

## Destiny 291

### Chapter 291 - A Moment in Destiny

Leila pushed the door open and walked in. Inhaling deeply, she saw Theodore sitting at the desk and typing something on his laptop. He raised his head and saw her coming in. Then he said, "Take a seat, please."

Leila walked over, but she didn't sit down. She just said, "Professor Hall, how may I improve my thesis?"

"You've done a good job with your thesis. The argument is novel, the evidence is sufficient, and the writing is fluent. It's a rare good thesis this year."

Leila was a bit surprised. "But why did you call me over?"

Since her thesis was good, why did other classmates need to modify their theses?

"Let's have lunch together. You said you'll treat me for a meal," he said.

Leila was startled, standing there calmed. She never expected that Theodore would be like this. "Is it really that my thesis has no problem? Don't I need to modify it, Professor Hall?"

"Please call me Theodore. I still prefer you to call me Theodore." Theodore didn't want her to distance herself from him.

"But now you are my professor!" Leila answered politely and distantly. "I should obey the rules."

"The, can't we have lunch together?" He looked up at her without a blink, his eyes full of expectation. Seeing her keep silent, he added, "There's a small part of your thesis that needs to be modified. Now it's lunchtime. We can discuss while eating. I remembered that you said you would treat me to a meal. It's just been three days. Have you already forgotten?"

"Oh!" Leila couldn't say anything else since he had said so. It was indeed her who promised that. She just said that at random because she didn't think they would meet again. She had thought that the chance to meet him again would be quite limited. Much to her surprise, it was such a small world. He suddenly became her thesis tutor. "All right. Professor Hall, I'll treat you for lunch."

Upon hearing Leila's agreement, Theodore seemed to be stunned. Then he looked at her meaningfully and said, "OK. Let's eat out."

Leila had never expected that Theodore would take her to HJ Hotel. She was sitting in his car. They hadn't seen each other for three years, and he got a car as soon as he came back from abroad. Leila heaved a sigh when noticing this changed, wondering if the university had provided him with a car.

When the car stopped in front of the HJ Hotel building, she was fully startled. She hesitated whether she should go in or not, as she always felt a sense of guilt. It felt like that she was dating another man at Vincent's back. Although she had done nothing and wouldn't do anything, she felt guilty for some reason.

"Can we change to another restaurant?" asked Leila after the car stopped steadily.

"Why? Do you want to break your promise and skip this lunch?" He raised his eyebrows.

“No--”

“This place is fine. The Japanese cuisine and Russian dishes served here are all quite nice. Let’s eat the Japanese cuisine today.”

Leila was dragged into the elevator of the building. They walked to the dining area.

After taking the seat, Theodore ordered dishes. Then he glanced at Leila. “Was that man on the phone that day your husband?”

He sounded quite gingerly and even didn’t want to believe that she had got married already.

“Yeah.” Leila nodded without speaking anything else.

Theodore shook his head, knowing that she was not willing to discuss such a question with him.

He faintly smiled. “All right. I’ll change this sensitive topic. I was quite surprised when knowing that you’re married. I didn’t expect that it would happen so soon. Since you’re married, I hope we could still be friends. I hope we wouldn’t be so restraint or break up completely because of it. We are both living in the modern world, and I have quality. And you, would you please be more broad-minded?”

His words with self-mockery made Leila a bit upset. Her feeling was indescribable. Indeed, she couldn’t break up with a good friend just because she was married.

However, she felt a little migraine when hearing his words. Leila looked around the luxurious restaurant in HJ Hotel, then touched her bag subconsciously. Glancing at Theodore, she said, “Since you said we’re friends, I’ll say it directly. I might haven’t brought enough money. If I couldn’t pay for the bills, please don’t blame me.”

Upon hearing it, Theodore was a bit surprised, staring at her motionlessly. Suddenly, he smiled, “Leila, you are still unchanged, straightforward, and direct. I thought you’ve changed. But how dare you treat me for lunch if you don’t have money?”

“I didn’t say I would treat you for a meal today. You dragged me here forcibly.” Leila was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. She had indeed changed, not the Leila she used to be. However, would there be any difference if she reminded the same or changed? She had to endure everything right now. “How about you lend me some money? I’ll give you back after back to school.”

“Ho! I’ve never heard such a thing!” said Theodore with a smile. “Well, if you promise that you wouldn’t break up with me after having lunch today, I wouldn’t embarrass you.”

Leila didn’t have much money in the bag, but she had a credit card given by Vincent. She didn’t want to spend his money, because she didn’t spend a penny of his except the things that Vincent insisted on buying for her.

“I’ve never seen such a scheming professor like you, and you are my senior. You just set me up!” Leila curled her lips and acted more casually as if they had been back to a long time ago when he was still a year-four student in P University.

Seeing that her mood returned to normal, Theodore was delighted as well. He added, “This lunch is on me then. Stop feeling so upset! Seeing you like this, I feel quite guilty.”

“No! It’s my treat!” Leila didn’t want to owe others’ favors. “If I don’t have enough money, I’ll give it to you after back to university. Anyway, we’ve agreed it’ll be my treat and I should keep my promise.”

“Leila, do you really have to draw a clear distinction between us?” asked Theodore.

“Of course. There’s a statement of the friendship, which is a hedge between keeps friendship green,” Leila answered in a low voice.

“What if I don’t want to be in that way?” His eyes became darkened, and he stared at her without a blink.

Leila was startled. Twitching the corners of her mouth, she answered, “Then we couldn’t be friends anymore. But I know you are a man of integrity.”

“Well, since you said so, I had to keep my integrity.” Theodore smiled and added, “Leila, I haven’t seen you for three years. You are still so unique and have a strong personality as you were before.”

Leila also smiled, feeling more relaxed indeed. “I’m not unique. I’m always easygoing.”

If she indeed had a strong personality, she wouldn’t be bullied by Vincent.

Theodore couldn’t help curling up his lips. “You looked quite easygoing, but when you are stubborn, you will become quite horrible.”

Horrible?

Leila didn’t think so. Otherwise, how could she do nothing when Vincent bullied her every time?

Recalling Vincent, Leila looked around the restaurant. They were in HJ Hotel now, which was his territory. She wondered if he was also having lunch at this time. On Saturday night, he went out looking for her in the downpour, got wet in the rain, and gave her embraces. Recalling the ice cream and popcorn he bought in the cinema, Leila couldn’t help but get touched.

“What are you thinking about? Focus!” Theodore blinked. “Show some respect on me!”

“Nothing!” Leila shook her head.

When Theodore was about to take a bite of the food, he felt a sharp gaze on him. Immediately, he looked up, only to find a tall and strong man coming towards their table.

Leila didn’t know that Vincent was talking towards them. She turned around and followed Theodore’s gaze. Then she gaped in fear.

“Hey, Leila. Who is this?” Vincent walked directly to Leila, his lips curling up into evil and elegant smile.

Leila was startled so suddenly. “This, this is my thesis tutor Theodore. He used to be my senior before.”

Theodore sensed that this man hated him very much. Glancing at Leila, he asked, “Leila, who is this?”

“Well--” Leila didn’t know how to explain her relationship with Vincent indeed.

“I’m Vincent White,” Vincent answered arrogantly with a faint smile.

“Nice to meet you,” Theodore said politely after being taken aback for a moment.

He raised his head and looked at Vincent up and down -- he was in a black high-end tailored suit, making his tall and strong figure more slender.

He had a handsome but cold face, perfect facial features as if they were carved in the face, thick eyebrows with the raised upward tip of the brows, deep and sharp black eyes, and an upright nose. On his face, there was a not-so-harmonious smile, emanating the cold and proud temperament of a king. In his elegance, there was a charisma that could make others bow at their feet, and he exalted above the living beings, like an overbearing empire standing on the far side.

Theodore released that this man was an outstanding one.

Vincent White?

He was the golden man in F City.

However, Theodore wondered what he had to do with Leila. His voice reminded Theodore about the man on the phone the other night. Was this Leila's husband?

Suddenly, he could understand why Leila treated him so coldly. Any woman could fall in love with this man. Theodore gradually calmed down from the excitement because of his confession just now. Comparing with this cold, elegant, and noble man, he couldn't have a chance.

"Leila, treat Professor Hall please. I'll inform the manager of the restaurant that the lunch is on us. Remember to come to me after lunch." His magnetic voice was full of calmness and hoarseness. Although he just said a simple sentence, his words had the stateliness that didn't allow anyone to reject. "Professor Hall, enjoy your lunch, please."

"Sure. Thanks, Mr. White." Theodore smiled politely.

Vincent walked away at a steady pace. At the moment when he turned around, he cast a cold glance at Leila's face as if there was a trace of warning. 'So this is Theodore, the man who is Leila's only man friend and almost has become her boyfriend, isn't he?' he thought to himself.

Leila didn't have the guts to look at him, lowering her head all the time.

Suddenly--

"Daddy, here I am. You are truly here!" A child's clear voice rang out.

Attracted by the child's voice, Leila raised her head and looked over, only to see that Vincent bent over and held a five or six years old boy in his arms.

He asked the boy lovingly, "Owen, why are you here?"

It was like a loud rumbling in Leila's head.

Did that boy call him Daddy?

She was completely shocked by this title. Before she could come back to her senses, the blood drained from her face in an instant.

"Hasn't Mommy come here too? My baby, shall I take you to eat KFC?"

“No way! I want to ride the roller coaster. Mommy said you don’t have time, so I didn’t dare to disturb you. If it weren’t that I got sick, Mommy would never want me to come to find you. Daddy, if you have time, could you please take me to ride the roller coaster? I want to ride it so much!”

“Are you sick?” Vincent’s tone became intense. “How did you get sick? Are you not feeling well? Have you seen a doctor?”

“Yes, I have. I got a cold and had a drip on. I didn’t cry at all. Daddy, am I not brave?”

“My son is certainly brave!” Vincent was quite proud. Leila could tell the pride in his tone.

“Daddy, when will you take me to ride the roller coaster?” In Vincent’s arms, the boy sneezed, his fair little face went reddened.

Leila’s gaze fell on Vincent and Owen -- it was a little boy around five. With red lips and white teeth, he looked quite adorable. He was wearing a pair of suspender trousers with the Mickey Mouse pattern and a white t-shirt. She could tell that he was a boy with excellent genes.

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The boy rubbed his nose, then wrapped his arms around Vincent's neck.

"Where's mom?" Vincent asked again.

“She’s in the suite taking a shower. I snuck out all by myself!” Owen said. Then he lowered his head and pretended to be in a very miserable state, “Don’t be angry, daddy; it’s only because I missed you too much that I’d sneak out to look for you!”

“You little runt! Go, go get mommy!” Vincent picked up Owen and was about to leave.

Then, he seemed to notice Leila looking at him. He turned around to look at Leila’s pained expression. He did not give any explanation, as though she wasn’t there at all.

There was a void in Vincent’s eyes; he turned around and left with the child.

Was that his child?! Still in shock, Leila’s face turned more and more pale.

“Leila, isn’t he your husband?” Theodore couldn’t make sense of the situation either.

Leila smiled as she shook her head. “No; Professor Hall, let’s go eat!”

“Alright!”

Leila picked up her chopsticks, and perhaps because she was out of it, she didn’t take a good look before she picked up the raw fish and put it into her mouth. As she chewed, there was a strange odor, but she didn’t pay attention to it at all.

Theodore was stunned; looking at her eat raw fish, he became even more worried.

He didn’t know the details, but he knew it had something to do with that Vincent just now.

Theodore was keen to note her expression. The second Vincent showed up, it was as though her face instantly turned pale white. The second that child called Vincent daddy, her face became even paler.

“Leila, you’re chewing raw fish!”

“What?” Leila looked up at him.

Theodore pointed at the remains still on her chopsticks, “You’re chewing raw fish!”

