she looked at herself in the mirror and organized her hair. Then, she walked out rigidly and held his suit in her hand.

Vincent turned around and saw her coming out from the bathroom. The elegant long dress closely fitted her body, making her body even more beautiful. Her long hair was a little messy, and it was sticking on her red cheeks. Her big and bright eyes rigidly looked at him.

“Come here!” He put an alluring smile on his face and said in a low voice.

She walked towards him and handed over his suit to him first. The suit was blocking between them, while he put his hands around her shoulder and brought her into his arms, "So beautiful!"

She stiffened her body, "Yeah, this dress is indeed beautiful. Is it particularly expensive?"

He was startled. He meant her, not the dress! But obviously, Leila had misunderstood!

"Haha." He laughed pleasantly with his low voice.

Leila raised her head in surprise, "What are you laughing at?"

"Dumb woman!" He stared into her eyes and snorted.

However, she had a misconception. She felt his tone was loving. Leila was slightly surprised and annoyed. Vincent seemed a little different than before now. She could clearly feel his change, but she couldn't say anything wrong.

When they got into the car, Vincent helped her to fasten her seatbelt. She held her hands and said nervously, "Could you not be like this again in the future?"

"Like how?" He frowned.

"Don't be so scary!" She was really afraid of his violent side.

"Am I scary?" He looked at her little face, "Which part of me are you scared of?"

She felt disappointed, "I won't betray you. At least when we're still married, I won't fool around. Please believe me. But if you have fallen for another woman, don't mess with me anymore. I don't like to be treated this way. Please respect me, okay?"

She lowered her head and slowly said her thoughts out. She was actually an emotional woman, in fact she was extremely emotional.

"Don't I respect you enough?" He raised his brows again and started the car. He stared into her eyes, "Do you think there is a man like me? Other man would have abused you a long time ago! No man in this world would be able to tolerate his wife's overt betrayal!"

"I..." Leila wanted to deny, but she halted when the words reached her mouth. She wanted to say that she didn't betray him, but... how should she say it?

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing! I have nothing to say!" She murmured and sighed casually.

The car travelled on the road and crossed many streets. Leila didn't know where they were. She didn't ask either, because she knew it would be pointless to ask since Vincent had always been a dominant player.

She didn't expect that he would be driving home.

It turned out that...

He was bringing her back for dinner with the Mabel family.

She was a little stunned.

“What’s wrong? Do you not want to eat at home?” He parked the car and stared at her.

“It’s not that! I was just too surprised!” She muttered.

“Let’s go!” He unbuckled the seatbelt.

They got out of the car together. When Leila was still a little confused, he directly walked over and held her small hand into the house. Leila wanted to pull her hand back, but Vincent didn’t want to let go of her hand. He tightly grabbed her hand and walked straight into the door together.

When Mabel saw Vincent entering the door with Leila, she immediately grinned happily. All her uncertainties and worries vanished in an instant.

Vincent politely greeted Mabel when he saw her, “Mom, how are you?”

“Hello, Vincent! I’m doing fine!” Mabel almost fell into tears.

Leila was really dumbfounded at this moment. It was the first time he had stepped into her house after they got married for more than a month. It was also the first time they appeared together in front of her family.

“Mommy!”

“Who’s here?” Brian’s voice sounded from inside, “Oh, it’s Vincent and Leila. Come in!”

Vincent generously walked into the house while holding Leila’s hand. Mabel smiled even brighter now. This was the scene that she wanted to see the most!

“I’ll make tea!” She enthusiastically ran to find some good tea leaves.

“Leila, go help Mom out!” Vincent let go of her hand. Leila followed her mother, but she couldn’t help turning around to look at him. She saw Vincent’s eyes intersecting with her father’s gaze, and a guilty expression flashed on her father’s face. Vincent’s gaze was so sharp that it seemed provocative and meaningful.

For a moment, Leila felt uneasy and she thought of what he said about choosing between him and the Mabel family! What exactly did he mean?

“How are you?” Vincent did not address him and he only said such a sentence to his father in law.

“Let’s go to the study room.” Brian smiled and said to Mabel and Leila, “Call us when the food is ready!”

With that, the two of them went upstairs and entered the study room.

Leila had always felt strange, but she didn’t know what was strange about it. She was lost in thought as she looked at their back that were going upstairs.

Mabel walked over and elbowed her. She asked mysteriously, “You two seemed to have a good relationship. Mommy can finally be relieved! Thank goodness!”

“Err!” Leila was powerless, but she didn’t want her mother to worry. She learned to only report the good but not the sorrow since young, because she was afraid her mother would be worried, “Yes, we’re fine! Mommy, you don’t have to be worried anymore. By the way, where’s Macey?”

When she mentioned Macey, Mabel’s face was full of sorrow, “I haven’t seen your sister recently. We don’t even know where she has gone to. Your father is really angry, but he couldn’t find her anywhere!”

“Has she always been like this?”

“Yes! Ever since that happened, she had been like this. I didn’t know what she was thinking. It’s useless for me to persuade her! Forget it. It’s rare to have you and Vincent back home, I’ll prepare dinner immediately!”

“Let me help you, Mommy!” Macey was no longer mentioned for a while.

They had finished preparing the dishes, but Brian and Vincent were still in the study room. It had been an hour, “Mommy, I’ll go call Dad and Mr White for dinner!”

“You two are married, why are you still calling him Mr White?”

“I’m used to calling him that! He actually asked me to call him by his nickname, but I always forgot about it!” Leila forced a smile. Then, she untied her apron and went to the study room on the second floor.

When she got to the door, she was about to raise her hand and knocked on the door when she heard her father’s voice sounded inside, “I have nothing to say about this. She’s my daughter, of course she has to serve the Mabel family. I will not make myself fall. Even if you’re from the White family, I won’t allow myself to fall like this!”

### **Chapter 284 - A Moment in Destiny**

“If you quit, nothing will happen to the Hunter family,” Vincent’s voice sounded again.

Leila was startled at the spot and didn’t know how to react.

“I won’t quit.”

“What if I will tell Leila that you’re using her? You used her to protect your career and exchange the evidence. Between the Hunter family and me, whom do you think she would choose?”

“Guy, you are too young too naive. Leila is the daughter of Mable and mine. She is always kind- hearted. Even if she had known that I’m using her, you wouldn’t achieve your goals. There’s my blood on her body, and we have a kinship that cannot be erased, which cannot be shaken by you, an outsider, either. Besides, she cares about her mother the most. She’s afraid that her mother wouldn’t be happy. For her mother, she would endure it.”

Vincent sounded extremely calm. “If you insist on doing it, I’ll have to send you to jail.”

“I haven’t do anything wrong and there’s no evidence. How can you send me in?”

“Oh, really?” Vincent chuckled. “If you hadn’t done anything wrong, why did you agree to let Leila marry me? What’s that evidence that you exchanged with me?”

“That’s the only evidence, which has gone.” Brian smiled faintly. “And you know that the evidence was not enough to ruin me. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have used it to exchange for Leila, right?”

“You are so self-confident, aren’t you, Mr. Hunter?” Vincent also didn’t change his expression.

Brian knocked on the desk with his fingers. “Let’s wait and see.”

“Compared your career and the family affection, which one is more important to you?”

“Of course my career.”

“Leila called me an animal. I wondered how sad she would be if she knew that her father is like an animal more than me. I feel quite sorry for her as she has a father like you.”

“She wouldn’t know it.” Brian chuckled. “Even if you told her, she wouldn’t believe you.”

The door was pushed open all of a sudden. Leila appeared at the door suddenly.

“Leila?” Brian gaped, feeling a bit surprised. Then he returned to calm. “Why didn’t you knock on the door?”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, Mr. Hunter. I deliberately left the door unlocked just now.”

Leila stared at her father with a complicated look. She kept gazing at him. Suddenly, she felt that he was so strange. His words declaring that his career was more important than the family affection kept echoing in her mind, as loud as the rumbling thunder.

She had never expected that her father was using her. He exchanged her for a piece of evidence. She wondered if that was evidence of corruption through misuse of the law.

“Leila, you--” Brian was a bit taken aback again. Then he returned to calm instantly. “Did your mother ask you to inform us to have dinner?”

He deliberately emphasized the words “your mother”. Leila had noticed it. It sounded that he was warning her that her mother’s happiness was all in his hands. Leila felt flustered and uneasy. With a complicated feeling, she suppressed the bitterness in her heart. “Dinner is ready. Mom asked me to inform you both. Let’s go downstairs for dinner.”

Instantly, she curled up into a bright smile. Then she turned around calmly and walked out.

Vincent and Brian exchanged a glance with each other. Vincent sneered. “Well, sometimes, the older might not be the wiser.”

After finishing his words, he strode out.

Brian followed him out, looking quite annoyed.

