

Qin Ming dreamt of a river as he slept. He could see Nie Haitang sitting on a boat, and they made eye contact, as she drifted away.

He tried to catch up with her, screaming and panting to no avail. He could only watch as she disappeared into the distance before he threw himself into the river, allowing the water choke him.

He woke up with a start just before he drowned.

"Haitang!" he screamed as he shot up into a sitting position.

"Ah!" someone yelped beside him.

Qin Ming whipped his head around to see someone skinning an apple for him, only to notice in horror that there was a gash on one of the fingers. He pulled the hand over and started to suck the blood out of the wound. "Why are you so careless, Haitang?" he chided.

"Y-Young Master? It's me..."

Song Ying's face turned red in embarrassment, but she made no move to pull her hand back.

Qin Ming finally managed to take a good look at the person before him, only to deflate in disappointment when he had noticed that it had been Song Ying rather than Nie Haitang.

The metallic taste of Song Ying's blood lingered on his tongue as he looked at her callous hands. Compared to Nie Haitang, Song Ying had had a much rougher youth.

Qin Ming released her instantly as he took in his hospital gown and the surroundings. "How many days did I spend sleeping?"

"Three days," Song Ying answered.

"So long?" Qin Ming exclaimed. He began to regret underestimating Chang Huan and going up to him without disarming him.

Looks like I'm too inexperienced...

"Where is he?" Qin Ming continued. "Did you

catch him?"

"Yes, Young Master," Song Ying replied. "We've sent him to a secret prison in the southern Pacific Ocean that has twenty-four-seven-real-time surveillance. The Old Master has told us to keep him alive, but I don't think he'll feel very comfortable in there."

"I didn't want to kill him, you know," Qin Ming admitted. "My godfather had adopted him and raised him, after all. Besides, we can use him to threaten Zhao Qing and her lover. It's going to be pretty hard for him to escape from the prison, am I right?"

"Rest assured, Young Master. That prison is guarded by our men at all times, so he won't be able to escape," Song Ying affirmed.

Qin Ming nodded. "Where's Haitang? I hope that she's alright..."

"She..." Song Ying started before falling silent for a few seconds. She glanced at Qin Ming with a grim expression and relented, "She has left

Guang City."

"Oh? Is she going on a vacation?" Qin Ming asked nonchalantly as he swung his legs over the side of the bed. "That's pretty cruel of her. I was still unconscious!"

Song Ying sighed and decided to tell him the truth. "Young Master, Ms. Nie's family is bankrupt. The Nies have left Guang City for good."

"Huh? Bankrupt?" Qin Ming questioned incredulously. "Didn't they have a flourishing business? Are you joking?"

Left with no choice, Song Ying took out her tablet and showed Qin Ming the reports that had arrived, flooding in that morning.

'Nie Jianmin loses Nie Sanitary Ware Group to a gamble; Nie family tumbles from their throne!'

'Nie Sanitary Ware Group scammed! Tips to Guard Against Cyber scams'

'Failed investment leaves Nie family bankrupt, Nie Haitang loses her former glory and boyfriend Qin Ming; The end of a fairy tale?'

'The end of a glorious era: Nie Zhengming leaves Guang City with family discreetly'

Qin Ming realized in horror that Nie Jianmin had failed horribly, while trying to diversify the products of the Nie Sanitary Ware Group, by investing into risky technological projects involving robots. Unfortunately, that had ultimately turned out to be a scam.

To make matters worse, the questionable methods that the people involved in the project had used, had alerted the authorities, which brought heavy fines and losses upon the Nie family.

The Nie family had lost everything that they had ever owned overnight and they had to beg the authorities not to throw them into jail.

As a result, Nie Haitang had no choice but to leave Guang City, with her family in tow.

Qin Ming was speechless. How could this be? How is this even real?

"Was Zhang Yao doing something stupid again?" Qin Ming asked.

"No, Young Master," Song Ying answered, shaking her head. "The Nies have gone bankrupt for real. In fact, one of the tech companies involved had an accident that resulted in many deaths, and they had no choice but to sell their company to pay for the losses and evade jail. The Nies have moved out of the city, and any remaining matters are being taken care of, by other companies."

Qin Ming whipped out his phone and gave Nie Haitang a call, only to be told by a robotic voice that her phone was off.

"Why didn't you do anything, Song Ying?" Qin Ming growled. "Didn't you know how precious Nie Haitang is to me?"

Song Ying fell silent.

"I told her not to."

A frail voice rang from the doorway, and Qin Ming rushed forward to greet the visitor.

"Godfather? Why are you here?"

Qin Ming glanced at the stern-looking old man who was pushing Chang Hongxi along as he spoke.

"This is Feng Dongxiang, one of the four elders," Chang Hongxi announced. "He has been my faithful servant, and from now onwards, he'll become your right-hand man."

Qin Ming bowed slightly. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Feng. I did not expect to meet you here. Thank you for your help."

Feng Dongxiang gave Qin Ming a ninety-degree bow. "Thank you, Young Master. It's a pleasure to serve you."

Qin Ming was quite surprised by how polite he had sounded. Judging by how sincere Feng Dongxiang had appeared, he seemed to be

treating Qin Ming as though he was his master.

"Godfather, why didn't you help the Nies?" Qin Ming asked anxiously. "She's my girlfriend after all..."

"Isn't she gone?" Chang Hongxi queried calmly. "She has left you. Just forget about her, Qin Ming. You deserve better."

Qin Ming raised a brow as he balled his fists. "Were you the one who had told her to leave, Godfather?"

Chang Hongxi shook his head. "I didn't. I simply informed her of the dangers of hanging around, and she left on her own accord. She made that choice herself."

"Godfather!" Qin Ming yelled, his face red from anger. However, he could not bear to lay a finger on Chang Hongxi, as lung cancer had wrecked his body, leaving him both weak and frail. "Why? Why have you done this?"

"It's for your own good, Qin Ming," Chang

Hongxi murmured. "She's not suited for you."

"For my own good?" Qin Ming scoffed. "Don't you know, Godfather? Chang Huan hates me because he's jealous of how much love I've received from you. I don't think that you deserve to be a father."

Chang Hongxi fell silent, unable to come up with a response to Qin Ming's words. He had indeed been a brilliant businessman, but he had never been a good father.

"My father worked in a warehouse, but I could never forget what he had told me when I had asked him what I should study in university," Qin Ming continued. "He told me to choose my own future, my job, my wife... He told me to take charge of my own life. I cried when I heard those words, Godfather!"

Qin Ming's eyes were swollen and moist as he continued his rant. "You gave me all the riches in the world, but that doesn't mean that you can control me like a puppet. If getting all those funds meant losing the woman whom I'd loved, I would

rather have a refund."

After that, Qin Ming ripped the needle from his hand and stormed out of the room.

Song Ying panicked. "Old Master, what should we do?"

Chang Hongxi coughed. "Don't worry. He'll regret this soon enough."



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Meanwhile, in Jing City, Nie Jianmin and his family moved into an old condominium that his friend was kind enough to provide him with.

