

# **Please Permit Me To Love You Forever #Chapter 11 - Read Please Permit Me To Love You Forever Chapter 11**

Chapter 11: Summoning (1)

Although Rong Yan and Rong Nuo were not biological sisters, Rong Yan's relationship with her was much better compared to Rong Jia, who was related to her by blood. Rong Nuo was a girl who people could not help but care for.

"Yes, but... you can come and look for me. Remember to come by yourself."

To Rong Yan, this place had never been her home. It never gave her a sense of security or warmth.

Rong Nuo smiled through her tears when she heard this, and she nodded. "Mm.."

"Here's ten thousand dollars. Save it for your school fees. Don't let Mom, Rong Jia, and Dad know. You will be in your senior year next semester."

"Sister, I don't want it..."

"Be good and take it."

Rong Nuo wanted to ask where such a big sum of money came from. But after opening her mouth, she swallowed the words down again. "Big Sister, n-no matter what, you will always be my sister."

After leaving the Rong family, Rong Yan changed her address and job.

She wanted to cut off all contact with the Rong family except for Rong Nuo. She never wanted to see such a vicious mother like Yang Yan ever again.

As for her revenge, Rong Yan was not in a hurry. With her current ability, it was not enough to fight against the Second Young Master of the Chu Group. She first needed to get more capital from Liancheng Yazhi.

Rong Yan's life was already considered stable. Liancheng Yazhi rarely called, but they met once a week.

Rong Yan thought that perhaps she was not beautiful enough, or perhaps he thought that she was too young and could not please him. Or maybe she was too annoying? Even if he called her, his dislike for her was clear, and he would never let her stay for too long.

And every time after having intercourse, he would drive Rong Yan away almost immediately.

He never allowed her to lie beside him at any time other than their appointed time.

Rong Yan was wondering... if he hated her, then why would he call her over?

However, he had transferred her payment on the 30th of that month. He was on time; never a day or a second late. The timing was just right.

Rong Yan realized that it was no wonder women in the world wanted to be mistresses of rich men. It was so easy to get money in such a way.

Rong Yan leisurely lived her days and the people from the Rong family did not disturb her again. She suddenly realized that it was for the first time in her life, both previous and current, that she lived comfortably.

She got along well with her colleagues at work. Her direct supervisor in her department was a woman in her forties.

This woman treated people well even in private. Knowing that Rong Yan did not have a boyfriend, she wanted to introduce someone to her.

The other party was a brilliant catch. He had a successful business, a good car, and a house. He completed higher education and was paid very well. Rong Yan did not want to go, but she was too embarrassed to refuse. She could only brace herself, so she went to meet him.

He was considered handsome, but he looked rather weak, talked like a sissy, and liked to flaunt his wealth.

While drinking coffee, his pinkie would rise. Rong Yan would even have goosebumps as she listened to him talking.

She would nod with a smile to whatever the man said and seldom spoke. She even had a demure and gentle expression on her face, which made the other party very satisfied.

They were sitting in the lobby on the first floor of the hotel, and she was facing the revolving door.

A black Bentley limousine stopped and the doorman immediately stepped forward to open the door.

A group of bodyguards in black came in escorting a young man.

He was tall, and from Rong Yan's angle, she could see his side profile. He was as handsome as the God of War in Greek mythology, and he exuded a superior-like air. He was elegant and calm, which made people dared not look at him.

## Chapter 12: Summoning (2)

Rong Yan had only taken a glance before she quickly lowered her head, her hands that were on her knees immediately clenched into fists.

She sighed in her heart. 'My Lord, why are you here?'

If her sugar daddy saw her having a blind date, she definitely would never have a good life.

The girl at the next table immediately gave out a cry of surprise when she saw Rong Yan's sugar daddy.

"Wow, did you see that? That man is so handsome. Look at his car, his clothes, and his bodyguards. He's even tall and handsome, and he's definitely rich, too. Ah, no... he should be king. He's so handsome... Who would like another man after seeing such a perfect man like him?"

"Did you see it? He had glanced at us just now. He must be looking at me..."