“Ah- it’s raw?” In surprise, Leila dropped the piece of fish. She was still in shock; she actually ate raw fish. How could she have been so careless? Leila, you snap out of it, it’s not a big deal!

“Of course!” Theodore shook his head in worry. But looking at her distressed expression, he got the weird feeling of rejuvenation. As long as that godlike man had nothing to do with Leila, then Theodore still had a chance. “Leila, are you still going to stay at the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office after graduation?”

“Yes!” Leila nodded.

“Have you thought about looking for a job?”

“No!”

“What does your husband do for work?”

“...” Leila’s hand began to shake; she quickly changed the topic. “So how come you’re teaching at our school? Are you going to be a teacher forever?”

“No! After your dissertations and papers, I’ll be leaving the school to do other things!” He had to lead the class for dissertations since the prior teacher left. Besides, Theodore just returned back; he had to accept the job to get on the dean’s good graces.

“To do what?”

“Leila, I’m going to start a business!”

“Oh!” Leila half-heartedly replied, then fell silent.

That was a bland, tasteless meal, but Theodore felt as though things were going in his favor.

Eating with Theodore, Leila did not go to Vincent’s home. That child called him daddy; the way they behaved, no one would believe it if someone said they were not family, right? Besides, Vincent was a player; who knew how many women were dying to bear his child!

After the meal, Leila headed to Pearl Community, where she and her mother used to live.

Maybe this was the only place where she could find some peace and quiet.

At dawn, her phone rang; it was Vincent. “Where are you?”

Leila scoffed and asked, “Does it matter where I am at?”

“Where are you?” The voice on the other end started to get deeper.

“It doesn’t matter where I am; Mr. White, I need a quiet place to be alone. You go have a merry time with your son!”

She hung up, powered her phone down, and her tears began to pour down!

Vincent listened to the empty dial tone on the phone. He called again, only to get notified that the receiving end had turned off the phone.

“Shit!” He swore in a low voice.

Leila tried hard to raise her head and force a smile, but the tears would not stop flowing out the corner of her eyes. Her tiny hand shook a bit as she gripped her cell. Finally, everything was quiet, and she sat quietly on the couch.

The TV had on a Korean drama; the leading male and female roles were so happy together, and their lives were sugar coated with sweet memories. Why was her life such a mess?

The doorbell made her jump. She went to the door, only to see Vincent through the peephole, with a gloomy expression. She was shocked; why was he here?

But right now, she didn’t want to see him at all!

If they met now, they would very likely get in a heated argument. It won’t be Vincent being the one arguing, since Leila was afraid she wouldn’t be able to control her emotions and just go ballistic. Even her patience had limits.

She merely stood at the door and didn’t open up.

“Open up, I know you’re in there!”

Leila didn’t budge. Then Vincent’s muffled voice came from outside, “Leila, you better open up now. If you don’t, I’m really going to kick the door down! You better hurry and open up!”

Leila still didn’t move, but she decided to reply. “What are you doing here? You’re not welcomed here. I don’t want to fight. Go keep your son company! I want to get a divorce!”

“Leila, whatever I says goes; you have no authority! Open up!”

“I won’t!” Leila shouted. “Go away! I don’t want to see you! And what gives you the right? How dare you threaten me? I don’t care about your threats, go away, I hate you!”

As she spoke, tears began to stream down her face again. She wiped them in a hurry and told herself not to cry.

“Fuck, Theodore is inside, isn’t he, that’s why you won’t open up?” The voice outside the door was become more and more impatient.

Leila was already upset, but with what Vincent said just now, she was set ablaze. “Do you think everyone’s like you? Do you think everyone’s as disgusting as you? You have no right to demand me not to cheat, you can’t restrain yourself, anyway. If you yourself can’t commit, why should I?”

“Bam!” There was a loud kick on the door.

Leila was startled; he actually kicked the door.

“You-”

“Bam!” Another kick.

“If you don’t open up, I’m going to kick this door down!”

“You-” Leila knew that he meant what he said. “I’m opening now!”

She had no choice but to open the door. The second she did, she saw him standing there with a look of death. His slightly messy hair made him look even more dominating and menacing. His eyes narrowed in a displeased manner.

Leila’s face was stiff, but she grit her teeth and said, “You’re not welcomed here, leave! I don’t want to argue!”

“Kicking me out to secretly hide your lover, eh?” Vincent didn’t want to bother talking to her anymore; he shoved her and stepped in, then shut the door.

He straddled into the bedroom, as if hunting for something. After he had scanned every room, including the kitchen, Vincent returned.

“What are you doing?” Leila was baffled by his actions; did he really think she was hiding someone?

“Making the rounds!” He said in a solemn voice.

Leila did not even have the chance to take a breath, when he grabbed and pressed her against the bedroom wall.

His eyes stared at her with ferocity and a mixed rage. “Secretly meeting another man and showing off on my turf? Are you asking for a death wish?”

“We’re friends, unlike you, you even have a son!” Leila felt as though her bottom line had been crossed. “You’ve got a son already, so why come after me?”

“I have a son, so what? So what if I have a son? What about it?” Vincent gripped her shoulders tightly, and the anger in his eyes looked as though he was about to incinerate her into ashes.

“You-” Leila bit her lips, “If you have a son, you should take care of him, give him a whole family! That’s how a father should behave!”

“I fucking have too many sons, does that mean I’ve gotta bring them all together?” He closed in on her, his gaze was full of hostility. His lips curled up as he said, “I’m not going to give any of them a whole family, so what? I’m going to torture you until death, what’re you gonna do able it?”

“You shameless pervert!” Leila was disgusted by him. Her eyes were filled with rage, and she began to curse at him. “He’s just a child, your child, how could you say that!”

Vincent’s grand physique grabbed her into his arms, and his eagle-like eyes met her furious eyes head on, “I’ll treat my kid however I want, you stay out of it!”

“Mr. White, let me go!” Leila’s eyes began to get cloudy. She began to whimper.



“I’m really sick of it all! Let’s get a divorce!”

Since he has a son and he even openly admitted it, any hope in her heart was extinguished.

“Don’t you dare!” Vincent’s face became twisted, and there was an almost evil look in his eyes. He grabbed her chin with such force that it bruised in mere moments.

“I’m leaving you! I’m not going to stand it anymore! Mr. White, you can’t do this to me!” Leila scoffed, but there was a look of determination in her eyes.

“Leila, unless I say it’s over, don’t you even think about it!” Vincent’s face and words were sharp and cold as ice as he uttered each word slowly. “Looks like it’s time to unveil that tape; I’ve been looking for an opportune moment!”

“Hmph! You’re lying! I don’t believe you, you’re bluffing!” Though she wasn’t certain, but she made up her mind. She mustered her courage and glared at him, then shouted at the top of her lungs, “You’re lying!”

“Just you wait and see whether I’m lying or not!” He said in a chilling tone.

“Mr. White, just what are you-”

Before she even had a chance to finish speaking, he shredded her clothes; his icy fingers ran all across her body.

Just what did he want to do?

“I want your body; honestly, you’ve got a great body. I love the feel of it, you make me want to screw you over and over again!” Vincent stared at her with his cold, harsh gaze.

“No-” Leila refused.

Vincent picked her up and threw her onto the bed. It was a small, rigid bed, but it was one which Leila had slept in for over a decade.

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As Leila struggled, Vincent pried her legs apart and put her body on his waist. Then his hands grabbed her by her waist, undid his belt, and he let his fiery desire overtake him as he entered into her body.

“No, stop, stop it!” Leila screamed as she tried hard to smack him on his chest. “Don’t do this, I can’t stand it, it hurts, Mr. White, I don’t want to do it!”

Bad memories returned to mind; right now, she was terrified.

Her heart was fragile now. How could she possibly withstand his ravaging?

Her first thoughts to mind is to escape, but he had her pinned down; the more she struggled, the more it hurt.

“Let me go!” The only thing she could do was to scream at the top of her lungs, hoping he would let her go.

“You can scream all you want; better to get all the neighbors to come. It’s an old house, the soundproofing is shit. Let everyone know what a lustful girl you are and shame your mother. I don’t mind at all; I’m not stopping. If you want anyone else to come enjoy the show, just scream. Let everyone know how shameless the Mayor’s daughter is, hahaha-”

Vincent let out an evil grin, then he placed his face close to Leila’s pale cheeks, and tightened his grip on her waist. “Scream, keep screaming!”

“Please... stop, don’t do this, I don’t want this... Mr. White... I’m really scared, and it hurts... Please, let me go!” Leila toned her voice down; she was feeling mortified and regret. She shouldn’t have made this beast of a man mad. He didn’t think like a normal person. Her resistance would only bring about even more punishment.

“So how do you want me to do it? How about this?” Vincent smirked; he pressed close against her body and bit down on her soft skin, then asked slyly, “Like this, Leila?”

“Oh...” Leila let out a groan of agony; tears began to cloud her eyes. He bit down hard, and the pain and tingling sensation immediately swept over her.

“Tsk, and you said you don’t want to do it. Look, you’re enjoying it, aren’t you?” Vincent raised his eyebrows; his hands wrapped around her slender legs and easily picked her up.

“No... oh, let me go... I don’t...” Leila was so afraid that her entire body was trembling. She cried softly in horror and her voice stuttered. She looked up at him with tear-filled, pleading eyes, “Don’t do this, I’m scared!”

But how could he possibly let her go?

He replied her woeful pleading by piercing deeper into her lower body.

“Ah- it hurts-” Leila shouted, she grabbed the bedsheets with her tiny hands. “Don’t-”

It hurt too much, she really couldn’t stand it! It was like a painful execution, she didn’t like it, not one bit!

It was like a pain that drilled right into her heart. It already surpassed the limits of pain that a normal person could withstand. Cold sweat broke out on her forehead, and her eyes became hazy.

“Still want a divorce?” He asked as he continued to penetrate her.

“I beg you, let me go... I won’t say it again, I won’t!” She tried to prop her body. The corner of her mouth twitched as tears streaked by. She knew begging for mercy was the only way she could get out of this situation now.

“Will you even think about it?” He glared at her and grabbed her chin, “Will you even think about getting a divorce?”

He clamped down on her waist without any consideration and continued to enter her. Pain was mixed with pleasure, which made her feel like she was going to collapse. She cried out in pain, "No! Mr. White... Stop this... I won't dare anymore, please, I won't do it again!"

Under his tremendous roughness, her body continued to gyrate, to endure, to pain...

Hot tears streamed down her face; she looked at him with fear and disgust, "I hate you! Don't touch me, I feel disgusted!"

He had a son and who knew how many women. He probably had even more children. Who knew how many more children would show up in the future.

Her body was in pain, but her heart ached even more. She shut her eyes from the pain, and tears continued to roll down. "Vincent White, you pervert! You're abusing me!"

"That's right! I'm sexually abusing you, what about it?" Vincent began to punish her even more, "I'm sexually abusing you?! What about that Theodore? Him screwing you doesn't count? You'd rather give your virginity to him than me, right?"

"Right, that's exactly it!" She piercingly shouted. She had no strength left to argue with him. Her body was already convulsing in pain. She felt as though her entire body was going to fall apart.

A rage began to swell within Vincent and seemed ignited with his insatiable desire. Having restrained his desires for days, he couldn't resist any longer, much less care about how pained she felt.

"Speak, does it feel good?"

"It doesn't feel good!" Leila began to feel numb; her heart hurt more than her body by a hundred folds.

In the old apartment building, Vincent fanatically screwed Leila again and again. Finally, her body gave out and she fainted. Then he finally let her go.

Looking at her pale white face, a cold glance swept across his eyes. His cell rang in the middle of the night, and he stepped out the room to take the call. He closed the door on the way out, as though afraid to disturb her.

