

## **Destiny 301**

### **Chapter 301 - A Moment in Destiny**

"Eat on time from now on!" He added, "Eat on time if you don't want to get a stomach ache!"

Leila's heart suddenly tightened, was he concerned about her?

"Sleep tight!" He said again.

She was stunned for a moment and nodded. However, she didn't close her eyes, and in the darkness, her big eyes flickered as she looked at him timidly.

"Sleep now!" He said in a deep voice, closing his own eyes first.

Because of the pain in her stomach, Leila had tossed and turned for a while. She was now exhausted, so she closed her eyes after him and fell asleep in his arms.

If you looked closely over, at this moment, you would find that the two people lying on the luxurious king-size bed were so well matched, their bodies were so well fitted, so dazzlingly beautiful.

Without knowing how long it had been, but when Leila woke up, the suite was still dark. She opened her eyes, not responding for a moment. The person sleeping next to her moved, and she was awoken with a start, opened her eyes wide, jerked her head up, and her lips, coincidentally, touched with Vincent's.

Her body stiffened, and she felt Vincent open his mouth, like a beast that had been starving for days and had suddenly spotted its prey. All at once he tightened his grip on Leila...

She was so exhausting!

This was because this passion lasted until the early hours. It wasn't until dawn that he finally released his essence, then he tenderly hugged her again and continued to demand her body, not stopping to ask her if it hurt!

It didn't hurt anymore!

She just felt uncomfortable all over, as if her bones were falling apart!

When he was finally satisfied, he let go of her. Almost at the same time, Leila fell asleep.

As a result, when she woke up again, it was already twelve o'clock noon.

As soon as she opened my eyes, she saw the sun blazing outside the window.

"Ah-" She jolted awake and sat up, with her whole body aching.

The room was no longer with the presence of Vincent; she didn't know where he had gone, but most likely he had gone to the office.

Leila got up and felt something wrong with her hand. She brought her hand up to her eyes and saw that the small wound on her palm had been replaced with an adhesive bandage, which was probably put on by him while she was asleep again.

Her heart warmed up as she got up and got out of bed.

Her body was exhausted, but her heart felt warm and relaxed.

When she went to the bathroom to take a shower and passed by the sofa, she saw breakfast on the dining table, and last night's plates had been put away. She walked to the dining table, lowered her head and found an A4 printout on the table. On it were some vigorous words written with the black pen: Get up and have breakfast, I'm going to the office! Then the note ended with one letter, V!

There was only one letter 'V' and no name.

Leila looked at the note and felt even warmer inside. The corners of her lips couldn't help but curl up. He was really attentive, and she clenched her hand, which had the adhesive bandage he'd put on it.

Vincent was still not a fickle man, he was just heartless to Macey. He was still the same Mr. White with a bright smile, but when would his warm and bright smile return to his face again?

And what kind of feelings did she really have for Vincent?

She thought, 'Mr. White! When I gave myself to you last night, I didn't feel any regret!'

She only knew the true thoughts in her heart and she had no regrets about last night's intercourse at all.

It was just that she couldn't choose between her dad and him, even though she might be a pawn for them. She wasn't in a position to choose anyone either, because her dad and Mr. White both treated her as a pawn. Putting on a self-deprecating smile, Leila never knew she had such a role to play. Thinking about it, the mood that had taken a long time to improve was low again.

"Mr. White, although I don't know what you want or what your so-called irreconcilable hatred is, from today on, I hope I can heal the wounds in your heart!" She said silently in her heart.

After taking a shower, she changed into another long dress. Thinking that she hadn't yet returned the shirt to Arthur, she looked around for it; however, it was actually gone!

Leila froze, could it be that he asked someone to throw it away?

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She searched for a long time but still couldn't find the shirt.

The shirt had been damaged by her when she was washing it, and now it was even lost. It seemed that she really had to compensate the shirt to Arthur.

At noon, Leila went home.

When she entered, Mabel was cleaning the living room, and she immediately smiled with joy as soon as she saw Leila's return. "Leila, you're back? Why do you come back at noon? Where is Vincent?"

"Mom, is Dad home?" Leila glanced at the stairs.

"Your dad just called and said he'll be back for lunch. What's wrong? Are you looking for your dad for something?"

"Nothing, I just want to ask if he is home!" Leila shook her head.

"What happened to you yesterday? Did you and Vincent have a falling-out?" Mabel asked again when she saw that Vincent didn't come with her.

"Mom, how could I fight with Mr. White? We have a good relationship and he treats me very well. He loves me very much and spoils me. Look at the dress I'm wearing, he bought it for me!" Leila said with a smile, not wanting Mabel to worry about her. In front of Mabel, she always reported her good news but not the bad.

"It's really beautiful!" Mabel smiled, but then got worried. "This dress must be very expensive, right? Leila, although Vincent is one of the most powerful businessmen in F City, his money doesn't fall from the sky, you still have to be frugal. It's not easy for a woman to be a good wife, you must be cautious and careful! Don't let Vincent annoy you, and don't follow the example of women who are the big spenders. You must do everything in moderation! Understand?"

"Mom! I got it!" Leila reached out and wrapped her arms around Mabel's neck. "I understand all that you said, but what can I do with this dress? I can't return it, right?"

"Silly daughter, mommy is hoping that you will pay more attention in the future! A good woman has to help her man keep his wealth, understand?" Mabel smiled with great satisfaction.

Leila could tell that Mabel was happy from the bottom of her heart. Mabel's thoughts were always so simple, and she was always so easily satisfied. She was now living a happy life.

"I got it!" That was all she could do to comfort Mabel. She didn't want Mabel to worry about her situation, but on second thought, she was still worried. As the two of them were talking, there was a sound from the door.

"It must be your dad coming back!"

Brian didn't seem to be surprised by Leila's arrival. When he entered through the door and saw Leila, he handed his briefcase to Mabel. "Leila, you're here!"

"Yeah!" Leila took a deep breath. She had decided to ask for clarification. If she didn't, how could she solve these things?

"Let's go to the study room. Mabel, make some of Leila's favorite food and we'll come out soon. I'm going to talk to her about work for a while!"

"Okay! You guys go ahead!"

The study room.

Leila closed the door and turned to look at Brian, who was sitting behind the desk.

He was already fifty years old, but looked unusually young and only had the appearance of being in his forties. He was extremely well maintained, with no pot belly, a slender body, and a very elegant appearance.

This was the man that Mabel had loved all her life, and also her father. Mabel would rather be a mistress for the rest of her life, just because of him!

"Just say what you want to ask!" Brian said.

Leila nodded. "What's going on between you and Mr. White?"

"What could be going on between me and him?"

"Aren't you going to tell me?" Leila stared at him and simply got straight to the point. "Is it true that you and he have an irreconcilable grudge?"

"He told you so?" The expression on Brian's face was calm. "Since he has told you, why do you need to ask me?"

"He only said he had an irreconcilable grudge against you, but for what exactly? Did you kill his father?" Leila really didn't want to think so, but Mr. White obviously wouldn't lie.

"Do I look like a murderer?" Brian asked softly with calmness in his eyes, his eyes looking quietly into Leila's. "You're my daughter, but you'd rather trust him than me?"

"Should I believe Dad?" Leila asked rhetorically.

"You've really been assimilated since you married Vincent, and you've become ruthless in your speech!"

"Dad wants me to marry Mr. White and wants him to fall in love with me for your own sake, right? To dissolve this hatred?"

"Sort of!" Brian smiled faintly. "Leila, Daddy just wants to tell you one thing today, Vincent's father is my best brother and is indeed dead. If I were a murderer, I wouldn't be sitting here. Don't take some things at face value, the truth lies at the bottom of the well!"

"You mean you didn't kill Mr. White's father, then why does he hate you so much?" Leila's tone was harsh.

"Is this the attitude you should speak to me with?" Brian said in an emphatic tone too.

"I want to know the truth!" Leila looked straight into Brian's eyes. "If you don't owe him anything, why do you have to put up with him in silence? For Macey's video, you can simply call the police to arrest him, and it's completely unnecessary for our family to be threatened, but you chose to be threatened instead."

"You also chose to be threatened, didn't you? Leila?"

Leila jolted, and yes, she chose to be threatened without reporting it to the police.

"In what capacity do you think you are standing here talking to me and questioning me? You've fallen in love with Vincent when he was still in love with Macey, and I just did a favor and let you marry him as you wished, you should be grateful to me instead of questioning me here!"

Buzz — —

For a moment, Leila froze. "You, how do you know about this?"

That was the secret she had been hiding for so long!

"As I told you, you're my daughter and we share the same blood!" Brian crossed his arms and sat down on the executive chair. "When your love is satisfied, you inevitably have to sacrifice Macey's love! She is no longer qualified to continue with Vincent, I just let you stay with your beloved as you wish, am I wrong to do so?"

Leila was really dumbfounded, she didn't think her crush on Mr. White would be discovered by Brian. She thought no one would know because she hid it so deeply, she never dared to cross the line and would only watch him secretly. She didn't expect that Brian would read her mind.

"Does it have anything to do with the fact that there is hatred between you and him?" Leila calmed down and continued the question she had just asked, she couldn't be diverted from the topic.

"Don't try to ask anything, you'll be happy when you don't know the truth, but once you do, you'll suffer for the rest of your life. And the truth is cruel, you may not be able to bear it!"

"Does this have anything to do with me?" Leila snorted coldly. "Dad, you're saying all this to cover up your own guilt, you've been shirking your responsibilities, haven't you? Even if you weren't the one who killed Mr. White's father, you should still have something to do with his death, right?"

"Are you so sure that his death has something to do with me?" Brian smiled coldly. "Then I'll tell you his name! Eric White, your father-in-law's name!"

"Eric!" Leila repeated, frowning slightly, Mr. White's father was named Eric? This name was too familiar, as if she had heard it somewhere!

"Yes, you just have to remember that I always do things with a clear conscience. I do feel guilty about Vincent, but I didn't kill his father! That's what I'm going to tell you, and whether you believe it or not, that's it!"

"How can I trust you? You're the one who said personally that you are using me? You've chosen your career between your family and your career, what do you expect me to say? Am I supposed to believe you? You traded my marriage for a piece of evidence, what is that evidence?"

"My official career is indeed more important than you, or even your mom. Compared to the official career, our whole family is nothing, even if I sacrifice the whole Hunter family, I still have to preserve this position, and this is what we owe to Eric!" Brian said in a deep voice, then stood up. "That's all I should say, but as for the rest, it's up to you. If you don't want to acknowledge me as your father, then don't, but for the sake of your happiness, you better make Vincent fall in love with you!"

"Us?" Leila frowned.

"What do you mean by us?"

"Yes, you are included too!" Brian looked at Leila with an incomparably serious expression.

Leila froze, "What do you mean by including me? It seems to me that every word you say is an excuse for yourself."

"Whatever you think, I'm hungry and I want to eat!" Brian turned around and headed outside.

"I'll check it out!" Leila shouted hurriedly.

"You'll know the truth sooner or later, take your time to find it out for yourself, just don't be too surprised when you know the truth!" Brian said as he opened the door and walked out.

Leila couldn't understand exactly what Brian meant, and she was shocked that he actually knew that she loved Mr. White. Taking a deep breath, she walked out as well.

In the end, she still didn't stay for dinner and left the Hunter family.

Eric, this name kept flashing in her mind, over and over again!

Then she turned and walked into a cybercafé. She just had an intuition that this name belonged to a celebrity.

When Leila searched the words "Eric" from the computer webpage, she was stunned!

Eric, who was born in X year X month, was the mayor of F City fifteen years ago, which was the position Brian held now! One month after taking office, he committed suicide, and was only thirty-five years old when he died. About Eric's death, the reason was still a mystery to this day, no one knew why he committed suicide.

This name, which she had seen on the back of an old photo at home, suddenly came to her mind when she saw Eric's photo on the web page.

Technically, Mr. White didn't look like his dad, but probably more like his mom.

Eric was also very handsome, but his handsomeness was of a different type. His eyes seemed to carry so much melancholy that Leila almost thought he had depression as soon as she saw his picture.

He was dead by suicide? And the reason had remained a mystery to this day?!

Yes, no one knew why he committed suicide. He had just taken office for a month and was at the height of his career yet he committed suicide.

Leila couldn't understand, if it was a suicide, what did it have to do with Brian?

Brian said their family owed Mr. White their current status. She just couldn't figure it out.

It turned out that Mr. White had lost his father fifteen years ago, yet what did he mean when he said he had a fatherless childhood? Could it be because he had a father before he was ten years old but never received his love and care, like she did?

Feeling a pang of sadness, she closed the webpage and fell into a deep thought. Since he had committed suicide, what was the reason for his suicide?

Although it was impossible to get any valid information on the web page, it let her know that Mr. White was unfortunate. Her heart ached again at the thought that fifteen years ago, he was only in his teens.

How could he bear the shock of losing his father? This was completely different from never knowing a father. The most unfortunate thing in life is to lose a father as a teenager, but Mr. White...

**Chapter 302 - A Moment in Destiny**

After getting on the bus, Leila didn't know where she was heading to. Then she arrived at the terminal station -- the golf course in the eastern suburbs. The driver called her, "Excuse me, Miss. We've arrived."

