

Destiny 441

Chapter 441 - A Moment in Destiny

Leila was not a fool after all, she felt something faintly. She turned around and looked at the night sky outside the window. "Thank you for believing in me, Arthur. You're really like my brother, you're a good brother!"

Arthur turned around and looked at her. His heart felt like being pinched, he could only take a deep breath to relieve the congested pain. He sighed lightly and turned around. He did not say a single word and started the car quietly.

The mint flavor of the air freshener filled up the quiet atmosphere in the car.

Arthur focused on driving and he was looking at the road seriously. His slender fingers were holding the steering wheel. His expression was serious and focused along with his charming movement. It revealed his refined charming aura accidentally.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Any unfamiliar place!" Leila said.

"I think it's not appropriate if nobody takes care of you. I do support you if you are leaving a while. But you should have someone to take care of you. How about this? I have a grand aunt who lives in City R. She has not been married in her whole life; she lives by herself. You can go and stay with her for some time!"

"I..." Leila was startled.

"It's okay, you're a pregnant woman. It's not safe to go out by yourself, it's not good for the child too. You can stay at my grandaunt's house. She will not interfere you, at least she has someone to talk with!" Arthur explained as he was worried that she would not go. He could not imagine how a pregnant woman like Leila could survive living outside, although he wanted Leila to be happy. But right now, Vincent did not cherish her, he was disappointed.

Maybe staying apart for some time would be the best for both of them. It was a period to clear all the misunderstandings and doubts.

"Thank you!" Leila felt a sense of warmth in her heart. The way he tried to help her without asking for any returns made her feel so warm. But she owed him too much that she shook her head to reject. "I have somewhere else to go and I have someone that can take care of me!"

Arthur nodded his head after he heard her reply. "Fine, at least someone can take care of you!"

But in his heart, he knew that she was lying. Because in that moment just now, she hesitated. He knew that she was lying. He felt bad for her. Suddenly he wanted to do it without thinking the consequences. No matter what, he wanted to try to fight for his love.

Leila stayed at her home now. Because she worried that Vincent might come to find her at midnight therefore, she came back.

When they reached the entrance, she came out from the car.

Arthur came out from the car too and did not have the intention to leave. He was hesitating, his heart was struggling as he looked at how exhausting she was. He was in dilemma. "Lexi..."

"Yes?" Leila raised her head. She saw Arthur's eyes was shining brightly under the streetlight. He suddenly stretched out his hand and grabbed her hand.

Leila was shocked and withdrew her hand.

Arthur said, "Lexi, thank you for believing in me as you bid farewell with me. I have a few words that I wish to tell you!"

Leila was worried, "Arthur..."

"You trust me so much and tell me that you're leaving, and I thought that I wouldn't dare to say. I thought that you've never considered me in your heart! But..."

She tried to avoid and said, "I've said it earlier, you're a good friend!"

Good friend?! "Friend" again?! Just "Friend"?

He took a cold breath. "It's not friend! I don't want to be a good friend."

He suddenly burst out. He could not stand it anymore. He was confident and steady. He blurted out, "Your one word 'Friend' pushes me down to the hell. I know that you're smart, you do know what I'm thinking about. Lexi, since you're having a tough time, how about following me to United States. Leave this place! Leave Vincent! I promise that I will take good care of you and your child!"

Leila was startled as she raised her head. She looked at him calmly. He said it! He really said it!

Her heart was complicated, and she murmured, "You don't know what you're talking about. Arthur, you should leave now. My head is a little dizzy, I can't hear anything, I will go in first."

"I know!" He whispered. His eyes turned even more deeper and brighter. "I know what I'm talking about and what I'm doing. I am just doing something that I should have done earlier. I am here... to request you to marry me!"

"Ah!" Leila whispered. She was shocked and startled. She covered her face with her palms.

But he did not allow her to avoid. He used his hand to hold her chin and lifted her face forcefully. He stared at her and kept asking, "What do you think? Tell me! I know that after I confessed, we might not be friends anymore. At first, I thought that you would be happy therefore I never wanted to confess to you and never thought of anything else. But now, you're not happy and you're suffering. He does not cherish you, I just want to protect and take care of you. Now I do want to give myself a chance. Whether it's going to be successful or not. I think I want to give myself a chance!"

Leila felt like she could not breathe anymore. She could not move at all. Her mind was completely blank.

Arthur proposed to her. This sudden proposal caught her off guard. She was shocked, horrified and tired at the same time. "Arthur, I'm sorry!"

"I know that this is the result, I know all this time. You don't have to care about me and try to consider about what I said. I will be waiting for you, don't get stressed out. If you need me, please come to me. If you don't need me, that's fine as well. Please don't feel guilty because the fact that I like you is my own matter!"

"Please don't compare Vincent with me! If you can't forget about him, I won't force you! Before you give me an answer, please think thoroughly..." He withdrew his hand and lit up a stick of cigarette. His hand was slightly shaking, and his voice was a little stiff. He puffed out a thick smoke.

"I'm sorry!" Leila felt inexplicably guilty. She could not say anything bad towards someone who was so kind like Arthur. But she could not give him a response. "Arthur, you should leave now. It's impossible for us, forever!"

Through that thin layer of disgust, he was watching her carefully and deeply. He did not ignore any subtle expression on her face. Her cheeks were getting whiter, and this expression squeezed his heart and twitched his nerves. She refused!

"Arthur?" Leila saw his blank expression and shouted at him.

Arthur raised his eyes and he looked at her worried face, "Don't you want to think about it for few more minutes?"

He asked hoarsely as he tried to suppress his disappointment forcefully. His voice continued to tremble in anticipation, "I can wait. You don't have to give me the answer so soon. Perhaps, tomorrow or perhaps the day after tomorrow... let's talk after you think about it!"

"No need!" She answered quickly, "It's impossible for us! Arthur, I'm sorry!"

Arthur pursed his lips into a line, then he suddenly got up and walked back to the car in big steps like a shooting star. He started up the car and left.

Leila looked at the car as it left, there was a mixed feeling from the bottom of her heart.

She took a deep cold breath. She felt that her whole body was sinking into a deep and cold icehouse. It was so cold that all her will had frozen.

My most beloved Arthur, so actually he liked me, why did this happen?

Arthur drove a long way and he stopped the car beside of the street. He was smoking non-stop. He must be out of his mind to confess to Leila, at that moment when he said it, he regretted.

He felt that he was not mature enough, but he already gave up too!

He was worried at the same time that Leila would not care about him anymore or might be angry, sad and annoyed. Worries had caused his whole body to be in tense and it also made him lose his grip. Through that layer of smoke, he felt that he was getting lonelier.

He was smoking one after another and his throat started to tighten, and he felt the pain.

After a while, when he finished smoking, he threw it out of the window. He took out another stick of cigarette and lit it up with the lighter. His hand kept trembling uncontrollably. It took almost quite a while

for him to lit up the cigarette. He put away the lighter and he tried his best to cheer himself up. He tried to remain calm, but he was still trembling!

This was his first confession in his lifetime. It was always girls who liked him and took the initiative to confess to him. Who would have guessed that he failed at the first time?

It was a lonely night which belonged to the broken-hearted person.

Charles successfully caught Macey and brought her into his car by grabbing her arms.

Macey could not get rid of him and she was taken by him to the beach. He stood in front of her. He was being persistent with his pleading eyes, "Let's get married, Macey."

"Impossible." She replied coldly as she looked at Charles's eyes. There was no emotion in her eyes when she replied him. There was no fluctuation, only a faint silence. "We're not suitable for each other!"

She really did not have any feeling for him. He raised the corner of his mouth casually with a self-depreciating smile in his eyebrows. He took a deep breath. Gave up on her? After all, forcing a woman's feelings was not something that he could do but...

"No, we are perfect for each other. In those struggling nights on the bed, our bodies were very corresponding." It was impossible to give up. Charles smiled confidently but there was a hint of weakness. But no matter what, he would not let go of her, he would not let her leave him.

"It's up to you." She did not really care about it anymore. Macey withdrew her vision coldly. She turned around and left. It was like a tribute towards her feelings in the past.

As Charles stared at Macey's back who was leaving, the feeling of bitterness became stronger. He did not know if he liked her. He also didn't know what kind of feeling that was. But that feeling of losing her was clearly engraved in his heart. It was empty and it felt that as if all his senses and emotions were taken away by her. It left only the helpless emotions that entangled him. He felt weak but still unwilling to let her go.

Vincent drove to the Pearl Community. No one was there. He came to Leila's house again. Unexpectedly, Mabel just came back from the hospital and saw him.

Mabel looked at him coldly, "Please leave!"

Vincent was shocked, "Mum! I want to meet Leila!"

"Please don't call me mum! I can't accept it." Mabel tried to cast away their relationships. "Leila won't meet you. Didn't your family hurt us enough?"

A single sentence made Vincent's lips lose their color and his face turned pale. But he remained calm.

"I'm sorry, I know that an apology will not make up anything! But I'm really sorry!"

"I get it, please leave!" Mabel replied coldly.

"Please let me see her!" Vincent replied.

Mabel looked at him calmly and said, "It's unnecessary, Leila doesn't want to see you!"

Her eyes stared on Vincent, then she looked at him from top to the bottom. Vincent lowered his eyes unconsciously.

"Macey and Lexi have been fooled by you until now, we have paid a heavy price for this. I believe that you already know the truth, so don't mess around with my children anymore!"

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Vincent was enraged but suppressed his anger, "I have never intended to fool around with Leila. At least I didn't mean it after I got close to her..."

"So, you did mean it at the beginning?" Mabel questioned, "You are just fooling around with Leila, aren't you?"

Vincent felt it hard to explain and frowned.

"No," he said in a strained voice, "I got close to her on purpose at the beginning. It was my fault, but I fell in love with her later. I like her, so I came to see her..."

"You've been divorced." Mabel reminded him. "She has ended it with you."

Vincent sighed and shook his head, "It's my mother's requirement. I didn't have any other choice!"

"You have choice now? You are not afraid of your mother? Aren't you afraid that she might have a heart attack?" Mabel found that Leila was absent-minded and upset recently, and she cried secretly. She knew that they had a problem, but she didn't know what happened to them. Leila told her that she must not allow Vincent to come in if he came here.

"I am not afraid of my mother. I only worry that Leila will get hurt, so I divorce her..."

"You are hurting her, right? Can you promise to make Leila happy? Though my daughter hasn't lived an extravagant life since childhood, I love her very much and never wrong her. Can you give her the best? Can you promise to make her happy for the rest of her life."

Vincent lowered his head. Yes, it seemed that he had enraged and wronged her all the time.

"Have you made it clear?" Mabel continued, "Let me ask you. What is true love? You just want to have her by your side so you can keep her under control. Do you think it is love?"

Vincent was stunned. What was true love?

