

## Destiny 311

### Chapter 311 - A Moment in Destiny

Neither of them spoke. Silence blanked the living room. Vincent cast an indifferent glance at Leila, who was standing with her back to him, her pretty back looking quite hot. He strode to her back and asked her while raising his eyebrows, "You've been dragging your face for half an hour. Haven't you got ready yet?"

Leila couldn't help but blush slightly. She looked down and her eyes were covered under the shadow of her long eyelashes. "Are, are you waiting for me?"

"Bull crap! Who else am I waiting for?" Vincent reached out and cast a glance at her. When he saw the bruised kissing marks on her neck, he slightly frowned while feeling quite satisfied. Reaching out to button up the top button of her blouse, he said in a slightly tender tone, "I'll drive you to the university."

Leila couldn't reject because he was giving a command.

When they went downstairs, he held her hand, her heart hammering. Suddenly, she felt that they were like a loving couple from an ordinary family -- so natural and sweet.

After sitting in the car, Vincent titled his body, reaching one hand to pinch her chin slightly. He said in a cold tone, "If Theodore Hall harasses you again, don't forget to tell me. If you have the balls to hide it from me, you know the consequences. I hope you can try your best to speak less. You should know clearly how to be a good and obedient wife for me. Without my permission, you can't be too intimate with other men. Understand?"

Leila's heart skipped a bit. With dimmed eyes, she nodded. "Yes, I see."

But she was still in a daze. When this man was gentle, his tenderness would drown her. Now he warned her out of no reason as if she did cheat on him.

With an arrogantly evil smile, Vincent gazed at her with his charming dark eyes, stressing each syllable as if he was sentencing her, "Leila Hunter, although we don't love each other, from the day when you married me, I should be the only one for your body, your heart, your eyes, and your mind."

Boom!

Leila was taken aback, wondering what he meant. She felt a bit disappointed. 'Mr. White, why do you think we don't love each other? At least, my heart...' she thought to herself.

Upon hearing his words, she suddenly felt that he was too childish. She wondered if he had learned how to love someone. He could be so selfish in love, and she didn't know what was on his mind.

His tender last night seemed like a transient joy for her. Now it had been gone completely.

With dark circles under her eyes, Leila went to the university. Vincent dropped her off at the entrance and then returned to his company.

When she passed by the newsstand, she saw the headline in the entertainment section -- "Breaking news: Vincent White had a new girlfriend when coming back from Japan, dumping the illegitimate son and his mother."

Leila was startled. Immediately, she bought one newspaper.

In the newspaper, there was a set of photos taken at the airport and in the HJ Hotel when he was holding Meredith in his arms. Leila recalled this woman -- when she was dancing with Callum that night, it was this woman who appeared together with Vincent. Her name was Meredith Baker.

Vincent was carrying her in his arms and Meredith nestled in it like a birdie.

The words below went like this --

Recently, the reporters happened to take photos of Mr. Vincent White, the CEO of White Group, and Meredith Baker, a car model, coming back from abroad together. They were holding hands intimately and went to the HJ Hotel together in a car...

Leila was confused -- didn't he return to Pearl Community last night?

She took a deep breath. Recalling the erotic scenes last night that made her blush and the mug that he gave to her, she decided to ignore this newspaper. After tossing it in the trash can outside the university entrance, she dusted her hands and walked onto the campus.

White Group.

In the CEO's office.

Vincent walked out from the lounge, dressed in a different outfit.

On his tall and strong body, he was wearing a black pure handmade suit. His perfect facial features showed noble lines, and his cold face looked excessively serious and arrogant. Holding up the coffee cup on the table, he lifted it gracefully and took a sip. His every move exuded the domineering manner as a king.

He looked down at the headline of the entertainment section, a sharp flash going through his eyes.

"Hey, Vincent, you are always the headline recently." Arthur was sitting in the chair opposite him. He was also in a black suit, that showed his perfect shape. He had a playful smile on his good-looking face. "You are like a star."

"Don't compare me with those in the entertainment business." Vincent's voice was deep. Although he was talking to his friend, his words were as cold as the arctic ice.

"Of course. How could an actor be compared to you? You are the man of all the men in our F City. By the way, the man of the men, could you explain what on earth happened last night? How could you get a room with Meredith Baker?" Arthur teased him while raising his eyebrows, couldn't help gossiping.

Vincent cast a cold glance at him, raising his eyebrows. "You've recovered from diarrhea, haven't you?"

"Yes!" Arthur nodded.

"I'm curious with whom you went to eat the mutton shashlik. How could you get into such trouble?" In his impression, a rich guy like Arthur shouldn't have gone to eat in such kinds of places. In other words, Arthur must have been there with a girl. If it were a man, he wouldn't have the charm to pull Arthur over.

"It's a secret. Vincent, don't skip the question. What the heck was going on? Did you bang Meredith Baker?"

"You're so rude."

"Oh, come on. Don't pretend to be a nobleman, at least not in front of me." Arthur laughed, winking at him.

"Do you think I'll fuck a public bus?" Vincent raised his eyebrows.

"But I don't think you'd fuck a virgin either, because it's too troublesome and it would make you struggle with the morality and feel sorry. By the way, when can I meet Macey Hunter's sister, your wife?"

"Why do you want to meet her?"

"I just want to take a look at her. I wondered what she looks like and if she has the same personality as Macey Hunter. By the way, words have it that Macey Hunter has become worse and worse. Vincent, she wasn't like this before, was she?"

"Something wrong happened with the branch in the US. If you are quite idle, call them and resolve the problem. Stop chitchatting with me here," Vincent answered simply. For him, business always came first.

"All right. But, Vincent, I have a question," Arthur said casually, looking quite joyful.

Vincent turned to look over at him and asked in a deep voice, "What's wrong with you again?"

"Have you ever had a feeling of missing someone? Just like one day apart is like three years."

"Do you have a crush on someone?" Vincent asked, his deep eyes bright. He stopped writing and looked up at Arthur seriously. "Where is the girl from? You're so obsessed."

The happy smile faded from Arthur's face. With a wry, bitter smile, he said, "Alas! Unfortunately, she has a boyfriend already."

Vincent felt shocked. He said jokingly, "Just a boyfriend, isn't it? She's not married. You can still gain her heart."

"Do you also think so?"

"As long as she was unmarried for a day, it means you still have a chance. However, even if she were married, it wouldn't be difficult for you to gain her heart based on your capability, either."

Arthur was speechless immediately. Glaring at Vincent, he said, "No way! I'm not that immoral. But when she's not married yet, I won't give up. If she would be unhappy after getting married, I'll probably snatch her as well."

“Are you so serious?” Vincent raised his eyebrows.

Arthur cast a glance at him, neither shaking his head nor nodding. “Vincent, how long do you plan to keep the marriage with Macey Hunter’s sister?”

The look in Vincent’s eyes changed a bit. He kept silent and returned to the ever-calm look right away.

Seeing that Vincent’ didn’t speak, Arthur wondered what was wrong. Looking at him meaningfully, Arthur asked, “Are you getting serious as well?”

Vincent looked at Arthur’s raised eyebrows, his hand that was holding a pen stiffened. A woman’s face flashed through his mind together with her name. He pulled a long face and said in a deep voice, “Aren’t you going back to work?”

“All right. I’m taking off.” Arthur stood up and staggered. “Ah! It seems diarrhea would truly kill a man. Just for three days, I’ve already become so fragile. Vincent, please don’t eat anything in the night market, even with your favorite girl, and no matter how much she likes the mutton shashlik. You’ll be killed. This is just a kindly reminder from your best friend.”

Vincent put on a faint smile without answering him, wondering if he would do that.

He was always the one in charge and that day would never come. “You’d better mind your own business. Don’t ever go back there again!”

In the university.

Leila’s thesis had been fixed already. All she needed was to wait for another half month, during which she would take the exams of a few subjects. After the exam and the thesis defense, she could have a farewell dinner with her classmates. Then they would graduate.

With a pile of documents in his arms, Theodore stood on the head of the stairs. He called, “Excuse me, Miss Leila Hunter.”

Leila raised her head and saw him standing at the corner. She felt a bit panicked and nodded. “Hi, Professor Hall. What can I do for you?”

“Could you please come to my office? I have something to tell you.”

“Could we talk about it here, Professor Hall?”

“Please come to my office. I have some documents for you.”

Leila still wanted to refuse him, but he had turned around and left.

She heaved a sigh, walked upstairs again, and followed him into his office.

Theodore took out a pile of documents from the drawer and handed them to Leila. “This is the admission plan of the KL University. Do you have an interest to study overseas? I deliberately saved them for you.”

“Study overseas?” Leila gaped.

Theodore gazed at her, nodding. "Yes, study overseas. You are a straight-A student. You don't need to worry about the expenses after going there. The scholarship is enough to support your three-year graduate study already. I know you'll also work part-time. You should be able to take good care of yourself."

Leila felt surprised. She had never considered studying overseas. However, she knew that it was good for her and Theodore was doing it for her own good.

"I--" Leila wanted to say something, but Theodore interrupted her.

"Please don't answer me in such a hurry. Think it over for a while. There's still plenty of time. You can reply to me in one week. Okay. You can leave now. Be safe on the way."

Leila slightly nodded at him, looking down at the materials in her hands. Theodore looked expressionless, but he couldn't help staring at Leila's face, a meaningful flash hiding in his eyes.

In the past three years, someone stole his letters to Leila. Theodore believed that even if Leila had received one of the letters he sent, she and he wouldn't have become so distant in this way. It was all because of the person who stole his letters. He wondered who that person would be.

It had been for such a long time, and he couldn't find a way to look into it. However, he was truly reluctant to have missed Leila.

Leila looked through the materials and looked up at him. Seeing that Theodore was staring at her, she was taken aback for a moment. Immediately, she said, "I need to go home now. I'll bring those materials home and read them through."

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Theodore fell into the silence for a long while. Then he nodded. "Sure! Please go ahead."

Leila turned around and left the office.

Walking out of Theodore's office, she received a call from Arthur. "Hey, Lexi. Where are you? Shall we lunch together? You ruthless girl. I almost died because of you. How could you have the heart not to see me for just once?"

Upon hearing his complaints, Leila pressed her lips into a smile. "I'm sorry. I'm in my university now. I won't go to the gym this afternoon and I don't have time at noon either. I'm terribly sorry, Arthur. Well, I didn't have diarrhea though. Was it caused by something you ate somewhere else?"

She had adjusted her taekwondo class time to this noon and she was going to the gym now, but she didn't want Arthur to know it.

"What? Won't you go there? Why? From whom did you learn such a skill?"

"Haha... I asked for one-day off today. I have something to deal with at home."

"Oh, I see. I'll have lunch by myself, then." Arthur sounded quite weakened.

Leila shook her head in amusement and hung up the phone.

She put the pile of materials into her bag, heaving a sigh.

It was so attractive for her when thinking about studying overseas. She wondered if she should go.

At noon, after the class in the gym, Leila put the materials back in Pearl Community. Then she received a call from Vincent's driver. They made an appointment to meet at four o'clock in the afternoon outside the community.

White Group.

"Mr. White, a gentleman with the surname Gordon wants to meet you." The secretary's voice came over from the internal line.

Vincent creased his eyebrows slightly. "Let him come in."

"Yes, Mr. White."

Shortly, Julian arrived in Vincent's office. Clara knocked at the door of the CEO's office with him behind her. Vincent's voice came from the inside: "Come in, please."

Julian took a deep breath, pushed the door open, and walked in.

Vincent was sitting in the big office chair, raising his chin slightly. "Please have a seat."

Julian walked over to sit on the sofa.

Vincent said to Clara, "Clara, please make two cups of coffee."

"Yes, Mr. White," Clara answered and walked out.

Vincent paused his work. Looking up at Julian, who was sitting on the sofa with an uneasy face, Vincent asked in a light tone, "How will you give in?"

Julian was taken aback. Taking a deep breath, he asked, "What to give in?"

"That night, Leila experienced a kidnap. Don't you tell me that you have no idea about it?" Vincent said flatly, his voice calm and aloof.

"You suspect I did that, don't you?" Julian wasn't panicked. He just stared at Vincent with widened eyes. "Senior, I want to know why you suspected me."

