

Please Permit Me To Love You Forever #Chapter 1 - Read Please Permit Me To Love You Forever Chapter 1

1 Prologue: Reborn

On a cold winter's night of 2013, the land fell into complete silence as the piercing wind blew across it.

At that moment, the night slowly enveloped the already cold world and left no traces of life anywhere.

It was already after two in the morning. And on the barren street, only a strikingly icy wind blew across. There were no signs of vehicles around either!

However, almost suddenly, a black van came from a distance and it stopped at the bank of the river.

Two people got down from the car, and they carefully looked at their surroundings before quickly dragging something out from the van.

One man urged, "Stop dawdling! Boss said to get rid of this woman as quickly as possible."

The other man forlornly said, "Tsk... It's a pity for us to drown such a good-looking one, don't you think so, Third Brother?"

"Don't think that I don't know what you want to do. Put away your lustful heart for now. Move quickly and throw her down. After we've finished this job and get the money, you can have all the women you want."

"Okay, okay. Don't rush me, I know. Third Brother... The person who wanted her dead... is r—really... her fiancé?"

"Are you looking for a beating? Don't ask what you shouldn't ask. Hurry, put her in the sack, and tie it up with the stones!"

"Ah, understood..."

Rong Yan's face and body were soft and weak, but her consciousness was wide awake. She could hear the men's conversation, but her body could not move.

Their conversation made her feel like she had fallen into an ice cave...

Fiancé...

Fiancé...

Haha...

An hour ago, she was still in the bar with her 'fiancé' and best friend to celebrate their marriage that was supposed to take place a week after. She was incredibly elated at the thought that she could finally be with the person she loved.

A little while later, her best friend accompanied her to the bathroom... and from then on, she did not know what had happened next.

After she had regained her consciousness, her last moments' thoughts... revolved around how she felt desolation and despair after the world betrayed her.

Rong Yan did not understand. What happened to the love they had before and the love they had now... Why did she end up in such a predicament?

Rong Yan felt her body being put into a rough sack, and next, she felt a rope being wrapped all around her with stones tied on each end.

They then hoisted her into the air, with the stones weighing her down. The two men shouted, "One... Two... Three. Throw!"

With a heave, they threw the sack into the icy river water and it made a huge splash. The piercing icy water slowly overwhelmed Rong Yan; it gushed into her mouth, nose, and ears... the breath of death enveloped her and the darkness grew heavier.

...

Rong Yan thought that she would die this time.

But, after the long darkness, she opened her eyes again.

She was lying in a shabby rented house. Looking around, the place she was at looked both familiar and unfamiliar. Rong Yan pinched herself hard. Wasn't this the house she rented two years ago?

Why was she here?

There was a desk calendar on the table at the head of the bed. The date on it was March 2011...

A thought flashed past Rong Yan's mind. She survived... She came back from the dead and returned to two years ago...

Rong Yan sat on the single bed and was in a daze for a long time.

She suddenly burst out laughing, but as she laughed, tears fell from her eyes.

With tears seeping from it, her eyes held a cruel and cold gaze. It was even colder than the river, like an evil spirit climbing out of Hell. That reckless madness was for what was coming next—

destruction!

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Chapter 2: Liancheng Yazhi (1)

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

For Liancheng Yazhi, the name Rong Yan meant 'New lover.'

For Rong Yan, the name Liancheng Yazhi meant 'Sugar daddy.'

From the very beginning, their relationship was on point-one gave support and the other received the support. It was all in the name of money, and it had nothing to do with love.

...

Two months later, in Beijing.

A heart-wrenching sound of pain broke the silence of the night.

The man's voice was cold and cruel, and with strong resentment, he said, "Woman, you will regret it..."

"No, I will never regret the decisions I make, no matter what the outcome is." The woman's voice trembled a little, somehow revealing her fear at the moment. But even so, she still tried to sound firm.

"I'll let you know how this word is written." The man seized the woman's neck.

