

Sweet Love 2291

Chapter 2291: Marriage Only in Name

Ha—

Mu Yancheng's expression did not change even a bit, though he was sneering inwardly.

This Lin Xueya!

For her to say such universally shocking words, she was more interesting than he thought.

Initially, when he heard the first half of her speech, he thought that she was a generous woman to let him have other women outside, but after hearing what she had said after, which was a warning to him not to interfere if she kept other men, it was a blatant declaration that she would make a cuckold out of him.

He thought that she was willing to meet him because she sincerely wanted to get to know him as well. Instead, it was obvious that she was trying to disgust him.

Not over the top?

Was cheating on him not over the top?

He could tell that she did not like him.

One could even say that she loathed him.

Both of them, especially Lin Xueya, had rebellious personalities.

Therefore, was she trying to use such revolting words to make him back off?

Did she think that just, because of what she said, he would let things go and retreat?!

Dream on!

Mu Yancheng thrived with ambition. At the same time, he knew very well what he wanted!

Seeing him enduring his anger while pretending to be magnanimous, Lin Xueya could not help but laugh. "Did you think that it is natural and right for you to have affairs outside, while it is low and filthy if I do the same? I don't like such double standards."

However, he smiled in return. "Why do you assume that I won't know my place and still fool around after getting married?"

"I'm just learning from the mistakes of my predecessors." She smiled.

The man was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

"Since I've seen many similar marriages in the past, I decided to harbor the same intentions," she explained.

Let alone others, even her parents had the same type of marriage.

Her father was not clean, keeping many young and beautiful women by his side, and two of them were still students from prestigious universities.

As for her mother, she was not content as well. She seemed educated and well-balanced, but she was unwilling to remain lonely.

Growing up in such an environment, she did not hold much expectations regarding marriage.

It was not like she did not fantasize about being with one person all her life until they grew old, but it seemed that such an idealistic marriage was as unachievable as fairy tales.

Moreover, if her husband was not Hua Jin, it did not matter who else it would be.

Life was bitter and short.

In a loveless marriage, it was not considered fooling around if she did that.

Why should she take a marriage that was only in name so seriously?

Lin Xueya thought for a moment before continuing. "Plus, don't you have many women right now? Isn't one of them called Meng Qingxue? You have yet to break off ties with her, right?"

The corners of Mu Yancheng's lips twitched harshly at that.

It seemed that this woman had come prepared.

She may seem calm and collected on the surface, but she had actually already gotten inside information about him beforehand.

"She is just a woman I can do with or without. Before we get married, I will cut off ties with her properly. After our marriage, you will be the only woman for me," he stated coldly.

"He he! Stop joking around. Once this marriage is completed, it is just in name. Even if you stick to me, I won't depend on you. After all, there isn't anyone who can force me to share a bed with a man I dislike or even hate."

Her blunt and piercing tone laid everything out in the open, leaving no room for discussion.

Chapter 2292: Shocking Theory

Mu Yancheng nearly lost it due to feeling utterly humiliated, but he managed to stop himself and give a calm response. "I heard that during your university days, you stayed overseas for a few years. It seems that your mindset has changed to be like those Caucasians. This is my first time encountering such a shocking theory."

However, Lin Xueya retorted, "To put it bluntly, I can marry and give you the status you need, but you can forget about everything else."

Mu Yancheng glared at her in anger as he clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white.

This d*mn Lin Xueya!

It was their first meeting, yet she was already humiliating him so much!

“Is this condition hard for you to accept?”

It seemed that she was trying to agitate him as her words became increasingly incisive. “Mu Yancheng, this is the wish of our seniors, but if you want to touch me, it is more than just about whether I’m willing to let you or not. What is crucial is if...” She sized him up nonchalantly before spitting words from her red lips in disdain. “You. Are. Worthy!”

“Lin Xueya!”

Mu Yancheng, who had finally been pushed to the limits, stood up and pointed at her in furious accusation. “You’re too much! Do you think you are royalty? You may appear educated and well-balanced, but I’ve never seen a more frivolous woman than you.”

“Then, don’t marry me.” Lin Xueya shrugged her shoulders innocently before she continued in a playful tone. “It’s not like I’m forcing myself on you.”

“You!”

“I’m just being candid here. If you’re willing, then we can get engaged, but if you aren’t, then please see yourself out.”