"Humph!" With a sneer, Vincent crossed his hands resting them on the desk, his eyes sharp and wise. "What do you think?"

Clara walked in, delivering two cups of coffee. Vincent said, "Clara, please close the door for me."

The door was closed and only Vincent and Julian were left in the CEO's office. Vincent stood up and walked over to sit down on the sofa opposite Julian. "Give in, please. You know it's impossible no matter what you've done. I don't have any problem with my sexual orientation. You should go to see a psychological doctor. Perhaps you are just suffering from some mental problems, and you are not gay at all."

Julian felt a sharp pang in his heart, his expression changing. He just looked at Vincent in a daze, his feminine handsome face full of bitterness and his eyes full of pains. "Senior, you know I can't give in..."

"I don't have the duty and obligation to fool around with you. I'm sorry." Vincent's cold voice was heard, leaving no room for negotiation at all.

Julian's face was pale. Looking at Vincent's handsome face, he realized that his love for Vincent was too deep that he couldn't give in so easily.

"If you hurt Leila, you should know what kind man I am. In that case, whatever I've done cannot be controlled by you or me," Vincent added in a cold tone.

"Senior, you married her not for love. You'll break up sooner or later."

"Julian Gordon, you are always a decisive man," interrupting Julian's words, Vincent continued, "It's the business between me and Leila. You are just an outsider."

"I can help you deal with Brain Hunter."

"Why do I need to deal with Brain Hunter? He's my father-in-law, our respectful mayor of F City. Julian Gordon, what wild guess have you made?"

"Is that really this simple, Senior?" Julian smiled in silence. "The death of Mr. White was still a mystery. Don't you truly want to know? The rumors all said that it had something to do with Brian Hunter. Isn't that the reason why you looked for the Hunter family?"

Sure enough, he mentioned the late Mr. White. Vincent's face fell. Shortly, he returned to calm. With a sneer, he looked at Julian with a meaningful look. "Really? It seemed that you know the inside story. Or, did our dear Director Gordon know the inside story back then?"

Feeling a bit shocked, Julian shook his head. "How could my father know anything? I just made a guess."

"In that case, please mind your own business, Julian Gordon. I don't want to keep in touch with you." A gloomy trace flashed through Vincent's face, looking quite cold. "I respect your sex-orientation, but if you keep pestering me, you should know your secret would be known by the whole F City and the whole country. In that case, those gays would come to you after seeing your photos. Do you think you or I would be in trouble by that time? And your father -- if he knows you have such a habit, how sad will he feel at that time?"

"Will you do that?" Julian raised his eyebrows.

"It all depends on your performances. If you pissed me off, you should know the consequences."

"Senior, you are still as decisive as you used to be back then." Julian smiled slightly. "But, the less I could get, the more I feel excited. What should I do?"

"It's your own business."

With expectant eyes and hidden tenderness, Julian stared at Vincent's cold face. "Senior, how would you know if you are the same as me if you don't have a try?"

“Do you mean that I must have sex with you to know if I’m homosexual or not? Julian Gordon, are you out of your mind? Let me tell you -- even when I dreamed, I fucked women, not a freak lie you. All right? Fuck off! Now!”

At four o’clock in the afternoon, Vincent’s driver gave Leila a ride to the supermarket.

Leila was selecting the ingredients. Since Vincent requested to eat the ribs, she picked up the fine ribs. As soon as she turned around, she saw Macey, beside whom stood a man. The man was dressed like a gangster on the street.

Leila was startled, and then she greeted Macey, “Hi, Macey. Are you also coming to shop in the supermarket?”

Macey swayed to Leila with a smile and said in an enchanting tone, “Hi, Leila. Long time no see.”

Leila nodded with a gentle smile. “Just a week, isn’t it?”

She noticed the gaze of the man next to Macey was glued on her, quite unbridled and disgusting. She felt disgusted, but since he was Macey’s friend, she didn’t show it. However, that man’s gaze was glued on her, and his nasty look indeed had sickened her.

“What are you doing here?” Macey had a sharp sight. Suddenly she saw the things in the shopping cart, with a frown, she exclaimed, “Are you going to be the cook for that man?”

As she spoke, she reached out to check the ingredients in the shopping cart. Seeing that her red fingernails went through the bag of the black beans and left some traces, Leila slightly frowned, feeling quite uncomfortable.

The next moment, Macey clicked her tongue and said, “I really can’t imagine that my dear sister is shopping for the ingredients. You look like to be a good wife indeed. Are you learning from my dear auntie and your mother, Ms. Mabel Ross, and becoming a good wife? Haha haha... You will cook the eight-ingredient porridge, won’t you? My dear sister, I also want to have it. What should I do?”

Leila’s heart skipped a beat. She immediately answered, “I’ll call Mom and ask her to cook for you.”

“Uh!” Macey shook her head, feeling quite unhappy. Suddenly, she put on a cheeky smile. “What should I do? I just want to eat the porridge cooked by you.”

“Oh?” Leila smiled humbly. “If you do want to eat it, I’ll cook some and deliver it to you.”

Macey smiled brightly. “There are quite a lot of people in my place. Right, Oskar?”

The man next to her immediately nodded. “Indeed. There are a lot of people in our place. You should deliver the porridge enough for twenty.”

Leila pressed her lips slightly. In that case, she had to cook for a whole big pot, well, even two big pots of porridge wouldn’t be enough. Macey was tricking her obviously, but for the sake of her late aunt, Leila decided to endure it.

Macey saw her hesitate. She deliberately approached her and asked, “What now? Leila, aren’t you willing to do it?”



Leila had been looking down and quite obedient. Suddenly, she looked up at Macey with her crystal clear eyes in an indifferent manner, as if her single glance would see through Macey's color, which made Macey shiver all of a sudden. Unconsciously, Macey felt a trace of fear.

Damn it! Leila's glance! Macey had forgotten that Leila was not a simple woman. However, she wouldn't retreat.

Leila cast her a glance and then looked down calmly. She said in a soft tone, "I'll deliver it to you guys after it's done. Macey, tell me your address."

"Really? You have to cook two big pots of it. And we are quite far away from the downtown." Macey laughed arrogantly, knowing that she had won this time.

"It's alright." Leila inhaled deeply, remaining smiled.

"What's alright? Your time belongs to me. Did you ask me for my permission?" Suddenly a deep voice chimed in with strong unhappiness, which made the hearts of both Leila and Macey skip a beat, especially Leila's. She held her breath in disbelief, turning around to look at the man.

It was indeed Vincent.

Macey's expression kept changing. She smiled to cover it. "Hi, Vincent. You even came to the supermarket!"

Vincent was in a black tailored suit, glinting at Macey with the sharp coldness in his ink-black eyes. Vincent took a glance at the man standing next to her and smiled disdainfully. "Oh, it's you. Your taste has been changed, hasn't it?"

Then he looked at Leila.

Leila hurriedly walked up to him and explained in a soft tone, "Hi, Mr. White. I happened to meet Macey here by accident."

"Oh, really? That's truly a coincidence. You do have the fate. You can encounter each other everywhere." As he spoke, Vincent gazed at Macey with sharpness, making Macey panic.

Leila immediately asked, "Mr. White, why are you here?"

Vincent's eyes were with a trace of anger. When he saw Leila's pleading eyes, he immediately calmed down. Then he turned to Macey. "Excuse me, you guys want to have the eight-ingredient porridge, don't you? Treasure Restaurant is a nice place. They'll deliver it to you no matter if you have twenty or two hundred!"

Macey could only put on a wry smile.

"Then, well, we will not disturb you guys!" Macey feared Vincent so much. Dragging that man, she escaped awkwardly.

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Leila felt embarrassed. Looking down, she heard Vincent scold her. "Stupid woman, you are so stupid!"

He stood next to her straightened. He saw that the crowd was gazing at them, his black eyes dazzling.

The onlookers sensed the coldness emanated from his body, which was from the deep of his bones. Seeing that Leila looked cowardly, he asked in a cold tone, "You enjoy being bullied, don't you?"

Leila's expression was stiffened. Knowing that he meant that she was too coward, she bit her lower lip and asked in a gentle tone, "Actually, she was just imbalanced in her heart. After all, she wanted to marry you truly, but just because--"

If that video clip didn't exist and Macey didn't hook up with other men... the position of Mr. White's wife should belong to her sister.

"If I would see you agree to her requirements again, you can't blame me for being rude to you," Vincent interrupted her words impatiently. He looked down at her fearful look and cast a glance at the things in the shopping cart. Then he looked less annoyed. With a gentle tone, he said, "Hurry up and finish shopping. The driver is gone. I'll drive you back home after you come out."

"Okay." She was in a daze and could only nod in agreement.

He had already gone far.

Vincent looked around and made sure there were no paparazzi. Then he strode away.

Leila stared at his receding straightened back dully. His strong back was straightened up, looking wide. Did he just come over to save her from the trouble? However, she wondered how he had known that she would encounter Macey.

Vincent had planned to stride farther, but suddenly she paused. In silence, he turned around and walked back.

Leila dared not to move a bit. She was standing motionlessly at the spot and looking at him. After a long while, he said in a deep voice, "I'll be the only one who can bully you. You are my woman. I can treat you well or not well, but others cannot--"

Leila gaped at him, feeling weird. Although he said that because he cared about her, he used such a method. Mr. White was quite awkward.

After a moment of silence, Vincent coldly said in a uniquely evil way together with some combative feeling and hidden rage, "If you meet her again, just slap her across her face directly."

Leila was taken aback. How dared she? It was her older sister!

Vincent came to pick up Leila to go home after finishing his business in the company. Unexpectedly, when he parked the car, he saw Macey and a man sneaked into the supermarket. Feeling uneasy and recalling what happened in the bar street last time, he also followed them in. Then he witnessed them making trouble to Leila.

What pissed him the most was that Leila just let Macey bully her without any resistance. Since when his woman could be tortured by others? In this world, he was the only one who could bully her. Nobody else could do that!

Leila wondered if she should feel honored or fortunate. Indeed, in this world, he was the only one that could make her endure without any rock bottom. She wouldn't do that to anyone else.

Leila walked around the supermarket alone for a while. She received a call from her mother, and it was also because of Mr. White. "Leila, how come Vincent has a scandal again?"

"Mom, please don't worry. Last night, Mr. White was with me. The news in the newspaper is untrue."

In the circumstance last night, Vincent's desire for her was so strong, and he didn't look as if he came home after fooling around with another woman. Hence, she decided to trust him.

She could feel that he hadn't touched any other woman in the past week, because he wanted her so badly last night. Perhaps, she shouldn't overthink and make a wild guess, because he was a man who didn't like to explain at all. The better he treated her, the more overbearing he was. At the thought of it, Leila felt that the bitterness in her heart finally faded away. With a happy smile, she said to her mother, "Mom, Mr. White treated me quite well. He also brought me a gift on his business trip. Please rest assured."

After hanging up the phone, Leila picked up a few vegetables, fish, shrimps, and a chicken. Her slim face was full of happy smiles. She wanted to replenish the nutrition for his body.

After paying the bills and walking out of the supermarket, Leila took a few bags in her hands, full of ingredients. She looked around for Vincent's car. When she was looking for it, she heard the honk. Then she saw the Bugatti was parked behind a car in front. She immediately walked over.

The trunk had been opened already. Leila put the bags in it, and then closed the trunk. The door next to the passenger seat was opened from the inside. Leila immediately trotted to sit in, appreciating him for being considerate. "Thank you, Mr. White."

Vincent pursed his lips.

"Don't you need to work in the afternoon? It's still another hour before you usually knock off." Leila checked the time -- it was still half past four.

He frowned. "I've finished dealing everything."

"How did you know I'm here," Leila asked again.

"How did I know you were here? Don't you think I came to pick you up deliberately," Vincent said in a fierce tone. As if he had realized something, he looked more unnatural, and even a bit embarrassed. Gritting his teeth, he asked, "Why are you asking so many questions? You are way too talkative!"

Leila turned to glance at him and lowered her head immediately. She saw the slight blush on his face, and she suddenly understood something. He came to pick her up deliberately, and his words also disclosed it, but he refused to admit it. Indeed, for a man like Mr. White, he wouldn't tell her that he came to pick up her intentionally.

