

# Deep Love: Young Master's Sweetheart

## chapter 1 To 2

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### Chapter 1

Early in the morning, when the silence of the morning was awakened by the rising sun, the earth began to recover.

The low, smiling trees by the side of the road were filled with fragrance, adding a different kind of purity to the world of red and green.

The cars on the street were in groups of two or three. A black, ink-black BMW sped along the fast lane, like a flying street scene as it fell backwards. In the man's deep eyes, besides cold, there was only frost in his eyes.

At the skyscraper, as the BMW pulled up, the security guard bowed to open the door for their president, then drove the car into the parking lot.

Ke Zhengwei was the president of the Motian Group. He was thirty-two years old, had a tall stature, a charming appearance, and an extremely rich and powerful industry. He had always made any woman who saw him fall in love with him, even if she became his mistress.

He, who was born with an unruly disposition, had once lived a rotten life. However, six months ago, a woman had silently ended his diamond bachelor status.

She was Ruan Yinyin.

Thirty-sixth floor, CEO's office.

Drinking the coffee that the new secretary had just brewed, Ke Zhengwei fiddled with the black pen in his hand. Staring at the explosive envelope on the table, Ke Zhengwei hesitated.

To: Ke Zhengwei

From: Nguyen Yen.

Looking at the date on the envelope, Ke Zhengwei angrily shouted at the poor secretary, "Why did you inform me so late?"

"CEO, I called you all night, but ..." The secretary revealed the grievances in his heart fearlessly.

"Get out." A handsome face was already shrouded in shadow.

"Yes." It had only been three days and the secretary had already trained her indestructible body, so no matter how loud she shouted, she wouldn't be afraid.

Habits became natural.

Her CEO had been dumped by his wife.

It was understandable that he was unhappy, especially since he had paid her enough to bear his curse.

Before he could steady himself in his chair, the sound of "Ping Ping Pang Pang" suddenly rang out. He bitterly smiled, thinking that he would have to deal with it in a while.

On the pure leather swivel chair, Ke Zhengwei kept spinning.

The coffee cups, the telephone, the pen holder, everything on the table was now lying on the floor, except for the torn plain white envelope, the only thing left on the table.

Coffee brown liquid ran all over the floor...

Looking at the signed divorce agreement on the table, Ke Zhengwei forced a smile.

He lit the nicotine match and the cigar with a strong aroma. He turned around and gently opened the yellow curtain and opened the window. A gust of wind blew in, blowing against the wind and covering the cigarette with one hand. He took a deep breath and released the smoke into the beautiful morning.

There was wind, blowing smoke far away, but blowing a scorching heart.

Yinyin was gone. She had taken away his true love, taken away his longing ...

Why did he leave her without trust? Why was it that her decisiveness and ruthlessness surpassed his? To her, he would never be able to harden his heart ...

Love is like a tide, either retreating or rising, but always surging with passion.

Love like fine sand, the waves splashed up layers of waves, hit the sand more delicate and smooth, held in the palm of the hand, is the eternal collection of memories with the wind...

At the ends of the earth, there is a search. That is persistence, that is my most true love.

## Chapter2

The night was deep, and he could hear the rustling of the palm trees in the wind outside the building. The ancient clock was striking the time as it moved.

Long and slender fingers gently pressed down on a button the size of a few grains of rice that could not be seen in the darkness.

All of a sudden, the darkness faded and a transparent window above his head was clearly visible.

Outside the window, the crescent moon was like a hook in the clouds. The silver moonlight poured in, filling the entire room with its tranquility. It reflected the man on the huge round bed. His relaxed gaze made him look dispirited and charming.

He squinted at the figure bathing in the bathroom. It had a face and material, but it could no longer burn his desire.

No matter how beautiful or beautiful a woman was, once she was used, it would only be boring. She would only be coveting Madame Ke's status, coveting his wealth.

Love, true love, how many people in this world could selflessly give it to him.

Desire but no love, his life after passion like a pool of stagnant water, no longer splash a single ripple.

Matches and cigars were his favorite.

In the darkness, the light from the match filled the room with its glow.

Smoke slowly filled the room, the cigarette butts glimmering slightly, the smell of the cigar mixed with the coquettish scent of love filling every corner of the room.

The sound of water gently flowing could be heard as he frowned.

The soundproofing facilities in the bathroom had always been his pride.

He slowly smoked the cigar, seemingly not hearing the sound of the water.

After a long while, the woman finally could not endure the loneliness anymore. She walked out of the bathroom naked and walked towards him with a charming smile.

Smiling. He always had a smile on his face.