Mabel continued, "Vincent, ask yourself. I always take you as a good man. Leila likes you, but she has been very unhappy recently. She cries alone and bears all grievance and pains instead of telling me what happened. I watched TV and saw you abandon her in public, but she didn't hold a grudge against you. I have no idea what happened afterward, but I can't let my daughter feel wronged."

"I ... I love her!" Vincent turned red in the face, "I wish she could happy..."

"Without you, she could be happier. You don't love her but destroy her. Think it over. What did you give her though you said you loved her?"

Vincent turned his head and lit up a cigarette to hide the frustration and sadness.

"Go away! You're not welcome here." With that said, Mabel pushed open the gate, went in and closed the gate.

"Leila..." he shouted. Then he got on the car, leaned against the seat and pulled his hair tightly with his fingers.

He just wanted to own her?

When Mabel went back home, Leila was vomiting. The noise of vomiting came from the restroom. Mabel was worried, "Leila, are you okay?"

Leila looked up at her mother, washed her face and said, "Mom, I'm fine."

Mabel looked at her pale face in confusion, frowned and asked, "Are you pregnant?"

Leila was surprised and shook her head hurriedly, "No!"

"Leila, I'm your mother." Mabel fixed her gaze on Leila, "Though something happened to our family and your father is in bad conditions, you have me. I always support you. Don't hide it from me, okay?"

"Mom!" Hearing that, Leila sighed. She thought that her mother was worried about her father and had no time to care about her. She felt warm, but she didn't want to upset her mother. "Mom, I'm fine."

Though Mabel had some doubts, she didn't ask further, "Why do you look so pale. Did you have a meal?"

"Yes." Leila put on a soft and bashful smile, "I'm sorry for making you worried. I'm fine."

"Alright!" Mabel smiled, "Remember to have more food to feed up yourself. Vincent appeared at the gate just now."

Leila stiffened.

"Did you have a problem?"

"Mom, I've cut it off with him!" Leila said with difficulty.

Mabel stopped smiling and threw Leila a serious and soft gaze, "Leila, marriage is not a game. When I heard his words just now, I felt that he had feelings for you, but perhaps he doesn't know how to love a woman!"

"Mom, let's not talk about him anymore!" Leila said in a low voice.

Mabel threw her arms around Leila's shoulder to embrace her.

"Mom!" Leila held her mother tightly as if a drowning man caught a piece of driftwood. "Mom!"

"What can I do to let you live an easy life?" Mabel stroke Leila's hair and her nose twitched. "I'm worried about you."

"Mom, I'm fine. You've told me that only after getting through a lot of trouble can people succeed, right?" Leila was in her mother's arms. "I cannot be strong without suffering. Don't worry."

However, she had loved Vincent for so many years. It was impossible to let it go so easily.

She stood by the window and looked at the dark night, with tears flowing down her cheeks.

At the corner of a noisy bar.

A man came to the bar and attracted lots of attention. Women were fascinated by him. Though these women had seen a lot of handsome men, they felt that he looked very stunning.

The man was in the dark but was exceptional. He looked lofty and elegant.

Deep sadness was locked between his eyebrows. He had cold but charming eyes. His every move made others wanted to submit themselves to the rule of him. Others didn't have the guts to get close to him.

Women were attracted by him and locked their gaze on him, but they were afraid of the cold vibe from him.

There was a charming woman dressed in the summer wear of Chanel that fit her tall figure and wrapped her large breast. Her beautiful legs were covered with black stockings that showed her curves. She walked toward Vincent on catwalk.

"Vincent, haven't seen you for a long time." Meredith said in a pettish tone and sat opposite Vincent.

Vincent's wine glass was smashed into the ground and a cracking sound came. Vincent squinted suddenly at the woman that disturbed him. After making sure that she was Meredith, he frowned, "It's you!"

"Drinking alone?" Meredith asked with a smile.

Vincent turned his gaze, swigging from the wine bottles.

Seeing that Vincent neither replied to her nor drove her away, Meredith asked the waiter for a bottle of brandy and two glasses. "Vincent, it's not interesting to drink alone. Let's drink it together!"

Vincent squinted without saying anything.

"Vincent, you're so annoying. Why don't you come to see me? Do you forget me after you make use of me?" Meredith said very intimately on purpose.

Vincent could no longer stand it, "When did I make use of you? You mean that the company hired you? I've paid you the salary, right?"

"I'm joking. Don't take it seriously." Meredith smiled, "Vincent, I saw you divorced Leila on TV. I'm a bit worried about you."

Vincent frowned and a hint of confusion flashed across his eyes. He threw his gaze on Meredith and said coldly, "You care about my life so much?"

"Yes!" Meredith said and didn't deny it. "I'm into you for so long. You don't give me any chance? I'm angry but at a loss for what to do!"

"Really?" Vincent rolled his eyes and said, "Into me?"

"Of course, I told you before." Meredith said with a smile. "Vincent, are you free tonight? Let's go to see the stars by the sea."

Vincent frowned.

Then Meredith sat beside Vincent and put on a charming smile. Her plump figure was pressed against Vincent's, "Vincent, please!"

"Meredith, behave yourself." Vincent was not drunk and knocked away Meredith's hand, "Keep away from me!"

Vincent put up with Meredith who appeared in the bar at night. He was wondering why she was here. She was playing the role of TV series, was she not afraid of being recognized by others?

"Vincent. Don't be so serious. I'm kidding with you." Meredith pouted invitingly, pretended to be cute and caressed his chest.

"You are kidding?" Vincent curled his lips and put on a charming smile, but he was indifferent.

"Yes!" Meredith hooked around Vincent's body. Her plump breast was pressed and rubbed against his strong back. "it's not interesting to drink alone. Come to my house. I have some hundred-year-old French claret."

Vincent wasn't aroused by Meredith at all. He kept smiling, patted the hands that were on her waist, and said in a low voice, "Keep it for others."

His voice was deep, and Meredith felt that his words were implying something. She let go of Vincent reluctantly and said softly, "Vincent, you got married, so you cut it off with other women. Now, you've been divorced. I thought you would become a bachelor that all women in F City love. I don't expect that you are so upright."

Seeing that Vincent could not be seduced, Meredith put on a serious look, sat back into her position, picked up the glass and took a sip.

Vincent squinted and threw a cold glance. He asked Meredith, "Do you know love?"

Hearing that, Meredith was stunned for a moment and laughed, "A little."

"Do you know what true love is?" Vincent kept thinking about this question. That was why he didn't drive Meredith away.

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Meredith didn't know why Vincent asked her. Since he drank alone, it may have something to do with the test results. Meredith rolled her eyes and thought over his question. She recalled her lines from TV series, "True love is to defend your beloved and keep your heart unchanged no matter what happened."

Vincent was stunned slightly. He didn't expect Meredith could make the point clear and signaled her to continue. Meredith felt happy that she was appreciated. She continued to quote the lines of the heroine, "In the face of challenges, you could overcome the turmoil in your mind and insisted on your thoughts. Regardless of the shortcomings or bad habits of his beloved, the rumor, the obstacles and the objection from his relatives, you're still willing to love her with your whole heart."

Vincent sat still. He would love her no matter what happened.

"If you abandon the one you love because he is sick or has some shortcomings and bad habits, you don't love him with your true heart."

"If you stop loving her because of these negative factors, it's obvious that you don't love her enough or truly. To love someone, we should pocket our pride, give up prejudice, be gentle and prevent any factors that make you at odds with each other. More importantly, you should love her with your true heart and believe in her completely."

"Don't let your true heart be affected by other factors. When she hurts you or doesn't love you, you won't hold a grudge against her or regret it. It proves that you truly love her. You can get the sacred love and feel mentally wealthy. Therefore, in face of the shortcomings of your beloved, your attitudes, feelings and reactions indicate if you love her truly."

Hearing that, Vincent fell into deep thoughts. He was thinking about her words and then raised his eyebrows, "It makes sense."

Meredith shrugged her shoulders and said as if implying something, "Of course, I am a love expert."

"You make a very thorough analysis!" Vincent told the truth. He was absorbing what she had said.

He didn't love Leila unconditionally or trust her completely. Without doubt, Mabel was right. He didn't know how to love.

Meredith saw Vincent's serious look and said, "I hope to meet my soulmate. I don't care if he is disabled. I wish we could live a free life. We don't have to have a child. Even if that man is unable to have kids, it doesn't matter. I love him, so I will keep his company and cherish him."

Vincent suddenly raised his head, and something came to his mind. He threw a sharp gaze at Meredith and their eyes met. Meredith couldn't help but feel shocked. Vincent threw a sharp gaze like an ice arrow on her.

Meredith's body stiffened when she was gazed at like that. She looked a bit guilty and avoid Vincent's gaze.

Vincent's dark eyes became gloomy. Perhaps a man who had infertility was sensitive. Anyway, he found that Meredith was guilty.

Meredith squeezed a smile and said, "Vincent, why do you ask such a question?"

"You don't want any kids?" Vincent threw a sharp and cold gaze at her. A few moments later, he snorted and shouted, "Meredith!"

With that said, Vincent stood up and reached to pull Meredith.

Meredith was stunned, "Vincent, what are you doing?"

Without saying anything, Vincent took Meredith out of the bar.

Meredith felt surprised about the current situation. Her lips moved but she didn't have the guts to make any noise. She was afraid of enraging him since she knew Vincent's ability.

At the corner outside the bar, Vincent's gaze was sharp, and he said in a deep voice, "Say it!"

Meredith was stunned, "what shall I say?"

Vincent's face darkened with the veins on his forehead swelling. A hint of cruelty flashed across his eyes. He gritted his teeth and shouted, "Meredith, don't take me as a fool! I'm not foolish."

Meredith was scared, "I don't take you as a fool. Vincent, what shall I say?"

"Meredith!" Vincent didn't move but squinted at her.

Meredith was astonished and thought that she could not make a confession. Otherwise, it would be over. She could not let Vincent know that. Why he was so clever. She just said that she didn't want to have kids. He knew that she meant that she didn't care about his infertility. She thought that he would be touched, but she didn't expect that she had expose her real thoughts.

Vincent had some doubts. He couldn't confirm that Meredith knew something. He was thinking if he was too sensitive. However, since she looked guilty, she must have known something. Otherwise, why would she appear suddenly? It was not a coincidence!

"Tell me the truth!" Vincent clenched his fist.

"Do you think you can cheat me?"

He stared at her coldly and said in a cold voice, which sent shivers down her spine.

"Vincent! Let go of me!" Meredith coughed and gasped. She thought that Vincent would throttle her but he let go of her, pushed her to the ground and shouted, "Say it or not?"

"Vincent..." Meredith was scared by his gaze but she smiled. She had been determined that she would not say anything.

Not only was she involved, but it also concerned the career of Harvey Baker. She got the information by sleeping with Harvey Baker. She couldn't waster her efforts.

