

Almighty Daughter Runs The World

Chapter 6: Fifth Master Cen Of Beijing

Was it going to be Small this time after ten consecutive rounds of Big? Could the ungrateful little brat be pulling his leg this time?

This was the last remaining 300 bucks he had on him!

“It has been Big for ten consecutive rounds! It’s surely going to be Big this round!” The rest of the people around him chose Big too.

“Choose Big, Brother Sen! It’s surely going to be Big! Look at yourself, how many times have you lost!? Follow me this time, and you won’t be mistaken for sure!”

‘Right, choose Big!’

‘It’s going to be Big!’

Meanwhile, the banknote in Ye Sen’s hand was gently tugged away by someone. A faint voice was heard in the air saying, “Let’s choose Small and place bets on three, one, and four!”

“Are you doing this on purpose? Who permitted you to choose Small, huh?” Ye Sen looked toward Ye Zhuo in a rage.

Nevertheless, Ye Zhuo’s expression remained the same. She did not answer nor attempt to explain.

Someone on the side immediately rubbed it in. “Old Ye, oh Old Ye! You’re going to lose so bad that you won’t even have pants to cover your legs!”

“That bet is not counted! It wasn’t me who made the choice! I wanted to choose Big!”

The dealer pinned down Ye Sen’s hand. “Remove your hand after you place your bet, player! Don’t break the rules here.”

Ye Sen pulled back his hand unwillingly and glared at Ye Zhuo ferociously. "You're dead, little rascal!"

Meanwhile, the dealer opened the chest, and the dice on the gaming table were revealed to everyone. "Three, one, four! Small!"

Upon hearing that, Ye Sen's frozen expression turned lively in an instant.

'F*ck! F*ck me!'

'It's Small for real?'

He could not have misheard it, right?

"We've won, uncle." Ye Zhuo spoke nonchalantly.

He won! He had really won!

"F*ck! It is actually Small!" The rest of the people were all sighing in the surroundings.

"I won! I won! Hah-hah!" Ye Sen grabbed Ye Zhuo's hand in excitement and asked, "Which one should I choose next?"

This time, he truly believed in Ye Zhuo's capabilities!

Ye Zhuo's lips curled into a faint smile as she said softly, "Small. Three, one, four."

"Alright!"

After winning for a few consecutive rounds, Ye Sen smiled so widely that his eyes could not be seen! It had been a very long time since he won so triumphantly! It felt amazing!

The scene was witnessed by the eyes of the slim, straight silhouette standing at the guardrail of the gambling house's second floor.

He leaned forward ever so slightly, and his facial features exuded icy coldness under the dim, yellow lights.

A hand with distinct joints was placed on the guardrail. The fingers attached to that hand were slim, long, and clean, and there was a string of prayer beads

held in them. The blood-red prayer beads offset the fair fingers and made them look even fairer.

It was a pair of hands so pleasant-looking that it could suffocate a man!

Meanwhile, a young man stepped forward from the side and spoke while looking at a spot downstairs, "F*ck. This is impressive! It's simply a case of prophecy!"

He did not expect that a woman could actually be so skilled in gambling. Impressive!

"Can't you recognize her?" The man suddenly looked back at him.

"You know her, Brother Fifth?" Li Qiandong observed the silhouette downstairs meticulously.

As she was standing over there under the bright lights, it looked as if her porcelain white face was enshrouded with a layer of snowy glow. Her charming brilliance was tinted with clarity that was mixed with carefreeness.

The noisy crowd around her turned into the background that helped her stand out.

If one were to describe Mu Yourong as being pretty, the woman downstairs was as beautiful as Chang'e, the goddess of the moon and the fairy in the clouds.

She was exceedingly exquisite, charming beyond comparison.

Moreover, her body had also emitted the coldness of a dead winter.

If Mu Yourong were to stand before her, perhaps she would not even be able to see her own shadow.

There was no other person like her in the entire city of Beijing. Therefore, he did not expect such an exquisite woman in the tiny Yunjing Province!

Li Qiandong was truly shocked.

"She's Ye Zhuo," said the man.

“Ye Zhuo?” Li Qiandong was stunned for a moment but then said, “That fake daughter of the Mu family, Mu Zhuo?”