The tap was no longer automatic, and the rooms were filled with dust and cobwebs. The interior layout of the house served as a reminder of its former glory.

Nie Haitang cleared out an old sofa for Nie Jianmin to take a seat. "Dad, you're not going to look for Mom?"

Nie Jianmin sighed. "I've lost everything, and I don't think that she's very happy with me. I think that she'll live a more comfortable life with her own family rather than with me."

With a loud thud, Nie Zhengming tossed their luggage onto the ground and growled, "Do you know why you've lost everything? You didn't even bat an eye when Haitang's medical reports got tampered with, and you'd tricked her into thinking that she had cancer when it was all a ploy to force her into some blind dates oversea! All those companies that you'd invested in were

obviously scams, yet you had intoxicated the executives and had forced them to sign contracts! Don't you know how angry I was, when I found out about the accident?"

Nie Haitang patted her brother's back. "That's enough, Big Brother. Dad isn't in a good mood right now."

Nie Jianmin sighed in defeat. "Could this be karma?" he lamented. "I'm sorry, my dear. I shouldn't have stood by, allowing your mother to do whatever she wanted. All I ever wanted was for you to live a comfortable life of your own, but I neglected to think about the things that you'd wanted to pursue. I promise that I won't meddle in your matters ever again, Haitang!"

Nie Haitang pursed her lips and nodded. "Let's start anew, Dad!"

"That's right. Life has to continue," Nie Jianmin affirmed. "I have a friend in Jing City who can help us turn over a new leaf. Leave the money-making to me and your brother. I'll ask your uncle to help you get through university."

Nie Haitang nodded in approval.

"Are you sure that you're not going to look for Qin Ming, sis?" Nie Zhengming asked all of a sudden.

Nie Haitang had been dusting the furniture, but her hands froze the moment she heard her brother's words. She bit her lip as she recalled Chang Hongxi's words that night.

Tears threatened to spill out of her eyes, and she wiped them away before they could get out of control. "I'm sure that we'll meet again if we're fated to be together. I must work hard to make myself worthy of him."

Nie Zhengming sighed. "Alright, suit yourself. I need you to remember that you're already indebted to him twice over. He's not obligated to remain faithful to you, you know."

Nie Haitang grimaced, but she reminded herself that it had to be done, for the sake of Qin Ming's future.

She was confident that they would meet again one day.

Meanwhile, a recovered Qin Ming barreled down the streets of Guang City, in the middle of the night, his mind racing.

Why did Chang Hongxi tell Nie Haitang to leave? Did he think that our family backgrounds didn't match up?

Qin Ming had endured much bullying throughout his university life, but Nie Haitang was the only person who had treated him like a normal human being. That itself had served to convince him that Nie Haitang was the most perfect woman in the world.

However, he was beyond shocked to find out that Chang Hongxi had convinced her to leave with just a few words.

"You stupid old man!" he yelled. "Didn't you get cheated on yourself? So what if I've lost everything? I'll just start over! An heir to a giant corporation shouldn't be too dependent on the

company's riches anyway!"

The moment he finished his motivational speech, his phone rang.

When he answered the call, Song Ying's voice sounded in, loud and clear. "Young Master, we've lost track of Zhang Quanzhen. The people we've spent to follow him somehow ended up in a psychiatric hospital."

Qin Ming's face darkened. What a slippery fellow!

"Ms. Song, I'm no longer the heir of Huan Ning Century Corporation," he told her. "Tell Mr. Chang that I won't take his orders until he apologizes and changes his mind. I'm much stronger than he thinks me to be."

Qin Ming hung up after that. He knew exactly what would happen if he gave in. Chang Hongxi would arrange for him to marry another woman immediately.

That woman would be the daughter of a rich and

powerful family that could further cement his position as the heir of Huan Ning Century Corporation. He had hated the mere thought of it.

How is he going to ensure that the woman stays faithful to me?

Even Mu Xiaoqiao could be a better choice!

Suddenly, he smacked his hand against his forehead. "Oh! That reminds me. Didn't I earn a lot of money, as a live-in son-in-law of the Mu family back then?"

He pulled out his wallet and checked the interior, sighing in relief when he saw the card that was still nestled inside.

With the additional billion that Mu Shuyun had provided him, Qin Ming still had enough funds to live on his own, even without the funds from Huan Ning Century Corporation.

He hurriedly flagged down a taxi and made his way to a bar in the East City District.

That bar was frequented by Mr. Nian, the leader of the underground forces in East City District. Qin Ming had planned to hire someone, to look for Nie Haitang with the money that he had.

Qin Ming had gotten rid of two underground leaders, but Mr. Nian was one of the smarter ones. Hiding his claws and staying out of sight, he managed to evade his certain doom, expanding his territories as Qin Ming ravaged through the underworld.

The night was still young when Qin Ming had arrived at the crowded bar, and there was a party going on inside.

The dancers in the middle of the bar danced furiously, amidst a backdrop of gamblers who were yelling their bets.

Qin Ming stared at them longingly. How great would it be, to lose myself in alcohol and forget about everything?

"Go away! I don't know you!"

Suddenly, a woman pushed a few men aside and crashed into Qin Ming. He reached out and grabbed her by instinct before recognizing her. Isn't this Liao Qingxuan from the College for Performing Arts?

Wasn't she successful in her career? Why is she here?

"Ms. Liao?" Qin Ming asked, as he patted Liao Qingxuan's face lightly.

She opened her eyes and immediately wrapped her arms around his shoulders. "Oh...it's you, Qin Ming...hic...why don't you have a drink with me?"

"Ms. Liao, you're drunk. You should stop," Qin Ming advised.

He was about to leave when a group of burly men rushed forward and blocked his way. "Hey! Where do you think you're going? She's drinking with us!"

Qin Ming frowned. "We know each other."

A man with blonde hair spat onto him and snarled, "What nonsense! I'm not going to let you take her away!"

Qin Ming sighed. "You're unlucky. I'm not exactly in a good mood today, so scram, if you don't want to get beat up."

A guy with fiery red hair smirked as he clenched his fists. "You're not in a good mood? Neither am I! You're asking for trouble!"

The two of them closed in on him simultaneously, fists raised.

"Long! Smash them into pieces!" Qin Ming demanded, nonchalantly.

He only realized his grave mistake when he did not hear the familiar reply. I'm no longer a part of Huan Ning, and Long is an employee there...

Long isn't my bodyguard anymore!

Qin Ming watched frantically, as the men's fists closed in on him, as he held on tight, to a drunk

Liao Qingxuan. Oh no...



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Thud. Thud.

Qin Ming was punched twice, in his efforts to protect Liao Qingxuan. He staggered backwards, while blood dripped out from his nose.

"Damn it." Qin Ming was visibly annoyed. He had forgotten that he had run out alone, after he had dismissed Long, who had wanted to follow him, with a flea in his ear.

Although Qin Ming had relatively kept a low profile throughout the past month, his personality had truly changed, when he had encountered problems. He became extremely arrogant and confident, seeing as he was being protected by someone. Now that he had lost everything, he had returned to square one.