It was not until then did Leila return to her senses and found that she had got on a bus unconsciously. She arrived at an unknown place along with the bus. The landscapes of the eastern suburbs were quite beautiful and there was a luxurious golf course. Leila got off the bus, sitting on the bench below the stop board, lost in her memories far back in the past.

Back then, she first met Mr. White, a sunshine young man. He was standing next to her sister, and her sister proudly announced to everyone that he was her boyfriend. Then in every evening, she would show off to her how nice, gentle, and considerate he was.

She must start admiring Mr. White in secret back then. However, it was her secret only and nobody knew about it. While she was thinking about it, her eyes suddenly became reddened, tears falling...

All of a sudden, there was a bottle of water appearing in front of her. She turned around and saw a blurred face with her tearful eyes, only to find that his eyes were ink-black and deep.

Without taking over the water bottle, she just said thanks to the person. However, the person didn't leave. Leila wiped off her tears in a daze. Suddenly, she gaped and stood up immediately. "Mr., Mr. White?"

"What are you doing here?" Vincent asked in a deep voice.

He came over to play golf with his client. When he drove passing here, he saw her get off the bus. If it weren't that it's a rural place or she was wearing the dress that was picked by him in person, he wouldn't take a look at an unknown woman. With a glance, he directly pulled over.

Then from afar, he could see her shedding tears as if she was in outer space and she was sitting below the stop board. Then he took a bottle and got off the car.

"I took the wrong bus and went past the stop, so I arrived here," Leila said in a low voice, looking down.

"What are you crying for?" Looking at her pitiful face, he couldn't help frowning.

What could she answer? She had no guts to tell him the truth.

She looked up gingerly, seeing his good-looking face with delicate features, black hair, gray business casual suit, and white trousers. He stood in front of her casually, emanating the deadly attractiveness.

Leila said in a soft tone, "Because I went past the stop."

Seemingly she had learned how to lie. She could easily find a reason to shed tears.

"Well, Mr. White, why are you here?"

His lips curled up. "You were crying because you went past the stop, weren't you?"

Leila felt somewhat awkward and didn't know what to say. She wanted to explain to him but couldn't find the right words. She cried because she had met him and recalled his lonely youth, which was the

same as hers. Hence, she could only twitch her mouth corners in embarrassment. "Yeah, I'm just so stupid."

Vincent's eyes became sharp immediately. Then he asked, "Have you had lunch yet?"

Leila hesitated, then shook her head.

Vincent frowned. Casting a glance of the golf course's location, he pulled out the phone. "Hello, Arthur. I have something to deal with. Please accompany Monty and his team. I'll not go in there."

Then he hung up the phone and said to her, "I'll send you home."

"I can take the bus to go back. I know you're quite busy." Actually, she truly wanted to take the initiative and hugged him, telling him that she would accompany him from now on. No matter what threat she would receive, as long as he needed her, she could accompany him always.

"Let's go." He reached out to grab her hand.

She was taken aback, raising her head. He was staring at her, and seemingly something was suppressed in his eyes. He looked down at her with a sharp and cold gaze. When meeting his eyes, she just felt that the man in front of her had a trace of deep sorrow in his eyes.

He had done a good job to hide the sorrow, but she still discovered it when looking into his eyes.

They were standing so close to each other, but she felt that the distance between them was quite far. Near or far, she couldn't tell.

Leila blinked, worry appearing in her eyes. She held his hand back gently and asked in a soft tone, "Mr. White, do you feel a pain in your heart?"

He raised his eyebrows slightly, and seemingly he didn't understand why she asked such a question. At the same time, he had to admit that his heart feeling hurt so much. But it only happened occasionally, like just now.

He didn't answer her, pulling her into the car.

Then he sat on the driver's seat and passed a bottle of water to her. "Take some water. Your lips are so dry as a cat's ass!"

Leila felt that she blushed instantly. A cat's ass? How embarrassing!

Vincent tilted his head slightly and cast a glance at her. Seeing that she felt embarrassed, he curled up his lips. Then he concentrated on the road ahead. The car turned around and headed towards the direction where the villa of NT Mountain was.

Right then, Leila's phone suddenly rang in her bag. Leila pulled it out, feeling puzzled. It was a call from an unknown number. She swiped to answer, and Vivienne's voice was heard. "Hello, Lexi. Are you coming to the taekwondo gymnasium this afternoon?"

"Oh, I see. Vivienne, I'll be there. See you in the afternoon!" Leila deliberately mentioned the caller's name. She didn't want to let Vincent know that she was learning taekwondo. It was because she wanted



to deal with him, but now she felt a bit guilty and she was also afraid that he would get angry after knowing.

“Are you going out this afternoon?” Vincent raised his eyebrows. Looking at his watch, it was already three o’clock, and she wanted to go out. He had dumped his client to accompany her, but she would go out. Vincent couldn’t explain why he felt somewhat upset after she answered a call.

Putting away her phone, Leila nodded. She said, “I’ll join a workout team. I’ll spend two hours every afternoon for the workout.”

“Oh!” He was a bit surprised. He was stunned for a few seconds, and then he said, “It’s good for you. You’re too bony.”

He didn’t oppose it, did he?

“Don’t you oppose me to work out?” She was a bit startled.

“Why would I?”

“That’s good then.” Leila breathed a sigh of relief. Leaning against the back of the seat, she laughed so joyfully, “I thought you would oppose. Unexpectedly you didn’t. Mr. White, it’s so nice of you! Ho ho...”

“Everyone has his or her own space. Am I that unreasonable?” Vincent cast a glance at Leila. The gratefulness and excitement shown on her pleased him completely.

He enjoyed seeing Leila behave like a spoiled little woman and the admiration in her eyes when she was looking at him.

“Not really. It was because you used to be ... I dare not to tell you, afraid that you didn’t agree.” Leila was quite surprised. Did it mean that he started to be considerate to others?

“You can tell me in the future. If it’s a proper one, you can go.”

“Really? All right. I’ll definitely tell you everything!” Leila was extremely delighted, going overexcited.

“By the way, is it OK if you don’t go to work?”

“No problem!” He uttered two words. Vincent was always no so talkative.

“Okay.” Leila thought for a while then added, “You can drop me off downtown. I’ll go to Pearl Community. I’ll go back home in the evening.”

Vincent was silent. The car was heading to Pearl Community. Arriving at the entrance of the residence area, Vincent pulled over at the entrance of a supermarket. When Leila was about to get off, he said, “Go to buy some ingredients. I haven’t had lunch, either.”

“Ah--” Leila was taken aback. “Why didn’t you have lunch? Were you quite busy in the morning so you didn’t have time to eat? I’ll go to buy some ingredients now. I’ll prepare the lunch after going home.”

She hurriedly got off and rushed to buy the ingredients. Sitting in the car, Vincent watched her rush into the supermarket, a trace of amusement flashing through his eyes. It flashed extremely fast.

When Leila came back, she had a bag of food and ingredients in her hands. Panting, she sat in the car again. "Hurry up! Are you starved? What do you want to eat? I've bought a lot of food. I can cook them for you."

Vincent started the engine and drove the car to the downstairs of Leila's apartment. They went upstairs. After opening the door, Leila put the bag of food on the table and hung her handbag. Then she walked into the kitchen with the food and ingredients. She asked again since he hadn't answered yet, "What do you want to eat the most?"

Vincent walked over and followed her into the kitchen. Then he held her from behind. Leila panicked, blushing. His big hands wrapped around her slender waist, pushing her against his body. He said, "I want to eat you."

"Ah!" Leila's face was reddened, feeling embarrassed and awkward. "Mr., Mr. White... I... I'll cook."

He made her stammered.

However, Vincent only held her in his arms, pressing his chin on her shoulder. Then he opened his mouth to bite her earlobe. He asked ambiguously, "Does it still hurt for last night?"

"Ah--" Leila exclaimed, her ears blushing as well.

"Does it still hurt?" he asked again. Since she didn't answer, he suddenly bit her earlobe again as if it was a punishment. "Answer me!"

"No! It doesn't hurt anymore!" Leila growled, the strength of her whole body draining off. A strange heat attacked her, making her legs weakened.

She found that she couldn't hold it on at all, so she twisted her body. However, he held her more tightly. She could feel that his arms tightly wrapping around her waist as vines.

Their bodies clinging to each other seamlessly.

"Mr. White, let me cook first!" she exclaimed while panting. Then she felt his breathing changed and something hard on his lower abdomen was against her bottom.

"No-- Mr. White--"

The next second, her face was forcible turned over to face Vincent's smiling handsome face. One of his hands pinched her chin. "We'll have enough strength to cook only after getting full. What do you think?"

His voice was quite slight but his breath exhaled onto her face was extremely hot.

He gradually released her but still gazed at her. There was a trace of dangerous light flashing through his evil and pretty eyes.

Of course, Leila got what he meant by "getting full".

"Well... Wait a moment. We, we can wait after I've finished cooking..." Leila became a bit frightened and didn't know what to do while feeling so shy. She wanted to tell him that it was more important to have lunch.

However, the next second, she was drowned in Vincent's passionate kiss. Their lips and teeth tangled with each other's. His god-like face enlarged in front of her. Although she had slept with him before, she still felt dizzy.

He was so overbearing. She wondered if she had to let him get whatever he wanted whenever and wherever he had the desire. She pushed him gingerly and didn't want to do it in the daytime.

"How dare you push me?" His eyes were darkened. Holding her more tightly, while feeling her resistance, the most primitive desire swelled in an instant. He attacked her attractive red lips without any hesitation, biting and torturing them. "This is the punishment for you."

Feeling that her head span dizzily, Leila couldn't dodge the hot kiss that could burn everything down. Whenever she resisted, the man's desire was aroused more. When his strong hand stroke over her body, bring her the feel of electric current, she trembled. She wanted to struggle, but she failed to use her strength.

### **Chapter 303 - A Moment in Destiny**

"The more you struggle... the more I want to get you..." Vincent smiled evilly, deepening the passionate kiss. Leila almost couldn't breathe under his wild kiss. At the same time, his big hands were restless.

"Please don't..." Leila's refusal sounded like she was playing hard to get to Vincent. His eyes became deeper and the fire of desire on him became stronger because of it. It felt like that the air around them was also on fire, the scent of sex becoming stronger and stronger.

"Leila, tell me you want it." Leila's mouth was forced open again. Vincent's tongue got in nimbly, making her unable to breathe as usual. She couldn't only let him get whatever he wanted again and again.

The temperature kept rising. His black eyes became dim and bright from time to time, full of an indescribable feeling.

He carried her in his arms and walked out of the kitchen. In the dining room, he put her on the dining table and skillfully took off her clothes...

"Mr. White-- I... I..." she stammered, only to find that she couldn't speak properly.

Ignoring her, he pulled out his hot tongue and licked her neck gently. Leila's body became tightened suddenly. It tickled and made her uncomfortable, and her heart skipped a beat.

She was in a panic. Awkwardly, she suggested, "Can you wait after I've cooked?"

"But you are more delicious than the food," Vincent said in a hoarse voice, which sounded so ambiguous. He tasted Leila's fragrance without scruple. Obsessively, he kissed every inch of her skin. Although he made love to her several times last night and this morning, he still tasted her curved figure lovingly. How he wished to rub her into his body and make two become one...

Hence, on the small dining table, Vincent stripped Leila brazenly. When her blouse was stripped and tossed away, Leila was shocked and weakened without any strength.

“Mr. White--” Leila called him in a soft and weak tone.

She couldn’t do anything when facing his strong desire.

However, his eyes were full of some kind of strength. Bending down his head, he gave a bunch of hot kisses along her collarbones. He said in a husky whisper, “Shush! Don’t move. Let me love you!”

Vincent’s words startled Leila. She wondered if that was sweet talk...

Right then--

The lock on the door seemed to be turned. Leila’s body was stiffened in an instant...

Vincent also sensed something wrong.

“It’s my mom,” Leila said in a low voice. She got up from the table immediately. Only her mother had a key.

Vincent’s eyes became sharp, and unhappiness flashed through his eyes. He felt extremely annoyed to be interrupted. He picked her up and acted so quickly that surprised Leila. Then he grabbed the striped blouse, pressed it into her arms, and carried her into the kitchen.

The door was opened.

Mabel frowned in confusion. “Oh? Has Leila come back?”

Vincent and Leila were both in the kitchen, and the latter’s face was as ruby as a potato.

Vincent was expressionless, vexation flashing through his eyes. He tightened up his clothes and whispered to Leila, “I’ll go out first. Come out soon.”

“Okay.” Leila lowered her head with a reddened face, putting on her clothes in a panic.

When Mabel was about to call Leila’s name, Vincent walked out.

“Oops!” Mabel was startled. “Oh, Vincent?”

“It’s me, Mom. Why are you here?” Vincent smiled slightly.

Mabel looked in the direction where the kitchen was and blinked, seemingly she had understood something. “Is Leila in the kitchen?”

“Yes.” Vincent nodded. “Leila and I haven’t had lunch yet, so we came here to cook.”

