

Please Permit Me To Love You Forever #

Chapter 6: Signing the Contract (2)

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

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.

Liancheng Yazhi thought to himself, 'How could Secretary Zhou choose such a beautiful dress for such a woman?'

With a smile, Rong Yan said to Liancheng Yazhi, "Goodbye, Mr. Liancheng."

"Wait." Liancheng Yazhi stopped Rong Yan.

Rong Yan turned around and the hem of her dress moved, creating a beautiful arc. "Mr. Liancheng, is there anything else?"

Liancheng Yazhi's expression became darker and darker. "The last section mentioned that before our contract is over, you can't have any relationships with other men. If I find out... The contract will be void and be terminated at any time. You also have to cough out all the money I have given you."

Rong Yan winked at him. "Mr. Liancheng, don't worry. I have professional ethics."

"Good. I hope you are worth the money."

"Don't worry, I promise it will be your money's worth!"

After Rong Yan had left the room, Liancheng Yazhi's expression became cold, and he turned to look at Secretary Zhou.

Young Master Liancheng only said this, "Do a background check on that woman and send someone to keep watch on her at all times."

Secretary Zhou nodded expressionlessly. "Yes, Young Master. I will report the findings to you in an hour."

Just like what Secretary Zhou had said, information about Rong Yan was on Liancheng Yazhi's table an hour later. It listed everything from when she was young-even the time she lost her teeth.

The more Liancheng Yazhi read, the more he frowned.

Liancheng Yazhi suddenly remembered what Rong Yan had said to him that night when he read about how her mother, Yang Yan, attempted to sell her to President Dong.

No wonder she said that if she wanted to sell herself, she would rather find someone pleasant to look at.

If a compassionate person saw how the document had listed down a life full of hardships, they would find Rong Yan to be very pitiful.

But Liancheng Yazhi couldn't care less. There were more pitiful people in the world than Rong Yan. Hence, he did not have so much cheap sympathy for her.

Not taking actions against her after she had dared pull a scheme against him was already considered a great type of kindness.

Liancheng Yazhi said, "You can call back the surveillance on her."

There was a slight crack on Secretary Zhou's poker face. Liancheng Yazhi was the one who ordered 24-hour surveillance on her, but he then called it back after an hour. 'Young Master Ya, your words are not to be trusted.'

Secretary Zhou's expression was still calm as he nodded. "Yes."

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Rong Yan seemed to have lost all her strength after coming out of the hotel. Hailing a taxi, she went straight to her house.

After she had entered the door, the dark room seemed to suck all of Rong Yan's strength that she even had to stagger to the bedside to sit down.

Rummaging inside her bag to take out the morning-after pill she had prepared inside her bag, she put it into her mouth and swallowed it down with no water.

The stinging pain when the tablet brushed past her throat made her want to vomit all the contents in her stomach. But Rong Yan still smiled in the dark night even after experiencing pain and suffering, those only proved that she was still alive. Those who hadn't experienced death before would not know that pain and suffering sometimes were a blessing.

Rong Yan did not take off her clothes and fell asleep on the bed.

When it was almost dawn, Rong Yan trembled all over. She clutched the bedsheet as beads of sweat rolled down from her forehead. Her face was full of pain, and she was mumbling something.

Chapter 7: Nightmare From Her Last Life (1)

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Rong Yan's consciousness was clouded. She seemed to have gone back to the moment when she was knocked unconscious, had her hands and legs bounded, had stones tied to her, and thrown into the surging icy river in her past life. She could feel the cold and smelly river water gushing into her lungs and the shadow of death following her.

Her body was getting heavier and heavier, sinking rapidly under. After her breathing had stopped, her soul gradually drifted away from her body.

Her soul floated to a short distance away, and she saw a dashing couple standing by the river bed in the night. The two familiar faces hurt her eyes, and she could hear their conversation.

The woman said, "Brother Chu, can we do this? If Rong Yan knows, she will... be very sad. I will always feel sorry for her!"

