

Deep Love: Young Master's Sweetheart Novel Chapter 17 To 18

C17

The blood trickled down the marks of her teeth and dripped onto the pale blue T-shirt, spreading a bright plum blossom.

That Plum Blossom seemed to have opened its eyes, looking back at her without a shred of cowardice.

The air was a little thin, and her brain seemed to be under oxygen. Her face was now red, then white, then bloodless.

This blood was a magic spell, causing her to be shocked and feel a deep pain in her heart.

He had known she had a halo, he had known it from the moment his nose bled.

Ke Zhengwei had long wanted to hide his fingers behind his back, but he was helpless as she opened and closed her eyes too quickly. It was so fast that she didn't even give him any time to withdraw.

He put his arm around her shoulders and let her lean against his chest. He could feel her trembling. At this moment, the pain in her ankle was no longer important. What was important was how she was able to withstand the blood's confusion.

Time was still as still as water, and his powerful harbor allowed her to stop, and the navigation lights on the horizon were bright and dazzling.

After a long while, her cold aura gradually faded and she slowly opened her eyes. This was the first time she saw blood, and she did not fall asleep.

Her long eyelashes flickered as she gently and deliberately pulled them away from the embrace of his imprisonment. The shock he gave her caused her to feel helpless and panicked.

"I want to sleep." Resisting his intrusion into her heart, she wanted this momentary silence.

It was dusk outside the window. The warm halo of the setting sun quietly entered the room, enveloping the entire room with a golden light.

So beautiful.

So warm.

After tucking in the quilt for her, she quietly retreated, leaving her with a tranquil and quiet world. It was pure without limits, only her craziness from her heart and the fluttering of her eyebrows.

He turned around and left.

He also needed to sort out his confused thoughts.

"Big brother, is big sister's foot ready?" The tiny figure in the living room was waiting.

At the age of six, he was already starting to make guesses.

"Alright. Sister is asleep and will wake up soon. Weiwei, don't worry, let's go

eat. " She comforted the little person softly, unwilling to let her worry about him even a little.

"Big sister doesn't want to eat anymore?"

"No, I'll eat with Weiwei when I wake up tomorrow morning."

"Brother will accompany Weiwei to eat."

This soft voice pulled him back towards the door. He couldn't bear the child's loneliness anymore, so he said, "Big brother will have dinner with Weiwei."

As he peeled off the shell of the prawn and dipped it in the seasoning, he carefully placed it into the small mouth. The gentleness and gentleness of the prawn made Ah Cheng's eyes fall to the ground, unable to find it again.

"Big brother, it's delicious."

He peeled another one and gently placed it in her mouth, "When big sister is around, call me big brother, and when big sister is not around, call me uncle, okay?" When he heard the word "big brother," he felt even more uneasy and uncomfortable.

"Wow. Brother... Uncle, can you take Weiwei to eat ice cream tomorrow?"

"Weiwei really likes it."

"Weiwei, be good. Uncle will definitely take Weiwei there."

Finally, in his retro lullaby, Viv falls asleep.

In his dream, his tiny body was squirming, as if he was having a nightmare.

Ye Zichen continued to pat her chest, while a kind of strange tender love lingered in his heart, and wouldn't go away for a long time.

Finally, even breathing was heard. Sleep, sleep well, there will be no more nightmares.

He left quietly, his heart a mess.

Bar.

Drinking mouthfuls after mouthfuls of the wine Yinyin had recommended to him previously, his eyes were a little blurry as he drank.

Looking at the neon dance floor, he waited for his prey to take the bait.

He needed a woman's body, that temporary gentleness, perhaps the confusion of his mind.

He was arrogant, he looked down on everything, no one could control his heart, he firmly believed in that.

In his line of sight, someone walked over.

A woman slowly walked over.

She wore a low-cut, low-cut dress that revealed her back. The two round, soft breasts on her chest were almost visible. From within the extremely short red skirt, the same blood-red underpants could be vaguely seen.

A woman, charming as a flower demon, stared at him with a bewitching gaze.

The woman lit up a cigarette wildly and blew it onto his face.

At this moment, it was unknown if he was her prey or if she was his prey.

C18

Red, Blue, Yellow, Green, Purple...

Multicolored halos fluttered and flickered, reflecting a person's face in the flickering light, adding a mysterious halo to it.

"Sir, I'm very lonely." An unabashed confession infected him with a seductive charm.

In the dark red room, the ashes of the incense began to tremble. With a flick of his fingernails, the smoke fell onto the table. He lowered his head and blew gently on the smoke, causing it to fly away and vanish.

"Yes, I'm lonely too." A sense of dejection began to spread.

"Sir, lend me a light." The red lips seem to draw you to the entrance for tongue entanglement and play.

When the nicotine match was lit, she leaned into her face and lit the cigarette again.

The fragrance of the cigarette and the fragrance of the girl quietly entered his lungs.

The bracelet was around her slender waist, but it didn't make a dent. The strength that was slowly increasing made her forget to be sentimental in front of so many people ...

Perhaps that was the only way to numb his delirious nerves.

After quietly getting up, she wrapped herself around his body and stealthily walked towards that quiet guest room.

The sound of two pairs of footsteps echoed silently in the corridor, light and sudden.

With a light wipe of his golden card, 'kacha', the door opened, as if welcoming the release of desire.

A man and a woman walked in. The door closed, blocking out a world that seemed like a virtual illusion. At this moment, only that urgent release was the real simulation.

Hanging on the door handle was a card that had just been turned over. It was clearly written: Do not disturb me.

At this moment, his eyes were filled with evilness, and his body was scorching hot.

Her slender fingers silently undid the buttons of his clothes, and her small hands attached to his chest. She was igniting the flame, as if she wanted to burn him to the ground as well.

Fire, he pressed against her, and she kept backing up, all the way back, all the way back, until she fell into that soft bed of Simone's ...

Her eyes were misty, and for a moment, she was Yinyin. Then, she shook her head. No, it was an unfamiliar woman.

He wanted to retract his force, but he couldn't resist the impact of desire. He couldn't resist the hand and the hand of that pair of delicate hands. The fragrance of the girl caused his reason to instantly collapse.

The clamor of the devil confined him to her body.

His heart was roaring nonstop. This was the best way to prove that his heart had still been saved for him.

However, the moment he released the flame, he couldn't help but speak out, "Yinyin."

Why did this name seem so familiar to him? It intoxicated his heart, causing him to feel so much heartache that he didn't know what to do.

That call woke up the person below her. Tears slowly flowed out, silently venting her sorrow and hatred.

He got up and walked towards the bathroom. All of his lingering feelings stopped with that 'yin-yin' sound.

Behind him, his mind refocused. He looked at the woman who was walking slowly toward the bathroom. For a moment, he was lost in thought. "Who are you?"

Tears once again poured out.

The eerie laughter suddenly echoed in the quiet room.

"Hahaha, who am I?"

"Hahaha, who am I?"

"Hahaha, who am I?"

Endless sorrow was released from her laughter as she blocked the door to the bathroom. For a long time, the echoes continued.

The sound of the water struck his heart, which had once been drenched in ice.

There was a trace of shouting that made the blood roll again, but it no longer desired him.

Pain, fresh red blood, why was the same scene repeating in his mind?

What had he forgotten?

What had he lost?

He impatiently put on his clothes and rushed out of the door. He even forgot to bathe, as he was used to doing after every release.

In fact, he already knew that the cleanliness on the outside of the surface would never be able to wipe away the filth on the inside.

Walking under the dim light of midnight, there was a shadow slowly crawling on the wall along the street by itself.