

Please Permit Me To Love You Forever

Chapter 16: Summoning (6)

That was why... The safest thing in this world that was with no expiration date would only be money. She was a materialistic and opportunistic woman. She didn't want a man or love, because she only wanted... money.

Liancheng Yazhi casually pressed the cigarette bud in the ashtray as undeniable ridicule appeared on his expression.

People liked intelligent women, but sometimes, they were rather annoying.

"Rong Yan, you're indeed a woman with self-consciousness."

Liancheng Yazhi rarely called Rong Yan by her name because she didn't deserve it. However, he had accidentally blurted out her name from time to time, especially when he was angry, like he was right now.

But whenever her name leaves his mouth, it would sound very sentimental, as if he was the only one worthy of calling her name.

Rong Yan rested her head on Liancheng Yazhi's shoulder and pulled a coy look. One of her hands playfully tapped his shoulder as if she was playing the piano.

She leaned closer towards Liancheng Yazhi's ear and blew into it. "That is why Mr. Liancheng must not give me hope. I also am greedy. What if one day, I suddenly want to grab a rich man like you and do something I shouldn't do? What will happen then?"

Liancheng Yazhi narrowed his eyes as heat surged in his black, sparkling eyes. However, his expression remained as calm as ever.

If she hadn't spent some time with this man and found out about his changes and habits, Rong Yan would really think that he was not attracted to her at all.

Rong Yan blinked at first. She then pulled an innocent, doe-eye look at him as she complained softly.

"Mr. Liancheng, how can you be like this? We've already played past our allotted time for tonight. I'm exhausted too, so I should get off work now."

However, what she didn't know was the more she acted that way, the more the man wanted to ravish her crazily and shatter her naivety.

Liancheng Yazhi never understood why Rong Yan's eyes could remain so innocent and clean when she had such a greedy heart filled with money and gold.

Liancheng Yazhi grabbed her chin, putting some force as his lips curled into a cruel, cold smile. "You will have a lot of rest time after today."

It meant that after that night, he would not summon her again for a long time. Hence, there was no need for her to rest at the time being and they would only end their playdate after it completely satisfied him.

Rong Yan's skin was great. It was fairer and smoother than most people. She also exuded a faint fragrance. It was not a man-made fragrance, but a fragrance that exuded from within her. This was something Liancheng Yazhi could never get sick of.

He enjoyed leaving red mark after mark on Rong Yan's skin, like he was branding them on.

After he had done branding, she was his.

Rong Yan's last memory of that day was that she was so sleepy that her eyelids couldn't even open anymore. However, mentally, she was extremely conscious.

She heard Liancheng Yazhi lean down and inched near her ear to say, "Rong Yan, you're a vixen."

Hearing this, a smile appeared on Rong Yan's lips before she blacked out and fell asleep.

Actually, she wanted to tell Liancheng Yazhi these:

'Darling, if I wasn't a vixen, how would I be able to trick you?

'If I wasn't a vixen, how would I be able to climb into your bed?

'If I wasn't a vixen, how would I be able to do such a lowly thing?'

Haha... She was just a vixen, a woman bad to the core and would go down to hell after she died.

No. She had already died once, but she didn't go to hell. The heavens must be blind to let her come back and ruin another...

Chapter 17: Summoning (7)

Rong Yan thought that it would take some time for Liangcheng Yazhi to look for her after their last meet up, or that he might even end the relationship altogether. After all, his fiancée was back. It was due time for the wild ones like her to stand back.

However, after spending two comfortable days, Rong Yan received a call from Liancheng Yazhi.

Rong Yan was having her hair done in the salon when her phone rang with the caller ID stating 'Sugar Daddy.'

Rong Yan instantly adjusted her emotions and answered the call with a coy and soft voice. "Hello, Mr. Liancheng? Why are you summoning me today? Didn't you say your fiancée was coming back?"

"Meet me at Miyin at nine."

Perhaps it was because they were talking on the phone, Liancheng Yazhi's voice sounded a little distant.

'Miyin?' Rong Yan thought about it. This definitely didn't mean that she was just going to be a flower vase this time, so she asked, "Mr. Liancheng, can I ask what it is about? So that I can dress up appropriately."

"For a business."

"Got it. I will definitely make you satisfied."

After ending the call, Rong Yan's expression instantly darkened. Business?

Hmph... It seemed like he didn't want her anymore, so he wanted to bring her along to sell her smiles and body to help with his business transactions.