The man replied, "Don't think about her. That wedding was originally for the two of us. What is she? She is just a b*tch who ingratiates herself with rich men. How can she be my wife? In my heart, you're the only one worthy to be my wife, and I love you only."

"But... I still feel uneasy. I'm afraid that she will appear in front of me one day and accuse me of snatching you from her. Brother Chu, I'm terrified."

"Don't worry. I know you are kind-hearted. I won't put you in a tough position. I have already arranged it... She will never appear before us again in the future."

"If it's like this... Then that's good. With her gone... it would be good for her and the both of us..."

The voices of the man and woman were very clear. The woman was Rong Yan's best friend, Jiang Nuanxia; and the man was the fiancé Rong Yan loved the most, Chu Wenluo.

Rong Yan wanted to jump and stab this cheating couple to death. 'Scum, b*tch. They should all die...'

Chu Wenluo knew that she had ingratiated herself with those men for the future of his company. She had helped him attract clients and countless projects. If it wasn't for her, the Chu family would have gone bankrupt. He claimed that she was the best in his heart and that he only loved her.

But the truth showed Rong Yan that everything was a lie.

There were only four words left in Rong Yan's mind: 'You lied to me...'

From beginning to end, her life was full of lies. It was all lies... No one really loved her or cared about her...

Her mother did not love her either. In order to repay her stepfather's debts, her mother sold her to a perverted old man after she had turned twenty-three years old.

While Jiang Nuanxia claimed that she was Rong Yan's best friend for life, she snatched the latter's fiancé from behind and continued to pretend she was noble, kind, and pure, thus tricking everyone. Jiang Nuanxia definitely had something to do with Rong Yan's death, she could not possibly have not known about it.

Jiang Nuanxia could still pretend that she was the Virgin Mary while using Rong Yan's man, spending the money Rong Yan earned, wearing the wedding dress Rong Yan designed, living in the house Rong Yan decorated and even watching Rong Yan drown in the cold river.

And Chu Wenluo, the fiancé who said he only loved her and made a vow with her, only used her as a tool to make money. He kicked her away without leaving a way out for her after he had become successful. He even hired men to throw her into the river. He was worse than a beast.

Rong Yan hated all the b*tches who had trampled her heart on the ground, but she hated herself even more.

She hated herself for being too soft-hearted, hated herself for believing in relationships too much, and also hated herself for having a pair of eyes but was blinded at heart.

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Chapter 8: Nightmare From Her Last Life (2)

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

Those ugly faces wore hypocritical masks, and they were full of lies. If only she had looked and listened carefully, she would have noticed that these... superficial and dirty things had blinded her. Hence, she only knew about the bloody truth after she died.

What was the truth? It was likened to peeling off the skin to expose the bones, then breaking all of them inch by inch until the pain was... overwhelming. Once she understood it, death was already at her steps...

The pain of having her heart cut out, having her skin peeled off, and having her bones crushed all turned into the word 'hatred.'

The pain of suffocation was more and more serious, and the darkness became heavier and heavier as a huge vortex sucked in the floating soul...

"I can't die..." Rong Yan screamed and sat up abruptly from the bed. Her breathing was fast, and there was panic written all over her face. Her originally fair skin was even paler, like a piece of paper that would break apart when jabbed.

The number '17' of the desk calendar that was on the bedside table was circled with a black marker.

May 17, 2011. May 17th.

Rong Yan closed her eyes and clenched her fists.

She had returned to two years in the past after she had been reborn two months ago. At this time, her tragedy had not yet begun.

For the past two months, she had the same nightmare almost every night, and it shook her awake every single time. With that, the hatred in her heart grew deeper and deeper.

The sky turned bright outside. Rong Yan used a red marker to circle the number '18.'

May 18 was a good day to travel and build houses. It was only a month away before her mother would try to sell her off to the perverted old man in her previous life. In a span of a month, she would fight for a way out for herself and would kill whoever dared to stop her.