"Hahaha." Seeing that Qin Ming could not fight back, the two men laughed triumphantly. "Do you know whose territory this is, you piece of trash? It's Mr. Nian's, and we're the subordinates of Steele, Mr. Nian's sidekick. Kiddo, regardless of whether you know this girl or not, a man who only wears cheap clothes, such as yourself,

doesn't get to enjoy such a fine girl. Let go of her! You merely deserve to lick her feet."

Blondie took a step forward in anger and threw him another left uppercut.

Qin Ming was prepared this time, as he acted quickly, to release his hold on Liao Qingxuan, ducking below Blondie's fist. At that moment, Qin Ming grabbed Blondie's hand and yanked him towards him, causing Blondie to stagger forward, falling flat on his face.

Still feeling dissatisfied, Qin Ming landed a kick on Blondie's head. He seemed like he taking this opportunity to vent out all of his frustration and dissatisfaction towards Chang Hongxi. He also appeared as though he was trying to get back to who he had used to be; 'the tyrant of Clearwater Town'. His kick was so hard that the bridge of Blondie's nose had soon broken. After letting out a scream, he fell unconscious on the spot.

Qin Ming had even stepped on Blondie's head, grinding his face into the ground before wiping the blood off of his nose and glancing back at

Redhead, who was trying to sneak an attack on Qin Ming.

Nonetheless, Qin Ming squatted down very quickly, as a gust of wind brushed across his face. Immediately afterwards, he kicked Redhead in the groin, making him cry out in pain.

Seeing that Qin Ming was so cruel that he had actually made Redhead's companion pass out by stepping on him, injuring his groin, Redhead yelled, "Damn it, someone is causing trouble here."

Hearing his words, the staff at the bar acted promptly, as the music was turned off. Eventually, the lights were turned on as well. People who were initially dancing looked over curiously, as their eyes fell on Qin Ming.

How dare such an ordinary-looking brat make trouble here, at Old Six's territory?

"Is this guy crazy? Is he doing this because of a woman?"

"Since Wang Youcai and Zhang Jundong were killed by a mysterious man, Mr. Nian's influence had grown, and he has become the number one tyrant in Guang City."

"Yes, Mr. Nian has many capable men, as well as a lot of money and subordinates, but he's a low profile man. However, he'll surely pull no punches, once he strikes."

"Who dares to rush in where even angels fear to tread?"

"Only fools. Hahaha."

"What a femme fatale. I saw that the girl kept drinking alone just now. It was probably because she was tricked out of her money. She looks like a fun time, but generally, Mr. Nian's subordinates will give her to him so that he can have some fun."

Listening to the discussion around him, Qin Ming demanded, "Ask Old Six to come out."

Shattering.

A man with a Peppa Pig tattoo on his arm broke a beer bottle, and strode up to Qin Ming, while waving a sharp, glass shard in front of him.

Redhead hurriedly explained, "Steele, this brat had chosen to play Mr. Tough Guy, and he has even injured our men."

"Who the f\*ck do you think you are, that you can meet our boss so easily?" Steele questioned, with an arrogant look upon his face.

Qin Ming was not frightened. Other than the other customers who were looking on, he saw about eight roguish men brought over by Steele, each with their eyes wide open and their lips downturned. It was as if they believed that they could intimidate Qin Ming in such a manner.

Truthfully, Qin Ming found that the entire situation was hilarious, because when he had wanted to engage in a fight in high school, he had done exactly the same; glare, purse his lips, and bare his teeth, in this order, to appear fierce. In fact, it was a manifestation of his lack of self-confidence.

Those who could really fight were people who were often very low profile. They would often conduct a sudden attack, while beating others to a pulp.

Qin Ming pointed at the drunk Liao Qingxuan and announced, "She's a teacher at my campus, so I want to take her away. Who are you to stop me? Aren't you afraid that I'll call the police?"

"Hahaha." Steele and his underlings burst out in laughter. "Call the police? Brat, it's useless for you to call the police in this area. However, if you want to take this girl away, I will give you a chance. If you prove that you're a man, I'll let you take her away. If you turn out to be trash, both you and the girl stay. Hehehe. The girl is for our boss, while you, on the other hand, is for us."

"Hahaha." Qin Ming squinted his eyes while looking at the men who were laughing grimly, flexing their hands. It seems that they're going to use me as a punching bag, aren't they?

With a snap of Steele's fingers, the bartenders immediately placed a box of wine and two wine

glasses on the counter.

Qin Ming used to work as a doorman and a janitor at bars, so he had some knowledge of such wines. Bars would generally sell wine and beer, with beer being the best seller, and wine for some pretentious white-collar workers.

Nonetheless, right now, only expensive wines were brought out, and there was neither a cocktail, nor a bartender.

"You're in luck, brat. These are the cognacs that we've stored, which are of famous brands. We don't sell fakes, here in our bar. It'd be a great honor for you if you die from drinking this. Hahaha."

Steele picked up a cocktail shaker, and poured tequila, rum, whiskey, and vodka into it. Then, he shook it, placing a mint leaf atop the concoction before he finally poured the cocktails into two glasses.

Upon seeing this, the onlookers swallowed hard in horror. One would have collapsed in two

seconds if he were to down this glass of cocktail.

However, Steele instantly chugged the cocktail in one go. Although he appeared as though he was uncomfortable, with a foreign body stuck in his throat, he still managed to swallow it all. Then, he heaved a sigh of relief as the people around him exclaimed in astonishment.

"All hail Steele!"

"Drink it! Drink it! Drink it!"

The onlookers around went wild, as they shook their fists vigorously, anxiously urging Qin Ming to down his drink.

"Drink it, coward."

"It won't kill you. Hahaha."

"How dare you make trouble in Mr. Nian's turf when you can't even beat Steele?"

The expression on Qin Ming's face was gloomy. To be frank, he did not drink much. However, it

was not because he couldn't drink. Rather, it was because he was previously poor. He simply didn't have money for alcohol, prior to this.

Nonetheless, a person's alcohol tolerance had something to do with his physique, and nothing to do with his courage.

When Qin Ming picked up the wine glass and was about to drink it, someone suddenly stretched out a hand to stop him. It turned out to be Liao Qingxuan, who was trying to stop him.

Liao Qingxuan shook her head and grew a little sober, before she asked, "Qin Ming, why are you drinking it? You'll black out if you drink it. Hurry up and just leave without me."

"Ms. Liao, ever since I'd rescued you, I couldn't leave you alone. These people won't let us go easily," replied Qin Ming.

Liao Qingxuan flicked her hair back and announced angrily, "I'm a teacher, so I should be the one who is protecting you."

"I'm a man, so I should be protecting you," retorted Qin Ming in response.

Liao Qingxuan fell silent and gazed at Qin Ming with dreamy eyes. His words were so domineering that they were tugging at her heartstrings.

Liao Qingxuan suddenly felt her heart throbbing in her chest, because she had been single for more than twenty years. She had never gotten to experience being protected by a man.

Liao Qingxuan asked worriedly, "Can you do it?"

Rolling his eyes at her, Qin Ming replied, "Of course. I'm a man."