"Vincent, I don't know what I should say. I admit that I came to the bar because I saw your car. I really like you and hope to become your wife, but you ignore me and make me lose face." Meredith knew that Vincent wouldn't stop demanding an answer if she didn't say anything. She closed her eyes with a stern look, "Anyway, I like you no matter what you think. Do you want me to say that?"

"No!" Vincent said in a deep voice, "Think it over. What have you done?"

"I don't know." She had decided not to tell the truth.

Vincent looked sulky, fixed his sinister gaze on Meredith and warned, "Meredith, I can make you unable to make a living in F City. You became a star with my help. I can also let you lose all reputation."

"I know that. Vincent, we've known each other for so many years. You should know that I consider my career the most important. I seize every chance you gave to me!"

Vincent's gaze turned cold and said, "It'd better be."

With that said, Vincent turned around and left. He didn't think that he was too sensitive. He realized that Meredith said she didn't want to have kids on purpose.

True love was to tolerate and love the other party unconditionally. Vincent sat in the car and closed his eyes to hide his annoyance. He took the phone and made a phone call. "Mike, this is Vincent. You've been an entertainment agent. How is it going? I'll introduce some new stars to your company, but you need to have some people trace Meredith. I want to know what she has been doing recently..."

After that, his phone rang. It was from the hospital. Vincent was surprised, "Hello?"

"Vincent, your mother is in bad conditions, but she insisted on being discharged from hospital. Can you come here to persuade her? She has to be hospitalized." The chief doctor called Vincent and told him.

"Okay, I'll be there right away." Without thinking much, Vincent hung up the phone and drove the car to the hospital.

What Meredith had said tonight made him begin to reflect on himself. He recalled what he had experienced with Leila and found that he didn't know how to love her with his whole heart.

How could Leila betray him?

She wrote that she loved him in her diary. She forbore from speaking even if she suffered a lot. She was such a stubborn girl. She would rather hurt herself than be bullied by Charles. She wouldn't betray him.

The Adam's apple of Vincent slid. He closed his eyes and opened them suddenly. He tried to suppress the pains and sorrow. Perhaps, he was truly wrong!

He drove to the hospital soon and hurried over to his mother's ward. When he came in, he heard her mother shouting, "I need to leave the hospital. What are you doing? Are you restricting my freedom? Whether I die or not has nothing to do with you!"

"Nora, we have no other choice. Your son said that only when you got better could you leave the hospital. You are too weak to leave hospital at present!"

"I need to go!" Nora insisted.

Vincent pushed open the door.

The doctors and nurses surrounded Nora. When they saw Vincent, they breathed a sigh of relief, "Vincent, you're here. Your mother insisted on leaving the hospital. We're so anxious."

"I see. You go out first." Vincent said in a deep voice.

Nora saw Vincent put on a cold face, snorted and turned her head, "Let me go!"

Vincent didn't speak. The doctors and nurses went out. Vincent closed the door, sat on the sofa and said, "Mom, don't be so childish. When you get better, go to Japan to recuperate."

"No, I need to avenge your father!"

"Why? Brian didn't do anything wrong. It's our fault!"

"What do you mean?"

"My father was a gay. He liked Brian. He committed suicide because he loved a man and felt so painful!"

"It was impossible..." Nora screamed.

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"This is what my father gave to Brian. Take a look!" Vincent took out the age-old diary and put it on Nora's bed.

Nora turned pale after she took a glance at the diary. She reached to get it with her hands trembling. When she read the love poems, she was stunned and looked paler. Her lips turned dark and she murmured, "He did love Brian..."

Nora wanted to leave the hospital and removed the monitor, so her body index was not shown.

Vincent found his mother looked very pale with her lips trembling and realized something went wrong, "Mom, don't be so excited. I was afraid that you couldn't stand it, so I didn't give it to you at the beginning."

With that said, Nora lied down.

Vincent was worried, stood up quickly and shouted, "Somebody, help me!"

Vincent sighed and put the diary into his pocket. Seeing his mother receive first aid treatment, Vincent felt worried.

"Vincent, your mother cannot be excited anymore. She may have heart attacks, which lead to worse results. You will regret it." The doctor instructed Vincent.

Vincent sighed, remained calm, nodded and whispered. "She will know it anyway!"

That was why he chose to tell his mother. He hoped that she wouldn't hold a grudge against the Hunter family anymore. They would no longer get hurt since all of them suffered a lot and could not bear it anymore.

When Nora came to herself at 1:00 a.m., Vincent was sitting beside her and held Nora's hand. Nora closed her eyes. Vincent knew that she was not asleep. When she came to herself, she was calm. She opened her eyes and closed them quickly.

"Mom! Let's not take unnecessary pains, okay?" Vincent said, "Brian did nothing wrong. It was our fault. Brian tolerated us and made a concession. I ruined his daughters. Mom, when I know the truth, I am overwhelmed by feelings of guilt. I feel sorry to hurt his daughters. Can you understand my feelings.?"

Nora kept silent.

"Mom, if Brian had told me the truth, there would have been no tragedy. Seth tampered with the tape. Mom, stop struggling to avenge my father and refusing to come to your senses."

"Am I wrong?" Nora spoke suddenly, opened her eyes and gazed at Vincent, "Do you think I am wrong?"

"Mom, we are wrong!" Vincent said, "You taught me that we should admit our mistakes."

"Even if your father is a gay, he died because of Brian. They are good brothers. Brian didn't handle the relation with your father well, so your father committed suicide."

"So, Brian felt guilty and when I said I would marry his daughter he told me that I was no match for him. He even made me mistake him as a cruel father who would take his daughter as a chip."

"Now I know that he is wiser. He was worried that Leila would be hurt by me. He had speculated that I would hurt Leila much if I knew he loved Leila very much, so he told me that Leila was only a chip to him. I felt a pity for Leila from the beginning. I couldn't bear to hurt her and felt she was innocent. Brian seemed to know that Leila and I would fall in love. He was right. He wanted to solve the contradictions between the White family and the Hunter family. But he didn't expect that we would make that tape public, which lead to consequences..."

"Go out. Leave me alone." Nora said calmly.

Vincent made sure that the data on the monitor were normal and nodded, "Alright, I'll go out first. Think it over."

Vincent could not stay calm and felt worried once he thought of Leila.

Leila endured all pains alone. That kid should be theirs. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been hurt like that. He regretted it very much and blamed himself. He was overwhelmed by the feelings of guilt. He had never protected her. What right did he have to be her husband? What qualifications did he have to love her? He even didn't know what true love was.

He opened his dark eyes that turned reddened again. Vincent walked to Brian's ward. When Vincent arrived, Brian wanted to get up to urinate and the nurse was helping him. He had difficulty in going to the bathroom and need help. The nurse was a woman and it was a bit hard for her to hold Brian. Vincent said to her, "Let me help you!"

Brian was surprised at Vincent's arrival. He turned his questioning gaze at Vincent.

Vincent didn't say anything but held Brian and took the stinkpot. He said in a hoarse voice, "Let me help you!"

He said with respect.

Brian smiled. Though his mouth twisted because of sequelae of stroke, it could be seen that he smiled.

Vincent caught Brian's smile and felt more sorrowful and guilty.

With the help of Vincent, Brian urinated and Vincent said to the nurse, "Get some water. I'll wipe his body."

Brian lied on the bed and looked at Vincent gently.

Vincent stared at Brian. Their eyes met. Brian fixed his tender gaze on Vincent as if he was looking at his son. Vincent felt touched and his nose twitched. He swallowed saliva and said, "I'm sorry!"

Brian shook his head.

Vincent was surprised, "You don't blame me?"

Brian nodded.

"My mother and I put you in such a position. I put Macey and Leila in a dilemma. You don't blame me?"

Brian nodded again.

Vincent's nose twitched. The nurse took the bowl and towel. Vincent asked her to take a rest and wiped Brian's body very cautiously. Then he changed Brian's clothes. He sat there and talked to Brian. They didn't take a rest all night. Vincent confessed himself to Brian.

At dawn, Brian pointed at the drawer.

Vincent opened it and found a letter in it. On the envelop was Vincent, my son-in-law.

"Dad..." Vincent whispered. Brian still admitted that Vincent was his son-in-law after Vincent hurt him so much. Vincent had never taken Brian as his father-in-law. After getting divorced to Leila, he found that he was truly wrong. Knowing that Brian was so tolerate, Vincent felt himself childish. He sobbed, "Rest assured. I'll make Leila happy and love her."

Vincent left with that letter. He returned to his mother's ward to see her. She fell asleep. Vincent got back on the car and read that letter.

The letters leaned to one side, but Vincent could feel that Brian was very serious. Obviously, it was written by Brian after he got sick.

Vincent.

When you read this letter, you may have known the truth. Forgive me for not telling you the truth and making you struggle.

Your father is my best friend. Our friendship won't change no matter what happened. I never forget the promise I've made to him. I keep my promise and keep my mouth shut.

Vincent, you're Eric's child and I take you as my child. To tell you the truth, I have a lot of expectations of you. I apologize to you on behalf of my daughters. Macey is straightforward and very rebellious. You could not stay together for long. So, you broke up later. I don't blame it on you. It's not your fault to make that tape public. I've been a civil servant for so many years, so I shouldn't have been superstitious. I believed the destiny. Don't blame yourself anymore. It's Macey's fate. That child is rebellious. She will pay the price for what she has done anyway.

Leila looks soft but is strong inside. She endures everything silently. She is fit to be your wife. I believed that you would love her. But I didn't expect that you would get divorced. It's her fate.

I don't know if you want to be together with my daughter again. If you can get back, please love her. If not, don't force yourself. Do not wrong yourself because you are guilty of what you've done to us.

I always take you as my kid and wish you a good life...

Vincent felt complicated feelings when reading this letter. He found that he was so shallow and sympathetic.

He rushed to Leila's home.

When Mabel saw him, she sighed, "Why do you come here?"

"Mom, I'm here to take Leila back!" Vincent said sincerely, "It's my fault. Leila has been pregnant. Mom, let me see her."

"She is pregnant?" Mabel was astonished and went upstairs to see Leila. Vincent followed after her.

When she pushed open the bedroom door, she found that the quilt had been folded and a letter was on it.

They were stunned.

Leila had gone. She left a letter and sad that she needed to went for a walk. She told her mother not to be worried and to take good care of her father. She would be back soon.

"Where did she go?" Vincent felt his heart being clenched.

He took the phone and called Leila hurriedly.

But Leila's phone rang in the bedroom.

She didn't take her phone.

"Where has she gone?" Mabel was worried, "What happened to you? Vincent, why did she tell me that she wasn't pregnant?"

"Mom, I'll take Leila back. Rest assured." Vincent ran out and thought where Leila could go. Was Leila very disappointed with him?

Leila was quiet on the train to R City.

Chapter 445 - A Moment in Destiny

As City R police recruitment was giving public notice of entrance examination, she signed up, thinking that she might work there if she passed.