Since God gave her a chance to live one more time, she would not let her previous life's tragedy happen all over again. She wanted to live more reckless and unrestrained than anyone else and never be a puppet in the hands of others.

'Slut and scumbag, just you wait. The pain you gave me, I will pay you back in double.'

Family, love, and friendship...

She would not ask for any of these cheap things.

All she wanted was just one word-revenge.

So, last night, she wisely chose such a sugar daddy-Liangcheng Yazhi!

The Master of Beijing.

Her sugar daddy.

Rong Yan was no longer sleepy after waking up. The pain in her lower body felt much better, but when she walked, it still hurt. However, compared to all the hardships she had suffered in her previous life, the pain was not worth mentioning.

After Rong Yan had gone to the bank to cash in her cheque early in the morning, she applied for two bank cards. One had 2.48 million dollars and the other five hundred thousand dollars, leaving twenty thousand in cash.

Rong Yan took the money to the 'home' she had not returned to for a long time. The same home that she desperately hated-the source of her suffering in her last life.

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Yang Yan, Rong Yan's mother, took her and her sister Rong Jia along when she married her second husband Rong Shenghai ten years ago. The family had been living in a shabby and messy tube-shaped apartment.

Her stepfather was an honest man, and though he wanted his family to have a good life, he had no skills. In a moment of folly, he went to borrow from moneylenders.

Someone had swayed him to invest in the stock market that in just three days, he threw half a million dollars into the market but did not get back a single cent.

A mafia gang would come by every day to collect debts, and they threatened to cut off Rong Shenghai's hands if he could not pay in three days. In a desperate attempt to pay back the money, her family quarreled every day.

Chapter 9: The Hurt Her Mother Caused (1)

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

In her previous life, her own mother sold her because of these debts.

But it was different in this life. She had already sold herself before her mother could.

Since she could not escape the fate of being trampled on no matter what she does, then... Why shouldn't she pick a man who was pleasing to the eyes?

Throwing away her dignity, stepping on her self-esteem under her feet, and selling off her body in exchange for a cheque, and also leading a different life for herself.

Rong Yan had reminded herself that she had no life anymore, so what dignity did she need? Those delusional things were only for the rich.

She needed no dignity, she just needed money...

Her predicament led to last night's incident... Drugging, seducing, and climbing onto Liancheng Yazhi's bed.

The narrow stairs were full of rubbish and Rong Yan had to walk up the stairwell even though she felt numb.

The door of the house was half open and sharp quarreling voices came from inside. Rong Yan frowned. She stopped at the door and did not go in, she would only saunter in after her mother had finished yapping.

"God damn it. You're seriously seeking for death! But why do you have to take us along with you? I haven't had a good day since I married you... five hundred thousand. We can't pay it even if we sold the entire family..." Yang Yan's series of profanities resounded all over the corridor.

"Why isn't that brat Rong Yan back yet? Does she want the entire family to starve? I have already made an agreement with President Wang. If Rong Yan follows him, he would help us pay back the money. He could even give us a sum of money every month."

Rong Yan frowned and tightened her hold on her bag while a sharp hatred flashed in her eyes. Did you hear that? That was her biological mother.

She did not come by because of their mother-daughter relationship. After she would give Yang Yan the money, Rong Yan owed her nothing else, including her life.

Her debt to Yang Yan had long been paid off in her last life.

Her stepfather Rong Shenghai's cowardly voice trembled as he said, "I heard that President Wang is a pervert. Y-you're pushing Yanyan into the fire pit!"

Rong Yan's face paled and her body slightly trembled since she knew who this President Wang was.

He was a man about fifty years of age, and he owned a small real estate company. He weighed over a hundred kilograms, and he was full of lust even though he was impotent.

When someone couldn't get physically satisfied, they would often pursue mental satisfaction.

Hence why he took pleasure in tormenting young and beautiful women. Because he was rich, he played with many women.

Yang Yan wanted to sell her to President Wang a month ago, but her stepfather stopped her.