However, Leila knew it clearly and felt quite happy. Although he sounded fierce, she didn't care at all. She just smiled.

Vincent turned to cast a glance at her, seeing that she was smiling. He looked embarrassed. With a creak, the car roared away immediately.

Shortly, Vincent said again, "Why don't you speak?"

Leila was surprised. She whispered, "Didn't you ask me to shut up?"

He swallowed, frowning immediately. "Did I say that?"

"You said I'm way too talkative," Leila answered while smiling, "So I'd better keep silent."

"Silly girl!" He snorted, curling up his lips to show how good his mood was.

As soon as he recalled that he had met Julian this afternoon, he couldn't help getting angry. "From now on, don't meet Julian Gordon again."

"Why not?" Leila was shocked.

"Because I don't allow it."

"Okay. I got it." Leila had to nod in agreement.

His car passed the villa by but didn't turn in the path. Instead, it headed to the top of the mountain. Leila gaped at the view outside the window. "Uh? Aren't we going back home?"

"Let's watch the sunset," Vincent said.

Leila's heart skipped a beat suddenly. For some reason, the scene that he always looked lonely before flashed in his mind. Watching the sunset? Others always preferred to watch the sunrise. How many people in this world enjoyed watching the sunset?

Leila fell into the silence, feeling slightly sad in her heart. But at the same time, hope was raised in her heart, and she was wondering if he allowed her to enter into his world.

The top of the mountain.

Vincent pulled over the car.

He stopped the car towards the west, where the sun was setting. The two were sitting in the car silently. The sun was hanging on the west. It was five o'clock, and still early.

Leila had learned how to detect his mood by studying his expression. Afraid of provoking the lion again, she chose to keep silent.

He was quiet as well. She turned to cast a secret glance at him.

Vincent pulled out a cigarette and lit it up. The good scent of smoke from the cigarette filled the car immediately.

Leila turned to look out of the window. The sun had become bigger. When it was setting, it seemed to become bigger and bigger.

“Do you like it?” he asked.

Leila’s expression changed when she heard the question. She didn’t know how to answer him properly, so she couldn’t tell him what was on her mind. “The day is fading, and night is approaching. The sunset is the afterglow, and the sky is full of sunset glow. It seems very sad all of a sudden, but it also means the beginning of another period. The setting sun is a kind of sorrow and sadness. It looks very beautiful but it’s only a short moment, but it also symbolizes a kind of sentiment -- one of its sides is a loss, and the other side is gain. If you lose in life, you can gain something. Upon giving on doing something, you can accomplish other things.”

After she said calmly, she cast a glance at him in secret. He turned to look at her, and his eyes were extremely deep.

Suddenly, he reached out and pulled her towards him. She emanated a fragrant scent, mixed with the smell of the shower gel and hair shampoo, fluctuating his heart intentionally and unintentionally.

She was stunned and looked at him in shock. He pulled her closer to him, his big palm holding the back of her head. He kissed her lips directly. Leila widened her eyes, looking into a pair of deep eyes.

His lips tortured hers violently. Until her cheeks became as ruby as the rouge and her lips became swollen, he let go of her lips reluctantly and started attacking the skin under her tender neck...

There seemed to be sparks in the air, which would lead to a big fire.

“Mr. White, let go of me!” She managed to maintain her breath, trying her best to resist Vincent with all her strength, but she failed.

“OK.” Vincent squinted his cold eyes, smiling evilly. He let go of her truly.

“You...” Leila was startled and was about to move back to her seat.

Vincent smiled in a more evil way.

When she was moving back, her lips were sealed by a sudden kiss again. She gaped at him and seeing the enlarged handsome face in front of her, feeling electric strike. “Please don’t, Mr. White!”

“No?” Vincent directly pressed Leila down on the passenger seat. He adjusted the seat slightly and the back of the chair fell over. Loosening his tie, he looked at her with the fire of desire.

He didn’t believe that he would be a homosexual since he had such a strong desire towards women. Damn that Julian! He felt so depressed because a homosexual man kept pestering him.

“We’re still outside our house. You can’t...” Leila growled.

“We can as I said so!” Vincent had pressed on her totally, holding her in a tight grip.

Naturally, he got what he wanted from her.

At the moment when the sun was setting, he entered her body. Leila looked at him in a daze. Inwardly, she sighed, wondering if his brain was controlled by the sperm. How could he have sex with her whenever and wherever he wanted?

When everything calmed down, it was already dark outside.

Leila pressed her face on his chest shyly. He stroked her tender cheeks, the hot breath from his mouth heating her ear.

Suddenly, he asked, "Leila, am I a man?"

Leila was agape. Swallowing, she was shocked why he asked such a question. However, she could only nod and give him hum as an answer.

Vincent blinked, pressing his lips.

If he were not a man, were he a woman? Leila wondered in confusion. If he were not a man, how could he make love to her?

Leila glanced at him, seeing that he had such a nice side face. Actually, he looked extremely handsome no matter from which angle. Gradually, she found that he was not so cold-hearted gradually, and instead, he was quite adorable. Suddenly, she felt the warmth in her heart.

"Let's go home." He sounded extremely satisfied and his mood had become much better.

#### **Chapter 314 - A Moment in Destiny**

Immediately, Leila straightened up her clothes, nodding in shyness.

The car soon arrived in the villa. However, there was a luxurious car parked in the yard. Leila turned to look at Vincent in surprise. "Do we have a guest?"

Vincent's expression slightly changed when seeing that car, pressing his thin lips tightly.

Leila didn't know what happened. They both got off.

Leila went to fetch the bags from the trunk, and then she walked into the living room with Vincent.

However, as soon as she entered the living room, Leila sensed a different atmosphere as if there was a coldness in the living room, which was fulfilled with something weird.

Looking up, Leila found a mid-aged woman sitting on the sofa -- she looked both dignified and graceful.

In a daze, Leila stared at her -- the woman wore an adjusted cheongsam with a white print. Her figure was very well maintained. With the cheongsam wear on her body, she looked more elegant on her neck there was a pearl necklace. Her earrings were a gray diamond shape, and the material was unknown. Her hair was tied up, making her look neat and capable.

When the woman saw them come in, she gazed over at them. Under her gaze, Leila suddenly shivered, feeling so cold.

Then she heard Vincent call, "Mom, why did you come back?"

As he spoke, he walked towards her.

Leila was completely shocked.

Was this woman Mr. White's mother?

Then she was her mother-in-law, wasn't she? Leila wondered what she should address her -- calling her Mom as Vincent did. She decided to remain silent and wait for Vincent to introduce her. Leila gaped and watched Vincent walk up to the woman and hugged her.

Nora Morgan chuckled. Above Vincent's shoulder, she gazed at Leila more sharply.

Leila trembled. Nora seemed to snort. Although they were far away from each other, Leila still felt her sneering at her. For some reason, she believed that her mother-in-law came here without bad intention.

"Mom, this is Leila," Vincent made the introduction for them after turning back and seeing Leila.

"Leila, this is my mother," he said to Leila.

Leila immediately walked up and put the bags beside the door. With a slight smile, she greeted, "Mom, nice to meet you."

Nora nodded at her arrogantly. Her graceful and well-maintained face is full of pride and disdain. "Are you the second daughter of Mr. Hunter, the mayor?"

"Mom, please call me Leila." Leila's heart skipped a beat. She could hear the hostility from her mother-in-law's tone.

"Okay, Leila!" Nora cast a cold glance at her. When seeing her cheap shirt and jeans without any jewelry and her messy hair, she snorted. "Can't our White family afford you? You dress so cheaply!"

Leila felt panicked, blushed in embarrassment. Subconsciously, she looked down at herself - a shirt and jeans, seemingly quite cheap indeed. But she didn't spend the money of the White family. She bought all of them using her salary from the part-time job. However, what Nora said made her embarrassed. Her teeth sank into her lips. She secretly looked up at Vincent, only to find him sitting on the sofa and loosening his tie as if he was an outsider completely.

Leila could only fight back by herself. She said in a light tone, "Mom, if you don't like me to dress in this way. I'll change it tomorrow."

Her retort made Nora's arrogant blame quite unreasonable at this moment. Feeling Leila's soft refute, she slightly squinted. Then she saw Leila raise her head and smiled slightly at her, her eyes full of calmness and sincerity.

Nora snorted and said, "I'm starved. I haven't had dinner yet. Go to cook! Besides, if I'm talking to my son, I don't want to be interrupted."

"Okay. I'll prepare for the dinner now." Leila nodded immediately and picked up the bags.

Nora sat down on the sofa and looked over at Vincent. The stiff expression on her face became relaxed.

"Mom, the doctor said you should lead a peaceful life to maintain your health," Vincent reminded her in a deep voice.

"I know. I haven't been back for a long time, and I miss you."

"I just came back home last night. We've just met, haven't we? If you wanted to come back, you should tell me. Then we can come back together."

"I just decided all of a sudden."

Leila walked into the kitchen with the ingredients. Then she started to wash the vegetables. She held her head high and wanted to smile at herself, but the bitter tears fell from the corners of her eyes. Her hands trembled when washing the vegetables. Finally, she calmed down and washed the vegetables in silence.

An hour later, the delicate dishes appeared on the dining table. Looking at the dishes, Leila was sitting and waiting at the table, because she didn't know how to inform the mother and the son, who were chatting over there.

Time passed by slowly. It was getting darker and darker. Looking at the cold dishes, she found them still chatting while watching TV. She was certain that Vincent had seen her waiting for them to have dinner while standing beside the dining table, but he didn't say anything to his mother. He just cast a cold glance at her.

Leila's heart became colder and colder as if it was frozen by the ice. With just a touch, the sharp pang would cause pain all over her body.

She walked to the sofa and stood aside. Then she reminded them in a low voice, "Mom, Mr. White, the dinner is ready."

Nora checked the watch on the wall and said unhappily, "Why did it take you such a long time? Can you cook or not?"

Leila kept silent.

Nora walked over to sit down at the dining table. Looking at the four dishes and one porridge -- sesame oil chicken, braised spareribs in brown sauce, eight-ingredient porridge, a bitter melon salad, and stir-fried celery. Her expression changed slightly and sat down.

Vincent turned around and looked at Leila, sitting down as well.

Nora had a taste of the porridge, frowning deeply. "How come it's cold?"

"Just, just now, I saw you were chatting. You said I can't--"

"How dare you retort? Has the Hunter family taught you to be a daughter-in-law like this?" Nora patted on the table suddenly. Her young-looking face without any torture of life was covered with icy coldness, looking extremely strict.

"I'm sorry. I'll heat them," Leila immediately said.

"I don't eat leftovers. So you don't welcome me, do you?"

"You misunderstood, Mom. I never meant it!" Leila immediately explained.

"Really? You know it clearly yourself!" Nora still looked so arrogant.



Leila lowered her head and endured with a deep breath. "Mom, I'll cook new porridge for you. Please wait a moment."

"Mom is sick, so she can't eat leftover and cold food," said Vincent aside, as if he was explaining.

"Oh, I see. I'll pay attention to it in the future." Leila immediately nodded, standing next to the dining table carefully.

"I won't eat it. It's almost nine o'clock. Do you want me to have the midnight snack together with dinner?" Nora snorted again, glaring at Leila unhappily while inhaling heavily from her nose.

She didn't think this young woman in front of her deserved Vincent. So many outstanding women wanted to marry into the White family. Did she think herself somebody important because she was the mayor's daughter?

"I'm sorry. I'll make it very quick. Mom, it's my fault. I cooked too late. Please make do with it. If you don't eat, it's harmful to your stomach."

"Pak!" Nora suddenly patted on the table. "You informed me to have dinner after it's turned cold on purpose, didn't you?"

"I--" Leila felt so wronged.

Vincent kept silent. Sitting next to the dining table, he looked as indifferent as an outsider.

"What's wrong with you? You've done it deliberately! You want to give me a hard time as soon as we meet, don't you?" Nora didn't want to let go of her easily.

"Mom, there's still porridge in the pot. Leila, go to get the warm porridge," said Vincent in a cold tone. His deep and magnetic voice was filled with unhappiness already. His cold face looked the same as usual, but they could see the stateliness and temperament in his ink-black eyes.