"Stop being smug. He's obviously looking at me..."

"Me..."

The two girls at the next table were quarreling loudly, but Rong Yan was sweating buckets. Oh no, he had glanced over and had seen her.

The sissy snorted. "The girls nowadays are superficial, vulgar, and materialistic. What's good about that man?"

Rong Yan smiled. "Really? Haha. I didn't see him."

Her phone rang just when she was speaking. After saying 'excuse me' to her blind date, she quickly took out her phone from her bag. The two words 'Sugar Daddy' flashed on the screen and it was extremely dazzling. Her hand holding the phone shook, and she felt uneasy. Was he going to punish her?

Rong Yan quickly answered the phone with no hesitation. "Hello..."

"Come up to Room 2409 in five minutes."

His voice was stiff and had no emotions, and he never gave her a chance to say anything.

Her sugar daddy had given an order and Rong Yan naturally dared not disobey it. Eyelashes fluttering, she formally responded, "Yes, yes. I will be right there."

Hanging up the call, Rong Yan immediately stood up. "I'm sorry, something came up at work. We'll talk next time."

After that, she quickly ran out without even hearing what the other party had said. Her sugar daddy gave her five minutes, so she had to arrive within five minutes and not any second later.

There was an incident last month where she failed to arrive on time at the place he had mentioned. And as a result, he tortured her so badly that she could not get up from her bed for two days.

But Rong Yan did not dare to run to the elevator in front of her blind date. She knew that there was an elevator in the parking lot on the first floor, so she went there instead.

...

Five minutes later, Rong Yan was panting so hard and was sweating all over. She knocked, and soon, the door to the presidential suite opened.

Once she had entered the door, she saw the Young Master Liancheng sitting on the sofa and not sparing her a look.

After swirling the glass of red wine in his hand, he then took a sip. He muttered, "Speak."

Rong Yan shivered. The way he was drinking wine made her feel like he was drinking her blood.

Rong Yan honestly answered, "Blind date."

"Blind date? Are you using the money I give you every month for blind dates?" Liancheng Yazhi coldly looked over with his long, slender eyes.

"Don't misunderstand. A colleague of mine introduced him to me, and I couldn't bring myself to refuse. Anyway, I'm... already dealing with it."

"Come here." He curled his finger.

Rong Yan immediately ran over and sat on Liancheng Yazhi's legs, wrapping her arms around his neck with familiarity as she tried to please him. "Mr. Liancheng, don't worry. I swear this will never happen again. This will be the first and last time."

### Chapter 13: Summoning (3)

Rong Yan was very conscientious. When she came close to the man, her body turned soft like a snake. She snuggled into his arms in a well-behaved manner.

After being with Liancheng Yazhi for some time, Rong Yan found out that he liked obedient and sensible women. So, for the sake of his... money, she did not mind pretending. Having lived two lives, she did not have to think too much about these kinds of things.

Liancheng Yazhi's hand slid along Rong Yan's soft waist and that nice feeling made him feel slightly satisfied. It was just that he was slightly unhappy with her words. "Hmm?"

Rong Yan felt his displeasure and immediately said, "You are my financier and within the period that I'm with you, I won't have any contact with any man other than you."

Liancheng Yazhi frowned. "What's that smell on you?"

"It's perfume. You don't like it? I'll wash it off right away..." Rong Yan quickly stood up and ran into the bathroom. To be a good mistress, she had to learn about his preferences in the dark since this man was difficult to serve. For example, she found that he hated women who had any artificial fragrance on themselves.

Rong Yan took a quick bath. It was only after she had bathed that she realized she had no spare clothes to change into. She could only wrap a bath towel around her chest and the area above her buttocks and went out with her hair dripping wet!

After their interaction in the past few days, Rong Yan already knew how to quickly arouse Liancheng Yazhi's interest towards her. He liked to see her well-behaved but a little bit cunning; and also wanted her to be pure and charming as well.

She coyly called out to him, "Mr. Liancheng..."

Liancheng Yazhi turned around and his eyes that fell on her suddenly darkened.

