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8 Chapter 13 Feed Me a Drink

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When Gu Qingxin walked in, several gazes fell on her. Among those, one was particularly piercing, as if it could physically harm her.

Gu Qingxin instinctively looked over. When her eyes met the man sitting in the corner, her pupils suddenly contracted, and she quickly averted her gaze. Her heart skipped a beat. It was him.

Despite the dim light and only stealing a fleeting glance, she had recognized him as the man who had defiled her the day before.

“Miss, what are you doing here? Aren’t you here to serve us drinks? Come, pour me a glass,” one of the men called out.

The men present were all experienced in places of entertainment, their eyes were sharp, and they could tell at a glance who was the most beautiful woman there.

This bar girl was simply the cream of the crop.

Gu Qingxin took a deep breath and walked over, carrying the drinks. Her high heels stepped on the soft carpet silently.

As per the rules, Gu Qingxin squatted next to the customer. Her skirt was already short, but as she moved, her perfectly flawless white legs were completely exposed for the man on the sofa to gawk at.

“Sir, what type would you like?” Gu Qingxin looked up at the man, presenting a radiant and pleasing smile.

A sudden “pop!” came from the corner, startling everyone, including Ye Qi, whose normally stoic face showed a flicker of emotion. “Young Master, your hand.”

The glass in Beiming Han’s hand had shattered, and his finger was cut, dark red blood oozing from the tip.

“Poor quality glassware,” Beiming Han casually brushed it off with a napkin from the side. A layer of icy frost was visible in his dark eyes. “Carry on.”

This small incident was quickly forgotten, and everyone's attention went back to Gu Qingxin.

Gu Qingxin straightened her back as much as she could and asked again, "Which one would you... like?"

"Of course, the most expensive one," the man lewdly stared at Gu Qingxin, causing the women beside him to bristle. But they dared not speak out since customers are always right.

Gu Qingxin picked up the most expensive bottle of wine, poured it into the man's glass, and managed to keep the professional smile on her face. "Sir, please enjoy your drink."

Gu Qingxin tried to leave but was suddenly stopped by the man grabbing her arm. "I just bought you such an expensive drink. Were you planning on leaving without giving me a little service? Feed me the drink."

"Sir, I'm sorry, I only serve drinks," Gu Qingxin held back her anger and kept her plastered smile on her face.

"If you don't want to feed me, then let me have a kiss," the man leaned in, attempting to press his face against Gu Qingxin's. Her delicate face was as tempting as a juicy peach, making one want to take a bite.

Enduring as much as she could, Gu Qingxin, in a burst of anger, pushed away the old man trying to take advantage of her. She grabbed a wine glass from the coffee table and splashed the wine right in his face.

The red liquid dripped down the man's face, making him look rather pathetic.

"As I said, I only sell drinks. If you want to have some fun, go find a hostess. Excuse me." Gu Qingxin's chest was heaving in agitation.

The previously rowdy private room suddenly fell silent. The ones in this room tonight were all people of stature. By throwing wine in the man's face, Gu Qingxin had not only offended one person but had in fact slapped the faces of everyone in the room.

Gu Qingxin turned to leave, but her arm was abruptly grabbed. The man splattered with wine was fuming with embarrassment. His hand, held high, descended with a swoosh, his eyes filled with a vengeful rage.

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