

Destiny 371

Chapter 371 - A Moment in Destiny

In the hospital.

Leila and Vincent arrived at the hospital once again. After they just got off the car at the hospital parking lot, they heard a child's tender and excited shout, "Daddy, I'm here!"

Vincent got out of the car and turned his head to see the child standing not far away from him. When he saw the child, the child quickly ran over towards him.

Vincent also got out of the car.

It was Owen. Although she knew that he was the child of Pippa and Miyamoto, when hearing him call Vincent Daddy, her heart still felt a bit uncomfortable, and she also felt more sympathy towards Miyamoto. In this world, no one has the right to deprive a man from being a father. Vincent really lacked consideration in handling this matter!

"Dear! Did you miss me?" Vincent kissed Owen on the cheek.

Owen nodded his head. "Yes, I do! I missed Daddy so much!"

"Good boy!"

Only then did Leila see them from the back. She could see a tall man wearing a suit. His face was not considered handsome but it was definitely not bad looking either. He looked like a typical man, but a wicked and evil smile could be seen in his face, making people very uncomfortable when looking at it!

Vincent gave an explanation to Leila. "Leila, this is Charles! Owen, this is Leila, my wife!"

Leila was shocked for a moment. So, this was Charles, the man in the video tape with his sister? Although in the video, he did not show his face, a back view of him was enough to recognize him. So, it was him, this person right here who looked quite impressive?

Leila subconsciously looked at Charles, and then she looked at Vincent, striving for a peace of mind.

In the end, she nodded slightly at him as a greeting. This man, was the one who sent Owen back. Although Leila was trying to calm herself, she still failed to. The reason was he really was the main character from the video.

As Vincent was holding Owen and everyone was ready to go towards the elevator, Leila quickly spoke, "Vincent, can you bring Owen up first? I have something to say to Charles!"

"Leila..." Vincent was a little surprised, but he did not say anything. He just simply glanced at Charles while holding Owen into the elevator.

Leila looked at Charles and questioned him directly. "Why did you film that video?"

Charles raised his eyebrows, took a look at Leila, and gave an unusually evil smile. "Am I, obligated to tell you?"

Leila was stunned for a moment by his reply.

Charles then calmly took a glance at her. The smile at the corner of his lips deepened, but his tone of voice remained cold, "Miss Hunter, you are not qualified to question me about anything, so I advise you to continue being a good wife towards Vincent and don't meddle too much, it's not good for you!"

"You..." Leila was at a loss of words. He was trying to threaten her. The tone of his voice was very threatening. "Macey is my sister! I am not meddling in other people's business!"

"So what?" Charles calmly looked at Leila.

"You can't bully my sister like this!"

"Have you said enough?" Charles seemed to be suppressing his anger. The corners of his lips were still slightly curved up, but it was definitely not a smile. Perhaps it would be appropriate to say that he was hiding something behind that smile.

"Was Vincent's mother the one who asked you to do this? Did she told you to deliberately get close to my sister and deliberately betrayed Vincent? That video was recorded after you got her drunk! I don't understand, why did you do that? The main character in that video is you! How could you do something so shameful?"

"I think there's one thing you should understand, if she wasn't a person with no morals, even if I did something, she still would not betray Vincent. However, if she did, then it means she was really that kind of person! Miss Hunter, if it's okay with you, I'm going up!" Charles calmly finished his sentence and went into the elevator.

Leila knew that he was right, and some things were indeed beyond her control. She also followed him into the elevator. As there were only two people in that small space, the space seemed to look much bigger.

Frustration could be seen on Leila's face as she felt a headache. Hostility could also be felt when she was looking at Charles.

"Since Miss Hunter has seen the video, you should have an understanding on my abilities in bed, what do you think? If Vincent can't satisfy you, do you want me to help you?" Charles suddenly came over, his tone was full with evilness and danger.

"You..." Leila hurriedly took a step back, "Don't you come near me!"

"Humph!" Charles smiled faintly. "Oh! Does this mean that Miss Hunter has no confidence in herself and is afraid of not being able to resist my charm? Are you also the same as your sister?"

"Don't you talk nonsense!" Leila said righteously. "Since you are Vincent's friend, aren't you afraid that Vincent will know what you said to me?"

"You can go and tell him boldly!" Charles shrugged, as if he did not care at all, and continued to smile dangerously as he walked over to Leila and held her chin with one hand.

Leila pulled down his hand fiercely, but his hand will not budge.

Charles said again in a wicked tone, "What should I do? I, have my eyes on you!"

“You!” A feeling of fear rushed into her heart and Leila's heart started thumping violently. This person was very dangerous. However, she was not her sister. She gritted her teeth and grunted coldly, “Your traps will not work on me!”

“Is that so? Then we...” halfway through the sentence, Charles gave a very “kind” pause while looking at Leila, straight into her eyes. “No woman can escape my palm unless I don't want them! How about we wait and see!”

“Take your dirty hands off from me!” Leila also calmed down, and only felt that this man was incomparably disgusting, “With you, there is no way!”

“Oh?” Charles was still not annoyed. One of his hand leisurely placed on the wall behind Leila while the other hand clamped on her chin, his handsome face revealed a lazy smile. “Leila is angry? How cute! Seeing this little mouth of yours pouting really makes people crave...”

Leila coldly glanced at Charles who gave a somewhat ambiguous smile. Was she close with him, did he called her Leila? Her eyebrows lightly raised as Leila coldly said, “You are so dirty.”

“Am I dirty? But many women are eager to get into the bed with me. For example, your sister is one of them! You and her have the same blood running inside, and your figure also looked quite good...” As

he gazed at Leila's exquisite body while thinking, Charles said, “Maybe we are quite compatible! By combining our surnames, we can get the the shape, ‘mouth on mouth’! How about it?”

“You're crazy!” Leila was not angry and started laughing instead. Then, she lifted her leg, and aim towards Charles's private part. This move was taught by Arthur. She did not forget, as it was specifically used against this kind of perverted man!

“Heh ...” He quickly dodged it! He let out a pleasant laugh. Damn it, what a disgusting laugh. Charles took a step back and let go of Leila, moving so harshly that Leila could hardly believe it.

“Trying to attack my private part?” Charles raised his eyebrows. “Or do you want to see if my private part is up to the challenge? Just tell me honestly, I don't think you can see it by moving your feet, you should come and untie my belt!”

“You pervert!” Leila could not help but let out a curse. The elevator reached the floor and the door opened with a ding.

Leila left the elevator as if she was running away. This man was really scary and evil! He was very shameless. What a difficult opponent, he was also very perverted!

Finally, she understood why her sister fell into his trap. She once said she liked this kind of man. She liked evil and reckless men, no wonder she fell for it. This entire matter was a trap. Was it a trap set by Nora and Vincent?

Her heart felt a little sad and depressed. Vincent, will you let me fell into this kind of traps?

After Charles fixed his gaze at Leila who was running away towards Pippa's hospital room, he took out his phone, “Boss, Leila and Macey do not seem to have similar traits!”

After someone on the other end said something, Charles let out a smile. "You do not need to worry, and I will complete the task you have given!"

He hung up the phone before he walked over with a lazy posture.

Leila was a little flustered when she saw Vincent as she was really scared to death just now! It was because Charles was too scary.

In the ward, a strange thing happened, Owen nestled in Vincent's arms. He was not going towards Pippa, and he was not looking at Miyamoto either.

"Owen, this is your mother!" Vincent spoke softly to Owen.

Owen's little hands kept grabbing on to Vincent's neck, hugging him and not letting go. The look on the child's face was heartbreaking. When Leila was looking at the scene, she felt that something was off. Why did the child not go towards his parent, instead, he was hugging a outsider with such closeness.

"Owen, I'm Mommy!" Pippa shouted in a soft voice.

Miyamoto did not speak, his eyes were full of mourning!

"Owen!" Vincent shouted again.

Unexpectedly, this time, Owen finally lifted up his head. He looked at Vincent then he looked at Leila who had just entered the room. He continued looking at Leila as he faced towards her, "Leila, can I live in your house from now on?"

This time, it was Leila who was so surprised! Why did the child talk to herself and make such a request? She did not know what to answer for a while!

"Owen?" Vincent was also shocked.

Leila could not bear to see the child's disappointed little face and nodded her head. "Owen, we will all welcome you, but what about your mother?"

"Owen, come over here!" As soon as Pippa heard that Owen wanted to leave with Leila, her voice immediately deepened, revealing a hint of panic.

Miyamoto seemed to look helpless, or he had already seen this coming.

Owen just turned her head to look at Pippa. He then bit his lips, as if he was thinking about something, and after a long while she heard the child speak, "Mommy, can I get a new mommy?"

"What?!"

Pippa was dumbfounded!

Miyamoto also frowned.

And Charles, who had just entered the door, heard the child's words and shrugged his shoulders. He then walked straight to the sofa and sat down, crossed his legs and watched the scene like an outsider.

Leila subconsciously leaned towards Vincent's side, trying to ignore the evil aura coming from that evil man. It's just that what Owen had said were really too shocking!

He said he wanted a new mother? Was this what the child wanted?

"Owen..." Pippa lifted the blanket and got out of bed!

Owen suddenly spoke again, "If I can have a new daddy, why can't I have a new mommy?"

"Owen?" This time it was Vincent's turn to be shocked. How could the child know this?

Owen frowned, and his eyebrows and eyes were similar to Miyamoto. Sadness could also be seen through his big eyes, "I know that my dad is actually my uncle, and I also know that Miyamoto is my dad!"

This time, everyone was all dumbfounded!

Pippa even stood dazedly in front of the hospital bed, stumbling a little and nearly falling over.

Miyamoto also looked at his son unexpectedly. His throat slid for a moment and his opened his mouth. However, no words were said. He really did not expect it. How did the child knew everything?

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"Owen, who told you this?" Vincent lowered his voice and asked him gently.

Owen thought for a moment, "I heard it last time when Miyamoto took Mom away!"

"Owen, Miyamoto is your father and I'm just your uncle. I'm sorry, dear!" Vincent surprisingly looked clumsy and did not know how to comfort the child.

"I've known it already!" Owen was not too sad, "Vincent, can I live with you and Leila? You let Leila be my mother, okay?"

"Owen, you're my son! You aren't allowed to acknowledge a bad woman as your mother!" Pippa shrieked hysterically out of the blue. This had severely scared Owen and his small hands wrapped around Vincent's neck.

"I don't want to be here, I want to leave, and I want to go back to my grandmother's place. I don't want to be here..."

"Pippa, calm down!" Miyamoto stopped Pippa's hysteria.

"No! He's my son! My son!" She pointed at Leila, "She has stolen Vincent away and is even also wanting to steal my son! Leila, I hate you~!"

Leila froze for a moment, what did this have to do with her? It seemed that Pippa really needed to do some detailed introspection! However, she could understand her too. After all, her own son was not with her and this definitely dealt a big blow to her!

Vincent gently patted Owen's back, "Owen, why do you refuse to stay with your mother?"

Owen kept silent. He lay on Vincent's shoulder and looked very pitiful.

Miyamoto took a step forward and said in a deep voice, "Owen, you know I'm your father?"

Owen did not answer.

"Owen?" Vincent called him again, "Why?"

"Mom hit Owen, and Miyamoto hit Mom! When Miyamoto hit Mom, Mom hit Owen. Owen doesn't want to stay with them..."

The child's immature voice stabbed everyone's heart like a steel knife!

Was this the crux of the problem?

Instantly, Miyamoto seemed to have aged a lot as he staggered back. He lowered his head and said gently after quite a while, "Owen, if Dad no longer hits Mom, are you willing to stay with Dad?"

Owen did not say anything. His small hands were embracing Vincent as if Vincent was his harbour. His attachment to Vincent made Leila felt heartbroken. This child was just longing for warmth but he was so unfortunate as his father and mother gave him too little love. He was so dependent on Vincent. Leila thought that this person must be kind as he could get a child's complete trust!

Mr White was the kindest! What else did she need to suspect? That video should be her mother-in-law's conspiracy, right?

Seeing that the child did not utter a word, Miyamoto's hand trembled and he walked out of the door.

Pippa flopped on the bed and cried.

Leila could not bear it and she followed Miyamoto out. In the corridor, Miyamoto drew out a cigarette with trembling hands and lit it.

"Owen just needs time, Mr. Black. Don't be too sad!"

Miyamoto smoked and his mood was slightly relieved. He raised his eyes, looked at Leila and slowly blurted out two words, "Thank you!"

Leila shook her head, "Although I don't know what has happened between you guys, the child is innocent. I hope you can be more patient with the child! Give him some time, and he'll definitely accept you!"