Leila walked out from the study and downstairs, looking quite pale. Mabel was placing the tableware at the dining table. Seeing Leila coming down followed by two men, she said with a smile, “Wash your hands and let’s eat.”

Leila's body shook a bit. Immediately, she forced a smile. "I got it!"

Her answer sounded quite calm. Vincent squinted his eyes behind her.

Leila turned around with a smile on her face, and nobody could guess what was on her mind. She said to Brian and Vincent, "Dad, Vincent, go wash your hands please."

Brian also squinted. As if nothing had happened, he said, "Come on, Vincent."

"Okay. After you!" Both men looked so calm as if nothing had happened. So did Leila, who was walking to the dining table quietly.

"Mom, are you happy?"

"Of course. I feel quite happy now!" In the past twenty years, she had burned a lot of stress. She gave birth to a daughter without getting married and owed her older sister a lot of favors. In recent years, she finally could live with her beloved man. What else would she expect for her life?

"Mom, as long as you are happy." Leila lowered her head, pressing her lips. Since her mother felt happy, she should continue to let her be happy. She could do anything for her mother's happiness. But for some reason, she wanted to burst into tears.

"I finally couldn't eat your dishes, Mom! They smell so good. I can smell them from afar," said Vincent while walking out from the bathroom. His gaze fell on the head that was bending down.

"Vincent, you are still such a sweet talker. If you want to eat my dishes, you can come to our house every day. I'll cook for you every day." Mabel certainly wanted to see her daughter and son-in-law every day, but she was afraid that she would disturb their work.

"That would be nice. I'm just afraid that I would trouble you too much, Mom!" said Vincent in a good manner politely.

"We are family. There's nothing troublesome. I'm so happy if you can come to visit us." Mabel felt so happy indeed.

"Let's eat." Brian sat down on the chief seat. Mabel was next to him, and Vincent was sitting next to Leila.

During the dinner, Vincent picked up dishes for Leila. Leila kept eating while feeling worried and downhearted. From time to time, she raised her head and smiled. Her smile was quite wry but she tried her best to smile more brightly.

Brian glanced at Leila from time to time. Gradually, there was a trace of worry in his eyes. Perhaps he wanted to resolve something, he picked up some food for Leila. Leila said politely and distantly, "Thank you, Dad. I can do it myself."

"Brian, you should pick up food for Vincent. He's so hardworking and needs to eat more." As she spoke, Mabel stood up and picked up a piece of rib for Vincent.

The meal was quite dramatic. Everyone had their own thoughts, and only Mabel was the really happy one. She didn't notice anything at all.



After dinner.

When the couple was about to leave, Macey pushed the door open and walked in.

Seeing the whole family together and Vincent, she was suddenly stunned. With a snort, she said ironically, "What brought down the busiest CEO of White Group here?"

"Hi, Macey." Vincent faintly smiled, looking indifferent and aloof.

Leila lowered her head and greeted Macey. "Hi, Macey. You came back."

It was the first time that Leila had seen her since giving her the skirt as a gift. Macey had put on heavier makeup than before, almost the same as the smokey-eye.

"Mom, we're leaving now." Vincent only bid Mabel farewell.

"Oh! Okay. Please go ahead. If you have time, just come over. I'll cook for you."

"Aunt, if you love your daughter and your son-in-law so much, why don't you move in with them?" said Macey sarcastically.

"Well--" Mabel was stunned, her face pale. She shut up.

"Mom, if you have time, you can come to stay with us for a while," said Leila. Then she turned to Vincent, "Vincent, is it all right?"

"Of course. Whatever you said." Vincent behaved like a good husband. "My house is your house. You can make whatever decision you like."

"Mom, we're gone now." Leila smiled at her mother. Then she glanced at Brian and Macey. "Dad, Macey, see you."

She was so obedient that Vincent felt sorry for her.

At that moment, Vincent glinted at her eyebrows and eyes deeply. He knew that she had heard his conversation with Brian in the study.

On the way back home, Leila kept silent without speaking.

Vincent didn't speak either.

In the evening.

There was a thunderstorm.

When Vincent opened the door of the guestroom, he didn't see Leila. She went to take a shower as soon as she walked into the house. Then she locked herself in the room. Vincent also went to take a shower. Now he couldn't find her.

He called her phone but the ring tone sounded in the house. She was missing.

Vincent felt a bit panicked. He went downstairs and looked for her around the house, but failed to find her.

It was getting quite late. He wondered where she had gone.

It was raining heavily outside together with the earth-shaking rumbling. Leila was missing.

Immediately, Vincent took an umbrella and ran out. The door guard said Mrs. White had gone out twenty minutes ago.

“Damn it!” Vincent asked anxiously, “How did she go out? On foot or by a taxi?”

“No taxi. Mrs. White said she wanted to have a walk. And it was not raining just now.”

Before the guard could finish his words, Vincent ran out quickly.

Leila felt so upset.

Since she had heard her father’s conversation with Vincent in her parents’ house, she had been enduring. For her mother and afraid that her mother would worry, she endured everything. Now she was huddling up beside the path next to a roadbed outside the villa community. In the rain, she looked down at the cliff. On such a dark night, the raindrops kept falling.

Her hair and clothes had been wet already, and she felt quite cold.

Tears fell from her eyes. Biting her lower lip, she didn’t want to burst into tears, but still, she couldn’t help whimpering.

For a moment, she suddenly felt that she was extremely lonely. She wondered if she still had a chance to hold on, and she only felt quite exhausted.

Vincent ran out all the way out of the villa community. Although he was holding an umbrella, his clothes were wet in the rain because he was running fast. He looked around. In the dark, without a flashlight, he couldn’t see anything. Occasionally, he could hear a woman’s whimper among the sound of the raindrops. He was certain that she must be nearby.

Unable to see her, Vincent stood there motionlessly, searching the direction in which the sound was coming from.

On the twisting mountain road, a car was driven over. Under the bright light, he finally found a petite figure huddling up on the roadbed. In front of her was the cliff. At the moment, the figure huddled up into a small ball. She pressed her face in her arms, her shoulders shaking.

His throat tightened. Despite the car was driven towards him, he rushed over to her.

“Creak--” with the sharp brake sound, the car almost hit him. However, he didn’t care about anything, running towards Leila. Then he squatted down.

Feeling shocked suddenly, Leila looked up subconsciously. In the downpour, she saw an anxious face and his eyes were full of concerns.

The driver in the car snapped, “Shit! If you have a death wish in the rainy, get away from here! Don’t make me go to jail!”

“Fuck off!” Vincent roared to the car coldly.

“Damn you! How arrogant! You jaywalked! Do you have a death wish?” the driver pressed to close the car window with a curse. Then the car roared away.

Vincent squatted down in front of Leila. Reaching out, he held her in his arms tightly. Leila was in a warm embrace. Smelling the familiar faint smell of the cigarette, she held him back tightly as if she had found the lifesaving duckweed. “Vincent--”

This was her first time hugging him. She was whimpering aggrievedly.

“Cry aloud if you want!” He stroked her back gently, and the big umbrella prevented her from the rain.

She immediately burst into tears and called him, “Vincent...”

After she had been crying for a few minutes, he lifted her up, carried her in his arms, and went back to the villa.

### **Chapter 285 - A Moment in Destiny**

On the way, Leila kept crying without speaking.

She was quite emotional, almost breaking down. After they got back to the villa, she gradually calmed down and stopped crying. However, her pale face looked extremely fragile under the light, looking so innocent and pitiful. Because her whole body got wet in the rain, her hair and clothes were all attached to her slim body, exposing her beautiful curves.

Vincent’s clothes were also wet by the rain. Raindrops fell down from the tip of his hair.

He took her into the living room and said in a deep voice, “You’re soaked in the rain. Go take a shower.”

Leila bit her lower lip, sobbing from time to time. Her nose and eyes were reddened and swollen. However, her tears were dried. The raindrops fell down along her hair. She trembled but didn’t move at all.

Seeing she so pitiful, Vincent walked up. Something in his heart was touched. He held her in his arms again, comforting her, “It’s not a big deal.”

“I’m sad...” Her face was pressed against her chest. Sniffing his smell, she felt as if she had gained some strength in this way, which could support her. “Why does he use me?”

Vincent kept silent.

Why? Wasn’t it human nature?

After holding her for a while, Vincent was a bit short of breath. Whispering in her ear, he exhaled with burning breath, “I have a way that could make you forget the sadness. Do you want it?”

Leila was taken aback. She muffled like a fool, “What is it?”

“Making love!” he answered in a deep voice, his voice extremely hoarse. “If I don’t remember wrong, your period has passed.”

Leila was startled instantly, feeling her ears burning and her whole body was heated. In a daze for a moment, she immediately pushed him away and rushed upstairs. She felt so sad but he was still in the mood to tease her.