“Who do you think you are? Did you think I have to marry you and no one else? Don’t be so full of yourself!” rambled Mu Yancheng sarcastically.

“I’m the third miss of the wealthy Lin family. With just this halo, it is enough for me to be full of myself!”

Lin Xueya paused for a moment, her red lips curling into a smile, before taking out a cigarette box all of a sudden to smoke. Her every action made her seem like a girl who had abandoned all restraint.

She took out a lighter and lit her cigarette with familiarity before she elegantly took a drag and blew it out, revealing her pure white teeth. Although her smile was charming, it seemed to be intentionally provocative.

“If it were Mu Yazhe who came today, I might be willing to stick to him, but you’re inferior to him no matter how I look at you. If we talk about capability, you’re not his equal; if we talk about talent, it’s even harder to compare you two. Though looks are just looks, you are still far behind him even in that aspect. Mu Yancheng, who do you think you are? Asking me not to be full of myself, but what about you? Don’t be putting feathers in your cap, either! You can stop putting on an act now; it only makes you look hypocritical. He he!”

BOOM!

Her words ferociously sparked his brain, blowing it wide open!

Comparing him to Mu Yazhe was the biggest humiliation to him!

When he was very young, he had always been compared to his cousin.

During his juvenile years, he revered and worshiped the latter. Kids naturally adored powerful figures like the heroes they saw on TV. To him, his cousin was like a legendary figure who was in sight but out of reach.

However, such comparisons had gradually kindled rebellious thoughts on him over time!

Chapter 2293: Too naïve for my own good!

What right did everyone have to compare him to Mu Yazhe?!

How was he inferior to his cousin in any way?!

Therefore, this had become his reverse scale that could not be touched!

Those words were undoubtedly the biggest humiliation to him!

A man's ego was terrifyingly strong, especially for someone like Mu Yancheng, so he could not bear such humiliation.

He revealed his furious expression and kicked the coffee table away, causing the tea from the cups on the table to splatter everywhere.

Lin Xueya took a smoke without batting an eyelid and ignored his tantrum as a result of fury stemming from his humiliation. She merely leaned against the couch, her demeanor remaining elegant and disciplined.

Alas, her behavior only set him off further!

Mu Yancheng stood tall, then suddenly eked out a smile, one that was wolfish under the dim lights!

He walked over to her slowly. Bending down and lowering his head, he spoke in a condescending tone. "Lady, you probably don't know what kind of person I am!"

Lin Xueya raised her head to look at the man, seemingly unmoved, only to hear him speak anew. "I'm an unscrupulous man; I won't relent until I get what I want! Did you think that by humiliating me, you could make me retreat so easily? Lin Xueya, you're still too soft!"

"Ha." She sneered. "I'm just stating facts. If you don't care, it isn't bad marrying you, either. At least, I can live my days freely, no longer being controlled by anyone else!"

The muscles in Mu Yancheng's face twitched harshly. He snorted coldly before tossing a greeting. "It was great meeting you!"

With that, he turned around and walked off without looking back.

He secretly thought of the day when he would tame this woman, who did not know any better, into one that was obedient and docile!

The door was shut with a slam.

Lin Xueya could no longer take it.

With a swing of her hand, she flung the cigarette to the floor, its spark scalding the carpet. She was so unbearably angry that she crushed the cigarette under her high heel.

As she stomped on it harshly, she held a hand over her mouth in pain as she coughed violently for a while. How would she know how to smoke?!

Everything had just been an act; that was all!

It was all so she could put up a front in front of that man as if she were abandoning all restraints.

She sure was foolish to think that by acting so frivolously, she would be able to scare him off!

Wanting to put on an earnest show, she bought a packet of cigarettes and seriously taught herself to smoke. In front of that man, her acting had been on point, but the moment he left, she instantly relaxed, causing herself to choke on a mouthful of smoke.

Throwing away the cigarette, she supported herself by holding the couch's armrest as she coughed violently. Amid her coughing, she gave a dismal smile.

"He he! He he..."

Lin Xueya rubbed the corners of her eyes as she spoke in a tone filled with frigid irony and scorching satire. "They are all just scumbags!

"He he he..."

With her scattered self-mockery, she began to cry from laughter.

Finally ceasing her coughing, she shut her eyes but her tears would not stop from falling on her cheeks!

The moment she shed away all pretenses, she thought of how she would have hated herself if she had been him!

She thought that she had humiliated the man fiercely, but in the end, was she not the one who had been humiliated the most?!