The sound of pain ringing in the night could be likened to the sound of a wounded beast choking and desperately fighting for its life, making its final struggle before death. But... it was powerless!

The man gritted his teeth, and he said, "Does it hurt? Do you feel like suffocating, as if you're about to die?"

“I never had pity for women who degrade themselves to filth. You deserve this. Today, you’ll have a taste of what it’s like to be on the verge of death!”

“ ... ”

No matter how insulting his words were, the woman did not make any sound.

The dark night was like her despair; it was so thick that it would not dissolve. It completely shrouded the earth, blocking out any light from coming in.

With no doubt, there was a great disparity between the strong and the weak!

...

Under the shadow of the night, Block A of Beijing was ablaze with lights.

This was the place where the nobles frequented, and it was a symbol of status.

But the top floor of Block A of Beijing was never accessible by the public, for it was solely for the use of one particular person. The atmosphere in that luxury suite had an eerie and oppressive vibe, too.

Though the air was full of tension, it was mixed with the fragrance of an AnnaSui perfume. The fresh, sweet smell exuded a purity that was mixed with deep depravity after chaos.

The sound of running water inside the bathroom sounded strange on a quiet night.

Rong Yan sat on the bed with a bed sheet wrapped around her frame. Her seaweed-like long hair was messy, her cheeks were red, and her breath was unsteady. She was as delicate as a flower that the spring wind had blown against with. Her exquisite facial features and beauty were like pearls shining in the night, that if one wiped away the dust on the surface, she would shine brightly.

However, her eyes were empty. It held no sparkle and instead, was only a layer of dead gray. It made her supposedly beautiful eyes look like those of puppets.

Her hands that were wrapped around her knees trembled, and even her pupils were slightly dilated as if she had gotten a huge fright.

Yes, she was afraid. She had never been so afraid before.

Because what she did that day was probably one of the craziest things she had ever done in her life.

She found a way of no return for herself, just like opening Pandora's box. From then on, it was a new start-a heavy start where she knew nothing, nothing... and it made her uneasy.

But...

She would not regret it!

'God, since you've granted me a miracle, please bless me and help me keep moving forward. Let me hold this man in my hand so that I could use him as my invincible scepter for me to slay everything in my path.'

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NEXT CHAPTER

Chapter 3: Liangcheng Yazhi (2)

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

Not long ago, the name Liangcheng Yazhi to her, was just a name that occupied the top rank for rich bachelors. He was a mysterious legend and a myth for most people, especially those who had never interacted with him.

But who would have thought that fate would bring them together?

Liangcheng Yazhi was a domineering and elegant name, but just like the meaning behind his name, he had great value and was elegant in every way. It was a name that only he deserved. He was a person who stood at the height where people looked up to. They even considered him a legendary being who could pass on as a God.

If you couldn't get close to this man, you would never know how big a business empire he had created.

Liangcheng Yanzhi was perfect in every way. Those who had never seen him would never know how perfect, charming, and unforgettable he was. He had such an exquisite face that everyone could not help but hold their breath upon seeing it. Countless women had fallen for his charm as if they were moths attracted to a flame.

If she had not seen him once in her previous life, she would have never known what a legendary man looked like.

If she had a choice, she wouldn't want anything to do with a man high in the air like an emperor.

But she had no choice. She needed money... a lot of money. She was in an urgent need to change her destiny after being reborn.

With a second shot at life, Rong Yan convinced herself that she only wanted the money and did not care about being shameless.

So, after she saw Liancheng Yazhi, she did not hesitate to launch a plot of seducing him!

However, after gaining success, Rong Yan felt afraid.

The man was too crazy and tempting. He was like a poppy that with just one try, people want to sink into it. As it took effect, the shudder they experienced gave birth to an indestructible fear that was deep-seated in the bones.

Not long ago, Rong Yan even doubted whether she would be able to live.

The agony along with extreme pleasure on the brink of death made her tremble and feel afraid...

No one knew how much she wanted to leave, but she, unfortunately, could not.