Seeing the rushing figure, Vincent raised his eyebrows and yelled, "Think about it. I'll be waiting for you next door."

Bang! The answer to him was the sound of the door that was smashed to close on the second floor.

Vincent subconsciously heaved a sigh, a hint of sweet tenderness flashing through his eyes. He turned around and walked to the stairs, taking off his clothes. When passing by her door, he didn't hear anything from the inside.

He stopped at her door and couldn't help imagining her body. Instantly, he felt the heat raised from his lower abdomen. He had a strong desire to have sex with her.

For some reason, he was irritated. Walking into his room, he was not in the hurry to take a shower. He lit a cigarette, and the white smoke swirled around the room, the smell of the cigarette becoming heavier and heavier.

She was crying so sadly, huddling up so pitifully at the roadside in the rain. The scene just now kept flashing through his mind. For a moment, part of his heart was softened, as gentle as the water.

Leila finished the shower, shaking her long wet hair. She felt that her eyes were a bit sour. With a large bathrobe on her, she was sitting next to the dresser and wiping her hair with a dry towel.

The door was pushed open. Still, in the wet clothes, Vincent appeared in front of her with a cigarette between his fingers. Leila looked back and she felt a bit awkward and shy. She didn't dare to look at him, avoiding eye contact with him. Then she stood up and whispered, "Vincent, thank you for helping me just now."

He cast a glance at her.

Leila looked up at him uneasily, only to find that he hadn't taken a shower yet. All his clothes were wet.

"Oops, hurry up and take a shower. You need to change the clothes. Or you'll catch a cold."

"Why did you run out just now? If you wanted to cry, why didn't you stay here and cry?" He frowned.

"Were you afraid that I'll laugh at you or mock you? You do have something to fear, don't you?"

Leila looked up at him suddenly, blushed. Her eyes became somewhat wet. An indescribable feeling surged in her heart. She didn't want him to see her crying so helplessly. She was unwilling to even he was her husband. Especially their marriage was of such a kind, she couldn't overcome the barrier. "I didn't cry. I went sightseeing."

"Sightseeing?" Vincent gaped. "You little liar!"

Leila blushes instantly. She lied indeed, and she always couldn't help hiding her real self in front of him.

"I didn't lie!"

Thunder rumbled through the dark sky at night.

Vincent burst into laughter. Leila shivered. Sure enough, a human shouldn't lie. The thunder rumbled, which meant that the Thunder God was angry.

"Look, the Thunder God was not happy with it. He's laughing at you. Little liar, keep lying!" Vincent's handsome lips were curled up into an extremely charming smile. He just stared at her, his deep eyes making her heart skip a beat.

"I, I, I don't want to talk to you!" Leila covered her face with her both hands. "You are making fun of me!"

Seeing she was so embarrassed, Vincent became quite delighted. The joyful laughter came out between his thin lips. "So what if I'm making fun of you? You are my woman, I can make fun of you as I like. Who cares?"

'My woman!' Leila couldn't help reechoing his words in her mind.

That was such a nickname that could make her blushed and flustered. Leila stamped in embarrassment, "How annoying!"

"You little liar!" Suddenly, Leila's hands were pulled down. He had already stood in front of her, looking at her in a short distance. His voice was deep and his eyes were glinting.

In an instant, her reddened and swollen eyes were full of shyness and confusion. She stared at him in a daze and totally forgot what to react. Her eyes were completely attracted by his eyes that were full of tenderness.

When their eyes met, his deep eyes blinked. Then he uttered a few words in an extremely loving tone, "Silly girl!"

"Huh?" She came back to her senses, feeling a bit annoyed. She wanted to lower her head and avoid looking at him because she didn't know what else he would speak to her.

Looking at her lowered face, he felt flustered in his heart, a trace of concern appearing in his eyes.

"You woman--" Suddenly he reached out and pulled her over irritably, his right hand wrapping around her waist. Without any hesitation, he bent down his head and sealed her lips.

Her lips were sweet and pure with a fresh taste. He couldn't help reaching out his tongue and letting it go deeper and deeper...

"No..." Leila wanted to refuse on instinct.

Releasing her, he asked in a hoarse and deep voice, "Why not?"

Hearing his loud gasp and seeing him glinting at her, she couldn't help blushing.

"Please don't--" Leila said weakly.

"You are refusing me. It's a punishment for your telling the lie. Understand?" he asked her, looking down at her.

"I--" She wanted to retort but heard another rumbling from the sky. Instantly, her shoulders went down helpless. She wondered if the Thunder God truly didn't allow her to tell a lie. She could only pout, feeling annoyed. She whispered, "I was wrong, but..."

Before she could finish her words, her lips were sealed seamlessly again by him.

"Since you've admitted that you were wrong, you should take the punishment." He reached out to hold her slender waist and started kissing her passionately as if setting a fire all over her body.

"Hmm..." With one hand holding the back of Leila's head, Vincent's hot tongue forcibly opened her teeth and reached deeper in her mouth. Then his tongue found her tongue tip and tangled with it. Without giving her any space to hold back or any time to consider, he kissed her so wildly that she had lost her mind. She even forgot to breathe and gradually closed her eyes, enduring his fire-like enthusiasm.

His other hand didn't stay motionless. Even his eyes were closed, his hand could still find the most familiar positions and titillated her most sensitive part. On top of her bathrobe, his hand grabbed her breast, his fingertips pinched her tit gently...

However, such movements couldn't satisfy his desire at all. Then his hand reached into her collar and searched for the most delicate softness on her. When his palm wrapped her breast, he felt his lower abdomen tightened with heat...

"Ah--" Leila moaned in a soft voice helplessly, grabbing his shoulder with both her hands.

She found it hard to hold on while being touching and hugging by him.

His fingertips, body, mouth and tongue, kisses, and his gaze had brought her into an abyss. However, when the scene that she was pressed against the wall of the lounge in HJ Hotel flashed through her mind, her instinct made her push him away with all her strength.

"No-- I don't want it--" Leila panicked, almost burst into tears. The not-so-beautiful memory made her shiver. "No-- I'm scared--"

Vincent was startled, his eyes darkened.

Leila clenched her hands together in a panic.

In front of her, Vincent was in wet clothes with somewhat messy hair, which was completely different than his solemn or meticulous look as usual, and he even looked quite seductive...

However --

It hurt so much last time!

That experience had left a deep shadow in her heart.

Glaring at the woman who was so insensible, Vincent cursed inwardly, 'Damn! Think I can't live without you?'

"Yes or no?" He gritted his teeth.

“No--” Leila shook her head. “I don’t want it!”

“Damn you!” He gritted his teeth again. “Stupid woman!”

He couldn’t help wondering if having sex would be so horrible or if his techniques were so lousy.

“Leila Hunter, this is the last time. If you have the guts to reject me next time, try me!”

Hearing him calling her full name, Leila couldn’t help shivering as his voice was full of resentment.

“I--” Leila wanted to explain but she swallowed her words helplessly when the words reached the tip of her tongue.

“I won’t give you another chance!” He was almost killed by the grievance. They were a legal couple, but she refused to sleep with him. He felt himself a real wimp.

“Please, please go back to your room and go to bed after taking a shower.” Leila was worried that he would catch a cold because he had been wearing wet clothes for a long time.

Although Vincent was domineering and so pissed, he knew clearly that a man would be a coward if he forced a woman to have sex with him. However, he was still reluctant after he was fully aroused. He was not a monk and he had a wife. Why would he have to suffer?

“Please hurry up and take a shower,” Leila urged him again. She didn’t dare to look at him. Since she had refused him, she felt a sense of guilt, but she couldn’t do anything. After all, the previous experience was not so good.

Vincent was shocked that she even had driven her away. ‘Damned woman!’ he swore at her again.

“Remember, I won’t give you another chance! No matter what’s on your mind, if you do this again next time, I’ll fuck you to death. I have my words!” Vincent gritted his teeth, intending to rush up and kiss her wildly until she begged him for mercy.

Leila was so frightened. When she looked up and saw the cruelty in his eyes, she immediately looked away and gazed at the floor in silence.

“Have you heard it?” Vincent growled in anger.

Leila was so scared by his temperament that she didn’t move at all. She whispered to answer, “Yes, I have.”

Vincent squinted, pressed his lips tightly, snorted, and walked out while smashing the door close.

On the second day, Leila got up. Noticing that Vincent hadn’t got up yet, she knocked at the door of his bedroom. However, there was no sound from the inside. She couldn’t help but become worried.

Wondering if he had caught a cold because he got wet in the rain, she became more worried about him. She knocked on the door more heavily, but there was still no response from the inside.