Lin Xueya endured the pain as she stood up from the couch and grabbed her handbag. She then walked to the exit with lofty steps.

I'm just too naïve for my own good!

Chapter 2294: Drowning One's Sorrows

I'm just too naïve for my own good!

What else could I have done, though?

How on earth have I been living to have become so stupid and cowardly?

Even loving someone with all my heart has become a luxury!

The young missy, having been born into such a prestigious household, grew up showered with love all her life. Like how every rich and famous personality had their social circle, she was surrounded by countless people, who were also born with noble statuses. Still, she remained to be the most dazzling and brilliant—the envy of many others—among her peers.

However, despite all that glamor, she was utterly envious of the girls who were born into average families, for they had the rights to choose their marriage partners, which was something she did not have.

Find someone with a compatible background...

To hell with that!

Why should love be based on such unfair conditions?

'Xueya, we have your best interests at heart! It's all for your own good!'

'Given your lofty status, it's only natural that you ought to find someone worthy of you!'

'Your marriage doesn't only concern you! It concerns us as well since our family's reputation is at stake! We have a say in your marriage, too!'

She could almost see the worried faces of everyone in her family before her as their voices echoed endlessly in her head.

Lin Xueya had just walked over to the doorway of the private room when she could no longer hold herself upright. Her legs gave way and she fell limply onto the ground.

Being the only person left in that spacious room, she uncontrollably broke down into tears and started wailing out aloud.

I really don't want my marriage to only be in name!

It's pointless if it isn't built on love!

All I want is the freedom to love someone of my will and not be forced into accepting such a marriage arrangement.

I want no one but Hua Jin!

But...

The reality just is so cruel!

Curling up in a corner with arms wrapped around her knees, the young lady let out a distressed wail at the thought of her current predicament.

A waiter, who happened to be passing by the private room, curiously pushed the door open and entered the room upon hearing a weird noise coming from within. He was startled to hear someone crying and turned in the direction of it, only to find an impeccably dressed lady all curled up in a corner with her hands covering her mouth as tears flowed nonstop from her eyes.

He immediately crouched and tried to help her up, but his hands were slapped away when he did so.

"Don't touch me! Woo woo woo... Go away... Go away! No one's allowed to touch me..."

"Are you okay, miss? Are you hurt in any way?"

"Get lost..." She continued to wail. "Don't I even have the right to cry?!"

The waiter stood there, rooted in place, feeling awkward. Since there was nothing he could do about this situation, he could only call his manager for help to resolve this matter.

Now, that was a story for another day.

...

Mu Yancheng did not return home right away after leaving the hotel.

Being in a foul mood right now, he decided against going over to Meng Qingxue's place after much consideration, for he did not want to face her glum-looking face. The thought of it alone was enough to wear him out.

Forget it!

I shall go drown my sorrows!

...

The King's Bar.

Opened by a scion from the upper-class society, this bar was frequented by many young masters and mistresses of the rich and famous families. Likewise, Mu Yancheng often visited this place to have a drink or two.

He would come here and order several bottles of alcohol whenever he was feeling down. He would sit alone at a corner and quietly enjoy his drink, washing his frustration away with hard liquor and the deafening music playing in the background.

This was probably the easiest and most direct way he could think of to elevate his mood.

Chapter 2295: Would you like to have a drink together?

Mu Yancheng was greeted by the boisterous, electric music, which was pounding in the air, the moment he entered the bar.

As usual, he ordered several bottles of hard liquor and went to take a seat in a private room. Once the alcohol was served, the bartender concocted a shot for him, which he gulped down straight.

Only after the fiery alcohol hit his stomach did he feel his mood elevating a little!

That was soothing!

Just when he was starting to feel slightly at ease, Lin Xueya's loathsome face popped up in his head again!

'Mu Yancheng, this is the wish of our seniors, but if you want to touch me, it's more than just about whether I'm willing to let you or not. What is crucial is if... you are worthy!'

*B*tch!*

'Once this marriage is completed, it's just in name. Even if you stick to me, I won't depend on you. After all, there isn't anyone who can force me to share a bed with a man I dislike or even hate.'

*That freaking b*tch!*

She's downright slutty!