"I won't eat it!" Nora cast a glance at her angry son, standing up smartly.

Blood drained from her face. With a pale face and looking at Nora who turned around and walked upstairs, Leila immediately walked into the kitchen. She could only feel the stress in the air that almost strangled her.

"Mom!" Vincent called the woman in a deep voice.

"What's wrong? Are you angry because I yelled at her?" Nora raised her eyebrows while standing on the stairs.

"I'll bring you some food later," said Vincent.

"Do I have my own room here?"

"I've fired the servant and other rooms haven't been cleaned. You can stay in my bedroom," said Vincent, "I'll send you back to Japan tomorrow morning."

"Are you driving me away?" Nora's tone became harsh.

“Nope.” Vincent shook his head. “You need to keep peace and calm. After you’ve fully recovered, you can stay here as long as you like.”

As he spoke, he walked up to hold Nora’s arm to help her up.

“I won’t leave. It’s best if you can piss me to death. Everything will be over.”

“Mom, I didn’t mean it.”

“I don’t care. I won’t leave!”

Standing in the kitchen, Leila listened to their conversation in silence. In the pot, the eight-ingredient porridge was still heating up. Leila felt bitter in her heart. Unexpectedly, her mother-in-law was like this - - so horrible.

How come she felt as if she was living in ancient times?

Stirring the boiled porridge, Leila felt so exhausted.

After a while, Vincent walked into the kitchen. Ignoring her, he held the bowl and stood there. With his proud figure and sharp and oppressive eyes, the outline of his face was still cold and firm. His tightly pressed lips showed how cold-hearted and serious he was.

“Don’t you have anything to tell me?” Leila looked at him with bitter and wronged eyes, trying her best to suppress the sadness. He was obviously so cold-hearted, but why she still fell for him so deeply?

“What to tell you?” She heard his hoarse and deep voice. Vincent turned around and cast her a glance.

What to tell her?

Leila indeed wanted to jump up and question him how come suddenly he got a mother. However, she still remained calm. She said flatly, “I never knew you have a mother, Mr. White.”

“What do you mean? Should I supposed be an orphan?” Vincent asked her coldly.

“No, I didn’t mean it,” Leila immediately shook her head and explained, “I--”

Vincent, however, chimed in to interrupt her, “My mom has just had surgery for her heart disease.”

Leila was taken aback, nodding. “I see. I won’t piss her. I know a cardiac can’t get angry.”

It turned out that he kept silent just now because he was afraid to make his mother angry.

Vincent’s gaze fell on her face, a hint of complicated feeling flashing through his eyes. Without speaking anything, he walked to her side, reaching out to take over the spoon and stirring the porridge.

“I can do it myself,” said Leila in a low voice.

Vincent didn’t move, pushing her behind him.

Leila looked at his broad back and kept silent.

After the porridge was done, waiting until it became not too hot or not too cold, Vincent took it upstairs.

A few minutes later, he came back and sat next to the dining table. The dishes were totally told on the table.

“Wait. Let me heat them first,” Leila whispered when seeing him lowering his head and eating.

“Not necessary. It’s already summer,” he said.

### **Chapter 315 - A Moment in Destiny**

He didn’t explain anything about his mother, who showed up so suddenly. She thought that he didn’t have a mother. Much to her surprise, his mother was still alive.

Leila sat down and started eating as well.

For a moment, the dining room had become extremely quiet, so quiet that Leila felt strangled. She dared not to speak. Vincent looked gloomy as if a lot of things were bothering him.

After dinner, Leila cleaned up the kitchen and walked upstairs.

Vincent had already gone upstairs. Leila walked on the corridor, she overheard Nora ask Vincent, “What do you plan to do with the woman downstairs?”

“Mom, it’s not the right time yet.”

“When will be the right time then? Tell me. I can’t wait any longer. Vincent, I’ve been waiting for this day for a long time.”

“I know, but it’s truly not the time yet.”

“You fell in love with her, didn’t you?”

“I didn’t!”

“Then do whatever we’ve planned!”

Leila panicked, almost tripping over. She wondered what plan Nora had, feeling so uneasy suddenly.

The door of Vincent’s bedroom was opened suddenly. Leila raised up her head in a panic and saw Nora coming out. When seeing Leila at the door, she was taken aback. Then she asked in a cold voice, “Are you eavesdropping on our conversation?”

“No, I’m not. Mom, I’ve just come upstairs,” Leila explained.

“I hated the sneakers the most. The villa is so dirty. Haven’t you seen the handrails on the corridor are dusty? How long haven’t the floor been mopped? It’s so dirty. What kind of hostess are you? How come you are so lazy? Are you still a woman?”

Leila was startled. Immediately, she answered, “I’ll clean it up right away.”

She went downstairs and fetched the cleaning cloth from the cleaning room. Then she lifted a bucket of water upstairs, starting to clean the handrail. Nora stood in the corridor and stared at Leila coldly. Then she ordered, “My suitcase is still in the car. Go get it for me!”

“Okay, Mom.” Leila had to stop what she was doing. She went downstairs to fetch the suitcase. However, she didn’t know what was wrong with the suitcase. When she carried it and entered the door, the lid opened suddenly. It turned out the suitcase was broken.

“Can you do anything? I asked you to carry my suitcase in. You can refuse me directly if you’re unwilling to do it. Why did you vent your anger on my suitcase? Do you think I’m a pushover because I’m sick?” Nora was pissed off again.

Leila immediately apologized, “I’m sorry, Mom. I’m terribly sorry. I didn’t mean to do it.”

Nora walked down on the stairs. With a twisted expression, she glared at Leila in angry. With a vicious sneer, she asked, “Are you declaring a war on me?”

“No, I’m not!” Leila stood up immediately and whispered.

“Pak!” Nora slapped her across her face. “I’ve told you not to retort!”

Feeling the burning pain on her cheek, the slap was quite heavy, which made Leila’s mouth corner bleed. Her teeth bit on the lip and it was broken. Leila was startled, wondering if Nora was going to torture her physically.

She inhaled deeply and suppressed all her feelings. She looked up and glanced at Nora, her eyes crystal clear together with sharpness. She gazed at Nora, making Nora feeling a sense of guilt. Yes, Leila always kept a low key and endured everything, but it didn’t mean that she was a real pushover.

Nora yelled to cover her guilty, “You! What are you looking at?”

“I’ll pick them up for you,” Leila said, choking between sobs. Sad tears dropped from the corners of her eyes, along her slim face, all the way flowing into her mouth. She tasted the endless bitterness. She squatted and started to pick up things.

With the burning pain on her cheek, Leila didn’t speak anything else. Inwardly, she heaved a sigh, wondering why such a vicious mother-in-law suddenly showed up as soon as Mr. White had treated her a little bit better.

Angrily glaring at Leila, who lowered her head without showing her expression, Nora felt surprised as if she had never expected that this girl would be so enduring.

The steady footsteps sounded from the corridor, approaching them. Nora couldn’t help smiling complacently. She stared at Leila, who lowered her head again and looked at Vincent, who just went downstairs. Immediately, she said, “My son, look at your good wife. She dislikes me, so she vented her anger on my suitcase, smashing my stuff onto the floor.”

Vincent’s eyes were tightened when looking at Leila, who was lowering her head and picking up the stuff. He turned to look at his mother, and then said to Leila coldly, “Leila, apologize to Mom.”

Leila’s hands trembled. She slowly stood up. Without raising her head, she whispered, “Mom, it’s my fault. Please don’t angry. I was wrong.”

“Humph!” Nora snorted and turned around. “Making an apology? If I killed you and made an apology to your dead body, would it work?”

“I’m sorry,” Leila muffled again in a low voice.

Vincent didn’t ask about the reason but he simply asked her to apologize. Leila felt quite wronged, but she didn’t say anything. She kept her head low to avoid letting him see the pain and grievance in her eyes.

Vincent’s gaze fell on her face. Although she kept her head low, there was still a trace of blood on her tightly pressed lips. A complicated feeling flashed through his eyes. With a deep frown, he said in a cold tone again, “Hurry up and clean it up. Then send the suitcase to Mom’s room.”

Leila could only feel the violent pain in her heart as if it was torn apart. Leila closed her eyes in silence and suppressed the bitter tears in her eyes. Choking between sobs, she squatted down to put everything on the floor into the suitcase.

Then she carried the suitcase upstairs. Her tears finally dropped. She trotted upstairs hurriedly and didn’t want to let Vincent see her tears, because he wouldn’t say anything even if he could see them.

His mother had heart disease, so she couldn’t make her angry. She had to endure it. She reminded herself not to get angry with a cardiac. ‘She’s a patient. Leila, you are a healthy person. You can’t get angry with a patient,’ her inner voice said.

“Mom, please go to bed. I’ll call Eira back and clean the house tomorrow,” Vincent said coldly while walking towards the upstairs.

“I’ll hold a charity party tomorrow and I’ll introduce Leila to the public,” Nora suddenly said.

Vincent’s body was stiffened on the stairs. He turned around and his cold face became much colder. Raising his eyebrows, he said, “Mom, if you think it’s appropriate, please go ahead. My suggestion is to wait longer.”

“I can’t wait any longer!” Nora walked to the sofa and sat down angrily. “No matter if you agree or not, I’ll ask my assistant to inform the famous media agents and all the big shots in the business circle of F City in your name.”

“Mom! I’ve said it’s not the time yet,” Vincent said again.

“What time do you mean? When you’ve fallen in love with her? I can tell you are in love with her now.” Nora’s tone became harsh.

“All right. Go ahead.” Vincent didn’t want to continue with the topic. “I’m going upstairs. Mom, go to bed early.”

As he spoke, he went upstairs.

Leila put the suitcase in Nora’s room. She walked out, lowering her head. She still felt the burning pain on her cheek. Heartbroken, she looked extremely pale without any blood on her face, even her lip corners were pale. Only the handprint on her face was reddened and swollen.

As soon as she walked out, Leila bumped into Vincent. She paused immediately. Motionlessly, she heard Vincent say in a cold tone, "Go back to your room and sleep."

"I still need to clean the house." Leila bit her lip. Her mother-in-law said it was dirty in the house, which was indeed true. She needed to clean it up. Even her mother-in-law didn't point it out, she would clean it.

"Eira will come back tomorrow. Let she clean it."

"Not necessary. I'll make it very quick." After finishing her words, Leila turned around, walked downstairs, and started cleaning the house.

Vincent stared at her receding back towards downstairs, lost in thought. However, he didn't say anything else. He turned around and walked into her guestroom.

Nora came upstairs, casting a cold glance at Leila, who was mopping the floor. "Make a cup of green tea for me."

"Okay, Mom." Leila stood up as a maid. "One moment please."

Leila walked downstairs, washed her hands, and boiled the water. Then she made a cup of green tea and came back. She brought it upstairs and knocked at the door of Nora's room.

"Come in." Her voice came from the inside. Under her permission, Leila pushed the door open and walked in.

When she walked in, she saw Nora half-lying on the bed, leaning against the bedhead and crossing her arms on her chest. At this moment, she had changed into a set of silk pajamas. Her hair was still neat.

"Mom, the tea is ready. It's the Biluochun tea," Leila said in a soft voice. She walked over, waiting for Nora to take the tea from her hands.

Nora didn't take it over though. With a cold stare, she looked at Leila up and down slowly. Her gazes made Leila shivered. Seemingly that she didn't have the intention to take over the tea.

Leila knew her mother-in-law disliked her and wouldn't let her go so easily. She could only endure and stand aside while holding the tea.

Nora sneered, her gaze wandering around Leila's body together with disgust. After a long while, she finally said in a cold tone, "Leila Hunter, you don't deserve my son."

Leila's hands trembled and she answered in a light tone, "Yes. I know it."

"You'll divorce sooner or later!"

Leila's heart skipped a beat. She said with self-mockery, "I know it, too."

"Do you know it?" Nora felt a bit surprised.

Seeing that she was a bit confused, Leila said flatly, "I know I don't deserve Mr. White, and I know I'm just an ordinary woman as grass. This marriage was not based on my willingness. As for the reason, Mom, I guess you and Mr. White know it the best."