The grief-stricken face was immediately stained with sorrow, "Retribution, this is my retribution, right!" Dazzled, Miyamoto gazed at one end of the corner. The retribution had come, right!

Vincent walked out while carrying Owen in his arms. The door of the ward was opened. Leila subconsciously looked inside and heard Charles saying, "Pippa, let Owen stay with Vincent for a while. It will be fine after a while. You shouldn't be too afraid!"

"He's my child. I don't want that!" She could not lose her child anymore. Otherwise, she would have nothing left.

"If you can't accept the consequence of doing that, then you shouldn't do it." Charles only had one sentence. This made Pippa instantly lost all her strength and the only thing left was her crying sound.

Vincent put Owen down, "Owen, men should be brave. Dad and Mom love Owen, Dad and Mom can't be changed, understand?"

"Why they can't be changed?" Owen's delicate features were tangled together. He raised his little face to look at Vincent who was squatting, "I want you to be my father!"

"Dear, if you say so, Miyamoto will be very sad and crestfallen. He's your father, it's my fault, I should have told you from the beginning!"

"Owen..." Miyamoto called in a low voice. His heart was filled with agony. Was what he did wrong?

Owen ignored Miyamoto's words and walked to Leila instead. His small hand was timidly reached out to hold her hand, "Leila, will you detest Owen too? Owen will be very obedient. Owen wants to stay with Vincent. You don't drive Owen away, okay? Owen won't fight with the younger siblings you give birth to in getting Vincent's love. Owen will be very obedient, very obedient!"

Leila suddenly felt grieved. She squatted down and hugged Owen's tiny body, "I won't detest Owen. I like Owen very much. I welcome Owen to our home anytime!"

"Thanks!" Owen hugged Leila, "Owen won't make you angry!"

Miyamoto's hands completely sagged. Vincent sighed and just said, "Give the child some time!"

"Okay!" Miyamoto nodded and did not say anything more.

"Can we go now? Charles, let's go now! Go to their house with Dad and Leila!" Owen shouted at Charles.

"Coming!" Charles directly walked out. His face was still with an evil smile.

"No!" Pippa ran out barefoot as if she was crazy. She pushed Leila away and hugged Owen in her arms. Ignoring the child's struggle, she hugged him tightly. She looked slightly crazy as if she had really gone crazy, "No, Owen is my son, he isn't allowed to go anywhere! He isn't allowed to go anywhere!"

With Pippa being like that, Leila was not so polite. But, she was the mother of Owen who was a child who would make others feel sorry for him. She was really quite sympathetic towards the child.

"Pippa, nobody will steal your child. Don't be like this!" Vincent persuaded.

"Let go of him!" Miyamoto said in a deep voice but his tone was unusually strong as if he was giving a command.

"No!" Pippa screamed.

Owen was a little scared and he cried all of a sudden.

"Owen, don't be afraid, your mother is sick. Your mom is just sick. You go and comfort your mom to let her recover quickly, okay?" Vincent's big hand wiped away Owen's tears.

Vincent's words let Owen gradually stop crying. While choking, his small hand caressed Pippa's face, "Mom, are you very sad? Don't be afraid, Owen will protect Mom when I grow up!"

“Owen!” Pippa cried out in mourning out of the blue. She indeed owed her child too much. Oh, he was her child, was she really wrong?

Miyamoto’s face darkened at once. Too much pain and sorrow came up together. As if he had decided, he gritted his teeth and after quite a while, he said in a deep voice, “Pippa, you are freed! I won’t disturb you anymore! Owen is my son so I respect his choice. I have no problem with whoever he lives with! I just want him to be happy!”

Pippa was stunned for a moment. Freed! He said she was freed! Inexplicably, she felt an emptiness in her heart as if a big hole was made upon an explosion and there was blood dripping around! She could not help but let go of Owen.

Miyamoto squatted again. His big hand caressed his son’s little face and he smiled despondently, attempting to show it to his son but that smile was so strange as his face was tangling severely, “Owen, Dad loves you. Dad just doesn’t know how to love you. Forgive Dad! Dad is wrong!”

“Is it?” Owen was still a little uneasy. He glanced at Miyamoto who was in front of him and once again looked at Vincent expectantly. His fair hands also uneasily pulled his clothes.

“Dad is wrong!” Such a proud man admitted his mistake in front of his son.

Owen’s face flashed with a trace of doubt as if he did not know Miyamoto.

Miyamoto said to Vincent again, “I’ll stay in F City for some time. I’ll go to your house every day to see the child, is that okay?”

Vincent nodded, “Anytime!”

“Owen, Dad will never hit Mom again. Dad will go to see you when I’m free!” Miyamoto gently stroked Owen’s head, turned around and left.

He just left like that!

Pippa lowered her face and did not look at his back.

But, Miyamoto’s figure when leaving looked so forlorn and would make others feel sympathetic.

“Pippa, let Owen stay with me first!” Vincent carried the child, “After you’re discharged from the hospital, adjust your mood well. I hope you pull yourself together!”

“I’ll carry Owen downstairs first!” Charles had already carried Owen and they left first!

“Vincent!” Pippa’s tears welled up in her eyes that were raised.

However, Leila did not know whom her tears were shedding for.

“Brace up yourself, you’re freed!” Vincent sighed.

“Can I talk to Leila?” Apparently, Pippa had really calmed down.

Vincent met Leila’s eyes and inquired about her will.

Leila nodded, “You get up. The floor is cold!”

Pippa was still squatting on the floor and she looked very pitiful. The two people walked into the room and after Pippa closed the door, she flung herself onto her knee.

“What are you doing?” Leila was shocked, “Get up now!”

“Leila, I hope you can return Vincent to me.” Pippa’s sincerely gazed at Leila and her body was quivering continuously. It seemed that she had taken some time to gather enough courage before speaking.

“Return to you?” Leila stroked her head as if she was having a headache, “Pippa, didn’t you understand what I said that day? Vincent is my man, why should I give him back to you? What is your relationship with him?”

“But I love Vincent, I’ve loved him for so many years! I can’t live without Vincent. I didn’t have freedom before but now I’m already freed. Vincent, Owen and I will be together as a family, we’ll be always together!” Pippa sobbed and on the verge of tears, she pitifully gazed at Leila.

Leila raised her eyes to gaze at Pippa who was in front of her and said coldly, “Do you think Vincent will love a woman whose son does not trust and help her? You say you’ve loved him for many years but how would you be together with Mr. Black? Pippa, even a blind person can see that Mr. Black loves you. Just now, the moment he said that you’re freed, do you think that we didn’t see the disappointment you had in the twinkling of an eye? You really don’t love him at all? You’re absolutely wrong. You love Vincent, so what? He totally doesn’t love you.”

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“No, Vincent loves me.” Pippa’s haunting cry turned to shrill all of a sudden as she vehemently seized Leila’s hand and started to bawl, “You know nothing about us, and you don’t know Vincent’s temperament well enough. He’s such a mild and gentle person, and it’s all because of Miyamoto that he has to give up on our relationship back then. The only reason that he has married you now is because you’re just a pawn to him since you’re Brian’s daughter! He won’t ever love you, so as long as you walk away from him, he will come right back to me.”

“You’re impossible, Pippa!” Leila sighed deeply as she felt sorry for Miyamoto, “My advice for you is to hurry up and go to Mr. Black while it’s still not too late, or you will lose the man whom loves you from the bottom of his heart as well!”

“Spare me!” Pippa shook her head violently while a look of despair had manifested on her delicate features as she mumbled, “It’s precisely because of my heedfulness and having Owen in the first place that I have married him, but look what have I gotten as a result? This time, I will never let Vincent go and give up on us anymore. Not a chance.”

Madness was displayed on Pippa’s agitated expression while her gaze on Leila exuded detestation, jealousy and agony all at once.

“Oh, please. Do you really think there is something between you two? Do you honestly think what exists between you and him is love? If he really loves you, why would he have gotten himself into a relationship with my sister at the outset? Aren’t you being overly confident in yourself, Pippa?” Leila was rendered speechless by the meek and gentle woman right before her eyes for the first time.

Leila's biting questions had caused Pippa to burst into a flood of tears, and she was reduced to silence as her reddened eyes were filled with painful regrets while silent tears kept streaming down her cheeks. Despite being scathed by her cutting remarks, Pippa's unwavering feelings for Vincent had not even dwindled for a slight bit.

"What's going on?" Vincent was dumbfounded by the scene in front of him when he had finally pushed open the door and entered the room due to apprehension.

Leila shook her head as she replied, "Don't ask me. She says she wants to get married to you, so take care of this mess yourself!"

She promptly walked out of the room after dropping her final words as she was afraid that she could not fight off her urge to beat Pippa up if she were to stay here any longer. Although she was always a mild-mannered and gentle lady, she had been driven up the wall at this moment, and her exasperation had compelled her to resolve this mess through the use of force as she wished she could slap some sense into Pippa.

"Vincent!" Pippa wiped away the tears on her face as soon as she had heard his familiar voice, and she swiftly got up on her feet and made a beeline for Vincent.

"Leila?" Vincent called out to her softly and quickly turned his body sideways to avoid catching Pippa whom was throwing herself at him, and he immediately walked up to Leila and said, "Let's leave together!"

"Vincent!" Pippa was stunned on the spot while her extended arms were left hanging in the air, and her soft heart started to throb violently when she had set her sight on Vincent holding Leila in his embrace. Even Vincent was shunning her now!

Her son had discarded her! Vincent had also abandoned her! Even Miyamoto had decided to leave her too! All of them did not want her in their lives anymore!

"Why couldn't we go back to the good old days, Vincent? We were happy back then, weren't we?" Pippa shot her sorrowful gaze towards the apathetic Vincent as she caught up to him and grabbed his hand while muttering, "Remember how many people have said that we are such a great match for each other, Vincent!"

Vincent shot Leila an embarrassing look while Leila let out a huge sigh, "You two do indeed look like a well-matched couple, Mr. Vincent!"

"Are you jealous, Leila?" Vincent stared at Leila with an amusing look on his face as he added, "You can't be serious."

He withdrew his hand from Pippa's grip on him in a cold and detached manner right after and uttered, "You're just a sister to me, Pippa. You've always been my sister and always will be for the rest of my life!"

"Vincent!" Pippa stared at him in a wistful manner after hearing his rejection. Did he really not love her at all?

“Go back to Miyamoto, Pippa. He’s the one whom should be loved by you.” Vincent had abated his usual tenderness that he had always reserved specially for Pippa as his striking face assumed an expression as unsympathetic as remote while he grabbed Leila by her hand, “Let me tell you and my mother this, Leila is my wife in this lifetime, and this fact will never change no matter what happens.”

“Vincent —” Pippa’s ashen face was bathed in tears while her infatuated gaze was fixated on Vincent’s countenance that she had missed and longed for, and she slowly strengthened her feelings for him deep down in her heart as she resolved to never let him go no matter what.

When Miyamoto had finally returned out of worry and laid his eyes on the scene that had unfolded, a brief look of sorrow and agony flashed across his aloof expression when he had taken in Pippa’s blatant display of feelings for another man. He had decisively quitted the underworld for her, the woman whom he had loved for so many years, but why couldn’t she perceive his love for her and only had eyes for Vincent all this while...

Miyamoto suddenly felt like he could discern his old self whom had also grown to hate her because of his unrequited love for her when he had taken in Pippa’s bigotry at this moment. He let out a deep sigh and swallowed his pain, forcing a smile on his chiselled face soon after as he said to Vincent, “She needs two advanced practice nurses to look after her, and I’ve instructed them to come here!”

After finishing his sentence, he left the room in a determined manner again.

It seemed hard to get one’s head around something sometimes, but when it had come to the time where one had figured it all out, she would get to know that the hardest part was only the process of thinking things through, and relief would ensue after the process of thinking it over was completed.

Pippa stared at Miyamoto, who was walking away from her with her glassy eyes and reverted her gaze back to Vincent, and her drifting consciousness was soon gathered again with her intent gaze on him while fanatical obsession was aroused in her heart once again.

Vincent breathed out a deep sigh, and two advanced practice nurses had entered the room at that moment.

He stayed silent and walked out of the room while taking Leila by her hand, and he asked after he had caught up to Miyamoto, “Why do you even bothered to give her freedom if you can’t let her go?”

Miyamoto paused for silence before he opened his mouth, “I won’t cling onto her anymore when I’ve said that I will give her freedom as I too am tired and worn out! I’m just worried that she will take things to heart and head to her doom by taking her own life as she was diagnosed with depression!”

“She’s suffering from depression?!” Both Vincent and Leila were taken aback by this surprising piece of news.