However, she didn't expect that an eye-catching tall figure came to her view when she just got off the train and walked out of the station.

Arthur stood there, with a faint smile on the corner of his lips, looking at her. It was quiet as if he had been waiting for a long time.

Leila was a little surprised. How could he know that she came to City R today?

Besides, she just made the decision last night to leave in the early morning for she was upset after Arthur confessed his love to her and there were just so many problems around her.

However, she never thought that Arthur would appear.

"You, why are you here?"

His eyes were bloodshot. He went back to Leila's house last night, trying to apologize to her for saying those words at that time, but he didn't know how to say.

He smoked in the car and stayed there all night.

At dawn, he saw Leila carrying a bag, opening the door stealthily, and then getting into a taxi.

He followed her all the way to the railway station, and he was lucky that Leila didn't notice him. Seeing that she bought a train ticket to City R, he quietly backed away, and then drove to City R ahead of time.

"You left in a hurry!" he said.

Leila shook her head, embarrassed. She really didn't expect to meet Arthur here.

"I followed you all the way! I know you haven't arranged a place to live. Don't get me wrong. I have no other intention. I just fixed you up with a place to stay. Once I know you're safe and sound, I will go back immediately!"

"I..."

"Come on, " Arthur said in a begging tone. "If you don't think about yourself, should you think about the baby in your belly?"

Finally, Leila nodded, without refusing Arthur's kindness.

...

"Renee, is Leila with you?" Vincent called anxiously. He called almost everyone who Leila might come to, but in vain.

"Shit! I've just recovered from a serious illness. Leila hasn't come to me for several days!"

"Leila is gone! She ran away from home." Vincent's voice trailed off, and he was almost hopeless.

"What?" Renee jumped out of bed.

"Watch out, don't jump. The wound hasn't healed yet!" Miyamoto worried.

Renee immediately waved and motioned to Miyamoto not to speak. She yelled at the phone, "What's the matter with you? Vincent, I won't let you go if Leila is gone. Let me put in this way, Leila is kind, but I'm not a pushover. I'm her best friend. Tell me the truth. What did you do to Leila? She ran away from home? When did it happen? I was wondering why she didn't come to me these days. It turned out that you upset her! Shit! Are you a man? Look at yourself in the mirror. Who do you think you are? How could you make Leila sad and give her a hard time..."

Vincent hung up the phone, as he was not in a mood to listen to Renee's long speech. He wanted to find her immediately and tell her that he believed that the child she was pregnant with was his.

There was no need for him to do the DNA test. He believed that the one in a billion miracle would happen to himself.

However, she had gone and disappeared.

"Damn it! He hung up my phone. How dare. What a man! Renee scolded and she immediately changed clothes. "Ge out, out, I need to change clothes!" she said to Miyamoto.

"What's the matter? Is Leila gone?"

"Tell me about it, you don't hear it all. Hurry up and help find Leila!" Renee rolled her eyes at Miyamoto. "Hey, hurry up. Go out, I need to get dressed."

She pushed him out and began to look for clothes in a hurry.

After getting dressed, Renee opened the door, seeing Miyamoto standing at the door with a frown. He stared at Renee who was in anxiety, saying, "Where are you going to find her?"

"Oh! Where can I find her! I'll call her first!" With that, Renee called her.

But it was Mabel who answered the phone, and she realized that she left without her phone. " "She didn't want us to find her. She is crazy! No, I have to find her. I think something happened to her, or she will not go away like this. "

"Then how can you find her?" Miyamoto asked, frowning.

"But I have to try! By the way, aren't you capable enough? You have got to help me!"

"Why?"

"What? I can't believe you don't take Leila as your friend. Ungrateful Japanese. I know you are not likable. Well, I don't need you. I will go for it myself! Forget about the fake marriage." Renee snorted and went out.

"Auntie..." the childish voice came from the door of the next room. Owen raised his face and looked at Renee and Miyamoto with worry. "Did you fight with dad? Auntie, are you leaving?"

Looking at Owen's sad face, Renee suddenly changed her face and beamed a smile. "No, we're not having a fight. I need to go out for a while, and I'll be back soon."

"You promise, Auntie!" Owen came over and held Renee's hand, and looked up at Miyamoto. "Dad, please don't fight with auntie. I like her. She will read many stories to me in the evening. Mommy never do that..."

As he said, his voice trilled off.

Feeling a pain in her heart, Renee scolded Pippa for her irresponsibility to her child in her heart.

Holding Owen's face, Renee comforted, "OK, I will read so many stories to you, so many so that we'll make up for what you've missed in the past. Is that okay?"

"Great!" Owen was overjoyed.

"Good boy! Give me a kiss!" Renee puckered her red lips and pecked her on the cheek, and he beamed a smile.

Miyamoto looked at them, a warmth surging over him at that moment.

He felt quite warm.

Why didn't Pippa cherish it? He couldn't figure it out he was wrong, or Pippa, or they were both wrong.

"Owen, good boy. Go to play games. I'll go out to deal with something!" Renee said, patting his little face.

"Okay!" he agreed, and he said to Miyamoto, "Dad, don't let auntie go!"

He ran to his room before he got his dad's promise.

Renee took a look at Miyamoto, who was looking at her affectionately, and she was shocked. "Well, I'll go out to look for Leila!"

With that, she turned around and was about to leave when Miyamoto said, "Wait a moment, I'll make a call to ask someone to look for her!"

"Really?" Renee was stunned and laughed. "Well! Make the call now!"

Miyamoto sent for Leila, and he looked for her with the Renee outside.

However, they didn't expect to meet Callum.

Renee thought Leila would go to that piano company, only to find that Callum was playing the piano there. He was singing a song, which was to her liking, Later.

His voice was low and hoarse, and it was full of emotion.

Listen to the hoarse voice...

Later, I finally learned how to love, but you have turned around and disappeared.

Feeling a pain in her ear, Renee went to ask the boss directly whether Leila had been there.

Callum stopped playing upon hearing the voice of Renee.

Renee, who turned back to him, didn't feel like say hello to him.

She didn't expect Callum to come to her and started the conversation. Renee!"

Renee turned around, revealing a faint smile. "What a coincidence!" she said politely.

"Renee, I..."

"Sorry, there's an emergency I have to deal with. See you next time!" Renee turned and left.

Callum chased after her and tugged at her arm, "Renee, I'm wrong! I'm very painful. Can you listen to me?"

Renee closed her eyes, trying to cover the grief, and said, "Callum, now, there is nothing to say. Why bother to make me sad?"

"Renee, I don't know what you have to do with Miyamoto, but I know that he doesn't love you, and he is not a good man you can marry."

Renee pulled back her arm and sneered, "If he isn't, will you be the one? What is a good man? Is there any good man in the world?"

Callum was stunned and his eyes were red. "Renee, I had my own difficulties. I do!"

"You had your own difficulties?" Renee asked with a smile and she complained, "Sorry, I don't. I'm free to marry anyone I like, and it has nothing to do with you. Well, are you regretful? Aren't you happy? Now you finally realized I'm such a good girlfriend. Sorry to disappoint you. I'm doing very well. I have someone to love me and to take care of me. Miyamoto treats me like his daughter. I can't be any better! Are you jealous? Hahaha..."

Callum was dazed, not knowing how to answer.

Miyamoto didn't see Renee come out after parking the car. He thought she found Leila, and he got out of the car to enter the piano business, only to find she was with Callum.

He looked at them quietly.

Seeing that Renee seemed to be calm, but her eyes were full of indifference, he stepped back slowly and said with a bitter smile, "I see. Renee, are you going to marry Miyamoto in revenge, right? You still love me, and you hate me, so you revenge on me with your happiness!"

Renee's body shook a little and she pursed her pale lips tightly.

Was that so? If not, why did she feel the heartache? She would rather not have loved him. She turned around to avoid looking at Callum, but she didn't expect to see Miyamoto.

Meeting his eyes, she saw a trace of sadness from his eyes, and there was a kind of sympathetic feeling.

Callum backed away and hit the piano behind with a bang, the piano making a harsh non-key tune.

Renee walked to Miyamoto, whispering, "Let's go, Leila did not come here!"

Looking at her pale face, he reached out and gently held her shoulder to give her support, without saying a word. Renee did not refuse, and her heart ached.

Callum sighed and sat down.

The phone rang. It was sweet. He didn't answer it.

It kept ringing.

He still didn't answer.

It didn't stop ringing.

He finally shouted at the phone, "What else do you want? You can get your dad to sign the investigation order!"

Chapter 446 - A Moment in Destiny

Vincent took a great effort to look for Leila, but in vain.

Sitting in the car, he was regretful with a frown, thinking that it was because he hurt her feeling that she left him.

It was not until he got the phone call from Mike that he realized he made a huge mistake. "Mr. White, Hello, I have sorted it out about the whereabouts of Meredith these days. She has dated several boyfriends, including an architect, a doctor and a photographer, and she is very close to them! I wonder if you want to know more about it."

"Is there a doctor?" Vincent was stunned and asked anxiously, "Who is it? The doctor?"

"Harvey Baker, a doctor from the First Hospital! Well, this is Meredith's private life. As long as she is not photographed by reporters, it's not our position to intervene too much!"

"Harvey Baker?" Vincent wrote down the name. "I know! Thank you, Mike. I'll keep my word. Keep an eye on her!"

Vincent went straight to the hospital to find the chemist in the laboratory as soon as he hung up the phone.

Harvey Baker was written on his badge.

At the sight of Vincent, he was stunned and said, "Mr. White? Why are you here?"

Catching a glance at him, Vincent said in a cold voice, "Are you Dr. Baker?"

The doctor was slightly stunned, trying to pretend to be calm. "Yes, Mr. White!" he answered.

"Doctor, about my last examination report, I want to know if there was a mistake?" Vincent asked, looking at him coldly with a sneer.

The doctor was shocked by Vincent, who was filled with coldness. His face was as cold and solemn as marbles, and his black eyes were sparkled with anger.

He felt his back numb as Vincent was not someone who he could afford to offend. Fortunately, he made the preparation in advance. "Well! OK, Mr. White. I'll show you right away!" he said.

The doctor entered Vincent's name on the computer, found the inspection report, printed a copy, and then handed it over.

Vincent glanced over it and he was dumbfounded when he saw that the report was different from the last one. Seeing that his name was on it, he said coldly, word by word, fixing his cold eyes on the doctor, "Is this report different from the last one?"

"Really?" The doctor pretended to be confused. "What was it like last time? Mr. White."

"I was about to ask you!" Vincent said coldly and his eyes were devoid of any warmth, making the doctor feel that he was surrounded by ice and snow in summer.

"Mr. White, this one is as the same as the last report. Have you brought it?" The doctor asked nervously.

"It seems that Dr. Baker doesn't want this job. Are you going to keep acting?" Vincent sneered. His fierce look made him shudder. His cold eyes nailed him like a poisonous needle, making him unable to move.

