

My Dangerous Billionaire Husband –

Chapter 11: Remember Me

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A few strands of her silky hair landed on his strong arm, tickling and enticing him.

Lu Shaoming looked at her disappointed and depressed expression, and his voice was soft and gentle as he asked, “Who wants to rape you, tell me? It’s safe here. You can’t sober up by showering. What you need is a good night’s sleep.”

“Tell you? Hah, can you help me if I tell you? What do you want from me after you’ve helped me?” Ning Qing broke down a little, her body felt very uncomfortable and her heart was still empty.

Her only relative in this world was her mom, who was still lying in the hospital waiting for her care, so no matter how hard things got and how tired she’d felt, she’d persevered for the past three years.

Three years ago, she and her mother had been chased out of the house, and her college tuition fees had become an issue.

She knew that Aunt Xu had regretted agreeing to her marriage to Xu Junxi after knowing that she’d been cast away. She had a lot of pride and did not want to ask for help, let alone under those circumstances.

But she had no choice, reality had forced her into a corner, not giving her a way out. She’d brought all her dignity and pride to the Xu family to beg for help.

Xu Junxi would not meet her, but Aunt Xu did. She couldn’t forget Aunt Xu’s mean and bitter face as she said, “Oh, wanting to spend the Xu family’s money even before entering the Xu family?”

She’d fled.

She hadn’t originally wanted to enter the Beijing Film Academy or the entertainment industry, but by chance, she’d made 2000 dollars playing an insignificant role in a production that Xiao Zhou had introduced her to. She suddenly realized that, in fact, the entertainment industry was indeed the fastest place to make money.

Although for that scene she was merely a stand-in for the main actress, she’d overcome her fear of heights and jumped from a high altitude as part of the role.

She'd earned enough for her tuition fees, followed by rent, living expenses, and her mother's medical expenses. She played insignificant roles one after another, and the business of playing insignificant roles and acting as a stand-in for other actresses was very popular. She knew that people in T City wanted to see her face, the face of the renowned socialite, after her fall from grace.

She'd never given in, never given up, and never will, but she was tired now. Her heart was tired, exhausted.

Why had her life changed so dramatically? Why had her parents divorced? Why did Ning Yao and Xu Junxi become like that?

Why?

Warm tears started to slide down her face. Before Ning Qing could wipe them away, the man beat her to it. "Why are you crying? Have I bullied you?"

Ning Qing knew that she was drunk. The man gently caressed her face in circles with his calloused thumb. His palm was wide, thick, and warm, which comforted her a little.

A small hand pinned the big palm down. Her eyes were cast down, as the sound of tears fell and "plopped" to the ground. "Is it doomed to be lost?..." After a pause, she said, "If I have to lose it, it must be my decision. You look handsome. I'd rather give you my body than be ruined by those ugly old men. I won't ask for money tonight, but remember, it is I who slept with you."

Ning Qing looked up as she spoke, tiptoeing as she wrapped her arms around Lu Shaoming's neck, and bravely kissed his thin lips.

Lu Shaoming still was still supporting himself against the wall with one arm. His deep eyes gazed quietly at the hot tears coming from the girl's eyes. Her eyes were fiery, but so desperate.

Lu Shaoming smiled and said nothing as he carried her by the waist with a strong arm.

As they rolled together, the girl whimpered, pushed against his strong chest as she rolled up, and gnawed at his cheek and neck like a puppy.

Lu Shaoming closed his eyes, his breathing a little disorderly. He caressed her hair with his large hand and asked huskily, "What's your name?"

Ning Qing stopped what she was doing. Her head was buried in his neck, and in the blink of an eye, two rows of slender curled eyelashes brushed against his healthy wheat-colored skin. "Ning Qing, 'Qing' as in 'unrivaled beauty'."