“Yes! Even if I have to let go of her, I still don’t wish for her to die!” Miyamoto smiled faintly as he added, “I’ll leave Owen in your hands now!”

Leila sighed deeply when Miyamoto had taken his leave, “Mr. Black has really treated Pippa well, but it’s such a shame that she couldn’t appreciate him! Why does she suffer from depression though?”

Vincent cast his glance towards Leila and replied, "Once a perfectionist like her has realized that reality is nowhere as perfect as what she has envisioned, and when she couldn't accept the chasm between her ideal state and reality, there would be deviation in her mental health which could cause her to be psychologically vulnerable. Pippa has always been living in her fantasies!"

"Do you feel sorry for her?" Leila turned around and shot a glance towards Vincent, "Are you guilty..."

Her remaining sentence had been abruptly broken off by him at that moment as she had to swallow them when he had kissed her while they were still waiting for the elevator!

His scorching masculinity had pervaded Leila's every sense which had stunned her as she stood transfixed on the ground and let him steal a kiss from her lips.

Her remaining traces of anger towards Pippa had seemed to vanish the moment Vincent's lips had touched her skin as his unexpectedly gentle kiss had fallen softly on her which had quelled her anger.

His kiss was truly a stark contrast with his fierce look, and all she could do was to stare at him with her eyes wide open as she was at a loss as to what to do while their breaths blew onto each other's faces in proximity.

After a long while, he finally came back to his senses after someone had walked out from the elevator when the door had opened. He cleared his throat awkwardly and walked into the elevator while taking her by the hand, and when there was only the two of them left, he uttered again, "To be honest, I do feel sorry for her when I see her in that state!"

"Do you think you should be held accountable for her?" Leila had subconsciously softened her tone after his domineering kiss earlier which had also encompassed his promise to her, and her floating

syllables had come to a surprise for her as well, "Do you think you have some inescapable responsibilities towards Pippa now that she has turned out like this?"

"Yeah." He nodded his head and continued, "If we were not close to begin with, maybe it would not have come to this! My mother is also to blame for how Pippa has turned out. Both of us are to be held accountable!"

"Have you ever loved her?" Leila asked quietly.

Vincent's expression went dark with some unfathomable emotions the moment he had heard her question, and even though it was hard to decipher his mood, his cold and menacing aura was immensely frigid to the extent that it could freeze everyone in his surroundings.

Leila was startled for a moment as she asked, "What's with your expression?"

"Did you just ask whether I had loved her before?" Vincent raised his eyebrows and continued, "Do you really think I have the time to fall for and love so many women in this world?"

A dazzling smile bloomed on Leila's initially worried face as soon as she had gotten his reply, and she said with vivacity, "So you've never loved her before!"

Vincent felt dejected by her reaction as this little liar had always misunderstood him. Did he seem like the kind of person whom had always offered his universal love to everyone? A smile had broken out on

his face as well when he had perceived her face to brighten up with joy as relief crept up onto him. However, a wave of melancholy would still come over him whenever Pippa's matters had crossed his mind.

Leila was blushed scarlet when she had discerned the captivating smile lingering on his lips, and she lowered her head at once to hide her shyness.

Owen and Charles had suddenly moved into the villa after that.

It had never occurred to Leila that Charles would move in as well, plus he was to live in as the assistant of Vincent's mother. He had even announced that he would stay in F City for some time until Owen had got used to his life here, and only then would he leave their place.

Leila was still very much frightened of Charles due to the incident in the elevator.

"I'm afraid that Charles and Owen have to stay here with us for some time, Leila!" Vincent walked into the room and broke the news to her as she was the lady of the house after all.

Leila nodded and asked, "Does Charles really have to stay in our house, Mr. Vincent?"

"Why?" Vincent frowned in suspicion, "Do you dislike him staying here?"

"I know that he's the man in the video, and he's your mother's assistant. Am I right?" Leila asked softly while she put on a resigned look on her face.

"You know that it's him?" Vincent was slightly startled by her remarks, "That's why you were asking him about the video in the hospital?"

Leila remained silent while her whitened face was veiled with solemnity, and it was obvious that she had kept her feelings bottled up.

"How about I let Charles stay at the sea-view room, Leila?" Vincent said huskily as he stared at her.

"It's fine!" Leila shook her head and continued, "Just let him stay since he's your guest, plus it wouldn't look good if you were to drive him out!"

Vincent did not utter anything else anymore, but his gaze had gradually darkened after knowing about her concern.

Vincent had gone to work to attend to some business afterwards, and Leila had to stay in due to the arrival of Owen and Charles. She had spent some time playing with Owen after they had settled in, and it seemed like the little kid was very fond of her, hence they had no problem getting along with each other.

Charles was watching the financial news on the TV in the living room when Leila had brought Owen back in after their playtime, and Charles swiftly turned around and cast her a glance.

A smile had crept across his face while he winked at her, and his actions had startled Leila which had caused her senses to be heightened as this man was too dangerous.

"Play with me, Charles!" Owen immediately threw himself at him.

“All you know is to have fun and play around, you little kiddo!” Charles reached out his hands and caressed Owen’s head as he asked, “What have you played with Leila?”

“Mm!” Owen gave it a thought and replied soon after, “We were playing soccer in the lawn just now!”

“Oh! Is that so?” Charles chuckled lightly upon hearing the kid’s reply, and the smile that was worn on his face when he was speaking to Owen had made him look less evil, and there was even some hints of innocence in his expression that did not seem feigned at all.

Charles abruptly turned his head around after discerning Leila’s wary gaze on him, and he stared at her coldly while a touch of mischief and playfulness had flashed across his eyes soon after. He proposed to Owen right away, “How about we ask Leila to play with us?”

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“Yes!” Owen immediately responded.

“I still have things to do and I am afraid that I am unable to join you all!” Leila immediately refused as she didn’t want to have any interaction with Charles.

“You’re such a wet blanket!” Charles shrugged his shoulders.

Owen was also a little bit disappointed.

Leila said again, “I am going to study first. Owen, if you’re hungry, ask Eira to cook something for you to eat. I am going up!”

After saying that, without waiting for them to answer, she ran upstairs. On the stairs, she heard Owen asking Charles something.

“Charles, do you think that Leila doesn’t like me?” Owen’s voice suddenly became lower.

Leila suddenly felt bad for the child as he is sensitive about other people’s feelings. He was afraid that there was someone who did not like him. Leila stopped on the stairs and heard Charles saying, “How can it be? Darling, you are thinking nonsense again. Everyone likes Owen, and you shouldn’t be so sentimental, okay?”

On the stairs, Leila turned around after all, “Owen, let’s go upstairs to watch cartoons, okay? I have a lot of cartoons on my laptop!”

“Yes!” Owen immediately became happy. He ran up the stairs and held Leila’s hand.

His hand was very small, but it was very warm in Leila’s hand. The strange feeling made her heart feel warm. The child was so naive.

The expression of Charles was a bit complicated, and he soon turned around to watch the financial news on the TV again.

In the study.

Leila opened her laptop. Both of them sat on the sofa with the laptop on her knee, while Owen leaned against her.

Leila opened the cartoon and let him watch. Looking down at his handsome face, Leila found that his child inherited the good genes of his parents. He was good-looking and had long eyelashes. His large eyes flashed as if they could speak.

“Owen, you...” Leila hesitated, not knowing how to communicate with the child about his parents. She wanted to persuade the child to have a better relationship with Miyamoto.

“Do you have something to say?” Owen lifted his little face and looked at her.

“Yes.” Leila nodded.

“Then just say it, don’t stammer. Charles said, stammering is not good, since it means that there is something fishy.”

“Oh!” Leila froze and smiled, “Owen, actually your parents love you very much!”

Once he heard the word ‘parents’, he lowered her little face and shook her head.

“Leila you don’t understand, Mummy doesn’t like me. I know it actually!”

“Why?”

“Mum told me before, she doesn’t like me, Miyamoto... If he likes me, why isn’t he taking me home? They all don’t like me...”

Is it? Leila also wants to know! All these years, why didn’t Miyamoto come to find Owen? Looking at the child’s lost face like this, Leila’s face turned gloomy. Both Pippa and Miyamoto did not play their roles as parents well!

In the evening, Miyamoto came.

He bought many toys. Leila led Owen downstairs and did not see Charles.

Owen stood beside Leila. Miyamoto looked a bit nervous and he was trembling at the moment he saw Owen.

“Owen!” Miyamoto held a toy car in his hand. He clumsily put the car in the yard. The muscles in his face looked tautened. “This is a gift from Daddy. Come and look at it, okay?”

Obviously, Owen was attracted when he saw the toy, but he just grabbed Leila’s hand. Leila could feel the child’s fear of his father, and she squatted down and encouraged him, “Owen, let’s go to see the toy together, okay?”

The child was after all a child and he was attracted by the toy and nodded blushing. “Okay!”

Miyamoto instantly smiled and immediately put the remote control of the toy car in Owen’s hand.

In a short time, Owen was enjoying playing with the toy car. He even forgot to ask Leila to accompany him. He controlled the car running all over the yard, smiling happily.

“Treating children needs some patience!” Leila said softly. “Don’t be too nervous, Mr. Black. This is already a good start as he is willing to accept your toys. It means that he still desires to get your love!”

“Thanks!” Miyamoto looked at his son, showing his pride as a father in his eyes.

“Owen has doubts in his heart as he doesn’t know why you always don’t want to be with him. I think after the doubts in his mind are resolved then he can be closer to you!”

Hearing her words, Miyamoto’s handsome face looked hurt.

His silence made Leila feel guilty. She lowered her head and said softly, “I’m sorry, I think you must also have your reason.”

“No. This is my fault. I thought Vincent was the child’s father!” Miyamoto said in a low male voice.

Leila bit her lips and raised her eyes. She asked, “Was it later confirmed that Vincent was not his father?”

“Yes!” Miyamoto expression softened a bit and he nodded his head. “Yes, I always thought Vincent was Owen’s father as Pippa always said so!”

Leila was slightly stunned and it was a bit hard for her to believe his sentence. Pippa was so annoying. How could she not tell her son who his father was? Was Vincent the only one that had sex with her?

Miyamoto gazed at Leila who was nervous and showing doubts on her little face. She bit her lips and looked tangled. Miyamoto withdrew his gaze from Leila and stopped looking at her. He said softly, “Mrs. White, don’t worry. Pippa and Vincent never had sex before. Their relationship is pure as Vincent doesn’t like her.”

Leila was stunned while Miyamoto smiled faintly, “It’s just Pippa’s wishful thinking!”

Leila felt relaxed and she suddenly felt she was a bit petty and was too distrustful of Vincent. She smiled and nodded her head. Her smile was sunny and not gloomy anymore.

“You two will be happy!” Miyamoto told Leila from the bottom of his heart.

“You too!” Leila was smiling also.

Although they didn’t talk much, they felt like old friends who had known each other for years, and they had quite a tacit understanding. When they looked at Owen who was having fun, they both smiled.

A car slid through the gate with a ‘squeak’ sound. Vincent was back!

It seemed like Vincent was surprised to see Miyamoto. Looking at them chatting happily from a distance, Vincent’s eyes were sharp.

Leila saw him walking towards them robustly while Owen was enjoying the toy car and forgot to greet Vincent.

“Welcome,” Vincent was smiling. His tone was casual, making Miyamoto who didn’t really visit them quite regularly feel like he was a regular visitor. “I will accompany Owen for a while, you guys go up first!” Miyamoto said.

He didn't want to be the third wheel.

Leila was a little worried, but Vincent turned his head to look at Owen and brought her upstairs.

"Vincent?" Leila shouted.

"Give them time to get along with each other!" Vincent brought her upstairs, removing his tie as he walked. They entered the bedroom. Vincent sat on the sofa, rubbing his brow.

"Are you hungry?" Leila who was also sitting on the sofa asked him. She turned her face to look at him carefully. Her hand couldn't help but want to stroke his handsome face, because she saw he looked very fatigued. What's the thing that made him so tired.

"Not really." He pressed and rubbed his temples, leaning back on the sofa.

"Come here for a while," Leila lightly nudged him, signalling him to get up.

"What's wrong?" He looked at Leila in wonder.

"Just come over." She pulled him over to the bed and pushed him down on the big bed. She also sat on the bed.

"You..." He looked at Leila in surprise.

Leila smiled sweetly, "Don't worry, I won't eat you. I just want to help you massage for a while."

"Comfortable, right?" Leila asked him.

He hummed lazily and seemed to be enjoying himself extraordinarily.

"You look very tired today!" Leila added, not knowing if it was the company or Pippa, but he looked extra tired today.