Nora was stunned for a moment, and she hadn't expected Leila would say those words. Her face looked peaceful, but it had the smile that made Leila feel creepy. "You are not an eye candy."

With a self-mocking smile, Leila didn't say anything.

"Put down the tea. Leave."

"Okay." Leila put the tea on the nightstand, turned around, and walked towards the door. At the door, she paused and said in a light tone, "Good night."

Nora didn't move. A trace of confusion flashed through her eyes. She picked up the teacup and took a sip, expressionless.

Leila went to continue to clean.

It was a huge villa, extremely quiet. Leila tried her best to clean it, soaking in the sweat. Finally, she managed to mop the floor and clean the handrails. As for the windows, she had to wait to do it tomorrow.

After finishing the cleanup, she sat on the stairs, deeply heaving a sigh.

Nora, who seemed to wake up after napping for a while, opened the door.

"Ah--" she screamed. "You! Why aren't you sleeping now in the mid of the night? You deliberately want to freak me out?"

"Mom! I'm sorry!" Leila had to stand up and apologize again.

"Why don't you go to bed?"

"I've just finished cleaning the house," said Leila.

"Are you blaming me? You can't sleep at the midnight, so you are sitting here to scare me, aren't you?"  
Nora snorted.

Leila shook her head. "I didn't mean it at all."

The door of the guestroom was opened. Vincent came out. He said to Nora, "Mom, why did you get up?"

"I want to drink some water."

"Leila, get some water."

"Oh, OK!" Leila trotted downstairs to pour a glass of water. Vincent took it over and gave it to Nora.  
"Mom, good night."

He pulled Leila, dragging her into the guestroom that she usually stayed in.

Under his strength, Leila pounced into his arms, which caused a fierce pain on her cheek that was slapped by Nora. She couldn't help but inhale sharply, her eyes reddened immediately.

**Chapter 316 - A Moment in Destiny**

"I have told you before. She has heart disease and that's why you have to let her be!" As they entered the room, Vincent coldly reprimanded her. He watched her slim figure and her tiny face dropped lower and lower. Still, in a cold tone, he asked, "Did you hear me?"

"I heard you!" Leila Hunter lowered her head though she felt wronged. Didn't she let her be? She did keep on letting her be. Her tears misted her eyes and streamed down her face. They fell at her feet and became a pool of tears.

There were too much bitterness and sadness in her heart. She turned around and grabbed her clothes. "I'm going to take a bath!"

Vincent grabbed her again.

Leila raised her eyes. In her misty eyes, she saw the unsettling feeling in his eyes. To use a word to describe it, it was 'pity'!

Yes, she looked pitiful right now.

She didn't know if it was just her illusion, but she didn't like being pitied. She didn't like that feeling at all. What she wanted was other things, but he couldn't give them to her. If he could, even if she was wronged ten times harder than this, she would be willing to tolerate it all. However, he just couldn't.

He gazed at her deeply. It took him a long time to regain his usual expression, "Go take a bath!"

When Leila came out of the bathroom with red eyes, Vincent was smoking. His handsome face was full of coldness. When he heard the sound of the door opening, he took a drag on his cigarette with his eyes deep-set on the sky, and without haste, he said, "Sleep!"

Leila didn't say anything. She walked to the bedside, pulled the thin sheet over, and laid down.

Vincent also went to the bathroom to take a bath before going to bed. As he laid on her side, Leila panicked, squeezed her sore eyes shut, and kept silent.

When the lights went off, Vincent reached from behind and hugged her. Leila was so nervous that she flinched.

In the darkness, suddenly she felt her heart aching so bad. Maybe the only comfort he could give was in the darkness? No words, only an embrace is enough!

"Vincent..." Her heart warmed up as she whispered his name.

"Sleep!" Vincent frowned and urged her in a low voice.

But, at this moment, how could she fall asleep?

Vincent gently stroked her face. Leila took a breath and the red handprint on her face still hurt. She already saw how swollen her cheeks were in the bathroom a while ago. It only hurt more now that he touched it.



His hands became stiff as they slipped down and landed on her chin. His lips gently fell on her cheeks. Although he still didn't say a word, this gentle kiss brushed away the pain on her cheeks.

As the feather-like kiss fell on her cheeks, his tenderness went into and warm her lonely heart. In this dark night, she quietly raised her head and gazed into his eyes. An unexplainable feeling emerged through the dark night.

He lightly put her down flatly on the wide bed.

Pinning her with his heavy body, he unbuttoned her pyjamas, stroked her body that he was already so familiar with and filled her with thick and dense kisses.

Itchy, tingling, soft, too many feelings rushed and soothed two lonely hearts.

She stared at him. Although it was dark, she could still see his expressions. His brows were furrowed, and in his eyes, it was filled with affection, excitement, pain, passion, and maybe a bit of fear.

That was what she couldn't understand. She wanted to say something, but before she could, his lips already covered hers. He forced his lips on her and his tongue entered. With such force, it was as if he had raided all the air in her chest.

His kiss warmed her blood like a storm. Leila couldn't help but shudder when their lips and teeth were close together.

She had already lost the ability to think properly as her heart beat violently.

He seemed satisfied with her reaction, and he went wild with her shudder.

Not knowing how long he had kissed her for, his lips left hers, moved near her ears and bit gently. The gentle whisper, like a spell, came from his mouth, "Leila... Are you mine?"

Her tears trickled down her cheeks uncontrollably...

Was she his? What did he mean by that?

"What are you trying to say?" She asked softly.

He sighed and finally said nothing. He lowered his head and kissed her again. The heat once again hid his rationality.

As he parted her legs, she whispered to him when he was about to enter her, "Vincent..."

"Mhmm!" He hummed. His lips kissed hers, "Don't be afraid..."

Before she could say anything, he had already rushed in.

Everything that they wanted to say was in this infinite tenderness. If this was comfort, then there's nothing more to be said...

In the morning.

Leila got up early, but Nora was already downstairs in a cheongsam. She looked elegant and all ready to go. Leila saw her sitting on the sofa as soon as she got down.

“Good morning, Mom!” Leila looked at the time. It was only six o’clock. She didn’t expect her to wake up this early.

“It’s not early anymore!” Nora sniffed, “Young people nowadays are so lazy, waking up so late in the morning. Aren’t you slacking too much?”

“Yes! I’ll make breakfast right away!” Leila muttered in her mind, how is it late in the morning?

“No need. I’ll eat outside!” Nora coldly said.

Leila froze but were dared not say anything.

Nora added, “Right, there will be a charity gala tonight at HJ Hotel. Come with Vincent. Remember to not dress too shabby. Even if you want to be ashamed, you shouldn’t embarrass the White family!”

“Yes!” Leila could only nod.

Nora stood up and went out. Leila panicked a little. She felt uneasy, and was a little scared. After hearing her mother-in-law and Vincent’s conversation last night, she felt uncomfortable since she didn’t know what was going to happen.

After classes, Leila finally didn’t forget to go to the Taekwondo gym, but she didn’t expect to meet Arthur.

“Lexi, how could you lie to me? You said you’ll take a leave of absence yesterday, but you came at noon today! Are you hiding from me?” As soon as they met, Arthur started to scold her.

Leila felt really guilty. She sighed and greeted him, “Mr Lane, are you feeling better?”

“I’m feeling much better, but I still feel a little weak!” Arthur deliberately exaggerated to make her feel guilty.

“Then, rest well!” Leila just felt that he was so funny. As she looked at his big and tough figure, he certainly didn’t look weak. Plus, he was acting too finicky. He only ate some lamb skewers, and he got diarrhea right away for three days, yet she didn’t feel anything.

“Your immunity is too weak. You need to improve it.”

“That place was too unhygienic. You shouldn’t go there to eat anymore! I’ll bring you to South Asia Scenic Garden or Mexican Grill.” Arthur was really impressed by her stomach. He got so dehydrated from diarrhea, yet she was all good.

“Thanks, but I don’t have the money and status. I can’t go to high-end places. I’m more suitable in those small eateries, Mr Lane!”

“I can treat you. I wouldn’t even have any problem raising you!” She couldn’t tell whether Arthur was telling the truth or not.

Leila sighed. The sudden appearance of her mother-in-law was already freaking her out. That was why she didn’t have any energy. “Alright, let’s stop joking around. I need to practice my physical training quickly. It’s best if I can become a master overnight.”

“What’s wrong? Looks like you’re in big trouble?” Arthur was really concerned with Leila, “Who are you going against once you’ve become a master?”

“Yes, I don’t know how to solve this big problem.”

“Tell me, let your bro help you out! What’s the big problem?”

“Bro?”

“Yeah, bro!” Arthur earnestly nodded.

“I’m not in the mood for a joke.” Leila started stretching. “Whatever the problem is, you won’t be able to help me out anyway. I’m very frustrated right now.”

“It looks like you’ve encountered some annoying problems. Come on, take it easy.” Compared to Leila’s droopiness, Arthur was very calm. He winked and flashed his sparkly eyes, “You’re not heartbroken, are you?”

“Let’s start now, Mr Lane.” Leila couldn’t understand how a man could be so nosy, especially about one’s private life. It’s killing her, “If you wouldn’t teach me, then I’d have to go find Coach Koby .”

“Why wouldn’t I teach you? I’m here to teach you. Leila, look at you, you don’t have any spirit at all. I’ll teach you a trick. How ‘bout that?” Arthur raised his eyebrows vividly. His eyes were flashing with light.

“What?” Suddenly, Leila was energized, “Can it defeat the enemy in one move?”

“Mhmm!” Arthur mysteriously nodded.

“What move is that?” Leila asked curiously.

“Lend me your ear!” Arthur looked unfathomable.

“Just say it, it’s not like I can’t hear you anyway?” Leila couldn’t understand. What was he doing now? She confusingly watched him waiting for her and had no choice but to walk over.

“Since this is an ultimate trick, you shouldn’t tell anyone else, right?”

“Oh!” Leila really thought it was some amazing trick, but when he whispered it into her ear, her face turned red.

“You---...you pervert!” This was not a trick at all! He, he actually said that the trick was to kick the balls!

“Didn’t you want to get a crash course? Coach Koby told me that if you want to quickly become a master, this is the best move. Of course, kicking also requires techniques. Come here, I’ll teach you how to kick!” Arthur seriously stated.

But Leila’s face turned red. “Oh my God!”

How could there be such a move?

“Don’t be embarrassed. This is the best move to use to defend yourself against perverts at the critical moment. Come here, I’ll tell you the key point!” Arthur stood with his hands behind his back and idly

looked at Leila. Seeing how unhappy she was, he decided to teach her this trick to help her forget about her troubles.

“I won’t learn this!” Leila shook her head and blushed.

“You don’t want to learn it?” Arthur raised his eyebrows. “Tell me. Why did you come to learn Taekwondo? Was it only for fitness purposes? I don’t believe it! It’s to deal with perverts! Let me tell you, the best trick against perverts is to kick their balls. Also, your kicks must be quick and strong to not give any chances for them to counterattack or defend themselves. You need to win with one move, or else you’d be the one taken advantage of. If it really happened, then you may be raped then killed. If you’re not lucky enough, you’d really lose your life.”

“This isn’t even the spirit of Taekwondo. This is against the spirit of Taekwondo. This is too nasty!” Leila denied.

“Nasty? Do you really want to be taken advantage of before calling it nasty? By that time, you wouldn’t be the one deciding whether it’s nasty or not. Girl, are you stupid or silly?”

Stupid?! Silly?!

Leila mocked herself with a laugh. Maybe she was really silly! “I’m very silly!”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m exactly that kind of person who is stupid both physically and mentally!” Leila mocked herself.

### **Chapter 317 - A Moment in Destiny**

Arthur’s eyes were filled with an infinite sympathy. “Little pity, it seems that you are really foolish to talk about yourself in this way. Who bullied you?”

“...”

“Can’t speak to others?” Arthur felt that things were going tricky as Leila’s face had depression written all over her face.

“Nothing!” She gave a feeble shrugging.