Looking at the call, he frowned but picked up, "Hello? How come you're still up?"

The other end said something, to which Vincent replied, "The timing is not right. If we do this now, we might not reach your ideal results. Are you sure? If so, then I'll proceed!"

"This is my personal affairs; I'll take care of it, I haven't forgotten, not even for a second! Take care!" As he hung up, a depressed look overtook Vincent's face. He looked out the window.

By the time she woke up, it was morning; there was no sign of Vincent, and all was quiet. The sunlight pained her eyes, as though she had a hangover.

Leila got up, but the soreness of her body almost made her fall. A warm liquid came flowing out between her legs. It was the only thing he left her, a sense of flirtation and ambiguity, which made her quite sad.

As she walked to the bathroom, she felt a bitterness in her heart she couldn't express in words.

Tears began to fall from the corners of her eyes again. He didn't love her, and he had a son already. Why did he continue to abuse her like this, what did she do wrong? Why did he have to be so cruel? Why?

She made her way to the bathtub, turned on the water, and dragged her sore body in. Leila wiped away the trails of tears, and muttered silently, "Mr. White, why are you doing this to me? I don't want this, I really don't, why are you doing this to me?"

She slowly cleaned herself up. Patches of black and blue bruises were eminent all around her body, which served as reminders of how cruelly he ravaged her last night. She cleaned each area little by little with the running water.

The bitter cold slowly permeated through her skin into her soul. It pained her to even breathe. 'Mr. White, I'm exhausted, do you know that?'

After she was done washing herself, she stepped out the shower and got a change of clothes. With every step she took, it felt as though she was stepping on shattered glass. She didn't know how long she could keep it up.

Just changing her clothes seemed to have taken all her strength. She collapsed out of breath on the floor. Her pale white face looked incredibly worn, but there was a slight hint of determination.

After a while, she finally got up, and headed downstairs.

At the Taekwondo dojo.

Leila stood before the flashy sign of the largest Taekwondo dojo in F City. She took a deep breath, then entered.

"Hah-"

"Ugh-"

"Pow-"

The second she entered the shop, she saw a lot of people undergoing training. A sturdy woman who was probably the receptionist quickly came up to Leila and asked, "Miss, looking for someone or?"

"I want to take class!" She said determinedly.

"Hah!" The receptionist was stunned, then laughed. "Alright, we've got a ton of renowned coaches here; some are retired from the national team, some from the state team. Who do you want to work with? Of course, the fee rate will be different."

"I want the fastest course! The kind where I can pick up self-defense from perverts in a month!" Leila said in a low but determined voice. "Are there such quick courses?"

"Miss, Taekwondo as a competitive sport is great, but it's not some secret martial arts. You can't possibly get that kind of results in a month. You can strengthen your body in that time, but that's about it. If you want to become proficient in a month, that's the stuff of fairytales!"

Leila froze in her tracks with a bit of disappointment. "I can't learn it in a month? How about learning enough to defend against one man? Just self-defense against one man would be enough."

The receptionist laughed. "Miss, you're killing me. Look at me, I look rather buff, right? I trained for ten years. I could probably take on two or three fellows. But compared to a man who had trained for ten years, I'm still a ways off! There's a gap between women and men's strength from our physique."

Leila didn't expect the receptionist to be so frank with her. She nodded in approval. "Alright, I'd like a starting trainer; hopefully someone who'll help me train and learn quickly!"

"Can you trust me? My name is Vivienne Moore! If you can trust me, I'll help you find the right coach!"

"I'm Lexi!" She laughed and gave her maiden name. "Help me find the right coach, I trust you!"

"Alright, let me introduce you to our Coach Koby; he's a Taekwondo expert. No fancy tricks or gimmicks; some of the people he's trained even went on to join national teams and got quite impressive scores! But he keeps a reasonable fare. You're a beginner anyway, no need to go too deep

or into strength training. Once you've built a foundation, you'll see. How well you do depends on yourself, the coaches can only do so much. You gotta be willing to put in the hard work!"

"I'm not afraid!" Leila gave her word.

"That's the spirit!"

Coach Koby was a man in his fifties. He had a handsome yet stern face and tough body. Maybe it was because he had practiced Taekwondo for years, but with his tightened face and white Taekwondo uniform, he looked like a man who had been tempered by fire and age.

### **Chapter 294 - A Moment in Destiny**

Upon seeing Leila, Coach Koby asked with a tense face, "Why do you learn taekwondo?"

Leila was stunned as she felt as if his gaze was scrutinizing her. She practiced taekwondo in order to deal with Vincent which this idea she thought was really childish, yet she didn't want to be bullied by him and that's the reason she must learn self-defense skills.

"I want to strengthen my body!" Leila said proudly even though she knew that it was wrong to lie, she couldn't tell the coach that it aimed to resist domestic violence.

"I won't take you as my student!" Coach Koby said calmly.

"Why?" Leila was surprised.

"I don't like students who lie!"

Leila's shoulders collapsed. "You know it! Well, I'm trying to protect myself from perverts and I want to learn as fast as I could to deal with perverts who harass me! This time I'm telling the truth!"

Coach Koby pursed his lips and showed a smile around the corner of his mouth. "Well, it's ok to learn from me but there are few conditions!"

“What are the conditions?” Leila was surprised as the coach had too many problems!

“No quitting halfway. I have a three-month crash course of self-defense class that you can deal with ordinary perverts! Do you want to learn?”

“Oh, really?” Leila got excited suddenly. “It is ok to learn for only three months!”

“Yes, three months is considered a period and as long as you are willing to practice hard, it works well to help you escape from perverts but not to conquer them. If you are unable to escape, I will refund your fee but in these three months, you can’t quit halfway, understand?”

“Understand!” Leila nodded her head vigorously. “Only can be used to escape?”

“Yes!”

“It’s ok to just escape from perverts!” Leila sighed in her heart, nothing could be expected to have a result overnight.

“When do you have time? I can arrange for your learning time!”

“I am only free in the evening! The rest of the time I have to work!”

“Then you can train for two hours a day from 6pm to 8pm, or from 5am to 7am if you don’t have enough time in the evening, anytime you like!”

At this point, Leila was considered to have paid her respects to the master and agreed to start from tomorrow.

After paying the fee and walking out of the Taekwondo hall, Leila saw an evil but handsome face when she looked up.

Her heart trembled as it was the vice president of the White’s Group whom she had met before, Arthur.

Meanwhile, he was walking inside with a casual black garment on his body and his chest half opened which revealed his sexy and firm muscles while his dark eyes flickered with an inquisitive mist when he looked at Leila. “Huh? Little girl, isn’t this Leila? We meet again!”

Leila was embarrassed and stood up immediately, “Sir, I haven’t returned your clothes and I don’t bring them with me this time!”

“It is just a piece of clothing, just forget about it!” Arthur smiled.

“How can that be? I have to return it to you and I really thanked you last time!”

“You’re welcome, if you want to return it, send it here tomorrow morning at six o’clock!” Arthur pointed the taekwondo hall’s door sign. “I’ll be here tomorrow.”

Arthur seemed to be very busy and he went into the taekwondo hall after saying something while Leila had to leave.

There were no classes today and Leila didn’t need to go to work as the next month she was going back to school to prepare for the dissertation defense so Leila did not need to go back to the unit.

As she walked on the street, she was very tired as Vincent's excessive demands last night made her headache and she had no strength at all, in addition, her legs were in pain.

When she was back to her condo in the Pearl Community and by the time she was just about to enter the stairs, her phone rang and surprisingly it was Macey calling!

"Hello, Macey!"

"Where are you?"

"Anything wrong, Macey?"

"I'm outside the gates of the Municipal Government, come out for a minute, I need to see you!"

"I'm not there, I'll be there right now within fifteen minutes. Wait for me!" Leila didn't know what Macey was looking for but she went there immediately.

When she arrived, she saw Macey, perhaps it was Tuesday morning when everyone was at work, there were not many people on the street, even in front of the gates of the Municipal Government and Macey was standing outside the flower bed behind the pavement.

Leila saw Macey was sideways facing her and her beautiful eyebrows were frowning, Leila then walked over quickly. "Sister?"

"Leila!" As soon as Macey saw Leila, she immediately came forward and shook her hand, yet, her sudden change of attitude made Leila a little surprised and a little uneasy too.

"Sister, what do you want to look for?"

"Actually it is nothing, I just want to have dinner with you!" Macey took Leila's hands and she was very affectionate.

"Oh!" Leila was a little hesitant, "Just to have dinner?"

"Hmm! What? Don't you want to go with me?"

"No!" Leila shook her head, "How come, where are we going to eat? What do you want to eat?"

"Let's go to KFC!"

"Do you really want to eat KFC? Aren't you afraid of getting fat?" Leila remembered that she never ate fried food as she was afraid that it was bad for her skin, why did she want to eat KFC this time?

Leila was surprised as she was pulled by Macey into the taxi, "Sister, there is a shop just ahead, where are we going?"

"This one is not good!" Macey seemed to be in a hurry and took a phone call halfway. "Hello, Betty, is anyone still there? Alright, got it!"

Five minutes later, at the entrance of another KFC shop, the two got out of the car, Macey still put on a gentle smile on her beautifully made-up face and with a sweep of her eyes, she looked towards the window seat where there was a man in his high-class suit and a child sitting face to face.

A ring of smoke rose in front of him, like a vivid figure in a movie poster. But the child sat opposite frowned, he immediately snuffed out the cigarette and smiled.

As Leila followed in, Macey said, "I'll go and pick a seat, you go and get the food, I just need a Coke!"

"Oh!" Leila didn't understand but she obediently went to buy it as she was hungry since last night. She asked for two burgers, two cups of coke and two packets of fries, then she carried the plate and looked for Macey.

Not far away from the same position by the window, Leila saw Macey waving at her and she walked over.

Leila didn't squint her gaze, otherwise she would have found a man not far away looking at her and it was Vincent. His sharp eyes shot straight at her, giving people a feeling of suffocation, unfortunately, Leila didn't see it, she walked straight over and sat down opposite Macey. "Sister, see which one you like to take, it is not good for your stomach if you don't eat as it's mealtime!"

"Hum!" Macey smiled gently and raised her eyebrow at Vincent's side, with a hint of provocation in her eyes. Looking at Vincent, Macey spoke to Leila, "Leila, do you like children?"

Leila was unsure but nodded her head. "Well, children are all very cute, I quite like them, what's wrong?"

"Oh! What would you do if Mr. White suddenly got you a baby?"

Leila was dumbfounded, her grip on the burger tightened and after being silent for a while, she slowly opened the paper of the burger, took a bite and whispered, "The burger tastes good and it still tastes the same from memory!"

"Take a look back!" Macey hummed lightly.

Looking up and turning around, Leila saw Vincent and the child, yet, a flash of hurt slipped through her eyes.

Vincent also looked at her with his sharp eyes narrowed and Leila looked at him as well. There was no anger on this man's face, not even an expression but there was a pressure that could take one's breath away.

Leila opened her mouth and was just about to speak when Macey said first, "Leila, I heard that the child is his son, look how much he looks like him! What a surprise, he actually has such a big kid!" Vincent heard Macey's provocative words and he gently showed a wicked and dangerous smile and spoke to the child opposite the table who was happily eating fries, "Son, eat quickly, Daddy will take you on a roller coaster ride when you are done!"

"Yes, yes, yes!" The little boy clapped his hands in delight.

Leila turned her eyes around and she again heard the child calling him daddy in such a close distance. He looked handsome at first glance as he was very cute looking. She didn't look closely as she didn't have the courage so she didn't know if he looked like Mr. White.



It turned out that Macey asked her to come here just to see Vincent and his son enjoying themselves. It was a pity that Macey didn't know that she had actually known about this yesterday.