Thereafter, he picked up the wine glass and downed it in one go.

Upon seeing that Qin Ming also drank it in one go, but without the uncomfortable expression on his face, everyone thought that he was stronger than Steele was.

"We're not done. Play the knife game song."

A classic English song was then played in the bar.

Afterwards, everyone saw that Steele had taken out a knife, placing the palm of his hand down on a table, with his fingers spread apart. Then, he slowly stabbed back and forth between his fingers rhythmically, and gradually increased his speed, along with the rhythm of the song.

"Wow!" The people around him were taken aback. This was a classic knife game, in which one wrong move would cause a finger to be cut off.

Stabbing the spaces between the fingers with a glinting knife came with immense pressure. Not to mention that they had downed some alcohol, and a split second of distraction could cost each of them a finger.

Liao Qingxuan was so scared that she had sobered up a lot more by now. She had thought that they would just be drinking, but it had turned out that it was not that simple. Hence, she tried to

talk Qin Ming out of it, pleading, "Don't do it, Qin Ming, this game is far too dangerous."

However, it was too late.

A man took out a second knife and jabbed it into the table in front of Qin Ming.



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The rhythm of the music was not fast, but it was not slow either. Steele held a knife and kept poking the spaces between his fingers. As he went faster and faster, the people around him grew more and more electrified.

"Steele! Steele!"

"Alright. Alright."

Seeing the trick that Steele was pulling, Liao Qingxuan was so shocked that she had instantly sobered up. This was far too dangerous, as Qin Ming could possibly cut his finger, which was exactly what had excited these people the most.

The best part about this game was that one could not call the police, as he was the one who had cut his own finger, albeit being made to play this game by others, who could also laugh at him with impunity.

Soon, Steele's underling who had jabbed a knife into the table in front of Qin Ming, uttered, "Your turn, brat."

"Qin Ming, don't do this. You can't outfox them. They're simply a bunch of gangsters." Liao Qingxuan hurriedly grabbed his hand. If Qin Ming got injured while protecting her, not only would she blame herself, but rather, she would also feel guilty.

Redhead who was kicked in the groin earlier mocked provocatively, "What now? Are you too afraid to play? Or are you already feeling dizzy? How can you be so cocky when you'd hit us?"

"You piece of trash! You're afraid, aren't you? Fine then, just finish this bottle of wine, and kneel before Steele. After which, we'll allow you to leave."

With a thump, an underling of Steele put a bottle of Hennessy XO in front of Qin Ming. There was still more than half of the bottle left. If ordinary people drank it all at once, they would either end up at the hospital or the funeral home.

"P\*ssy! P\*ssy! P\*ssy!"

"Coward! Coward! Coward!"

There was a knife and a bottle of wine in front of Qin Ming. Soon enough, he was left with the burden of making a choice. Seeing that Qin Ming was being stopped by Liao Qingxuan, everyone was certain that he didn't dare to play, so they began mocking him in unison.

These people came to the bar for the thrill and excitement. Thus, they didn't care about Qin Ming's safety, as they had merely wanted to see the exciting sight of blood splattering all over the place.

Meanwhile, Liao Qingxuan continued to dissuade him, "Don't, Qin Ming. Don't listen to them."

Qin Ming picked up the bottle of Hennessy XO and poured himself a glass of wine.

Thinking that Qin Ming had chickened out, everyone started to laugh. "You're scared, huh?"

"What a p\*ssy. Nevertheless, there's really no need to lose your finger for a woman."

"You can still walk out of here alive, by giving in

now and showing Steele some respect. Holding back your emotions will keep you alive longer."

"Tsk. This guy isn't a man at all. How can he run away and leave his teacher behind? How can he say so cockily that he had wanted to protect women, because he's a man? Does he not have a d\*ck?"

"What an Asian sissy. F\*ck you. Go back to your mama." Amongst the crowd, a foreigner, who had his arms wrapped around a good-time girl, laughed out loud.

"Bah, if that woman hadn't come to the bar to have fun by herself, she wouldn't have been targeted."

"Knock it off. I bet that this brat will collapse after downing merely three glasses."

"P\*ssy! P\*ssy! P\*ssy!"

Hearing the mockery and insults, Liao Qingxuan released her grip on Qin Ming's arm. She knew that Qin Ming's choice was his right, as he didn't

have to risk cutting off his finger, all for her sake.

However, she somehow felt a nagging pit in her stomach. She had always liked Qin Ming, but of course, there weren't any romantic feelings involved. Rather, it was a teacher's appreciation of her student; the concern that an elder sister had for her younger brother, and a fondness between friends.

She had always thought that Qin Ming was different from other men, but when faced with real trouble, she still found that Qin Ming was merely an ordinary person, who could not save her like a hero, in a story.

Liao Qingxuan smiled bitterly to herself. It's just my wishful thinking.

Upon downing his drink, the corners of Qin Ming's mouth turned upwards, revealing the grin of a wild beast. He then grabbed the knife and placed his left hand on the table.

The moment he took the knife, total silence descended upon the bar, which was still filled

with ridicule, insults, and sneers, just a moment ago.

Is he drinking an extra glass of wine before competing with Steele?

Isn't he worried that he'll cut his finger halfway through the game due to dizziness?

Just while everyone was still feeling suspicious, Qin Ming had begun to stab the spaces between his fingers of his left hand using the knife. Following the rhythm and melody of the music, Qin Ming went faster, and even managed to keep up with the speed of Steele!

With almost a hundred people in the huge bar, there was no sound, except for the music, and the sound of two knives jabbing into the wooden tabletop. The latter had synchronized so well that one would have thought that there was only the sound of one knife, if one didn't listen carefully.

Thump, thump. Thump, thump...

The speed of the both of them was quite fast, but

it could still be caught by the naked eye. It seemed that they would end in a tie.

"Wow, that brat is simply amazing. You really can't judge a book by its cover."

"Tsk, tsk. Judging from his speed, has he been practicing using a chopstick?"

"Pft, idiot, how can you get the courage from practicing, without using a real knife? If you've been practicing with a chopstick, it will scare you to death when you use a real knife."

"Oh my gosh, his speed is the same, as that of Steele's. He can really bite, which is why he dares to bark."

Liao Qingxuan, who was next to Qin Ming, was also dumbfounded. She had thought that Qin Ming was merely an anticlimax, but in the end, he had certainly impressed everyone. Moreover, he was not acting rashly, and actually had some real skills. It surprised her that he could actually play the knife game so well.

Of course, the reason that Qin Ming could play it so well was that he had been playing it a lot previously. Otherwise, he would not have been able to become the Tyrant of Clearwater Town back then.

Meanwhile, the arrogant and smug expression of Steele had now become displeased and solemn.

However, what happened next made him feel increasingly terrible.

This was because Qin Ming had stopped looking at his hand, and stared fixedly at Steele instead. At the same time, Qin Ming yelled, "Turn off the music!"

The roar of Qin Ming had somehow frightened the busty girl, who was playing the music, so much so that she had soon turned off the music.