He picked up Rong Yan in a rough manner, and he threw her onto the bed under her surprised cry.

Rong Yan knew that Liancheng Yazhi wanted women to serve him, so he was very stingy regarding being gentle during sex. But he was even stingier about his feelings. He would not give women any extra glance and attention.

All throughout, Rong Yan had suffered a lot, but she also gradually gained experience from being taken advantage of. When faced with Liancheng Yazhi in the long run, she would try to make herself relax, so she would suffer less.

But this time, Liancheng Yazhi pulled the bath towel off her body, put his hands on both sides of her head, and just stared at her. He did not do anything else.

This surprised Rong Yan. In the past, Liancheng Yazhi would get to business within ten minutes. He was also very stingy about his time.

Women were his playthings and they were dispensable condiments in his life. It would be a waste if he were to give them more of his time.

But what was wrong with him today?

“Mr. Liancheng...” Rong Yan was very uncomfortable being stared at so she tried to call out.

Perhaps it was because of nervousness, her voice trembled a little and her soft voice sounded crisp, like a hand stroking his heart.

Liancheng Yazhi slightly narrowed his eyes. After enduring for such a long time, he broke because of her words. Damn it.

His originally still body suddenly bent down and kissed Rong Yan’s eyes, and it was like a super typhoon that had swept Rong Yan’s body in an instant.

After the storm, the air was full of a languid and gorgeous scent.

Rong Yan laid on the huge bed, wrapped loosely in a men’s shirt that just covered her buttocks. Her fair legs were shaking as she raised the cheque in her hand to ask Liancheng Yazhi.

“Mr. Liancheng, is this a severance payment, or an extra bonus especially given for my good service?”

“You don’t want it?”

Chapter 14: Summoning (4)

“You don’t want it?”

Liancheng Yazhi was dressed in a black robe, and he was leaning lazily against the sofa with one hand on the edge.

The neckline of his robe was wide open, revealing his sexy collarbones and ivory skin that looked smooth like jade.

His slender long legs were crossed together, and there was a faint mocking smile on his exquisite face.

Every inch of his body was like a masterpiece, especially at that moment, where there were several pinkish-red teeth marks on his collarbones-each of them exuded a thrilling charm.

As soon as she heard his words, Rong Yan tightened her hold on the cheque as if she was afraid of it being taken away. “Of course not. It’s not like Mr. Liancheng doesn’t know that I love money. But... it’s not yet time for you to give me my salary. It’s too sudden. Ill-gotten wealth... If you won’t explain it, I won’t dare take it. Mistresses also have professional ethics.”

‘Mistresses also have professional ethics.’ This became a sentence that Rong Yan often said in front of Liancheng Yazhi. It was to remind him and also herself that being a mistress was her profession. She was a mistress and could only ask for money and nothing else. Because this man was too outstanding, she had to keep watch on her feelings.

However, she could not just casually ask Liancheng Yazhi for money. Their relationship was purely that of an employer and employee. She wanted his money, and he wanted her body-that was all.

So, every sum of money should be made clear so no complications would crop up in the future.

Their relationship, to put it bluntly, consisted only of buying and selling. It was just a transaction of money.

The purpose was the same, in exchange for that cold hard cash and for survival and revenge.

Rong Yan knew that she was dirty and shameless, but what else could she do?

When a person could not even protect their life, being dirty or cheap was all for survival.

Sometimes ‘survival’ was the cruelest word in the world. It would force one to make the most helpless choice, like what she did...

Liancheng Yazhi lit a cigarette and blew out a ring of smoke with grace.

“Ruoruan will be coming back tomorrow.”

Rong Yan nodded. So his girlfriend was coming and this was the money to keep her mouth shut. He was afraid that she would spout nonsense in front of his future wife.

Come on, she was not that stupid. This money was really for nothing.

Three million dollars. It was money that many people could never earn in their life.

If she had this money in the beginning, she would not have driven herself to the point of no return.

Song Ruoruan was Liancheng Yazhi's fiancée and was the only woman he had admitted to the media.