'If it were Mu Yazhe who came today, I might be willing to stick to him, but you're inferior to him no matter how I look at you. If we talk about capability, you're not his equal; if we talk about talent, it's even harder to compare you two. Though looks are just looks, you are still far behind him even in that aspect. Mu Yancheng, who do you think you are? Asking me not to be full of myself, but what about you? Don't be putting feathers in your cap, either! You can stop putting on an act now; it only makes you look hypocritical.'

Vile wretch!

He drank one glass of alcohol after another while cursing the young missy inwardly.

While he might still be in the mood to tour around the bar in search of prey in the past, he had no intention to do so today. His mind was filled with Lin Xueya's infuriating words, and each time he recalled her haughty expression, he could not help but want to rip her face apart!

Despicable thing!

"Brother Yancheng?"

The delicate voice of a female, amid the booming music, suddenly reverberated in his ears.

The young man had already drunk a whole bottle of the beverage by then.

Although he could hold his alcohol relatively well, it did not mean that he would not be unaffected, especially since the liquor he was imbibing had high alcohol content. His stomach had started to burn and his thoughts had gotten slightly fuzzy at that point.

He looked up and squinted his eyes at the blurry vision of a woman, with light foundation on her face, who had entered the room and was now walking toward him.

The man sucked a deep breath in astonishment at the sight of this familiar face before him, and his eyes even widened slightly to take a clearer look at her.

It was not until she had gotten closer to him, though, that he confirmed her identity. Flashing an intoxicated smile at her, he cried her name, somewhat out of surprise, "Enya!"

The intruder turned out to be Song Enya, who appeared stunning in her long, crimson camisole dress. Her exquisite makeup and her long, fluttering lashes, in particular, made her look all the more alluring and charming.

"What a coincidence!" He grinned at her. "Why are you here?"

The young missy smiled back in greeting before taking a seat beside him. The proximity between them, however, was way too close for comfort—an intentional move on her part. Her long, wavy curls dangled right next to him, and the alluring scent of which wafted in the air.

He was perhaps already a tad too tipsy by then, for his eyes fluttered shut as he greedily gave her hair a sniff.

Her hair smells divine!

The heavy, intense music playing overhead suddenly stopped and changed to something romantic and relaxing.

Chapter 2296: A Scheme

“Well, I was feeling bored, so I called a few friends to hang out at the bar,” explained Song Enya, and after a pause, she parted her red lips again. “Would you like to have a drink together, Brother Yancheng?”

The question was asked in such a soft and gentle manner that her voice sounded absolutely enchanting.

The man hummed an acknowledgment readily before leaning against the couch comfortably. “Okay, let’s have a drink together.”

As she slowly filled the two glasses with alcohol, she glanced sideways and noticed that the man had shut his eyes for a quick blink. He seemed to be slightly tipsy, so he did not bother with what she was doing.

A cold, unfeeling smirk crept up her face as she pulled out a tiny vial, which was only half the size of her finger, from between her bosoms and carefully dripped a drop of its liquid content onto her finger before she rimmed it lightly around one of the wine glasses.

Then, while the man was distracted, she swiftly dumped the incriminating evidence into the trash bin and picked up the filled wine glasses before turning around with a smile. “Brother Yancheng, please allow me to have a toast with you.”

“Okay...”

The man gave a verbal acknowledgment that was not followed by any action. His body remained sunken into the couch where he lay motionlessly.

She asked somewhat coyly, “Are you drunk?”

“Drunk?” That question had indubitably roused his competitive streak, for he peeled his eyes open and glanced sideways at her unhappily in the next second. “How could I possibly be drunk over a few glasses of alcohol?”

“Oh... Then, please allow me to have a toast with you!”

The young lady smiled and passed him the wine glass, which he received and lightly swirled in the air.

Unbeknown to him, the clear liquid that had been rimmed around the glass edges had infused and mixed into the alcohol.

He was unaware of this indelible detail, and to begin with, his attention had not been on the wine glass in his hand. His eyes shifted onto the woman, gazing up and down her body as he asked in a lazy yet unclear tone, “Enya, why are you all dolled up tonight?”

“What are you saying?” She plastered a shy smile on her face as she allowed her eyelashes to droop and flutter alluringly. “I’m pretty even when I don’t doll myself up.”

“That’s true! You’re one fine-looking lady now!”

He deliberately leaned in closer to her as he lifted the wine glass and tipped the entire content right into his mouth, not leaving a drop behind. Once he was done drinking, the man did not forget to flaunt his drinking prowess by inverting that empty wine glass in the air while he shot a smug look in her direction.

