

Deep Love: Young Master's Sweetheart

Novel Chapter 9 To 10

Chapter9

Young Master Ke.

Despite staying in the dreamscape for three years, she actually didn't even know about this underground boss. He was still too young, and he was still trying to sell her wine in the bar.

As for him, his acting was truly lifelike. He was cooperating with her without any change in his expression. His concealment was just too mysterious. On the other hand, it was her slap that made his face shine.

"Mei Rong. "Pack up, let's go." Today, Saturday, she had to leave the hospital immediately.

"But why are you packing your things for a walk?" She had only just woken up, her stamina was recovering really quickly.

"There's nothing wrong with him. He's just a little dizzy. He's been sick for a long time, and it's not like he's been sick for a year or two. It's no big deal. Let's leave the hospital." Yinyin frowned, as if this matter had touched her heart.

"I'll be staying for at least another day. I've already paid the admission fee." To be honest, after leaving the courtyard, she would never see that Young Master Ke again. She really liked his cool appearance.

"I'm going to faint. Is there anyone else who likes to live in this damn place?" "Then you can stay."

"Yinyin, how can you be like this? At least greet Young Master Ke."

"No." She walked into the changing room and changed her clothes before leaving. The faint blood that she had was not a serious illness, but they had made a fuss over nothing.

“Mei Rong, where are my clothes?” Thanks to Young Master Toco, she was actually living alone in the VIP room. She had a bathroom, a changing room, and even a small living room.

“It’s all hanging in the cabinet.”

That’s not right. She had looked for a long time. There were seven or eight sets of new clothes hanging in the closet, but none of them were hers. How could she wear other people’s clothes? What about her purple dress?

“What about the purple dress I came in?” No matter how bad it was, it was still his own. Wearing it would naturally fit him and make him comfortable.

“Take it to wash, I haven’t brought it back yet.” Yesterday, Young Master Ke had someone bring over seven or eight sets of clothes. It’s not enough for you to wear.

She looked down at herself. She couldn’t just go out in her hospital gown and be sent back to the hospital as a lunatic by the police.

Uh, even employees who care about their subordinates can’t afford to be so generous. She looked at the clothes, all of them white collared beauties, dresses, small suits, T-shirts, pants, all of them worth quite a bit of money.

He put on a pair of T-shirt and jeans and looked at himself in the huge mirror. He was wearing a light blue T-shirt and black jeans and had a ponytail tied behind his head. He opened the door and said, “Mei-Rong, let’s go.”

“Cough ...” Cough ... “You sure are efficient. Do you still want that bouquet of roses on the table?”

“No.” Red roses, vulgar, just think of the meaning of that flower, she just can’t, rich people’s tricks, where from the true heart.

“Then... What a pity, the flower shop only delivered it in the morning. And those clothes, you don’t want them either? ” They were all famous brands.

“Whoever buys it will take it.” Let’s go. ” There was nothing to linger for, she could not bear Young Master Ke’s clothes.

When the door opened, the aunt who was doing the cleaning came in. "Miss, are you going to be discharged?"

"Yes, Auntie, I'll give you the flower on the table."

"Really?" What a beautiful bunch of flowers! There were at least a hundred of them!

"Really, thank you Auntie." It was good to help her clean up the mess. She wanted to thank him.

As soon as he stepped out of the door, a black shadow blocked his way. "Miss Hu, may I ask where you're going?"

"Going home." Too lazy to bother, could they?

"Miss Hu hasn't gone through the procedures to leave the hospital, and without the permission of our CEO, Miss Hu can't just leave the hospital."

Hey, she didn't sell it to him. Did he have the right to control her?

"I'm sorry, it's not working hours right now. I have my own personal freedom." Those who heard the meaning in his words would understand it for themselves.

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"Miss Hu, if you leave like this, your brother will lose his job." Everyone knew that this woman had slapped the CEO's face. Not only was the CEO not angry, she even took good care of him.

"It's none of my business. It's better to change jobs." Having seen through the gatekeeper's trick, he had been fighting in the bar for three years now.

Ignoring that person's persuasion, she strode towards the door. He was the one who paid for the hospitalization, it was fine as long as he came. She would definitely find a way to pay back the money she owed him in the future.

Mei Rong followed closely behind as if she was afraid that Ye Zichen would run away.

He walked out of the gate, turned the corner, and headed for the bus stop.

Suddenly, a black BMW slowly approached her.

Whose car followed her in this way also attracted the attention of all the people at the bus stop.

Ignoring him, Yinyin continued to the bus stop.

The window beside him slowly rolled down. "Hu Yinyin, get in the car."

It was a familiar yet unfamiliar voice. It was just a brief encounter, and there was really no need for her to pay any more attention to him.

"My apologies, but I'm in a hurry." The tactful rejection was because he was her boss.

"Then don't regret it."

"Weiwei, sit still, uncle is going to drive."