Although he had been massaged for half an hour, he still stayed on the bed and did not want to move.

"Yes, I am very tired!" He said.

"What's wrong? Is it because of Pippa?" She bent down her body and asked softly in his ear.

He turned around suddenly and laid on his back. He used his strong arms to hug Leila and Leila let him hug her.

"Vincent!" Lying in his familiar arms, she felt so comfortable.

"Leila!"

"You..." His sudden approaching face made Leila speechless. His huge body pressed down on Leila and his handsome face got closer and closer to her until there was no more distance between them.

Such proximity made Leila's heart thumping. She was so nervous. His lips finally kissed hers after staying close for a long time.

She could feel that he was so gentle, but also so mad that her heart trembled. She was getting lost.

Their lips and tongues entwined with each other. Leila could not help but respond to him seductively. He, on the other hand, was wildly demanding. He was so dominant and wild. After a long time, when Leila was about to faint, he stopped this sweet murderous action.

It turned out that a kiss could be so loving and overwhelming.

At this moment, he looked satisfied. There was lust, laughter, evil, charm, but also a strange sour taste in his eyes.

He laid down on her side, reached out, and wrapped his arms around her. He then pressed her against his body, forcing her to look straight into his eyes.

"I am jealous." He spoke lightly, but there was hidden anger in his eyes.

Leila was stunned in place. For his bluntness, and also for her heart, she looked at him silently, as if she wanted to see through him. She was a bit puzzled, "Why?"

Did he oddly say he was jealous? She still had no idea!

"You had a nice talk with Miyamoto! You seemed to care extraordinarily about him?"

Leila was dumbfounded as she had only spoken a few words to Miyamoto. Did he misunderstand? But why did he kiss her like that just now? She looked at him deeply, unable to react for half a day!

He looked at Leila with a serious expression. After a long time of staring at each other, Leila smiled.

"Vincent, why are you so cute?"

Leila couldn't help but laugh dementedly. He was really too cute. He said he was jealous, and the person he was jealous of was Miyamoto. Oh my god! She thought that it was impossible for her and Miyamoto to get together.

At this moment, Leila suddenly found that she liked his sentence as he cared for her. He liked his possessiveness over her, as it meant he loved her. He had love towards her.

She suddenly felt a gentle affection. She looked at his handsome face in a daze. Lowering her head, she took the initiative to kiss his lips. "Vincent, I will not betray you, never!"

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He stretched out his big hands, gently rubbed her hair, and smiled at Leila, who was smiling. His heart became very relaxed.

Leila looked at his smile on the lips, her white arms wrapped around his neck, and her tone was a little embarrassed as she said, "I'm glad you told me this! Vincent, did you start to care about me?"

Vincent's big hands tightened around her slender waist, and his deep eyes were filled with Leila. He said in a low voice, "What do you think?"

"I hate it, you always make me guess, but how do I know what you are thinking?" She gently pressed her face to his sturdy chest, listened to his powerful heartbeat. Her heart rate was not normal, and her voice was extremely soft, "But I hope you care about me! And only care about me!"

Vincent's thin and arrogant lips slightly curled up, he pressed his hot lips to Leila's ears, and asked softly, "Of course I care about you! Little liar, aren't you happy?"

His hot male voice filled Leila's sensitive ears. Her heart throbbed and her face was a little blushed. She didn't speak, and just nodded gently.

A low laugh wafted from Vincent's chest. He reached into Leila's collar with his big hand, and held her small face up, with a charming smile on his face, "Then let's do something to make us even happier. Alright?"

"What?"

"What what? Now that Charles's not around, and Owen is being watched by Miyamoto, of course I have to hurry!" Vincent spoke ambiguous love words in her ear.

Leila's face became even more blushed, she was deeply fascinated by Vincent's tender eyes, unable to resist sinking into them, and she was lost in his sharp, handsome face.

The corner of Vincent's lips twitched and he looked at Leila's shy face. He felt as if he had been hit hard inside, and then turned over and pressed her tightly on the soft bed with his hot body.

His handsome eyes had a unique charm that could fascinate people. He just looked at Leila and said in a fascinating and drunken voice, "Leila, you are mine!"

"Vincent—" Leila's heart trembled slightly, her heart beating so wild that she couldn't control it, and the corners of her cherry-red lips, with the shyness of wanting to say nothing, seduced Vincent's senses.

Her shy eyes met his bright black eyes. Leila felt that somewhere in her heart she was suddenly touched gently.

Lowering his head, she kissed his lips and covered his handsome face with her hands.

Looking at him close at hand, and seeing him within reach, her heart fell bit by bit.

He leaned down and kissed her lips as if being pulled in some way, absorbing her warm fragrance. A strong and dangerous aura enveloped her, her deep eyes gleamed with gentle light.

Once a heart decided to settle down, it was not far from love. Vincent kissed Leila lightly. At this moment, he suddenly thought, he wanted her forever!

Looking at his charming eyes, she was panting.

And he, as if he understood, his eyes became hot, his true feelings began to show, but just for a moment, the desire of love burned.

He started kissing Leila frantically. Severely and for a long time, she lost her breath, but was enjoying the thrill of lack of oxygen.

And he continued to deliver oxygen to her, his heart beating violently. As if about to explode, Leila just felt that she could no longer bear it. Their clothes became an annoying diaphragm, and the two of them desperately tried to tear them off.

But the numbness made her unable to use her strength. At this moment, he had already torn open Leila's clothes, his strength was really great! But she didn't feel pain.

Almost crazy, he held the chest deeply in his mouth. Using his lips and tongue, he kept kneading, teasing her.

Lust quickly haunted the two of them.

Furiously tearing off his remaining shirt, she kissed his chest, and slowly stretched out her hand to his tight abdomen, searching for his huge desire...

When the first wave of passion faded, Leila's phone rang.

Lying in Vincent's arms, Leila turned on the phone, seeing the number she suddenly went stiff.

"Who is it?" Vincent said lazily.

"My sister!" Leila leaned in his arms. "I'll take that!"

Vincent got up and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

Leila answered the phone. "Yeah?"

"I heard that Charles is back?" Macey was straightforward.

"How do you know?"

"Tell him, I want to see him!" Macey ordered.

"He's not in now!"

"I will go to your villa right now!"

"He really isn't here now!" Leila said again.

"I don't care, I want to see him immediately!" Macey hung up the phone.

Leila was still in a daze when Vincent came out from the shower.

"What happened?"

"My sister wants come to find Charles!" Leila said.

"One's character is difficult to change." Vincent said suddenly. "Let her do!"

"But she is coming here!"

"Tell her to find Charles at Morning Bar!" Vincent said again. "He may not be back tonight. Let her go there to find him!"

Leila called Macey again, and told her what Vincent said.

Leila only then went to the shower and changed her clothes. After changing her clothes, Vincent took her waist again, not allowing her to go downstairs.

"Vincent!" Leila was dazed. "We should go down, Mr. Black and Owen are downstairs!"

"There is no crying, which means they are getting along well!" Vincent looked down at her red face after their passion, and said solemnly, "Leila, I tell you, I am not a good man, but I hope you are happy, but this happiness will have to come from me. I will never unselfishly give you to any other men, so you have to remember that you are not allowed to be so close to other men, understand?"

Leila blinked and went dumb!

"You can only be my woman!" He announced domineeringly, the wildness ignited in his black eyes rippled in Leila's heart.

"You..."

"I said that I would treat you well, and I would treat you wholeheartedly, with the same mind and body. Other men, shouldn't even think about touching you or look at you." He said calmly, but his eyes were cold, as if the fierce enemy was right in front of him.

The domineering command was unexpectedly pleasant to her ears.

Leila's heart was warm...

She suddenly wanted to tell him bluntly that she loved him so much, but—

When the words came to her lips, she swallowed them back again!

"Don't you have anything to say?" Vincent's tone seemed that he could see her impulse to speak, but she still shook her head. Vincent couldn't help feeling depressed. When would the little liar tell him in person that she loved him? And also that it has been a really long time!

But his domineering command really moved Leila, as if everything had broken through the clouds.

A man's exclusivity towards a woman, and his jealousy, and overbearing and wild appearance for a woman would be fatal to this woman, she would get addicted to it accidentally!

"Vincent!" Leila took the initiative to reach out her hands and put her arms around his waist. At this moment, she really felt happiness. That kind of unparalleled sweetness brought by a man.

"Leila, I might be a little busy in the coming time!" Vincent's eyebrows wrinkled again.

"What happened?"

"Something has happened to the stocks, I suspect that someone has been buying the White Group stocks! By the way, what did you say to Julian that day?" Vincent suddenly remembered that he forgot such an important thing.

Leila was slightly startled and told him, "Vincent, I don't know if my suspicion is right, but it is really strange. I suspect that the person who kidnapped me was Julian!"

Vincent was shocked, "Why do you have this doubt?"

"I found a button! The other day, I saw that the button was the same as the button on Julian's shirt, and there was indeed a button missing on his sleeve. I asked him, but he didn't admit it!" Leila told him what happened that day.

"Where is that button?"

"In Pearl Community!" Leila bit her lip. "I just suspect, but he didn't admit it! But why did he kidnap me and tell me to divorce you? What's his motivation?"

"Let's get that button. Let's go now!" Vincent grabbed her to leave.

"We are going right now?"

"Yes, now!" Vincent nodded.

When the two went downstairs, they saw in the living room, Miyamoto squatted on the ground holding a toy car in his hand, repairing the child's car, while Owen commanded, "This is not right, this is not right, it should be like this..."

Vincent and Leila looked at each other. It didn't take long for the child to start playing with Miyamoto.

Miyamoto said patiently, "Owen is so smart. I don't even know that!"

"I don't like this toy car!"

"So what do you like?"

"I like real cars. Can you teach me how to drive?" Owen asked with his small face raised.

Miyamoto was slightly startled, and looked at his son's height. "You are not tall enough now. You can't step on the brakes!"

"When will it be possible then?" Owen looked happy seeing that he hadn't refused.

"When you are ten years old, and I will teach you!"

"Really?" Owen was very suspicious.

"A word spoken is past recalling! "

"What do you mean?"

"Just that I will keep my word!" Miyamoto said. His mother was Chinese, so he was proficient in Chinese.

"Okay! Then you have to keep your word!"

"He is still a minor when he is ten!" Vincent said solemnly on the stairs.

Miyamoto looked back at him, "We don't have to go on the road. I learned to drive when I was ten!"

"Dad!" When Owen saw Vincent, he still called him Dad!

"Owen, I have something to do with Leila. Will you be with Daddy Miyamoto?"

Owen frowned, thought about it, looked at Miyamoto again, and nodded. "Great!"

It was so easy to get him to agree, and Miyamoto was obviously surprised, but also extremely happy.

Vincent took Leila to get the button. Vincent put the button in his pocket, "Leila, I'll take care of this!"

"Hmm!" Completely relieved, she handed it to him.

So, the next day, Vincent found Julian. "I admire you that until this moment, you can still be so calm when you see me! Julian, your courage is extraordinary, just like your father."

"I'm very surprised, what do you need from me?" Julian was very calm.

"Is this yours?" Vincent put the button on the table and pushed it over.

Julian saw this button, his eyes froze, but he was calm after an instant, and nodded, "It's the same as the button on one of my shirts!"

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Vincent White was staring straight, but Julian felt that he was sharp and melancholy.

"Do you hate me?" Julian asked in a low and sad voice, with even a sense of despair.

Vincent looked at Julian indifferently as if he looked through him. Vincent was cold-hearted and calm, not even giving Julian a glance at all.

"You've fallen for Leila," Julian said faintly as he picked up the coffee, with his hand trembling. "Vincent, I lost! I thought that as long as you're not in love with Leila, with some effort, I could definitely stimulate your potential and let you know that we are the most suitable being together. But I was too forceful! There's no problem with your sexual orientation."

"I've told you I'm normal!" Vincent was gloomy, and his tone was cold. No normal man would be ebullient for an abnormal man missing him.

"I lost! The call and kidnapping were indeed my doing! Leila is smart, and she had found it out!" Julian said faintly, "There won't be a next time!"

Vincent scowled at Julian, staring at him as if to find out the truth.

Julian looked at him without evading his eyes and said, "I choose to let go! Can I leave now?"

Vincent didn't respond but just staring at Julian icily.

"What else do you want? Can't give up on me?" Julian raised his brow.

"Julian, if this happens again, all the gay ones in the world will come to you!" Vincent's cold words were breaking Julian's heart. Looking at that handsome face that he had missed for so many years, looking at that threatening dark eyes of his and looking at that stern look of his, Julian curled his lips suddenly. His smile was faint, and his soft voice was sorrowful.