As the music had been turned off, Steele's speed was greatly affected, and he gradually slowed down.

Thump. Thump, thump. Thump.

The obvious decline in Steele's speed drew ridicule from the onlookers. Steele relies on music too much, unlike Qin Ming, who keeps stabbing the spaces between his fingers effortlessly. Thump, thump, thump, thump...

A layer of cold sweat had formed on Steele's forehead, while he suddenly discovered that Qin Ming had been staring at him. Qin Ming's eyes possessed a special kind of tension, like the eyes of an eagle that had soared in the sky, and the eyes of a dragon that had perched on the shallows. Steele knew that he was being seen right through.

Thump, thump, thump, thump...

Qin Ming was picking up the speed without even looking at his hand!

More importantly, he had even started singing the knife game song.

"Oh, I have all my fingers, the knife goes chop chop chop. If I miss the spaces in-between, my fingers will come off..."

Qin Ming sang the song faster, while, as a top student, his English pronunciation was perfect and fascinating. His series of actions soon caused everyone in the bar to fall silent.

Steele no longer had the face to be presumptuous in front of Qin Ming, as he suddenly discovered that he was simply making a fool of himself.

Qin Ming had had an extra glass of wine, which was a provocation, as number one.

He turned off the song and sang it himself, demonstrating his confidence as a top student.

He did not even look at his hand, merely staring at Steele instead. It was his declaration that he was the sole winner.

"Ahh!" Suddenly, Steele screamed in pain. To his misfortune, he had accidentally jabbed the knife into the knuckle of his index finger after having lost his rhythm!

"Whoa!" the onlookers exclaimed in excitement. The blade of the knife was stained with blood,

while his knuckle was cut open. Blood soon covered the table.

As a certain amount of strength was needed in this knife game to produce the sound of thumping, the cut at his knuckle produced a particularly excruciating pain.

Gritting his teeth with a solemn look on his face, Steele held his bleeding hand and stared on at Qin Ming in horror. Qin Ming was still stabbing the spaces between his fingers frantically, while giving Steele a stare so intense that he had felt frightened.

At this moment, Steele was completely defeated.

All the guests in the audience changed their minds about Qin Ming. They even began to cheer for him. His left hand and the knife in his right hand had attracted everyone's attention.

"Ahh!" the women screamed in admiration, as though Qin Ming was not poking the spaces between his fingers, but rather, their bodies, giving them an orgasm.

"Stab, stab, stab!" The men shook their fists, wanting to see something more exciting—blood, violence, and all kinds of excitement that made them forget the hustle and bustle of their lives.

Meanwhile, Qin Ming was still picking up on his speed!

Seeing that Qin Ming didn't even look at his hand and continued to go so much faster that it could hardly be caught by the naked eyes, Steele finally grew frightened and thought to himself, Is this brat crazy? Going at his current speed and strength, is he not afraid that he'll cut his finger off once the alcohol kicks in?



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Generally, people who played the knife game would have to remain clear-headed, despite the tension.

Both Qin Ming and Steele had drunk a lot, earlier. No one could withstand the aftereffects of drinking a variety of wines at the same time. Unless one was an experienced drinker, one would feel often dizzy once the alcohol had kicked in, causing them to accidentally cut their finger.

However, Qin Ming's performance had exceeded everyone's expectations.

Other than the fact that Qin Ming had drunk an extra glass of wine, he also did not even cast a glance, at his fingers, and he merely stared at Steele, which was equivalent to being blindfolded.

The most terrifying part was that he had actually gathered pace, all while singing the knife game song.

The whole bar was silent, and it was only filled

with the sound of Qin Ming's knife jabbing into the countertop. His speed was dizzying. Every jab of the knife pierced the heart of Steele, frightening him.

He's a ruthless man, Steele thought, with an icy expression on his face. I'm no match for him.

At long last, Qin Ming finished singing the knife game song, as he put aside the knife, slowly lifting his left hand that had remained unscathed!

Moreover, the depth of the six small holes that his knife made on the tabletop was much more than an inch, which was much better than that of Steele, whose small holes were not even half an inch deep, stained with blood.

"Wow!"

Someone in the bar exclaimed, while some even started applauding.

Even the foreigner who had his arms around a good-time girl earlier applauded wildly and yelled, "Real man. You're a real man. Huaxia

men are awesome."

"Hey, handsome, want to have some fun? I'm 36D. I'd usually charge others two thousand for one night, but it'll be free of charge for you tonight."

"Great job, young man. You're really somebody."

"Gosh, I've misjudged him. This man really is something else."

"Haha. I'd thought that Steele would be very strong, but unfortunately, he had gotten humiliated. This guy is good."

As Qin Ming emerged as the winner in a domineering manner, Steele's finger was still bleeding. Hence, the aura exuded by the both of them had long gone out of proportion.

Qin Ming approached Steele and whispered, "Tell Old Six that a big deal is coming his way."

With his other hand covering his injured hand, Steele bowed his head and walked towards the

office at the back of the bar. After a while, order returned to the bar, while Old Six sent a confidant of his to invite Qin Ming to his office.

"Mr. Qin, I'm Mr. Nian's assistant, Bai. Our boss would like to invite you to his office."

Qin Ming recognized him, as the man by Old Six's side, when he was dealing with Wang Youcai last time.

Qin Ming pointed at Liao Qingxuan, and announced, "She's my teacher. Get a few people to look after her."

Bai waved his hand, and two beer promoters helped the drunkard Liao Qingxuan up, to follow Qin Ming. Nonetheless, when they arrived at Mr. Nian's office, they did not let her in, merely making her wait outside the office that could be seen through the glass window.

Qin Ming was relatively satisfied with the arrangement, as Liao Qingxuan was within his sight. Evidently, this man called Bai was quite good at reading others' thoughts.

In the office of Old Six, Steele was seen kneeling on the ground, with his entire finger cut off. He was holding his finger in pain, while his top had been taken off, to wrap his bleeding finger. Meanwhile, a leather whip was seen, soaking in a pail of chili brine.

Two other underlings, Blondie and Redhead, who were pestering Qin Ming in the beginning, had also gotten one of their fingers cut off, while they were kneeling on the ground with their tops removed.

Seeing that Qin Ming had entered, Old Six immediately got up and greeted him happily, "My humble self is truly honored by your presence, Mr. Qin. It's entirely my fault, seeing that I've given you such an unpleasant experience. I shall hand the three of them over to you. How would you like to punish them, Mr. Qin?"

Old Six was truly frightened. When he had first met Qin Ming, he had known that Qin Ming knew Hou Qing, who was not someone whom he could afford to offend.

The second time he saw Qin Ming, Qin Ming had actually owned a private team, killing Wang Youcai in an instant. Later, Zhang Jundong had also been reported to the police. Having looked into it, Old Six found that this was because Zhang Jundong's good friend had harassed Qin Ming, hence, Zhang Jundong was arrested by the police at home.

Old Six knew very well that Qin Ming would get rid of anyone who had crossed him, leaving them no room to even make a comeback.