“Oh! I came in at a bad timing!” Mabel felt a bit embarrassed. She was idle in the afternoon, so she decided to come over to clean up. Much to her surprised, she saw Vincent, and Leila still hadn’t come out at this time. She was an experienced hand, so she immediately understood what was going on. “Vincent, I suddenly recalled that I still have something to deal with now. Please hurry up and have lunch with Leila. I’ve got to go.”

Hence, Mabel walked out in embarrassment.

Vincent walked her to the door. “Mom, shall I drive you over?”

“No! No, thanks, Vincent,” Mabel immediately refused, feeling so embarrassed. “Hurry up and cook! I’ll come here to clean up the house the other day.”

She decided to call Leila ahead if she would come over again in the future to avoid encountering such a thing again. Judging from Vincent’s look, they must be making love just now.

“Go back, Vincent!” Mabel waved at him again and closed the door for him, and then went downstairs.

Vincent stood at the door, took a deep breath in depression. When he turned around, he saw Leila standing behind him not far away with a blushed face. “Has my mother left?”

“Yes.” Vincent glinted at Leila, feeling somewhat irritated. He picked up his phone. “Hello! Find me a locksmith company and bring me a set lock for the security door. I need it in Pearl Community. Yeah. Call me when the locksmith arrives.”

“Mr. White, do, do you want to change the lock?” Leila gaped at the depressed Vincent.

“Do you have any opposite opinion?” Vincent’s tone was quite impatient. Did she want him to pause the half-way again when this happened next time? In that case, his joystick would become useless in the future, totally doomed.

After finishing his words, he cast a sharp glance at Leila.

“No! I don’t oppose it!” Leila shook her head in a daze. She didn’t have the guts to be against him. “I’ll go cook.”

Immediately, she ran back to the kitchen. She blushed again. Her mother had interrupted them. Otherwise, he would have had sex with her on the dining table. At the thought of it, she felt so ashamed.

Leila picked up and washed the vegetables. Hearing the sound of the running water, Vincent couldn’t help curling up his lips into a smile.

Then he lit up a cigarette, waiting in silence.

The locksmith arrived. Vincent personally took him up and watched him change the lock.

In about twenty minutes, the old lock was removed and the new lock was installed.

Leila heard the noise and stretched out secretly to look out, only to find that Vincent was passing a few big bills to the locksmith. “Thanks a lot.”

“It’s too much, Sir.” The locksmith didn’t dare to take it.

“Save the rest as your tip. I’m quite happy with your service. Next time, to change the lock, you should act faster.” As Vincent finished speaking, the locksmith took over the bills.

“Thank you, Sir!”

“Okay.” The locksmith was gone.

Vincent used the key to try the lock. Then he nodded with satisfaction. He went back to sit down on the sofa in the living room and started to take the keys off. He saved one for Leila and put all the rest five keys onto his key chain.

"This is for you!" Seeing Leila coming out, Vincent pushed the key on the tea table.

"Then, could you give one to my mother?" asked Leila in a low voice.

Vincent was silent. Then he suddenly stood up. "If we need to give one to her, why would I change the lock?"

"Ah, please don't get mad. I got it." Leila immediately grabbed her tea and went back to the kitchen. At the door of the kitchen, she turned around and glanced at Vincent. Then she said in a soft tone, "Lunch is almost ready."

Vincent watched her bony figure disappear and go into the kitchen directly. He lit up a cigarette, leaning against the sofa.

After being busy in the kitchen for a while and the range hood was turned on and off, Leila came out. Wearing the apron, she turned around and called, "Mr. White, come to have lunch."

Vincent stubbed out the cigarette, stood up, and sat at the dining table.

She brought bowls to the table and put them down. Then she went back to fetch the chopsticks. He squinted at her all the time.

Leila sat opposite him, handing the chopsticks to him with both her hands. "I only cooked two dishes. I'm afraid you would be starved. You can start first. The soup will be ready soon."

Vincent took over the chopsticks and picked up some food. Then he met Leila's expectant eyes. He nodded slightly. "It tastes not bad."

"I'll fetch the soup now." Leila smiled excitedly, walking towards the kitchen.

At the moment, a phone rang, and the ringing tone sounded from Leila's handbag. Vincent glanced at the kitchen -- she was busy. Then he stood up, got the phone, and checked the caller ID. He squinted slightly at it.

Julian!

Vincent swiped to answer and heard Julian's voice came from the other end of the line. "Hello, Leila? How are you doing recently?"

"Pretty well," Vincent uttered two words, his tone gloomy and unpredictable.

"Ah? Senior?" Julian was surprised.

"She's quite busy. If you need anything, just come to me. Don't disturb her!"

"Senior, so are you willing to meet me?"

"If you need anything, come to me in White Group!" Vincent hung up the phone. "But, I'll be on a business trip for a week. Come to find me a week later," he said to himself.

"Did someone call me?" Leila saw him holding her phone when she came out.

"Yeah. Wrong number." Vincent's slender finger tabbed on the screen, and the call log vanished.

Although she didn't believe him, Leila didn't dare to retort. She sat down and ladled the soup for him.

After lunch, Leila did dishes in the kitchen.

Finishing cleaning up, she turned around and saw him standing at the door of the kitchen. There was only a meter between them, their eyes meeting. Gradually, the nervousness as if she was forced to a corner appeared, which aroused the aggressiveness hidden deeply in the man's body.

"You're full now, aren't you?" In an instant, Vincent had been standing in front of her. His voice was so low that her legs were weakened when she heard it.

"Mr. White, it's almost the time for my workout." Leila couldn't imagine. If they had sex, would she still have the physical strength to practice?

"It's still early. There are an hour and a half left." He checked the time on his watch.

Then she was grabbed by him again. This time, they went to her bedroom directly.

"Mr. White, let's do it at night." She truly couldn't get used to doing it during the daytime.

"I'll fly to Japan this evening." His forehead pressed hers.

"Oh? Will you go on a business trip?" She was a bit surprised, wondering if it was because he would be on a business trip so that he was so eager.

"Yeah!"

Leila nestled in his arms softly, her long eyelashes trembling slightly. Vincent lowered his head and kissed her lips, feeling the woman shivering in his arms. His lips moved down and softly bit her red lips as a punishment.

Her eyelashes moved. She looked at him shyly with reluctance in her eyes.

"How long will you be in Japan," she asked.

"A week."

Her hands were wrapped around his neck. "When will your flight take off in the evening?"

### **Chapter 304 - A Moment in Destiny**

"Eight o'clock."

"Will you go there alone? I want to see you off. What do you think?"

"No, thanks."

"Okay." She sounded a bit disappointed.

He chuckled. "That's why I want you now."

They were so close to each other and their breath intertwined. His muscled chest squeezed her, and he was aroused again.

“Mr. White--” Leila called him shyly as if she was inviting him.

Vincent’s gentle movements suddenly became rougher, making her moan uncontrollably. Biting her lips, he ordered, “You’d better behave yourself when I’m not in town.”

“I’ll wait for you to come back...” She gasped for breath. Her body was already lost of control under his erotic movements.

As a matter of fact, Vincent was so eager and couldn’t wait any longer. His desire that was interrupted by Mabel’s visit just now came back again, but he knew that she was not ready yet. Leila was so slim and fragile. If he was too unscrupulous, she would definitely be injured.

He didn’t want to have a shadow for this kind of thing again, so he tried his best to arouse her first.

When they finally became the one, they both shook, holding their breath. He didn’t move, waiting for her to adapt to it. Their eyes met. Her eyelashes trembled slightly because of shyness. “Mr. White, why, why don’t you...”

She wanted to ask him why he didn’t move at all.

He inhaled deeply. “May I move now?”

“Ah--” She was so embarrassed as she didn’t expect that he would ask her for her permission of such a matter.

“Call my name, Leila.” He moved a bit seductively.

“Em... Ah...” She inhaled. She felt so embarrassed as well as at a loss for such a kind of reaction.

“Call me. Call my name!” He gritted his teeth, sweat oozing on his forehead because he was enduring. He still didn’t want to give her the joy that they both were longing for.

“Vincent...”

The ultimate happiness finally came at a certain moment. He held her tender bottom tightly and they both embraced the orgasm at the same time.

Feeling dizzy, Leila widened her blurred eyes. After a long while, she finally came back to her senses, only to see a pair of deep eyes in front of her. He gazed at her deeply. “Still forty minutes left. Let’s do it again.”

“Ah--” she screamed shyly.

“I’m kidding.” Vincent poked her nose tip. “I’ll send you to the gym. Then I’ll go back to my office to get ready.”

“Oh. No, thanks, Mr. White. I can take a bus over there. It only takes fifteen minutes.” Leila didn’t want Vincent to know that she was studying taekwondo.

“Don’t you need me to send you there?” He raised his eyebrows. “Or, you don’t want me to know where you are going, do you?”



“How could it be possible?” Leila was startled. “I’m just afraid that you would be too tired. Aren’t you going on a business trip? And you’ll be out of town for such a long time. You will be quite exhausted. Mr. White, you must take a nap on the plane.”

Seeing that she was hiding something from him but still tried her best to be quite strong and reason with him, Vincent wanted to burst into laughter.

“Have you started to care about me?” He pulled a long face on purpose.

Leila fell for the trap.

“I’ve been caring about you all the time, but you don’t give me any chance to do so. If you’re willing to offer me a chance, of course, I’ll care about you.” She was still blushed because of the joy brought by him just now. He was still pressing on her body, and it was a real feeling of existence.

Vincent rubbed his head against her ear childishly. Seemingly he had found a comfortable gesture, and he said in a deep voice, “Really? What if I give you a chance to care about me?”

“Really?” Leila hesitated. Suddenly, she sensed that he was aroused again.

“Hurry up and let’s go!” she exclaimed.

However, he didn’t allow it. She could only endure waves of attacks from him while being pressed by him.

Suddenly, he pushed on her. She felt a warm stream poured into her body, he gasping in her ear. Both their bodies were covered by sweat, mixing with each other’s.

In the quiet bedroom, only the powerful sound of the heartbeat could be heard.

Finally, Leila’s strength was used up in this love-making.

Naturally, Leila felt her all fours so weakened and her whole body softened during the first day of class. Fortunately, it was the very first class, the coach didn’t give her a hard time.

She only learned some basic skills.

She didn’t meet Arthur. Since his jacket was gone and she didn’t know where it was, she decided to buy a new one for him.

At the airport.

“Daddy, I don’t want to go to Japan!” Owen pouted and followed Vincent. He was wearing a cap with a lollipop in his mouth. Dressed in denim overalls, he raised his childish but extremely adorable face, staring at the expressionless Vincent. Then he smiled sweetly. “Daddy, why don’t you marry Mommy?”

“You brat, it’s your mother who’s unwilling to marry me.” Vincent poked Owen’s small nose.

“Mommy, why aren’t you willing to marry Daddy?” Owen turned to look over at Pippa.

Wearing a white outfit and a pair of red sunglasses, Pippa also had a cap on her head. “Because I still want to live for more years. Owen, not all fathers and mothers need to be together.”

“Why not?” Owen tilted his head, his ink-black eyes sparkling in confusion. Blinking, he suddenly smiled as if he understood something. “Ah! I got it!”

“What did you get to know?” Pippa and Vincent were checking in. They both looked over at Owen in confusion.

“Daddy must be in love with another woman!”

Pippa shook her head speechlessly. She cast a glance at Vincent. “Vincent, please explain it to him yourself. I’m tired.”

“My son, I’ll tell you the reasons after you’ve grown up. After you’ve turned eighteen, I’ll tell you. Now you are too young to understand.” Vincent picked Owen up and carried him in his arms.

Suddenly, there was a flash.

“Pak--”

Vincent and Owen both raised their heads and looked over -- it was a group of paparazzi.

Pippa was taken aback for a moment. She immediately calmed down. Standing next to Vincent, she lowered her head slightly.

Soon, the three were surrounded by over ten paparazzi.

“Mr. White, word has that you have a five-year-old illegitimate son. Is it the little boy in your arms?”

“Mr. White, do you truly have a son? Please answer our questions.”

“Daddy, I’m scared!” Owen suddenly held Vincent’s neck, pressing his little face against his chest.

“Don’t be afraid, Owen. Don’t be afraid.” Vincent comforted the boy in a soft tone. At the same time, he hinted at Pippa to ask her to go through the security check first.

“Mr. White, is that miss the mother of your son?”

“No comment. I won’t answer any question.” Vincent smiled disdainfully. He said, “Make the way.”

“Mr. White--”

“Sorry, I’m in a hurry.” After he responded casually, Vincent walked towards the inside.

Until they were in the departure lounge, Pippa heaved a sigh. “Vincent, how come someone has known about this matter?”

“I’ll look into it,” Vincent said in a flat tone. His gloomy face was covered by coldness and solemnness. For some reason, he felt quite annoyed and stressed, his angry eyes were full of frosty and icy coldness.

“Do you know who is behind this?”

“I guess it must be her,” Vincent answered in a deep voice. Patting Pippa on her shoulder, he added, “Don’t worry. I won’t let anyone hurt Owen.”

“But, I can’t selfishly let others hurt you and Owen either.”

“It doesn’t matter. As long as Owen stays with my mother, he wouldn’t be hurt. You should rest assured.”

“Vincent, thank you!”

“Please don’t mention it.” Vincent reached out to hold Pippa towards him.

