

DRAGON KING HALL'S LEGEND

Chapter 19: Comfort, Miserliness, Invitation

"So that's how it is."

After listening to Wen Rou's story, Mu Jinyu couldn't help feeling a renewed sense of pity for this girl who appeared fragile on the outside yet was so strong inside.

Compared to her, his own misfortunes, which he once thought were severe, didn't seem too tragic after all.

After all, though he lost his parents at a young age, he had a master who treated him well and raised him, as well as a cold-on-the-outside but warm-on-the-inside junior.

He never had too many worries, nor had he suffered any grievances.

Compared to Wen Rou, his upbringing was indeed very warm.

Mu Jinyu pulled out a tissue and handed it to Wen Rou.

Wen Rou took it, said "thank you," and began wiping the tears and the redness from her eyes.

All these matters had been weighing on the heart of a girl who was just in her twenties, making her feel like she couldn't breathe. Now that she had poured her heart out to Mu Jinyu and had a good cry, Wen Rou immediately felt less burdened.

She felt that she had regained her strength, and her own will wouldn't be easily shaken or beaten down by life's hardships.

"Don't worry, everything will pass."

Mu Jinyu, seeing Wen Rou wiping her eyes, comforted her, "When the sun rises as usual tomorrow, life will still be beautiful, and those people who trouble you won't come to bother you anymore."

As he said this, Mu Jinyu had decided to go to the gangsters' stronghold personally the next day, to find their boss and settle this matter once and for all.

From his earlier conversation with Wen Rou, he had already found out where their stronghold was.

When Wen Rou heard Mu Jinyu's words, she first paused in shock. But as a very smart woman, she immediately understood what Mu Jinyu intended and, with a look of alarm, quickly advised:

"Are you thinking of going to trouble them? No, you must not go. They are very scary, and you..."

Mu Jinyu didn't want to hear these words of discouragement; he covered Wen Rou's lips with his hand and shook his head:

"There's nothing to be afraid of. I've already offended them, and they would come after me regardless of whether I go after them now or not. I'm just dealing with this in advance, you don't need to worry."

"Besides..." Mu Jinyu continued, paused for a moment, and then smiled confidently, "You saw my fighting skills just now, right? These scum who only bully the weak will never be able to defeat me, so there really is no need for you to worry about me."

After hearing this, the alarm in Wen Rou's eyes began to dissipate somewhat, though she still looked worried as she whimpered a few times.

Mu Jinyu, seeing this, took his palm away from Wen Rou's lips, and the warm and damp sensation on his hand made him feel a little peculiar.

Now that Mu Jinyu had withdrawn his hand, Wen Rou, finally able to speak, lowered her head with a sad tone, "It's all my fault, I got you involved. If you're going there tomorrow, remember to ensure your own safety, and if it's not possible, then don't go."

Mu Jinyu didn't speak.

Feeling puzzled, Wen Rou lifted her head and saw Mu Jinyu staring at her intently.

And following the direction of his gaze, he seemed... to be focusing on her lips...

The thought had barely formed in Wen Rou's mind when her pale face immediately flushed a deep red, as vivid as a ripe red apple.

Mu Jinyu, seeing Wen Rou's shy and startled look, quickly realized what he had done, coughed lightly, and, feeling quite embarrassed, averted his gaze and changed the subject, "The moon tonight is really entic... really round."

'There is no moon for you to see!' Wen Rou grumbled to herself with a blush still on her face.

Her small restaurant was located in a secluded area, where moonlight could never penetrate, and even the occasional spill of light would get overshadowed by the dim streetlights at the corner...

Hmm?

That's not right...

Wen Rou suddenly felt that Mu Jinyu's words seemed a bit off, as if they were hinting at something else.

However, she had no proof and couldn't say much more.

The atmosphere became awkward and odd for a moment. Mu Jinyu also realized his slip of the tongue and quickly stood up, saying, "Ah, it's getting late, and I should find a hotel to rest. How much do I owe for the meal just now?"

Wen Rou shook her head and said, "No need, you've already helped me, if you hadn't stepped in just now, I..." The source of this content is novelfire.net

Before she could finish, Mu Jinyu cut her off, his tone slightly impatient, "Hey, stop fussing about, it's annoying. I don't want to take advantage of anyone, how much is it?"

Although Mu Jinyu was very fond of money, even to the point of considering it as important as life itself, he was not someone who liked to take advantage of others. When it came to paying what he owed, he was never vague.

Seeing the determination in Mu Jinyu's eyes, which left no room for her to keep refusing, Wen Rou's voice softened and she timidly said, "Then... thirty yuan..."

"Here."

Mu Jinyu pulled out two crumpled banknotes from his pocket, one with a value of ten yuan and the other twenty yuan. He handed them to Wen Rou.

Wen Rou felt quite out of place seeing this scene.

After all, the suit Mu Jinyu was wearing appeared to be quite expensive, yet the money he took out was so worn, and he seemed so reluctant to part with it.

Mu Jinyu indeed felt quite reluctant, considering it was the first time he was spending money and it really pained him.

"Take it," Mu Jinyu said when he saw Wen Rou staring blankly at him. The reluctance on his face vanished, and he spoke sternly.

"Oh, oh," Wen Rou, somewhat intimidated by this demeanor of Mu Jinyu, quickly reached out to take the money.

After she took it, the reluctance in Mu Jinyu's heart was also suppressed, and then he asked, "Hey, do you know of any hotels nearby that are a bit cheaper?"

Even though Mu Jinyu had quite a bit of money—an amount of two ten million yuan checks and ten yuan in cash—he had grown accustomed to living frugally and still couldn't bear to spend freely.

Of course, he wouldn't admit that he was actually just being too stingy.

On hearing this, Wen Rou felt that sense of discord growing even stronger.

She thought, someone dressed up like Mu Jinyu, even if he really had nowhere to stay, could afford a stay at a grand hotel. Why would he need to stay at a cheap hostel, risking unclean conditions?

After hesitating, Wen Rou couldn't help but ask, "Are you... really short on money now?!"

"Yeah," Mu Jinyu, in an effort to spend as little as possible, could only admit so, saying, "Don't be fooled by how well-dressed I am now, this suit isn't actually mine. It belongs to a friend who bought it to lend to me just so I could make an appearance for her."

He smiled and continued, "I came from a small place, and when I first arrived in River City, I was wearing a tank top, shorts, and flip-flops. She thought it would embarrass her, so she dressed me up like this. In truth, I don't have much money."

"Oh." After hearing Mu Jinyu's explanation and seeing his honest and sincere expression, Wen Rou believed that he really didn't have much money. After a moment of hesitation, she finally bit her lip, lowered her head, and said softly,

"Then... if you don't mind, stay with me tonight..."

As she spoke, Wen Rou's ears turned bright red.