Vincent left with the child, not even glancing at them as he walked away, as if treating them that they didn't exist.

"That's his son, his own son!" Macey said.

"His own son!" Leila seemed to repeat. "Alright, I know it!"

"That's it?"

"What else can it be?" Leila lifted her eyes and looked at Macey, watching her look of dismay, she lowered her head again. "Sister, thank you for your goodwill, there's nothing I can do about it! He is the one in control and we were controlled by him."

"That boy's surname is White, and he calls him Daddy, do you know that? I say that is Vincent's child, are you foolish, Leila?"

"I know, that is Mr. White's son! His biological son, you just said it!" Leila remained calm and took another slow bite of her burger.

"I'll go back and tell Dad!"

"No!" Leila shook her head. "Sister, you should leave this matter alone, pretending you don't know it!"

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to make a big mess!"

"Rubbish!" Macey snorted coldly but there was a smug smile in her eyes. "He is bullying!"

"It's a blessing to suffer a loss!" Leila remained calm but in fact, she had been sad inside, the only thing was that what else could she do?

"Help me to make a phone call." Once entering the mall, Vincent didn't even bother to say anything but lifted the landline in front of the cashier's desk and handing it to Pippa Russell.

"Call who?!" Pippa was a little amused as she had never seen Vincent turn to be so anxious for a few years.

"You said you are Leila's friend and you look for her. If she was not there..." Vincent thought for a moment and looked up, "If not, ask where she has gone."

"Got it." Pippa was a little suspicious, but still picked up the receiver.

It was called to the Hunter family as Vincent had called Leila's phone but it was switched off. She had been with Macey in the morning and switched her phone off in the afternoon, furthermore there was no one in the Pearl Community, and he didn't want to contact the Hunter family so he could only ask Pippa to help.

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She knew Vincent very well so sometimes she could actually guess it even if he didn't clarify the matter. Without saying much, she put the phone at her ear and waited for Vincent to finish dialing the phone number.

"Hello, may I know is Leila Hunter here?!" Normally everyone should be staying at home at this time since it was the time that most of the people had their dinner.

"Leila was not back. She stays in her own house. Who are you?" Mabel Ross asked.

"Oh! I am her friend. Her phone is off, may I know that do you have any other way to contact her?"

"You can call her home telephone, the phone number is..." Leila's mother, Mabel told her the phone number of Vincent's villa.

Pippa Russell put down the phone and looked at him amusedly, "Do you want to make a call to your house?"

Vincent's face was somber and frowning. He took out his phone and made a call to Macey Hunter by himself.

"Is Leila staying with you now?"

"Why should I tell you?" Macey hung up rudely.

"Holy shit!" Vincent swore and hung up the phone. Then, he sat down on the sofa in anger.

"Is that the girl who tried clothes at my store last time?!" Pippa thought for a while and smiled.

"How do you know that?" He actually didn't want to tell her more about that but it was such a strange thing that she could guess it out.

"I just guess randomly! That girl looks good but she was Brian Hunter's daughter. What do you think, Vincent? I think that the girl is really innocent!" Pippa Russell shrugged and responded to him with a smiling face.

"It's none of your business. I will not change my words. If you agree to get married to me, I will divorce her and marry you now!" He looked at Pippa.

Pippa smiled faintly with a playful tone, "Alright, you go and divorce Leila to save her, I am waiting for you to go through the formalities!"

"It's not a joke!" he spoke in a serious manner.

"Just forget about it, a man like you is not suitable to be a husband for me. Even if you are Owen's dad and you can give him a complete family, I will not marry you. This is because you have too many evil factors. I'm afraid that I would accidentally be blown up by you if I married you, and then I would be like in the hell!"

"I'm leaving!" Vincent shrugged and rolled his eyes. "You should get off work early, Owen was handed to the nanny!"

“Okay!” Pippa waved her hand.

Vincent walked out.

“Vincent—” Pippa shouted again.

“Huh?” Vincent turned around.

“You have taken it seriously~!” she said.

“No!” Vincent was in an extremely calm, “You are right that I have no heart, you will die if you marry me!”

Vincent called Leila in the afternoon but he didn’t expect that her phone was being shut down. He was a little worried since Leila was staying with Macey. When he thought of the scene in which she almost got into trouble in the bar last time...

“This damn woman!” Vincent was getting mad and wanted to throw his phone. He drove through the streets all the way to find Leila.

Leila woke up in the mist, the only thing that she remembered after breaking up with Macey at KFC was that she went to the cinema alone. Then, she bought a ticket and went in. There were only a few people in the cinema. She sat on her seat in silent tears but afterwards she fell into a drowsy sleep.

When she woke up, she frowned and looked at the strange place, she seemed to be lying on a straw mat. The light was very dim, she could see people but they didn’t look clear. Leila saw a man who wore a black mask in the mist and he was looking at her gloomily. Her hands and feet were tied up tightly.

The man looked at her, his voice seemed to have changed deliberately so it was coarse and a bit weird.

“Finally, you woke up. I thought I would have to wait for a very long time?” The man leaned close to her, having an ambiguous smile in his pupils which made him seem wicked and full of enmity.

Leila looked at him in shock and struggled to sit up. At that moment, a strong sense of dizziness struck her. Her hands were tied up, she was not able to move and she was startled. “You, what are you doing?”

“Uh! Who made the hickey on your body? Vincent White?” A wicked smile appeared on the man's face, meanwhile, layers of dark light flashed across his eyes.

“It's none of your business!” Leila glared at him. When she recalled the scene before her coma, she asked the man in shock, “You are the one who brought me out of the theatre?”

The man in the mask tilted his mouth, “No one told you that a girl should not go around by herself especially to the theatre alone? Don’t you know that there will be rapes here?”

“What do you want to do?” Leila struggled but still she couldn't get rid of the rope.

The man snorted disdainfully, “I have done that if I wanted to do just now, do I have to wait till you wake up?”

“You bind me for what? What is your purpose?” Leila looked at him anxiously. This man looked very young and she predicted that he had not reached 30 years old. His voice had changed deliberately which

made him sound like an old man. However, his lips colour, hair, ugh, it seemed like he was wearing a wig, it was a bit long and close to his cheek.

“I don’t want to let Vincent be happy. My only purpose is I want you to divorce him!”

“How do you know we are married?” Leila was surprised to hear that and a flash of doubt appeared in her eyes.

“I know much more than that. Vincent is my enemy. I don't want him to be happy. So, are you going to divorce him?” He put his arms around her waist suddenly and squeezed her to lay on the straw mat under him.

“Let go of me...” Leila was startled in the dim light. Then, she struggled and shouted.

“Don't move!” The man clasped Leila’s waist tightly to prevent her from moving.

“Let, let go of me...” Leila frowned and she almost couldn’t breathe under his pressure. She could only use her legs to block him and kick him away but her feet were tied up so she couldn't bend her legs at all.

“Shit, didn't I just tell you to stop moving?” The man snarled hoarsely, a flash of coldness flashed in his eyes, “I tell you, if you don't leave Vincent, I will let you die in the worst way next time. Uh! No! No! No! I won't let you die! I will let you be raped by several men in turn!”

“Let go of me... Um...” Leila was nervous to push him away. However, when he lifted her shirt and slid his hand in, she was stunned for a moment and her eyes widened in creep.

“Understand?”

Leila was trembling in horror and she responded instinctively, “Yes, Yes, I know!”

“What do you know?”

“Leave Vincent!” Leila repeated her answer softly. “You let me go, I will leave him for sure!”

The man snorted and his evil eyes were lightly mocking, “Do you think that I am stupid? If I let you go, you will leave him so obediently?”

Leila was terrified, “Then what do you expect me to do?”

Of course it would be—

The man squinted his eyes and he slid his big palms into her bra along with her inner clothes.

Leila couldn't help but tremble helplessly. Deep wrath appeared in her eyes, “I will leave him, let me go! I actually wanted to leave him but he didn't allow me to do so!”

“What?” The man's eyes flashed and he sneered at her, “Do you think that you are such a beautiful fairy which made Vincent refuse to let you go?”

“Really!” Leila shouted in hurry. “Actually he is not sincere to marry me. We don't love each other. I always want to leave him. Can you please let me go?”

The man was taken aback by the news, his evil eyes swept over Leila's horrified face doubtfully and he asked her incomprehensibly, "Not loving each other?"

"Not!" Leila gave him a real answer. "Really not. I know that you don't want to bully me. I won't tell anyone what happened today so please let me go. I have not seen your face so I won't call the police. Please let me go!"

Leila felt that this person knew her through her instinct, otherwise, he would not wear a mask.

"Let you go? Won't call the police? Remember what you have said, otherwise it won't be that simple for the next time." The man raised his eyebrows, it seemed that he was thinking about the true meaning of her words. After that, he hit her on the back of her neck with his hand of a sudden.

"Ah—" Leila cried out and fainted.

When she woke up, she didn't know what time it was but the rope on her hand was untied and her wrist was full of strangling marks. If the strangle mark on her wrist and the feeling of pain on the back of her neck weren't there to remind her, she really thought that it was just a dream.

What kind of kidnapping was that? Not asking for money, not asking for sex but just asking her to leave Vincent!

Leila didn't care anymore! Her only thought at that moment was to escape from there. That was the only idea in her mind at that time.

Leila stood up and she searched for her bag subconsciously. When she found out that her bag was lying at the side, she walked over and picked it up immediately. Then, she looked for her phone and turned on the flashlight to illuminate her belongings. Just as she lowered her head, she saw a button was located next to her bag on the ground. Leila picked it up without thinking much.

She staggered through an old low wall, stumbled, and ran out of the desolate old house with lots of weeds growing in it.

It seemed like a dilapidated factory in the suburbs that was demolished. There was a big "demolition" on the wall. She had no idea how long it had been abandoned there.

When Leila ran out of the place, she kept walking out. After she went out, she found that it was a long street with only a street lamp. She didn't know about the time at that moment. When she ran to the street light, she looked at her phone closely and saw lots of notifications of messages.

It was from Vincent and also from her mother.

Leila sighed inexplicably but she did not call them back. She waved and got a taxi, "Sir, NT Mountain Villa area!"

Soon, the car arrived at the villa area.

Leila asked the taxi driver to wait for her and she got out of the car. There was only a small lamp in the lobby. She knew that Vincent was not back. She went upstairs and took Arthur's clothes. Then, she

turned around and went downstairs again. She didn't plan to live there but going back to Pearl Community.

She had no idea what did Vincent meant by calling her but she didn't call him back. At that moment, she was very tired! Very exhausted!

That person kidnapped her and he was neither asking for money, nor sex. He just wanted her to leave Vincent. She could not figure out his intention.

She heard from the guard before she left the villa, "Madam, it has been so late, do you still want to go out?"

"Yes!" Leila nodded.

Just as Leila got in the car, her phone rang. The call was from Vincent. Leila's heart did a flip but still, she took her phone and accepted the call, "Hello!"

"Go back home now!" Vincent said in his deep voice.

"I'm on my way home!" Leila replied softly.

"Go back to the villa now, where are you going at midnight?"

"I—" Leila was speechless for a while. How did he know that she had come back to the villa? Did the guard tell him that she came back just now?

"Go home now, do you hear me?"

"I'm going back to Pearl Community. That's it. Good night, Mr. White." Leila hung up before he could say anything and she took a deep breath. She became more anxious. The person asked her to leave Vincent, but in this current situation, how would it be possible? And also, who was that person?

### **Chapter 296 - A Moment in Destiny**

The phone was just hung up and it rang again. It was Vincent.

Leila didn't accept the call but the phone kept ringing again and then it became quiet in the end. When Leila was about to relieve her breath as he stopped calling her, there was a message, "Come to my room in HJ Hotel, or else you will regret your decision, take your own responsibility if you don't arrive within 20 minutes!"