Anxiously, Leila called, “Hello, Vincent? Vincent? Are you in there? Vincent?” But she still didn’t hear any response. Leila became uneasier and knocked at his door more heavily. “Are you sick? Have you got a cold?”

## Chapter 286 - A Moment in Destiny

Bang-- The door was opened.

Vincent appeared at the door with a livid face. He glared at her, his face extremely terrifying.

Leila was startled at the door for a moment. He had dark circles under his eyes and stubble on his chin, his chest exposed, and he only wore a pair of boxer shorts that showed the bulge between his thighs. Leila was at a loss. Although he looked quite decadent and leisure, he also looked extremely seductive.

Leila was in a daze while standing at the door, attracted by his charisma. She looked dull and forgot to react.

“What’s up?” He looked at her with a cold face. Noticing her dull gaze, he frowned.

“Are you all right? Have you caught a cold?” Leila immediately went back to her senses, blushed. He had been wearing the wet clothes for a long time last night, and then he got angry and left her room smashing the door because his desire wasn’t satisfied. She was quite worried as well as guilty.

Vincent left the door, turned around, and walked into his room.

Worried, Leila followed him in. “Vincent, are you truly fine? You don’t feel very well, do you? Are you on fever?”

Then she smelt something strange.

When Leila walked in, she thought she walked into a sterilizing room that was full of the smell of the disinfectant.

It was so strong that she couldn’t help coughing.

Looking down, she was shocked by the used tissues on the floor. “Vincent, did you get cold for real? Have a runny nose?”

With a livid face, Vincent turned around and glared at Leila, pressing his lips tightly.

Leila gaped, wondering what she had said wrong. “Say something!”

Vincent frowned and glared at her again as if he was glaring at an enemy.

Leila was completely puzzled. Looking at him, she was annoyed because she couldn’t understand what he meant based on his expression. She could only reach out and touched his forehead. When her cool hand touched his forehead, Vincent immediately pulled it down. With a gloomy face, he said with a frown, “I don’t have a cold.”

“Then those used tissues--” Leila lowered her head and found there were used tissues on the bed. Gosh! His bed was extremely messy as if it was trampled on.

Instantly, she blushed.



“You--” She dared not to continue with her thoughts, afraid what had happened was the same as she realized.

Vincent tilted his head and looked at her. Seeing her blushed face, he rolled his eyes. “Yes, it’s the same as what you’re thinking. Stupid woman!”

Leila gaped.

‘Gosh! He masturbated! He didn’t have the chance to torture me, so he targeted on this bed, didn’t he?’ she thought to herself.

Leila was totally shocked.

Vincent didn’t care what she was thinking. He just said, “Clean the room. Then cook for me. I’m starved.”

Then he lay on the bed on his stomach, looking worn out.

Leila was agape because of the embarrassment. She was almost killed by the shyness. He had produced so many used tissues on the floor, which showed how terrible his battle was last night.

Didn’t he have so many dates? Why did he have to masturbate? Leila didn’t have the guts to figure out such questions, so she lowered her head and found the broom. It turned out that the smell of the disinfectant came from his sperm. Leila couldn’t help wondering how much of his sperm would have made his room full of the smell of disinfectant. She forced herself to stop thinking in such an evil way.

She couldn’t imagine Vincent in such away.

With the broom in her hands, she didn’t dare to look at Vincent at all. She immediately opened the window and let the sunshine come in. It rained half of the night, so the air now was refreshed. As soon as the window was opened, the smell in the room was swept away.

Vincent was lying on the bed, squinting at her, who was sweeping the floor with a blushed face. The longer he watched her, the darker his face went.

Feeling the chill sent down from her spine, Leila looked back occasionally and met his sharp eyes. Instantly, she lowered her head in fear.

The strong smell of a man occupied the whole room. Leila had never expected that Vincent would do such a thing. She had gained some relevant knowledge in her Health Physiology Class. She knew that part of men and women would masturbate when they become sexually mature. However, much to her surprise, the handsome and elegant Vincent would also do so.

Well--

His image in her heart had been ruined.

Vincent kept staring at her. He felt soreness and weakness of his waist and knees because of his immoderate behavior last night. In fact, it was mainly because that he was unhappy. He felt sorry for himself.

Leila was in an oversized T-shirt, which wrapped her petite body, making her look extremely dainty and cute as a mini porcelain doll. She was now looking down shyly, trying her best to sweep the garbage he had made. Some of the mucus went directly on the floor, becoming quite sticky. She needed to use the mop to clean the stains.

After she finished sweeping, Leila went to find the mop to clean the whole room. Then she found a clean bedsheet from the closet and whispered, "Vincent, could you get up for a moment? I'll change the bedsheet for you."

"I'm exhausted," he uttered a few words with a frown.

"If I don't wash it on time, the stains couldn't be removed at all." She had seen another area of stain on it just now. She guessed that he had dirtied it last night by accident.

He frowned again.

She stood next to the bed with the set of clean beddings in her arms. She said awkwardly, "I'll do it very fast."

Reluctantly, Vincent got up. Leila didn't dare to look at him at all, because he was wearing only boxer shorts, making her so uneasy. She was so scared that she dared not to take a single glance.

Vincent moved to the sofa. He was not in a hurry to put on any clothes. Leila put the clean beddings aside, removed the dirty ones, and then changed them.

Then she noticed that he was still undressed. She found his clothes from the closet and passed them to him. "Get dressed."

She put the clothes next to him. Without looking at him, she was about to wash the dirty beddings.

"Don't go!" Vincent grabbed her wrist.

Leila panicked instantly. "I'll go wash the beddings."

"Are you happy now?" he snapped coldly.

"What am I happy about?" Leila creased her delicate eyebrows. However, he pulled her to sit down on the sofa. She was indeed confused and couldn't get what he meant.

"Is it that horrible?" he asked in a deep voice, "Does my technique really suck?"

It turned out that he was asking about this matter. Leila's face blushed immediately.

"Tell me!" said him in a deep voice.

"No--" She shook her head. How could she tell him anything? She felt too embarrassed to do so.

"You don't want to tell me? Try me!" Vincent threatened her as if he wouldn't let go of her if she didn't tell him.

Leila sat on the sofa in silence, feeling shy and awkward.

He sat down next to her and lit a cigarette. With the cigarette between his lips, he was so angry. Even though he did it himself the whole night, he was still angry. Well, he was even angrier.

He couldn't understand why he would have to suffer in this way even he had a wife.

Leila moved back, trying to distance with him. She was not used to such an intimate distance as it made her feel as if she was committing a crime. However, he approached her immediately. All his skin and muscles were tightened. "Leila, try me if you dare to dodge again!"

She was startled, sitting motionlessly.

In an impatient tone, he snapped again, "Tell me. Is it that bad?"

How could she tell him? Based on the limited experiences she had, it was indeed bad. She couldn't ignore her conscientiousness and tell him that he was good. The pain he caused had almost killed her.

Leila had never been so embarrassed in her whole life. Especially she was forced to talk about having sex with a man, she felt extremely awkward.

While she hesitated, Vincent continued, "I just want to know how bad I am. I'm the man involved, aren't I? Don't you need to tell me? Or, how would I improve myself in the future?"

Leila's face turned reddened instantly.

"Tell me!" Vincent urged her again. Then he asked naturally, "Why did you feel so painful?"

"In fact... Not really..." Leila gritted her teeth, lowered her head, and said helplessly, "Not that bad. Just, just because I'm afraid of violence. The way you looked..."

"When did I treat you violently?" he frowned with a snort.

"Yes, you did!" she retorted.

"If you were obedient, did I need to do that with such a big strength? Didn't you ask for it yourself? What's so wrong with feeling pain? Every woman has to experience it. If you didn't feel pain for your first time, you must be a slut!"

"But the pain almost killed me!" Leila looked up in angry and embarrassment. "If you don't believe me, you can be a woman to have a try. No woman is willing to be raped."

"Oh! How about I treat you more tenderly next time? Would the tender way do?" Vincent raised his head. Seeing that Leila's face as red as a tomato, he was amused. "I'll give you enough foreplay. I'll do that well. What do you say?"

"Ah--" she exclaimed in shyness, "Can you stop talking about that?"

"I'm discussing making love with my wife. What's wrong with it?"

"Wasn't it a normal thing? Didn't all couples in the world do such a thing? Didn't they discuss having sex? If they couldn't be harmony in the bed, their lifetime happiness would be a question. Why your face is so red?"

"You-- I don't want to continue this conversation." Leila almost bit off her tongue.

“Well, how about I practice the foreplay now?” He raised his eyebrows evilly, approaching her again. “I’ll do it until you’re satisfied and agreed.”

“Ah--” Leila could only exclaim, looking so nervous instantly. She was so scared that he would do something for her.