One, she needed money. She already had no way out and had already been tainted. No matter the outcome, she needed to get the payment. She was never a person who wasted her effort.

Two, she could not walk because her body was aching all over. Fear also had her shaking, and she knew she might stumble over before even reaching the door.

Rong Yan gambled like a crazy gambler who had no chips. She was putting her life at stake to win the game. Even so, using such a tactic might not even pose a threat to her opponent.

With a click, the bathroom door opened and Rong Yan's body violently shook, but she soon calmed down. The fear in her eyes disappeared in the shadows, and in a flash, she became a vulgar and materialistic girl.

Rong Yan tilted her head and met Liancheng Yazhi's eyes.

Even though she had been long amazed by his appearance, seeing him again would always leave her stunned.

But now, she really had no time to think about how he looked. To protect her dear life, she had to extract a lot of money from him. She was determined not to let others manipulate her life after starting all over again.

A white bath towel was wrapped around Liancheng Yazhi's waist and another towel was sitting on his shoulder. Beads of water were dripping from his black hair, and under the dim yellow light, he looked attractive and devilish.

At that moment, he moved towards her step by step. Rong Yan still maintained a smile on her face, and though her expression was calm, her heart was beating fast as if it was about to fly out. She then opened her mouth.

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Chapter 4: Liancheng Yazhi (3)

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

Rong Yan still maintained a smile on her face, and though her expression was calm, her heart was beating fast as if it was about to fly out if she opened her mouth

He fixed his calm and indifferent eyes at her. Rong Yan's hands, that were placed under the bedsheet, unknowingly clenched. She did not feel any pain when her fingernails dug into her palms and pierced through her skin.

It was not until she felt a sudden burning pain from the left side of her face that her tensed heart relaxed.

It was okay. It was okay. If he did not hit her, she really could not be sure of what the man was thinking. However... since he hit her himself, it proved that she might... not die.

People who showed their anger were always easier to deal with than those who hid their emotions.

It was said that Liancheng Yazhi had an indifferent personality and that only a few people could make him angry, make him give them another glance, and make him care. He was always cruel to things he did not care about.

But since she could make such a calm man angry, it showed just how much of an influence she still had over him. If he did not care, he would not even want to hit her.

Sure enough, she heard him say, "I never beat women. You are the first."

Rong Yan stuck out her tongue, a sweet smile on her face as she licked the blood from the corner of her lips. Ignoring the burning pain on her cheek, she said with a smile, "Thank you, I'm very honored."

She had to risk it all. A woman who was willing to risk everything did not need self-respect, dignity, and even pride.

Were those things valuable? Could it fill one's stomach? Could it save lives?

No.

Therefore, Rong Yan would never waste any of her feelings for something worthless.

The murderous look in Liancheng Yazhi's eyes disappeared in an instant. It was useless to say anything else. "Tell me, what do you want?"

A few moments later, his anger disappeared. His sharp gaze seemed to see through Rong Yan's thoughts, making all her thoughts unable to escape from him.

Rong Yan shrugged. She had nothing to hide. Her purpose had always been only one thing-money.

"What do you think I need, Mr. Liancheng? I'm just a woman who is out to sell herself. What I want, of course, is your money."

Before Rong Yan could even strive for one possibility out of a thousand or even tens of thousands, she tried to make herself seem like a cheap hostess in a nightclub or a bar just to make him angry and confused.

But in front of this man, she could only be careful and cautious. He was a demon who had cultivated himself into an immortal, and she was just a young fox out of its den.

Liancheng Yazhi was like a falcon, his eyes were sharp and it seemed like he could easily tear the woman into pieces with his sharp beak. "You are brave enough to stay until now."

"That's because Mr. Liancheng is desirable. I can't even find any other man who is richer, younger, and more promising than Mr. Liancheng. So, for you, having some courage is necessary." Rong Yan's red lips were enchanting as she smiled. She looked very materialistic, standing in front of him and saying without any shame that her only purpose was money.