“You downed the drink in one shot?” Her flaming red lips parted in surprise as she appeared to be extremely flattered. “You sure are giving me face!”

His guard was naturally lowered around the woman in front of him, for he had always thought of her as his little sister. He placed the glassware onto the table and pushed it toward her. “Pour me another glass of liquor, alright?”

“Alright.”

She nodded and proceeded to lean forward and lower her body slightly while deliberately revealing her deep cleavage in what seemed to be an unintended act.

It left the man with a wonderful, panoramic view of her fair, ample goodness. If it had not been for the fact that he could not overstep his boundaries with this young missy from the Song family, he would have long conquered the woman and taken her into his harem!

Somehow, though, his self-control was pathetically weak tonight. All it took was a glance at her supple boobs, and he vaguely detected the growing changes in the lower part of his body! His temples, in particular, were pulsating hard, and he was feeling all hot and bothered.

Chapter 2297: Enchantment

He closed his eyes and lightly massaged his temples while trying his hardest to curb his desires to explore her body further and dispel all unwarranted thoughts of lust that popped into his head. Alas, the more he tried to suppress them, the more uncontrollable they got.

Without warning, an electrifying sensation shot through him from his lower abdomen, and it made him shudder and clench his fists tightly in a bid to forcibly maintain some distance between him and the lassie.

Song Enya lifted a quizzical brow as she handed him another glass of alcohol and asked, “Here you go, Brother Yancheng! Are you still down for another drink?”

“Nah, I’m calling it quits!”

Mu Yancheng was apparently not in his best state, for he waved his hand in refusal. His inner beast would be unleashed if he continued to drink!

From a certain aspect, men were not as good as women in maintaining self-control and were very easily influenced by their lust and desires. It was why he waved his hand in refusal repeatedly, emphasizing, "I'm gonna get drunk at this rate!"

"Knowing how good you can hold your liquor, I guess you aren't in the best condition today!"

She did not force him against his wishes and placed the wine glass aside before moving to snuggle lightly against the man in a flirtatious, charming yet shy and reserved manner. While her action appeared to be unintentional, it tantalized the man further.

She turned her head toward him and, upon noticing his flushed face and protruding veins, knew that the aphrodisiac was about to take effect. He had emptied the whole glass of drugged alcohol earlier, after all.

Slowly, under the influence of the aphrodisiac, Mu Yancheng started to feel so hot and stuffy that he could hardly breathe. He unconsciously put a hand on his necktie and tugged at it before loosening a button of his shirt collar to cool himself off a bit. It did little to help, though, for he still felt stifled and short of breath.

Am I feeling tipsy already?

I think I'm getting sloshed, but that shouldn't happen...

My head usually only starts spinning after drinking at least two bottles of liquor.

He shook his head hard in an attempt to clear his foggy mind, but his eyes turned all bloodshot when he opened them again!

"Enya..." He was completely in a delirious state by then. His lips parted as he mumbled unintelligibly, "I-I think... I'm feeling somewhat tipsy!"

"Did you have one drink too many tonight?" The young missy gently placed a hand on his shoulder. "Is there something troubling you? I noticed you drinking alone in this corner earlier. I heard that one gets drunk faster when they're drowning out their sorrows! Tell me: What's bothering you?"

"Ha... ha!" He let out a bitter laugh before confiding in her. "I-I was looked down on by a wretch today! E-Enya... say; am I... really... not as good as that chap?"

"That chap?" She had no idea whom he was referring to. "Who?"

"Mu Yazhe!" he spat through gritted teeth.

It was the name that made him feel choked and stifled.

Song Enya stiffened a bit upon hearing that name. A chilling look fell over her face before she flashed the man a fawning smile. "How's that possible? How are you inferior to him?"

"You really think so?"

"Yes! That's why don't go undervaluing yourself ever again. I think you're an outstanding man, especially in terms of..." She placed a finger on his thin lips, then made it glide down his chin, neck, and finally at

the spot above his heart, where she lightly poked. "Brother Yancheng, you taking a fancy to a woman is a blessing and an honor to her."

"Ha..." Upon hearing those pleasing words, he could no longer contain his sexual excitement and pulled the woman straight into his embrace without any warning. "What a sweet-talker!"

Chapter 2298: Give Up for Good (1)

"You have such a sweet, little mouth, Enya!"

His sudden assault drew a sharp intake of breath out of surprise from her. She appeared to be a bit flustered and lost as she tried to push him away.