Weiwei ...

Ying Yin hurriedly looked back. Could it be ...

Chapter 10

"Weiwei ..." Why is Weiwei in Young Master Ke's car?

He pressed the switch and the fully automatic door opened to her. He peeked inside, but there was no sign of Viv.

This man had deceived her.

While she was hesitating, the car horn sounded one after another behind her, as if it was urging her to get on the car immediately ...

She didn't have time to think about it. When she thought of Weiwei, she had already embarked on that black BMW, and it was as if she was embarking on a road of no return.

The door closed automatically, and in the blink of an eye, they left the bus stop. In the reverse mirror, Mei Rong was waving and chasing after her, but the car gradually moved further and further away, turning a corner, and no longer had any trace of her ...

“Where’s Weiwei?” He couldn’t wait to ask, he really was her Satan.

Looking at her elegant yet eager little face, he couldn’t help but say to himself, “Don’t worry, the child is in the warm park.”

Strangely, the investigation showed that she had no feelings for Viv, except on Saturdays and Sundays, when she was sent to a kindergarten to spend the rest of the day with Viv. Why did it look like she was in a hurry right now?

“Why did you pick her up?” Kidnapping? She was penniless.

“Nothing. The child needs kinship, so I’m looking for someone to accompany her. “

“What do you want?” She felt dizzy. In the short time she had been awake, she hadn’t been free for even a second.

Satan chose silence.

Her slender fingers gripped the steering wheel as she looked forward expressionlessly. Her speed slowed down as she slowly stopped in front of a coffee shop. Silently, she breathed in the silence. It seemed like neither of them wanted to break the silence.

Finally, he sighed and gracefully got off the driver’s seat. He walked to the opposite side of the car and opened the door. He politely invited her, “Let’s have a cup of coffee together.”

She looked at his handsome, angular face, filled with an evil, gentle smile. For a moment, she was in a trance, as if he were the Lord Jesus who had come to save her. She was tired, and the holes in her heart made her want to find someone to rely on.

Then he put her on his hand.

Electric shock.

For the first time, she did not resist contact with a man’s skin.

Walking beside him, they cast two shadows behind them, moving with their footsteps like dolls in a cartoon world.

The automatic door opened the moment they were about to welcome the arrival of the princes and princesses. Inside the coffee house, a dozen pairs of beautiful eyes stared directly at them.

In front of the hall, in a six-meter-wide glass mirror, he and she were walking slowly, a pale blue T-shirt trimmed with white, black jeans. At that moment, Yinyin realized that Young Master Ke's clothes were the same as hers.

Couple dress.

Sweat.

She had inadvertently picked out a set of clothes from the cupboard for the sake of travelling. How could they be so compatible with him?

"You ..." It couldn't be that the clothes he chose for her were all for his partner, right?

With a somewhat proud smile, the bespectacled secretary was determined to give her a raise tomorrow.

He had also grabbed a set of glasses and put on the clothes that the secretary had reserved, but he had never thought he would choose the same one as her.

"We must agree." He explained deliberately.

Her heart was a little flustered. This congenial feeling seemed to portend something that left her a little helpless.

He chose a window seat and sat down, facing each other. Coffee and various sugars were placed in front of their respective tables.

Lowering her head, she continuously stirred the coffee in her cup with a spoon, causing ripples to form on the surface. She was so entranced that she even forgot to taste it.

"You want more sugar?" He picked up the cup and took a sip. His deep voice was like a gentle poem that woke her up from her dream.

"Nope." Her mind was still wandering. She did not understand why. In front of him, her mind would always be indecisive.

Laughing in secret, liking coffee because of its bitterness, and she, once again, was in cahoots with him.

It looked like he was very similar to her.

“When are you going to return Weiwei to me?” She sipped her coffee and thought about her. There must be a kinship between him and his child that could never be forsaken.

“That depends on your performance.” Putting down the cup and folding his arms across his chest, he looked at her in amusement.

“Give the child back to me.” Anger appeared in her eyes. This man, his appearance was like a savior. His heart was her curse.

He spread out his hands and said seriously, “The child is not in my hands at all.” The child was not with him at the moment.

Silence.

Silence.



After a long while, she shouted, “What the hell do you want?”

Call the police? Countless thoughts flashed through her mind, but she had also rejected them countless times.

She was a mouse.

There were a lot of cats over there.

“Your performance.” Again, there is no room for manoeuvre.

Performance? What was the meaning of this? He glanced at the opposite of him. He was empty-handed, but it turned out to be nothing but gold and jade. He curled his lips in disdain and joked, “Alright. “Is it a day, two days, or a month?”

As if he did not hear it, he once again chose silence and silence.

His fingers reached into his pants pocket and pulled out matches and cigars. He lit them, sucked them in, spat them out ...

His eyes were misty, and his expression could not be seen. After a while, he spat out two words from the smoke ring: One year.