Old Six was uneasy, in front of Qin Ming. Upon learning that his subordinates had messed with Qin Ming, he grew so frustrated, getting so scared that he had almost gotten a heart attack.

Hence the reason why he had done all of this. He had done as such to allow Qin Ming to vent his anger out.

Looking at Old Six, who was fat and had yellow teeth, trying to butter him up, Qin Ming wondered what would happen if Old Six had found out that Qin Ming no longer had the

influence.

Would he be as cold and calm as he was, during our first meeting?

However, Qin Ming refused to dwell on this kind of problem. He grabbed the leather whip in the pail of chili brine and whipped Steele, who was currently kneeling on the ground.

Although it was only one lash, the whip that had been soaked with chili and brine tore Steele's flesh, as Qin Ming whipped him hard. After which, the chili and brine irritated his skin so much that his entire back had started to feel a burning sensation, leaving him in immense pain.

Meanwhile, Blondie and Redhead were whipped five times, making them wail and scream in pain, because they had both punched Qin Ming. The latter would naturally not let them run scot-free!

After Qin Ming was done with the lashing, he threw the whip away, and announced, "Alright. You should go to the hospital to sew your fingers back on."

Sweating from the pain, Steele abruptly picked his severed finger up and put it in an ice bag before he bowed to Qin Ming, saying, "Mr. Qin, sorry for offending you. Thank you for your immense kindness."

Blondie and Redhead knelt directly on the ground and gave Qin Ming a few kowtows respectfully, before they hurried off to the hospital.

These people were just small fries. Since they had been taught a lesson, Qin Ming found it unnecessary to be too cruel, at the territory of Old Six. Besides, he was here for business.

Qin Ming sat down, and Old Six's assistant, Bai, hurriedly handed him a cigar, which was refused by him with a wave of his hand. Then, he pronounced straightforwardly, "You're aware that the Nie family has gone bankrupt, right?"

Old Six did not dare to sit back against his chair, as he stood directly in front of Qin Ming, saying, "Yes, I seldom interact with people in the business circle, but I've heard about it, as it's quite the big news."

"Due to some reasons, I can't use my men, so I'd like you to help me to find Nie Haitang. Name your price," offered Qin Ming.

Upon hearing this, Old Six felt relieved. It turned out that he had come to him, looking for someone, instead of making him surrender, or forcing him to join him. His heart was no longer in his mouth.

After thinking for a while, Old Six replied, "Mr. Qin, I have a lot of friends all over the country, but our country is huge, so it'd be best if there's a direction. Otherwise, it'll be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

Qin Ming naturally knew that it would be very hard, as the Nie family could have even gone abroad, making it increasingly difficult to find Nie Haitang.

Qin Ming muttered, "Look for the needle in the haystack then. Search all over the world. Name your price."

"Ten million should be enough," suggested Old

Six, after giving it some thought.

Qin Ming gazed at Old Six in surprise. That expensive? It's now the era of the Internet, where everyone can surf the Internet, meaning that traces will be left behind. Of course, there are many people with the same name, but sending people to check... It won't cost much, will it?

Noticing Qin Ming's questioning gaze, Old Six quickly wiped his sweat off, and explained, "Mr. Qin, sometimes it does cost a lot of money to oil the wheels of the search. I'm really not overcharging you, by asking for ten million, and I don't have the nerve to do so as well."

"Okay, give me your bank account number, and I'll transfer you ten million. You will screen and investigate around the world, to find her for me as soon as possible," Qin Ming announced readily.

Old Six swallowed hard. He's willing to pay me ten million directly? How generous!

Although Old Six had some power and financial

resources, and had even expanded recently, he had still earned less than ten million a year. At this time, he saw Qin Ming as a wealthy man, and thought that he deserved to be the one who had easily dealt with the gangs in Guang City. His identity was still a mystery, while he was also free-handed.

Upon striking a deal with Old Six, Qin Ming got up and left, only to see Liao Qingxuan, who was dozing off outside, as the alcohol kicked in.

The beer promoters who had looked after her smiled and uttered, "Mr. Qin, there is a hotel behind our bar. Do you need us to book a room for you?"

Qin Ming knew what their words had meant, but his relationship with Liao Qingxuan was not as what they had thought, hence, he refused, "No."

Qin Ming carried Liao Qingxuan on his back, flagged down a taxi, and returned to Green Island, sending her home.

Liao Qingxuan rubbed her body against Qin

Ming's, while wrapping her arms around his shoulders, confessing, "Qin Ming, you were so awesome just now. I'll hand over my body over to you tonight. You must protect me."

Tongue-tied, Qin Ming replied, "What are you talking about? It'll cause a misunderstanding, you know. I'll surely send you home safely."

"Nonsense. There's no one around, but monkeys. Lots of monkeys. Hehehe," proclaimed Liao Qingxuan.

Having walked with Liao Qingxuan on his back, Qin Ming was extremely tired, and replied helplessly, "Yes, yes, you're right. We're home now. Rest well."

Qin Ming threw her onto the bed. When he was about to leave, she suddenly grabbed his arm and stuffed it between her soft chest, saying, "No, don't leave. Sleep with me tonight."

In all honesty, the aftereffect of the wine was indeed severe, and Qin Ming had been trying his best to hold it back. Hence, he was now slightly disoriented and drunk.

It was not the first time that Liao Qingxuan had gotten drunk and appeared in front of him unsuspectingly.

This time, she had even grabbed him in the arm, in an effort to stop him from leaving. Feeling the tenderness and bounciness of her chest on his arm, he felt an itch in his heart.

Nonetheless, Qin Ming still pulled his hand away from her, as he pinned her down, saying, "Ms. Liao, calm down. You're home now, so there's no danger anymore."

"I will have nightmares, you can't leave yet," Liao Qingxuan replied in a daze.

Qin Ming was stunned. So she wants me to stay with her because of this?

Qin Ming smiled. "You're a teacher. Why are you

acting like a young girl?"

Liao Qingxuan pouted and replied, "I'm also a woman; a girl. You've said it yourself that you're a man and that you want to protect me."

Sighing, Qin Ming relented. "Alright, then. Lie down here. I'll fetch you a wet towel to clean your face. It'll make you more comfortable."

Qin Ming went to the bathroom to get a hot towel for Liao Qingxuan, but when he returned, the sight that greeted his eyes got him turned on. Why has Ms. Liao undressed herself? Wearing only a pair of premium cotton panties, she exposed her entire delicate back, that was partially covered by her waist-length black hair.

One glance at her body filled Qin Ming with amazement, as he secretly thought that a woman who danced had a really beautiful body shape, along with an indescribable sense of beauty on her waistline. Then, he hurriedly averted his gaze and queried, "Ms. Liao, aren't you going to sleep?"

Burping, Liao Qingxuan turned around and responded, "Kiddo, haven't you seen it twice? Haven't you seen enough?"

"It's an accident, Ms. Liao. See no evil in my intentions. Here you go. Here's a hot towel for you."

Qin Ming had no choice but to cover his eyes, before he moved closer and passed the hot towel to her.

"Thank you, Qin Ming." Liao Qingxuan placed the hot towel over her forehead.