On the second day after Vincent had left.

Leila went to the university in the early morning. She felt soreness all over her body. Last night when she was stretching, she found that the muscles all over her body seemed to be frozen and quite stiffened because she hadn’t worked out for a long time.

When she passed a newsstand, she took a glance at the newspaper. Much to her surprise, the headline on the entertainment section was -- the wealthy businessman in F City, Vincent White, was

found married with a son, and the entertainment reporters discovered the evidence while going after him to the airport.

Then there was a big photo under the title -- Vincent was holding Owen, and beside them was standing a woman in white.

For a moment, Leila was in a daze, wondering if that woman was Pippa.

She knew that she must trust Vincent. He had told her that the boy was not his son. Also, those paparazzi were all-pervasive. Although she knew that she shouldn’t believe the news, when she saw their photo of a family of three, she still couldn’t help feeling sad and uncomfortable in her heart.

After reading that report carefully, she found that it only mentioned that the boy called Vincent Daddy and also Vincent had a mysterious girlfriend, whom he had been knowing for a long time. That was all.

He did seem to know Pippa for quite a lot of years. Leila wondered if she was his girlfriend.

She felt her heart hammered.

Was it true?

She walked into the university while in a daze. For a whole morning, Leila didn’t listen to Theodore’s lecturer about the key points of the thesis, when he was making the briefing for the thesis progress of the whole class.

Leila was listening to him absentmindedly, and she was always not herself. She had turned on the vibrating mode on her cell phone, but she hadn’t received any message. Staring at her phone, finally, she couldn’t help but send a message to Vincent.

“Mr. White, have you arrived in Japan? Did you have a nice trip?” She tapped to enter the message and then deleted it. Then she entered it again. It was repeated several times. Finally, she sent it out while gritting her teeth.

The time of waiting was quite long. Over ten minutes later, Leila received a reply. She felt surprised and tapped it to read. There was only a word: “Yes.”

That was how Vincent spoke -- as short as possible.

Leila felt uneasy no matter if she had sent the message or not. Later, she wanted to send another message to him, but she didn't know what to say. Grabbing her phone, she lowered her head and stared at the word. Although it was a single word, it was more than enough for her indeed.

After the class ended, Leila bumped into Theodore face-to-face. "Hey, Leila. What's up? You look quite pale."

"Oh, nothing!" Leila shook her head. "See you, Professor Hall."

"Are you not feeling well? How about I drive you home?" Theodore asked with concern.

She immediately returned to her senses. "Oh, I'm all right. I've got to go now."

"Professor Hall, you've gone too far. Are you only responsible to drive the beauty home? We're also your students, aren't we?" a group of female students complained.

For a moment, Theodore was surrounded by them. Leila didn't care about them, and her mind was already in the utter space. Taking the chance that they didn't pay attention to her, she escaped from the crowd.

She didn't know if she was feeling sore or sweet in her heart, but the only words that continued flashing in her mind were "trust Vincent".

When she reached the entrance of the university, Leila turned around and looked back. Theodore didn't go after her. She breathed a sigh of relief. Then she went to the bus stop, standing below the stop board. While she was waiting for the bus, her phone rang -- it was a call from her mother. "Hello, Leila. I saw the newspaper when going to the fresh market. Why is it said that Vincent has a son? And the boy was a few years old already. It has evidence and sounds so real. What on earth is going on?"

Leila was startled, realizing that her mother was worried. She could only comfort her mother, "Mom, it's all fake. How could Mr. White have a son? Please don't overthink."

"Leila, but your sister confirmed with me that it's Vincent's son."

### **Chapter 305 - A Moment in Destiny**

"Mom, Mr. White said it's not his son. I trust him," Leila said so firmly, but she still wondered if she should trust him.

"He said that to you, didn't he?"

"Yes." Leila nodded. Looking up, she found Theodore's car was going out from the entrance. She became nervous immediately. "Mom, I've got something to do. Got to go. Please don't worry."

As she spoke, she hung up the phone. She turned around and wanted to hide behind the stop board, but Theodore's car had been pulled over. He also pressed down the window.

"Leila, where are you going? I can give you a ride."

“No, thanks, Professor Hall.” Leila could only turn back. Then she saw the bus was approaching from afar. “The bus is arriving. See you, Professor Hall.”

“Oh!” Theodore looked back and saw the bus, a hint of helplessness flashing through his eyes. He didn’t insist. “All right. Be safe on the way. See you.”

“Bye!” Leila didn’t expect that he would agree so easily. Without overthinking, she got on the bus.

The bus stopped in the busy downtown area. Leila was thinking of buying the Armani jacket. She didn’t know how much it cost yet, and for a moment, she didn’t know how she could compensate it to Arthur.

She was wandering in the mall. Then she was in front of Pippa’s store. A saleswoman was standing there. She asked Leila with a smile, “Good day, Miss. Do you need anything?”

Leila was a bit surprised. She nodded. Then she looked around and asked, “By the way, isn’t your boss here today?”

“Oh, our boss? She went to Japan for a vacation. Miss, do you know her?”

“She went to Japan for a vacation?” Leila was taken aback, her whole body stiffened.

Mr. White went to Japan, didn’t he? The entertainment news said that the family of three boarded the plane. Leila wondered if Pippa truly had gone to Japan with Mr. White. What on earth was the relationship between them?

Leila was in a daze, turning around to leave.

“Miss, our boss will come back in a week. You can come to find her then.” The saleswoman was quite friendly.

“Oh, I see. Okay. Thank you!” Leila nodded, looking quite awkward.

After walking out of the shopping mall, Leila suddenly lost her confidence. She felt like a ghost without a soul, wandering around on the busy streets while feeling so empty in her heart.

She didn’t want to go home, because she would be alone after going home. Seemingly she was always alone from the beginning.

Pippa also went to Japan for a vacation, didn’t she?

A family of three?

Reechoing the words in the newspaper, Leila felt extremely depressed.

Passing by a showcase of a store, Leila saw her reflection on it -- she didn’t put on any makeup, looking quite childish.

Suddenly, she recalled Pippa’s elegance. Comparing herself, she looked like a typical student. She never put on the makeup, only makeunder. She had nothing on her hair. She always wore a t-shirt and jeans. When she went to work, she would dress in a shirt and jeans. In this way, she couldn’t be compared to any woman around Mr. White.

She wanted to buy something to vent her depression. However, she didn't have much extra money in her pocket. She didn't make much money from her job. All she earned from her part-time job had been used as the tuition fee for taekwondo. The allowance from her mother would be spent as her daily expenses. She still owned Arthur an Armani jacket. Although she has a bank card from Vincent, she didn't want to use it.

In the showcase window, the gorgeous jewelry, beautiful dresses, a lot of pretty and delicate bags, and stylish shoes.

Those never belonged to her before. She never paid special attention to them before. However, until today, she realized that it was not that she didn't love them, but she didn't have time to pay attention to them because she had always been busy.

It turned out that she wished to dress herself up as most of the girls wished.

It turned out that she also had vanity.

Although she was leading a fulfilling life and she always told herself that she was quite satisfied, when she faced those things, she couldn't help feeling down. 'Leila, it turns out that you also long for those things,' she thought to herself.

'Daddy has planned to let me be a government officer. Should I go on like this? Leading a plain life without any change and earning an average income that wouldn't starve me to death. But if I lead such a life all my lifetime, will I be willing to?' she asked herself inwardly.

She couldn't help wondering if she was willing to work in the Overseas Chinese Affairs Office of Municipal Government after graduating from the university. Then she would have a stable job and lead a boring life.

She passed by a jewelry store. A delicate and dazzling sapphire necklace was hanging on the model's neck in the showcase window. It was so resplendent that Leila was totally obsessed for a moment.

She didn't notice that a man was standing next to her for a long time. He was staring at her all the time.

"What a coincidence!" Arthur stared at Leila with a slightly evil smile. Although he was smiling, he brought her a strong feeling of pressure. She wondered how long he had been standing there and staring at her.

She raised her head and found it was already the dusk. All the neon lights along the street were on, their colors overlapping and shining. She checked the time and found that the afternoon had passed already. She didn't expect that she would wander for a whole afternoon.

"Oh, yes. It's a coincidence indeed." Leila felt surprised. "I didn't expect to encounter you. I was about to find you."

"Have you found anything that you like?" he asked Leila with a smile.

Leila blushed. Unexpectedly, when her gazes were glued on those luxuries, she was seen by someone, and that person was even Arthur. Judging from her look just now, anyone could see that she liked that sapphire necklace a lot.

However, so what then? She couldn't afford it and she wouldn't want others to buy it for her.

"It looks so pretty," Leila said in a soft voice, "The showcase is beautiful and the model chosen has a strong personality. The necklace is more beautiful."

He was still staring at Leila, his eyes presumptuous without any disdain. His gaze even seemed quite serious, but Leila felt quite awkward. "I'm sorry, your jacket..."

"I've said I don't want it back." His tone was quite calm.

"I'm sorry. This is the thing -- I've washed your jacket, but it shrunk. One of my family thought it was trash, so it was tossed away. I wanted to compensate one for you, but I don't have much money now..."

"So?" Arthur raised his eyebrows.

"So, I'm terribly sorry."

"I've told you I don't want it back," he said seriously again, "You don't need to return it to me."

"But, I must return it to you. Could you give me more time, please? When I've earned money, I'll give it back to you for sure." Leila felt so embarrassed, but her most embarrassing moment had been seen by Arthur already, so she couldn't care much about her dignity. She just wanted to make it clear to avoid making him misunderstand that she deliberately kept his jacket.

"You are so stubborn. Let's talk about it later." Arthur smiled. He cast a glance at the showcase and the sapphire necklace. He asked gently, "Do you like this necklace? I'll buy it for you."

His tone was quite casual, making Leila feel that he was greeting her. She knew the necklace must be quite expensive. Armani was costly, but he directly didn't want it. Unexpectedly, he wanted to give her a necklace. She was sure that if she nodded in agreement, Arthur would buy it for sure, but she was not that kind of woman.

"Let's go. We'll buy it." He grabbed her wrist, dragging her into the jewelry store directly.

"Ah! I don't want it!" Leila shook her head and wanted to break free from his grip, but he was so strong. She failed to break free. "Hey! I don't want it. Arthur, why are you so overbearing!"

Leila hadn't met such a person before. How could he do such a thing to a person who he had only met for the third time? And he would give such an expensive gift so casually. She wondered if he took her as a prostitute. Was he hitting on her?

Arthur didn't explain, only dragging her into the store. "You don't want it, do you? I must buy it for you!"

"Arthur, let go of me. If you are rich, just donate it to Project Hope!" Leila growled. "I'm not that kind of woman you've thought. Stop dragging me!"

It seemed that she found Arthur so weird when she first met him. He was quite evil and domineering without rhyme or reason, quite similar to Mr. White. No wonder Arthur was his vice president. They rubbed off on each other, and both were so evil.

"Even if you are rich, you don't need to show off in such a way."

From the corners of her eyes, Leila could see that his lips were curled up to a deeper smile. He looked excited as if he was going to playing an interesting game. After they entered the store, they found the decoration inside was quite luxurious. Beautiful piano music was playing on the stereo.

There were not many guests -- only a few couples. They were selecting the jewelry next to the counters in which the spotlights were shining.

Leila thought that tearing and tugging with him in such an atmosphere was so embarrassing. Some of the salespersons and guests were looking over at them because they heard their argument. Leila could only stand firmly, inhaling deeply. She cast a glance at the price tags on the jewelry and found how expensive things were sold in this store.

At this moment, Arthur had already put on a gentleman's face. The smile on his face also became quite official. "Lexi, you know what? It's so embarrassing to be rejected by pretty women. This is the first time that I'm treated this way."

"I don't care," Leila said in a light voice, "I've got to go. I'm in a hurry."

She didn't want to become the focus, and she just wanted to escape, the sooner the better.

The next second, he pulled out his purse and casually showed it to her.

Leila saw there were a lot of gold cards and a thick pile of cash in it. Sure enough, he was rich. She wondered if the money in any of the bank cards in his purse could be enough for a poor one to live for a whole lifetime.

Leila didn't know if she should laugh or cry. Even if he was rich, he didn't need to spend money in this way, did he? Did he truly mistake her a whore? "Mr. Lane, you are so humorous. I'm sorry, I've really got to go."

Leila was on the way to take the taekwondo lesson in the gym.

However, when she was about to leave, Arthur suddenly reached out and wrapped her waist. He said ambiguously, "Honey, hurry up and pick one. It's my fault. I'll never piss you off again. Select one as you like as my compensation for you."

"Ah--" Leila gaped. She had never expected that he would play such a trick. "You--"

How could he call her honey? This man was so easy.

"What are you doing? Hurry up, honey!" He had already walked her to the counter, hinting at her to look at those gorgeous jewelry and diamond rings.

Leila was afraid that more people would pay attention to them if she struggles, so she could only stiffen her body and said in a low voice, "I know you're so rich that you want to spend money. You can give the whole store to me as a gift. I wouldn't worry that it would be too much."

She was so angry. How could there be such a kind of overbearing man?

"No problem!" Arthur was quite generous. He agreed without a frown.