The man nodded gently.

“F*ck!” Li Qiandong looked at the person downstairs in bewilderment. He almost thought that he had gone blind because he could not associate that person with the common-looking girl with thick makeup that he saw from the Mu family’s banquet hall not long ago.

When Li Qiandong was slightly calmer, he narrowed his eyes and said, “Brother Fifth, could... could it be that she is trying to get your attention on purpose?” Otherwise, how could a young girl possibly be so skilled in gambling? Especially when Ye Zhuo was known to be a good-for-nothing fake daughter of a wealthy family.

Li Qiandong’s impression of Ye Zhuo was as unfavorable as it could get. It was only human for him to think in such a manner.

“Everything that happened tonight, starting from the incident with the Mu family, was all just a scheme. I wonder if anyone in Yunjing Province is aware of Ye Zhuo’s true character and abilities? It feels as if she is a changed person! Also, she happened to show up in the exact two places we went! Who would believe that she is not doing this on purpose so that she can play hard to get?”

“Let’s leave.” The man turned around with an indifferent expression on his face and the string of prayer beads in his hand.

Li Qiandong followed after him at once.

The person walking in front of Li Qiandong was named Cen Shaoqing.

The Cen family’s ancestral home was located in Yunjing Province, and the family moved to Beijing from the Yunjing Province 25 years ago.

20 years ago, the Cen family’s patriarch, Cen Haifeng, suddenly passed away from an illness. Cen Shaoqing, who was only 18 years old at the time, carried the family’s burden all on his own. He relied on his unusual commercial competence to run the family business in Beijing. He had cultivated his influence and developed the Cen family into the most powerful family in China!

Even when the big shots with good reputations in Beijing were to encounter him, they would address him as Fifth Master Cen out of respect!

Today, Cen Shaoqing was less than 30 years old, yet he held a high status in society and stood at the pyramid's highest peak.

Nonetheless, Cen Shaoqing was a solitary and eccentric man. He was not fond of beautiful women but instead enjoyed visiting temples all the time.

The old Madam Cen was worried that Cen Shaoqing would accidentally become spiritually enlightened and choose a monk's path. That was why she compelled him to move the entire family back to Yunjing Province with the aid of a suicide threat so that he could fulfill his betrothal to the daughter of the Mu family.

Cen Shaoqing and Mu Yourong's engagement was set during his childhood. The Cen family had settled down in Beijing for some time, and it had already been many years since the two families were acquainted with each other. It was rather abruptly that the Cen family returned to Yunjing Province in a low profile manner.

Meanwhile, the gambling on the first floor still continued.

"My niece, which one should I wager my bet on?" Ye Sen's address to Ye Zhuo changed without him even realizing it.

His niece was impressive! A truly capable person!

"That's all for tonight. We should go home." It was best not to overdo anything. If they were to continue to win rounds in this fashion, it would not be good for them to stay in the gambling house.

Ye Sen's enthusiasm was piqued, so how could he willingly leave? Nevertheless, he hastily jogged to catch up to Ye Zhuo when he saw her turn around and leave. "Wait for me, my niece!"

They had just walked out of the gambling house when a middle-aged rascal blocked Ye Zhuo's path with a few other gangsters.

"Hey, beauty! Our Brother Leopard wishes to take you to supper."

Ye Zhuo looked up at the man lazily and was prepared to exercise her muscles and joints when a silhouette charged wildly toward her and swung a kick at the leader. Then, the silhouette shielded Ye Zhuo protectively and placed his hands on his hips. "How dare you bully my niece! I can see that you don't want to be in business anymore, right?"

The person who was kicked gritted his teeth in pain. He was about to curse when he fixed his eyes upon the silhouette and found that the man was Ye Sen. He hastily said, "Brother Sen, I thought you said that you were not acquainted with her when we were inside earlier, right? If I were to know that this person is your niece, I wouldn't have the audacity to do so..."

He had obviously said that he was not acquainted with her not long ago, yet their relationship turned into uncle and niece in the blink of an eye!

Apparently, a man's mouth was not to be trusted!

Ye Sen still had his hands on his hips as he continued, "Cut the crap! This is my niece, Ye Zhuo! Apologize to my niece now! Quick!"

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