"You've finally found my weak spot. Don't worry. It won't happen again. I want to have a peaceful life! I can't bear it when all the gay ones in the world are coming to me at one go!" Julian looked squarely at Vincent and said blankly, "Bless you, Vincent!"

...

At the villa.

Leila came downstairs and saw Charles, who just entered the house. He seemed to have stayed out all night. She was unsure if Macey had looked for him and where he stayed last night?

She was baffled and wanted to go back to her room, not wanting to greet him. But Charles called out to her, "Am I not welcome here?"

Leila turned around, giving him a faint look. She didn't respond and did not want to say anything. She was about to go upstairs but being called by him again.

"I have something good. Do you want to see?"

Leila ignored him, "But this has something to do with your husband!"

Leila paused for a moment and turned back, "If you have something to say, just speak it!"

"Do you sure you can bear it?" Charles gazed sharply at Leila.

"Don't be mysterious!" Leila walked downstairs. "Bring it out for whatever you have!"

Charles nodded and took out a photo from his arms.

"Look!"

Leila was stunned when the photo was handed to her. She was struck dumb as it was a picture of Vincent kissing Julian.

Yes!

It was a picture of Vincent holding Julian's head and kissed him. And Vincent was the one who took the initiative. Gosh! And he kissed on his lips! Leila quivered as she was really taken aback by it!

Instantly, she was lost in thought, and her face was pale!

Could it be that this was the reason Julian kidnapped her? Could it be that Vincent and him? She dared not to think about it anymore!

"Are you okay?" Charles asked with a smile, "Scared, right?"

Leila came to her senses and grunted coldly, seeing the gloating look on Charles's face. "Tell me, what's your intention?"

"I didn't mean anything! I'm just reminding you that Vincent might be gay!" Charles shrugged.

"He's not!" Leila roared, taking the photo upstairs. In fact, she was shocked and scared. How could Vincent be gay? She couldn't believe it! Absolutely not!

"The photo is mine! But I'll just give it to you then!" Charles added, "Don't be too sad!"

Leila walked back to her room at a heavy pace and shut herself in her room. She could no longer calm down to hide her negative emotions. She sat on the chair helplessly, covering her face and closing her eyes, feeling broken-hearted.

This picture had gone over the top! Was Vincent serious about it?

She dared not to think about it anymore! She put the photo into her bag, not thinking about it. This was absolutely impossible. But thinking of every time Vincent met Julian, she felt something wrong. But she couldn't tell it!

Was it really unusual between them?

Then...

Ugh!

It was so disgusting!

Did they do it? With Vincent on top? Who was top, and who was bottom?

Ugh!

Leila slapped her head, feeling that she had overthought it. How could the scenes of Vincent and Julian rolling around in bed flash in her mind?

However, Leila entered her room and never came out. Owen had already gone out with Miyamoto, despite knowing each other for just one day only. And so, the villa was quiet.

The complete silence was unsettling and irritating. Leila knew that everything was the fault of this picture. She really wanted to call Vincent immediately, but she chose to believe in Vincent.

Finally, in the evening, some staggering footsteps sounded.

The door was opened, and a ray of light came through the open gap, shining on the tall figure.

The lights were turned on with a snap!

Vincent saw Leila sitting on the sofa in a daze, "What's wrong? Why didn't you turn on the lights?"

Leila came to her senses and stood up immediately as he saw Vincent. She was nervous and alarmed, forcing herself to be calm. Her voice was trembling, "You... you're back?"

"Yeah. Eira said that you've been in your room for the whole afternoon!" Vincent looked at Leila with suspicion.

"Yeah! Yeah!" Leila nodded and changed the topic, "Have you eaten yet? Shall we go down?"

Leila spoke as she was about to leave.

Her hand had just gripped the door handle when someone grabbed her arm from the back. She was frightened and flung his hand away as if she disliked him for being nasty. Vincent was stung by her

action, and he looked at her sharply. He pulled her back and pressed her onto the sofa. Vincent stared at her from above, "Tell me, what's wrong with you?"

Leila was stunned, huddling up and shaking her head. But she resisted his touch instinctively, "No. Nothing! Let's go down to eat!"

"Leila!" Vincent gritted his teeth and called out to her.

Leila trembled as she heard him yelling. She raised her head slowly to look at him. She noticed that he was in a rage.

Their eyes met, but none of them spoke.

"Alright." Leila regained her composure, "Vincent, about the button, did you check it out?"

Vincent was baffled and frowned, "Don't ask it again. I'll find out!"

"Then let's get down to eat. I'm starving!" Leila didn't want to be with him alone in the room. She wanted to get down as soon as possible.

Vincent was doubtful, looking at her, but he said nothing and nodded, "Let's go!"

During dinner, Leila sat at the dining table with just the two of them. Charles had gone out while Owen seemed to have a pleasant time with Miyamoto and hadn't back yet.

"Are you spaced out?" Vincent's voice sounded at the dining table.

Leila was panic, and her chopsticks fell onto the ground.

"No. Nothing!"

She tried to calm herself down when picking the chopsticks. Vincent would have noticed it if she acted like this. She picked it up and went to the kitchen to grab another pair of chopsticks. Then she gave a stiff smile, "The dish is delicious. Have more of it!"

She went to grab herself the chopsticks so that nobody noticed her bitterness.

"You've something on your mind, don't you?" Vincent frowned.

"Nope!" Leila turned around and said faintly.

Vincent was gloomy and said nothing. He went upstairs alone after dinner.

Leila walked past the study and saw Vincent smoking silently at the window. His posture was charming, while his cold and distant look was so unpredictable.

At the moment, Leila was so confused that she could barely speak. Was Vincent really gay?

She didn't want to look into it. She was afraid that the answer would be terrible and unacceptable for her.

Late at night, she was lying in bed until the door was opened and closed. He took off his clothes and went for a shower. Hearing the rushing water sound in the bathroom, Leila was scared! And she was highly anxious!

After a while, the water sound had stopped. He walked out and dried himself. Then he laid on her side!

He embraced her from behind, and Leila closed her eyes instinctively. She could feel his warm breaths at her ear, with his sturdy chest pressing on her. She pretended to be asleep.

No!

No way!

She was stiffened as she felt his growing desire.

He turned her around, and his massive body pressed on her. Her heart was beating fast as she met his deep dark eyes, "I'm tired!"

Her words quenched his desire!

Vincent rolled over on the bed, gasping and turned his back to her. He gave her the cold shoulder the whole night, and they slept far apart.

A gulf seemed to have divided the two of them. Leila was afraid of having sex with him!

A woman's heart was always so fragile. Leila was unable to sleep and not dared to turn over. At the same time, the man beside her hadn't sleep yet as he seemed to be still angry.

Leila thought in her mind, "Go to sleep. Go to sleep! It's just a dream!"

Not long after, Leila finally felt sleepy in the wee hours!

When she was about to fall asleep, she felt him at her side as well as his warm body. Her heart couldn't help but start pounding.

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For a long time he had remained on his back, and his breathing sounded regular. Had he fallen asleep?

She turned around to face him and saw that he was looking at her with an extremely complicated expression on his face. His dark pupils were strangely clear in the midst of darkness.

"Mr. White..." It was apparent to anyone how guilty that voice sounded, but he pretended no to notice that.

"Yes." He was still staring at her.

"Just sleep." She told him lightly.

Then, she turned around with her back facing him again. However, he stopped her this time. He sighed quietly as he hugged her, "Alright, let's sleep!"

He thought that perhaps she was really tired. Although he really wanted it now, but he should respect a woman too!

"I just want to sleep with you in my arms. Can I do that?" His low voice burrowed into Leila's ears.

The nervous, gentle and uncertain air created a huge hole in the wall which Leila had just created. She reached out her arms and wrapped it around his waist while snuggling her face against his chest. She thought that maybe she could ask Julian tomorrow for the reason someone as masculine as Vincent ended up as a homosexual guy.

They remained tightly hugged together for a long time.

Soon, sleep came to them and it would be dawn soon...

Vincent had gone to work early in the morning, and last night Miyamoto had called to inform him that Owen and him had settled in a hotel. They were going to have fun out there today.

Leila descended the mountain too after Vincent had left.

After setting up an appointment with Julian, Julian sounded pleasantly surprised. When the two of them sat in the café, Julian simply smiled with a distant and nostalgic look in his eyes. "Leila, I know you will look for me!"

"You know that?" Leila raised her brows.

"Vincent has come to me earlier!" Julian smiled.

Leila couldn't find any words for him at the moment.

"The one who has kidnapped you was indeed me!" Julian admitted. "You are really smart. I never expected you to discover the truth! That button is limited-edition, and there is no way I can get away with it. Haha... but now I feel really relieved! Do you want to know why I have kidnapped you?"

"I know that!" Leila replied.

"You know that?" Julian was startled this time.

Leila nodded seriously while she produced a photo from her bag. She placed it in front of him, "Is it because of this?"

Julian was still in a daze, "Why do you have this photograph?"

"Never mind about how I got it, I want to know what is going on!" Leila stared straight into his eyes.

Julian laughed as he asked another question of his own, "You don't believe in Vincent?"

Leila felt a shock going through her when she heard this question. He was right. Did she believe in Mr. White? Was she able to fully believe in him?

Julian smiled as he watched her dazzled expression, "This is just a photo born of a bet after one of our beer sessions. That time, the members of the student council drank together, and the loser had to kiss a guy. Vincent happened to lose that time! Everyone teased him saying that he would never do that, but that pushed him to do that in the end!"

So that was what happened!

Leila suddenly felt her heart getting lighter!

After bidding goodbye to Julian, Leila left alone. As she walked on the streets, she revealed a smile born out of relief. It turned out that that was just a misunderstanding. She was spooked! That episode also served as a test for her relationship with Vincent.

After getting off the bus, she headed towards the villa. On her way back to the villa, a black car was stopped in the middle of the mountain roads. Two men emerged from the car and they were looking at Leila with a lecherous expression.

“What are you doing?” Leila exclaimed.

“We obviously want to get a taste of you!” One of the men said with a perverted face.

Leila opened her eyes as she felt a throbbing in her head. A devilish face appeared in front of her eyes.

Leila suddenly felt her heart sink. It was Charles!

At the moment, he was lazing by the bed and staring at her. He was dressed in a black casual wear which revealed his chest and its chiseled muscles. His dark pupils were half-concealing his inquisitive glance.

“Finally awake?” Charles bent towards Leila with an ambiguous smile on his lips.

Leila gaped at him with a startled expression as she struggled to sit up. In an instant, an overwhelming sense of dizziness swept over her which caused her to collapse onto the bed. “You—Where am I now?”

“A condo unit I have just rented!” An evil smile appeared at Charles’s lips, and there was a dangerous look in his eyes.

“Why am I here?” Leila recalled the scenes before she fainted, and she couldn’t help exclaimed, “Did you kidnap me?”

Charles twitched his mouth arrogantly, “Miss, you think that I’ve kidnapped you? Do you think that you’re an angel? Me, kidnapping you? What do you think I am aiming for, your wealth or your beauty? It makes sense to say that I’m gunning for your appearances, but what about money? Do you even have that?”

“It’s not you?” Leila frowned. She tried hard to recall the scene before she totally lost consciousness.

She was scared by those two men, so she had fled on the spot. Those two wanted to chase after her while she ran towards the direction of the bus. And because it was noon at that time, there were hardly any cars on the road, and a careening car was heading towards her while she was on the road but she didn’t notice it. The car tried to screech to a halt, and she came into contact with the car for a moment. Although the impact was hardly anything worth mentioning, she fainted anyway due to her immense fear.

That was where her memories trailed off! Was Charles the one in that black car?

Charles let out a disdainful snort, “You were almost kidnapped by someone. Vincent has reminded you not to loiter around, yet you don’t listen to him. You deserve to get raped and murdered afterwards!”

“Are you out of your mind?” Leila was stunned for a second before an impatience crept into her face. She then got off the bed.

Just as she was about to put some distance between him and her, his huge palm suddenly swooped down and cupped her waist. With just a pull, her whole body lurched towards the bed once again. She was now pinned underneath the weight of his body.

“Let me go...” Leila screamed out while struggling in shock.

“Don’t move!” Charles fixed her waist in place as he secured her hands above her head in order to limit her movements.

“L—Let go of me...” Leila frowned as she almost couldn’t catch her breath due to his weight. She could only fight back with her legs as she attempted to kick him away.

“Damn you, didn’t I tell you not to move?” Charles howled in a hoarse voice, and there was a trace of lust burning in his eyes. If it were not for her reduced state at the moment, he would have long gobbled her up. “Woman, I have saved you. Shouldn’t you repay my kindness with your body?”