"Brother Yancheng, d-don't do this..."

"You're looking really beautiful tonight, Enya..."

While smiling obsessively at her, Mu Yancheng grasped and fondled the lady's bosoms lovingly with his hands, his eyes fluttering shut involuntarily in full appreciation of her skin's smooth and delicate texture. He was hungry for more skin-to-skin contact, which was evident when he tilted his body closer toward her.

By now, the drug had completely taken root inside of him, its potency fully unleashed in his system. The young missy realized this fact when she felt the searing body temperature of the man beside her, and she could not help but hesitate a little before she eventually asked coaxingly, "You're drunk; shall I send you home?"

"I'm not going home!" He hugged her impatiently, murmuring in his inebriated state, "I want you... I only want you..."

As Song Enya tried to fend off the man, she thought to herself, *This drug sure is potent.*

It was not the common type of roofie that was easy to find on the market, and it could cause one to develop fuzzy hallucinations. She had no idea where or how her mother had managed to get her hands on it, but when she passed the drug to her, she repeatedly warned her that it would take effect fast. Should one drink the drug-infused alcohol, its efficacy would be fully unleashed in a matter of minutes.

True enough, the drug effects showed up faster and stronger than she imagined.

His body twisted and wriggled about as he planted kisses wildly on her face while constantly mumbling, "I'm sweltering..."

I'm sweltering!

He was already feeling slightly warm after drinking a lot of liquor earlier, but at this moment, his body was practically on fire. He simply could not withstand the strong potency of the drug.

As he leaned back against the couch, he could not resist tugging at his necktie repeatedly. He seemed to hold the thought that he could gain some relief by breaking away from the restraints of his necktie!

The young lady instantly felt liberated and nervously sat herself straighter the moment he pulled away from her.

*How is this b*st*rd's grip so strong?!*

She cursed and swore away in her heart as she looked down and surveyed herself.

The straps of her neatly-ironed long dress had fallen off her shoulders, while the skirt area was all wrinkled from his ministrations. His aggressive movements earlier had even nearly ripped her dress at its slits.

Uneasiness settled in her as she glanced sideways at the man beside her, who had sat himself upright at some point in time. His countenance was dark as he shot her a fierce look with glowing eyes.

“Why are you here?!”

Confused by his abrupt question, she chuckled at him blankly with huge eyes. “Brother Yancheng, what do you mean by that?”

Her soft, docile cry of his name made his sharp gaze softened.

His body swayed a bit as he shook his head, but when he opened his eyes again, they were filled with gentle affection.

In his hazy vision, a somewhat flustered and helpless Meng Qingxue was sitting right in front of him, just like the time they first met. She was dressed in a beautiful, red dress, and her face was painted in exquisite makeup, which made her look charming and glamorous.

Chapter 2299: Give Up for Good (2)

She was just like the way she looked when he first met her. With her shy-looking eyes and flickering eyelashes, she was as lovely as a flower in bloom.

Mu Yancheng smiled dazedly and muttered through his thin lips, “Q-Qingxue...”

As he mumbled that name, he dove forward and used all his strength to pull Song Enya into his arms.

“Qingxue, don’t leave me... alright?”

The missy was lost. *What is this man muttering about in his groggy state? It looks like he’s completely lost it.*

Smiling gently, she urged, “Brother Yancheng, let me send you back, alright?”

“Eh... good... I-I’ll follow you home...”

The corner of her lips twitched momentarily. She inhaled deeply before adjusting her posture, in case the man accidentally hurt the baby in her womb.

Since she returned home, she was made to stay inside the house by her father and not permitted to go anywhere.

She had wanted to abort the child at first, but there was a night where she dreamed that she had given birth to an adorable baby. The child was fair and tender with porcelain skin. Lying in her arms, the child was learning to articulate for the first time, “M-Mommy... mo-mommy...”

After that dream, she sat on the bed with her head leaning against the headboard. She looked troubled as she caressed her tummy, which had yet to show signs of pregnancy. Somehow, the dream seemed to arouse her maternal instinct.

That’s right. This is my flesh and blood, too!

How could she think of murdering this little life as a mother?

No matter how bad the situation might be, she must keep the baby. This was, after all, her flesh and blood!

Since then, she no longer threw away the meals that the servants served her. Instead, she ate well to ensure that she got all the nutrition needed to deliver a safe and healthy baby.

