

Chapter 168 Debt of Gratitude

Qingqing's eyes widened comically. She froze, barely believing me.

"I think you can be in charge of administrative matters. Lutong Advertisements doesn't have any administrative staff. This is a very important position, and you need to work on your business administration knowledge. I'll give you three months. If you don't cut it as an administrative staff, I'll remove you from the position."

She was frozen like a deer in headlights. It was funny and I could not help but tease her.

"You can drive this Porsche for the time being. Treat it as your second car. Regarding the salary, it's three times more. I'll get them to hire a new receptionist. In the future, when the company works with other companies, it'll also be your job to maintain good relationships with these clients."

She finally reacted. "Three...three times? Then nine...nine thousand?"

I cupped my chin and looked at her with a smile. "Going in to eat?"

"Yes!"

Qingqing came alive again. She suddenly threw herself into my arms, clingy tightly to me. Then, she peppered my face with kisses and shouted, "Thank you! I love you! I love you, Boss! I'll sell my soul for you, Boss!"

Damn it, I already had this unquenchable desire lingering for the past few days. How could I withstand a beautiful woman throwing herself at me? I felt my muscles stiffen and my blood rush downwards. For a moment, my brain was telling me to grab her and kiss her back.

No! At the last minute, I remembered Chu Xiaoxiao. I could give in to my animal urges.

I pushed Qingqing away and cleared my throat. "Be careful, don't take advantage of me. I've trained my body for many years. You can't just touch me for no reason."

Qingqing stared at me. The longer she stared, the more uncomfortable I became. No matter what status I held, I always felt helpless in front of a woman.

"Haha, Zhang Chao. I find you quite interesting. You look honest, but you're a terrible person."

"You're really bold to dare to scold your boss like this."

"Who says I'm scolding you," Qingqing suddenly mumbled, "Girls like a bad boy..."

The interior of the car was already a small space. Now that the car was stationary, it was dimly lit. The breeze from the air-conditioner wafted the aroma from her body to me, overwhelming my senses with the alluring and pure scent of a woman.

I did not dare to look at her, but I could not help but notice—out of the corner of my eye—the pale curve of her thigh, stretching out from under her lace skirt. Hidden by the lace, it peeked out at me.

If Lin Fang and Chu Xiaoxiao were pure and sweet school beauties, then Qingqing was a mature and beautiful woman. She was the complete opposite of Lin Fang; the kind of beauty that no man could resist.

Qingqing's earlier words were so cryptic, that even she was surprised after she said it. But now we were both not speaking, and the atmosphere became strange. Perhaps it was the air-conditioning, I felt warm all over, and cleared my throat. "Let's go eat. It's getting late. Shaxian will be closing soon."

Qingqing quickly agreed. It looked like she was more nervous than me.

For some reason, her seatbelt refused to come undone.

"Is your seatbelt counterfeit? It won't undo," Qingqing asked in frustration.

I thought she was joking, but after she tried a few more times, it seemed like it was really stuck.

"Stop it. I'll take a look," I said.

I did not think much about it, and just stretched over to see what the matter was.

The interior of a sports car was already small. Qingqing could not move, so I could only stretch over her body. Our bodies were pressed against each other. She leaned back nervously, but this did not do anything. In fact, it did the opposite, pushing her breasts upwards to press against my chest.

Tension was mounting. I swore that I loved Chu Xiaoxiao, but what man could hold out under such circumstances? The sound of my heartbeat seemed to fill the whole car. Logically, I was not going to do anything, but every nerve in my body was screaming at me to do her!

"Hu—hurry up and figure out what happened to the seatbelt," Qingqing suddenly urged, blushing violently.

I nodded and poked at the seatbelt.

"Your skirt got stuck in the snap. Hold on, I'll get it loose."

This was a difficult task. I tried several times unsuccessfully to pull it out. The position I was in was exceedingly uncomfortable, and I was covered in sweat.

"How can you undo it with one hand? Use two," she said.

A buzzing sound filled my ears and my blood had rushed to the lower half of my body. My mind had blanked out and I somehow thought what she said made sense.

Initially, I had one hand on the back of the seat, keeping my body in balance. Now with both hands free, I was not holding myself up.

I plucked at it again. It was much better and was beginning to loosen. Qingqing just needed to hold on a while longer and she would be free.

Just then, something hit the back of the car. The movement caused me to lose my balance, and I fell headfirst onto Qingqing's thighs. Her thighs spread open when she jumped in surprise, then she subconsciously closed them together.

So her perfectly curved lace-covered thighs ended up squeezing my face.

Time seemed to stop for a few seconds.

"Ah!" Qingqing screamed and shoved me away, giving me a backhanded slap.

"I'm sorry, I..." She seemed to realize who she had hit after she hit me, and tried to apologize.

But the slap woke me up. I touched my cheek and calmly said, "It doesn't hurt. It's not your fault. What happened?"

I got out of the car, and saw a young man in a big white coat, hair completely slicked back with wax, grinning as he walked over to me.

"Zhao Zichen." I acknowledged him.

He drove a Buick, and it was his front bumper that had just bumped into the back of my car. The car slid forward slightly, but was not damaged.

"Why are you here?" I asked.

Zhao Zichen smiled. "Brother Zhang, don't act dumb. You created such a ruckus today that I had to charge some interest."

I was not surprised that he had come looking for me. The kid kept bugging me about taking revenge on Jiang Ming with him. This was not something I wanted to do initially. I did not want to get involved with any gangs.

If I had to sacrifice my honor as a soldier to avenge my father, I would rather not take revenge. They were my parents, but the army had given me a second life. It was a great debt of gratitude!