“Let me go... Ugh...” Leila was nervously trying to push him away, but she was suddenly assaulted by his kiss, and in the meantime she couldn’t even react. She could only widen her eyes in shock.

He was kissing her madly and violently as if he was trying to savor all parts of her lovely and delicious body. He sucked on her lips aggressively to take in the sweet taste, and his lips were entwined with hers ceaselessly, like sucking on honey which he couldn’t get enough of.

Leila didn’t dare to catch her breath while a hard glint shone in her disgusted eyes. She was afraid that she would inhale his breath, a stranger’s breath, which she hated the most. She would rather suffocate to death due to his endless onslaught of kissing than to go along with his movements.

“You fool, breathe!” Charles finally let go of her, and his handsome face now bore a pair of blood-seeking eyes. Her tender lips somehow had the scent of sweets, which easily aroused him.

Leila heaved heavily as she raised up her right hand, seemingly wanting to give him a slap. “You... bastard!”

However, her hand was easily grasped by Charles and she was pulled in. His devilish face approached her with a mocking smile, “I am getting more and more turned on by you. I only want you!”

Leila was suppressing her anger as she glared at him impatiently, “You bastard, I am Vincent’s wife, and you are his friend. How can you do this to your friend’s wife?”

Charles enclosed Leila’s struggling figure into his embrace, and his steamy huge hands were caressing her pale and soft face. There was a strange heat in his eyes, “What about that? Macey used to be his girlfriend, but that didn’t stop me from sleeping with her. Do you think that you...”

“Get lost!” Before Charles could finish, Leila abruptly cut him off, “If you dare to touch me again, I will make sure to kill you!”

“Kill me? Do you have what it takes to do that?” Charles narrowed his eyes as he blatantly traced her skin and put his hand into her undergarments.

Leila couldn’t stop her body from trembling as her eyes took on an angry expression. She didn’t stop struggling, “Remove your dirty hands, you disgusting, and vile person!”

“Vile person?” There was a flash in Charles’s eyes as the sarcastic smile became even more apparent on his face, “You’re right. I am indeed a vile person. But what if I tell you that Vincent is the one who has asked me to do this? He wants to test your loyalty towards him!”

“Impossible!” Leila shook her head violently, “He would never do that!”

Charles’s suspicious glance swept over her indifferent face. He asked with doubt, “How can you be so confident towards Vincent? Have you forgotten? Macey used to be his girlfriend, and he even allowed me to sleep with her. Why do you think you are different?”

“Stop messing with our relationship!” Leila said with conviction, “I have full trust in Mr. White!”

“You foolish girl! Do you really think that he cares about you that much?” Charles let go of her as he got up with a faint smile playing over his lips, “Listen to this!”

After saying that, he switched on a recording pen, and out came Vincent’s low brassy voice, “I really want to know what kind of person she is too!”

“Are you sure you want to test her? Aren’t you afraid that I will really sleep with her?” This was Charles’s voice.

“If that happens, she doesn’t deserve to be with me!” Vincent replied.

Leila was stunned. What did this conversation mean?

Charles switched off the device and looked at Leila with a smirk, “You foolish girl, do you still believe in your Mr. White? He allows me to get close to you!”

“Is that so?” Leila laughed lightly, “Are you trying to get me to believe you with just this conversation? Are you telling me that Mr. White is the one who has asked you to approach me?”

“That is indeed the truth!”

“I’m sorry, but I will never believe in you! I’m sorry, I believe in Vincent!” Leila stood up, “Charles, let me go. I will pretend that nothing has happened today. I can’t decipher the meaning behind your actions, and I am not interested in the reasons too. Can I go now?”

Leila was indeed shocked when she heard that conversation, but she knew that it could very well be forged. Charles had his own purposes in the first place, so he was someone she wouldn’t trust! This was like that photo containing Vincent and Julian. She didn’t want her mind to wander anymore. Trust was paramount in a marriage.

“You don’t believe me?” Charles raised his brows as he contemplated the weight of her words. However, what he felt more was a sense of defeat, because he still couldn’t comprehend this strange woman who wouldn’t believe and entertain him, and he was a guy with so much charisma.

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“I have to go back!” Leila emphasized it again. She must go home right away.

“You can’t!” Although Charles’s tone of voice was calm and indifferent, he left no room for her to disobey him.

“Why?” Leila was a bit stunned. She was furious and felt like the anger in her heart was going to gush out of her chest.

“There’s no reason behind this! I don’t allow you to go back.” Charles stood up and looked at Leila with interest. At the next moment, seeming to recall something, he turned around and left the room.

Leila pressed her lips together tightly. It looked like she was calculating something in her mind. When she heard the sound of door opening, she hurriedly ran over and turned the doorknob. Nevertheless, the door had been locked from outside.

The only thing in Leila’s mind at present was to escape from this room. Charles was not a good man. And who were those men who appeared from nowhere and kidnapped her? The two men looked like two satyrs.

Charles was hard to deal with. He had ruined her sister’s life, and Leila didn’t want her life to be ruined by him. Leila reached out to rummage for her bag, but she found that her bag was not here. She slammed the door with great force, “Charles, release me! Let me go!”

But there was still no sound from outside of the door. Leila then went to the windows, only to find that the floor where she was on was the tenth floor or above.

“You’re on the twelfth floor of this apartment.” A man’s lazy voice that carried some evil intentions suddenly sounded behind Leila, “It looks awesome when you look out of the window from here, right? Beauty, do you want to jump off the building?”

Leila hastily turned around, “Let me go!”

With a glass at his hand, Charles curled up his lips into a charming smile, “Eat something, beauty. Drink some milk.”

“Nope.” Leila shot a fierce glare at him and walked towards the door.

Charles slammed closed the door, “Urg, fine. If you don’t want to drink it, I won’t force you. But you still can’t leave this room.”

He then left the room and sat on the sofa in the living room. Leila followed and tried to open the door of the living room. But there was a password lock for the door and she couldn’t open it.

“It’s evening now. If you don’t eat something, it will harm your stomach. I don’t care. Let’s see who will win.” Charles wouldn’t open the door for her. He simply sat cross-legged on the sofa.

Failing to open the door, Leila shouted at him exasperatedly, “Charles, what the hell do you want to do?”

Charles stood up and walked to Leila. Leila involuntarily took several steps backward. Charles walked over, grabbed her, and pulled her towards himself. He kissed her on her lips in an overbearing and vigorous manner and sucked her lips passionately. He then even stuck out his tongue into her slightly-opened mouth, “I want you!”

“Fuck off!” Leila pushed him away with all her strength and shouted coldly, “Are you a pervert?”

Charles was not bothered. He greedily licked the corner of his mouth, where there was her saliva, and a trace of excitement flashed across his black eyes, “How’s it? Beauty, do you like my kiss?”

“Disgusting!” Leila wiped her lips with all her strength, feeling stomach-churning, “It’s so dirty!”

“Yes?” Charles let out a light sneer with a trace of interest flashing across his handsome face, “Honey, when I see you wiping your lips, I become more excited. What should I do now?”

Scared, Leila screamed and asked with a pale face, “What... what the hell do you want to do?”

Charles slightly curled up his lips, a touch of calculating look flashed across his eyes, “Drink it, then I will send you home. Otherwise, you have to stay here!”

“Really?” Leila was a bit stunned and looked at him furiously.

Charles replied, “Believe it or not!”

After pondering for a while, Leila walked over and picked up the glass of milk from the table. She gulped down the milk without a second thought and then wiped her mouth, asking, “Can I go home now?”

“Honey, I put some philter in it.” Charles smiled with satisfaction, “You’re still too naive. Haven’t anyone told you not to eat things offered by a man, especially a man like me, who has blatant desire towards you?”

“What did you mean?” Leila stiffened, her mind instantly going blank.

Charles lay against the sofa lazily and reached to grab the remote controller on the tea table and opened the TV, “You’re drugged with philter. Naturally you’ll come to me a few moments later.”

Leila was startled when she felt the gush of sexual desire surging from her private part. No, no way! She would not allow herself to be raped by Charles, even if she had to die! Otherwise, she would be shadowed by the shame in the rest of her life!

Leila glanced around and found that the living room was decorated in a simple way and there were a few things in it. There was only a blue-and-white porcelain vase on the table. When she saw the vase, she intended to rush towards it. But Charles suddenly strode towards her and held her up into his arms.

“What do you want to do?” Leila shouted in shock and hurriedly pushed him away with all her strength. The sexual desire in her body was stirred up because of his approach.

“Fuck you.” He replied in a husky and ambiguous voice.

“Ahh...” Leila exclaimed in shock, “Let go of me!”

Leila struggled. Charles let go of her, “Beauty, you can’t run away today. I’m determined to get you!”

Leila ignored him. She reached out to the blue-and-white porcelain vase and abruptly threw it onto the wall. With a loud sound, the vase broke into pieces. Leila picked up a sharp piece of the broken porcelain. But she was overwhelmed by the lust in her body and she felt like she was about to lose her consciousness. That damn philter! Screw you, Charles!

Leila scratched the piece of porcelain across her arm without hesitation and blood flowed out.

“Damn it! What are you doing?” Charles growled. Leila was so quick and this happened in an instant, leaving him no time to take precautions against it or to stop her.

“Let go of me! Even if I will die, I won’t allow you to rape me. If you dare to touch me, I will kill myself!” Leila said with determination and gritted her teeth. The pain from her arm helped her fight against the sexual desire in her body. Leila felt it torturing. She shivered all over uncontrollably and it felt like the biting pain was attacking all her organs.

Her fair forehead broke out into sweats. Leila struggled to suppress the lust so that she would not let out a groan. She would by no means allow herself to submit to it. She was not that kind of woman! She wouldn’t let Charles look down upon her, nor would she allow him to get his own way. She would not disgrace her mom, nor would she cheat on Mr. White!

“Aren’t you painful?” After a long while, Charles asked out of the blue. He gazed at Leila in astonishment. This woman was really different from Macey, and she would rather hurt herself than have sex with him! At the moment, he felt awed by her.

“Release me!” Leila glared at him and squeezed out the words from between her trembling teeth.

“Yell out if you feel it painful.” Charles knitted his brows and squinted at her. He hadn’t expected that such a weak woman would be so good in withstanding pain. She didn’t even let out a groan.

The piece of porcelain slip down from Leila’s hand when she was overwhelmed by a gush of sexual desire and blooded flowed out. She adamantly looked up and fixed her eyes on Charles furiously.

Charles narrowed his eyes. Her eyes were so clear and her pinky lips were pressed together tightly because of the pain. Together with the tenacious expression on her beautiful face, she looked extremely attractive at the moment.

“Let me see how long you will withstand it.” Charles narrowed his eyes even more and he felt unpleasant when seeing Leila fighting against the pain and the lust.

He suddenly strode forward and reached out to pull her into his arms with one hand on her waist.

“What do you want to do again?” When her body touched his chest, Leila uncontrollably felt panicked.

Charles didn’t reply her and simply fixed his cold eyes on her beautiful and sweat-covered face.

Vincent was so anxious when he learned that Leila was missing. He made numerous calls but still couldn’t find her.

The sky was getting darker and darker and it looked like the night was going to fall, which made him feel depressed and restless.

Vincent was still calling others in the study. He had almost called everyone who probably knew where Leila was, but in fact, none of them knew it.

Dame it!

Her phone was turned off!

Vincent clenched the phone so tightly with his slender fingers that even his fingertips became pale. His heart sank as if it was falling into an endless black hole. Where had she been? Why was she missing out of the blue?

Vincent was overwhelmed by a sense of premonition. His eyelids were jumping wildly and he was very restless at the moment. God, please bless Leila! She must be alright!

Vincent tried hard to calm down himself. He picked up his phone and dialed a number, "Investigate a number for me. The reward is negotiable."

After a short while, the person at the other end of the phone gave Vincent the investigation result. Vincent kept running when answering the call. When he heard the information, he immediately pulled a long face and hung up the phone without even waiting the person to finish his words.

He then called Charles and said in an extremely gloomy voice like a Satan from the hell, "Charles, listen, if you dare to touch her, I will let you die an ignominious death!"

"Vincent, you found it out so soon. I really admired you." Charles, who was at the other end of the phone, said with a smile, "What a pity! I had sex with her. Like Macey, she's not a virgin now. Why do you want this kind of woman?"

"Impossible!" Vincent growled in anger, his hands trembling violently. He clenched his hands into fists, yet only to find that his hands were trembling so violently that he was a bit powerless, "Leila is not Macey. Charles, I warn you not to touch her. Otherwise, I can't promise what I will do to you!"