"No, Mr. White. Did I make mistakes in my work? I misunderstood you?"

"What a misunderstanding." Vincent gave a cold smile. "It seems that Dr. Baker is challenging me. Good, very good!"

Hearing his words, the doctor shivered all over, "Mr. White, how dare I challenge you?"

With a sneer, Vincent took out the last report and threw it to him.

The doctor took a look. "Ah... I made a mistake. I was really wrong. Mr. White, I'm really sorry. It was due to my failure to do the work. Please forgive me!"

"What a mistake. Are you trying to shirk responsibility by saying that?"

"No! No. It's my fault. I did not mean to!" The doctor explained.

"Well, in that case, let's talk to the president about it!"

"No! No! Mr. White, it's really my fault in work. Please don't be angry. I was wrong. I was careless. I made a mistake in the laboratory report and gave you the report of the examination you did in our hospital many years ago. It's my fault!"

"Oh? Is that so?" Vincent looked at him coldly. It was hard to imagine that he was in such an attitude doing his job. But when he looked at the report, his eyes were cold. He took out the phone and dialed the number, "President James, I'm Vincent. Please come to the laboratory!"

Sweat was beginning to break out on the doctor's forehead as soon as he heard that.

Taking a meaningful look at the doctor, Vincent sat on the sofa and said, "Since you don't want to see the president, I'll have to bother him to see you! Hey, you want to join us? Come here, I just want to consult you on something!" Vincent said to another chemist inside.

The man was stunned and came out.

"Take a look at the test reports. What do they say?" He said to him as he passed them to the chemist.

The chemist took a look at Harvey Baker, and then looked at the test reports. After comparing the two reports, he said to Vincent, "Sir, from the results on the reports, your semen quality has improved a lot, and you have healthy sperm. Although it can't be regarded as normal, it's really a miracle based on the previous report!"

Stunned, Vincent was so nervous that his heart seemed to raise to his throat, and he asked in disbelief, "Does it mean I can have children?"

"Well, it depends. After all, it hasn't returned to the normal level, but it's not something we can decide. There are people who have succeeded in having a baby with the same semen quality as yours, but the chances are slim!"

"Damn it." The surprise on Vincent's face was replaced by disappointment.

He wronged Leila. He really did. His face froze as he clenched his fist tightly. With gloomy eyes, Vincent looked Harvey Baker, who was shivering all over in fear.

He reached out, grabbed his collar and punched him in the face. "Harvey Baker, you bastard!"

"Ah... "

"Mr. White?" President Lawrence, who had just entered the door, was also startled. "What are you doing?"

Looking back at President Lawrence, Vincent took the reports directly, and said to him, "President Lawrence, I'm sorry, I suspect there's something wrong with Dr. Baker's professional ethics. I'll send the evidence within three days. I'll sue him so that he can't get along in the industry from now on!"

Vincent looked coldly at the doctor again, and people around him were overwhelmed by his coldness. Harvey Baker, Meredith! How dare you!

Everyone was shocked by Vincent's gloomy anger, and the atmosphere in the laboratory froze.

"Mr. White, I'm sorry. I made a mistake at work. Please forgive me." With a plop, Harvey Baker knelt down and kowtowed to Vincent desperately.

Glancing at them haughtily, Vincent walked towards the door.

He was wrong. He was wrong! With a thump on his chest and his eyes widened, he suddenly felt his hands and feet cold.

Sitting in the car, he lit a cigarette and realized that he was wrong. It was he who pushed her away from his side and deeply hurt her.

Why? Vincent stroked the sore temple, his Adam's apple rolling. On his tense face, his eyes were closed, he took a drag on his cigarette, and exhaled the smoke, reflecting a beautiful face in pain.

He tried his best to suppress the pain, but he found it was impossible for him to do so no matter how hard he tried as the pain had seemed to permeate into the blood and bone. His face grew darker, and he frowned in pain.

There was no single news about Leila from the people he sent to look for her. The calmness on his face faded and was replaced by paleness.

"Leila, where are you? You're so disappointed with me, aren't you?" he said to himself.

The deep and cruel blow made him feel that his heart had seemed to be plucked out at that moment, but he could not vent the intense pain.

How could he believe that he... He blamed her for betraying him?

She kept denying, and even Arthur believed in her. What about him? He hurt the woman he loved most! He was not as good as an outsider.

The more he thought about it, the paler his face was. His face was bulging with blue tendons and his throat was rattling. He looked up at the sky in pain. The pain from the depth of his chest were tearing him apart silently. He didn't love her enough.

How could he doubt her loyalty?

Why was he such a jerk?

He gave a miserable smile with an empty heart. There was despair in his bloodshot eyes. "Leila, where are you?" he murmured.

In the City R.

Without refusing Arthur, Leila went with him to his grandaunt's house. Miss Spencer was over sixty years old and very kind, living in a bungalow alone. There were many flowers in the courtyard, with trees and flowers. When she entered the courtyard, she felt calm a lot.

Miss Spencer was very enthusiastic. After receiving the phone call from Arthur, she immediately cleaned up the room for Leila.

"Thank you, Miss Spencer." Leila said, looking at the room that had just been tidied up. With a desk, a wardrobe, a new quilt on the bed, it was not luxurious, but warm. The orchid pattern wallpaper was peaceful and elegant.

Miss Spencer went to get something to eat, leaving only Arthur and Leila in the room. Taking a deep breath, Leila felt a very light aroma lingering around the tip of her nose. As it smelled very good, Leila unconsciously inhaled and wanted to smell more, but suddenly it faded down. It was unknown where the fragrance came from.

They were quite embarrassed with each other because what Arthur said to Leila.

Leila tried to ease the atmosphere, but in vain. "Arthur, thank you," she said.

Arthur was stunned. Seeing her like this, he knew it clearly and said with a smile, "Never mind. I hope I'm still your good friend! It doesn't change because of anything or any reason. "

Leila nodded. "I also hope we are good friends for life!" she said.

"Good friend!" Arthur said with a smile.

But Leila was also very sad that she still could hear the sadness in his tone.

Chapter 447 - A Moment in Destiny

"You should stay here for some time to relax and calm down. Don't think too much. Pregnant women should be happy and keep calm all the time," he said in a gentle but firm tone.

"Okay!" Leila nodded.

"Arthur, Leila, time to eat. Come out!" Miss Spencer called outside.

With a smile, Arthur said loudly, "Got it, Grandaut. Come right away!"

Then, he was silent for a while before he said to Leila, "Let's get something to eat. You must be hungry, right? I guess you didn't eat anything when you ran out early in the morning."

Leila bit her lips and nodded, and something dawned on her and she said, "Didn't you go home all night?"

Arthur nodded and walked to her, looking down at her. "I'm hungry. When shall we go for dinner? How long are you going to stand?" he asked.

Leila was in a trance. He was obviously trying to avoid her question. Looking at his bloodshot eyes, she knew he must not have slept last night. She sighed and went out without saying anything.

The living room was connected with the dining room. There were several plates of light and delicious food on the dining table, as well as the rice. Miss Spencer waited for them with a smile. "Arthur, what's wrong with your eyes? They are bloodshot."

"It's OK, Grandaut. I'll go back to F City after finishing eating, and Leila will be with you!" Arthur took out the chair for Leila and he sat in the opposite.

"In such a hurry? It's not too late to leave tomorrow. Your eyes are bloodshot. No matter how busy you are, you have to rest. After dinner, you can go to the guest room and have good sleep before leaving,"

Miss Spencer said as she served out the soup.

"No! It's OK. It takes only a few hours!" Arthur, who didn't take it seriously, took a mouthful of soup and couldn't help praising, "Grandaut, it's delicious. It's still the taste of my childhood! I want some more!"

"Kid, you glutton."

"Of course! Because you made such delicious soup!"

"Leila, have a bowl of soup. " Miss Spencer gave Leila a bowl with a smile.

"Well! Thank you, Miss Spencer." Leila took the spoon and said softly, looking at Arthur again. "You'd better take some rest before going back. It's not safe for you to drive like this!"

"Indeed! Since Leila cares about you so much, do you mean to refute her kindness?"

"Okay, I'll leave at night!" Arthur said, rolling his eye. "I'll spend the whole afternoon sleeping to gather my strength before leaving! I'm afraid you don't want me to stay here for a long time.

"Who?"

"Well, not you. It's Leila. I'm afraid she doesn't want me to stay!"

Hearing his words, Leila was stunned, feeling uncomfortable to eat.

After finishing eating, they stayed at the dining table quietly for a while. Leila helped Miss Spencer clean up the dishes, and Arthur went to the guest room to have a rest. He said to Leila before going to the guest room, "I'll leave when I wake up."

He was really worn out, and he would be sleepy if he drove back. Considering his health, he decided to take a rest.

She said "yes".

After going to the guest room, Arthur lit a cigarette. As he smoked, he seemed to be lost in deep thought until his mobile phone vibrated. He answered the phone, and it was Vincent's voice. "Arthur, is Leila with you?"

Arthur was slightly stunned. Hearing Vincent's urgent tone, he asked, frowning. "What's the matter? What happened to Leila?"

"Isn't she with you?" Vincent asked suspiciously.

He was afraid of being found out, but he still said calmly, "No!"

It had been three days.

Leila was still nowhere to be found after three days.

Vincent was on the verge of losing patience, and he was much painful.

He sat quietly in the chair; heavy, brooding silence descended around him.

He frowned deeply with a cold expression, his eyes full of loneliness and pain, and he couldn't be lonelier and sadder.

"Clara, please ask Arthur to come over!" he said to Clara over the phone.

"Yes."

After a while, Arthur pushed the door into the president's office. Looking at Vincent's tired and dispirited look, he asked, "What's the matter?"

"Leila is gone!" Vincent said to him.

"I know. You said it three days ago!" Arthur sat calmly opposite him. "What do you want to do with Leila?"

Vincent was stunned and as he stared at Arthur.

Arthur looked as calm as ever, "Are you regretful because you can't find her?"

After hearing Arthur's words, Vincent said nothing, his eyes growing darker, his hands tightening unconsciously. Being stunned by Arthur's question, he had to admit that he was regretful.

Seeing that he was speechless with a frown, Arthur said with a faint smile, "It seems that you really regretted it!"

"Do you know where she is?" Vincent came back to his senses and he put on a complicated expression. He said coldly, "She's pregnant. It's not safe outside. I want to find her immediately!"

"The child is not yours. What do you worry about?" Arthur smiled gently.

"Damn it! That's my child," Vincent yelled, pursing his thin lips tightly. A feeling of reluctance surged over him as his eyes suddenly darkened. Whether she could accept his apology was still unknown.

He must find a way to find Leila and ask for forgiveness.

"Is the child yours?" Arthur sneered, "How could the child be yours? You kept denying that. Now how can you tell me the child is yours? Do you want to hurt her more so that you want to find her?"