Qin Ming secretly moved his fingers apart to peek out between them, as he soon saw Liao Qingxuan's body. She was still wearing a bra.

Suddenly, she threw her coat over, and exclaimed, "Hey, kiddo, no peeking!"

Seeing as he had been discovered by her, Qin Ming's face flushed with embarrassment. Hence, he walked out of her room.

He went to the bathroom and splashed cold water onto his face frantically, in an effort to calm himself down.

Qin Ming mumbled to himself, "Damn, this is too tempting. Ms. Liao is so beautiful, and she's got a nice figure too. It's as expected of a dancer."

After Qin Ming calmed down, he announced, "Ms. Liao, I'm leaving. I'll lock the door for you."

Liao Qingxuan's weak cry was heard, coming from inside the room, "Don't go. Don't leave me."

Qin Ming approached the room and looked inside, only to see that Liao Qingxuan had changed into her pajamas, laying herself down as she slept on the bed.

Qin Ming saw that the room was air-conditioned, but Liao Qingxuan was not tucked in, so he walked over to tuck her in.

However, when he was tucking her in, she suddenly reached out to fumble on the side of the bed, grabbing his hand in the process. Then, she

directly held it in her arms, using his arm as a pillow.

Qin Ming was bereft of speech, and called out, "Ms. Liao."

He was planning to go to the house next door to visit Qin Chaoyang.

To his misfortune, Liao Qingxuan's grip on his arm was very tight, as she refused to let go. If he forcibly withdrew his hand, he was afraid that he would wake her up.

Previously, he could not get her loosen her grip, even after trying for an hour, because she had a strong grip after falling asleep.

Looking at her, he went all soft. She was the daughter of his mentor, Liao Qing, who had helped him a lot in university, especially while he was applying for scholarships, and for a work-study program. She was even hospitalized, after being hit by Wang Chenghu with a car because of Qin Ming.

Qin Ming had always been a man who had reciprocated all the favors that others had done for him.

Qin Ming sat down and mumbled to himself, "It's only because Ms. Liao believes in me that she has asked me to send her back, and has wanted me to stay with her, for fear of having nightmares. If I abandon her or do something indecent, I'll betray the trust of Ms. Liao, along with the efforts that Mdm. Liao has put, into making me a better person. Forget it, I'll just stay here for tonight, regardless of what others might think."

Pulling a chair over, Qin Ming sat by the bed, as he slept with his head on his arm.

When Qin Ming woke up the next day, he found that he was still sleeping on his arm, on the head of the bed, but his left hand had somehow gotten itself under Liao Qingxuan's top.

Qin Ming muttered, "No wonder I had a strange dream last night. I dreamt that I'd bought a stress ball as I kept squeezing it."

Letting out a soft moan, Liao Qingxuan seemed to be quite sensitive, as her body soon felt a strange sense of excitement. Momentarily, she seemed as though she was about to wake up.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, Qin Ming quickly pulled his hand away from her, while muttering inwardly, Shit, what am I doing?

Upon realizing that he had committed the crime, Qin Ming regretted it very much. He felt that he shouldn't have done this, and he was utterly ashamed.

Nevertheless, Qin Ming couldn't be blamed either, as he was forced to stay last night, He would not have known that his hand would slip under her top when he had fallen asleep.

"Qin Ming?" Liao Qingxuan yawned sleepily. Opening her eyes, she looked at him, and asked, "Why are you here at my house? Wait, what did you do in my room? Qin Ming, what did you do to me last night?"

After Liao Qingxuan had completely risen, she

was both surprised and shocked. Thereafter, she lifted the blanket and found a red stain on the white bedsheets. As if having thought of something, she immediately held her head, appearing horrified.

After a long while, she asked in horror, "Y-You've slept with me while I was drunk?"

The look on Qin Ming's face darkened.

He replied, "Ms. Liao, did you forget that you're on period? The underwear that you'd taken off last night still had a sanitary pad with blood on it. I was the one to help you throw it in the trash can."

"Uh... let me recall." Liao Qingxuan was startled momentarily before she remembered that she was indeed having her period these past few days. Thus, she added, trying to change the subject, "I've misunderstood you. Tsk, why didn't you remind me last night? I could've used one for night use. Tsk, my bedsheets are expensive and hard to clean. No, wait, why are you at my house?"

Qin Ming was rendered speechless, as he immediately put on an expression of despire.

Soon, he complained, "How can you do this? You'd gotten drunk at the bar last night and had almost got raped by some gangster. I passed by and I'd brought you back. After which, you said that you had a nightmare, and wouldn't let me leave, by grabbing my hand. You grabbed my hand and refused to let me leave twice."

Upon hearing this, Liao Qingxuan muttered, "Yes, yes, I remember now. You had carried me back last night. Qin Ming, I've misunderstood you. Thank you for staying to keep me company."

Qin Ming did not mind, as he did not lose anything anyway.

However, he asked curiously, "Shouldn't you be busy, running training classes? Don't you want to pursue your career and dreams? Why did you go to a bar to get drunk, that late at night?"

Upon hearing his words, Liao Qingxuan's heart

immediately sank, while the initially relaxed expression on her face instantly morphed into an extremely pained one. Evidently, she was facing some difficulties.

Dejected, Liao Qingxuan lay down on the bed feeling sad, as she replied, "Career? Training class? I got cheated, and everything's over now. Everything's gone. Forget it, it's pointless to tell you. I will solve it myself. But still, thank you for your concern."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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Although Liao Qingxuan was very grateful for Qin Ming's help and concern, she did not want to trouble him with her own affairs.

She knew that Qin Ming had many connections. She had even witnessed him being the center of attention, during the charity gala at Century Tower.

But didn't the Nie family go bankrupt recently? News of it has been spreading like wildfire.

Qin Ming's girlfriend, Nie Haitang, had also disappeared. She felt that Qin Ming probably had matters of his own to worry about. Nobody's life was all rainbows and sunshine. Qin Ming had already helped her several times, so she was determined not to trouble him anymore.

After all, returning favors was harder than returning money.

Liao Qingxuan did not want an innocent man like Qin Ming to shoulder her burden, in a society that implemented this kind of culture.

Moreover, Qin Ming was a good person and was also one of her mother's favorite students. Hence, she could not bring herself to use him for her own benefit.

"Thank you for your concern, but you're still just a student. To a teacher, you are merely a child, and children shouldn't concern themselves over adult matters. Just focus hard on your studies," Liao Qingxuan urged.

"Ms. Liao, you're using the same excuse yet again. I'm already twenty-one years old. Are you saying that I'm a giant baby?" When Qin Ming saw that Liao Qingxuan remained tight-lipped, he did not press on anymore.

Previously, Qin Ming had discreetly ordered Zhang Jundong to give her fifty million. She could be considered a rich lady now, so she probably would not have too many problems.

Liao Qingxuan made two servings of breakfast this morning. After Qin Ming had once again enjoyed the food that she had personally prepared, he had to give her credit for having

some great cooking skills.

After Liao Qingxuan left for work, Qin Ming headed next-door. The moment he opened the door, he was greeted by a very unique scene.

