

No Chance 681

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seat, locked the doors, and started the car. Rachel was stumped. She stared at him in fear, "Where are you taking me?" Her question was met with silence. Vincent continued to drive while ignoring her. He sped down the road. Even though his driving skills could not compare to Elisa, he was still considered an extremely proficient racecar driver! Rachel hurried to fasten her seatbelt. She gripped the seat in front of her tightly and took a deep breath. Suppressing the oncoming panic attack, she tried to get his attention. "Vincent! There's no hate between us! This is all because we have been fighting over something precious to both of us. We need to talk this out! There's no way we can settle this by force!" Rachel was deathly afraid that he would do something to her. But... Just as she was imagining the possibilities of him taking her to his apartment or a hotel... He parked in front of a restaurant? Rachel was confused. She gawked at the restaurant sign and then turned to stare at Vincent. Her confusion was written all over her face. Vincent laughed sardonically when he saw her expression from the rearview mirror. "What? Did you really think I would rape you?" His taunt shook Rachel to her senses. "Vincent!" She said through clenched teeth. "Get out! We're going to get some food." Vincent snorted. Rachel's ears felt hot to the touch. Everything he said just seemed

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her on the street, so he forcibly pulled her into the restaurant. Rachel stopped her idiosyncrasy as it was embarrassing to yell in a teeming restaurant. She tried to break off Vincent's grip but failed. In the end, Rachel had no choice but to follow the sc*mbag. She gnashed her teeth, sat on the chair, and glared at him. Rachel kept quiet, but her face grew hot and pinched with resentment. Even the waiter could feel the tension between them. He scurried away after taking Vincent's order. Vincent and Rachel were left in the booth. Rachel was exasperated and refused to say a word to Vincent. Meanwhile, Vincent looked cold and seething. He felt the urge to teach this woman a lesson. The atmosphere was choking with rage and abhor. After some time, Vincent said in a low voice, "If you dare to yell at me on the street again, I will plonk you on my shoulder like a sack again." Rachel was dumbfounded. She glared at the man in front of her, "I've told you to never pester me! Do you not understand my meaning?! We have nothing to do with each other! That treasure was a gift to me from my mother. And it's none of your business!" Vincent rolled his eyes skyward, "She didn't birth you. I am her rightful son." Rachel narrowed her eyes to a crinkled slit, "No! You chose to leave her. You and your father doubted her and disowned her. Is that what a family is? Do you think you deserve her forgiveness after what you did to her? You broke her heart. You had no place in her life. She would have passed on the two heirlooms to you if she wanted you back. She had countless valuable possessions that she could give away, but why did she only give them to me but not you? You're a fool, Vincent Shane!" Vincent fixed his icy stare on her while looking beyond exasperated. Rachel regretted her blunder almost instantaneously. She cowered in fear and didn't dare to look him in the eyes. This man might look mischievous and like to fool around with women, but he had no grace for those who wronged or upset him. Rachel bobbed her head and bit her tongue. After a while, she heard a cold sneer. "Rachel, as far as I'm concerned, you're indebted to my mother for her kindness in bringing you up since you were little. Don't you feel ashamed for robbing her legitimate son's privilege to assume her heirloom?" Rachel glowered, "It was given to me by my mother! She didn't give it to you! Do you not understand