“Let me tell you, Lexi, you have to know that why Bruce Lee can become a master of generation, it is due to his amazing strength and speed. If you practise strength, it will definitely not work as your body is too skinny. So you can only win with the speed. As to kick the dick, the only thing you need to do is to draw the attention. First, you need to draw men’s attention away and then take advantage of his unpreparedness, giving them a quick kick and surely, any strong man will instantly bend down...”

Although the idea sounded ridiculous, yet, Leila still took his explanation seriously.

“But what if the rival is a woman?” Leila asked the question embarrassedly.

“A woman?” Arthur was momentarily caught up in the question before he then reacted. “Hey! Do women need those self-defense skills which are only used for a pervert? Just grab them with your nails, don’t women like to scratch each other in fights?”

“Sir, does it like this?” Leila looked at him seriously then suddenly gave Arthur a flying kick.

“Ah...my goodness...” Arthur bent down immediately and hugged himself while screaming, “Why do you kick me?!”

Leila smiled faintly. “Since you keep saying it is a good trick, I just practise it on you, sir!”

“You are too cruel, Lexi!” Arthur was truly dumbfounded by the kick, and his face went pale for a moment. “It hurts like hell!”

Leila was embarrassed but her mood turned better and she spoke with a smile, “Sorry, I’m in a much better mood, I would like to treat you a dinner as a way to compensate you.”

“Oh my God! How can there be such a woman?” Was this the Lexi that he knew? Could she be so lively too? Or had she been overwhelmed by too many things and such an occasional naughty was her real side?

“I have controlled myself and only used a third of my strength!” Leila innocently said.

As a result, it caused Arthur sitting there for the next half an hour without moving. Yet, this made Leila feel guilty, was she giving too much force?

But it was definitely a good trick!

Most of the men were afraid of this trick and she could use it to protect herself in the future.

At the CF Restaurant.

Its environment was elegant.

Arthur showed a cold face while his hand was holding an almost burnt out cigarette, yet, there was a childish annoyance on his handsome face. His gaze raised slightly and swept over Leila who was eating happily opposite the table, then he finally knocked on the table impatiently. “Hey! Hey! Hey! I’m already disabled and you are still in the mood to eat?”

“I’m hungry!” She was so scared that she didn’t eat breakfast and now she was really hungry!

“Hungry?” Arthur raised his eyebrows. “You’re really heartless, how can your boyfriend bear with you?”

“Do I look really annoying?” Leila asked with a low and weak voice.

Being stunned for a moment, Arthur looked at Leila’s slightly confused little face in confusion and asked incomprehensibly, “What’s wrong? Who hates you?”

Lowering her eyes, Leila just shook her head. “No, just asking!”

“No, you have something on your mind!”

“I have a party to go tonight and I’m thinking about it!!”

“Attending a party? I have a party tonight too.” Arthur frowned. “Why don't you just come with me, don't go to that party of yours.”

Leila shook her head. “I can't.”

This was what brought her the headache, her mother-in-law had given her an order, how did she dare not to go?

Arthur was a little disappointed. “I'm going to invite you to be my companion, but it seems that I can't, let's make it next time!”

Leila smiled gently, “Why do we have to attend such kind of exhausting banquet?”

Arthur faintly raised the corner of his lips and asked with a smile, “Don't you like to attend those parties?”

Leila nodded her head. “I don't like it, don't like it very much!”

“I don't like it either, it is too tiring!”

Leila helped him to serve a bowl of soup before she raised her eyes to meet his gaze and smiled brightly. “Drink the soup! It's better to have some soup first as you've just been sick, it's good for your stomach and intestines.”

Leila's smile was bright enough that it made Arthur pursue his lips slightly, he withdrew his gaze. He then scooped with a small spoon and tasted it, his gaze flickered for a while, he looked like pretty peaceful, but his face was quite wired and unpredictable.

Leila bowed her head and ate seriously.

Arthur chuckled and said lazily, “The dishes in this restaurant taste good, how do you know about this restaurant?”

“My classmate brought me here when we had a school party!” Leila laughed, “Eat some more as it tastes good! This restaurant is clean and tasty! If you like it, I'll invite you here from now on!”

Arthur laughed loudly, “Sure, remember you have to treat me again!”

The two of them smiled at each other and this made Leila feel much better, perhaps this was how it felt like to have a friend!

“Hurry up, I have to hurry back after the meal. Arthur, I'm really sorry for what I did to you today!” Leila wryly blinked her eyes and smiled.

Looking at her smile, Arthur's handsome and gentle face turned more mysterious.

At night, in HJ.

In the afternoon, Leila had purchased her dress and jewelry with Vincent's credit card and she followed Vincent into the HJ ballroom with her thin high heels. Their arrival was very impressive and the flashing lights were even flashing continuously tonight as many media reporters were invited.

Leila kept her head lowered and not looking at the pairs of eyes that made her nervous, she knew that there were many VIPs here today, she could not be rude, so she took every step forward carefully. However, just at the moment she lifted her eyes, she met Arthur who was staring at her, and he looked stunned.

The glorious reception hall was decorated with gorgeous lights, and there were graceful ladies with scented clothes. The guests were all enjoy the event joyfully, everyone was looking for their own targets, mingling with each other with wine, even the mellifluous orchestral accompaniment was about to be overwhelmed.

Meanwhile, Arthur was subdued.

Being stunned, he didn't expect that Vincent's wife was the woman who practised Taekwondo with him, wasn't her name Lexi?

Leila's slender figure was showing up, and the crowd's eyes looked over!

Wow! What a beautiful woman!

The crowd exclaimed, she and Vincent could be considered the most perfectly matched fairy tale pair at the moment. It was just appearing in everyone's line of sight, drawing people's attention to wonder who she really was.

She was dressed in a light yellow dress that showed off her sexy shoulder, she looked pure and charming. She was so brightly fresh, overwhelmingly beautiful and unpretentious, like an elf in the night sky.

Arthur had never seen Leila like this before, she was like a fairy.

Was this beautiful woman ... really Lexi?

Her long hair was curled up and pulled back in a way that reflected her small face, yet, her hair quality was rare, black and bright that made her complexion white yet light red. Moreover, her clear eyes were the most beautiful part on her face, her blinking was always with a slight sadness, it was so attractive and charming.

It was the first time that Arthur had seen Leila after dressing up. Although he had known that she was quite good looking, he had never expected her to be this stunning.

The only thing was that her whole body seemed to be tinged with a layer of melancholy, especially her eyes, yet, she felt more panicked at the moment.

In an instant, his eyes became icy cold, even it was just a glance, it made Leila feel a trace of strong coldness was spreading.

It turned out that she was Vincent's wife, he thought that she was Macey's cousin but he forgot that she had indeed been Macey's cousin and she didn't lie to him, it was just that he hadn't thought deeply about it himself.

She was also dumbfounded as she didn't expect to meet Arthur and when they finally met with each other, she could see the sadness in Arthur's eyes.

Vincent obviously felt Leila's change and followed her sight, he found Arthur, but he had now regained his calm expression and was smiling as he approached.

Although he was surprised, at this moment, he obviously felt Leila's unnaturalness and nervousness, this was how Arthur like, unless he wanted to tease others when he wanted to play with them, he was very gentle too when he was not in the mood.

Leila was even more uneasy when she saw Arthur approaching, she immediately lowered her head and dared not to look at him.

"Hah! Vincent, let me guess, is this beautiful young lady your mysterious wife? Introduce yourself!" Arthur was already walking up to them with his glass of wine.

Leila turned even more nervous and her heart almost beat out of her chest. She was just afraid that Arthur would tell Vincent that she was learning Taekwondo and she had lied to him and said she was Lexi because she was afraid that Vincent would know.

Vincent who was standing beside her seemed to feel something wrong, emitting his cold and domineering aura, it was like invisible poison, which made Leila scared. Although Vincent was a little suspicious, he feeling that something was wrong, in the end he still found nothing and he introduced them. "This is Leila, my wife! Leila, Arthur, the vice president of the White's Group."

Leila looked up and smiled at Arthur embarrassedly, "He...Hello!"

She stuttered a little as soon as she was nervous.

A playful smile curled the corners of his lips. 'were you not afraid of it? I would like to see how you could explain to me today!' Arthur thought.

Vincent's eyes fell on the smirk of Arthur, his eyebrows knitted tightly as the way Arthur looked at Leila made him very unhappy.

His unhappy face made Leila notice more clear about the change on Vincent's face. She carefully raised her eyes and took a look at Vincent, feeling deeply that there was displeasure on his handsome face.

He smiled, but not debunked her, Arthur said nothing but only treated it as a first meeting. "Leila, you has finally revealed yourself, I always wonder what you look like. When I see you today, I only realize that you turn out to be so overwhelming, no wonder Vincent is reluctant to bring you out! If it was me, I will not be willing to bring such a beautiful wife out too!"

"You're so humorous!" Leila tried to calm herself down and didn't look at Arthur. Alright, no need to be afraid, just let it be.

The people around were talking about something and it seemed to be exclaiming how well matched Vincent and Leila were.

"Haha...yeah, I'm always humorous and funny, I'm so honoured that you can see my nature." Arthur kept joking but Leila was getting more and more uneasy, she felt uncomfortable but she could only force to smile and keep silent.

**Chapter 318 - A Moment in Destiny**



“You came alone?” Vincent frowned as he asked Arthur, who did not have a female accompanying him.

“Yeah, I’m not like you, I’m not married yet, so I’ve got no one to bring!” Arthur said with a smirk, “Oh right, where’s your mother? I don’t see her anywhere.”

“She’ll be here soon!” Vincent looked out at the hall and didn’t see anyone. It might take a lot longer.

Suddenly, Vincent caught sight of someone familiar and said to Leila and Arthur, “I gotta do something. You guys wait for me here!”

Leila nodded, “Oh, alright!”

Vincent gave a quick nod to Arthur and left.

For a while, it was just Leila and Arthur left alone in the corner.

Leila lowered her head and felt more uneasy. After Vincent left, Leila said in a low voice, “I’m sorry, Arthur.”

“For what?” Arthur asked.

“I shouldn’t have lied to you and gave you my maiden name... Well, actually, I didn’t lie to you. My name is Lexi before..... Can I ask you for a favor?”

“Oh?!” Arthur’s eyes grew wide with playfulness. “And what’s this favor, Leila!?”

Leila’s face was filled with embarrassment, but she mustered up courage and quietly said, “Can you keep the fact I’m learning Taekwondo a secret from Vincent?”

Arthur’s eyes widened, and he said, “Leila, I...”

He deliberately trailed off and stopped there.

Leila looked at him with watery eyes to beg him.

Arthur blinked, “Why should I?”

... Leila said nothing; her eyes were also filled with confusion.

“What’s in it for me?” He asked.

...

“Hahahah...” Arthur suddenly burst into laughter, which drew the attention of those around.

Vincent was speaking with a distinguished guest, then he turned to look at Arthur laughing and Leila’s embarrassed expression. To him, it looked as though the two only met for ten minutes and were already getting along too close for comfort! He felt an uneasiness in his heart, which became a menacing aura around him.

His body turned cold, and his eyes were sharp like daggers, frightening the guest who he was speaking to. “Mr. White?”

“Oh! Please excuse me for a bit!” Vincent returned to his senses, smiled gently, and took his leave.

Vincent stepped out and lit a cigarette before a tall window that stretched from the floor to the ceiling. Staring at the huge crowd, a strange, unspeakable feeling of irritation began to form inside him. He didn't even understand what caused him to feel this way.

The smoke shrouded around his face; the glittering tip of the cigarette came and went, and his face looked eerie. He gave off a dangerous aura that scared people away.

"What are you laughing at?" Leila quietly asked Arthur.

"I'm laughing at you, silly! You're too naive. Alright, I'll keep your little secret from Vincent. But you gotta tell me why you are hiding this from him?"

"Well--"

"Are you learning to defend against him?" Arthur froze and he had never been more surprised.

"Not at all!" She flushed and lowered her head.

Arthur blinked and seemed to realize something. Then he laughed again. Looking at the way Leila behaved, he knew there was something between her and Vincent. Arthur then said seriously, "Don't worry, this will be our secret. I won't tell him! I know you're learning to defend against him. Poor Vincent!"

Vincent flicked his unfinished cigarette to the floor, which made a soft "tap" sound. He said nothing, but made his way toward Arthur and Leila.

