

# THANK YOU FOR WAITING, MISTER TANG!

## Chapter 1

You Want to Walk Away Cleanly? (1)

Pei Qiqi thought she would die.

She was so tired...

In the long and luxurious halls of the hotel, she treaded on the reflections of the chandeliers as she ran for her life.

The only sounds in the silent space were her breath and the cluttered footsteps from behind. It felt like those men would catch up to her any second now.

She uncomfortably tugged at the collar of her dress and her hand ended up covered in a thin layer of sweat. She opened up her collar and a cool breeze flowed in. This made her a bit more comfortable...

“Over here!” A coarse male voice bellowed from the side. It sounded close by and was mixed with some profanity.

Pei Qiqi shook her heavy and dizzy head, but her body began to slow down –

She couldn't run anymore.

Her back leaned against a hotel room door, and her long black hair messily draped all over her pale, almost crystal-clear shoulders. Her petite and pointy face was embedded with exquisite features. Right now, her tiny rosy lips were tightly shut, but they also shook slightly...

She was breathtakingly beautiful!

She could almost picture what would happen if she got caught.

Her stepmom's hideous face that carried a sneer; she would personally deliver Pei Qiqi to that awful old man.

"Pei Qiqi, you were destined to be an unprofitable product. I brought you up just so I can use you for this one purpose!"

She was feeling hopeless. Her tiny face held an irregular blush, and her teary eyes opened wide.

There was no way for her to escape this. She almost wanted to give up.

Because she was so, so tired.

Just then, the door behind her turned out to be ajar, and a wave of energy made her plunge inside.

And then, as if on purpose, the door shut by itself. The thick, heavy gate seemed to have locked out all of the footsteps into a different world.

Everything was quiet, very quiet...

She dizzily sat on the soft carpet, and even though she felt dizzy, she could still sense that this was an extremely luxurious place.

European design, from furniture to decors – everything was exquisite and nothing was not a high-end brand.

The eighteenth-century Ruskin vase by her hand alone was worth 20 million... USD, not to mention the paintings on the wall...

But none of these was one-tenth as impressive as the noble man on the couch who wore a loose bathrobe with the collar slightly open. Upwards from that was a perfect, exquisite face. He had a frosty look; not at all personable.

Currently, the noble man had rested his forehead on one hand and looked to be asleep. A slight scent of alcohol also lingered from his body.

Pei Qiqi stared at him, and as if she were under a spell, she uncontrollably walked straight up to him.

He was good looking, the best-looking man she's ever seen. Her fingers impulsively wanted to touch his face.

Just then, the man's pair of cold eyes suddenly opened.

He stared at her in silence with a classy and elegant expression.

Pei Qiqi's lips quivered, terrified.

But, she still managed to find the courage to lean in. The owner of the eyes seemed to want to push her off, but when his fingers touched her tiny face, the wonderful sensation from the touch changed his mind.

The night was still long...