

Almighty Daughter Runs The World - Chapter 11

Chapter 11: Was Her Requirement Still Not Low Enough?

Madam Cen was born and raised in Yunjing Province. Her ancestral home was in Yunjing Province as well, so she had an intimate relationship with the town that could not be severed.

The upper-class socialites from noble families were undoubtedly beautiful, but she could always feel that something was lacking in them. When it came to getting her grandson a wife, it was still a preference for her that he marry a local from Yunjing Province.

“You’re right! Let’s choose a good wife for Shaoqing right here in Yunjing Province! Then, we can return to Beijing in glory!” Zhou Xiang added while chuckling, “Mom, I’m with you on this!”

Madam Cen seemed to have recalled something all of a sudden. She continued to speak, “Oh right, was it you who spread the fake news that our Cen family business is in a financial crisis?”

“No.” Zhou Xiang shook her head and said with a puzzled expression, “Mom, I thought that it was you who spread the rumor on purpose as a way to sound out the Mu family!”

Had it not been for the fake news, how could they have seen the Mu family members’ true selves!?

Madam Cen remarked, “It wasn’t me either!”

Then, Zhou Xiang furrowed her brows and said, perplexed, “If it wasn’t you or me, who was it then?”

“It was me.”

Before the voice died away, a tall, slim silhouette walked into the house from the outside. He had on a classic Chinese robe and a string of bright red prayer beads in his hand. The red mole on the corner of his eye accentuated his sensuality, while his overall appearance was even more delicate than a woman’s.

“Shaoqing is home!”

Zhou Xiang looked toward Cen Shaoqing with a smile. The mother and son looked very similar. In addition, Zhou Xiang paid a great deal of attention to her skincare regime, so they looked more like siblings instead!

“Hey, Shaoqing, did you just say that it was you who spread the fake news about the financial crisis?” Madam Cen looked toward Cen Shaoqing.

Cen Shaoqing nodded ever so slightly and moved the prayer beads along. “How did the Mu family react?”

Zhou Xiang answered with a frown, “They acted like snobs! As soon as they found out that our Cen family is in a financial crisis, they immediately cut ties with us! In fact, they had even tried to use 200,000 bucks to humiliate us!”

Despite hearing that, Cen Shaoqing’s expression remained as calm and composed as before. He was neither astonished nor furious. It felt as if everything was within his expectation.

“Shaoqing, how come there’s not the slightest reaction from you? Your grandma and I put up with them because of you!”

Cen Shaoqing shifted his gaze back to Zhou Xiang. “You will only lower yourself when you quarrel with people like them. Moreover, I told you before that the Mu family’s daughter is not a good match. It was you and grandma who persisted in that matter, regardless.”

“And what was the purpose of us persisting in that? It’s all because of you! You’re a heartless scoundrel!” Zhou Xiang was furious.

Cen Shaoqing pursed his thin lips tightly with a rather helpless look on his face.

It made Zhou Xiang seem like a little girl who was being deliberately provocative.

“Shaoqing.” Madam Cen turned around to look toward Cen Shaoqing, “Tell me truthfully, do you have someone you like in your heart? If you have that person in your heart, I won’t be worried anymore! It will save my time and energy, and I won’t be anxious all day long...”

Madam Cen was sincerely worried.

There was only one male heir for three generations in the Cen family. Even though Cen Shaoqing was the fifth child, all his other siblings were sisters. Yet, Cen Shaoqing spent every day praying to Buddha and practicing vegetarianism. She was afraid that the Cen family's line would end in her hands.

Cen Shaoqing moved the prayer beads in his hand while the long tassel fell out of his sleeve. "I don't."

"You really don't, or are you just pretending?"

"I really don't."

Madam Cen continued, "Your mother and I are not closed-minded. There's no need for us to use a marriage alliance to strengthen our status in the country, given our reputation. Oh, Shaoqing... if you have someone you like in your heart, you must tell me, okay? I don't have any other requirements. It would be fine even if the person has some flaws! It will be fine as long as she knows how to hide under a roof when it rains!"

At this point, Madam Cen would accept it even if he were to marry a retard! Was her requirement still not low enough?