“Might.” The charming body of the woman, who was emitting the fragrance of Jasmine, leaned over. Both of her arms were wrapped around his neck. She did not move away, and the lovable smile on his face was still the same.

“What time is it?” His lazy voice was tinged with killing intent.

The tip of her nose brushed against his and she said softly, “It’s still early.”

He looked at the luminous watch on his wrist and said, “Is that so? Who brought you here? “

She replied coquettishly, “It’s Brother Cheng.”

The smile on her face suddenly froze, and a hint of coldness abruptly caused the woman to shudder. This man was somewhat terrifying, but it was already too late.

A scream pierced the still night sky, a small face froze in the palm of her hand, a cigarette butt crackled on her arm as she played the devil's bass.

The woman's arm had already turned a little round.

It was just a mark. Looking at her face that was distorted due to the pain, Ke Zhengwei disdainfully pressed the switch on the door.

No one could enter this house without his permission.

The bell rang, causing Ah Cheng to push open the door and walk to the bed in annoyance, even ignoring the naked bodies of a man and a woman.

"Ah Cheng, you know the consequences." There was no emotion mixed in his voice. It was so cold that it made people shiver.

"I know." There was a hint of desolation in his voice, but more of a sense of obedience.

With an expressionless face, Ah Cheng dragged the woman, who was still screaming, and stuffed a piece of cloth into her mouth. There was no longer any noise, only the girl's lowered head swaying back and forth.



Ah Cheng and the woman disappeared from his sight, and the door closed softly behind him, leaving him alone.

Loneliness. Why did he inexplicably like this? No, it was a habit.

Woman, don't even think about disturbing his world after midnight. It's her fault for making a mistake, she doesn't know what's good for her.

"SHIT!" He hit the back of his bed hard and hard. According to logic, Ah Cheng shouldn't have made such a low level mistake.

In the study.

His hands quickly tapped the keyboard, and his fingertips moved in and out of what might have been millions or even hundreds of millions of dollars.

Without a trace of hesitation, the quick and decisive action often reminded one of a god. Only, he wasn't a god. He had blood and flesh, but he didn't desire warmth. He was only used to being cold.

When the last keyboard hit, the red and green numbers on the screen immediately stopped moving.

The board, he had always been an expert.

Only, it depended on whether or not he was interested. Sometimes he would stay still for a few days, sometimes even once a month.

Apart from women, this was his other hobby.

"Where are the items?" He lit a cigarette out of habit and enjoyed the taste of the smoke.

Ah Cheng respectfully placed a stack of documents on the table in front of him.

Ke Zhengwei lightly glanced at his right hand. His fingers were wrapped in gauze and he frowned slightly. "Next time, find a woman and get her some smart ones to come over."

"Yes." In the end, he still paid a little bit of attention to him. After all, they were brothers that had followed him for a long time.

One master and one servant, apart from being separated, they were more concerned about someone that was different from ordinary people.

He flipped through the photos one by one in his hands. Most of them were taken by a single man. His handsome face had a brilliant smile. Look! This was a man who lived under the sun, handsome and charming.

The butt of the cigarette landed heavily on the face of the man in the photo. Could his face still smile so brightly after the storm?

The last few photos were of the graduates in black uniforms, most of them taken collectively.

Looking at the slightly childish faces of those students, the corners of his mouth curled up slightly. He, Zhong Yufan, would like to see just how many heads he had to compete against him.

Suddenly, a picture caught his eye. In the picture, there was a man and a woman, the man was the protagonist of all the photos he had in his hands, while the girl, under her youthful air of vitality, had a smile brimming with the beauty of youth, her long braids hanging down to her chest.

“Who is she?” Pointing at the girl, he unconsciously felt a hint of gentleness. It was as if she had stirred up a memory of his past. However, that memory was difficult to bear.

“Zhong Yufan is crazily chasing after his girlfriend.”

“A mad chase?” It turned out to be the girl that Zhong Yufan liked. This knowledge caused him to carefully look at the woman in the photo with rapt attention.

“I heard that other than studying, that girl did part-time jobs and didn’t fall in love, so to date, no one has been able to catch up to her.”

Frighten, is she a princess? He was showing off like this.

“Go and check her background?” What friends? “Information and photos, all in one hour.”

Efficiency. This was his ultimate goal.

Only efficiency was the key to victory.

After retreating with a respectful bow, he looked at the girl in the photo in his study and suddenly let out a smile that he hadn’t seen for a long time ...

The window of the world had been opened, and outside the window, there was a deep, intoxicating, and invigorating look.

That was her Satan ...