Seeing her expression, Vincent seemed to be quite satisfied. He has been hard working for a whole night and almost died from masturbation, but he was not satisfied. Now seeing her expression, he felt much better and more balanced in his heart. Steadily, he took a drag of the cigarette. “Tell me a firm answer when we can make love.”

“No way!” she refused him immediately. “Stop saying that! It’s so embarrassing! Vincent, could you please stop doing it? Or you’ll make me look down upon you!”

“You are my wife. You have the obligation!” he retorted her right away, now accepting her refusal at all. “What have I done to make you look down upon me? Well, have you ever thought highly of me before? I really doubt it. Why do you always look down on me?”

His attitude pissed her off. Leila said with a frown, “I don’t want it. You promised me that you wouldn’t force me. You said that in the car. You can’t break your promise and rape me. All right. That’s it. I don’t want to continue such a conversation with you!”

“I’ve said a lot of words. I even did it myself. Can’t you just pity me? Do you want me to keep masturbating in the future? If it goes on like this, I won’t be physiologically healthy. I’m afraid you’ll feel more painful by that time.” Vincent’s face went colder. He could have any woman he wanted. Damn it! Did this woman intent to piss him off? He had already lowered himself to tell her that he had done it himself. What else did she want?

Seeing that she looked so adorable, annoyed, and depressed with a blushed face but didn’t know what to retort, he frowned again. Rolling his eyes, he asked, “You didn’t want to sleep with me last night. Did you also do it yourself last night? I don’t think a woman doesn’t have such a desire. How do you usually resolve such a problem?”

“You... You...” Leila completely lost her tongue. She had never expected that he would ask her such shameful questions. “I’m not so shameless as you!”

“Didn’t you?” Squinting at the panic and embarrassment on her face, Vincent suddenly wanted to burst into laughter. He squinted more evilly and asked, “Leila--”

“You, you, you--” Leila’s face changed between ruby and pale. She realized that once he became naughty, he could really scare her.

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“You’re a grownup. Have you never searched your own body before?” he laughed more evilly.

“You rascal!” she cursed him with a blushed face. “I’ll go wash the beddings and make breakfast.”

Vincent raised his eyebrows. "No problem. It's a deal. You can't refuse me next time!"

Leila couldn't stand him any longer.

She rushed out quickly, almost bumping into the wall. Vincent burst into laughter behind her.

Leila was so embarrassed. Why could he discuss such private things with her while looking so calm? She didn't know Vincent indeed. How could he be such a man?

Until the stimulating smell had faded in his room, looking at the clean bedsheet and floor, Vincent shook his head. Even he himself was confused about what he had done last night. He guessed that he must be drunk.

Vincent lit up another cigarette. It seemed that his physical strength hadn't recovered yet. He felt so tired. It turned out the masturbation was such a tiring thing. Finally, he stood up and walked into the bathroom.

Leila had never expected that she would see this side of Vincent. When she recalled what she had seen, she couldn't help blushing and her heart hammered. However, he took it for granted -- he even told her what he had done face-to-face, and he asked her to clean his room.

Right then, when she was standing in the laundry room and looking at the dirty beddings in the washing machine, her face was still blushed. She felt extremely embarrassed. She couldn't help wondering whether others would still worship the business legends created by him if they knew that the famous Vincent was such a man.

However, who else could know this side of him?

Thinking about it, Leila felt quite lucky. He was even willing to show this side of him to her. Did it mean that he didn't take her as an outsider?

However, when recalling his conversation with her father in the study last night, she felt sad again. Perhaps, she should find a chance to talk to her father, asking him why he would do that and what he had done to offend Vincent.

It was the weekend. After having the breakfast prepared by Leila, Vincent went to take a nap for recovering his physical strength. Leila went to the university. Since her thesis would be reviewed on Monday, she went to the university earlier and check on her laptop.

As expected, Vincent had sent her laptop back.

She turned it on and noticed that all the files in it were still there. Nothing was missing. In an instant, she breathed a sigh of relief. She couldn't imagine what Vincent would feel if he had opened the file with the password. Fortunately, he had done nothing.

Leila entered the password and opened the file. Having a glance at the content, she confirmed that nothing was touched in there. She closed the file right away. With both her hands on her face, she inhaled deeply. Then she turned off the laptop with a blushed face.

After leaving the dormitory, she went to her parents' house. She wondered how she could question her father. Since her mother must be home, how could she ask her father without letting her mother know?

Standing at the door, she was so hesitating, but the door was opened from the inside.

Leila shivered. Looking up, she found her parents walking out arm-in-arm. Seeing Leila at the door, they both were surprised. Mabel asked, "Leila, why are you here? Haven't you been here yesterday?"

Isn't Vincent at home? Doesn't he have a weekend?"

"Mom, I just passed by your house, so I just want to drop by and leave soon," Leila explained in a hurry, casting a glance at her father.

Brian seemed to understand something. He said, "I'll go have a walk with your mother in the park. Would you like to join us? If not, you can wait for us at home."

"Well, I won't disturb your lovers' world in this case. Dad, Mom, please go ahead. I'm going home now," said Leila calmly in a soft tone.

Mabel seemed to have felt something wrong. She pulled Leila's hand. "Leila, are you all right? Why do you look so pale? Your eyes seemed to be swollen. Have you cried last night?"

Leila was taken aback. She immediately explained with a smile, "Mom, how could it be possible? I drank too much water before going to bed last night. Perhaps my metabolism didn't work well."

"Really?" Mabel looked doubted, subconsciously glancing at Brian.

"It's for real! I'm not a kid who likes crying. Mom, you know me well, don't you?" Leila said with a smile, "What would cause me to cry, anyway? Please don't feel so insecure!"

"I'm just worried about you." Mabel pat Leila on her hands. "I'm glad if there's nothing happened."

"What could happen to her? Haven't you seen it yesterday? Vincent treats her very well. What else are you worried about? All right. Leila, I'll call my driver to send you home."

"No, thanks, Dad. I'm used to taking the bus. I like it." Leila twitched her mouth to a smile. "I'm taking off now!"

Since she couldn't have the chance to ask her father, Leila felt somewhat disappointed but uneasier.

Vincent treated her in that way -- looking for her in the rain and providing her with a warm embrace when she needed the help the most. Leila couldn't help but heave a sigh. 'Vincent, you asked me to choose between you and my family. Do you want me to cut ties with my father? Why do you have to get me involved if you want to break up with my father?' her inner voice asked.

As soon as she arrived at the bus stop, she received a call from Vincent. "Where are you now?"

"I'm waiting for the bus," Leila answered him honestly.

"Where are you waiting for the bus? In the future, if I ask you, you need to tell me the exact location."

"I--" Leila glanced at the address and answered, "I'm in the bus stop next to Municipal Government Community. Now I'm going home."

"Wait for me there. I'll be there in ten." After he finished his words, he hung up the phone directly without waiting for her response.

For some reason, Leila felt scared when facing that man. She hadn't done anything wrong, but she always felt guilty like a thief. She was afraid that Vincent would ask her why she came to her father. If he still wanted to force her to make a choice, she would be in a dilemma for sure.

Since he said he would pick her up, Leila could only sit on the chair to wait for him. She dared not to refuse him, afraid that he would get angry. She looked in the direction from time to time, afraid that she would miss his car.

Ten minutes -- he must be downtown. She wondered what he had done. When she went out, he was still napping. Recalling that he needed to take a nap because he had masturbated, she felt embarrassed and guilty. Indeed, she was his wife and she had the obligation to sleep with him. However--

Sitting below the stop board, Leila stared at the cars passing by, lost in thought.

Time passed, but Vincent still hadn't shown up. Checking her watch, Leila found that it was fifteen minutes already. She wondered if he would stand her up.

Leila was in a daze. She stood up and looked around. A white Bugatti approached her from afar. It ran pretty fast as if the driver was in a hurry. With a creak, it stopped below the stop board next to her.

The car window slid down, and Vincent looked out. He said, "Get in."

Obediently, she walked there with her bag. The door next to the passenger seat was opened by him from the inside.

Leila sat in, feeling surprised that he had taken the initiative and opened the door for her, although it was opened from the inside.

"There was a traffic jam just now," he explained.

Leila was agape as she didn't understand why he explained. He was always egoistic.

As if he had sensed something, he looked unnatural and added, "I'm always punctual. I don't like being late."

"It's alright." Leila felt amused. He was such a weirdo -- obviously, he was making an apology for being late, but he made an excuse. "Are you napping at home?"

She became nervous. Although the space in the Bugatti was big, she still felt short of breath. Besides, the nice scent of cologne from his body and his unique smell of cigarettes made her breath get deeper.

"I came to pick you up out of kindness." His deep voice was hoarse. "Why? Aren't you happy to let me pick you up?"

"Yes, I am." She answered. "I meant you could take a longer nap. I can go home by bus."