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will bring the heirloom with me even if I die. I will cremate the heirloom with me and take it to Mother again. Stop your wishful thinking. You didn't believe her and drove her out of the house when she was alive. Don't blame her for being mean to you because you deserve her desertion. For too long, I have seen her weeping alone in the dark. But you? Hah..." Rachel gave him a cold sneer and flayed him with a menacing glance. 'Bam!' An abrupt and loud sound caught Rachel off guard and flustered her. She furrowed, "Forget about it. Let's not meet or have dinner with each other again. I do not have the appetite. I'm sure you don't either." Rachel was getting flurried with pesky hunger and stomach discomfort, yet she refused to stay and eat with this sc*mbag. She might puke eating with this man! Perhaps her stomach discomfort was rage induced. She was determined to stay away from men! Especially sc*mbags! Vincent gave her a stern look and stood on his feet, "You stay. I'll go." After finishing speaking, Vincent promptly strutted out of the restaurant. Rachel didn't say a word but looked at him furrowed, wondering if it was a gimmick. Eventually, Vincent really did leave her alone. Rachel could only breathe a sigh of relief after he was gone. Then, the waiter served the food, and she chomped down both dishes in one go! After that, upon requesting the check, she was told that Vincent had already paid for the meal. His

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looked at Vincent, "What's wrong with you today?" Vincent was jolted back to the present. He shrugged, "What could go wrong with me?" Gareth glanced at Vincent, "You called me and said you were upset?" He might appear indifferent, but he genuinely cared for Vincent. Jeremy was flabbergasted, "What happened? Didn't know there's anything that could upset you." But after he finished speaking, something struck a chord in him, "Is it about your mother?" Immediately, Vincent seethed and lamented, "What else if not because of that d*mn woman!" Gareth and Jeremy looked at him, especially Jeremy. He was surprised to see Vincent getting so worked up. "You are being unusual. You used to be upset at that woman, but what's gotten into you lately? Why do I sense something peculiar?" Vincent gave him a once-over, "What do you mean?" Jeremy smirked and said nothing. Gareth was indifferent. Vincent clenched his teeth and lamented, "That godd*mned woman still refuses to return my mother's heirloom! She's been hogging it and thinks she has the right to it. I wish I can just strangle her to death!" "Of course, you can." Jeremy looked at Vincent, gave him an ambiguous smile, and said, "But can you bear to hurt her?" Vincent widened his eyes in shock and bawled at Jeremy, "What the he*I are you talking about? What do you mean by I can't bear to hurt her? I would do it if strangling her to death was permissible by law!" "Tsk Tsk." Jeremy smiled and didn't argue. Gareth shot a sly, conspiratorial glance at Vincent. He was disquieted by Gareth's glance and looked back at him and Jeremy, "Why are you guys giving me that look? Is there something on my face? And stop with your wild imagination!" He directed the latter sentence at Jeremy. Jeremy twitched his lips, "Haven't you noticed the recent changes in your personality and mood? You've

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rationale doesn't make sense to us. In fact, we think marriage is expendable in your case. If you want a baby to carry on your lineage, you can just find any woman, for that matter. But why do you insist on Elisa?" Gareth uttered coldly, "I've said it. I think she's a good wife material." "What a lot of crap! Why not Nicole? She's clearly better than Elisa in all aspects." Vincent bombarded Gareth without holding

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and Will, "We didn't have physical contact at all. The person behind the video deliberately filmed us from an ambiguous angle." "I know... but the tabloids are all over you now, saying you're a crafty woman playing Will and Gareth for your own gain. I'm worried if Carle reads it..." Elisa pursed her lips, "Carle has read about it and called me, but I didn't explain anything. I told him I won't allow any stumbling blocks to hamper my revenge. I won't hesitate to get rid of any potential setbacks or stumbling blocks before it spoils my plan, including him." Sheena was dumbfounded, "Oh my god. How could you tell him that?!" "I'm trying to protect him."

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in anticipation...The person he saw would be... Sheena. Carle looked away in disappointment. He said calmly, "You're here." Sheena's gaze fell on Carle. He looked thinner, and his complexion was paler than usual. Even his eyes lost their previous tender-heartedness. Of course, Carle had never directed his tenderness to Sheena, but the light in his eyes seemed to have disappeared. Furthermore... he had stubble on his chin, and he looked haggard. Sheena was suddenly filled with distress. There was an unspeakable sadness in her eyes. "Carle, how did you fall into such a state?" Carle smiled, though his heart couldn't help feeling lonely. He felt that it was good enough that he wasn't drinking. "Why did you come?" Carle didn't want to talk about it with Sheena. Sheena's eyes flashed slightly. She walked to the chair beside Carle and sat down. She looked at him in distress. "How can we not worry when you're like this?" Carle pursed his lips. He didn't look at Sheena. "I'm recovering well."