Leila, you're fine, right? You must be alright, right?

Vincent was highly strung up all the way and drove the car at an extremely high speed. He ran several red lights and then broke into a high-end residence.

He then rushed to the lift, feeling inexplicably disturbed. With his brows knitted tightly, he slammed the lift button. Until now did he realize that he could not live without Leila and that he loved her so much. Nope, Leila would not be like Macey!

In the apartment, Charles put down his phone and grabbed Leila again. He then stretched out his head towards her.

"Let go of me!" His masculine breaths landed on Leila's cheeks. As Leila was already libidinous due to the effect of the philter, she trembled more violently.

"I don't want to let you go." He replied in a deep, low voice while fixing his eyes on her. A trace of imperceptible sexual desire flicked across his unfathomable black eyes.

When Leila looked into his eyes which had some dangerous intentions in them, she was freaked out and shouted out of instinct, "Let go of me! I gonna kill you if you dare to rape me! I will definitely kill you!"

"Really? I will look forward to it." Charles curled up his lips and abruptly clasped the back side of her head with his big palm, "Beauty, come, kill me! Come on! Kill me with your body and your gentleness!"

Leila widened her eyes. But before she could say something, Charles suddenly lowered his head and landed a kiss on her lips.

With one hand on her waist, Charles confined her tightly in his arms. He kissed her on her pinky tender lips passionately with his cold lips in an overbearing manner. He was like a wild wolf that was confining its prey, leaving her no chance to resist him.

Leila was startled and confused. Her mind had totally gone blank. The warm wave of sexual desire in her body was stirred up again and she scratched the piece of porcelain across her arm again. Blood flowed out of the wound and the room was soon prevailed by the dense smell of blood.

She must keep herself conscious so that he would not be able to control her! But she was so uncomfortable, really. 'Vincent, where are you? Please come to help me!' She thought in her mind.

Charles's kiss became more and more passionate as if he was addicted by the kiss. He held her more tightly in a more overbearing manner. He passionately kissed her lips and tasted her lips wantonly. He then stuck out his tongue into her mouth to have a better taste of her.

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Leila felt that she couldn't withstand it any longer if this continued.

The sharp pain and despair caused her mind to be in chaos. She gradually blacked out and became unconscious. The warm wave of sexual desire in her body didn't disperse, even for a little bit, yet the pain from her arm let her remain sober to resist the lust. The remaining strength in her body supported her to keep struggling. She bit him to refuse him and beat and kicked him with all fours. She even tried to scratch his face with the piece of porcelain.

"How dare you to bite me?" Charles slightly pressed his lips together and sensitively noticed the despair that flickered across her eyes, "And you even tried to disfigure me?"

Leila didn't reply. She panted desperately, feeling that all the strength in her body had gone.

Charles's gaze was unfathomable as if he had seen through her mind. He suddenly heaved a sigh and asked in a low voice, "Leila, are you really afraid of having sex with me? You don't want me to touch you?"

"Yeah." Leila leaned against the wall to support herself and continued, "You'd better let me go. Otherwise, I will cut my artery! I would rather die than having sex with you! Believe it or not, if I die, you will be held responsible. You can have a try."

"You're really tenacious!" Charles curled up his lips into a smile of compliment, "Good girl, you're more aspiring than your sister."

"Let me go!" Leila bit her lower lip. She had lost much blood from the wounds on her arm.

"Leila, why don't you consider being with me? I will dote on you." He studied her face carefully, shifting his gaze from her chin to her neck and finally fixating it on her chest.

Noticing his lines of sight, Leila lowered her head and took a look, and then her face immediately flushed, "Pervert!"

The button of the collar band of her shirt was unclasped and he could see her cleavage.

"Shameless! Dirty!" Leila gritted her teeth and reproached him, wrapping her arms before her chest. He was looking at her breasts! Trembling, she clasped the button.

"I want many things." Charles directly admitted it, "I want to fuck you, desperately."

His words were so dirty.

Leila still felt angry. When she recalled that he kissed her without her permission just now, her heart ached as she felt sorry for Vincent. She was overwhelmed by a gush of despair and cried sadly and despairingly, "Let go of me! Pervert! Shameless pervert!"

"Good girl, rest assured. I don't want to fuck a dead body." He curled up his lips with a trace of smile flashing across his eyes, "Just wait, I will let Vincent detoxify you. Oh, is it because I'm not as charming as before? Or could it be that you are addicted to Vincent?"

Leila staggered again. She even felt it difficult to stand on her feet as if all the strength in her body were drained out.

Charles took a glance at the Vacheron Constantin watch around his wrist and twitched his mouth, "One, two, three..."

Then they heard someone kicking open the door. Charles shrugged his shoulders and then walked to the door.

The moment he pulled open the door, he was greeted by a punch.

"Oh..." Charles screamed miserably, covering his chin with his hands, "Damn it, you really hit me, huh?"

"Screw you. I want to kill you now."

Leila finally heaved a sigh of relief when she heard the familiar roar of Vincent. He came here. He came timely. Luckily, Charles hadn't done something to her. Leila shook her head, feeling very dizzy. She felt so horny and the pain on her arm couldn't help her resist the lust any longer, "Mr... Mr. White..."

When Vincent entered the room, he immediately saw Leila who was leaning against the wall with a blushed face. The corners of her mouth were red and swollen and her face was extremely red. There were three wounds on her arm, which were still bleeding. Vincent couldn't bear to see it. He grabbed Charles's cloth and took a punch at him, "Charles, fuck you, asshole!"

Charles got out of the way. He closed the door and walked to the sofa aside, curling up his lips into a helpless light smile, "Vincent, you should save your girl first."

Vincent strode to Leila. Her cheeks were weirdly red and she was soaked in sweats with her arm covered by blood. She was still gripping a piece of porcelain, which had cut her fingertip and caused it to bleed.

Vincent's pupils dilated and then contracted at the next moment. Feeling heartbroken, he shouted in a trembling voice, "Leila..."

“Mr. White...” Seeing Vincent hurrying to here with worries, Leila knew that it was not him who asked Charles to do so. She could finally relieve.

Leila looked up at him and let out a consoling smile, “Mr. White... I... I didn’t lose my virginity.”

“I know.” Vincent replied. He felt like having a sore throat as if a fishbone was sticking in his throat. It ached so much. “I know, my good girl.”

Leila grabbed his cloth tightly, “Take me away.”

“Okay! I will!” Vincent lowered his head and held Leila into his arms. He kept telling himself to calm down.

Maybe it was because she had used up all her will power, or maybe it was because she, who had been highly tensed-up, felt relieved when she saw Vincent, Leila’s body became feeble and she passed out in Vincent’s embrace.

“You’d better not leave now. How about this, I can lend my bed to you.” Charles’s voice sounded from behind.

Vincent pressed his lips together and didn’t reply, his expression gloomy. No one knew what he was thinking in mind. He held up Leila and turned his head to take a fierce glance at Charles, “Charles, I’ll get even with you for this when Leila wakes up! It will not end easily!”

“I didn’t touch her.” Charles looked at him, “She’s a good girl. She deserved to be cherished.”

“I don’t need you to tell me this.” Vincent fixed his sharp eyes on him, “Open the door.”

“I can lend my home to you.” Charles took a glance at Leila, “She’s bleeding. Treat her wounds first.”

“I don’t need your dirty place.” Vincent directly refused him, “Open the door!”

Charles had no choice but to open the door. He watched Vincent leaving the house and then turned around to look at the blood stains on the ground. A trace of helplessness flickered across his eyes.

On the top floor of the sea-view apartment...

Vincent swiftly opened the door and put Leila onto the bed. He then quickly found a towel to clean her wounds. There were three deep cuts on her arm and her cloth was soaked in blood.

“I must kill Charles! That son of bitch!”

He landed a blow on the wall. Because he had used great strength, the punch left a hole on the white wall and his hand got red and swollen. Nevertheless, Leila, who was semi-conscious, couldn’t see the scene when Vincent was roaring in anger.

Vincent eyes turned red because of anger and his handsome face was covered by anger. Charles, that son of bitch, how dare him to imprison Leila? Did he think that he could get his way?

Vincent lowered his head and saw the piece of porcelain that was gripped tightly in her hand. Vincent’s heart ached. In order not to be raped by Charles, she would rather to use the piece of porcelain to harm herself, right?

What a silly girl! Vincent felt touched and heartbroken. He lowered his head and looking at her blushed face, his eyes gradually became red. He wanted to take the piece of porcelain from her, but Leila still gripped it tightly and refused to let go.

“Leila, let go.” Vincent said in a low voice.

Leila still refused to loosen her grip. Vincent landed a kiss on her forehead, “Good girl. Let go of it. It’s me.”

Leila finally let go of the piece of porcelain. Looking at her fingertips and her arm which were wounded by the piece of porcelain, Vincent felt wrenched. He lowered his head, cleaned her wounds and then bandaged them. He then went to the toilet to wash his hands. His heart was still trembling when he recalled the bleeding wounds and the blood on her body. He would not let go of Charles, absolutely!

Lying on the bed feebly, Leila was overwhelmed by the warm wave of sexual desire again. She wriggled her body and groaned in a low voice, “I feel hot...”

Her face was crimson red, which made her looked like a mature apple and intrigued people’s impulse to take a bite.

Her pinky mouth was slightly opened and her breath quickened. She began to pull her cloth, wanting to take off her clothes so that she could be more comfortable. But she still couldn’t undress herself.

When Vincent walked out of the toilet, he saw her struggling and saying that she was hot.

“Leila?” Vincent sat down by the bedside to help her take off the clothes. He hadn’t expected that Charles would really drug Leila with philter. He frowned and gently stripped her.

Leila grabbed him and mumbled, repeating the words in a husky voice, “I feel hot... Vincent... I’m hot...”

Vincent took off her clothes. When he saw her chest that was heaving up and down and her fair, charming body, his reasons told him to retreat his hand, but he couldn’t control himself.

“Damn you, Charles!” Vincent knitted his brows. He didn’t want to have sex with her now because she was drugged, but he was only one who was qualified to detoxify her by the means of sex.

He moved her towards the inside of the bed and then got on the bed and embraced her in his arms.

Vincent looked down at her beautiful face and her red and swollen lips.

“Hot...” When she uttered the word, her lips were so close to his and their breaths entangled in the air. Her breath was hot and was so attractive to him.

Leila suddenly landed a kiss on Vincent’s lips. She opened her eyes and looked enchantingly at him. Her pupils were a bit dilated. She whispered, “Mr. White... I want Mr. White... I only want Mr. White...”

Although she was unconscious now, she was still calling his name, which satisfied Vincent a lot. He embraced Leila with cherish and distress, “Leila, good girl, I’m here!”

He deepened the kiss and gently kissed her lips. He knew that Charles kissed her lips before. This silly girl, at that time, she must be afraid that she would lose control of herself and therefore she harmed herself to stop Charles’s plunder.

He must cover Charles's smell and only his smell could be left.

Leila kept turning over and wriggling her body as the sexual desire in her body became stronger and stronger. The place between her thighs was wet, "I feel hot..."

She rubbed Vincent with her soft boobies and murmured, "I feel so uncomfortable..."

She felt so hot and empty. She wanted so much to get rid of this torture... The lust in her body was becoming stronger and stronger...

"Leila, I know it. I know all of it." Vincent's masculine, hot breath sprayed on her face and a trace of wildness flashed across his black eyes.

He then kissed her passionately. Feeling his hot breath, Leila wrapped her arms around his neck and passionately kissed him back.

While kissing each other passionately, Vincent began to take off their clothes.

Leila wrapped his waist with her legs. When her soft legs touched his muscular waist, Vincent felt that all his blood was rushing towards his head and the weird feeling made him felt extraordinary excited.

"I want you..." Leila whispered in his ear. She fixed her eyes on him affectionately without even blinking her beautiful big eyes. Her eyes looked charming and unfathomable. She let out a silly smile, "I want you..."

Vincent lowered his head to look at his girl. Under the effect of the philter, her face was radiating enchantment that could not be seen on her in usual times. And this made him excited.

He had never seen this aspect of her. She looked cute, seductive, beautiful and enchanting at the moment.

She kept wriggling her body, and in the end, Vincent finally failed to withstand such a sweet torture.

Chapter 380 - A Moment in Destiny

"Leila, I will thrust my thing into it." He asked tentatively and hesitantly. But in the end, he failed to resist the crazy lust and vigorously put his penis into her pussy.

"Ah!" Leila gasped. She seemed to feel better and tightly wrapped her arms around Vincent's neck.