After all, he had done something extremely tiring last night.

"Said whom we are going back home?" he said in a domineering manner. Then he started the engine.

"Then--"

"Let's go see a movie," he answered with a snort.

“See a movie?” Leila was shocked. She didn’t expect that at all.

“What now? You don’t want to go, do you? Or you just don’t want to go with me, do you?” His tone became gloomy in an instant.

“I do!” Leila immediately denied. “I just feel a bit surprised!”

“Humph! I think you want Theodore to go with you.” He pressed his lips with a cold look.

“Theodore and I...” She wanted to explain that they had nothing to do with each other. However, before she could finish her words, he interrupted her.

“Shut up! I don’t care what relationship did you have before. Do you want to go see a movie with me or not?” He stared at the road in front with his ink-black eyes. One of his hands was on the steering wheel and his right hand was next to Leila. Leila was afraid that he would reach out to strangle her if she refused.

“Tell me!”

“Yes, I do! I haven’t seen a movie for such a long time.” She had a habit to go to see a movie alone. It was because it was quite dark in the theatre. When seeing the movie, especially a touching one, she could cry freely and tell others it was because she was moved.

“Then stop talking so much nonsense!” said he in a deep voice.

Leila was speechless -- it seemed that he was the one talking nonsense, wasn’t he?

“Answer me!”

“I got it!” she answered honestly, trembling in fear.

“I like the obedient kid!” he suddenly said.

Arriving at the cinema, Vincent pulled her hand without speaking, towards the box office. The young lady working in the box office immediately widened her eyes when seeing Vincent. With admiration in her eyes, she asked excitedly, “Good day, Sir. Which movie?”

“What movies are on recently?” Vincent didn’t look at her at all.

“Sir, would you like to see the western movies or the domestic ones? If the western movies, would you prefer the European movies or American movies? Or perhaps Korean? Japanese? If the domestic ones, would you prefer the Hong Kong movie, Taiwanese movie, or mainland movie?” The young lady seemed extremely enthusiastic. After casting a glance at Leila, she glued her gaze on Vincent again.

“Which one do you prefer?” Vincent turned around and asked Leila.

“Huh?” Leila was a bit surprised. If she was not wrong, he was asking her for her opinion, wasn’t he? “I don’t know. Isn’t it you who want to see a movie?”

“I’m asking you for your opinion!” He was obviously unhappy. He had never seen a movie before. It was a rare opportunity, but this woman is so annoying. She wasn’t cooperative.



"I don't know which one to choose either." She hadn't seen a movie for a month, so she didn't know what good movies were on the air.

"Which movies are good ones?" Vincent turned around and asked the ticket seller.

"Sir, why don't you choose the Korean one? Recently the lovers all prefer to see the Korean movies."

"All lovers?" asked Vincent.

"Yeah!"

"Well, we won't see the Korean movie then," said Vincent in a deep voice. He turned to Leila again. "Tell me. Which one would you like to see?"

Leila shivered. Then she caught a glimpse of a new poster, which was the poster of the cartoon The Lion King. It was an old cartoon, but Simba looked pretty cute on the poster. Leila couldn't help gazing at the poster. The cartoon was about responsibility and persistence. She had seen it before, which was pretty nice.

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Vincent followed her gaze and looked over. With a frown, he said, "Okay, we'll see that one. I'll buy the ticket. Give us a private box."

Leila was puzzled. He came out to watch a cartoon and requested to block booking.

Pointing at the poster, he said, "Give us that box. Make sure no one will disturb us."

As he spoke, he tossed his cred card to the ticket seller. Then he arrogantly held the tickets and walked to see the movie while holding Leila's hand.

Even after they had sat down and the movie started to play, Leila was still at a loss. How could he accompany her to see a cartoon? Besides, she didn't request to see the cartoon, did she?

There were only two of them in the box. It was so quiet that they could hear each other's breath.

Leila cast a secret glance at Vincent who was sitting next to her. He concentrated on the screen, on which there were commercials. The movie was about to play.

"Why are you looking at me instead of the screen?" asked him in a deep voice.

With a deep frown, he looked quite impatient. He didn't understand why she had chosen to see the cartoon. "How childish!"

Leila curled her lips helplessly. She didn't pick up the cartoon.

"Why are you silent? Compared with seeing a movie in our private theatre at home, it's nicer to watch it here, isn't it?"

Leila was startled by his words. She looked at him uneasily. His handsome face looked pure and neat, but there was a trace of gloominess on it. He squinted his sharp eyes, gazing at her.

It turned out that he still minded that she had seen a movie with Theodore before.

Leila was in a daze and didn't know what to speak. They were in such a big space which was quite luxurious. It was far bigger and more luxurious than the theatre at home, so she felt more comfortable seeing the movie here. The couch was wide and huge, so cozy that she wanted to nap.

Vincent glanced at the commercial on the screen. With an evil and ironic smile on his face, he asked, "Did you also watch the cartoon with another man?"

Leila clenched the hemline of her clothes. She always felt uneasy in his presence.

"Answer me!" Vincent stared at her and snapped, "Which movie did you see with him?"

"Well, we didn't see a cartoon," Leila answered in a low voice, biting her lower lip. She felt quite upset, always afraid that she would say something wrong.

"What did you see?"

"In the Mood for Love." Leila wondered if her words would provoke him.

Pak! The lighter went off and the fire lit up. Leila saw Vincent's gloomy face. He lit up a cigarette and took a drag.

"Did you like it?"

"Yeah, very much," she answered honestly.

Suddenly, he reached out to pinch her chin, raising her face to look at him. Seeing the stubbornness in her eyes, he had an impulse to lose temper.

"Isn't In the Mood for Love a porn movie?" he said casually while casting a glance at her and loosened the grip on her chin.

Leila gaped. How could it be a porn movie?

She was speechless. That movie was indeed an art movie.

Vincent added, "You are only allowed to watch cartoons from now on. No porn movies!"

"I didn't!" Leila wanted to retort him, but she didn't have the guts.

"Watch the movie. Shut up!" Vincent's voice was expressionless as if it sounded from afar. The cigarette between his fingers almost burned out. He tossed it on the floor, feeling annoyed for some reason.

Leila looked at the screen, wondering whether she should laugh or cry.

It seemed that except for the cartoons, other movies had become porn movies in his mind, hadn't they?

As far as Leila knew, since The Lion King was released, it had won the attention and favor of the world and achieved unprecedented success and glory. For a long time, it was the only cartoon movie in film history to enter the top ten box office, becoming the most successful animated film in the history of Disney

Some critics said that this movie had the shadow of the famous Hamlet, which had won many cheers. Therefore, The Lion King's heatwave has swept all over the world. It had been configured into twenty-seven different languages and warmly welcomed by the audience in forty-six countries and regions. It had won the hearts of millions of audiences all over the world.

It was worth mentioning that The Lion King incubated popular music among children and adults -- such as Can You Feel the Love Tonight and Circle of Life, thus enduring and becoming a popular musical film on Broadway.

Although it was a cartoon movie, it was quite attractive. Leila had seen this movie before, but it was during her high school. Recalling the scenes, she should enjoy watching it again.

She watched the screen in silence. From the birth of Simba to Simba was nestling in his parents' arms, the warm scene attracted Leila as well as Vincent.

He gazed at the screen with his deep eyes. Leila wondered what was on his mind.

She was attracted by his serious look. Sensing that he was quite solemn and different, she tilted her head and looked at him.

Vincent lit up another cigarette with his lighter. The sound of opening the light lid was quite clear. He took a drag and exhaled white smoke.

The smoke wreathed his face, and his outlined handsome face looked blurred. But his eyes were still sharp. He was gazing at the screen, but Leila could sense that his thoughts were not on the scene.

She looked back at the screen -- it was the scene that Simba was with his father. Mufasa told Simba that everything the line touched was their kingdom.

Simba asked what about the dark place.

Mufasa said that he couldn't be a king by courage alone.

Obviously, it was the scene a father was teaching his son how to live on. Vincent watched it so seriously as if he was recalling something through this scene.

When Scar didn't save his brother but pushed Mufasa to the cliff, Leila could obviously feel that Vincent's body was instantly tightened.

Leila turned to look at him. At this moment, his face was under the blue light, looking quite ruthless. Suddenly, she felt that Vincent was the proud lion king with a deadly domineering manner.

"Did you have a good childhood without your father?" he suddenly asked in the dark.

'Childhood without a father?' Leila reechoed his words inwardly.

Her heart was tightened. Indeed, her father didn't accompany her all through her childhood and youth. When other kids were sent to the school and picked up by their fathers, she felt so envious. She could only hide in the corner weeping without saying anything because she was afraid that her mother would feel heartbreaking. Whenever she asked her mother where her father was, her mother would always burst into tears.