Hearing such an arrogant sentence from him mixing with a threat in it, Leila was stunned for a while and she sighed. She was verging on a breakdown. She called back, "What do you want?"

"Come to my room now, or else Macey Hunter's video will be published without mosaic!" His deep voice which rang with threats from the phone made Leila's heart get cold.

"I'll be there soon!" Even though Leila was not sure whether it was true, she knew that she had to go.

"Sir, I am heading to HJ Hotel!"

Finally, she had arrived on the twenty-seventh floor.

She was the only person in the silent lift. She took a deep breath and repeated. When she stepped out of the lift, she walked towards Vincent's room. She stopped in front of the door and took the last deep breath!

The door was opened!

Vincent stood quietly at the door. Leila was in a daze and she was pulled into the room by a big hand. The tall body covered her and the door was closed, she heard an angry voice above her head. "Holy Shit, what happened to you? You are damn dirty!"

By then, Leila realized there was dust on her body, the mud and grass scrap was still on her body, her hair was a bit messy and she was a little panicked due to the kidnapping just now but she wouldn't like to tell him, she said, "What do you want me to do? If there is nothing to do, I think I am going back now!"

Leila wanted to leave after saying that but a big hand was one step faster than her and it caught her at that moment. The tall body was forcing her against the door panel.

"What are you doing?" Leila screamed in horror.

"State it clearly!" Vincent looked calm but his voice sounded like he was furious, ignoring Leila's slightly wrinkled face in fear.

"What do you want me to clarify?" Leila asked softly.

"How dare you, Leila!" Vincent said in wrath, his handsome eyes unceremoniously flashed with sarcasm. "Say, where did you go this afternoon?"

"Cinema!" Leila answered calmly. She looked up at Vincent, "Mr. White, what do you want to know? Please cut to the chase!"

"What happened to you?" He glared at her, she looked embarrassed and seemed like just encountered a rapist. Other than that, she turned her phone off which caused him couldn't find her. What was going on with her?

"I fell, that's it~!" Leila answered calmly.

"Lying!" Vincent roared, the mockery in his eyes became stronger and it mixed with wrath. "How dare you lie to me! Say, did you go for public sex with a man?"

He grabbed her wrist abruptly. The area of her hands with the marks was very painful. Leila couldn't help but take a breath. She knitted her eyebrows and looked at the domineering man helplessly. Her eyes were filled with hurtful emotions. How could he judge her like that? She was not a slut. However, she did not say anything. She just bit her lip and lowered her head.

"Why don't you speak?" Vincent lowered his body and his eyes were at the same level as Leila who was petite. When their eyes looked at each other, a pair of eyes was full of contempt and the other pair was full of injuries.

“Speak!” His eyes were so sharp and she heard his voice as if it came from a distant time and space, “Where did you go?”

There was a stalemate and she stopped talking for a while.

Vincent looked at her indifferently and his eyes tightened suddenly. He saw Leila’s eyes turning red and the crystal-clear liquid dropping out from her eyes without a sign. Her tears just fell down her cheeks all of a sudden.

She cried in front of him. “Why are you crying?”

“Because your words hurt me!” She choked softly.

“Hurt you? Don't pretend to be noble, who will believe this? You are just innocent on the outside but coquettish in your bones. Why don't you let me take a good look at you? What is your true face? Bitch, are you worth letting me treat you nicely?” Vincent grabbed Leila angrily and he dragged her to the sofa aside. By then, he was trying to unbutton her clothes.

“You, you, let go of me!!” Leila screamed in struggle and her tears were stopped for a moment.

“I won't let you have the energy to find a man this time!” Vincent’s body pressed her slender body tightly. He tempted her in his deep voice while rubbing her ambiguously up and down. “I'm not the man who allows you to bully!”

Who was the one bullying the other?

“Don't... Please get up soon!” Leila shook her head in agitation. She hardly believed that there was such a bastard man in the world who treated herself so badly repeatedly. “I don't want it anymore, if you are going to do the same thing as yesterday, I will hate you, really!”

Her little hands were pushing him difficultly but still, she couldn't move his sturdy body. Instead, he was getting closer to her, even their heartbeats seemed to be connected. The smell of a man was spreading in front of her nose which struck Leila’s brain into dizziness. Just as Vincent lowered his head and wanted to kiss her when she was still talking noisily, Leila picked up a glass of water next to her and poured it angrily on his face. At that moment, the fire of his desire was extinguished totally!

He stood up and stared at her indifferently. Water drops dripped slowly from his sexy, handsome face and the wet hair on his forehead made him look wild, arrogant, and cold!

Leila was in horror and she got up immediately to hide from him. She glared at him with a pair of fearful clear eyes. Vincent felt unprecedentedly frustrated. He wiped off the water droplets on his hair and snorted coldly. Then, he turned around and took out a cigarette. He lit it and smoked sullenly.

However, he was not reconciled to that. As long as he wanted the woman, how could he not get it?

The matters that she had been shutting her phone down for such a long time and she was in a disheveled appearance at the midnight made him more furious. Didn't she know that he would be worried about her? This woman was really hateful, why couldn't she obey him once?

“It is because you forced me!” Leila said vaguely.



Vincent sneered and walked over to turn on the television. "This is also because you forced me!"

Leila looked at him in panic. Vincent snorted coldly. He picked up the remote control and pressed lightly on it with his slender hand. An ambiguous breath burst into the silent room out of the blue.

A familiar, ambiguous voice sounded on the television, and Leila was frozen as it was her sister's video!

Leila rushed out in an instant, she stared at the television in a daze and her mind was burst in the blank. The fact was showed up in front of her, it was not a joke that he kept a backup. "You have a backup?"

Wrath was overflowing in Leila's eyes, "Vincent White, why are you doing this? You are a despicable villain. How would I know you?!"

"Unfortunately, you know me and you married me. You can't beat me, right?"

She had been so touched on the day she deleted the encrypted file which used her birthday year and month as the password. She thought that their relationship had improved but why did he destroy the peace that they had achieved so hardly?

Looking into his cold eyes stubbornly, she bit her lip and asked, "What do you want?"

He asked her back, "What do you think?"

"Don't you think that you are very childish? You threatened me with this inexplicable matter, what's your problem? What had I done wrongly today?" Leila took a deep breath to hold back her emotions.

"Where did you go today? Why did you turn your phone off at night? You came back in such a disheveled appearance, went to the villa, and ran out again. What did you take?" He asked and glanced at the bag she was carrying when she entered the room. He suspected instinctively so he strode over and shook off the bag. "Is this your thing?"

When a man's Armani jacket fell on the luxurious floor, Vincent was stunned and flames burst into his eyes. "A man's clothes?"

Leila was startled by his tone and she felt cold all over her body of the sudden. It was Arthur's clothes. Uh! She couldn't imagine how angry Vincent would be if he knew that Arthur saw her blood spilled during her menstrual period. Also, she couldn't tell Vincent such an embarrassing story.

At that particular moment, she could clearly feel the hellish cold air emanating from him. His tall body was standing there. He was three meters away from the television which was showing the scene of her sister and another man having sex and joy. It was sluggish and ambiguous. On the other side, Vincent seemed to be very hostile. His aura was so evil and powerful at that moment.

Bright and luxurious light was irradiating down from the ceiling chandelier. His dark shadow became longer. His sharply contoured face was like cut by a knife and his deep eyes were glowing with a cold, deep light.

Although Leila was separated from him by a certain distance. She still had a strong feeling that he was exuding an inaccessible chill. It was the extreme cold from the Antarctic Pole which could freeze people in an instant.

“Say! Where did this man's clothes come from?”

“No! It's not—”

“Are you dare to say that it's not a man's clothes?” Vincent roared in anger.

“It's a man's clothes, yes, it is a man's clothes!” Leila looked at him awkwardly. Both of her hands were shaking violently, but she still put her best foot forward to talk in the calmest voice.

“Really?” Vincent snorted and smiled indifferently, “You went back to get this strange man's clothes in the midnight?”

“He is not a stranger—” Leila’s face turned paler. She was thinking about how to explain but he interrupted her.

“So, he is your adulterer. You are really not satisfied with the status quo, Leila. I pity you for your loneliness but I didn't expect you to treat me like this. You have been cheating on me, how dare you cuckold me!”

“I didn’t cuckold you!” Leila’s beautiful black eyes were widened suddenly. She stared at his bloodthirsty and playful eyes fearfully. A chill of coldness emerged from the bottom of her feet and spread to her limbs instantly till reaching into her bones. “Up to you to believe me or not!”

“If you are interested, I don't mind playing this video around the world as a movie!” His gloomy smile was super cold.

He was taking the same thing to threaten her again! Leila looked at him helplessly and she tried her best to calm down, she must do so because she could manage things well only when she calmed down. After a few seconds, Leila took a deep breath and she started talking to him, “Mr. White, I have nothing to say if you have believed firmly that I have cuckolded you. However, why don’t you divorce me? You yourself are willing to accept me to cuckold you. You knew about it but why don’t you just leave me? Isn’t it better for you to let go of me?”

“Don’t ever think about it!”

“Maybe, you got jealous?”

He put down the plastic bag and walked towards Leila. He smiled, “Leila, do you think that I am the person who always gets jealous? I just don’t like to see you being obedient in front of people but being rebellious at the back. If you can't restrain your heart, you should know the consequences. I have warned you a long time ago, but you didn't remember it!”

### **Chapter 297 - A Moment in Destiny**

“Don't make me hate you!” She whispered, her teeth sinking into her lips.

“Heh! Can hatred earn money?” He raised his eyebrows.

The unpleasant sound of her sister's moans came from the TV, that was the first time Leila saw the performance in pornography. The TV screen was so big that almost every sweat pore of hers could be seen. She forced herself not to look, but she could not stop those delicate sound from entering her ears.

“What did I do wrong? What kind of deal did you make with my father? Vincent, if you are a man, you should go pick a fight with other men, do you really think you are so great bullying a weak woman like me?”

“Do you really don't know whether I am a man? Did you pant under a woman's crotch last night?”

Leila's body shivered with anger at these words.

Vincent walked slowly to the bar and poured a glass of wine, taking a sip from his tall glass.

“If you want to use last night's example to prove that you are a man, then I think you are really not qualified as one. A man like you could not even make a woman happy, and you still dare to claim to be a man, what a joke. No wonder my sister refused to be with you. Since you still kept this tape, you should take the time to watch it, do you have the demeanor as the man in the tape?” Leila knew that these words would really anger him, but she could not care less. Besides, sometimes cutting off one's means of retreat was not necessarily a bad thing.

After hearing the sound of a glass shattering, Vincent's body stiffened. The glass in the hand was flung violently, and glass shards flew in all directions. Vincent stepped forward, his index finger bent over and hooked her chin, a distorted expression could be seen on his handsome face, a cold smile rose up, “You are trying to provoke me, right?”

Leila remained silent, her pale and delicate face looked at him angrily, but her voice trembled like a falling leaf in the autumn wind. “It is you who is too disappointing!”

“Leila, you can't blame me for that!” He waved his hand violently, pushed her away, and called someone through his phone. “Manager Billy, come here for a moment, I have a video tape here, you come and take it immediately and pass it to...”

“No...” Leila lunged over, “Don't do it!”

The call was forcibly interrupted, and Vincent looked at Leila bloodthirstily and playfully. “What now? Don't you dare?”

Vincent looked down on her arrogantly, a smirk could be seen rising up from his face. He reached out his face to hold her chin. His long fingers squeezed hard on it and his cold breath sprayed on her already deathly pale face.

“You're inhuman!” She gritted her teeth.

“Do you think I am more inhuman than Brian Hunter? Your father is the one who likes to act great but isn't, right?” He said in a deep voice, his tone cold and his gaze was even more bitter. “And can you and your mother living next to him be considered as humans?”

