

Chapter 800

Qin Ming looked at the fainted Li Shun, his face covered in blood, being hurriedly carried off.

Li Xinghong cursed and cursed, and could do nothing about it.

Qin Ming knew that what he had done had put a bit of a damper on the relationship between the two families, I'm afraid, but he didn't care that much.

No one could do anything to him anyway.

When the fuss was over, the crowd dispersed.

When the people from the Yellow School and Li Shunlian's cousins had also left, Qin Ming was the only one still staying here at the Lin's Dazhai.

Qin Ming had specifically asked Nie Haitang to leave with Mu Xiaoqiao first. For one thing, he wanted Mu Xiaoqiao to go to the main hospital for further treatment as soon as possible, and for another, Nie Haitang, as a middle-level cadre of the Huang faction, had to have her own business to attend to and did not want to bind her.

Most of all, if there was still an enemy attack, it would mostly come at him, and they would all be safe.

And Qin Ming had an important matter to attend to, otherwise he would have wanted to leave too.

After sending off the various people, Qin Ming drank with Fang Jiutong that afternoon.

After three rounds of wine, the more the two talked, the more they got to know each other.

Fang Jiutong, whose cheeks were red, said, "Brother, this time, thanks to you, I am fortunate to have a brother like you. Speaking of which, we should still be somewhat related."

The half-drunk Qin Ming laughed, "What kind of kinship can there be? I'm just a poor boy from a small mountain village."

Fang Jiutong smiled, "Do you think I'm stupid? When I found out your identity, I immediately thought of you. You are Zhao Songli's son, aren't you? In terms of seniority, your grandmother, is my aunt, I'm a generation older than you."

Qin Ming's eyes went black and he handed a bottle of white directly to Fang Jiutong: "What a bunch of nonsense, what? You just worshipped me as a brother and you want to ride on my head now?"

"Hahahaha, I'm older than you even in the same generation." Fang Jiutong grabbed the bottle and drank half of it in tons and tons and handed it to Qin Ming, who swung it up and drank it next, not a drop left, and burped.

Fang Jiutong said, "Brother, there are fewer people now, so I'll tell you a secret."

"You don't say, I hate secrets the most." Qin Ming shook his drowsy head, feeling drunk, and said, "I will definitely not keep a secret for you."

"Hey, hey, have a personality, I like it, you don't like to hear it, I'm going to tell it." Fang Jiutong said in a daze, "This skill of mine was actually not that great at first. It was hard enough to practise inch strength, and I broke my fingers a dozen times. But now I am so powerful, do you know why?"

"Because you ate the Immortal Pill from Tai Shang Lao Jun. Hahaha." Qin Ming propped up his head and cursed with drunken laughter, "You're just a sun monkey."

Fang Jiutong shook his head and said, "No, because my master and I found a tomb left by the ancients from the deep mountains of the Yunnan-Guizhou plateau. It is rumoured to be more than five thousand years old, and inside the stone walls, there are hieroglyphic characters carved, and some characters from the Qin and Han dynasties, many of which, I can't even read, but my master can."

"We couldn't get in, so we copied some of it out to study."

"You should know that our Fang family, in Yun Province, that is also a famous family of martial arts practitioners, with a large population, and has its own unique understanding of the study of breathing techniques."

"This research led to the discovery that it was a breathing technique, and that it had quite a few similarities to the breathing techniques that have been passed down to this day."

"Once it was translated into a text that could be read, our two teachers and disciples began to change the current breathing method and start a new way of practising."

"After a few months of this practice, I became stronger quickly, hiccup However, my master then had a problem, he started to feel his qi and blood failing and had difficulty breathing, he couldn't leave the respirator."

"Therefore, that's why my master asked me to come to Lin's Dazhai to deliver a letter to his ex-wife, the two old people are afraid that they will not be able to see each other in the future."

Qin Ming listened, narrowed his eyes and said, "Fang Shao, you're making up stories, huh? Have you been watching too many webisodes? Drink, drink, drink, you won't talk nonsense when you're drunk. This kind of stuff, talk like a story."