Why was there no news about Cen Shaoqing's relationship until now? He was 30 years old now, so how much longer did he still want to procrastinate?

Zhou Xiang nodded in agreement. "As long as you're willing to give us her name, your grandma and I will immediately bring up the proposal on your behalf! We won't have a second opinion at all!"

Cen Shaoqing answered with a question, "Mom, grandma, do you think that all there is to life is to get married, have children, then have the children get married to have grandchildren, and repeat the cycle until the end of one's life?"

What was the meaning of having a routine life like this?

Rather than believing in love, it was better to believe in one's self.

He could build himself a business empire at the very least.

Cen Shaoqing was used to standing on the peak with everything within his grasp. It was not like he had to get married and have children in his life.

Madam Cen was rendered speechless for a moment before she continued to speak, “Shaoqing, if you won’t do it yourself, then I’m going to do it for you! Whatever the case, I must see you get married and have children while I’m still alive. Or else, I won’t be able to rest in peace when I’m six feet under.”

Cen Shaoqing furrowed his brows ever so slightly.

Noticing the change in Cen Shaoqing’s expression, Madam Cen immediately pressed her right hand against her chest. “I can’t breathe! It’s suffocating! I’m dying...”

Zhou Xiang immediately ran over and helped support Madam Cen with one hand and patted Madam Cen’s back with her other hand. “Mom! Mom! What’s going on with you? Are you okay? You’re scaring me!”

Upon saying that, Zhou Xiang looked toward Chen Shaoqing. “Look at what you’ve done! You’ve infuriated your grandma! Mom, don’t be angry. Don’t worry! Shaoqing is a sensible child; he will surely abide by your wish.”

“Let me take you upstairs so you can rest.”

They echoed each other such that Cen Shaoqing did not have the opportunity to refute.

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On the other side of things in the traditional Chinese medicine dispensary, Ye Zhuo passed the prescription she wrote to the owner of the dispensary.

The owner received the prescription and took a glance at Ye Zhuo as he said, “Miss, is this prescription of yours used for treating blood deficiency and Malaria?”

“Yes.” Ye Zhuo nodded.

The owner considered the information for a moment. “Can I please trouble you to write down the phone number or address of this old traditional Chinese medicine practitioner, please?”

He could tell that an experienced traditional Chinese medicine practitioner wrote the prescription just by taking one glance.

The penmanship was profound as well.

Ye Zhuo smiled. "The person who wrote the prescription is me."

"Young maiden, stop joking around." The owner smiled.

Traditional Chinese medicine was a field requiring a mixture of extensive knowledge and culture. It was utterly impossible for one to figure it all out without spending a few decades practicing it.

The young maiden appeared to be about the age of 17 or 18 at most.

Moreover, young people these days were too skilled in making blind conjectures as if they were very knowledgeable.

Ye Shu spoke up from the side, "Sir, I'm the patient, and she is my daughter. She really wrote this prescription."

"Is that so?" Noticing how serious Ye Shu was, the owner narrowed his eyes.

"Yes, it is!" Ye Shu nodded.

The owner hesitated for a moment before he said, "So, young maiden, will you leave your phone number for me?"

"Sure."

Ye Zhuo nodded.

Then, the owner passed a pen and paper to Ye Zhuo.

Then, Ye Zhuo lowered her head to write. "My name is Ye Zhuo, and I don't have a phone. This number belongs to my uncle. You can give my uncle a call if you wish to reach me. My uncle's surname is Ye too."

She was certain that the original owner of her body had a phone. However, those items all belonged to the Mu family. Ye Zhuo did not bring anything with her when she left.

Upon saying that, Ye Zhuo passed the paper back to the owner of the dispensary.

The owner received the paper and was dumbfounded for a moment. He realized that the penmanship on the paper was exactly the same as the one on the prescription!

A series of numbers followed after the two gracefully written words – ‘Ye Zhuo.’

Could it be that the young maiden was extraordinarily gifted that she was an expert in traditional Chinese medicine at such a young age?

The owner suppressed the doubt he had in his heart and began portioning the medicinal herbs for Ye Zhuo. He filled two large bags. “Young maiden, the total cost is 5,000 bucks.”

“Why is it so expensive?” asked Ye Shu in astonishment.

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