Leila's mind was at a loss, she really did not know what all this entanglement was all about?

She wanted to say something, but she felt that nothing was right to say. Of course, no matter what, she would not give up her mother's happiness, and she was willing to sacrifice her own freedom and happiness for her mother's happiness.

The TV was still showing unpleasant images of Macey and the man who kept his back against the camera trying different positions. Leila only felt that her mouth was dry and her body was uncomfortable as if she had thorns all over her body.

Her heart was bleeding, as if her heart had been cut through, so painful that she could not help but to cry again. She hurriedly lowered her head and reaching out her hand to wipe away her tears. She rarely cries and does not allow herself to cry much, but the tears just will not stop. "He didn't hurt me as much as you did! I don't care that he hurt me, but..."

'I couldn't don't care that you hurt me!' She thought to herself. These words could only be kept in the bottom of her heart.

She did not want him to see her weakness and swallowed her sourness arduously.

Her sudden crying caused Vincent to be silent.

He stared at her lowered head and moved his lips, as if he wanted to say something. However, he could not get the words out of his mouth. What did she mean? He wanted to ask, but in the end he could not.

She whispered, "Please, turn off the video!"

He wanted to turn off the video, but when his eyes saw the Armani's branded clothes for men on the floor, his anger bubbled up again. He then screamed like a hedgehog and said, "Ha! Don't you think she looks good? Aren't you envious of your sister as she could indulge in such pleasure below the man's crotch? How about this, do you want me to find this man for you, so you can do it with him?"

She jerked her head up and saw Vincent with a fierce face and a cold smile at the corner of his mouth.

"You're shameless!"

Vincent did not think much about what she said, instead he sneered, "Isn't this pleasing to the eye? Isn't the feeling of peeping extraordinarily exciting? Are you too ashamed to look, or are you too embarrassed to look? Or are you simply too horny? Waiting for me to fuck you?"

"You pervert..." Leila found herself unable to argue and her tongue was in knots.

"Pervert? Am I as perverted as your good sister? Look at her posture, I'm afraid even Japanese actresses will do be able to do these postures, right? Don't you see her looking like a pig in heat, lying on the wall acting as if she is a lizard? Don't you think this is all very unpleasant to see and hear? But if Macey was able to do such things, why can't I watch it?" Vincent pointed at the TV screen, his eyes full of disdain and sarcasm. "This is much better than watching other unfamiliar Japanese porn!"

Leila's heart ached; she was unable to say anything after being retorted by him. Her heart also started feeling depressed as she stared at him in a daze. Seeing through the pair of large eyes full of clarity, a trace of stubbornness could be seen. As she forced herself to hold back the tears, she just stared at him. "It really is unpleasant to both the ears and the eyes, please turn it off! Vincent, I know you have grievances in your heart, if you really feel you have no place to vent them, just vent it to me!"

She lowered her head again.

If things were to end, she hoped her humble attitude would make him be more compassionate and let go of the video tape altogether.

“I am not angry! I also don’t feel any resentment either!” He said softly, “I just like to see you guys being nervous. I also like seeing people who I am familiar with performing sex, what to do? I find it so exciting, don't you?”

She really could not listen to it anymore because what he said was too evil. “Vincent, please turn it off, okay?”

“Not okay!” A smile could be seen rising up on his face. He was smiling wickedly, his eyes full of disdain and ridicule. He just continued looking at her, kept looking at her. “Why do you always have to try and piss me off?”

Forced to swallow the sourness in her heart, Leila said softly, “Vincent, I didn't want to marry you originally, it was you who forced me to accept it. We were never lovers, so how does this count as betrayal? Besides, you have a son now and you love your son so much. I won’t ask about your past, and I don't want to know. Since you have a child, just live your life with your child, as for what grudges you had with my father, I hope you go to him instead of torturing my sister and me!”

She knew that he had never loved herself, and since they had never loved each other, where was the betrayal?

This marriage was nothing but like a deal to her, and even if she had the heart, how would she dared to think much about?

As he reached out to her, her body stiffened. However, he only caressed her face, “So you would rather give your first time to another man than to me?”

“Vincent, I have nothing to say to that!” Leila slowly raised her head, although her face was still pale and thin, at this moment, that an inexplicable determination could be seen on it. Strong determination and calmness could be seen through her sharp eyes. “If you keep taking about the hymen incident and the video tape, I really have nothing to say. You may do whatever you want! As for this men’s clothing, it belongs to Theodore.”

That’s enough, she had humiliated herself for far too long. With his status, he could get in with any woman he wanted, right? She did not understand why he will not let go of her and the Hunter family.

“I want to choke you to death!” He replied.

Leila slightly twisted her head to avoid his touch, biting her lips and said, “Then do it.”

“If killing is not illegal, I will have killed Brian Hunter.” He said in a deep voice.

Leila was shocked, “Have you and him really gotten to that point where either one of you have to die?”

Vincent stared at her for a long time, and spat out six words, “We cannot share the same sky!”

“Vincent...” Leila exclaimed, “What kind of grudge do you have with him that made you unable to live knowing that he is still alive? Did he kill your father?”

Vincent did not speak. His thin lips pursed and his sharp eyes flashed with bloodthirsty sadness.

The look in his eyes reminded her of the countless times she had inadvertently seen the loneliness and melancholy in him.

She suddenly hesitated and felt powerless, was the reason that he did not want to share the same sky with her father was that he killed his father? Is her father a murderer? If that were the case, wouldn't he have to be shot?

“Who do you choose? Me and the Hunter family!” He asked again. “I'm asking you for the last time!”

“Vincent...” Leila opened her mouth, wanting to say that she would not choose either side. However, at this moment, as she was looking at the expression in his eyes, she could not say anything. She only pain in her heart, hurting her!

It turns out that she had never understood him. Leila could not help but felt a little bit remorse and she unconsciously clenched her fist.

“Can't you choose me?” At this moment, she really felt that he, like herself, was incomparably lonely.

There was a momentary impulse, she almost blurted out, saying that she will choose him! However, as the words were about to come out from her mouth, she still did not say anything in the end. She just opened her mouth for a while and closed it again.

Maybe it was the sound coming from the TV that made her unable to answer him. If he did not use such despicable means, if he did not threaten and force her, she might really choose him.

However...

“I'm sorry!” She whimpered softly.

“He's using you!” He grabbed her small hand and found that at this moment, her small hands were inhumanly cold. Other than that, this was the first time Vincent found that Leila had an incomparably soft hand that when held in his palm, no bones could be felt.

“Aren't you using me too?” She said softly, raising her shimmering eyes. “You guys can just continue fighting, I think I am powerless to choose either side, and powerless to stop either of you. What is going to happen will definitely happen, I have no influence against the outcome. Even if I say that I choose you, can that unholy hatred you speak of that is inside you disintegrate? Can you choose to let go? No! Vincent, you are not someone who will easily give up, your decision is already predetermined from the beginning. You won't give up your decision for me, or for anyone, even though I don't know where your hatred came from! And now that you've suddenly have a son, our relationship won't work. You've humiliated me and you've tortured me, so now it's time to let go of me. Let me go and you guys can continue to fight, I won't pick either side!”

Leila's tone was calm. However, when she raised her eyes and met with his eyes, Vincent inexplicably had a feeling that she was not that simple or that easy to be compromised with. In fact, she had her own beliefs.

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There was no panic on her thin little face. She even turned her eyes to the TV, calmly watching Macey's slutty expressions. She looked very calm as she swept her grown bangs behind her ears. Her beautiful eyes were quiet and peaceful. There was no arrogance, no stubbornness or weakness that he thought would be there. Her eyes looked calm and deep like the night sky. They made him feel at ease when he looked into them. His indescribable irritation also went away.

Instantly, just as Vincent felt something touch his heartstrings, the next second the feeling was replaced by his usual indifference.

"Vincent, you know that I will not be able to stop caring about my sister because I owe it to my aunty. If you want to take advantage of me, my only weakness is my mother's happiness. But what would you take advantage of? I am just a woman. I have nothing else but my body. You also know that my father doesn't care about me and always prioritizes his career, so you can't use me to threaten him. If you want to threaten him then post this video, ruin his reputation and my sister's life. I think you still have a trace of kindness left in your heart. Even if hatred has made you blind, you still can't bear to post it. Otherwise, you would have posted it at the beginning instead of waiting until now, right?"

Vincent frowned. His gaze locked on her eyes.

"If you only want me, then go on ahead and take me!" Leila's voice was still soft. She lowered her gaze gently and slowly unbuttoned her shirt. The corners of her red lips were raised in a beautiful arc vaguely. Some things couldn't be faked or imposed, like dignity. The more she wanted to keep it, the more others were going to trample on her. It was better to throw everything she had to him so she would suffer less.

Leila looked different. Vincent looked at Leila in front of him suspiciously. She still had her slim body and her pale face, but inexplicably, something seemed to have changed within her bones. There were less sadness and inferiority, and more peace and strength.

Leila slowly unbuttoned her last button and the shirt gently slipped on the ground. "If you want my body, then I will give it to you now!"

Vincent stared at her vaguely. Seeing her with only a bra covering her upper body, he blinked.

Her body which was exposed to the cold made her hands feel cold. Her body also became colder as the chill spread to her heart.

"Do you want to please me with your body?" He raised his eyebrows.

Leila trembled slightly and looked at him. Her eyes were emotionless, "Can I please you? In this world, maybe you can only be pleased after getting your revenge successfully."

Her words were calm but they went straight into his heart.

"Then moan for me just like Macey!"

Leila shook again, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. She glanced at the screen to see her sister being pressed into the bed and moaning loudly.

“No, I can’t moan!” She couldn’t moan like that even to save her life.

He asked her to be like her sister. She felt humiliated.

“Don’t you want to learn how to be a whore? How would it feel good if you act like this?”

“I am not a whore!” She retorted in a rough voice.

“In my eyes, you are not even a whore!” He lit a cigarette, feeling even more depressed. He had humiliated her, humiliated the Hunter family, but why did he feel even more vexed?

‘Treat it like you can’t hear it!’ Leila’s heart was bleeding.

Leila told herself. Macey’s moans mixed with the man’s grunts penetrated her ears so clearly. She could just grit her teeth and try to keep her eyes open helplessly. Then, she reached out and unfastened the belt of her jeans.

She still had the hickey that he left on her body last night. She did not lower her head, instead, she looked at him calmly and patiently. Then she moved closer to him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Vincent didn’t move. Suddenly, he pulled her hands off and said in a deep voice, “Take it all off!”

Leila suddenly stiffened, biting her lips. She moved her hands behind her back and unclasped her bra. Her teeth sunk deeper into her lower lip but she stubbornly refused to bow her head. Finally, even her bra was off.

At this moment, she knew that she had trampled on her dignity herself, but she was helpless, “Is it okay now? Are you satisfied?”

She looked at him and saw a fire blazing in his eyes.

“Should I be satisfied with just this?” Vincent asked in a cold voice, agitated by her question. Yet, there was annoyance and frustration on his cold and indifferent face.

“Then, what else do you want?” Leila laughed self-mockingly. Her soft white hands clenched nervously as she saw the fury and despise in his eyes. Her heart was full of anger, but having seen the TV screen behind her, she knew she couldn’t get angry otherwise all of her previous efforts would be lost.

The grievances and humiliation she had suffered were all going to be in vain.

She had bet that Vincent was never going to touch her again, but she didn’t have enough assurance. All she knew was that for men like Vincent, the more she resisted, the more he would want to have her.

However, if she obeyed, maybe he was going to let her go. She really was not sure that she would succeed.

“Take off my clothes!” He said deeply.