Fang Jiutong turned red and said, "I'm not lying to you, we are two brothers, why lie to you? Fine, fine, fine, no more talk, drink."

"Come on, keep drinking." The two men continued to drink again.

As the two drank into the night, Qin Ming only felt dizzy.

Suddenly he felt a hand at his side picking at him, and he was so frightened that he immediately grabbed the other man and raised his fist.

Such an instinctive reaction startled Lin Yurou: "I, I'll take you back to rest. It's cold, you'll catch a cold like this."

Qin Ming rubbed his eyes and said, "It's you. Let's get my brother back first."

Lin Yurou said, "He can see a doctor himself if he's sick. I'll help you back."

Qin Ming laughed for a moment, "You can't treat a guest like that."

Lin Yurou said as she helped Qin Ming away, "It's okay, there's a heater burning here, the house is warm, he'll be fine."

Qin Ming burped and said, "I still have to talk to your father. To set your name straight. I'll get you something reasonable, can't have you living in a house on the hill that goes to that viewpoint."

Lin Yurou said, "Idiot, my dad and I put on a bitter show for you. How could he treat me badly. It's just to see if you will cherish me. I'm content that you have this heart."

"Hiccup~!" Qin Ming said in a daze, "Contented? Content with what?"

Not long after, Qin Ming arrived at Lin Yurou's boudoir.

Qin Ming was drunkenly thrown on the bed.

The retro-style building resembled the boudoir of a grand lady in ancient times, but there were also many modern technological products, and the heating was on.

"Don't worry about me, I can do it myself", Qin Ming sat up, a little panicked, how did he get to Lin Yurou's room?

At this moment, Lin Yurou came over with a hot towel and wiped the cold sweat from his body, just like a virtuous wife.

As she wiped, Lin Yurou leaned against Qin Ming and looked at him with shyness and resentment, "I'm not asking to keep you around, but you have to come back often to see us two mothers and children in the future."

Qin Ming was also drunk, his head was dazed and he felt the squeeze of Lin Yurou's breasts at his arms.

The heating was on in the house and Lin Yurou was dressed thinly, so he saw a white spring spot at the opening of that shirt when he tilted his head.

Qin Ming, who had been in a daze from drinking and had been abstaining from sex for a long time, was suddenly on fire.

He looked at Lin Yurou so charming, like a pissed off little daughter-in-law who couldn't get her husband's love, he couldn't help himself and reached out and wrapped his hand around Lin Yurou.

"Boing~!" Lin Yurou was suddenly embraced by Qin Ming and fell into his arms, hooked Qin Ming's neck and tilted it up for a kiss.

Fragrant lips met in a kiss, Qin Ming's sanity instantly lost its grip, and his large hands reached into her clothes and went up and down.

Boom, after Qin Ming lost his senses, transformed into a beast of soft carnal desire, pushed Lin Yurou on the bed, three or five times to remove Lin Yurou's clothes, lowered his head and leaned down to kiss, Lin Yurou was very cooperative just flesh voice murmured: "Lightly. Uh"

The wooden frame bed was still made to ripple by the two of them and issued the old grinding sound.

And at this time, in Dayong City, Nie Haitang and others who had rechecked into the hotel saw Song Ying who had rushed in.

Song Ying narrowed her eyes and asked, "Where is our young master?"

Nie Haitang said, "He has something to say to the Lin family's master. Tsk, I say, you secretary, why do you ask so many questions, just listen to the arrangements honestly."

Song Ying, however, worried, "The Lin family is scheming, I'm afraid that our young master will be at a disadvantage. Especially that Lin Yurou."

Nie Haitang looked deeper into the mountains and said, "Hey, although Qin Ming has made many mistakes in the past, I trust him now and he will definitely keep the bottom line."

Song Ying watched Nie Haitang and the others enter the stronghold, still having trouble letting go of her heart, "Young master, when will you notice me again?"