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mean by that? Has he noticed her feelings for him? Is he hinting at her not to be carried away by wishful thinking? At that moment, her heart beat furiously, and there was a voice deep in her heart urging her to tell him. Tell him all about it! Let him find out! Perhaps in his sadness, he would find emotional support. The more she thought about it, the more she was ready. Seeing Carle look down and not wanting to speak, she took a breath in. In a rational yet confused manner, she said, "Carle, I've liked someone for a long time. Since we're friends, do you want to know more about it?" Carle looked up, slightly puzzled. "There's someone you like?" Sheena stared straight at him and nodded. "Yes." She only answered him with one word and didn't say anything else, but she couldn't help but look at him. She didn't know if Carle... would notice... Her heart beat loudly, and her expression was slightly frantic. It was as though she hoped that he could see it but also not see anything. This feeling complicated her emotions. After waiting for a while, she heard Carle's chuckling. "Since there's someone you like, I'm sure you understand very well what I'm feeling. After all, you have never had a boyfriend. In all likelihood..." He didn't go on, but what he meant was clear. Sheena smiled bitterly, "Yes..." Of course, she understood it. She understood it better than Carle did. Or perhaps Carle didn't understand her. She looked down slightly and was suddenly in the mood to talk. But she

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would get more complicated if he asked about it. He hated feeling like this. But at the same time, he suddenly understood how Elisa must have felt this whole time. Carle suddenly had a guess about the person Sheena was talking about. Liz must have felt a lot of burden from me liking her all these years. Maybe even fear. In the depths of his contemplation, Sheena laughed, "Do you know how hard it was for me? I loved him so much but didn't want to be selfish. I knew the person he cared about wasn't me, so I couldn't tell him my feelings. I could only keep it hidden inside me and suffer by myself. At least, you

could express your feelings, but I... I held it in. Carle, do you know how that feels?" Carle could not say anything. He opened his mouth, but no words came out. He did not

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it then, but thinking back to that day, along with her reactions these few years, he had a clue what she was feeling. He did not know what to say to her. Sheena should know that feelings cannot be controlled. How can I date her when all I think about is Elisa? Sheena must know since she has kept quiet this whole time. Did she say all that to counsel me today? Carle lowered his eyes. He did not know what to say and had no desire to say anything. "Give up, Carle," Sheena said to him seriously. Carle's heart jumped. Give up? How can I give up? Although he and Elisa never had any moments with just the two of them, he couldn't bear to give her up. He felt like he had won the lottery of a lifetime when she agreed to date him. He was elated. "Give up, Carle. If you go on like this, you will only make things harder for you and Liz." "So... It was because of my accident that Liz..." Carle raised his pale face to look at Sheena. He did not continue his assumption. The situation was as clear as glass, but he couldn't bring himself to accept it. He deluded himself into thinking Elisa accepted him because of his advances. Sheena exhaled quietly, "Carle, are you still unwilling to accept it?" Carle's pupils shook. I shouldn't have woken up from that accident. I wouldn't have to deal with all this sorrow. All of a sudden, the dam blocking Carle's emotions broke. His calm eyes were filled with sorrow, disappointment, and bitter acceptance. Fat tears rolled down Sheena's face. She did not know if they were from the adrenaline of confessing to him or seeing him heartbroken. Carle panicked when he saw her crying. He stood up and quickly brought her some tissues. "Don't cry, Sheen. I..." Sheena took the tissues from him but did not dare to look at him. She didn't expect things to turn out like this. She did not want to cry out loud, but she couldn't keep her sobs in. "Sheen, don't cry. I'm sorry