Vincent was also scared by her behavior for a moment. But then, in an instant, his deep and mysterious eyes were filled with ice-cold chill and his voice was burning with anger. If she really wanted to be a



whore, then he was going to fulfill her desire. But he had hoped that she might strip her clothes off but she was never going to dare and strip his clothes off.

Leila's heart trembled. She tried her best to hide the panic. She saw his cold and dark expressions. Leila knew that she had made him angry and annoyed now.

Deciding in her heart, she stretched out her hand and loosened his tie, "Strip all of it?"

Even though she tried to restrain and suppress it, but she still couldn't help blush as her heartbeat quickened. Her hands trembled as she took off his tie.

"Are you scared?" He raised his eyebrows.

"Yeah, since the beginning, but I must do it right?" She looked at him.

He had always seen her being gentle and virtuous, but now looking at her sneering and mocking herself, Vincent felt inexplicably strange. Was this woman really under his control?

"You should extinguish the fire you started!" He said coldly.

"This is the fire of lust and desire. It is only burning you. I didn't have any desire to do this. Are you sure you want this?" She was exhausted. 'Why is he still not stopping me?'

"Leila, don't think that my indulgence will allow you to do whatever you want!" Vincent's expressions became even more gloomy. The chill in his eyes made her shudder as he grabbed Leila's wrist with a huge hand. He spat out each word grimly and cruelly one by one, "Then, wait... let me make sure if you had such a desire or not!"

"Let's wait and see!" Even though his hold on her wrist was so strong that her bones seemed to be crushing with pain, but she still raised her head and looked at him. Her expressions were too calm and peaceful. Her peaceful gaze penetrated deep into his eyes and her speed increased. She unbuttoned his clothes, deliberately ignoring the video on the screen.

Vincent's anger had reached its extreme, "Fuck! You might want to be a whore, but I don't want to be a pimp yet!"

He pushed her away abruptly. She staggered and fell on the ground, feeling a searing pain in her hand. The glass from the glass that he had broken before was stuck in her palm and the wound bled painfully.

But she inwardly breathed a sigh of relief because he didn't continue to touch her. Not caring about the injury or the pain in her palm, she nervously grabbed her clothes and put them on.

Vincent turned the TV off with a snap and walked hurriedly towards the bathroom. As the bathroom door slammed shut, Leila's tears came pouring out.

After getting dressed, Leila quickly went to the DVD player to find the CD. It was a CD without any label. She took it out and broke it. She didn't know if there was a back-up copy but she had to destroy at least that one. Her family's reputation and her mother's happiness depended on it.

After breaking the CD, she fell to the ground feebly. She didn't know if there was another copy but she wished that this was the last one.

The bathroom door opened again and Vincent, who seemed to have washed his face, stormed out and glared at her angrily, "You won the bet! Leila, do you think you really won?"

She buried her small face in her arms, hugging her head. She didn't dare to listen to him anymore and she didn't want him to see her tears. The wound in her palm hurt, but her heart hurt even more.

"What? Aren't you good at acting?" A cold sneer played on Vincent's lips and his eyes were full of satire and contempt. "Your acting skills are not bad! You made me quite uninterested in wanting to touch you again!"

'Mock me! Laugh at me!'

She was already accustomed to these things since they got married. She had endured it until now and told herself that no matter what kind of a person Vincent was, she had to preserve for the happiness of her family and her mother. Also, he looked more helpless than her.

At this moment, she realized that she didn't hate him! This feeling made her hate herself! There he was, a worthless man who trampled on her dignity, and she couldn't even hate him and even pitied him a little bit!

"If laughing at me makes you happy, just say it!" Her muffled voice floated out from the crook of her arm, filled with weakness, fore-bearing and generosity, making Vincent feel like he was just like an immature little child.

"If my father did something wrong, my sister did something wrong or I did something wrong, you can retaliate against me. Come on, take it all out on me, I will bear it all for them, okay? From now on, I won't disobey you, I will only listen. If you tell me to stand, I will never kneel. If you tell me to kneel, I will never stand. If you tell me to die, I will not continue to live. Whatever you want me to do, I will do it all!" She said dully in a faint voice, "I just hope you can be happy. You can do whatever you want as long as you are happy, I can understand your feelings!"

Vincent was shocked by her words and his cold eyes flashed with a strange light. He really never expected that his dear wife would say such words. She sat curled up on the floor looking small and weak. He was shocked and his heart throbbed for a moment.

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She buried her head deeply into her arms. Her voice was muffled but firm, whimpering slightly. He was able to imagine just how much pain she was in.

He then saw the bright red bloodstain on her hand but remained still. He then looked at the broken goblet and immediately realized what had happened.

"I know you are sad and I understand what you feel. But if you don't tell me then how can I help you? I want to help you but you never give me the chance to. I'm getting tired of it! Vincent, you have a son now so you can't be letting so many people down. You can't be causing harm upon your son just for revenge."

He said nothing! But after a while, he knelt and tried to hold her up.

Leila raised her eyes a little fearful but when her tear-stained face looked directly at his eyes. She could see a trace of worry in his eyes.

Leila felt some relief at the moment. She then turned her face away but as she began to calm, she felt that she was still crying.

Vincent's anger suddenly vanished and his heart began to melt. His originally cold voice also sounded gentler without him even realizing, "If you are tired then go to sleep! You need to stop crying."

Once he had put her onto the bed, he took off his suit, threw it onto the sofa, then took off his tie and made a phone call. Not too long after he brought over some supplies to stop the bleeding, he then took her hand and used some alcohol solution to help her disinfect the wound.

Leila was shocked. Laying there motionless, she felt some stinging pain from the alcohol solution on her wound.

"Stay strong, it will hurt a bit, but if we don't do this then it will get infected!" He said and then helped her press a cotton ball over the wound. However, she felt a stinging pain on her wound and wanted to take her hand away but he held on tighter. She wanted to cry.

"There's no need to clean this wound!"

"If you don't disinfect the wound then it will get infected!"

"It hurts too much!" Leila was afraid of the pain and felt that disinfecting the wound hurt more than the actual wound.

"This isn't even meant to hurt that much!" He said, "You really can't handle this little amount of pain?"

Leila was in a daze. His words struck her slightly. Was she really unable to bear such a small amount of pain?

He washed the bloodstains off with the alcohol and then touched the mark on her wrist and was startled slightly, "What is this?"

Leila was shocked. As she thought about the kidnapping, she decided not to say anything.

"What happened? Please answer my question!"

"I hurt myself by accident!" Leila was afraid to say what had happened as if she told Vincent that someone was forcing her to divorce him then it would be even harder to get divorced.

She still didn't know what that person wanted but for a time she felt very miserable. Vincent would use her to give vent to his anger, same with what happened to her sister, and even strangers bullied her. It really seemed that this was her fate, and now all she could do was to just accept this.

"You did this to yourself?" Vincent raised his eyebrows suspiciously. This was clearly the mark of a rope so he knew she was lying.

"Yes." Feeling guilty, she lowered her head and didn't dare to speak anymore for fear that she would end up revealing everything.

Vincent's gaze suddenly sharpened and as he looked at her clear eyes and pale lips under her straight nose. He could tell that she was hiding something.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, he stared intently at her and then moved closer to her.

"Vincent..." Leila whispered, not used to him being like this.

Vincent carried on looking at her but said nothing. He got onto the bed, stretched out his arms around her, and then said in a low voice, "You'd better not be hiding anything from me. If I want to know something then I will always be able to find out the answer, do you understand?"

Leila sighed and nodded.

"And if anyone tries to bully you then you know I will take care of it!" His tone was a little rough however softened as he said, "No one is allowed to bully you except for me!"

"Thank you, no one is bullying me!" As long as he doesn't bully her then no one can bully her because everyone else is just a stranger to her. However, Vincent, how can you understand what she was thinking inside?

As she laid down on the large bed, she curled herself up in a ball and rested in his arms. Then as she breathed in his alluring smell, she started to feel as if she was in a dream.

Vincent closed his eyes and hid the doubt that he was feeling about the situation. Did the mark on her wrist have something to do with Macey?

After a while, Vincent had fallen asleep but Leila had not, so she gently got out of the bed. However, since the door couldn't be opened, she could only go into the bathroom.

She then closed the door and started to cry as she felt her whole world was spinning and falling apart.

Was this world still filled with these kinds of people? Just now she had asked him something however he didn't deny it, so could it be that this was the case? Was Vincent's dad killed at the hands of her father?

As she sat on the deluxe toilet seat, her tears continued to fall.

While crying, she suddenly choked slightly which made her cover her mouth in fear that Vincent would hear her crying. She hadn't eaten much during her lunch, and after not eating dinner and then being kidnapped by that stranger, her stomach didn't feel so comfortable. She couldn't help but frown slightly as she stretched out her hand and started rubbing her stomach slowly.

She felt real pain!

Perhaps it was because she hadn't eaten anything and it was just her stomach empty, however, she continued to cry.

She then started to moan uncomfortably.

The door then opened and Vincent appeared.

She suddenly raised her head and looked at him. Her stomach then contracted again which made her unable to help but keep crying.

As she saw him, her stomach began to hurt even more. She can either pretend to be strong or actually be strong, but sometimes whenever she looked at him, she couldn't help but feel weak.

"Why are you crying? Your wound wasn't that serious? So, what are you doing hiding in the bathroom crying?" His tone was sarcastic. However, he used his hand to wipe the tears away from her eyes, while more and more tears kept coming.

"If you keep crying then you will cry yourself to death! Haven't you cried enough yet? Hey, are you listening to me?"

She had heard him but she couldn't stop the tears from falling.

What was he doing talking to her in such a gentle and caring tone?

Her stomach was starting to hurt even more. It was so painful that she had to bite her lips as she started panting.

"What's wrong Leila?" Vincent sensed that there really was something wrong with her, and saw beads of sweat start to fall from her forehead. "Leila? What hurts? Why are you crying? That was the last video and you've already destroyed the file so I won't threaten you over this anymore!"

Leila was in a daze. Her stomach was in extreme pain! However, she suddenly started to feel some strength after hearing this, "What did you say?"

"That was the last one!" He said solemnly. "I won't threaten you with Macey ever again! It's finished!"

She was stunned and her face turned pale as her stomach was very painful. There were still tears in her eyes, but she felt very happy hearing his words.

Leila was still staring at Vincent with her misty eyes, but after a few seconds with still no reaction she finally could only say, "Really?"

"Come out, what are you doing sitting on the toilet?" He said again, his tone back to its usual coldness.

Leila then said gently, "My stomach hurts."

"What?"

"My stomach is hurting..." She lowered her head again. Her voice was soft like a child's when they had done something wrong.

Once he heard this, his anger seemed to extinguish. Then after a short moment of silence, he said quietly, "Why is your stomach hurting?"

"I've always had a bad stomach!" Leila tried to stand up, but as she stood up her numb feet made her tremble slightly and she almost fell to the ground. However due to his sharp eyes and swift hands he reacted quickly and used his strong arms to support her waist and pull her into his arms.

The faint smell of tobacco filled her nose. However, his chest was warm.

"Your feet have gone numb?" His low voice was full of concern which surprised Leila slightly, however, she then nodded unconsciously.

But ...

Her stomach suddenly tightened again and began to ache once more.

“Uh... my stomach was in pain... very pain...” The pain was so strong that she couldn’t help but bend over and curl up into a ball.

“Damn it! Why didn’t you say that your stomach was hurting earlier? Silly girl.” Gently reproaching her, Vincent then picked her up and put her down onto the bed.

He then picked up his phone and dialed a number, “Hey! Manager Billy, could you get Dr. Cian to come over!”

“There’s no need for a doctor...” Leila immediately took his arm, “I just need to lie down! I haven’t eaten anything so could you get someone to bring up some food for me!”

Vincent frowned, “Are you sure you don’t need a doctor?”