Arthur was quick to survey the situation and decided to leave in a hurry. "Leila, Vincent's coming; I'm going to the restroom. Good luck!"

"Oh, OK!" Leila nodded. The second she turned around, she saw Vincent's looming figure headed her way with a gloomy face.

Vincent was on a sleek white suit today which made him appear quite noble. He headed towards her, with his eyes crinkling against the lights and the night.

By the time Vincent arrived, Leila was still in a daze. He grabbed her wrist and said through a hiss, "Looks like you were having a great time with my VP?"

Leila was confused; she replied softly, "Mr. Arthur seems to have a great sense of humor."

Vincent's gaze turned cold, and he said with a hint of anger, "Are you trying to say that I'm too dull?"

Hearing him say this, she shut her mouth and looked at him dumbfounded. It took her a while to recover and said, "No, no, you're great!"

"I'm great?" Vincent pressed on, "What's so great about me?"

Leila wanted to bite her tongue off, "You, you're mature, handsome, capable of planning far ahead, and kind..."

So what does he had got to do with kindness?

Vincent still had his doubts in mind, but Leila's words had some effect, and Vincent's tone relaxed a bit, "What were you two discussing?"

"Nothing much, he just asked me whether you had treated me well." As she spoke, Leila raised her head and looked at Vincent.

"What did you say?"

"I said you treat you quite well!"

Vincent's eyebrows cringed but he said nothing; he just looked at her silently.

Leila started to get nervous again. Today, her mother-in-law and Vincent said they were going to introduce her to everyone. This meant that, from now on, she'd appear before everyone as Mrs. White. She didn't like that, since it meant she'd have less personal freedom.

"You'd better not make me lose face today." He said in an icy tone only audible for Leila. "Come, I'm going to introduce someone to you!"

Leila took a deep breath; she knew this so well in her heart, so she chose to say nothing. She put on her charming smile, lifted her eyes, and nodded, "Alright, I understand."

Facing the crowd, Vincent had also put on a smile as he introduced Leila to everyone.

A wave of gasps and ruckus rang out from the entrance. Leila raised her head and saw Nora and Pippa dressed in extravagance as they entered.

Leila looked on in awe at Pippa, who was in a white dress that covered above her chest and was decorated with a silver tulip decor, which made her body even more attractive.

Pippa held Nora's arm, and two staff members guided them into the grand hall, to the resounding awe of the audience. "Look, that's Nora! She's back!"

"Oh my, that's really her! She hasn't shown up in years!"

"So she's Vincent's mother!"

"And that woman, isn't that the mother of Vincent's child?"

...

"Isn't that President White's mistress? Then who's that next to him?" Already people were gossiping as they looked at Vincent and Leila.

Nora had put on a smile, and she nodded politely at the guests.

"Mom, let's go there, Vincent's there!" Pippa held her and guided her toward the center, where Vincent and Leila were.

"Alright! It seems they're all here already." Nora nodded and continued to smile brilliantly. But as she glanced around the room, her eyes gave off a cold stare for a split second as she looked at Leila.

Leila pressed her pale lips together; it was as though she had taken some strong but bitter alcohol. Her heart was now an aching mess. It seemed like her mother-in-law could smile kindly to everyone, except her.

Leila thought, it must be due to some hatred she still harbored against her, Vincent, and the entire White family.

Nora walked over, her expression looking majestic and powerful. She had her chin slightly lifted as she looked at Leila. The charity auction was about to start.

“Mother!” Vincent stepped up to greet her.

Leila followed his lead, “Mom, you’re here!”

Nora acted high and mighty. She continued to look at Leila with indifference, meanwhile smiling radiantly at the guests and reporters. “So, the auction’s about to start, right? Vincent, did you prepare what I asked for?”

“I donated five million of jewelry in your name, and another five in Leila’s name, totaling ten million.” Vincent said.

Leila was taken aback; was she involved in all this as well?

“Good!” Nora nodded, then glared over at Leila and said in a low voice. “You’ve seen what kind of occasion today is; Behave yourself. Don’t act like a fool! Say something, but don’t say anything unnecessary.”

“Yes!” Leila looked down.

Everyone took to their seats.

The lights continued to flicker, as the auctioneer took to the stage and announced the start of the auction.

“Next up, let’s start with the first piece of jewelry for today, donated by Ms. Leila White, the wife of President Vincent White...”

Leila’s heart skipped a beat as she suddenly became the focus of the reporter’s flashes from their cameras.

Vincent said nothing and looked emotionless.

A hint of light glimmered in Nora’s eyes, though there was no telling what she had planned.

There was a gleam of worry on Pippa’s face; she looked like she wanted to say something but couldn’t. She merely exchanged looks with Vincent.

In the living room of the Hunter family, Brian and Mabel sat before the TV, watching the live feed of the auction. Mabel said with worry, “Brian, the reporters said, Nora is Vincent’s mother? How could she possibly be his mother?! Won’t that make her Eric’s...”

Mabel seemed to realize something as she said, "Oh god! No wonder his last name is White; he's the son of Eric and Nora!"

Brian, on the other hand, was exceptionally silent. He seemed to have caught sight of a hint of pride in the eyes of Nora. It had been so many years, yet she hadn't really changed much! "Today, they officially acknowledged their relationship with Leila."

"Right! Oh god, how come I didn't think of that? Will our family still be able to find peace from now on?" Mabel asked confusedly.

Unlike Mabel, Brian was still calm and said, "It's not something you can escape."

"Is Vincent in love with Leila? Or why they introduce Leila to everyone in such a hurry?" Mabel asked in confusion.

Brian kept his gaze fixed to the TV. "Nora's back on; since we're family, they should have invited us."

"Hm, that's right. Tomorrow, I'll give Vincent a call!"

There was noticeable worry on Brian's face; he stopped talking.

Mabel sat quietly next to him, also staring at the TV. Looking at Leila's nervous expression, she began to worry again as a mother, "Leila looks so scared; she always liked to keep a low profile. What's going to happen to her now?"

### **Chapter 319 - A Moment in Destiny**

"It's time for her to learn to make herself strong. As Brian's daughter, if she can't be strong on her own, then she'll always be the one getting hurt! Don't call her. Let her learn to face the cameras of the press on her own!"

Throughout the charity banquet, Leila suffered from many reporters taking pictures. She didn't dare say anything and kept her head slightly bowed, playing her role properly. But the reporters were not about to let her go, because too many people wanted to know about this Pippa who was standing beside Nora.

After the auction came the cocktail party. Many journalists gathered around her and Nora and Pippa. And Leila followed at her side, as Nora had requested. It was bizarre for the journalists to see the three of them standing together, with Pippa to her left and Leila to her right.

A reporter asked Leila, "Mrs. White, what is your relationship with our Mayor Brian of F City?"

Leila stalled, smiled faintly, and asked. "Do I have to be related to Mayor Brian just because my last name is Hunter?"

Nora was clearly not satisfied with Leila's answer. She immediately corrected, "Yes, Leila is Mayor Brian's second daughter."

A shudder ran through Leila. She had wanted to cover up the relationship. Although she knew it was impossible because these reporters would find a way to find out all the members of her family, she still

felt she should keep a low profile. But her mother-in-law had clearly meant to tell the world that she was Mayor Brian's daughter.

Leila only felt very uneasy. She didn't think her mother-in-law was being charitable in introducing herself to the public. At least her charity would not be directed at her, or she could be charitable to anyone but the Hunter family.

Although she didn't know exactly what the hatred was for, it was obvious to her that she had a deep animosity towards herself. Otherwise, she would not have made things so difficult for her when they first met.

The reporter asked again, "Mrs. White, can you tell us how you and Mr. White met?"

Leila glanced sideways at Vincent, who was also surrounded by reporters, and smiled. She didn't really know how to answer. Because Vincent had been brought home by her sister, and she had only known him then. But she couldn't say that her sister had brought him home, and she couldn't let anyone know that he was once her sister's boyfriend. It's not for herself but for the entire Hunter family, and Leila didn't know how to answer, so she kept her head down.

But Pippa suddenly helped Leila out, "Leila is shy. Her acquaintance with Vincent must have been full of romance."

At these words, Leila lowered her head even more in shame. Her cheeks turned pink, but she wondered in her mind why Pippa was helping her.

But then there was another bold question, "Miss Russell, the rumor has it that you and Mr. White are very close. We all want to know about your relationship with Mr. White."

In other words, they wanted to know if she was Vincent's lover or not.

Pippa smiled lightly, "You all say that Vincent and I have a very special relationship, so we have a very special relationship. We are family! Hehe ..."

Everyone knew in their hearts that Pippa had been the subject of that rumor, and the mother of Vincent's child. Leila suspected the same. But today was not the time to pursue that here.

"What kind of family? Mrs. White, I hear Mr. White has a five-year-old son. Do you know anything about that?" A reporter threw another question at Leila.

At that, Leila's face changed slightly. She felt like her heart had been stabbed, but she couldn't scream out in pain. She had to maintain her smile and said, "Really? I've never really heard of it. It must have been a mistake? He's not that kind of person. I believe him!"

Her tone was calm. Maybe it was too calm, or maybe she answered so quietly that it took everyone by surprise. Some even started whispering, "It seems Mrs. White doesn't want to talk about this in depth!"

"Mrs. White, and how would you describe Mr. White?"

"Confident, wise, kind, and far-sighted. He's one of those rare good people!" Leila didn't hesitate to compliment Vincent in front of the journalists. As she thought, it was important to answer properly at

the moment. They could solve any problems at home, rather than putting their private lives on display in front of the press.

Nora maintained a decent smile and didn't say anything.

Leila knew that this was a really difficult battle to fight. It was also the first time she had faced such an occasion. Although she had many visions in her mind, knowing that she would face this day sooner or later, she did not expect this to come so soon. In front of the press, she felt as if she was wearing a mask. She simply wasn't herself anymore.

"Mrs. White, may I ask if you and Miss Russell are good friends? It looks like you're close too!"

Leila smiled faintly and glanced at Pippa. "Yes, we know each other!"

"So Mrs. White, your mother-in-law is acquiescing to the relationship? It seems the three of you get along well?" The reporter said it ambiguously, deliberately making it sound like the relationship was subtle. But it was clear to everyone that this was a hint that Vincent was having two women.

Leila smiled and sent the question to Nora. "I think you'll have to ask my mother-in-law about that. I'm a junior, so naturally, I'm not qualified to comment on it!"

Nora was stunned. She didn't seem to expect Leila to talk like that. But she just smiled and said it in a rather ambiguous way. "Yeah, I like Pippa!"

She didn't say anything about Leila, only that she liked Pippa. It seemed that she was deliberately misinterpreting something so that the reporter would misunderstand.

Leila could hear that she was fond of Pippa. Also last night, she had told her that she would have to divorce Vincent sooner or later, and she knew it. At the moment, there was a faint smile on her face. She was so calm that it made people a little sad to look at her.

Arthur just looked at Leila, watching her answer the reporter's questions as she smiled so blandly with calm, emotionless eyes. Yet as he looked closer, he noticed that her eyes were unusually deep, not as clear as before, but with a vague glint of light permeating them. There was no hint of contention in her streaming eyes.

All of a sudden, it seemed that something in his heart was touched. Arthur glanced back faintly at Vincent, who was also surrounded by reporters not far away, and an imperceptible glint of despair flashed in his eyes.

So, she was Vincent's wife!

Leila just stood there, always maintaining a faint, unassuming smile. The reporter was asking Nora again this time.

At that moment, Vincent approached from a short distance away. He took Leila's small hand in his large one as she was slightly lost in thought. Her hand was now sweaty. Leila turned around and met Vincent's deep, calm eyes, and her heart quieted.

Their clasped hands were the focus of the flashing lights of the press.

Leila looked into his dark eyes and saw that his face had now softened for her. But, she knew it was just for show. Behind his tenderness was coldness.

At the sight of her slightly pale face, Vincent wrapped his arm around her slender waist and gently brought her to his side.

"Mr. White, you look so sweet!"

Vincent smiled and wrapped his arms around Leila, keeping her close to his body. "Yes, because Leila is my wife!"