Leila was startled for a moment. She just wanted to scare him and made it difficult for him so that he would give up. Much to her surprise, Arthur said to a saleslady, "Excuse me, Miss. Please inform your boss that I want to buy out this store. Could you ask him or her to come out please?"

"One, one moment please, Sir." The saleslady was shocked, feeling that Arthur was making trouble here.

"Arthur Lane!" Leila growled, without caring about her public image at all, "Are you nuts?"

"I'm quite sober. I didn't drink at noon. Recently the police's paying attention to driving while intoxicated. It's checked quite strictly. I dare not to drink." Arthur blinked, looking quite serious. "You want this store, don't you? I'll buy it out and give it to you as a fit. I meant it."

### **Chapter 306 - A Moment in Destiny**

Leila felt extremely nervous because Arthur didn't hesitate at all. He just stared at her with a smile on his mouth corners, looking quite indifferent as if everything was under the control by himself.

'Gosh! What if he really buys it out and gives it to me a gift?' she thought to herself.

Leila frowned deeply, her expression stiffened and sweat oozing in her palms.

At this moment, his lips were curled up into a slight smile as if he was trying his best to suppress the amusement.

As if she was facing death, Leila watched the saleslady go to inform the store owner. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer. "Ah--" she screamed, shocking everyone in the store.

"Arthur Lane! You lunatic!" After the exclaim, Leila glared at him. "You are not nuts, but I am. Please let go of me. I'm in a hurry. If I can't make it at six o'clock, I'll be late."

"I'm also in a hurry to do something. It's still early," said Arthur with a smile, "Don't you like it? Since you've said it, I should give it to you as a gift, shouldn't I?"

Leila felt that she was almost out of her mind. She suddenly struggled and broke free from Arthur's grip. Then she hopped away from him. "Please don't believe what he said. He just came out from the mental hospital."

After finishing her words, she ran out of the store awkwardly with a blushed face.

She felt extremely embarrassed.

"Hey! Wait!" Arthur strode over and chased after her.

Leila started running in fear.

"I said wait! Who is the lunatic? Haha haha..." He seemed to laugh so happily.

Leila believed that he was indeed out of his mind -- she called him a lunatic but he was still so happily laughing. She frowned, feeling annoyed. Although it was her fault to call him a lunatic if she didn't say that just now, she wouldn't be able to get out of the trouble while being pestering by him just now.

“Lexi, if you don’t stop, you can’t blame me for being rude!” On the street, Arthur yelled at her, ignoring the gazes from the passers-by. “Lexi, if you keep running, I’ll kiss you!”

She would be too stupid if she stopped. Leila trotted in a hurry and wanted to escape from here. The man was nuts, indeed a lunatic. Covering her ears, she was running fast.

However, when Arthur noticed that she was going to escape for real, he immediately strode to chase after her. Soon, Leila was caught up with. “I’ve told you on to run away. Stop! Haven’t you heard me? I’ll kiss you for real!”

“What the heck do you want?” Leila was so annoyed by him.

Arthur pressed his lips, his eyes full of amusement. “I’m quite bored recently and I didn’t have much fun. I just wanted to have some fun.”

“Ah?” She hadn’t understood what he meant yet. He added with an evil smile, “I wasn’t asking you to marry me. Just a gift. Don’t you like it?”

Leila shook her head so hard. She pleaded, “No, I don’t. Not at all... Even if you want to have some fun, you can’t do that. If you are too idle, you should go to the retirement home to take care of the elderly. I’m sure you’ll enjoy it and it’s quite meaningful.”

“Really?” Arthur raised his eyebrows as if he had something on his mind. “All right. When shall we go? How about this weekend?”

“Do you truly mean it?” Leila gaped.

“Of course. Since you don’t want a gift and you wanted to escape, I’ll find some fun on others.”

“I’ve never met such a person like you!” Leila felt so helpless.

She raised her head and saw Arthur trying his best to suppress the laughter. As soon as his eyes met hers, he couldn’t help burst laughing into loud laughter.

“Are you suffering from Alzheimer's disease?” Leila rolled her eyes.

He gradually stopped laughing, and then said to Leila with gasps, “Leila, you are so hilarious.”

Leila glared at him irritably, “What do you mean?”

Looking at Leila’s angry face, although there was still a slight smile on his face, he looked serious gradually. “I thought that since you are Macey Hunter’s family, you must be as snob as she is. I’m really surprised to find that you have quite a good character. By the way, are you her cousin?”

“Ehn!” Leila looked at him dully, nodding. “Sort of.”

They used to be cousins, and she told Arthur that her surname was Ross. Hence, Leila didn’t explain any details. “Were you kidding me just now?”

“Of course!” Arthur blinked. “Or what? Do you think I’ll give it to you for real?”

“You can’t do that! How could you trick me in that way?” Leila also laughed. It turned out that he was pulling her leg, which almost scared her to death. Checking the time, she said, “I truly had to go. I have

something to do. If you want to help the elderly in the retirement house, I can take you there. How about next weekend?"

"I'm going to the taekwondo gymnasium. Please allow me to give you a ride," he said.

"No, thanks." Leila shook her head. Suddenly, she realized what he said just now. "Huh? How did you know I'm going to the taekwondo gymnasium?"

"It's a secret that cannot be told." Arthur looked quite mysterious.

"All right. Enjoy yourself. I really got to go. Or, I'll be late."

"Are you still angry about what happened just now?"

"Not really." Leila felt embarrassed.

"Then, let's go." Arthur didn't care if she was willing or not. He grabbed her wrist and dragged her towards his car.

It was the first time that Leila was treated this way. How overbearing this man was! She had told him that she was not willing to, but he still forced her. No wonder he was the vice president of Mr. White's company. They both were almost the same domineering.

Leila could only sit in his car.

As soon as they got on the car, Arthur's phone rang.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Leila took a glance at his phone.

While driving, Arthur answered the phone. Leila didn't listen firstly. However, as soon as Arthur spoke, she was all her ears in an instant.

"Hello, Vincent. Having fun on your trip to Japan? How's auntie doing?"

It was a call from Vincent, and Leila was sure about it. Although there were many men named Vincent, the one with the name and also knew Arthur should be the only one, for which she was certain.

He was calling Arthur. She wondered how he was doing.

The man on the other end of the line said something.

"Have you seen the entertainment headline? Your family of three on the headline. What a pity that Owen has a famous father like you. I'm afraid he has to be always hiding from now on," Arthur teased him. "Oh, by the way, what if your dear wife, Macey Hunter's sister, has seen this headline?"

Leila was in a panic. They mentioned her. It seemed that Arthur didn't know her at all. That was right -- she didn't tell him that her surname was Hunter, so Arthur didn't connect her with Vincent's wife.

Leila's body was stiffened, pretending to overhear them calmly.

"When will you come back? No way! That late?"

“All right. All right. Don’t worry about the company business. Enjoy your vacation. I’ll keep an eye on it. I won’t let our business go down. Yeah! I’ll go to the resort myself. OK. Got it. Bye!” Arthur hung up the phone.

Leila stared at the road ahead. The cars kept coming and going, the neon lights flashing. Suddenly, she felt coldness surging in her heart -- the words of “a family of three” were like sharp daggers stabbed into her heart, making her feel quite uncomfortable.

However, Mr. White had told her that it was not his biological son. Should she trust him?

Arthur took a glance at Leila who was sitting next to him, only to find her in a daze. He frowned, wondering why this girl always looked so dumb and cowardly, but she was so obstinate and unruly at the same time, making him feel so conflicted.

Arthur’s dazzling sports car was parked in front of the taekwondo gymnasium. As soon as he got off his car, his handsome figure attracted the attention of the beautiful girls at the door. Let alone him himself, his Ferrari sports car of the latest version would make women crazy.

Leila also got off, and instantly she felt the countless gazes with the hostility. Immediately, she said to Arthur, “I’ll go in now. Thank you.”

“Let’s go in together.”

“No, thanks!” Leila trotted into the gym without waiting for him.

After winking at the beautiful girls, Arthur walked in at an elegant and calm pace. Whenever he had time, he would come here to practice. On one hand, he wanted to work out to keep his health. On the other hand, he liked this sport extremely, because it was a high antagonism sport.

He also came here yesterday. In the morning, he thought that he would meet Leila, but unexpectedly that she didn’t come here. In the afternoon, he came over again, only to find that she was practicing with Coach Koby. After enquiring at the front desk, he got to know that she had signed for a three-month program. Arthur didn’t go to say hi to her and then left. Much to his surprise, he saw her looking at the jewelry outside the jewelry store as soon as he went out of the shopping mall. At that time, the expression on her face was quite weird - envy, desire, and disdain, which kept flashing through her face. Hence, he went over to trick her.

“Hi, Mr. Lane. Here you came!” Vivienne greeted him as soon as seeing him come in.

“Yeah!” Arthur nodded.

Leila was walking on the stairs after greeting Vivienne, and then she heard Vivienne greet Arthur, feeling a bit surprised. It seemed that Arthur was quite familiar with the taekwondo gymnasium. She wondered if that meant that they would encounter each other pretty often in the future.

Tilting her head, she took a glance at Arthur, who was walking on the stairs -- he had the three-dimensional features, with a strong suntan. He was around one hundred and eighty-five meters tall with broad shoulders and narrow hips. No matter how ordinary the outfit was, whenever he wore it, it would become a tailored outfit for him.

His lips were always with a faint smile, sometimes evil and sometimes playful. Especially when he put on such a smile in front of women, it looked like a lustful seduce.

“Why did you stop?” Arthur had already stood on the stair shoulder-to-shoulder with Leila.

Leila suddenly returned to her senses, feeling embarrassed.

“If you keep staring at me in this way, I’ll misunderstand. Have you fallen in love with me?” Arthur whistled, quite luring.

“Don’t flatter yourself so much!” Leila retorted with a blushed face. Then she walked upstairs without looking back.

“Don’t run so hurriedly! I’m glad you’ve fallen in love with me. You don’t need to hide it. I’m so handsome, decent, tall, and mighty. A lot of women like me. It’s not shameful.”

Leila snorted -- what a narcissistic guy! However, she couldn’t help curling up her lips, because he was quite hilarious.

Coach Koby had already started training part of the students. Leila went to the dressing room and changed into the taekwondo jacket. When she came out, she saw Arthur was talking to Coach Koby in a taekwondo jacket.

Leila walked over shyly. Coach Koby said, “Hey, Lexi. Come over. Let me introduce someone to you.”

“Okay.” Leila walked over.

Coach Koby pointed at Arthur. “This is my best student, Arthur Lane, your senior. He’s quite idle. I’ll ask him to teach you some techniques later. Come on, say hi to each other.”

“Ah--” Leila was agape. How could it be Arthur? Leila glanced at Arthur and immediately shook her head. “I don’t want him to teach me!”

“Why not?” Coach Koby was so confused.

“Coach Koby, Lexi and I know each other,” Arthur explained with a smile. “She’s my girlfriend. Perhaps she felt embarrassed to have physical contact with me. As you know. She’s a girl and she must feel shy.”

“Your girlfriend?”

“I’m not your girlfriend!” Leila retorted, feeling startled.

### **Chapter 307 - A Moment in Destiny**

“Look. She’s shy. Coach Koby please go ahead with your training. I’ll teach Leila myself.”

Coach Koby blinked and suddenly was enlightened. “Lexi, is Arthur the man you want to fight again?”

“Ah? No, it’s not him.” Leila shook her head. Then she realized something wrong and nodded immediately. “Coach Koby, could you teach me yourself please?”

"I'll ask Arthur to teach you. He's good at counter-force. If you want to fight against a man, you should learn from him. As long as you could win against him, you can surely defeat an ordinary man." Coach Koby left with a smile.

"Ah-- How could this happen?" Leila was speechless.

"Lexi, what now? Don't you want to be my student?" Arthur crossed his arms on his chest. Rubbing his chin, he walked over, "Or are you afraid that you will have physical contact with me? Don't worry. We're lovers. We would have the physical contact sooner or later. It's just a warm-up. Let's get familiar with each other in this way."

Indeed, it was unavoidable to have physical contact when practicing taekwondo. If she agreed, it would mean that she had to touch Arthur's body shortly. The key point was that this man looked extremely evil but charming, which made her lack security. She always afraid that he would take advantage of her.

"I'm not your girlfriend!" Leila said to Arthur seriously. "I don't want you to teach me."

"Why not?"

"I just don't like it."

"You do have a strong personality. But I insist on teaching you! I like the challenging work," Arthur said with a smile, "And it has something to do with changing another person's personality, which is my favorite. In other words, if you don't want to be my student today, I'll throw you to the floor."

"You--"

"Me?" Arthur looked solemn. Instantly, his tone became extremely strict. "No, you must get into character now. Or I'll kick you away!"

"You! You!" Leila was so speechless. She looked into his eyes with stubbornness, only to find that he looked the same as if he didn't accept to be rejected. She glared at him for a few more seconds, and then she nodded. "Okay. I'll learn from you!"

"Good! That's my good girl." Arthur's tone became softened again. "Come on. Our first lesson was about the basic knowledge and the training requirements of taekwondo. The most important was the courtesy and etiquette of taekwondo. Also, there are some simple warm-up exercises. Usually, we don't encourage the practicer to stretch the ligaments forcibly. It needs to be done step by step. Do you know the slogan of taekwondo yet?"