Liancheng Yazhi did not hide the disgust on his face. It was as if he was looking at a fly. He sneered, "Are you so sure that I will agree?"

It was for the first time he had met such a shameless woman who dared to be calculating with him.

'Good. She wanted money, didn't she? Let's see if she could afford to have it!'

Liancheng Yazhi called his secretary...

About twenty minutes later, Secretary Zhou sent a contract over at the fastest speed. Bowing, he handed it to Liancheng Yazhi. "Young Master."

Chapter 5: Signing the Contract (1)

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

After they had placed the contract in front of Rong Yan, she quickly scanned through it and signed her name.

Party B: Rong Yan.

Two beautiful Chinese characters were written on the white paper. It was like an imprint after being branded, which was hard to remove.

With that, Rong Yan's contract for 'service' between her and Liancheng took effect.

She was a young woman at the prime of her youth, but she embarked on a path she had once thoroughly despised.

A mistress was really an old and long-standing career.

The content of the contract was simple and was roughly divided into seven articles.

One: Party A may call Party B at any time, but Party B shall never call Party A.

Two: Party B's phone shall be kept on for 24 hours and be on call at all times. No matter where or what Party B is doing, Party B must immediately rush over as long as Party A has given orders.

Three: Once out of the door, Party A and Party B will remain as strangers. Party B must not cause trouble to Party A.

Four: Once the game starts, it can only end when Party A says so.

Five: Party A shall transfer five hundred thousand dollars to Party B's account every month until the contract ends...

Six: No entangling after the contract ends.

Seven: During the term of the contract, Party B shall obey Party A, and shall bear the consequences if there are any violations.

Five hundred thousand dollars was not even considered money for Liancheng Yazhi, and this was the lowest price among all his women. He thought that Rong Yan was only worthy of this price.

For men, women who throw themselves at men are always cheap.

But this was considered a lot of money for Rong Yan. A lot, a lot...

Liancheng Yazhi's eyes swept over the signature on the bottom right corner of the A4 paper... Rong Yan. It was only then that he found out that her name was Rong Yan.

It was such a nice name. But being the dirty woman that she was, it was all ruined.

Liancheng Yazhi looked at her, and as if he was an executioner from the ancient times who was allowing the prisoner to speak her last words, he asked, "You don't need to think about it?"

"No, it's very fair. Mr. Liancheng, I hope we have a pleasant cooperation." Rong Yan extended her hand to Liancheng Yazhi.

"..."

Liancheng Yazhi did not reach out his hand for a shake but only threw her a cold gaze.

Pleasant? He was not happy. After this woman had plotted a scheme against him, he felt no happiness.

Seeing her, it would remind Liancheng Yazhi that everything he did in his life was smooth sailing, and people who admired him were always around. Although many women wanted to have a relationship with him, no one dared to trick him.

Rong Yan did not feel embarrassed. She shrugged and drew back her hand. "It's almost dawn. Mr. Liancheng, have a good rest. I'm leaving. You can call me anytime in the future. I promise I will be on call at all times."

Secretary Zhou, who had been standing behind Liancheng Yazhi and acting like he was air, handed over a bag. "Miss Rong, these are your clothes."

Rong Yan glanced at the brand and wanted to whistle. It was the season's new dress from Dior. Taking it, she smiled. "Thank you."

Rong Yan took a bath, and she put on the dress Secretary Zhou had prepared. Although her body still felt uncomfortable and hurt a lot... It felt much better. At least it mentally relieved her of a lot of pain.

In the future, she needed to be in constant contact with Liancheng Yazhi and these things were inevitable. She would get used to the pain, eventually.

The gray sleeveless dress was low-cut, and it showed a little fair and tender scenery. Her skin was as white as snow, making the marks on her chest even more eye-catching, but she couldn't care less.

The curve of her waist was beautiful and moving, slender like willows in early spring. The swinging of her waist when she walked could really captivate people's souls.

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