The Song family was a famous family in the city. Her father was a real estate tycoon and her mother was a senior professor of a famous university.

Song Ruoruan herself was a beautiful woman with knowledge, beauty, wisdom, and temperament. She was definitely a lady from a decent family. She had fair skin and was attractive, making many young men flock over to her like ducks.

Although Liancheng Yazhi had many women from time to time, Song Ruoruan had been with him for four years.

Of course, Rong Yan was also one of his lovers, and she had maintained nearly three months of interest exchange with him.

She was also considered one of Liancheng Yazhi's mistresses who stayed by his side the longest. Rong Yan sometimes wondered if she should feel proud of it.

Holding the cheque, Rong Yan happily counted the zeroes on it and did not look at Liancheng Yazhi. The smile on her lips was as charming as that of a cat.

Rong Yan was very clear about her position. A mistress was a mistress. She was a mistress whom everyone hated, and her existence could not be made known to the public.

Chapter 15: Summoning (5)

Rong Yan knew her position very well. A mistress was a mistress, a third party that should never be acknowledged in public.

She needed to know self-consciousness and not think about things she shouldn't think about.

Her only goal was to satisfy her sugar daddy and get more money from him.

She only wanted money. Everything else had nothing to do with her.

Rong Yan's red lips curled up as she blew at the cheque.

"You can rest easy. As a mistress, I know my place. When I see her, I'll walk around her with my head bowed and never look her in the eye. Mr. Liancheng, don't worry. I'm a paid professional after all."

Liancheng Yazhi suddenly asked, "Rong Yan, do you not want to become the Liancheng family's young mistress?"

Liancheng Yazhi stared at Rong Yan through the thin smoke. She was smiling at the cheque like a little fox that stole a farm chicken, her expression filled with mischievousness, happiness, and even contentment...

He never thought that he would be able to maintain his under the table relationship with Rong Yan for nearly three months. But he still hated and despised this woman who had schemed to sleep with him for money.

Their relationship was very simple. It was a straight-forward and simple sugar daddy and sugar baby relationship.

However, Rong Yan was not like the other women who had looked at him with greedy and scheming eyes.

This woman was very simple. She only wanted money and only recognized money. She was an unbearably vulgar woman.

However, spending time with her was extremely simple. They enter the room, do it, and he would give her money.

Once they were out of the room, Rong Yan didn't know a man called Liancheng Yazhi and never ever made trouble for him.

That was why the extremely picky Liancheng Yazhi didn't want to end this relationship too quickly either.

After all, there weren't a lot of women who simply wanted money.

She was extremely careful when facing him at first, but later on, she became flexible and controlled herself rather well. The change was notably big, and she felt like a rather interesting person.

Besides, she was in her most beautiful and youthful age, while he had unlimited money for her to spend. This was a perfect transaction where they both got what they wanted. So, what was there against it?

Rong Yan put the cheque into her bag like she was holding a precious item. She then smiled coyly as she jumped off the bed and ran bare-footed towards Liancheng Yazhi to sit on his lap. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pouted and coyly said, "I do. Why won't I? But I know myself. I know the meaning of one being unable to get both the fish and the bear paw at the same time. Besides, as the bear paw, Mr. Liancheng is already a very powerful person. I don't want to end up with nothing in the end."

She faked a sad sigh. "With others, speaking about money will hurt the relationship. But with you, speaking about feelings will hurt the money. Sigh. This is really hard."

Rong Yan rolled her eyes in her mind. 'Hmph, Liancheng family's Young Mistress? Even if every woman in this world died, it will never be hers.'

She wasn't foolish enough to play tricks to keep Liancheng Yazhi, for he doesn't belong to any woman. This man was heartless. Even if it was Song Rouran, it was only because he needed a fiancée that he could show off to the public, and Song Rouran fit the role.

Things that don't belong to you will never belong to you no matter how hard you try. This truth was something Rong Yan only understood in her previous life.

Besides... their beginning started in a dirty way.

Everyone started with a dark scheme and transaction. There wasn't any addition of sunlight, so... A legendary love flower would never bloom between them.