

MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 475

Her tone was impatient, and she didn't give Qiao Weimin a chance to speak. "They're on good terms with Qiao Nian, right? Since she's also very influential, why did they come to you for help?"

"Chen Chen..."

"Dad, if you really feel sorry for them, you can give them a red envelope. You can just casually put a sum of money in for them. I don't know how much more I can help with this."

Qiao Chen's attitude displayed her inner thoughts clearly. She was unwilling to help them!

She was unwilling to even do the simple task of asking her uncle for help.

Qiao Weimin didn't know how to convince her and had no choice but to hang up the call.

Then, he opened his contact list and quietly looked at Qiao Nian's number. He remained silent for a long time, with his mouth firmly closed.

He hadn't considered asking her before. Qiao Nian knew people like Yuan Yongqin. It was just that Yuan Yongqin and the people around her weren't considered a big deal in the competitive Beijing society, even if they were considered a force to be reckoned with in Rao City.

The Wei Family was considered one of the top families in Beijing. Except for the Ye family, who else would ignore a favor from the Young Master of the Wei Family?

No matter how powerful Qiao Nian was, her influence was limited. Unlike Qiao Chen who was brought to Beijing by Shen Jingyan, Qiao Nian had no chance of fighting against the people from the upper circles.

Besides, Qiao Nian had already blocked his number. Even if he wanted to inform her of the situation, he wouldn't be able to reach her.

Qiao Weimin sighed and opened Aunt Chen's WeChat. He thought about it for a while and then transferred her a sum of money.

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At this moment, more than ten people were gathered into the VVIP room of a high-class club in Beijing. Many entertainment facilities were available in the room, including karaoke and billiards. However, the people gathered there seemed to have little interest in them. Instead, they were gathered around a group of people playing mahjong.

There was a stack of chips on the table. Ye Wangchuan held onto a tile in his hands. He looked at the tile he picked up and leaned lazily on the back of his chair, then discarded it.

"Eight tubes."

His voice was faint and had a feeling of carelessness. All the tiles in his hands were discarded. He didn't even take a look at them. It seemed as though he wasn't paying attention to the tiles he discarded.

It seemed like his heart wasn't in the game.

Playing like this was as good as giving away free money!

Just as expected, when he discarded his tile, the outstanding-looking man sitting on his left picked up the discarded tile. He then exposed his tiles.

"I got a grand slam! Thank you!"

"No way! He actually got a grand slam! Young Master Qin is very lucky today!"

"Why does it feel like Master Wang is playing too arrogantly today? He keeps discarding the good tiles."

"Master Wang must have lost a lot of money in this round."

The onlookers didn't expect him to have such good tiles. Furthermore, it was such a good hand. With just this one hand, his winnings were probably hitting the maximum prize limit allowed in this game.

One chip on this table was worth around 50,000 yuan. Ye Wangchuan raised his hand and threw him ten chips casually. His expression didn't even change. It seemed as though he didn't take the loss very seriously.

While the tiles were being shuffled, he leaned back in his chair. He then picked up his cell phone and lowered his gaze. No one knew what he was looking at. His deep and narrow eyes closed slightly. His thin lips closed into a line and he looked as though he was waiting for a message from someone.

But who deserved to be treated so attentively by the master of Beijing?

Jiang Xianrou was also present. It was Qin Si who asked her to come. She was getting influenced because of her relationship with Jiang Li, and now she wanted to be a part of the upper circles too.

Qin Si had told her that Master Wang would also be present tonight. Thus, she put off her responsibilities and rushed over. But she didn't expect that she wouldn't have a chance to speak to Master Wang, even after being here for such a long time.

Jiang Xianrou was disappointed. She had no interest in gathering around the table and watching Ye Wangchuan and Qin Si play mahjong. On the other hand, she didn't feel like leaving. She simply stood by the side, sipping on wine and chatting with Gu San.

Looking at the usually unbeatable Ye Wangchuan, who was currently tossing out his tiles carelessly, she couldn't help but ask, "What's the matter with Master Wang? Why is Master Wang playing so absentmindedly today?"