

## LET ME SEE THE REAL YOU

### Chapter 17

Mu Yangyang was surprised. Did Mo Chenhao finally want to meet her?

When she knocked on the study room door and opened it, she felt like she was dreaming.

She stepped into the study room. Before she could see the layout of the room, she heard a hoarse male voice.

“Shi Ye, who is it?”

The man who was standing beside the desk said, “Young Master, it's Ma'am.”

It was only now that Mu Yangyang had noticed a figure sitting on the office chair with his back facing towards her.

From her angle, she could see the head peeking out from the chair, and his arms were on the armrest.

He was a tall man.

Is that Mo Chenhao?

Shi Ye looked at Mu Yangyang and observed her as he said, "Ma'am."

"Shi Ye?" She had heard Mo Chenhao said this name just now.

Shi Ye lowered his head and kept silent.

He was never a talkative person anyway.

At this moment, Mo Chenhao, who was facing his back to her, spoke.

“You've met with Mo Qingfeng?”

Mu Yangyang was stunned for a moment before realizing that he was speaking to her.

Although she had realized that the father and son did not have a good relationship, she was still shocked that Mo Chenhao had called Mo Qingfeng by his name.

“Yes.” Mu Yangyang did not know why Mo Chenhao had asked her about this. She sensed that Mo Chenhao had no intention to let her see his face.

“What did he say?”

“We just chatted for a bit and talked about you...” Mu Yangyang paused before continuing, “He's concerned about you.”

Although Mo Qingfeng might have meant something else, he must still be concerned about Mo Chenhao.

She was envious of him for having such a loving father.

When Mo Chenhao heard her words, he sneered, “I heard Zhenxuan say that the two of you clicked?”

When Mu Yangyang heard Zhenxuan's name, she stiffened and immediately shook her head.

“We just met at the villa, that's all.”

Then she remembered that he could not see her shake her head, so she added, “We're not that close.”

She did not know why she hid the fact that “Mo Zhenxuan” had been injured and had stayed for the

night.

“Is that so?”

These three words, albeit gently spoken, had sent shivers down Mu Yangyang's spine. She immediately stopped talking.

Did “Mo Zhenxuan” really say something to Mo Chenhao?

“Alright, you can go now.” Mo Chenhao's tone sounded impatient.

Although Mu Yangyang could not see Mo Chenhao's face, she could sense his cold rejection from a distance away.

She chose to marry into the Mo family for two reasons. The first reason being that Xiao Chuhe had

forced her and secondly because she had given up hope.

She had never thought of divorcing Mo Chenhao from the day she married into the Mo family. She had mentally prepared herself to be Mo Chenhao's wife forever.

She bit her lips and took a step forward. She stood near Mo Chenhao and plucked up her courage to say, “Mo Chenhao, can you... turn around?”

I'll be able to see his face if he turns around.

Just as she finished her sentence, the atmosphere in the room turned heavy.

“I— I didn't mean anything else. I just feel that if we were to be together for the rest of our lives, we'll need to see each other eventually. I really don't mind your...

condition.”

When Mo Chenhao heard her, he froze for a second.

The corner of his lips turned upwards. His tone was full of disgust and hatred as he spat out those words,

“But I do mind that you're ugly.”

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