Leila nodded. "Yes. Coach Koby told us yesterday."

"Then, please repeat it. Let me see if you are so dumb that you've forgotten about it after a night."

Leila frowned. She could only say, "Etiquette and shame, patience and self-denial, and unyielding."

"Ehn!" Arthur nodded, becoming quite serious. "Next, let's review the standing posture, sitting posture, and the ways of putting on the taekwondo jacket, tie it, and binding the belt."

"Can't you tell me something practical?" Leila asked. "I just want to learn how to kick someone."

“Your ligaments haven’t been stretched. I can’t teach you that yet!”

“My ligaments work very well.” She used to dance, and her ligaments were quite flexible. She could still do the splits now. Her muscles were a little bit stiffened since she hadn’t worked out for a long time.

“Are you or am I the teacher?”

Leila didn’t have the guts to retort again.

As the result, in the next one hour, Arthur didn’t have any physical contact with Leila. After teaching the courtesy and etiquette, he taught the rules and regulations for practicing taekwondo. Then he asked her to stretch the ligaments for twenty minutes. She also hopped up and down for around a quarter. Finally, he checked the time on the watch. “Time’s up. Let’s dismiss.”

“Is that all?” Leila asked in shock, sweating all over her body.

“Let’s go on tomorrow.”

“That’s too simple!” Leila muttered, “Can you do it or not?”

“It’s a disdainful way if you ask a man can he do it. You need to try me so you’ll know if I can or not.”

“You--” Leila was speechless. Helplessly, she stood up to change her clothes. If she continued staying here, she would go nuts.

After changing her dress and arriving downstairs, Leila found that Arthur standing at the door. She planned to leave directly without talking to him. However, Arthur didn’t plan to let her go obviously. “Let’s go for a drink, shall we?”

“I can’t drink.”

“You can drink juice,” said Arthur.

“No, thanks. I still have classes tomorrow. See you, Mr. Lane.”

She didn’t know many men, and Theodore was one of them, who had become her thesis tutor. Arthur was another one, who had become her taekwondo teacher. What a fate!

Leila thought to herself with self-mockery.

“You still owe me a jacket. How could you be so arrogant to ignore me? Anyway, I helped you last time, didn’t I?”

Leila was helpless. She could only get in Arthur’s car because there were so many people gazing at them behind her back. She couldn’t continue staying there and becoming the target of other women. Arthur was absolutely the apple of the eye for so many women.

She turned to look at him up and down. Then she asked, “Are you truly the vice president of your company?”

Upon hearing that, Arthur immediately became unhappy. “Why? Don’t I look like such a person?”

“You look so childish!” Leila curled her lips. “I’ve told you I don’t want to go, but you make an excuse that I owe you the jacket. Didn’t you tell me that you don’t want it? Aren’t you too immature in this way?”

“You like mature men, do you?” Arthur raised his eyebrows.

“What does it have to do with the kind of men I like?” Leila was speechless. However, she couldn’t help wondering what kind of man Mr. White was -- was he a mature man?

“Why are you silent? What are you thinking?” Arthur asked curiously when seeing that Leila looked confused.

“Do all men like hunting for beauty, new love, and novelty?” Leila suddenly asked.

Arthur glared at her weirdly. He asked, “What’s wrong? Are you hurt by a man? You can’t misunderstand all men because of that. I have to admit that I like hunting for beauty, new love, and novelty, but it doesn’t mean other men like it too. There are a lot of loyal men in this world.”

“Oh! You are indeed honest!” Leila didn’t expect that he would admit it himself. It seemed that he knew himself quite well.

“Of course! One virtue of my life was honesty. But it depends. Now all women would make me have the desire for hunting.”

Upon hearing Arthur’s blunt words, Leila did a self-reflection suddenly. She wondered if she had been too serious. This world was supposed to be a virtue. Vincent and she got married not because of love. What could she expect from it then?

If Mr. White, Pippa, and Owen were a family since Pippa didn’t mind, why would she feel depressed? In that case, Pippa and Owen should be the ones who got hurt, shouldn’t they?

“Oh! Lexi, you are bothered by something!”

“No, I’m not!”

“Liar!”

Leila fell into the silence.

Arthur took Leila to a high-end restaurant. It was eight o’clock already, so most of the diners had already finished dinner. They went there a bit late, but Arthur ordered a few light dishes.

Leila always felt that this kind of occasion didn’t fit her at all, so she looked quite restrictive. During the dinner, she didn’t make a big move at all. Actually, eating was supposed to be natural and casual, not like what she was doing now -- she was eating with tensed nerves, feeling quite uncomfortable.

They were chitchatting. Suddenly, Arthur asked, “Are you still studying or having a job?”

“Studying.”

“Where do you go to college?”

“P University!”



“Do you have a boyfriend?”

Leila’s heart skipped a beat. With a faint smile, she answered, “Yes.”

“What? You are just a little girl and you have a boyfriend! What are you doing? I guess you don’t have a good performance in college then, because you focus on puppy love too much. How could you be a good student? You should break up with him immediately. Falling in love too early isn’t good for you both mentally and physically. Are you physically mature yet?”

“Well! No, I’m not a student. I will graduate soon, so it shouldn’t be falling in love too early.” Leila smiled slightly. She didn’t know how to continue with the topic. Biting her lower lip, she said, “I’m full. I need to go home now.”

“I’ll give you a ride.” Arthur also put down the chopsticks, ready to stand up as well. “I’m serious. You are too young. How dare you date someone? Give me your home phone number. I’ll call your father and ask him to scold you.”

“My father supports me for that. All right. I’m leaving. I don’t need you to ride me home. Thanks, though.” Leila rejected him indifferently. She walked towards the restaurant door. She was not in a good mood originally.

After Arthur had paid the bill and chased after her, Leila had already hailed a cab and the car roared away. Arthur exhaled, walking to his sports car, feeling quite bored.

The study, NT Mountain villa.

Leila turned on the laptop. It was a white laptop given to her by Vincent. She browsed some news online first and then logged onto her blog account. She felt quite bored. Suddenly one of the family was missing, she didn’t adapt to it.

Her cell phone was placed on the desk. She took it over and looked at Vincent’s caller ID. After finding it, she didn’t have the guts to tab it to call him while looking at the caller ID “Mr. White”, because he told her not to call him.

Right then, the phone suddenly rang. Leila was startled. Grabbing the phone, she found the caller ID “Mr. White” was sparkling on the screen. She immediately swiped to answer and put the phone next to her ear. She answered in an almost trembling voice, “Hello?”

Her heart kept hammering, and she felt so nervous.

“Have you come back home?” After a moment of silence, she heard a deep voice from the other end of the line.

Leila nodded and suddenly realized that he couldn’t see her. She answered right away, “Yeah! You... How are you doing?”

In fact, she wanted to ask if he was on vacation with Pippa and Owen, but she didn’t dare to ask, because she was afraid that the peace would be broken if she asked. Besides, for a man like Vincent, if she asked, he might not be willing to answer. If she didn’t ask him, probably he would tell her.

“Ehn!” he just uttered a word. This kind of phone conversation sounded somewhat awkward, but Leila felt quite sweet.

“Speak!” he snapped, his tone overbearing as if he was giving an order.

“Oh! Well, how do you like Japan?” She found her tongue, wondering if he was calling her to chitchat with her on the phone. She couldn’t be used to it at all and didn’t know what to speak. Hence, she chose a question at random.

“Just so so!” He sounded a bit tired.

“The sakura in Japan is so beautiful.” Leila found another topic. “Have you seen the sakura blossom?”

“The reason is already past.” His deep and magnetic voice came over from the distant short, bumping her heart.

“Yeah, there’s no sakura in this season now. I heard that the landscape is quite beautiful in Hokkaido. Which place are you in Japan now?”

“Hokkaido.”

“For real? Is it so beautiful as it was on the TV?” Leila was a bit excited. Whenever she saw the landscape of Hokkaido on TV, she always felt it was an extremely beautiful place, especially the landscape in the winter.

“I didn’t pay attention,” Vincent said in a deep voice. After a pause, he added, “Do you like Hokkaido?”

“Ehn! Yes! I like Shizuoka, too. It’s quite beautiful there as well.” Leila was more excited. It was rare for him to call her and spoke so many words with her. It hardly happened. She wondered if it meant that he started to care about her. She suddenly forgot all her depression and became excited. In a delighted tone, she raised her voice and asked, “Mr. White, did you go there for vacation or business?”

### **Chapter 308 - A Moment in Destiny**

Seemingly Leila heard that Vincent paused a bit. He kept silent for a few seconds, and only his breath was heard from the other end of the line. Then Leila heard a child’s scream and the voices of women’s delighted chatting.

Leila’s body was suddenly stiffened. It turned out that they were really together. A beautiful image was sketched in her mind -- a family of three. If the family of three were together for real, it must be a quite aesthetic picture.

“Ah! Mr. White, if you are quite busy, you can go. The international call is so expensive.” She suddenly lost the impulse to continue speaking. If she continued, she was afraid that she would become more depressed and might burst into tears. “You... Do you have anything else?”

Vincent kept silent again for a moment as if he had realized something. Then there was no kid’s or women’s voice on the phone. “Nothing else. That’s it.”

“Okay! Then, good night,” Leila said softly.

However, neither of them hung up the phone. Leila was waiting for him to hang it up first, and Vincent didn't hang it up either.

One minute passed.

Leila stared at the screen, all the time. Another minute passed, and she saw the phone was hung up.

She inhaled deeply and put the phone on the desk. She looked around the study, which was empty, familiar, and strange. The huge study was so cold and quiet.

She picked up a cooperation management book and read it for a moment, and then put it back. She went to the bathroom to take a shower. Then she returned to the bedroom and lay down. She was sleepless the whole night--

Time passed so slowly. She didn't know when the week would pass finally. She was counting the days but only three days had passed.

Every evening, she was learning taekwondo skills from Arthur. Leila seemed to have learned anything. Three days had passed already. Besides stretching her ligaments, she also hopped up and down and warmed up, which seemed to be all of her lessons. It made her quiet down.

Finally, on the fourth day, Arthur started to teach her new things -- the gist of confrontation.

Unavoidably, they two got the physical contact, which made it difficult for Leila to adapt. However, when seeing Arthur behaves quite naturally, she felt that she had been too unreasonable.

Holding Leila's hand, Arthur said, “Yes, like that. Put your hand here, and your foot should kick out sideways quickly!”

“Like this?” Leila had a try.

“Yeah! Smart!” Arthur nodded. “I'll teach you the airstrike. You can get too familiar with the technical movements first. This kind of exercise can continuously consolidate the correct power stereotypes of technical movements and continuously strengthens conditioned reflexes. It also contains various forms of airstrikes, which can be practiced alone or in multiple players. Please practice it first. Then we will practice it together.”

When Leila walked out of the taekwondo gymnasium, she felt the soreness all over her body.

“Can you hold on?” asked Arthur.

“Sort of. I just felt worn out.” Leila heaved a sigh weakly.

“Come on. Let's go for dinner together!” She had dinner with Arthur every night after the course these days. And it was always his treat, so they went to the high-end restaurant all the time. This time, Leila shook her head.

“It's on me today. I want to eat some snacks.”

“The snacks? Arthur frowned. “Aren't you going to take me to the night market street of F City?”

“If you don’t want to go, I’ll go there myself. I’m so starved today and I want to have mutton shashlik.”

“Ah? Do you want to eat barbecue food? We can go to South Asia Scenic Garden, where the roasted whole lamb is served.”

“No way! I just want to eat mutton shashlik.” It was quite rare for Leila to insist.

“All right. Let me take a look at what’s so delicious there!”

Hence, Leila took Arthur to the night market. The two were sitting at the small dining table. Arthur looked at people coming and going while creasing his nose. The plate looked quite a grease. “Can this stuff be eaten? Will we have loose bowels?”

Leila shook her head. “Everyone eats it in this way.”

“How to eat it?” Arthur frowned.

Leila enjoyed the dinner indeed. She was indeed starved. Unexpectedly, she would feel so hungry after working out. Taekwondo was truly a strong confrontational exercise. She had just kicked for an hour but now she was almost starved to death.

Arthur took a screw of mutton shashlik, which looked good and tasted good, too. Just the sanitary condition wasn’t so good. From his childhood, he had never eaten anything in such a kind of place. He carefully took a bite. “Ehn! It tastes good, way too spicy though.”

“What have I told you? It’s indeed tasty.” Leila enjoyed it so much.

As a result, Arthur had trouble with diarrhea that night.

On the second day, Leila didn’t see Arthur in the gym. After the class, Coach Koby told her that Arthur was in the hospital.

“Why is he in the hospital?”

“He suffers from diarrhea,” said Coach Koby, “He asked me to tell you that he would rather die than eating things on the snack stand.”

“Ah--” Leila gaped. “I’m totally fine. I don’t have diarrhea at all. How could he scour?”

“Different people have different degrees of resistant bacteria.”

“Uh! He’s so namby-pamby, isn’t he? Which hospital is he in now?”

“First Hospital.”