They then had a passionate kiss. Vincent let out a pleasant groan and grasped her butts with his big hands, leading her to enter the wonderful paradise of sex.

"Leila, my good girl." Vincent mumbled indistinctly while nibbling Leila's breasts and plundering her tender body.

The sea wind blew across the room. This sea-view suite which was located on the top floor became a paradise of sex. At this moment, all gloominess was dispersed and they only had each other in their mind when having this passionate sex.

When Leila sobered up, Vincent's penis was still in her pussy and he was hugging her tightly. Their posture was so romantic and intimate, as if they were a pair of Siamese twins.

"Mr. White?" Leila's body stiffened as she was stunned at the moment. When she saw that the one who had sex with her was Vincent, she let out a sigh of relief, "Is it really you?"

She couldn't believe it. She was so scared. Luckily, it was him.

"Good girl. It's me. It's me." Vincent lowered his head and landed a light kiss on her lips, then her eyebrows and eyes, then her exquisite noses, "It's me. I'm sorry."

He embraced her tightly. Leila felt her body sore. Vincent then gently moved his penis in her body.

Leila suddenly burst into tears.

Tears of sadness streamed down her face, "I thought I can't see you again. I'm so scared. I'm so afraid..."

"Don't be afraid. He didn't touch you. He didn't. The one who has sex with you is me." Vincent whispered an explanation in her ear, "I'm the only one."

Leila didn't move. She simply buried her head on his chest, her hot tears falling down onto his chest. Vincent felt more distressed for her, "Leila, you're safe now, really."

He gently cupped her face, forcing her to raise her head and look at him. As Leila was still shedding tears, she refused to raise her head. Seeing that she was so sorrowful, Vincent could only comfort her, "Leila, it's all my fault. I'm the one to be blame. I haven't protected you."

"Why did your mom treat us like that? She's so scaring. Mr. White..." Leila sobbed and looked up at Vincent, her words bearing her sorrow and accusation. Vincent felt sorry for her when he heard the words.

Leila clenched her hands into fists and thumped Vincent's chest with great force. Vincent didn't react and just let her beat his chest. He felt as if she was not pounding his chest but his heart. He was overwhelmed by distress and an inexplicable bitterness, "It's all my fault. I won't let this happen again."

Vincent pulled Leila into his embrace and hugged her tightly.

Leila whimpered feebly. Burying her head on Vincent's shoulder, she cried loudly.

In the end, she was exhausted because she had been shedding tears just now and laid her head on Vincent's shoulder. The remaining philter in her body affected her senses and she uncontrollably gasped.

Because when she calmed down herself, she found that his penis was still in her body.

Leila blushed when she felt his erected dick which was hard and hot in her pussy.

When hearing Vincent's heavy breaths by her ear, Leila's delicate face became extremely red. She stammered, "Vincent... You... I..."

"Are you feeling shy?" Vincent said in a low and husky voice, his face as red as Leila's, "It's me. Don't feel shy in the future. I'm your man. My girl, why do you feel shy?"

Leila's heart throbbed wildly, which almost made her feel breathless. The way how Vincent looked at her made her mouth feel completely dry.

Her lips became dry due to nervousness and she unconsciously stuck out her tongue to lick and moisture her red lips.

Fixing his eyes on Leila's red lips, Vincent felt a gush of lust surging from his lower body and his breath became quick and heavy.

He abruptly leaned towards her and kissed her on her red lips.

Vincent then let out a sexy and masculine groan. Leila also moaned and became cooperative to his movements.

Vincent's body tensed up as he was overwhelmed by lust. He kept rubbing her pussy with his penis and then suddenly paused, getting ready for the next action.

"Ah..." Leila was oblivious of herself in the sex and moaned. With an abrupt push, his penis reached the deepest part of her pussy. Leila's pussy contracted and she trembled violently...

Unlike the past, this time, she felt satisfied, sweet and excited.

After a long while, Leila felt exhausted and feeble and fell into a deep sleep again.

Vincent lit a cigarette and turned his head to look at the woman who was lying beside him. Leila was in a sound sleep with her head on his arm. He lifted the quilt and then thoughtfully covered it back onto her body. Vincent pressed the cigarette onto the ashtray to stub it out after several smokes and then lay down onto the bed again and fell asleep with Leila in his arms.

They slept until the noon and then finally woke up.

Vincent was so close to Leila and his breaths sprayed on her face. When recalling what happened last night, Leila's fair face became crimson red again. She found it hard for her to face him now and gently pushed him. Vincent gripped her arm. He checked her arm first and heaved a sigh of relief when seeing that the wounds she got last night didn't ooze blood.

"Why a silly girl!" His tone of voice was full of helplessness and distress.

Leila also lowered her head to check the wounds. She replied, "If I didn't use this approach, I'm afraid that I would lose control of myself under the effect of the philter."

"I understand it." He should be held liable because he hadn't protected her. "Is it still hurting now?"

Leila shook her head, "Nope."

How could it be possible? Vincent said in a doting voice, "Silly girl, do you know it? You're so attractive to men."

Leila widened her eyes in shock.

"Get up. We'll have breakfast together and teach Charles a lesson later!" Vincent then continued.

...

When thinking of Charles, Leila's eyes became gloomy. She felt very aggrieved in heart. She knew that his mom had relation to this matter, but she really couldn't understand why Charles adopted such an ignoble approach.

Charles's behavior hurt Leila deeply. She didn't dare to imagine what would have happened if Vincent hadn't arrived in time, or if she was weak-willed. Maybe she would become the female role in those videos, just like her elder sister.

"Leila, I will deal with this matter." A familiar voice sounded from behind Leila. He embraced her from behind, "Don't think too much. Go have a bath, I will ask someone to send your clothes here."

He carried her into the bathroom and then walked out to make a phone call.

When they met Charles again, he still had a flippant look. He studied Leila with a smile, "Oh, bravo, I really admire you, Leila. How's it? You man detoxified last night, did the sex please you? You must be assured at that time? And you didn't hurt yourself again?"

Leila turned her head aside because she didn't want to see him. His words were really obscene!

Vincent asked him to come to the seaside. The three of them were now on a beach right at this moment.

Vincent curled up his lips into a cold smile with a touch of gloominess flickering across his eyes.

Leila took a deep breath to suppress her burning anger. Not knowing what Vincent planned to do, she stole a glance at him and found the anger in his eyes. He took off his suit jacket and handed it to Leila, "Leila, take it."

"Mr. White?" Leila took the jacket from him, feeling a bit stunned.

"What? Do you want to fight against me?" Charles raised his brows.

"Come on, Charles. It's time to get even with you for our grudges." Vincent couldn't control his anger any longer and roared. He quickly took a step forward and swooshed a blow towards Charles, who was still stunned.

"Ah..." Leila hadn't expected that this was the way for them to solve the problem. The two men grappled with each other at the next moment.

They fought fiercely and swiftly against each other on the beach. Although Vincent's actions looked simple, his every punch and kick carried great force and were directly aimed at Charles's vital part.

"Huh, Vincent, we haven't had a fight for a long time. Your fighting skills are still awesome." Charles let out a loud whistle while attacking Vincent. He laughed impudently and there was the flame of fighting spirit in his eyes, "I will not humor you."

"I won't be lenient to you." Vincent growled in a deep voice.

His attack became more sharp and cunning and every of his blow was aiming at Charles's vital parts. How dare he to drug Leila? He was really audacious! He had told him and his mom, but they totally forgot his words. Vincent was really furious at the moment.

Leila glanced at them with astonishment. Their quick and forceful attacks were so hairy.

A trace of sharpness flashed across Vincent's black eyes. He coldly and arrogantly glanced at Charles, whose attack was also quick and fierce. This time, he had to teach this insolent Charles a lesson.

Leila was frightened. She held Vincent's jacket tightly in her arms. She didn't dare to shout or to move, because she was afraid that this would affect Vincent and that Charles's blow would land on him if he was distracted.

Charles looked like he was primed for the attack. He was not afraid of Vincent at all. Although Vincent's every attack was quick and fierce, he still managed to dodge them.

"Vincent, you can't hit me." Charles could block Vincent's every attack.

Vincent looked coldly at Charles who was gazing at him provokingly, exuding a cold and dangerous aura. He looked quite different from his cool and composed self.

There was an unruly smile on his face. Looking at Vincent who looked quite cold and arrogant and was exuding a suppressing and deterrent aura, Charles knitted his brows, "Are you serious?"

At the next moment, the fight between Charles and Vincent became fiercer. Both of them used all their strength. With anger in heart, Vincent attacked him fiercely and ruthlessly. Nevertheless, although it looked like Charles was simply guarding himself from Vincent's attacks, but in fact, he swiftly dodged Vincent's sharp attacks effortlessly and tactfully. He dealt with Vincent's attack with ease.

They became angrier and angrier along with the fight, which lasted for more than ten minutes. In the end, Charles got some injuries on his face and he also successfully landed a blow on Vincent's face. Vincent's calm, cold and arrogant look immediately became fierce. He gazed at him indifferently and his attack became more forceful.

Charles gradually felt it hard to dodge his attacks. Vincent's blows landed on his face one by one, causing his face to be swollen and disfigured.

"Vincent, you're really serious? You really beat me?" Charles screamed and began to fight back.

But as he had lost his composure, his loophole was exposed.

Vincent found it and abruptly attacked him again. Charles stepped backwards under his punches. When he was trying to dodge the attacks, a fierce blow landed on his chin and blood flew out of his face.

He took several steps backward and then finally managed to remain his balance. Charles glared at Vincent with a defeated look. He was so furious at the moment. But in the end, he let out a smile and pushed aside his hair, "Vincent, you're skilled in fighting. Go on!"

"Mr. White, please stop this." Leila shouted anxiously.

Vincent stopped his attacks when seeing the wounds on Charles's face. He turned around and then walked towards Leila, smiling gently at her. He then turned around and glanced at Charles, "Tell her, this

woman will be the only wife in the rest of my life. Don't try to anger me again. I don't want to repeat my words."

Leila's heart skipped one beat. She glanced at Vincent dully and felt herself being shrouded by warmth. Was this his commitment?

"Okay." Charles also stopped the fight.

Nevertheless, Vincent narrowed his cold, black eyes in a dangerous manner with gloominess and sharpness flashing across his long eyes. He stared at Charles coldly. It was only then that the anger in his heart was relieved for a little bit.

"But I don't know whether she will agree with it," Charles added.

Vincent suddenly turned around and stared at Charles with a pair of sharp eyes, "You still want to fight against me?"

"Does this matter have anything to do with me? I was just carrying out her order. I also feel aggrieved." Charles wiped away the blood around his mouth corners and walked to Leila, "Leila, sorry for offending you last night."

He looked so sincere when apologizing to her.

But Leila didn't want to talk to him and turned around.

"Are you still angry?" Charles raised his eyebrows.

"Fuck off!" Vincent uttered two words coldly.

Charles twitched his mouth, "I give up, alright? No discord, no concord. Leila, please, forgive me this time."

"I can let go of the thing that happened last night, but if you dare to do that to me again, I will definitely call the police!" Leila, who had been pressing her lips together tightly, finally spilled out the words. After finishing the words, she took a glance at Charles.

"Okay. This won't happen again. Can we be friends?" Charles asked.

"Impossible!" Vincent gave him the answer. Two buttons of the neckband of the shirt of his business suit, which was always straight and smooth, were unclasped and his muscular, bronze chest was exposed. His sleeves were rolled up. Her hair became messy due to the fight just now and was now plastered to his forehead.

"I didn't ask you," said Charles.

Facing the sea, Leila replied in a cold voice, "The one who approaches me with purposes won't be my friend. Moreover, you ruin my sister's life. I can forgive you for what you have done to frame my sister, but I can never forget the face that it is you who ruin my sister's life."

"We can't even be friends?" Charles widened his eyes, "You're really merciless."

“You didn’t show mercy to my sister when you framed her back then.” Leila took a glance at Vincent who was knitting his brows with the corners of her eyes, “Vincent, it’s true that my sister have many shortcomings. But you should also be held responsible for the things happened to her. It’s fine that you don’t love her. But how could you frame her?”

“I admit that I’m also responsible for that.” Vincent nodded. He then walked over and embraced Leila into his arms, “We should go now.”

It was true that he was responsible for the things that happened to Macey. At that time, he agreed with his mother’s suggestion and asked Charles to seduce her. He then humiliated her as well as the Hunter family. After all, not all of people could resist the effect of the philter.

“Hey, you two really ignore me?” Charles shouted from behind.

But the only response he got was the strong sea wind. He looked at Leila’s back with a frown and then let out a sigh. This girl was really tenacious. She was the most tenacious girl that he had seen. What a good girl!