"I can't lose her. I can't!" Hearing Arthur's question, Vincent was distressed as if he was being surrounded by darkness and he had fallen into a cold abyss and could no longer see any light.

With a frown, Arthur looked at Vincent, who was in despair at the moment. Vincent, who was originally powerful, was as fragile as a child, and looked as if he might break down at any time.

"Why can't you lose her?" Arthur asked.

"I..."

"Vincent, you are arbitrary, headstrong and opinionated. In particular, you tend to get overly emotional about everything! To my eyes, you are not mature just like a child in terms of emotions. Have you considered it? Suppose you find Leila and apologize to her, even if she forgives you, what will happen in the future? The problems between you two won't disappear. Are you capable of dealing with them? You'd better calm down first. Even if you find Leila, don't rush to appear in front of her like this. You should consider clearly whether you really love her and what kind of life and happiness you can grant her? If it's just pain, it's better to let go!"

"..." Looking at the sympathy in Arthur's eyes, Vincent felt a chill spread from his feet, as if he had lost all his strength.

"Vincent, the saddest thing about you is that you don't know how to cherish the things you have, and you regret when losing them, but you have to know that not all your love will come back after you lose it. Maybe you lost Leila because you're headstrong and self-righteous! You might never find her!" With that, Arthur got up and said, "I'm going back to work!"

"No!" There was a painful wail, and it sounded like a wounded beast that had lost its last companion. Vincent's hands trembled with grief.

"I can't lose her, I can't!" Vincent murmured in pain. He felt severe pain in his chest, a look of despair showing on his tense face.

Arthur added when he went to the door, "Some things are not decided by your will! Love is like sand in your hand. The tighter you hold it, the faster you lose it."

Feeling that the pain was like the fire burning in his heart, Vincent was about to lose his consciousness.

Suffering the severe pain in the heart, he couldn't help but sigh in grief, "Why?"

Macey had bought a ticket and was scheduled to leave F City for the United States in three days.

These days, Charles would come to Arthur's residence every day, but every day, Macey refused to open the door.

He just waited outside the door.

Arthur sympathized with Charles and Vincent, but he didn't intend to speak for them.

Macey opened the door to see her father and said goodbye to him. When she opened the door, she saw Charles standing at the door, leaning against the wall, as if he had maintained that posture for a long time. There was a pile of cigarette butts on the floor of the corridor.

"Macey?"

"Please leave!" Macey was very calm, and her eyes were devoid of any emotion. "Don't come back in the future to bother me!"

"Macey, please think about it again and give me another chance!"

"There's no need. I've figured it out. Charles, move on! Don't make it too hard on yourself." Macey walked toward the elevator after saying that.

"Macey..." Charles caught up. "I have thought long and hard and I'm sure that I want to be with you. I admit that I don't love you, or that I don't love you enough, but I think my feelings for you can be changed if we have some time together!"

"Charles, a lifetime is only a few decades. I took a wrong step, and my whole life has passed away. Since you said you don't love me, why are you bothering me? This is the rule of the world, lonely and shameless! You pay for your fault! I'm paying for my own behavior, too!"

A relationship totally changed her, and she was exhausted. Macey had made the decision to move on.

Even if giving up a person was as hard as giving up smoking, heroin, she had no way but to brace herself for it. Even if she was covered all over with cuts and bruises, she must quit, because the harm of the poison itself was far more painful than the drug addiction.

"Macey, I'm serious!"

"Charles, so am I!"

In the elevator, they stared at each other, and Macey turned around.

Charles suddenly came close to her, holding her hand, and then asked, "Macey, can I kiss you?"

Macey was stunned for a while before she said, "No."

When she said that, her tone was very gentle, and it was not decisive at all.

He tried to kiss her, but she dodged. He waited for a moment before he gave her a kiss on the forehead and said, "I'm wrong!"

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Macey was as flustered as a rabbit, using her smile to cover her flurry. She blushed like a little girl, and she didn't remember how long she hadn't blushed.

She found that she should never see this person again as there was a magic in him. But she would not get into trouble again. She was annoyed that she would lose her mind again.

Charles' eyes were sparkled with joy as he noticed changes in Macey's eyes, and he said in a low and hoarse voice, "You love me, Macey. You still love me!"

"Well, is that so?" Macey's heart trembled and she pushed him away with a smile. "Love is a luxury to me! Charles, do you know how many men I hook up with these days when you left?"

"Macey, stop!" Charles whispered in pain.

"Can't you stand it?" Macey mocked, "You barely can stand it when I just said that. Do you want to marry me? Don't you know that the woman you want to marry is not as good as a prostitute? Just as a man would say, I am a whore, a woman who can sleep with anyone. Do you still want marry me?"

"Macey, you can't degrade yourself like this!" Charles said, fixing his eyes on her as if he could see clearly every expression on her face, "it's my fault, I don't care, I really don't care. "

"Don't you care if your wife is a bitch?" Macey continued, "But I care, Charles, I'm a whore, don't you care? How can I match you? You want me to be guilty in my whole life? I don't want to!"

"I don't care!" Charles said in a low voice as if he was determined.

Macey chuckled, "You look so sad. Aren't you afraid that I might cheat on you even if I promise to marry you? You might not know that my heart is changeable. Aren't you afraid I'll cheat on you?"

"Don't say it! Stop talking! Please." Charles held her, threw her on the wall like a hungry wolf.

"What do you want?" Macey wanted to escape, but she was unable to break free.

"Don't you feel heartbroken when you say these words to hurt us?"

"I don't. Instead, I'm good..."

Before she had finished speaking, she was kissed by Charles. His tongue was trampling on her lips. The heat, like the temperature of magma when a volcano erupted, was about to burn her completely.

She felt suffocated!

Macey never knew that his cold lips were so hot. His kiss was domineering and hot, and he was skillfully biting her red, swollen lips. Suddenly, his tongue stuck in her moist and soft mouth, entwining and sucking her violently, as if he was going to eat her alive!

Her brain went blank. She had no idea why he was so out of control. In a panic, she was kind of turned on by him.

However, she closed her eyes in pain. It couldn't go back, and she would not allow herself to hesitate!

"You want to play with my body, don't you? Well, so do I. Where do you think we should go? Or in the elevator, in front of the camera, let's do it again. Anyway, all the people in F City have seen us naked. It's not their first time, right? Why don't we go back to our old dreams?"

"Macey!" He was stung by her deliberate humiliation.

He grasped Macey's bare shoulder with his big hand, gazing into Macey's face. At this moment, he suddenly found that, in fact, Macey and Leila were both stubborn as sisters.

And he deeply regretted that he was wrong, and he hurt her badly.

Charles looked at Macey in anguish. "You know I won't do anything to you if you said that. You'd rather hurt yourself with the most merciless words than be with me, right?"

"Yes," Macey answered firmly.

Even if she loved him and being with Charles used to be her dream, she still decided to move on as life was full of changes and they were doomed not to be with each other.

What's more, he didn't love her. Even if he did, she would not deserve him!

That erosive past made her unable to be with any man!

She was aware of this point.

"Fine! I will stay away from you from now on! Since I owe you, I will not marry in my life. If I marry, the bride will be you." Charles let go of her, looking at her in a serious look. "This is my promise, and it has nothing to do with you! I'll be there for you all the time!" promised Charles.

Macey was stunned!

Why were men both ruthless and infatuated?

She really didn't understand them. "Whatever, I won't be with you!" she said directly.

As the elevator arrived at the first floor, Charles let her go and said, "I'll wait for you all my life!"

"Are you crazy?" Macey cried feebly.

As Charles turned away, Macey was upset, looking at his back.

Leila, who stayed with Miss Spencer, cleaned up the flowers and plants in City R. There was a room in which flowers were planted. Miss Spencer lived by selling rare orchids, Phalaenopsis, a plant that was very delicate and high temperature oriented. The high temperature made Leila almost suffocated when Miss Spencer watered the flowers and plants in it.

"Have some fresh air. You're pregnant now. You can't stay here too long. It's too stuffy here. Go outside and garden the others in the yard," said Miss Spencer.

"Well! Okay! Miss Spencer, you should also come out. The temperature here is too high!"

"I'm used to it!"

After leaving F City, Leila felt very quiet and peaceful. She was aware that she had to get used to being alone just like she was at the beginning. No! She was with her baby, she would not be alone anymore.

She had already signed up and the examination would be in a few days.

In the following days, while Leila took care of the flowers and plants, she was preparing for the exam. She learned a lot from Miss Spencer about how to garden. They lived together and became friends despite the difference of their age. Leila realized that, in fact, it felt quite good to be alone, and the reason Miss Spencer never got married was probably that she had a very unforgettable history.

"Leila, it's a pity that this child is not Arthur's!" Miss Spencer came out with a pot of orchids and sighed.

Leila said quietly with a smile, "He and I are good friends!"

"But Arthur is a good and trustworthy man. It's a pity that you have no feelings for him. What's so good about Vincent?"

"Ah?" Leila was surprised. "Miss Spencer, how do you know Vincent?"

"I've read all the newspapers. Now there's a search notice in the newspaper with your picture. They're looking for you with a reward of 100000 dollars!" said Miss Spencer.

"What?"

"Ah, what? Vincent is splashing out on looking for you! I'm just going to tell him about you living here, so that I can get 100000. How many flowers do I have to sell to earn 100000 dollars?" Miss Spencer sighed with a smile.

"Miss Spencer!"

"Ha ha ha, I'm joking. Look how sacred you are! I won't do that."

Leila didn't expect that Vincent would publish a notice to find her. He was really crazy!

Another day passed, and there was no news.

Arthur obviously refused to tell him about Leila, but Vincent believed that he had something to do with, so he asked someone to pay close attention to Arthur's whereabouts.

Nora was quiet, lying alone in the hospital, accompanied by intensive care staff. Charles often went to see her. She said very little, and almost didn't speak for a day.

Vincent, however, was too busy looking for Leila to see her.

Mabel was anxious and dared not tell Brian that Leila disappeared.

Mabel never expected Leila, an obedient daughter, would run away from home. Now she was worried sick about her, and she only felt a little reassured when Vincent promised to get her back.

On Friday, Leila left F City for four days. Being worried about her lack of nutrition, Arthur left the company early in the morning and drove to City R to visit Leila. Before leaving, he asked Vincent for leave. "I have something to do today. I'll go out of town!"

"For what?"

"It's personal!" Arthur left after saying that.

Arthur sighed when he left Vincent's office. After all, he was not so cruel. He liked Leila too much and couldn't bear to let her suffer outside with her child. Although he didn't tell Vincent where Leila was, he did give him a signal!

If Vincent was smart enough, he shall follow him!

If he was not, he would not deserve Leila!

Looking at his back, Vincent lifted an eyebrow immediately and got up. He got in the car he had prepared earlier and followed him.

Vincent was stunned when Arthur's car arrived at the highway to City R. He kept following him but didn't dare to follow too closely for fear that Arthur would find out.