In her previous life, it was the same man. At that time, Rong Yan refused to submit and ran out after knocking President Wang out with an ashtray. After that event, she met Chu Wenluo.

Chu Wenluo helped her during the most difficult time of her life and pulled her out of hell. Therefore, for Rong Yan, Chu Wenluo was her God and everything. She would even die for him.

But later on, after Chu Wenluo killed her, she found out that everything was just his evil scheme.

Suddenly, a clear female voice shouted, "I don't agree. Mom, Big Sister is your own daughter. How can you do this to her? Besides... Father used three hundred thousand dollars on buying stock, and it was Second Sister who spent the remaining two hundred thousand dollars. Even if you want to sell someone to pay off the debts, it should be Second Sister..."

Chapter 10: The Hurt Her Mother Caused (2)

Translator: Atlas Studios Editor: Atlas Studios

"You're too scary. You're not human at all."

Rong Yan leaned against the mottled wall and gave a sneer. Blood ties were not the strongest bond in this world after all.

Her mother and sister would even sell her for money just to save themselves.

This was her family. There were five of them; two had blood ties with her, and yet they wanted to exchange her for money; while the remaining had no blood ties with her, and yet knew how to do justice for her.

Rong Yan sneered. Mother and daughter. Hmph... So in her mother's heart, she had a spot for her second daughter, Rong Jia, and yet none for Rong Yan. Only she and Rong Jia were mother and daughter.

What she didn't hear in her last life, she was hearing it all now.

Why was the treatment so different when they were both her daughters?

A wave of unprecedented anger rose in Rong Yan's heart. She hated all of them.

With a loud bang, Rong Yan kicked open the door and the room suddenly turned quiet. She glanced coldly at Yang Yan's mean face.

Yang Yan shuddered. She didn't have a close bond with her eldest daughter since she was a child, and Yang Yan didn't like her because of her scheming personality.

Rong Nuo was stunned for a while before she hurriedly went to push Rong Yan outside. "Big Sister, go to work quickly. Don't come back anymore."

Rong Yan patted Rong Nuo's hand and asked her to move back. Taking out the bank card loaded with five hundred thousand dollars, she handed it to Rong Shenghai. "This is five hundred thousand dollars. Dad, pay your debts with it. Don't listen to people's nonsense in the future and work properly. There is no free lunch in this world."

Ignoring the surprised looks on their faces, she continued, "And... from today onwards, I won't enter this house again and I won't give you any more money. All of you have nothing to do with me."

Rong Yan had enough. If she continued to stay in this house, her heartless mother would still eventually sell her off.

At first, Yang Yan was happy that she was finally debt-free. But after hearing Rong Yan's words, she screamed, "What do you mean you're not giving us any more money? Did I raise you for nothing? You ungrateful child! Did someone feed your heart to the dogs? I'm your mother and Jiajia is your sister. What do you want us to do?"

Rong Yan smirked. "Mother? Which mother would want to push her own daughter into the fire pit and sell her to a pervert? Yang Yan, don't appear in front of me in the future. I haven't taken a cent of this family ever since I was in high school. You should know in your heart how much money I have given you all these years. I have already paid back what I owed. And Rong Jia, I have nothing to do with her from today onwards. If you don't know what to do, then just die. Or maybe, you can sell Rong Jia off."

Yang Yan's face was red as she glared at Rong Yan. She wanted to open her mouth, but could not get a word out.

"That's all I have to say. I have something on, so I'll get going."

She had just stepped out of the door when she heard Yang Yan's cries. "You heartless, ungrateful animal! What sins have I done in my past life to have a daughter like you?"

Rong Yan looked up and went down the stairs with her chin raised. This time, she went from one darkness to another. When was she able to meet her salvation?

"Sister, Big Sister..."

Rong Nuo came up from behind. Taking Rong Yan's hand, she bit her lip, and tears brimmed in her eyes. "Big Sister, a-are you really not coming back to his house in the future?"