After the class, Leila went to First Hospital. She looked for the Gastroenterology department, and then she bought a bouquet. She asked for Arthur’s ward number but was informed that she couldn’t go to see him now.

“Why not? I’m his friend.” Leila was surprised.

"I'm sorry, Miss. Just now a gentleman went into the ward, and we're informed to block other visitors. How about the wait for a while? After the gentleman comes out, we'll ask Mr. Lane if he wants to see you," the nurse explained to her politely, but still refused her.

Leila looked at the Medical Guidance Desk and found that Arthur was in a VIP ward.

So those VIP wards were for the rich, but the nurses were too snob, weren't they?

Leila nodded. Then she went into a corner.

After ten minutes or so, she looked over at the ward from time to time. Suddenly, she saw a familiar figure and she gaped -- it was Vincent.

Leila's heart hammered. It was indeed him.

She immediately took a step back. Standing in the corner, she watched Vincent come out from one of the wards.

It was him indeed! She was confirmed again.

She didn't move until watched Vincent go into the elevator, and he didn't find her at all.

Didn't he say that he would come back in a week? How could he come back in only three days?

For a moment, she dared not to stay there longer. Walking down from the stairs, she made sure that Vincent had come out from the elevator. Then she hailed a cab to go back home.

However, after going into the villa, she didn't see Vincent's car at all. She asked the guard, "Did Mr. White come back?"

"No, he didn't." The guard shook his head.

"I see." Disappointed, Leila went back to the house.

Then she received a call from Arthur. "Lexi, how ruthless are you! I almost died from diarrhea, but why didn't you come to see me?"

Leila heaved a sigh and answered on the phone, "I went to see you earlier, but the nurse stopped me. So I couldn't do anything and came back home, Mr. Lane."

"Have you been here earlier?" Arthur was a bit surprised.

"Yes, I have," Leila said, "I was told a gentleman had entered the ward, so I was forbidden to go in."

"Oh! That's our boss."

"Your boss?" Leila pretended to be shocked and exclaimed. Once again, she was confirmed that he had come back.

"Forget it. Why don't you come over now?" said Arthur.

"Now?" Leila directly rejected. "I need to go to work tomorrow. I don't want to go out now."

"I see. No problem. See you tomorrow." Arthur hung up the phone.

Leila looked at the watch and the time was half past nine in the evening. She pulled out her phone and entered a message: "How are you".

However, starting at the phone, she hesitated to send it out.

She put the phone again on the tea table. She turned on the TV and watched it, feeling bored. Half an hour passed, she looked out and nothing happened. She took over the phone and the three words still reminded me. Actually, she wanted to ask him: "Have you come back?"

She wondered why he didn't come home and what he was doing now.

She put the phone on the table again, and then picked it up. Gritting her teeth, she sent it out.

However, she didn't receive a reply immediately.

After an unknown long while, suddenly the message tone of her phone rang and a message came in. He only replied with two words: "Not good."

Leila stared at the phone blankly. Then she entered a few words and sent them out: "What's wrong?"

"Busy!" His message was still quite short.

At this moment, Vincent was at the airport, waiting for the flight to Japan. He would board the plane in a few minutes. When waiting in the VIP lounge, he received Leila's message, so he replied to her.

He just came back for the time being to sign a contract. Now he was heading back. Before he left, he went to the hospital and visited Arthur.

He received another message from Leila: "When will you come back? I'll buy you some tonic food and get you some refreshment."

He stared at the screen, his eyes darkened. He wanted to reply to her, but the announcement informed him that it was time to board the plane. He turned off the phone and put it away in his pocket. Vincent boarded.

Without receiving his reply, Leila thought perhaps he was pretty busy. However, she wondered how busy he was so he even didn't come home for a rest. Was he staying in HJ Hotel or some woman's house?

For another night, Leila was sleepless again.

In three days, she didn't see Arthur in the gym. Neither did she go to the hospital to see him. She always looked quite down and weak these days, and she always felt depressed and disappointed.

Vincent didn't send her any message after that day. When she sent messages to him, she got no reply. Neither did he come back.

Leila came out from the taekwondo gymnasium this evening. Since she felt tired, she went back to Pearl Community.

This was the first time that she went back to Pearl Community after Vincent was gone. Recalling that he changed the lock, she couldn't help curling up her lips into a smile. She guessed that he must felt frustrated because he was interrupted by her mother, so he insisted on changing the lock.

The insect noises outside the window sounded quite loud in the quiet night. Everything was quiet, making her feel that she would be swallowed by the shades of the night if being careless. On such a dark night, she temporarily calmed down from the impetuous world.

Since she had seen him, another three days had passed. She wondered where he was now.

Eleven o'clock in the late night.

It was getting quite dark, as thick as the dried ink.

At the airport.

The camera flashes were constantly flashing.

From the exit of the cabin, a tall and strong man walked out gradually. Beside him, an enchanting woman was wrapping the man's arm tightly. Suddenly, the woman bent over and exclaimed, "Ouch! Vincent! My belly hurts!"

Vincent frowned slightly. Still, he asked, "Are you not feeling well?"

At this moment, the paparazzi grasped the chance and took photos. Vincent creased his brows. He came back at eleven at night because he didn't want to see the paparazzi. Unexpectedly, he still met some of them, which made him quite unhappy.

Grabbed the woman's hand, he half-dragged her out of the airport and got in the car. The car stopped in front of the HJ Hotel, followed by the paparazzi. They also took photos that Vincent entered the hotel with the woman in his arms.

Then minutes later.

Vincent was standing next to the French Window, the white curtain flying upwards in the night breeze. He was looking at the night view of the whole F City from the top.

In the bathroom of the room, it looked quite erotic. However, he didn't have any interest at all. With a sneer, Vincent walked to sit down on the sofa, lit up a cigar, and started smoking.

Shortly, the sound of the running water stopped. Meredith walked out wrapped in a bath towel instead of wearing anything. The proportions of her figure looked perfect.

### **Chapter 309 - A Moment in Destiny**

Swaying her long hair that was still dripping, she walked to Vincent enchantingly and said in a coquettish tone, "Vincent, how bad you are! You only come to me when you want me to be the spokeswoman. If not, you'll never show up."

She was quite confident that no man could escape from her gentle trap except for Vincent. Until now, she hadn't gained the heart of this most honorable man in F City.

Meredith sat next to Vincent, with one of her hands on his shoulder, leaning against him. Meanwhile, she kept rubbing her against his body. "What's bothering you?"

Vincent frowned, suddenly stood up. Because of that, Meredith fell onto the sofa. She gaped at him in confusion.

"Didn't you say that you don't feel well? It seems you've recovered. I'm quite tired after the business trip. Please excuse me. I'll go home now."

"Vincent..."

"I don't like women who take the initiative," said Vincent coldly. When he opened the door and walked out, Leila's ever-frightened little face flashed through his mind.

He curled up his lips into a somewhat evil smile, creepy and handsome.

In the room, Meredith looked at Vincent's receding figure in anger. This was the first time that a man could dump her so ruthlessly. Although this man was quite outstanding, she felt hurt. How many men had fallen for her...

She wondered if it was true because that he had got married. No matter what, she wouldn't give in so easily.

Pulling out her phone, Meredith said to the person on the other end of the line, "Dear, have you shot the photos of Mr. White and me at the airport tonight?"

Laughter came over from the other end. "Yes, darling, absolutely wonderful. It'll be the deadline tomorrow."

"That's great! By the way, have you contacted Macey Hunter?"

"Not yet."

"Please hurry up."

One o'clock at the midnight, Leila was still cleaning up the apartment. Since Mabel didn't have the key to the new lock, she couldn't come in. Hence, nobody came to clean up this apartment. When Leila arrived today, she found everything so dusty.

The stars were shining in the sky. Silence blanketed the night.

She lifted the dust cover on the bathtub. First, she used the detergent to clean the not-dirty bathtub. Then she filled it with hot water to sterilize the bathtub and towels. Finally, she started clean it.

Since she had been cleaning for a long time, she sweated a lot. Her night skirt with the cartoon patterns was soaked in her sweat, exposing her curved figure.



The noise of the running water had covered the sound made when the lock was twisted. Vincent called the guard in the villa and heard that Leila didn't go back there, so he came to Pearl Community. Unexpectedly, she was here for real.

From downstairs, he found the light was on upstairs.

As soon as he opened the door, he heard the sound of the running water from the bathroom.

Leila was still brushing the bathtub. She planned to take a shower after finishing it. She felt quite uncomfortable because of sweating.

When she walked to the door, ready to go to the bedroom and get the pajamas she used to wear before, the door of the bathroom was pushed open. She looked up and a big palm grabbed her.

"Ah-- Help--" Leila suddenly exclaimed, and then Leila let out a kick.

Vincent dodged sharply. Before she could react, she was dragged out of the bathroom. Then he pressed on her and said in a low voice, "It's me!"

Her heart almost stopped. Meanwhile, she breathed a sigh of relief. It was Vincent. She thought a burglar had broken into the apartment. "Mr. White, is it you?"

"You look so nervous!" Vincent was quite happy about her frightened reaction as well as her kick at the first moment.

"You've come back!" she said in a soft tone.

"Ouch-- It hurts!" Leila tried to dodge when he lowered his head and bit her earlobe.

The expression when she cried out in pain made him frowned. He was unhappy about her refusal. "Try me if you dare to move again. I'll bite it off!"

Her earlobe was in his mouth again. Fortunately, he didn't bit it this time. Leila dared not to move or reject again. She could only obediently say, "I'm sweaty all over my body..."

Vincent was quite happy for her obedience. His hot lips moved around her ear, making her feet tickled. Leila's breath gradually sped up. He smelt quite good -- clean and fresh together with a strong masculine scent.

Holding the back of her head, he kissed her deeply. Leila didn't have the guts to resist, so she was passionately kissed by him for a while.

"You're all wet, aren't you?" He picked up a wisp of wet hair on her forehead.

"I was cleaning," she explained in a low voice.

"Why didn't you go to bed? What were you cleaning?" He frowned. Then he looked down at her, and then cast a glance at the bathroom.

Leila didn't know if he asked her out of kindness. Immediately, she answered, "It got dirty, so I decided to clean it. Can you take a rest first? I'll go out after taking a shower."

She felt uncomfortable with the sweat all over her body.

He looked somehow impatient.

“I’ll go out right away. Just in ten minutes.” Leila immediately fetched her pajamas from the bedroom and rushed back to the bathroom.

Vincent also followed her in and walked to her. “Are you on diet?”

“What? Of course not.” Leila couldn’t understand why he asked so.

“You... lost some weight” Vincent lifted her chin with one of his hands. Her sharp chin made him feel sorry for her. Seemingly a few days ago, her face was rounder than it was now.

“Nonsense! I didn’t.” Leila put on a silly smile, looking awkward.

Vincent pulled a long face. “You didn’t use the card.”

“What?”

“The bank card I’ve given you. You didn’t spend a penny.”

“I don’t need to use it now.” Leila smiled. “Mr. White, could you please go out now? I’ll take a shower.”

“So will I,” he said.

“Ah?” Leila was taken aback.

“I didn’t take a shower yet,” he said.

After getting off the plane, he went to the hotel. He didn’t have time to take a shower yet.

Leila bit her lower lip, feeling so nervous. “Well, you can take it first. I’ll wait until you’ve finished.”

“Why? You don’t have the guts to bathe with me, do you?” Vincent put on a faint smile and looked at her, his eyes full of flames.

Leila suddenly felt that Vincent looked like a cheetah that had been starved a lot of times, and she was his prey.

Leila stood straight, trying to calm herself down.

“Let’s take a bath together.” It had been a whole week. Vincent glinted at her. He still wore a suit jacket. As he suggested, he unbuttoned it and gave it to her.

“The bathroom is way too small.” Her soft tone had not convincing power at all.

“Put my clothes outside.” Vincent stripped himself and pressed his clothes into her arms. Leila held them outside the bathroom with a blushed face.

Then, she indeed didn’t have the guts to reenter the bathroom.

“Where are you?” The voice inside was already out of patience.

“I, I’ll take a shower later.”

“Are you deliberately pissing me off?” Vincent couldn’t wait anymore. He walked out of the bathroom and dragged Leila. “I’ve said we’ll bathe together. What are you waiting for?”

“I--” Leila was about to say something, but was interrupted by him.

“You have balls to retort me, don’t you?” As he spoke, he pulled her into his arms. Lowering his head, he attached to her lips. Then he bent down and carried Leila into the bathtub.

The water in the bathtub was almost full. With the movements of the two of them from time to time, the water overflowed from time to time.

Her night skirt was soaked in sweat. Now she was completely wet, and so was her hair. The temperature of the water warmed her up.

Suddenly, Leila blushed and her eyes became watery. She widened her eyes while staring at Vincent shyly and softly. Her lips were slightly apart, which became pink because of his kiss. Panting, seemingly she was muttering something.

Vincent didn’t hear it clearly. Lowering his head, he heard her call him, “Mr. White...”

Her voice was gentle and soft, full of infinite charm and unlimited temptation.

The damned little woman!

Vincent inhaled deeply.