But it was alright. Anyway... she was already so dirty, which meant that following anyone was the same.

As the sissy hairstylist helped Rong Yan manage her hair, he said, "Miss, you look really good with this loose perm. It makes you look even more feminine."

Rong Yan smiled when she saw the coy and seductive woman in the mirror.

"Really? I think it's not too bad either. It's a pity... I have to join a business meeting with my Boss tonight and this hairstyle isn't suitable. Help me tie it up."

"It's alright. When you come for a hair treatment tomorrow, I'll help you do it again..."

“Alright...”

...

At nine that night, Rong Yan arrived at Miyin’s entrance in a taxi, and she was just right on time.

There was one more thing about being a mistress; they had to be punctual, had to arrive whenever the sugar daddy said so, had to be self-conscious and not put up a front, else they would end up with nothing.

The so-called ‘Miyin’ meant decadent music. Just hearing the name of the place was enough to know what the place exactly was. Its acoustic field gambling den was officials’ and elite’s favorite place in the city.

Liancheng Yazhi saw Rong Yan standing outside of Miyin after he got out of his car.

She exuded intelligence and beauty different from Song Rouran. There was a hint of vixen to her, although she looked innocent and pure on the outside. Liancheng Yazhi had asked himself a couple of times if this woman was perhaps a vixen-incarnate.

However, Rong Yan’s outfit was rather proper as she dressed like a normal company office staff.

She only wore a plain, long-sleeved, fitting white shirt as her top, making her figure look even more voluminous. The top two buttons were open, exposing her slender and beautiful neckline. Her skin was actually fairer than the white shirt she was wearing.

On the bottom half of her body, she wore a simple, black A-line skirt just at the right length.

The hem of the skirt was ten centimeters above her knees, making her look reserved and yet, sexy. Her curves were obvious, but her body exposed no part of her body to the surface.

Rong Yan was wearing a pair of seven centimeters-tall black high heels. A thin nude-colored stocking covered her slender legs. When she walked, she looked extraordinarily charming and seductive.

She had tied her hair up, with two casual strands of hair falling by her ears. She looked a little messy but prim and proper at the same time.

However, the difference she had from those strict office workers were her eyes-as they darted around, they held a hint of seduction in them. She was seductive but not cheap, sexy but not bewitching.

She exuded an abstinent beauty from head to toe. When people saw her, their hearts would itch in desire from being able to see her, but unable to touch her.

Chapter 18: Hate (1)

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It was Liancheng Yazhi's first time seeing Rong Yan dressed that way. The moment he saw her, he had all his attention on her only.

Slightly frustrated, he thought that this woman was indeed a little vixen.

When Rong Yan turned around, she saw her sugar daddy standing in the gloomy night. She sauntered over to Liancheng Yazhi with small steps and immediately hugged his arm intimately. She pulled a charming smile at him. "Mr. Liancheng Yazhi, when did you arrive? Why didn't you call me? You made me wait here for so long."

Even if her sugar daddy might change after that night, Rong Yan still had to do her last shift properly and responsibly before anything happened. She needed to be a professional mistress.

Liancheng Yazhi wasn't in the least pleased as he reached out to take the documents Assistant Gao was holding and pushed them into Rong Yan's arms.

"I just arrived... This is the information of the customer today. Read it now. Don't cause any problems."

"Don't worry. There definitely wouldn't be any issues. Oh right, is this counted as a part-time job?" Rong Yan suppressed the bitterness growing within her as she waved the document and smiled carelessly.

Liancheng Yazhi said a word stingily "Yes."

Rong Yan bargained, "Then Mr. Liancheng must give me a salary."

There was a hint of ridicule in Liancheng Yazhi's smile, and he moved his hand to grab Rong Yan's chin. "What can you think of apart from money?"

"Apart from money... I can't seem to talk about any other things with you. Didn't I say two days ago that talking about money with others will hurt the relationship, but talking about feelings with you will hurt the money? I'm not so foolish."

She was always straightforward with him that she only wanted him for the money and not for him as a person.

This made Liancheng Yazhi feel rather... helpless.

He had always hated those types of women, but a woman like Rong Yan gave him... the desire to conquer her. He suddenly wanted to see Rong Yan crawl at his feet like any other woman who liked him.

This sudden thought immensely surprised Liancheng Yazhi. He immediately collected his thoughts and said coldly, "I've never seen such a materialistic woman like you."