“Yes! There’s no need!” Her stomach problem was a chronic illness. In the past, her mother, due to her work wasn’t able to look after her. Therefore, whenever she was hungry like this after not eating for so long, her stomach got like this. It was just some stomach inflammation, and once she had eaten something, she would usually be fine by the evening.

“Get someone to bring over some food, some nutritious porridge, something soft and suitable for someone with stomach discomfort. Yes, get the restaurant to prepare it immediately and send it to my suite! Also, could you get someone to come and clean my room?”

As he put down the phone, he then looked at her with concern, “When did it start hurting?”

“Just now... but now it’s already a lot better!” She climbed into the bed and really did feel a little better.

“You didn’t eat anything for dinner this evening?”

“No!”

Her face dimmed slightly.

“Why didn’t you eat anything?”

“I didn’t feel like it!” She whispered.

“Why is that?” He seemed a little surprised.

“I wasn’t in the mood to eat. And seeing you... ushering your son, I just wasn’t in the mood.” She was just stating the facts, however as she spoke her stomach began to growl a few times.

Vincent pursed his lips together but was smiling slightly.

Knock...Knock...

There was then the sound of a knock on the door. Vincent went over to open the door and she saw the waiters come in with the plates. There were six waiters in total. Each of them was carrying two or three plates and bowls each.

“Sir, here we have some noodles and some porridge, we weren’t sure which flavour you wanted, so we prepared some extra to choose from.”

“Just put them down and then leave! Have one person dispose of the garbage on the floor and remember to clean up the broken glass!” Vincent said solemnly.

“Of course!”

As the last waiter who had cleaned up the broken glass shards finally left, Vincent then picked up a bowl of hot seafood porridge and brought it over to her. “Have some of this first.”

The food really did smell very nice, and since she was hungry, she was eager to eat something. But because he was holding the porridge in front of her, she didn’t get up immediately and instead just tried to sit up.”

However, Vincent stopped her and said, “Just stay lying down and don’t move. I’ll feed you.”

Her eyes widened in astonishment and her stomach cramped again, “It’s ok, I’ll do it myself.”

“Just lie down!” His tone was rather domineering which made her unable to refuse. He then sat down on the bed next to her, took a spoonful of porridge, blew on it a few times, and then fed it into her mouth.

### **Chapter 300 - A Moment in Destiny**

“I...” She was startled but not in a hurry to eat. She was feeling awkward and uncomfortable. The way he was made her feel restless.

“Not eating? Unless you want me to use another way to feed you?” He raised his eyebrows wickedly.

“Another way?” Leila did not understand for a while.

Vincent instantly replied, “Mouth to mouth!”

“What...” Leila blushed and crimsoned to her ears. She immediately opened her little mouth and ate the porridge. As she was about to pick up the bowl with her hand but he took it away.

“As I said, I’ll feed you. Don’t move, if you chock, I have to do artificial respiration!”

“Ah!” Her stomach felt pain. Why did he always want to tease her? Why did he always start teasing right after he was mad at her? She just realized that she did not truly know him well.

It was unsure that if this was a love promised from the previous life or the debts owed in this life. Such an entanglement for the past few years made her unable to hide the feeling of hesitation and sadness in her heart, it seemed to be a faint trace. A faint melancholy swept across her heart as it left with a soft sigh. She finally said nothing as she looked at him.

He moved closer, and she could smell the scent of body wash and mixed of tobacco on his body. It felt like a warm breeze which slowly soothed her stomachache.

“Not eating? Do you feel full after looking at me? Am I good-looking? His playful voice made her lower her head quickly and took a small bite of the porridge that he fed her.

Vincent stared at her, his voice was tepid, “What if the child was mine, what would you do?”

“I...” Leila stared closely at the button of his shirt. She spoke gently, “I want to divorce.”

Vincent went silent for a moment. He asked softly, “What if the child wasn’t mine?”

“Really?” She was stunned for a while. She used her little hand to squeeze her stomach under the quilt. She took a deep breath and replied calmly, “My sister mentions that this is your biological son!”

Vincent showed a stern face but it seemed gentle under the light. He muttered, “Can’t you ask yourself?”

There was a glimpse of hope, Leila raised her head.

“Why don’t you verify with me?” He asked back.

“Would you answer if I ask?” Leila replied politely.

He put the bowl back on the coffee table. He did not rush back as he sat down on the sofa. Leila saw his head resting on the sofa.

He took out a cigarette from his suit and lit up a stick casually.

Leila sat up from the bed and had some porridge. Her stomach did not hurt that much as there was some food. She was waiting for him to say something but he did not.

The smell of tobacco floated in the suite and the smoke curled up the room. She heard him saying, “That’s my child!”

There was like a buzzing sound in her head. Leila felt pain in her heart again. She slowly lowered her head as she was startled.

“Although he is not my biological child!” He continued. “But he is better than a biological one.”

Leila was feeling lost. She felt like being brought back from hell to heaven. She slowly raised her head and looked at Vincent on the sofa. He also looked back.

Then she saw a trace of sadness flashed in Vincent’s eyes. He continued, “About the child, don’t ask anymore. That’s all that I can say. Besides, the video is the last copy. I will not threaten you anymore. It is impossible to divorce. At least it wouldn’t come out from you, this is my bottom line. I hope that you don’t cross over it! I’m going to take a shower!”

He put out the cigarette in the ashtray as he finished talking and walked towards the bathroom.

Leila was feeling dull on the bed as she looked down at her little hand which was being bandaged by him. The gauze pad was neat, she felt warm and lifted as she put a smile on her lips. It was like a sun that rose from the gloomy weather after a long time.

She quickly laid down and covered her little face with the quilt. She secretly smiled under it.



He said so much for the first time, it was also the first time he talked so much about himself. He would not even threaten her again saying that the child was not his biological son!

Perhaps this was a good start, wasn't it?

Compared to last time, he did not say anything but what happened to that unfamiliar kidnapper? When Leila thought of it, she felt depressed for a while. He asked her to leave Mr. White!

But now everything seemed like a good start that she did not want to leave him anymore!

The sound of running water came from the bathroom. After a while, Vincent finished his shower and wrapped his lower body in a bath towel, and walked out.

Leila pulled down the quilt in panic. She heard him asking, "Does your stomach still hurt?"

She suddenly raised her head and saw him walking towards her. He had an inverted triangular model figure. He was tall and slender without a single trace of fat on his body. He was not completely muscular but with the perfect proportion of muscles. His thick hair stuck on his face while some water dripped from his hair. His eyes were bright. He had a unique and charming aura that could make anyone's heartbeat fast.

Leila gazed for a while and immediately faced another direction vacillatingly. "It doesn't hurt anymore!"

"There is some food on the coffee table, just eat some more!" He muttered and walked to the closet to get his clothes.

Leila looked down at her clothes, it was a little dirty.

While she was lying on this bed, compared to herself with this luxurious big bed, she felt depressed. She carefully glanced at Vincent and found out that he was changing his clothes. She instantly blushed.

She got out of the bed and walked towards the bathroom.

Vincent changed into his comfortable pyjamas. He did not see Leila when he turned around. The sound of running water coming out from the bathroom made him feel shocked for a while. As he looked at the bathroom door, he walked towards the sofa and lit another cigarette. Something suddenly reminded him, he quickly stood up and walked to the door of the bathroom. He muttered, "Don't let the wound touches the water!"

The sound of running water suddenly stopped in the bathroom while Leila's heart beat very fast.

"Can you hear me?"

"Oh! I know!" She replied politely. She smiled as the wound already touched some water.

Vincent moved back to the sofa. After he finished smoking, Leila walked out while wearing a bathrobe. Her little figure inside the bathrobe made her look delicate. This could make everyone unable to resist but to take good care of her.

Vincent glanced for a while, it felt like something sliding through his throat. He quickly diverted his gaze and said, "Change your clothes and let's go eat something!"

“Oh!” Leila quickly took some clothes. She changed into a long dress which was prepared by him before. He returned to the sofa. As he sat down, she carefully raised her head and looked at him.

As she saw him eating, his posture was very elegant and quiet when he was eating. There was no sound, he looked noble as if he was from a royal family.

“Eat!” He said.

“Okay!” She immediately picked up the bowl and realized that it was a healthy porridge. It had a refreshing taste, and it was very delicious.

Vincent was not talking as both were eating with their heads down.

“Get me a bottle of water!” Vincent lowered his head as he said.

“Okay!” Leila put down her bowl and stood up to get him a bottle of water. When she came back and put the bottle of water in front of Vincent, he was still focusing on eating his noodle. Leila did not say anything. She continued to lower her head. She just wanted to eat and sleep after that because she needed to send some clothes to Arthur. She lowered her head but she did not know that Vincent’s sharp eyes were looking at her.

According to Vincent, he really could not see through this woman. If she was being negligent, why did she have such an innocent pair of eyes?

If she was not being negligent, she gave her first time to someone but she could not tell who the person was! She did not have any boyfriend for the past few years except Theodore whom can be considered as an ambiguous boyfriend.

Last night when he looked for her, he did not see her at all. In the end, he finally got a call from the security saying that she went back. As he was excited to go downstairs and went there but he received a call again that she went out again. He was feeling mad for a while but almost lost his mind.

He was a man, a businessman. It was not good to lose his mind on something. But many things were unavoidable to make him feel furious, especially her first time.

God knew that this annoyed him so much. In his heart, the important thing about a woman was not about how clean she was but the integrity and dignity she had. Didn’t she have any?

Although the aura that was coming out from her was clean and natural, he could not explain what was going on.

Leila quickly finished her porridge and prepared to stand up. She raised her head and saw a pair of sharp eyes staring at her. She was surprised and blushed a little because she felt touched by the way he stared at her. As she felt some messages from his eyes, her heartbeat seemed like missing a few beats. At this moment, there was a sense of emotion that she could not understand but it made people feel worried.

“I’m done!” She said gently.

“I’m done too!” Vincent withdrew his gaze, he stood up and took a cigarette to the bed. He was half lying on the bed with a cigarette in his hand.

Leila was startled. Was she going to sleep with him tonight? She hesitated for a while.

Vincent turned his eyes around at her, she was showing her pure shyness. He immediately felt that something was wrong with him.

Leila stood rigidly beside the sofa and said awkwardly, "I'll sleep on the sofa!"

"Come here!" Vincent took a puff and patted on the seat lightly beside him.

Leila was shocked for a moment. There was a pair of big eyes staring at her and she was completely blushed. She was hesitant to go over. She couldn't move as she was afraid.

There was an unknown feeling from his eyes. The child was not his. He said that the child was not his and she just believed him indescribably. He said that he would no longer threaten her. She seemed to relax much more. She did not seem to resist him that much but she still could not sleep on the same bed with him.

"I'm not going to eat you!" He said again as he was showing a trace of impatience.

Leila was still afraid.

He finally got impatient, so he just got out of bed. He walked barefoot over to catch and put her on the bed.

As she laid down on the bed. Just a snap, he pressed the remote control and turned off the lights in the entire room.

"Mr. White..." She sounded rushed and tense.

At this moment, she was feeling so nervous and frightened.

He used his strengths and dragged her into his arms. He hugged her.

"Mr. White..." She yelled gently and was somewhat afraid of what would happen next.

In the dark, her eyes were exceptionally clear and bright which crashed into his sight.

Vincent lowered his head and kissed her lips lingeringly. She was startled as his tongue already slipped into her mouth. Leila weakly grasped the bedsheet with both of her hands.

This kiss was different, she did not know why. Leila was different, it seemed to be mixed with some complicated feelings in it. She felt that the kiss was pure and it did not make her feel so upset. Although her body still felt tight, it seemed to reveal some feelings of desire.

"Does your stomach still hurt?" She could hear him asking in the dark. His lips were pressed against her cheeks.

Leila shook her head. She felt better after eating the porridge.