Three and a half hours later.

Arthur drove the car to Miss Spencer's yard with lot of supplements.

The arrival of Arthur surprised Leila. "Why are you here again?" she asked.

"Come to see if you're fine. I'm worried you would have trouble eating well, so I brought you some food!" Arthur smiled. "Don't get me wrong, I'm not worried about you, I'm worried about the baby!"

"Arthur, thank you." Leila was moved with red eyes. He was a good guy, but there was no place for anyone in her heart.

"Leila... " just as Arthur wanted to speak, a familiar voice rang out from the door.

Hearing Vincent's voice, Leila was stunned. How did he come?

She looked at Arthur, who was extremely aggrieved and innocent. "I didn't tell him you were here, and I don't know how he got here!"

Leila quickly put on a cold face. She turned her head and saw a complex light in Arthur's eyes. She said faintly, "Let's get inside!"

She was so cold and indifferent that he seemed to be a stranger, which made Vincent more painful.

"Leila... "

His face was full of pain, and he tried to speak but stopped, trying to suppress the depress in his heart. He knew very well that if he didn't do something, he could never get her back.

Taking a deep breath, he cast his cool eyes on Arthur. "You hid Leila here?" he asked.

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Arthur's thick brows frowned slightly as he sighed, Vincent was indeed a fool. He almost just told him that Leila was here, but not only was he not grateful for it, he even interrogated him. He had truly understood how far his dominance and possessiveness could go.

"Yes! I hid her, so what?" Arthur replied slowly after a moment of silence. His tone showed his coldness, "Do you want to fight again? Did you come here to fight?"

Vincent's stunned, he did not come here to argue. He was here to ask for Leila's forgiveness.

Leila already entered the living room.

Arthur reached out to stop him. "Vincent, you must change your ways, you cannot ask for forgiveness by being so progressive!"

Vincent's expression darkened as he replied coldly, "It's none of your business, and we need to talk when I get back!"

At this moment, Leila walked out again and pulled on Arthur's hand, as she said quietly, "Arthur, stop talking so much nonsense with people who are not worth it, let's get inside! You must be tired after rushing here from so far away. I have some cold drinks that I've prepared for Miss Spencer, come here and have some!"

Watching as their hands entwined was as piercing as a needle prick, Vincent held back his jealousy and suppressed his tone, "Leila, I was wrong, let's go back!"

Arthur did not enter the house and Miss Spencer did not seem to be home as well. He glanced at Leila as he said, "Did Grandpa go out to sell her flowers? I'll go out to see if she's coming back! I'll come back for the cold drink later!"

Leila knew that he was trying to allow her and Vincent to have a good talk. For everything he had done for her, how could she ever repay him?

Leila was exasperated, and she entered the house once more.

Arthur glanced at Vincent, "Get in, and just say what you should say!"

Vincent gave Arthur a long look, and he entered the room.

In the room, Leila stared at him coldly. The two locked eyes with each other, as a shapeless chillness spread through the room.

Leila sat on the couch and did not look at Vincent. She had just managed to escape, and he had already followed her here. She did not expect that he would manage to find her no matter where she went.

"Leila... I know that I was wrong, I've wronged you!"

Outside the house, Arthur's heart could not help but pulsate with pain. His long lashes lowered themselves and hid its loneliness, his straight silhouette seeming to be stiffened. He strode and walked out of the yard, lit up a cigarette and began to smoke it slowly.

Leila turned her head over and smiled coldly at him, her words were cruel, "Vincent, did you make a mistake? How could you possibly be wrong?"

Vincent's stunned as his eyes showed a slight uneasiness, "I was wrong, and it's too late for me to regret now. Leila, I know that this is my child, mine!"

His eyes landed on her abdomen; his child was here. He had thought that he would never be able to have a child again in this lifetime! Yet she carried his child, life was just so miraculous and unbelievable.

It was the symbol of their love.

"I'm sorry, but it's not! It's not!" Leila denied, her expression complicated. When he said it was then it was, but when he said it was not then it was not. How was it possible? "This isn't your child; how could it possibly be your child?"

"I was wrong!" Vincent knelt before her.

Leila looked at him coldly, "So you apologise when you're wrong, but when you're not wrong you can just hurt me? Who are you to just do whatever you want? Do you want all of us to play along?"

A pang of deep pain appeared in Vincent's eyes, "I had jumped to conclusions, I had accused you wrongly, it was my fault!"

He reached and held on her tiny hand, grasping it tightly.

Leila resisted his grip instinctively, but she could not overcome his strength, so she could only glare at him, "Let go of me, you let go of me!"

Vincent's face showed a pleading expression as pain flashed through his eyes. His large hand covered her tinier ones, as he begged hoarsely, "What do you want? I'll give you anything if you wanted it. Stop torturing yourself and me, please?"

Leila tried hard to fling away from his grasp, but his arms were as solid as metal, "Let go of me! I don't want anything but only for you to stay away from me!"

Vincent's passionate declaration had been returned with her refusal without hesitation, he held onto her tightly and buried his head on her legs, as he roared deeply and hoarsely, "No way! Only this I cannot do! You know I can't let go!"

Leila felt a tremble upon her heart, and she frowned.

He was like this every time, whenever he apologised, he would throw a tantrum like a child, she could not help but soften.

But once she remembered his hurtful words, her heart went cold, "Some things are not to be as what you want, please have some self-respect! There's no longer any relationship between us! If you really feel sorry and feel that you have indeed wronged me, then please stay away from me. It would be enough to give me peace of mind!"

Leila watched his unruly locks of hair and sighed inwardly once more. Since when did he who was so attentive to his appearance, made himself look this messy?

Vincent's entire body froze as his arms hugged Leila's legs gently, replying woefully, "What about you and the baby if I leave? Can you bear that the baby has no father?"

Leila paused and froze slightly, as her eyes glazed over. Yet she said again quickly, "The baby has a father, but it isn't you!"

"Leila, I know that the child is mine. I was wrong, please don't be angry anymore. Or if you're angry you can hit me to release your anger, but don't ignore me, don't chase me away! I'll protect you and the baby!" Vincent said. Thinking that he had a baby, his heart was quickly consumed by the overwhelming joy that he was going to be a father, and his voice became slightly hoarse, "Alright?"

Leila felt quite uneasy as she replied coldly, "Let go of me first!"

Vincent hesitated slightly and he then released her. He slowly raised his eyes, the eyes were bloodshot due to not resting for the past few days, they looked exhausted.

Her clear, bright eyes watched Vincent calmly, as she said coldly, "I really cannot tolerate the fact that you have doubted me in such a way. So, you and I, we're not meant to end up together! I'm sorry, but please go back! Don't come disturbing my life ever again!"

"Leila..." Vincent's pupils became dark and woeful, his heart even felt like it was missing a piece, making him not feeling like himself, "Don't be so cruel!"

"You were the one who was cruel!" Leila shook her head coldly.

Vincent's complexion was nasty as his eyes filled with sorrow, "I had been wrong!"

Leila remained silent and turned her face away.

Vincent rubbed his temples as his eyes stayed on Leila. He did not know what he had to do just so that he could obtain her forgiveness. This cold and indifferent demeanour was making him feel helpless, as his deep, dark eyes filled with defeat stared at Leila who looked indifferent.

"Leila, what on earth should I do?" His low voice carried a sense of defeat, as Vincent's elongated figure stood up. Yet it seemed a little dispirited as he sat beside her, his dark eyes looking at Leila who was beside him in woe. What on earth could he do to make her forgive him?

"If there's nothing else, please leave," an indifferent and distant voice sounded. Leila met Vincent's examining gaze silently like a stranger, not softening at all for his words. She stood up and walked towards the door.

He immediately chased after and tugged onto Leila's hand instantly, stopping her action of going out from the door. Vincent sighed dispiritedly, he who was always confident and calm, and was this defeated for the first time. He did not know what to do for her to be willing to smile once more.

"Leila, I know that you're ignoring me because you're angry. But for our baby, please forgive me! I know that I'm wrong!"

"The baby is mine; it has nothing to do with you!" Leila's attitude was chilly, her gaze was also chilly as she retracted her arm. But Vincent's grip was tight, and she was unable to escape. Leila turned around indifferently, ignoring Vincent's begging demeanour at this moment as she replied ruthlessly, "Let go!"

She would rather raise the baby on her own than give him a chance? It looked like he had hurt her too deeply and made her so cold towards him, treating him like a stranger.

“Leila...” Vincent pulled Leila into his arms with one strong tug, his strong arms holding onto her slender body tightly, not allowing her any chance of escape. His sharp, black eyes seemed especially piercing at this moment as if he could see through her soul behind her indifference. “Do you know how important this child is to me? Do you know how important you are to me?”

“This isn’t your child!” Once she thought of how cruel he had been when he accused her of cheating on him, she felt a piercing pain in her heart. Her cherry lips curled with a bitter smile as she lifted her head to look at Vincent. “How could this possibly be yours?”

She shook her head and saw that there was an obvious pain in his black eyes, only then that she pushed Vincent who was holding onto her away coldly. She opened the door and stepped out of the room in determined strides.

But watching Leila who was leaving, Vincent was stunned for a while, as a determination flashed through his dark eyes which were cleared of the defeated and hurt look just now. His bright, dark eyes seemed as if they were just filled with life once more, as they shone with confidence.

If she still said so it would mean that she was angry, if she was angry, it would mean that she still had feelings for him. It was just that she had been hurt too deeply, thus she was so cold. It was an extreme indifference showed on her face out of being disappointed to the limit.

He would make it up to her and treated her sincerely. If she remained here, he would never leave!

Making up his mind, Vincent walked outside as well.

Leila walked out of the room calmly, the yard was silent. Leila knew that Arthur was creating an opportunity for her and Vincent on purpose, he was indeed a good person!

Breathing in deeply, she suppressed all her expressions perfectly. Leila walked out looking for Arthur as if nothing had ever happened.

Vincent followed and walked out as well.

Watching as the two walked out one following another, Arthur raised an eyebrow.

“Get inside, Arthur, it’s hot outside!”

“Alright!” Arthur glanced at Vincent again.

Vincent’s face recovered its calmness as if he had calmed down immediately. Had she forgiven him? Arthur thought silently, thinking that Leila was too soft-hearted. But Vincent said to Arthur, “I’m leaving!”

“Leaving?” Arthur was shocked.

“I’m not welcomed here!” Vincent lowered his voice.

“How could you leave? Didn’t you two talk things through?” Arthur was shocked.

But Vincent had already walked towards his car without even looking once at Leila.

“Let’s go inside!” Leila did not look at Vincent either, but she saw with the corner of her eye that he had not even look at her once. Her eyes although clear were mixed with a bit of sorrow. She then smiled towards Arthur, “Arthur?”