“Can someone come over?”

A bodyguard, sans expression, appeared. “Missy, what can I do for you?”

“Is the car ready?”

“Yes, the car is ready and waiting outside the entrance.”

The young woman acknowledged it with a nod then cast a look on Mu Yancheng. “Help him into the car and be careful.”

“Understood!”

She would be unable to carry the man alone with his heavy and clumsy body. Luckily, she had the foresight to get a bodyguard with her on this business.

After the guard helped the man into the car. Song Enya got into the backseat as well.

The vehicle sped toward a hotel.

Mu Yancheng had lost his rationale by then. Clinging onto her shoulder, he was like a hungry wolf as he kissed her ravishingly all over while his hands were busy instinctively exploring her body.

This potent drug could even make a horny girl out of a chaste woman, so what more of an already lascivious man!

She was irritated by his harassment and pushed him away by the shoulders with a frown. “Brother Yancheng, don’t—can you hold off a while more? We’re reaching home soon.”

As the man was being pushed away, transparent lines of saliva hung between their lips. The backseat was beginning to get coyish and steamy.

The chauffeur could hear the heavy panting coming from behind and sneaked a peek through the rearview mirror, only to catch the missy glaring angrily at him.

“What are you looking at?!”

“N-Nothing much!” The driver quickly turned his head to concentrate on the road ahead. As he fixed his gaze in front of him, he could feel beads of cold sweat rolling down his spine.

Chapter 2300: Give Up for Good (3)

“N-Nothing much!”

“Keep your eyes on the road!”

“Yes, missy!”

The chauffeur dared not to be nosy anymore and the car soon reached the hotel.

Song Enya opened the car door immediately. Before she got down, she instructed the driver, “Keep an eye on him!”

“Understood...”

The missy looked over her shoulder and at the man behind her. She told him with a smile, “Brother Yancheng, I’ll be back soon.”

“Don’t leave...”

Bam!

She slammed the door shut on his face without another word.

Five minutes later, a woman returned, except that she was not the missy herself but someone else who looked very much like her. This lady had the same body shape as Song Enya and wore the same red outfit and exquisite makeup as her. From afar, the imposter looked just like her.

After opening the car door, the woman leaned over and whispered seductively to the man, “Brother Yancheng, let’s go home.”

“Qingxue...”

Mu Yancheng was still muttering his lover’s name as he leaned on the woman and stumbled unsteadily into the hotel. They passed through the grand lobby and a long corridor before entering the elevator.

The woman pushed the suite door open and helped him into the hotel room. When they inched close to the bedroom, Mu Yancheng moved to take the lead. Grabbing her shoulders, he flipped the woman around then pinned her under him on the bed.

The woman’s breathing started to get hot and heavy, just like his. As he fixed his gaze on the lovely lady lying below him, all he could see was Meng Qingxue’s charming face.

This drug could lead to hallucination, and the one he was missing the most was his woman.

“Qingxue!”

He mumbled brashly and suddenly leaned over to kiss the soft, ruddy lips, viciously tugging her shoulder strap apart at the same time!

There was almost no foreplay as the uninhibited man went all out to possess the lady lying beneath him on the king-size bed.

“Qingxue... Qingxue...”

In his rhythmic debauchery, he mumbled this name over and over again, seemingly going crazy over her.

“Yancheng...”

The woman, of course, responded in kind.

...

Song Enya walked into the suite and waited in the living room; from there, she could hear the man’s heavy panting and the woman’s coyish moaning overlapping.

Ultimately, the man did what the drug compelled him to, but it would be inconvenient for the missy to join him herself due to her pregnancy. Luckily for her, he was too groggy to tell whom he was having sex with!

After he fell asleep from the exhausting activity, she would go in and take the place of the stand-in. When Mu Yancheng woke up the next morning, he would see her and, surely, be led to think that she was the one whom he had copulated with last night!

The woman smiled amorously at this juncture. This was when she turned around and unexpectedly caught a view of herself in the mirror. Her wan and forlorn face only made her feel sorry for herself!

She looked absolutely pitiful, sad and remorseful!

How did I end up like this?

Must I cheapen myself for the sake of status?

She touched her face with a trembling hand and pursed her lips as a glint flashed across her eyes!

What’s the point of thinking so much now?!

The plan has already reached this point for me to back out; I’ll bite the bullet and carry it through!

Yun Shishi and Mu Yazhe, I’ll have my revenge!