Leila turned to look at Vincent. Suddenly she recalled that she had ever heard from Vincent that he didn't have parents. She heard it when he was still dating her older sister. He had never asked where his parents had gone.

There was still a half-burned cigarette between his fingers. He cast a glance at her, smoking in silence.

"Quite lonely," Leila uttered two words in a low voice.

Vincent was quiet. Staring at her eyes, he asked, "No hatred?"

Leila was stiffened without turning to look at him. Except for the sounds from the movie, seemingly the current quiet atmosphere quite suited them currently.

"Is the hatred useful? Could it turn back the time to restart my childhood?" She lowered her head. Then she said, "The hatred would only bring me unhappiness."

Vincent turned around and gazed at the screen, without looking at her either. Suddenly, he said in a low voice, which directly went into Leila's heart, "I feel more unhappy since I don't have the hatred."

Leila didn't come back to her senses fully. Then she clenched her hands. "Forgetting will bring your happiness."

She wanted to ask him if he didn't have a father in his childhood either.

However, when the words reached the tip of her tongue, she still couldn't speak out. Instead, she said, "Back then, other kids were sent to school and picked up by their fathers. During the weekend, their fathers would take them out for fun. Some of them went to the amusement park together with their parents, taking the roller coaster or merry-go-around. Some of them went flying kite. During the spring outing, their fathers would drive them to have a barbecue in the mountainous area and stayed in the tent. My mother and I had never had spring outings or gone to the amusement park..."

"Moreover, other kids would eat the ice cream in summer, but I even couldn't afford a Popsicle. It was all because I didn't have a father. It sounded quite difficult, but after being through it, I felt that I'm quite lucky. I still have a mother. The suffers that I experienced before made me feel quite happy now and I can cherish my current life..."

Leila said in a faint voice. Vincent suddenly took a drag. On the scene, Simba fainted on the dry land and then encountered his friends Timon and Pumbaa. Suddenly, Vincent stood up and said in a deep voice, "I'll go out for a while."

Leila was taken aback, wondering if she had said something wrong. "Oh, sure!"

Vincent walked out without telling her what he was going to do.

In the huge private box, Leila was left alone. She tried her best to focus on the scene, and she was attracted by it indeed. Simba had lost his father Mufasa and left his lion pack, so pitiful.

Looking at his pitiful look, Leila felt her heart softened. She couldn't help crying -- Simba was so poor.

Then, Simba gradually grew up and encountered his childhood playmate -- Nana. They hugged each other intimately. Leila burst into tears again because she was touched.

Suddenly, she heard the footsteps behind her. Turning around, she saw a tall and strong figure walking to sit down beside her in a haze. A cup of ice cream appeared in front of her. It was a tiny cup, the smallest one. In his hands, there was a bag of snacks, a big bucket of popcorn, and a cup of hot chocolate.

Leila was stunned.

“Take it!” said he in a deep voice.

Leila quickly lowered her head and took over the ice cream, wondering if he deliberately bought it for her because she told him that she didn’t eat ice cream during her childhood.

If so, she was stiffened at the thought of it. Although the ice cream cup was freezing in her hands, she felt extremely warm. Facing him, she even couldn’t find the right words. However, if she kept silent, it would be too awkward. Her hands clenched the hemline of her clothes. Then she said, “Thank you.”

‘Vincent, could you please stop being so tender to me? I’m so afraid of your tenderness.

‘The thing that fears me more is how I should face you?’

‘Vincent, did you also feel lonely during your childhood?’ her inner voice said.

A piece of tissue was handed over and pressed into her hands. “Wipe off the thing on your face. So ugly! How could you cry when watching a cartoon? So childish!”

Leila inhaled all of a sudden. The light in the box was so dim. How could he see the tears on her face? She felt confused but still took over the tissue. After wiping off the tears on her face, she raised her head in embarrassment.

“Hurry up and eat it. It’ll melt,” said he again. He reached out his fingers and stroked the hair in front of her forehead.

She looked up at him, casting a glance of his face in the dark, only to find his black eyes glinting. There was still a cigarette between his fingers. He put it to his mouth and took a drag. In the smoke, he looked at her in silence. Neither of them spoke.

“Hurry up!” he broke the silence. “Don’t interrupt me from watching the movie.”

Then he switched his gaze to the screen.

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Leila suddenly grinned like a kitten that had succeeded in stealing a fish. She held the ice cream with both her hands in satisfaction. There was a layer of pure chocolate outside the ice cream. After tasting the bitterness, she also tasted a trace of sweetness. The taste reminded on her tongue for a long time...

“Ouch...” Just after she had taken a small bite carefully and had a taste of it, the ice cream was snatched.

“Don’t eat so much ice cream. Your period has just passed, hasn’t it? It’s enough for you to have a taste.” As he said, he passed her the big bag from the couch next to him. “Drink some hot chocolate.”

“You?” Leila gaped at Vincent, who was holding a small spoon and eating the ice cream. He was using the same spoon she was using just now. For a moment, she blushed.

Vincent started eating the tiny cup of ice cream. Leila took over the hot chocolate, watching him eat. With a blushed face, she felt shy and weird. Something surged in her heart, soft, sweet, and loving.

“What are you looking at? Are you OK with eating popcorn with the hot chocolate?” He cast her a cold glance. “Think I was willing to buy the ice cream for you?”

“Isn’t that ice cream for me?” She stared at the ice cream in his hands, drooling.

It was rare that someone had bought the ice cream for her, but she was only allowed to take one bite. Well, instead of taking a bite, she just licked it once. She even hadn’t had a taste of it.

“As a woman, you shouldn’t eat too much cold food. Do you want to continue suffering from dysmenorrhea? Just eat the popcorn.”

“I--” Gosh! How could he mention dysmenorrhea so casually like he was talking about having a meal, so easily?

“I’ll spare you another bite. You are drooling!” As he spoke, he dug a scoop with the spoon and sent it to Leila’s mouth.

Leila was startled -- they both had used this spoon. Didn’t he feel disgusted?

“Come on! Don’t you want it? Forget it.” He pretended to withdraw his hand.

“Yes, I want it!” She immediately pulled his hand, grabbed his wrist, opened her mouth, and took the bite. It was so cool, comfortable, and cozy! It seemed that the ice cream bought by others was tens of thousands of times tastier than that she bought for herself.

“Silly girl!” Vincent snorted. Open his mouth, he took the rest of the ice cream with one bite. “All right. Done. Now we can only eat popcorn.”

Leila looked at him, looking quite silly. Her heart was full of touching. It was so difficult for him to be so considerate and could do those things. She had never expected that he had a childish side, which indeed surprised her.

“The popcorn is nice and so is the hot chocolate. Do you want some popcorn?” Leila grabbed a handful of popcorn and asked him.

Vincent snorted. “No!”

Leila curled her lips. Since he had done something to warm her heart, she became more relaxed and talkative naturally. “Vincent, do you like this movie?”

“Too childish!” Vincent still focused on the screen without looking at her. When seeing Simba fighting against his uncle Scar, his eyes were darkened.

“Simba will succeed his revenge!” Leila said in a low voice. “He will be together with Nana. There was also a second episode. In the second one, Kiara, the daughter of Simba and Nana fell in love with Scar’s

son, Kove. They overcame their hatred with their kindness. The second episode focuses on the true, the good, and the beautiful. It was quite popular back then. I like it as well!"

"Some hatred could never be overcome." suddenly Vincent said in a low voice. Turning to look at Leila, with deep eyes, he raised his eyebrows. "What do you want to say?"

"Me?" Leila got what he meant. It seemed that he had misunderstood her. In fact, she didn't think about anything else. She just said that casually, but unexpectedly, he was so sensitive. Since he said those words, she took the chance to ask, "Why do you hate my father?"

"I don't want to talk about him. If you still want to continue watching the movie, shut up!" His tone was still unfriendly.

Leila hurriedly shut up. It seemed that he truly had some grudge with his father. She wondered what on earth it was.

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Neither of them spoke anymore. Leila was eating the popcorn at random, but she was thinking about something else. When the movie was over, she had already finished half a bucket of popcorn. No matter what, in such circumstances today, she felt that the popcorn was extremely sweet.

The movie was over, and so was the ending song.

Leila looked at Vincent in secret. "Vincent, shall we leave now?"

"Continue watching the second episode," he answered with a snort, unwilling to leave.

Leila's mouth widened slightly. Vincent glared at her, sitting straight. He felt a bit annoyed, raising his eyebrows. "What now? Can't I watch it?"

"Yes, you can..." Leila answered. "I'll go out to tell the projectionist and ask them to play the second one."

"Okay." He agreed, frowning deeply.