“Damn you!” He gritted his teeth, annoyed because his reaction was too fierce and he was always attracted by her. Dragged her over, he trapped her between his chest and the bathtub. They were face-to-face and Leila nestled on his chest. She could feel how hot his body was.

“What did you do when I was away?” suddenly, he turned off the tap and asked in a trace of anger. “Did you date some other men?”

Upon hearing his question, Leila was taken aback.

“Tell me! Did you date some other men?” As a matter of fact, Vincent just wanted to frighten Leila and see if she had done something forbidden.

However, Leila suddenly felt heartbreaking. Raising her eyebrows, she looked into Vincent’s eyes. She wanted to ask him if he was busy with the gathering of the family of three. However, she couldn’t speak it out no matter how hard she tried.

She looked at him wronged, and his question was echoed in her ears.

How dared she?

Besides, she was not in that mood either.

Unconsciously, a tear fell from her eyes and dropped into the bathtub, causing a ripple and disappearing instantly.

All of a sudden, Leila burst into tears, covering her face with her hands.

Vincent was startled.

She covered her face and didn't want to show him her crying face, just emotionally and fiercely crying in silence.

"You... What are you crying for?" Vincent pulled her into his arms rudely, desperately kissing her cheeks.

"Yes, I dated with other men. I was seeing a man every day. Didn't you also date another woman? What right do you have to question me? Let me tell you -- I'm not that shameless. Even if I want to do something with another man, I'll divorce first. I won't cheat on my husband when I'm still married, and this is my rock bottom, unlike someone who has no responsibility to the marriage." The soft whimper came out among her fingers. Her shoulders trembled in the endless grievance.

Vincent pressed his lips, his eyes darkened. Her tears completely defeated him. Suddenly, he felt so uneasy and didn't know what to do with her. Realizing that Leila was wronged, he wanted to frighten her only but much to his surprise, he made her cry. "Didn't I say anything wrong? You have admitted that you were seeing men every day."

"Yes, you are wrong! You mistook me as such a kind of person. Why did you come to my apartment? This is my house. Why are you squeezing in my bathtub? I don't want to take the bath with you!" She was whimpering in grievance earlier. Now she started howling loudly, her fist constantly smashing on Vincent's body.

Her cheeks, that were covered with tears, were finally exposed.

Vincent gaped. 'Gee, the little girl has become so bold. How dare she hit me now!' he thought to himself.

After gaping at her for a long while, he suddenly swallowed and mumbled, "Stupid woman!"

"Yes, I'm stupid. So what? I'm so stupid that I believed you."

"I know you didn't see a man. How dare you shout at me?" Vincent grabbed her two fists that were still smashing on his chest, unwrapping her waist all of a sudden.

"Squish!" Leila sank into the water, suddenly she breathed a lot of water in her nose and mouth...

"How stupid!" Vincent hurriedly released her fists and wrapped her waist again. He thought that she was indeed stupid.

"Ahem... Ahem... Ahem..." Leila immediately sat up. After a moment of fierce coughing, she glared at him with all her strength.

Seeing her so embarrassing, Vincent suddenly burst into laughter. His laugh sounded too hateful, and Leila felt so wronged and annoyed.

After the bath, Vincent wrapped himself with a towel. Then he sat on the sofa and said bossily, "I'm starved. I want to eat some night snacks."

### **Chapter 310 - A Moment in Destiny**

“There’s no food.” Leila standing there, wrapped in the bathrobe.

“I’ve bought them.” He pointed at a bag next to the door. There was something in the bag.

Leila turned around and took a glance. Her eyelids were still tickled because she was crying aggrievedly just now. He was starved, but why she must cook for him just because of that? “I’m exhausted. I need to have a rest.”

“I haven’t had dinner yet.” He raised his eyebrows.

She paused and was about to move. Suddenly, she stopped and went to grab the bag, feeling speechless. Then she took the bag into the kitchen. After opening the bag, she found that it wasn’t food in it at all. Instead, it was a gift box with a bow tied around it.

Leila was stunned. Suddenly she ran out of the kitchen. “Mr., Mr. White, you?”

She wanted to ask if that gift was from him to her.

“What about me?” Vincent raised his brows playfully with a faint smile on his face.

“What’s in that bag?” she asked.

“Some food.” He kept smiling playfully.

“No, it’s not. Did you make a mistake?” Although she hasn’t looked into the bag, she was certain that it was not food in it.

“You can take a look at yourself.” Vincent raised his eyebrows again, his eyes deep.

Leila was in a daze. Then she turned around and went back into the kitchen, her heart hammering. She wondered if that was truly a gift. Opening the box carefully, she found there was a pretty mug with the cartoon pattern -- it was Chi-bi Maruko.

“Ah--” Leila exclaimed.

Her heartbeat so fast, her eyes full of surprise.

Vincent sat on the sofa, turned around, and looked over in the direction of the kitchen. His lips were curled up into a gentle smile, which was quite slight but extremely tender.

A mug?

Since the pronunciation of the mug in Chinese sounds like “a lifetime”, it represented the lifetime promise.

‘Mr. White, do you know the meaning of this gift? It represents the lifetime. Do you know it?’ she wondered.

Leila held the mug with her both hands, looking at it carefully. It had a white porcelain base and the lovely round face of Chi-bi Maruko with a red bow-tie and ruby blusher on her face, which looked quite nice. The most important was that he gave her such a gift. It seemed that he hadn’t forgotten about her on his business trip to Japan, had he?

Holding the mug, Leila walked out, feeling uneasy. Her cheeks were ruby, just like those of Chi-bi Maruko on the mug. "Mr. White, have, have you been to Shizuoka?"

"Come here!" His expression had been put away already. Looking at her deeply, he raised his hands.

"Ah--" She stood at the door of the kitchen and distanced from him prudently.

"COME HERE!" he said crossly.

She could only lower her head and walked over with the mug in her hands.

Vincent heaved a sigh helplessly.

"Kiss me."

She gaped at him in disbelief.

"Just one kiss will be fine." He was coaxing as well as playing at being cute.

Leila bit her lower lip and looked at him with a blushed face. He wrapped a towel around his waist, and she could see his muscle knots and washboard abs. He didn't look as disgusting as those bodybuilders nor as loosen as those fat guys. Staring at those clean muscles, she felt a bit embarrassed. Hesitant, she didn't know what to do.

"Shouldn't you thank me? I brought you a midnight snack. How do you like the midnight snack of Chi-bi Maruko?" He blinked. Reaching out to take the mug from her hands, he put it on the tea table.

Leila blushed. She whispered, "I like this gift very much. Thank you."

"You can't thank me by only saying it. I like something practical."

"I--" Her face turned red. She could only bend over and pecked on the corner of his mouth.

"Do you call it a kiss?" said Vincent unhappily.

The next second, her lips were sealed by his hot ones -- he practically showed her what a qualified kiss should be like.

Although she knew it wouldn't be simply a kiss and he would get whatever he wanted in a domineering manner, she still obediently let him kiss and hold her with his palms touching her body restlessly.

After the kiss was finished, her cheeks were ruby and her eyes were blurred. He almost couldn't help but drag her onto the sofa. They hadn't had sex for a long time. Although it was just a week, he felt as if

it was a century already.

With the desire, he kissed her again. Feeling dizzy, she was pressed under his body.

"Do you like my gift?" He kissed her wildly, his palms touching her lovingly.

"Yes, I do..." She nodded shyly, feeling as if she was burning in a fare. He untied her bathrobe. Immediately, her small hands grabbed his big ones. She muttered, "Shall, shall we go back to the room..."

He chuckled in a low voice. Instead of going back to the bedroom in hurry, he continued to arouse her.

Perhaps it was because they hadn't had sex for a long time, after exchanging a few kisses, they both had lost control.

"Mr. White..." she called him with moans. The desire accumulated for a whole week finally broke out, and Vincent felt quite joyful both mentally and physically. Looking at her ruby and shy cheeks, he felt as if he had finally found his safe haven.

It was passionate and extremely tender sex. After he entered her, he picked her up and walked to her bedroom while holding her in his arms. On the way, he didn't leave her at all.

They both had taken off the cloak of the civilized human beings. As if they were new-born animals, they showed the most primitive needs. Her hands wrapped his neck tightly. She wished that she could be close to him completely, getting closer and closer.

Under his pecks, she also tried to kiss him back boldly.

"Uh!" Vincent suddenly inhaled. "You wild little girl!"

He held up her body and move violently. In the strong rhythm, she felt his energy, his dominance, and his strength of being a man.

The orgasm came to them so violent and fast. He growled hoarsely. She closed her eyes tightly, biting her lower lip to stop the intense moan, but in the end, she couldn't control it at all.

Along with the man's growl and the woman's moan, at the same time, the two rushed to the most intense peak since they met.

While still feeling it, they both slumped on the bed and gasped heavily.

The unprecedented climax made her still dizzy even after a long time. She never knew that she could be so savage, and never knew that it turned out that this matter could have such extreme joy.

For a whole night, they never stopped.

Leila couldn't understand, as he kept having sex with her tenderly for the whole night as if he hadn't had it for quite a long time.

They explored every inch of each other's body, and they had also done many things they didn't want to do out of reserve and embarrassment before. In this tonight, they did it for each other as much as they wanted and made each other do as much as they want.

In the early morning.

Although Leila was quite worn out, she still got up.

She softened her moves to get up so she wouldn't wake up Vincent, who was sleeping soundly beside her. They both muddled up in her small bed. His tall and strong figure made him not fit in her bed at all.

His sleeping face looked so harmless. He looked like a child while sleeping. He had long eyelashes, which were so beautiful and not like a man's. However, it made him look so handsome...

Leila walked out of the bedroom and closed the door behind her. Then she walked to the living room tiptoed. The mug was still on the tea table in the silence. Chi-bi Maruko's image was so adorable and innocent. Leila walked over and picked up the mug gently. Then she put it in the cabinet in the innermost place. It was a gift from him -- thinking of that, her eyes curled into smiling ones. With a sweet smile, she walked downstairs to buy the breakfast.

When she came back, Vincent was still sleeping.

She put the soybean milk and the deep-fried dough sticks on the table. Then she went into the bathroom for a shower.

Although Vincent didn't sleep until the early morning, the quality of his sleep was quite high. He only slept for two hours, but he felt refreshed after waking up. Faintly, he smelt something quite nice...

"Leila, what delicious food did you make?" Vincent walked into the kitchen room following the smell without even washing his face. He felt indeed starved.

"Morning, Mr. White. I bought the breakfast." Leila shivered because she couldn't adapt when hearing him calling her so gently.

She brought out the soybean milk and put the bowl on the dining table.

Vincent sat down at the table. "The chopsticks, please."

"Have you washed your face? I also put the toothpaste on your toothbrush. Go tidy yourself up." Knowing that he hadn't washed his face yet, Leila refused to pass the chopsticks to him, urging him to wash his face first.

"So troublesome!" Vincent looked annoyed, but he still stood up and walked into the bathroom. She hadn't only put the toothpaste on his toothbrush, but also put his facecloth aside neatly. He felt that her service quality was even higher than that of a five-star hotel.

When he came back to the dining room, Leila had put the chopsticks and spoon for him. "Drink some soybean milk first. It was freshly brewed. I warmed it up just now."

Looking at the Chinese-styled breakfast on the table, Vincent realized that he hadn't had it for a long time. He kind of missed them, feeling quite satisfied.

"Mr. White, will you go on a business trip again?" Leila asked while eating, feeling quite overcautious. She still tried her best to relax and kept telling herself that he was her husband, not to be afraid of him, and try to get close to him.

"Nah!"

"Will you go home this evening?" Leila thought that if he would go home, she would buy some ingredients and cook dinner for him.

"Why?" he asked in a harsh tone as he hated to be asked about his whereabouts by women.



"If you'll go home, I'll go home earlier and prepare for the dinner." She was thinking that if her schedule needed to be adjusted, she would make the time of learning taekwondo at noon or in the morning, trying her best to make it available for him so that he wouldn't be angry.

"I want to eat the ribs," he said firmly.

Leila was taken aback, wondering if he admitted that he would go home for dinner. With a blink, she immediately nodded. "Okay. I'll buy them."

"And the eight-ingredient porridge."

"Sure. All right!" Leila nodded dully. "What else?"

"Nothing else." He had finished a big bowl of soybean milk and several deep-fried dough sticks. "Ask the driver to send you over."

"No, thanks. I'll go there myself."

"You are so troublesome, woman! If you don't listen to me, then fuck off!" He was trying to be nice to her, but she couldn't understand it. What a fool! He had finished breakfast. Standing up and pulling out a tissue to wipe his mouth, he walked over to the sofa.

"Okay. I got it." Leila reminded her not to piss him off again.

"I'll ask the driver to call you," Vincent added.

"Okay!" Leila nodded, lowering her head to drink the soybean milk.

Vincent frowned. Suddenly, he felt quite good if there was someone cooking breakfast for him in the morning and cooking dinner at night. Although the breakfast was bought outside this morning, it tasted not bad. The most important was that he felt more delighted to bully someone.

After breakfast, Leila did the dishes and cleaned the kitchen. Then she put on her clothes. Seeing that Vincent was still sitting on the sofa, she was stunned. Then she turned around and didn't know whether she should leave or not.