

Destined with You #Chapter 2 - 7 Woman, You're Courting Death! - Read Destined with You Chapter 2 - 7 Woman, You're Courting Death!

2 Chapter 7 Woman, You're Courting Death!

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"You bastard! That was my most precious possession! I was saving it for my future husband!" Tears finally fell from Gu Qingxin's eyes. Her nose was slightly red due to the emotional strain, and her tender lips trembled gently. "What's the point of telling you this? To someone with no sense of chastity like you, it's like playing the piano to a cow!"

"Woman, you're asking for death!"

A bastard, with no concept of chastity?

She was implying that he was filthy!

A killing intent flashed in Beiming Han's eyes, and his hand, which was originally holding her chin, suddenly gripped her slender neck.

Gu Qingxin only felt her breath being snatched away in an instant. She could even hear her own neck making "golo golo" sounds. She had no doubt that the man in front of her would kill her.

Lifting her off the ground, Beiming Han's eyes lacked any hint of warmth.

This damned girl dared to push his limits over and over again. No one had ever challenged him and lived to tell the tale.

Gu Qingxin's face turned redder and redder. Her throat ached like it was burning, and her chest grew increasingly heavy. If Beiming Han exerts a little more force, he could break her neck.

The figure in front of her gradually blurred, and her head finally tilted to the side, completely losing consciousness.

It hurts!

It hurts so much!

The boundless pain engulfed her!

Gu Qingxin wanted to open her eyes, but her eyelids felt heavy as lead.

Wasn't it said that one would be free after death?

Why was it that she was still in so much pain even after dying?

Finally, Gu Qingxin let out a painful gasp and slowly opened her eyes. Her long and slender eyelashes fluttered a couple of times, and she abruptly sat up. Her body was drenched in cold sweat.

Looking down, she realized that she was still in her clothes. So, she was still alive.

Gu Qingxin immediately threw off the covers and scrambled out of bed, then bolted out of the presidential suite, fearful of being pulled back by that devil.

Only when she entered the elevator did Gu Qingxin snap back to reality and she huddled in the corner, panting heavily.

A sharp pain spreads from her lower abdomen, as if she had been stabbed by a needle. But, strangely, the rest of her body wasn't in pain anymore, and even felt a bit cool.

The elevator reached the first floor and Gu Qingxin dashed out, running directly toward the revolving door opposite. Her frantic actions attracted the attention of everyone present.

Once she was out of the hotel door and not caught to be taken back, Gu Qingxin felt relieved. She hopped into a cab that had just dropped off a passenger and left the hotel as if escaping.

Peng Pan, who was hiding in the shadows, quickly snapped a few photos. She zoomed in on the pictures and sure enough, she could clearly see the love bites on Gu Qingxin's neck.

She smirked satisfactorily, slid her finger across the screen and frowned at the clothes Gu Qingxin was wearing. Wasn't this a custom-made piece from an Italian designer?

Jealousy sparked within Peng Pan again. How could Gu Qingxin always be so lucky? She was supposed to be violated by some disgusting, ugly pig, but she managed to dodge it.

If this piece of clothing she was wearing was genuine, it would have to be worth at least hundreds of thousands. What luck this woman had!

Peng Pan wanted to comfort herself by thinking that Gu Qingxin's dress was a high-quality knock-off, but considering the five-digit price tag for the cheapest room in this seven-star hotel, how could anyone staying here buy a fake?

Looking at the photos in her hand, Peng Pan smirked mockingly. Gu Qingxin, I want to see how long you can keep up this arrogance.

I'll expose your true face to the world.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.