Leila found a projectionist and the second episode was on. When she returned to the private box, Vincent was leaning against the back of the couch, looking quite lazy. He was holding his cell phone. Leila overheard that he was speaking English while answering the phone. Although her English was not good, she still understood something. It seemed that he was talking to a doctor, discussing the condition of an illness, probably heart disease.

She walked over, feeling a bit worried. As soon as seeing her, Vincent immediately said to the person on the other end of the line, "That's it. Just continue with your original treatment. Leave the rest to me."

Then he hung up the phone.

"Did someone get sick?" Leila was not certain.

Vincent pulled a long face. "Mind your own business. Don't try to spy upon anything. Just behave yourself while being Mrs. White."

Leila felt heartbroken. He didn't allow her to enter his world. She couldn't help wondering if his world was too lonely and he was hiding too deep, or he didn't allow anyone to get close to him.

"Sit down!" Vincent waved his sleeve as if he just shook off the dirt.

Although the dirt would disappear, the dirt that stressed on Leila's heart couldn't be shaken off so easily.

Leila nodded in agreement. She still felt somewhat empty because of his ruthlessness just now. After all, he always could turn to be quite cold-hearted as if he had become a complete stranger.

However, she found that she couldn't be the same cold-hearted at any time. Although he treated her ruthlessly, his ruthlessness couldn't be compared with his occasional tenderness.

The emotion that flashed through her eyes was seen Vincent completely. Leila was in a daze for a long while and then pulled to sit down next to him. "It's better for you not to know something."

His tone was so tender as if the cold and overbearing man was another man.

Perhaps she would fall into his hands step by step because of his tenderness. At this moment, Leila wished that she could be immersed in the lie that his tenderness could last long only for herself, not anyone else.

However--

She wondered if that was possible.

Leila looked into his eye slowly. She asked in a soft tone, "Vincent, can't I share your burden?"

He didn't answer her immediately. Staring at her, he studied the expectant expression on her face. At this moment, Leila almost forgot to hide anything from him. She just stared at him without any dodge. She indeed wanted to enter his world.

He reached out and stroked her hair gently. Suddenly, he pulled her into his arms and whispered in her ears, "If you don't want to get hurt, you should become smart and ignore everything. Then you'll lead a happy life."

Leila's body was stiffened. She also whispered, "Would I truly be happy if I pretend to know nothing?"

"At least you could make the happiness long enough."

"But it's the most difficult for a human being to pretend to be happy."

"But it's also the smartest for a human being to pretend to be happy. You've been pretending for such a long time. Don't you want to continue?" Upon hearing Vincent's voice, Leila was taken aback.

"What do you mean by I've been pretending?"

"Are you really so calm as you look?" Vincent released her, stroking her slightly messy hair with his fingers. "You know what I'm talking about."



“What do I know?” Leila was totally confused.

The more she was confused, the more mysterious Vincent looked. Leila wondered what on earth was going on.

His hand stroked through her hair gently and touched her tender cheek. Leila didn't dodge. Instead, she pressed her ruby cheek in his palm, which was quite warm.

“If I'm obedient, would you treat me so gently always?”

“Woman! You can't be so greedy!” He immediately withdrew his hand, looking a bit annoyed.

With a faint smile of mockery, Leila nodded. “I got it, Vincent.”

“I've told you not to call me Vincent.” He frowned.

“I won't be too greedy. I know who I am. From now on, I'll only call you Vincent,” she refused him in a soft and gentle tone, sounding quite persistent.

Neither of them spoke again. The second episode of The Lion King was played.

Leila didn't dare to speak anything else. Inwardly, she felt extremely annoyed. She couldn't get into his heart. He didn't want to open it up, and she couldn't enter. Nothing could be changed, and the grudge between him and her father couldn't be changed either.

She looked at the screen -- the cute Kiara, loving Simba and Nana, and the black Kove. Seeing that Simba and Nana loved each other so much, she felt great envious and moved. How she wished that she could have such kind of love. Then she realized that she had become greedy again. Leila shook her head, telling herself inwardly not to be so greedy.

However, when seeing Kiara as so adorable and Simba and Nana loved each other so much, she couldn't help smiling excitedly. Although the happiness belonged to others and she was just an onlooker, she still felt quite joyful.

Vincent turned to look at her casually. Casting a glance at her and seeing her smile, he couldn't help curling up his lips.

“Do you often see the movies?” he asked.

“Yeah!” Leila nodded. It was quiet here and the light was dim, so she could shed tears freely. She just shed tears instead of crying. Whenever she wanted to shed tears, she would come to the cinema.

“With whom?” Vincent asked again as if he raised the question at random.

“Myself.” Leila lowered her voice, twitching the corners of her mouth.

Vincent was suddenly stunned. She didn't lie. According to the investigation, her life was quite simple, and she almost didn't have any male friends. Theodore was the only man friend that she had made.

She always saw a movie alone. Vincent turned to look at her face. Leila didn't look at him, but stared at the screen, enjoying the beauty of the animation world.

Only if the human's love would be the same as the animal's!

Suddenly she felt a bit sad. Then she returned to her senses. She almost forgot that a lion had more than one lioness, just like Vincent. Vincent was the lion king, and he could have a lot of women. However, she couldn't criticize him for that at all, because he was in control of everything, and she couldn't resist.

Leila tried to focus on the screen and finish watching this cartoon movie in peace. A world of purity was so limited nowadays, and she didn't want to overthink.

Suddenly, he reached out again and hugged her. They were sitting on the same couch. Although it was a big one, there was no armrest between them, so he could hug her so easily.

One of his hands pressed her head on his shoulder. Stroking her hair, he asked in a soft tone, "I'll take you for the honeymoon trip after you graduate, just take it as the compensate for skipping our honeymoon last time."

The honeymoon? Would he take her for the trip? She wondered how many true or fake feelings he had when saying that.

"Vincent, I don't--"

He interrupted her words, "Stop talking. Let me hug you quietly for a while."

Seemingly he could always read her mind. If she wanted to refuse him, it would be better for her to keep silent. In this case, at least the peace and quietness at this moment could last longer. She wondered what was on his mind.

He didn't release her at all. She looked up at him slightly and met his good-looking eyes. With a hint of joy in his eyes, he was staring at her. Time seemed to have stopped in such a silence.

If they could get aged in an instant, would she not be afraid of disappointment and heartbreaking?

He lowered his head. When she slightly bushed, he bent over and kissed her lips gently.

The kiss happened so naturally, not abrupt at all. She closed her eyes in silence. But for him, he just kissed her simply and it didn't mean anything.

In the second episode of The Lion King, Kiara and Kove had resolved the hatred between them. However, Leila didn't have the confidence to resolve the unknown hatred between her father and Vincent. She wondered what on earth it was.

This weekend, after leaving the cinema, he took her for dinner. Then they returned to their rooms respectively. Vincent didn't harass her or hit on her. They were busy with their own businesses, living in peace with each other.

Monday came soon.

Leila didn't expect that she would encounter Theodore. To be exact, he came to the university deliberately. After being startled for a moment, she slightly smiled and greeted him gracefully, "Good morning, Senior."

"Hi, Leila." Theodore's eyes were full of complicated feelings. "We met again."

"I need to go to my class now." Leila walked into the classroom of the teaching building.

“Leila, shall we have lunch together?” said he towards her back.

“I need to work on my thesis at noon.” Leila didn’t look back.

However, she didn’t know that the professor to tutor their theses had left, and it would be Theodore to replace the resigned professor. When the bell rang, Leila saw Theodore coming in with his laptop.

At that moment, she was taken aback.

“Hi, guys. I’ll be your tutor of the thesis. Let me first introduce myself. I’m Theodore, graduated from KL University not long ago. I used to be a student of P University three years ago. So I’m your senior. In the next month, I hope we could have a good time studying together. I wish you all could gain high marks on your theses and pass the thesis defense smoothly.” Theodore’s self-introduction was pretty simple and sincere.

There was enthusiastic applause immediately from the students. Some girls were muttering. “Look! Professor Hall is so handsome!”

“Indeed. Oh, my heart!”

“How nice if I could be Professor Hall’s girlfriend!”

“I’ve seen him before. He used to be the chairman of the student union three years ago.”

For a moment, the classroom was filled with discussions and applause.

Leila saw Theodore also smiling slightly. However, he always casually cast a glance towards her direction. His glance was sparkled with a strange light.

The thesis needed to be reviewed and discussed one by one. If there was a problem, the student needed to go to the tutor’s office. Unexpectedly, Leila was also called to the office.

However, it seemed that she was the last student called by Theodore to his office. She had to bite the bullet and go there. He used to be her senior, now he became her thesis tutor. Their relationship seemed not to be so complicated, but it was not simple either.

When reaching the door of his office, she took a deep breath and knocked on the door. Theodore’s deep voice rang out from the inside. “Please come in.”