With that said, Liancheng Yazhi casually threw a necklace at Rong Yan. It was as if he was throwing a cheap necklace sold in the streets that only had dozens of dollars' worth.

It wasn't enclosed in an exquisite packaging or box, but then again, that wasn't important. What was, though, was that the necklace was definitely worth at least five million. Just the red ruby sitting at the center of the necklace was already a rare and fine item.

Rong Yan instantly narrowed her eyes and then pulled a bright smile. And as the same as any materialistic woman, she exclaimed, "Wow, thank you Mr. Liancheng. I've been eying this necklace for a long time, but since it's too expensive, I couldn't bring myself to buy it. You're a really nice guy."

Rong Yan ignored his attitude as she instantly and happily stood on her toes after seeing that diamond necklace. She pecked at the corner of Liancheng Yazhi's lips to express her gratitude.

"Hmph."

The woman only smiled like this when she saw money and jewelry. She was really a materialistic woman blinded by money. Liancheng Yazhi hummed coldly as he rested his hand on Rong Yan's waist and pinched it intimately.

Rong Yan wriggled her waist with a soft gasp. "Annoying... We're outside."

Her coy voice made Liancheng Yazhi even more unhappy. He even had the urge to take her away.

He wanted to grab Rong Yan and kiss her ruthlessly.

Chapter 19: Hate (2)

He wanted to grab Rong Yan and kiss her ruthlessly.

“Liancheng, this lady is?” A tactful and beautiful female voice rang.

Liancheng didn't move as he furrowed his eyebrows tightly, not happy with being disrupted. On the other hand, Rong Yan quickly put some distance between them and instantly turned into a prim and proper office beauty.

Liancheng Yazhi furrowed his eyebrows tightly, not liking how Rong Yan had put a distance between them. He exclaimed in his mind, ‘She really has the talent for acting. It's a pity she is not an actress.’

Rong Yan calmly nodded at Song Rouran and flashed her a smile. “Hello, Miss Song. I am Rong Yan, an... escort that Mr. Liancheng hired to help with the business meeting.”

In her mind, she terribly despised herself. What was a female escort in a business meeting? They were merely higher-levelled prostitutes.

Rong Yan thought, ‘Rong Yan, oh, Rong Yan. Only a shameless woman like you is delighted instead of feeling embarrassed when saying such things.’

Song Rouran was a beauty, and she exuded an intelligent, dignified, and elegant aura from head to toe. She was the type of beauty that made people feel very comfortable looking at, yet maintain a distance between them.

She was smiling, but her smile looked distant.

She asked, “How did you know that my last name is Song?”

Rong Yan instantly showed a coy expression. “Miss Song is even prettier in actual life than on the magazines.”

“Thank you...” Song Rouran had offered Rong Yan a glance before she gently spoke to Liancheng Yazhi. “Liancheng, let's go in. Mr. Su and the rest are already in there.”

She was quietly reminding Liancheng Yazhi that she was the only one who could help him in his career.

However, Liancheng Yazhi didn't reply to her. Instead, he had reached out and intimately grabbed Rong Yan's chin, before he leaned down and kissed her hard. He didn't shy away from it, even with Song Rouran around. And with a half-smile, he said, “You're really good with words.”

Liancheng Yazhi's voice was low while his expression was calm and indifferent. He didn't show any hint of anger at all.

Rong Yan was a little awkward. However, she couldn't help but be rendered surprised at the couple. She glanced at Song Rouran, the woman looking rather calm and indifferent, and then at Liancheng Yazhi, who was cheating on his girlfriend right in front of her.

It seemed like Liancheng Yazhi wasn't afraid of Song Rouran knowing that she was his sugar baby. Then again, Song Rouran was also clear of how Liancheng Yazhi's private life was.

However, he never brought his mistresses in front of Song Rouran before to at least give his future wife the most basic respect.

But this respect didn't mean that Song Rouran could interfere in his private life.

See? This was the style of the fiancée.

Rong Yan blinked at him. "Thank you, Mr. Liancheng for your praise. If I didn't know how to use my words, you wouldn't call me to help with your business discussion, right?"

Of course, as a mistress, while she attended to her sugar daddy, she had to curry his fiancée as well. Otherwise, if she ever ends up offending his fiancée, a simple move from her will make her life difficult, too.

Liancheng Yazhi smirked. "Let's go in."

"Yes... Please go in first."