Vincent got inside the car. He squinted sharply, looking at the surroundings of this petite yard. This place was an old street in City R, and there was a single storey house with a yard that was laid out in the same way beside it. A strange light flashed through Vincent’s eyes, and the corner of his lips curled up into a confident smile.

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Leila took out the cold drink from the refrigerator and placed it before Arthur. She opened the container and scooped it into a bowl with a ladle and passed it to Arthur. “Have some first! The weather’s very hot today!”

Arthur was still in doubt. Vincent had left just like that!

Damn it, damn Vincent!

Arthur cursed silently. To his surprise, Vincent had given up so easily.

But according to his understanding of Vincent, it should not have been so! He was the kind of man that would never rest until he got what he wanted, and had many extreme means that were ruthless, how would he possibly have given up?

Could it have been a plan for the time being?

Arthur pondered upon it as he ate, the cooling sensation entered his mouth and into his stomach, bringing a comforting feeling. “It’s so tasty!”

Leila smiled; her smile had a bit of distractedness. She seemed absentminded as if she was in the rain or the fog. It made Arthur feel that his heart was aching as if it was pricked by a needle, her absentmindedness was probably because of Vincent!

Arthur sighed silently, as he freeze-framed Leila’s face into his consciousness. Her beautiful long hair, her white t-shirt, her loose linen pants. Her tiny face had a gentle smile on it, looking very peaceful.

This girl was wonderful, yet she was not his. Because she never was, so she would never be so in the future!

So, even if he tried very, very hard it never would be the case! Everything seemed like a dream, he was only having a dream.

His eyes locked upon her for a very long time. Sighing, Arthur lowered his head and ate.

Leila was behaving as if she had been petrified, being absentminded for a long while, thinking of something unknown!

“Huh?! Is Arthur here?” Miss Spencer surprised voice rang from the yard.

“Yes! Grandaunt is indeed psychic, knowing that it’s me when you haven’t entered the house!” Arthur called out from inside the house, “Yes, I’m here, here at your place to breathe in some fresh air!”

“What psychic, you rascal? Do you think that I’m a god? Your flashy red Ferrari is parked at my gate. I’m not blind, can I not see it then?” As Miss Spencer said so, she entered the room. “The next time you come, rascal, drive a humbler car. With you parking at my door, if the thieves think that I’m rich and come to pay me a midnight visit, then I’m doomed!”

“What are you afraid of? Grandaunt, if a thief came, you could just allow him to steal. Give him whatever you have if only to preserve your life, if everything’s gone, I’ll take care of you. No matter how much he takes from you, I’ll give you in double! You’ll not be at loss!”

“You rascal, knowing only to be blindly generous!” Miss Spencer glared at him jokingly.

“You’re back, Grandaunt? Come have some iced water, it will lower the heat and cool you down!” Leila passed over a glass of water.

“Alright! It’s so nice! It’s nice for someone to wait on me, once I’m back someone hands me water, this feels like a communistic society!” Miss Spencer jokingly exclaimed, “What more is there to want in such a life?”

“Surely, you’re too easy to satisfy, Grandaunt?”

“Well, we ought to appreciate what we have!” Miss Spencer smiled as she nodded, glancing once again at Arthur while asking meaningfully, “Usually you come once a month, but this week you have already come twice, this is indeed rare!”

“Stop making fun of me, Grandaunt, I came to send you and Leila some food!”

“Alright! I won’t make fun of you. Since today is Friday, you should probably not leave but wait until Sunday night to leave. Open the gate and drive the car inside, it hasn’t been lively for so long at my place, and you can accompany me!”

“Well...” Arthur’s gaze could not help but turn to Leila.

She smiled as well, feeling a little awkward. She felt that her arrival was disallowing Arthur from doing whatever he wanted, so she said immediately, “Yes, Arthur. Staying with Miss Spencer taking care of the flowers and tidying up the plants can calm down your mood!”

“Then I’ll stay?”

“What are you so courteous for? You rascal!” slapping his shoulder, Miss Spencer winked and whispered, “I’m creating an opportunity for you, kid, hold on to it!”

Arthur froze and lowered his voice as well, “You’ve misunderstood, Aunt, Leila and I are good friends!”

“You useless thing, failing even before trying!”

“Don’t use such big words, Grandaunt, I can’t understand!”

“You’re good for nothing, nice girls have to be snatched and not waited. Wait further and she would be another’s!”

“Grandaunt, I think what is mine would surely be mine. If it isn’t mine, even if I force it to be mine it wouldn’t be mine!”

Seeing the two exchanging silently, Leila shook her head and sighed, and she went to tidy up the things that Arthur had bought.

A few hours after they had dinner, there was suddenly a knock on the door. “May I know if a certain Miss Leila is here?”

The three were cooling off under the tree in the yard, and all of them froze at this.

Miss Spencer went to open the door, while Leila and Arthur came along to the entrance. Leila saw that the delivery van was parked at the door. It was a four-wheel van, a container van.

A few words were printed on the door – Mind Castle.

Pausing, Leila was unable to recall at the moment until the delivery man asked, “May I know who Miss Leila is?”

“Well! I am!” Leila replied hurriedly, “You’re from?”

“I see! Hello Miss Leila! About this, we came on the orders of Mr Kelly to send you some pollution-free food. Mr Kelly heard that you’re pregnant and he said that food safety is an issue recently. We will be sending you fresh vegetables and fruits three times a day in the morning, noon and evening, as well as some spring water and the milk of cows and sheep! Mr Kelly told us to bring you his greetings, congratulations on becoming a mother!”

“What...” Leila was shocked.

Arthur was also intimidated.

“Oh, my word!” Miss Spencer was even thunderstruck.

“Mr Kelly? Is he Reggie Kelly?” Leila suddenly recalled the castle that Vincent had brought her to last time.

“Yes!”

“How does he know that I’m here?” Leila exclaimed quietly. It would be Vincent, it must have been him who had asked Reggie to do so. Vincent who had left without a word must have been planning this!

Leila did not know how she should feel about it.

“Is there anything for me?” Miss Spencer asked the delivery man after her shock.

The man laughed, “Yes! The portions that we are sending over is enough for ten people! If you can’t finish it, you can give it to the neighbours as well!”

“How long are you sending for?” Miss Spencer asked again.

“About this, Mr Kelly had said that we would be sending until Miss Leila has given birth to her child! If Miss Leila plans to have a second or third child, he will supply fully as well!”

“My god, Leila. Just give birth, after having this child you can have another one, you can keep having children until I pass away. Then I wouldn’t have to worry about food anymore! Could this be a free lunch as the legend says?”

“Miss Spencer...” Leila shook her head in exasperation.

“Stop joking, Grandaunt!” Arthur stopped Miss Spencer while watching all of this with scepticism. Could Vincent be behind this?

Leila told them, “Please thank Mr Kelly for his good intentions on my behalf, but I don’t need these. You can take it back!”

“But this cannot be, Miss Leila! Our Mr Kelly had said that if we can’t deliver these, we will have to lose our jobs. You wouldn’t bear to see us losing our jobs, right?”

Leila shook her head helplessly, “I don’t want you to lose your jobs, but I...”

“You don’t have to be so polite, Miss! Quickly unload!” The driver told the worker, and the two of them went to unload.

In her exasperation, a large pile of things was unloaded. There were fresh strawberries, tomatoes, cucumbers, and onions. The milk of the cows and sheep were in the thermal box, and there were also two large pails of spring water, beef and mutton!

“My gosh!” Miss Spencer exclaimed again. “This is even more than those in the supermarket! I can stop selling flowers now and open up a supermarket! This pollution-free food is super expensive!”

“Grandaunt!” Arthur shook his head in amusement. “What’s this, you dare to accept these things without knowing how it came by?”

“Could it have been poisoned?” Miss Spencer raised her eyebrows and suddenly she blinked as she came to a realisation, “Could it really be poisonous, to harm us? To harm Leila?”

“Grandaunt!” Arthur rolled his eyes helpless, feeling only the difficulty of communicating.

“It’s impossible then! I too feel that it’s impossible, who would come to harm us out of having nothing to do? Have you got a delusion of being harmed? Really, I don’t care anymore, even if I die, I would eat this! You can relax, I’ll try everything first, I won’t let your precious Leila die of being poisoned!”

“Grandaunt! I have issues communicating with you, it’s hard!” Arthur exclaimed helplessly.

“Then shut up and wash these tomatoes for me, I’ll try to see if they’re poisonous!”

Leila was flustered as she watched them unload, the more she refused the harder they worked to unload instead. Finally, she gave in and watched as they leave after moving everything into the house.

At this moment, a van delivering furniture also drove into the alley.

Miss Spencer frowned and glanced, as the furniture delivery stopped at her gate.

“Could it be for us?”

The three were stunned.

At this moment, the furniture delivery men came down from the car carrying a new bed, a new couch and other assorted furniture, and walked towards the house next to Miss Spencer’s house.

Then the neighbour next door opened the door at this moment, as a low voice rang, “Move all of these in and carry the ones inside out. Take them away and throw them wherever you want!”

“What...” Arthur exclaimed. “Vincent!”

He moved and began to run towards the house next door, and indeed he saw Vincent who was giving out orders in the yard. “My God, it’s really you?! Have you gone mad?”

Vincent turned to give Arthur a fully confident smile, “Yes, I plan to stay here for a while!”

“Vincent, you’re planning to drag things out?” While Arthur was shocked, he was also deeply impressed by Vincent’s actions and determination at the same time. He was indeed a man of extreme means; Leila could not have been his match.

“Yes! Until Leila’s willing to follow me home! Or else I’ll stay here and be neighbours with her! I’ll protect my wife and child here every day!” Vincent’s tone was deep, showing his determination.

Touching the fringe on his forehead, Arthur frowned so hard that his eyebrows were entangled, as he smiled in exasperation. Seeing that Miss Spencer and Leila had come by, he glanced at Vincent who was in the yard once more.

“Is it really Vincent White? The legendary wealthy merchant of F City?” Miss Spencer raised her head to take a look, and she exclaimed, “My Arthur is already good looking enough, but this man looks even better! Leila, is this the man who had wronged you?”

Unable to answer Miss Spencer, Leila patted her hand and rushed in. Staring at Vincent, she began to reprimand him quietly, “What are you doing?”

Vincent reached out and hugged Leila, who dodged aside quickly. He then shouted to the men carrying the furniture, “Careful, don’t hit anyone!”

Leila was shocked, she had rushed in just now and had forgotten to dodge from the men and was almost knocked into. Luckily Vincent had grabbed her, while she heaved a sigh of relief, she also left Vincent instantly.

“Be careful, Leila!” Vincent’s low and magnetic voice was filled with the intent of sucking up instead at this moment. Vincent had shifted from his usual cold and indifferent demeanour, as his attractive lips curved into a smile. His large hands pulled Leila over directly, protecting her with care. He even shook on her arm in an attempt to act cute. “You didn’t follow me back, so I could only buy this place. We will be neighbours from now on!”