He Menggu was mopping the floor, while his brother, Qin Chaoyang, was clad in formal attire, about to leave for work with his briefcase in hand. Meanwhile, his secretary, Li, was wearing a professional ankle-length bodycon dress that accentuated her curves. She was standing in front of Qin Chaoyang as she adjusted his tie.

A woman helping a man with his tie was a gesture of intimacy. Qin Ming was completely bewildered by this. How long has it been? They're together already?

Didn't Li move in because she had wanted to lessen her financial burden?

"Ah, Mr. Qin." When Li noticed that Qin Ming had returned, her face reddened and she hastily withdrew her hands. After picking up her bag, she lowered her head and announced, "I'll head to

work first."

Qin Ming glanced at Li who was literally sprinting out the door, with a grin upon his face. "So, have you two done it?"

Qin Chaoyang touched his tie and chided, "Stop spouting nonsense. I'm meeting an important distributor later. I don't know how to knot a tie, so Li has helped me."

Qin Ming cackled with laughter and gave him a thumbs-up. "Tsk, tsk. Your decision to have Li move in was the wisest one you'd had yet. She's a good girl, so don't let her be the one who would get away."

He Menggu, who was mopping the floor by the side, chimed in, "Exactly, Chaoyang. I can see that the girl, Li, seems to be quite fond of you."

A silly smile made its way to Qin Chaoyang's face. He would be lying if he said that he wasn't happy to hear that. It was just that he had never expected there to be a day where he would pursue a city girl, especially one with such impressive

talents.

Suddenly, he cast Qin Ming a confused look and asked, "So, you're back from your business trip? Mom and Dad have returned home, but they've left two chickens for you. You can get sis to make some soup with it later on."

Business trip?

Qin Ming mulled over it for a second and speculated that it was probably Song Ying who had used a business trip to cover up his accident. Knowing his parents' honest personalities, they probably did not suspect a thing.

Qin Ming grinned. "I had wanted to have a good little chat with Mom and Dad though. Why were they in such a rush to go back? Are they still helping Uncle Yang out?"

Qin Chaoyang answered, "Yeah. I think that Uncle Yang has lost a big client. The factory has stopped working and there's a large bulk of unsaleable goods. Dad has said that he can't leave Uncle Yang during the most difficult time of his

life, because that would be ungrateful of him."

Qin Ming disagreed with that statement and refuted, "Ungrateful? This is simply capitalism. Dad allowed him to see the warehouse and he's received his salary for that. It's completely justified. Did you forget all those times that Dad had chased away thieves for him? Dad was even hospitalized once because of that, and Uncle Yang only paid ten percent out of the ten thousand of medical fees, as compensation. Dad is just too honest a man. That's why he always gets taken advantage of."

Qin Ming complained, "We have more than enough money to support them. Why do they still have to work so hard?"

With that stubborn temperament of their father's, Qin Chaoyang could not change his father's mind even if he had wanted to. "Dad has been working all his life. Asking him to stop so suddenly would do him more harm than good. Besides, Dad is still in good health. That's enough now. You go ahead with your own matters. I have to go and meet my client now."

When Qin Ming found out that his parents had already left, disappointment filled him. He did not even get the chance to talk to them.

He turned towards He Menggu and asked, "Aunt He, has Chun managed to find a part-time job already?"

He Menggu replied, "Oh, yes. She has, she has."

Qin Ming had not seen Bai Yuchun in quite a long time. They had rarely gotten in touch with each other too. Hence, he was just about to send her a text, to ask how she was doing, when suddenly, his phone rang with an incoming call.

"Ming." Mu Sichun sounded unhappy when she complained, "You'd promised to accompany me to the audition. Did you forget?"

Qin Ming's mouth twitched slightly, suddenly recalling that he had indeed made this promise. To cover his mistake, he asked her in return, "Oh, did I? Is the audition over? I don't need to go anymore, right?"

"Ugh!" A slightly indignant pout could be heard in Mu Sichun's tone as she uttered angrily, "It's not over yet. I don't care. There are a few more stage plays later, which might even get broadcasted on television. I'm going for the audition and you'll accompany me there!"

Qin Ming asked with reluctance in his tone, "Can I refuse?"

Mu Sichun harrumphed loudly. "You can't! I'm already at the residential gates. If you don't accompany me, I'll tell my sister that you've harassed me! That you've touched my butt!"

Qin Ming felt aggrieved and rebuked, "I did no such thing! Mu Sichun, you can't go around throwing false accusations! What if it causes a big misunderstanding?"

Mu Sichun complained bitterly, "You did! Did you forget about what had happened in the car the other day?"

Qin Ming held his forehead helplessly. "That was an accident. Besides, you were wearing pants. Do

you know how much I had suffered that time?"

Mu Sichun was left rather speechless by what he had said. Her anger rose as she snapped, "How much you've suffered? You've literally molested me, and you're telling me that you've suffered? I was the one who had suffered! I'm a pure and innocent girl, but my innocence was taken away by my perverted brother-in-law!" Then, she began crying.

When Qin Ming heard her sobbing through the phone, he cursed inwardly. You're kidding me, right? Is she actually crying?

He rushed to the residential gates, and was met with the sight of Mu Sichun in a tight black mini skirt, with a white round neck T-shirt. Her arms were folded across her chest as she leaned against the door of a Porsche sports car. Her fair and slender legs were especially eye-catching, beneath the tree her car was parked at. The guys who had passed by couldn't help themselves from throwing glances over their shoulders at her.

Qin Ming walked over, but when he didn't see

any tears on Mu Sichun's face, a puzzled frown appeared on his face. "What the hell? Weren't you crying?"

Mu Sichun stuck out her tongue at him and cheekily announced, "That's called acting. Hahaha! You fell for it, didn't you? So, what do you think? I have the potential to be an award-winning actress, don't I?"

Qin Ming shot her a helpless smile and reached out to poke her forehead. "With your standards, do you really think you can be an award-winning actress? You're still a long way from there. You should be grateful if you have what it takes to become a famous actress."

Mu Sichun pursed her lips and stomped her foot in petulance. "Would it kill you to compliment me just once? All of you only know to criticize me! My dad, my brother, and even you!"

When Qin Ming heard the hint of hurt in her voice, his heart softened as he coaxed, "Alright, alright. With your looks, you'll probably be able to win them over and debut soon after. Don't

worry. You're pretty and you have a good figure too. You can easily become an idol. After mixing around in the entertainment circle for a year or two, getting an award wouldn't be too difficult either."

Mu Sichun's expression immediately brightened upon receiving his praise and she happily chirped, "Hehe. You're the best, Ming!"

Mu Sichun drove towards a tall building, somewhere in the city. The building housed a dancing academy, which was currently packed with tall and slender women who were all here for the audition.

Qin Ming thought that it was ridiculous that the queue had extended until the top of the stairs.

The sight of these women so scantily dressed made him slightly dazed. Suddenly, a woman in a dance costume appeared in front of him. "Huh? Qin Ming? Did you come all the way here to see me? Is something wrong?"