Walking behind the two, Rong Yan watched as Song Rouran gripped her bag tight. Her knuckles were pale as the veins on the back of her hand popped to the surface.

She pursed her lips and smiled. It appeared that this Miss Song wasn't as calm as she appeared to be.

Tsk, tsk. Liking a man with no heart nor emotions like Liancheng Yazhi was meant to hurt!

It was a good thing that she only liked Liancheng Yazhi's money. As for him as a person, she didn't dare to.

Rong Yan remembered seeing in a newspaper article in her previous life that Liancheng Yazhi had changed his fiancée within a year, from Song Rouran to her younger sister, Song Meiran.

Chapter 20: Hate (3)

Rong Yan remembered seeing in a newspaper article in her previous life that Liancheng Yazhi had changed his fiancée within a year, from Song Rouran to her younger sister, Song Meiran. Oh, it seemed like there would be a clichéd show of sisters fighting over a man. She really anticipated it. However, it was clear she would have to leave Liancheng Yazhi's side before she could watch the Song sisters fight for the man.

At this thought, Rong Yan cupped her mouth and snickered. Her snickering was very soft, but sadly, her sugar daddy's hearing was extremely sensitive.

Liancheng Yazhi suddenly stopped and turned around, scolding her, "What are you being wishy-washy for? Catch up quickly."

Rong Yan hurriedly jogged forward. "Yes. I'm coming now. But please do not walk so quickly."

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After entering the private room, Rong Yan slightly glanced around the room. Among those that were present, she had seen four out of five of them in financial magazines or in newspapers. They were all the top aristocrats in A City.

At the same time, there were women, each sitting beside the four men she had seen before. The only one that she hadn't seen before was sitting alone. Thinking about it, the man should be Su Yu, whom the document said had just returned from overseas.

After Liancheng Yazhi greeted the group, he introduced Rong Yan to them and ignored her from then on.

Amongst the sympathizing, despising or amused gazes from the group of young masters, Rong Yan naturally sat beside Su Yu.

Only after sitting so close to him did she catch a good glimpse of his features. This man was... really good looking.

Yes. He was good-looking. He was so good-looking that Rong Yan's mind went blank in that second, and she couldn't think of any adjectives that could describe how good-looking he was.

His skin was fair, and his eyes were slightly blue. He was mix-blooded and looked really similar to the male protagonist she had seen from a certain island-nation's comic. He looked like a person who walked out of a comic book.

He also had a pair of clear but deep and complicated eyes. Rong Yan's two lives' worth of experience told her that compared to Liancheng Yazhi, the man would not be easier to deal with.

After quickly sizing out her opponent, Rong Yan leaned forward and raised a wine glass. Her smile was sweet and innocent. "Mr. Su, I'm Lynn. Will you do me a favor?"

The other party didn't move and only tilted his head to look at her instead. There was a soft smile on his lips.

When the slightly dimmed lights entered his eyes, they sparkled brightly and colorfully.

He kept quiet as Rong Yan remained holding up the wine glass.

After a short stalemate, Miyin's boss, Feng Nongtang, laughed. "Sister Lynn, you don't propose a toast like that. Be sincere..."

He tapped the young girl beside him. "Baby, give Miss Lynn a demonstration."

The young girl, Lala, looked innocent and cute, but she had a strong character. She picked up a wine glass and took a sip, before pressing her lips against Feng Nongtang's lips. The two intertwined and had their tongues dance with each other. It was such an attraction!

After the kiss, Young Master Feng patted Lala's cheek, and he said, "Only something like this is called a toast..."

Rong Yan glanced at Liancheng Yazhi. He had an arm around Song Rouran. One of his hands was holding a wine glass while the other was hugging the beauty. He had a smile on his lips, looking like he was an outsider as he watched the scene unfold like the other people who were cheering for her were.

Rong Yan suddenly smiled as the urge to cry swelled within her. Her heart was a little tight. She should have understood it long ago. Why did she have hope?

Liancheng Yazhi had already thrown her out, so there wouldn't be any matters of cheating. Why was she hoping for him to say something? When they came in earlier, he didn't even say who she was.

If she was meant to be treated as a gift and was pushed here and there, she hoped she could choose her next sugar daddy who doesn't look disgusting to the point she wouldn't be able to eat.

This pretty young master in front of him was hard to deal with, but... she wasn't even afraid of Liancheng Yazhi. Why would she be afraid of this man?