Leila's heart twitched. At the moment when she heard the word "wife", her heart shuddered and chilled. Because her mother-in-law said that sooner or later they would have to get a divorce!

Leila was surprised at how well Vincent acted. But she knew in her heart that he was doing it for the press. She had mixed feelings.

She quietly broke away from his grip around her waist. Vincent's eyes dimmed as he sensed her refusal, but the smile on his lips was undiminished. "That's almost enough questions, everyone! The party's starting. Let's all go get something to eat and enjoy the champagne and wine?"

The reporters still wanted to ask, but the staff were already there. They had to dodge away reluctantly.

"Leila, do you know how many people envy you!" A woman approached. It was said that she was the wife of a boss, who was over fifty years old, and had wanted to marry her daughter to Vincent, but Vincent hadn't agreed. Leila had heard this woman say it during the introduction, and now she was coming over to say it again.

Leila smiled and stood aside. More and more it seemed to her that nothing much had been done at this dinner, apart from a few donations from the rich people. If the donations really did help people in need, then she felt that there was that little point in coming tonight.

Leila glanced at Vincent at her side and smiled. Her mouth was tinged with bitterness. "Yeah, I think I've become the public enemy of young girls all over F City and the country."

"That's not true. You'll be a household name when the papers come out tomorrow. You're married to the richest man in F City! But you've got a great status too. You're Mayor Brian's daughter. A marriage between business and politics! That is invincible!"

Leila smiled, but she was bitter inside. People always liked to talk about status and position. If she could, she would just want her to be just Leila and Vincent to be just Vincent, and it was fine even if they did not have that much money, or even if they had to work on a street stall, as long as they lived purely.

"By the way, when are you going to have children?" Mrs. Landon seemed extraordinarily concerned about this matter.

Leila was stunned and smiled, "I haven't graduated yet!"

But when she looked at Vincent again, she noticed that his face looked distinctly bad and he seemed to be angry.



Then Vincent smiled, took hold of Leila's waist, and said to everyone, "Excuse us for a moment!"

Leila was pulled into a corner by him. Her small hands clenched into fists as she followed him to the corner. There was no one else here and Vincent let go of her, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it.

Having escaped the suffocating crowd, Leila still felt breathless. She couldn't really be happy as long as she was in this atmosphere.

"Vincent, can I know why you're introducing me to the public?" Leila finally mustered up the courage to ask.

Vincent was slightly stunned. He looked a little gloomy. "You don't like it?"

At that moment, there seemed to be flashing lights, pointed in their direction. Leila panicked a little. She shouldn't be asking here. Those reporters were already speaking on hearsay evidence, and if they heard them, there would be trouble again.

Just as Leila was at a loss for words, Vincent exhaled a puff of smoke and suddenly kissed her on the cheek. Instantly, the flashing lights went off in a flurry. Having waited all night, the journalists wanted nothing less than an intimate shot of them.

Vincent blinked and his thin lips lowered a few more degrees to kiss her pink lips. The image immediately caused a commotion. The media was in a frenzy, and the limelight flashed almost more blindingly than the hundreds of watts of light in the hall.

Frontpage! There was a picture for the front page tomorrow!

Leila was almost stunned.

### **Chapter 320 - A Moment in Destiny**

He behaved boldly in the public area, what the hell was he doing?

Leila allowed him to kiss her while she was in a daze but this scene cracked another man's heart. There were a lot of people depressed even if they did not watch the television!

After Vincent kissed her, he smiled slightly at the camera, he looked charming.

The media was off work.

Vincent had to settle something and left for a while. Leila sat on the sofa at the corner.

Arthur walked towards her, his expression was awkward, "You perform well tonight!"

Leila did not have mood, she just nodded and massaged her brow. She looked extremely tired.

"Are you tired?"

"Yes!" Leila nodded, "Don't you?"

"I'm tired, I just greet you. I will go home now!" Arthur said.

“Oh! Ok, safe drive!”

Arthur did not say much and left. When Leila watched him leaving, she could feel that he was somehow depressed. Did Arthur ever have such a gloomy moment? She was surprised.

She turned around and looked for Vincent. She did not find him and stood up. Some guests had left, including Nora and Pippa.

She kept searching for him. When she walked out of the hall, she could hear the conversation from a nearby place. It seemed to come from the lounge that she rest previously.

She could hear Vincent saying, “Tomorrow’s headline will be the scene of me kissing Leila...Mom, do you satisfy with this hype? We have all the news under control.”

Nora’s voice was heard, “Whatever, does Brian watch the news today?”

“He will watch it,” Vincent said.

“Mom, it is unfair to Leila!” Pippa’s voice was heard too.

“I don’t care. She should blame herself to be the daughter of Brian!”

Leila listened to them in a daze. She knew that it must be some problems, she knew that they have planned for something but she did not expect him to kiss her in front of the media. It was just hype.

Her face was as pale as a paper, her lips turned pale as well.

She turned around and walked away. In the hall, she walked to the side and took the wine glass that held by the server who walked about with a tray. She sipped the red wine of the glass and looked at the luxurious chandelier. She raised her head, did not want her tears to fall.

After drinking a glass of wine, Leila breathed deeply. Then, she showed a faint smile. In fact, it was just hype. She turned around and left.

After Leila went downstairs, she got up a taxi.

Arthur drove his car out of the carpark at the moment, he could see the silhouette in a yellow dress got up the taxi from far away. He frowned slightly and followed the taxi with his Ferrari.

Why she came out alone? She got up the taxi in a formal dress in the midnight, didn’t she worry about her safety? Arthur could not help but follow her.

The car moved towards the direction of the seaside. Arthur saw Leila getting down the car by the seaside. She took off her high heels and walked towards the beach.

He could not help but get down his car.

Leila walked on the soft beach alone, her heart cracked. Her phone rang but she did not want to pick up the call. However, her phone kept ringing. She took out her phone, it was Vincent. She moved her lips and smiled, picked up the call.

Vincent’s low voice was heard via the phone, “Where’re you?”

Leila wanted to laugh, was it important for him to know where she was? Leila's sights were deepened, her mind was perplexed, she was helpless and extremely depressed. Her self-esteem was badly hurt, in fact it was just a hype, "I want to divorce!"

"Leila!" Vincent's voice became deeper, "Repeat again."

"He he...We have to divorce one day, let it be tomorrow. Let's meet at the marriage registry office tomorrow, I want to divorce!" Leila's tone was extremely cold.

"Leila!" He called her name again coldly to imply his discontent. He did not expect her to say so. The sound of the sea breeze could be heard clearly via the phone.

"I know my name is Leila, don't emphasize it!" Leila threw tantrum as well.

Vincent changed his expression, "Where're you?"

"Vincent, I'm really fed up with you. Your evil plan, your mother and your evil plan, I don't want to care. I misunderstand, I misunderstand that you are slightly fond of me but I am wrong. In fact it is just hype. Whatever you do is planned and laid out, I am not exempted from your plan. I always have a fantasy in my mind, I always have fantasy on you. However, from now onwards, I have decided that I will not tolerate you anymore because you don't deserve it."

Leila wiped away her tears that fell uncontrollably, "I want to divorce!"

Her tears were getting more and more, she kept wiping away the tears but the tears flowed out continuously.

"Where are you?" Vincent showed a tense face and interrupted her words.

"Vincent, do you know that you have hurt me badly? I think whatever you do gently to me is voluntary for the past two months and for just now. However, it is just hype, you crack my heart!"

Why was she so silly that she trusted him again? His gentleness was always a mean, she knew it early right? How could she be so silly and confident that she was able to solve the matter between his father and him? If they have hatreds for each other, let them solve it by themselves. She was not a sage, she was just a fool, a ridiculous stupid fool!

Vincent held his phone tightly with a dumbfounded expression, he showed a gloomy face.

"Vincent, I am fed up with you, I don't want to tolerate with you anymore!" Leila curved her lips, her sights looked complicated. She smiled slightly but scolded loudly, "If you don't want to divorce, I will hold a press conference to inform the reporter that I want to divorce. I don't want to care about the matter between your mother and my father. Today, I just want to inform you that I want to divorce!"

After saying those words, Leila turned off her phone. She did not want to listen to Vincent's words.

She faced the sea alone and turned her head to look at the colourful and lively city. She heard the growling sound of the wave silently and listened to the sound of the sea breeze that could blow people away. Out of the blue, she felt that she was lonely and always stayed alone.

Facing the deep and surging sea, she had a strong feeling suddenly. If she walked towards it, could she stop everything?

No love!

No hatred!

Since then, she would not feel lonely.

She would not owe her mother for her love, she would not owe her aunt for her assistance. She would not even suffer from love and hatred, she would not be the controlled puppet by others. She could retrieve her freedom and her self-esteem...

But could she jump?

She knew that she could not do it but the sudden thought made her sad. Leila, in fact you were so weak.

“Ah—Why—” Leila faced the sea and shouted suddenly, “Why—”

Arthur heard the conversation between her and Vincent from not far away. He stood at the beach and listened to her shouting voice. Why did she shout loudly and continuously? He could not walk towards her. She was a pitiful woman, she should not suffer everything, she did not know anything at all.

Arthur looked at her shouting silhouette, he froze and did not walk forwards because he knew that everyone had the moment that they felt extremely stressful. She went to the seaside as she didn't want anyone to know that she was almost collapsed.

He did not want to walk forwards because he knew that she was crying. She was crying badly.

After Leila shouted for a while, she finally stopped. She breathed deeply and smiled, how could she behave like a crazy woman? Even if she was in her darkest and saddest moment, she should not do it. She shook her head and felt a lot better.

She squatted on the beach and surrounded herself with her arms. She felt the sea breeze caressing her. Although it was a bit cold, she was no longer suffering.

Out of the blue, the smell of tobacco was smelt.

Leila was shocked, she turned around suspiciously. She saw Arthur standing nearby, his tall body stood behind her leisurely with a distance of 5m. He was holding a cigarette, this was the first time she saw him smoking.

The moonlight reflected his slant shadow. The night was dark, his cigarette shined when the wind blew, it looked like a neon lamp.

Leila was stunned when she saw Arthur at the beach suddenly. Then, she responded and asked, “Why are you here?”

Arthur smoked, the white smoke that he exhaled was blown away by the wind. Then, he walked towards her leisurely.

“He he, because of an amazing scene. I saw a pretty little fox getting up the taxi suddenly. I was curious, I think fox should not appear in this big city but I really saw it. No choice, I followed it due to my curiosity but I was failed to follow it but I saw you!” Arthur sat beside her.

“Your joke is not funny!” Leila knew that he had seen her embarrassing moment, she was annoyed.

“Yes, I am not here to joke. I want to look for the little fox and bring her back stealthily!” He said it with a flirting tone.

Leila felt a sense of warmth, she looked at him from the side. His side face was good-looking, he had deep eyes that did not have an end. He smoked and threw the cigarette onto the beach, he turned his head to look at her.

“Have you finished abreacting? If you feel better, let’s go home, I will send you!”

“No!” Leila shook her head.

“Do you want to dry the fish here?” Arthur was kidding but his tone was sympathetic, “I tell you, you might be raped and killed before you dry the fish. You don’t cry at the moment!”

Leila was shocked, she turned around and rubbed her painful eyes, “I don’t have a home!”

Arthur was startled, he gazed at her deeply, as if she was the only one in his eyes.

“Poor kid!”

“I am not pitiful!” Leila shook her head and denied it, “I never feel that I am pitiful, you don’t think it that way too. I think it is normal in this society. I am not strong enough so I will get hurt easily. But after I go through it, I will appreciate anyone who hurts me before because they make me stronger! Therefore, you don’t feel that I am pitiful, it is just part of my journey. I appreciate misery!”

“Eh!” Arthur opened his mouth slightly, did not know what to say.

Leila analysed herself for the first time. It was the first time for her to say out her opinion to deal with problems. After saying that, she smiled, “Do you think that I am foolish?”

“No!” Arthur shook his head, “I think I am the foolish one! I am so foolish! You’re strong!”

“He he...” they smiled to each other. Leila patted her leg, “Alright, I have to go back now. How about you?”

“You will go back to the White Family?” Arthur was dumbfounded.

Leila shook her head, “No, I will go to the hotel!”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t want to see others tonight!”