

Young Master Qin Keeps Coveting Me After I Beat Him Up

Chapter 6: Mr. Jiang Sent Me Here To bring You Back

Yu Bingbing did not say a word, but his body language practically screamed, “Bully me.”.

The trio were unable to react at this turn of events until Zhao Dejia finally said, “We’re not bullies anymore.”

“We quit,” said Fangzheng Hui, and Yu Tailai nodded. “We’ve changed.”

As long as Jiang Xun around, they would not be school bullies for the rest of their lives.

[Merit Points + 30]

In shock at the sudden notification, Jiang Xun blurted out, “... What was that?”

The system said, “The villains have completely turned over a new leaf, so you will earn increased MP. The exact value will be determined by the system.”

When the three school tyrants heard Jiang Xun’s voice, they all looked over.

The three of them threw down their snacks and got onto their knees.

It was clear that she’d been fishing for trouble just now! Was patrolling the school all the time wasn’t enough for her? This was too much already!

It was lucky that the three of them didn’t want to be bullies anymore, or Jiang Xun would’ve successfully lured them in!

Zhao Dejia raised his hand and cried, “Boss, we’ve really learned from our mistakes, honest!”

“We will never bully again!”

“Boss, we want to be good people!”

Hearing how repentant they were being, Jiang Xun nodded. “Alright.”

It was naturally a good thing that the three of them could correct their mistakes. And besides, right now, she had enough MP for the time being, so it was fine.

Time passed until there was only a week left until the college entrance examinations.

At 10 am, the students were still studying in the classroom when a black BMW stopped in front of the school gates.

A middle-aged man who looked to be in his forties got out of the car. He was dressed in a suit and tie.

He went to the office where Jiang Xun's class teacher was and handed over his business card. "Hello, I'm Min Zhengming, Jiang Xun's father's assistant. Before I arrived, both Jiang Xun's father and uncle should have contacted you."

The class teacher nodded. "Please follow me."

She brought him to Jiang Xun's classroom. When she opened the door and saw that the students were studying, a satisfied expression crossed her face as she called, "Jiang Xun, come out for a moment."

When Jiang Xun heard this, she came out of the classroom and saw Min Zhengming.

Jiang Xun muttered in his heart, "System, you said that Jiang Chengye will send someone to pick me up today. Is this the person?"

1

The system said, "I'm not sure either, but the timing matches up, so he's probably the one."

"Take your time talking," the homeroom teacher said to Min Zhengming before turning to Jiang Xun. "If anything comes up, come and see me."

"Alright." Jiang Xun nodded and watched the homeroom teacher leave, after which the man cleared his throat.

"Miss Jiang, I'm your father's assistant, Min Zhengming," he said. His attitude towards Jiang Xun wasn't entirely respectful, but he wasn't outright rude either. "Mr. Jiang sent me here to pick you up."

Jiang Xun raised her eyebrows. "How do I know that what you said is true and that you're not here to abduct young girls?"

Min Zhengming was left speechless at her baseless accusation.

Jiang Xun took the opportunity to say, "If you can call Jiang Chengye and show me the video call, then I'll believe you."

"You can also ask your uncle. He should know about this, too," Min Zhengming said. He thought that it wouldn't be appropriate to call the president while he was working.

"He doesn't treat me well. For all I know, you might be his business partner in human trafficking."

3

"..."

"The bottom line is, if you can't prove that Jiang Chengye actually sent you here, I won't budge."

With the way she was referring to her father by his first name, it was like she didn't think of him as a father at all, Min Zhengming thought. However, he suppressed the strange feeling in his heart and ended up calling his boss via video call.

After a long while, the call went through.

Jiang Chengye frowned and asked unhappily, "What's going on?"

"I've already met Miss Jiang. It's just that she hasn't seen me before, so she wants me to video call you to prove that you're the one who sent me here and that I'm really not a human trafficker," his assistant explained helplessly.

Jiang Chengye thought, 'I haven't seen this daughter for many years, so why are there so many problems!'

1

"Let her see," he muttered.

Min Zhengming pointed the screen at Jiang Xun. When she saw that the person on the screen was indeed Jiang Chengye, she nodded.

Jiang Chengye then said, "When you come back with Mr. Min, you just need to bring back your test questions for revision. Your Mother has already prepared the rest for you."

Although he didn't have many feelings towards this daughter, he wouldn't let her return home while wearing those ordinary clothes from the countryside. It would embarrass him.

“Come and pick me up personally, or I won’t go back,” Jiang Xun said with a cold face.

Min Zhengming looked at the father and daughter, who weren’t showing any emotion at all even though this was their first reunion in many years. He felt numb.

He originally thought that proving that he was really sent by Jiang Chengye would be enough for her, but he didn’t expect her to stir up even more trouble!

Why was she so...*like this!*

Jiang Chengye pursed his lips in displeasure and said to Min zhengming, “I’ll leave this to you to handle. Don’t bother me again over such a small matter.”

“Yes, sir!”

After hanging up, Min Zhengming said to Jiang Xun, “Miss Jiang, the president is busy with work, so please come with me. You can rest assured since I already proved that he sent me here.”

“Call him again. If he doesn’t come and pick me up personally, I won’t leave.” Jiang Xun thought about the 20 MP that she’d used to activate the mission. There was absolutely no way she was going to let them go to waste.

It was then that Min Zhengming lost his patience. His expression also fell as he said, “Miss Jiang, this isn’t the time for you to be willful. President Jiang still remembers you, so isn’t it good enough that he’s even bothering to pick you up? When you go back, you’ll be better off as the eldest daughter of the Jiang family than now, so there’s no need to insist on President Jiang coming over personally just to sate your pride, is there?”

Jiang Xun clearly didn’t have any familial feelings for Jiang Chengye, yet she kept insisting that he come over personally. If she wasn’t doing this to sate her own ego, then what could she be doing this for?

He thought about Jiang Chengye’s second daughter, Jiang Yuexi, who was gentle, sensible, generous and decent. She was like heaven when compared to Jiang Xun’s earth.

2

It was no wonder that Jiang Chengye liked Jiang Yuexi more.

Looking at Jiang Xun’s cold and tough body, she was obviously nothing, yet she still insisted on maintaining her face. How laughable.

2

Even though she hadn't even returned to her house, she was already trying to compete with Jiang Yuexi.

What a troublemaker.

Jiang Xun smiled. So this man was thinking that she should be grateful that Jiang Chengye even remembered her. So apparently she wasn't supposed to feel angry after being abandoned for 11 years.

1

If Jiang Chengye and the people around her had such an attitude, then she couldn't blame the original Host for feeling that she was being treated unfairly and holding grudges against them.

Min Zhengming continued, "Miss Jiang, after you go back, learn more from Miss Jiang Yuexi. Be generous and decent, and don't cause trouble at home. I'm saying this for your own good."

At this moment, the class bell rang.

Soon after, the students walked out of the classroom for a short break. The corridor suddenly became noisy.

Min Zhengming frowned impatiently.

"Follow me," Jiang Xun said, walking away.

So this girl wasn't completely useless after all, Min Zhengmin thought. At the very least, she knew that a noisy environment wasn't a suitable place to hold a conversation. She could be considered a careful person who knew how to read someone's expressions.

"Boss, Happy Birthday!"