

Rebirth of a Village Girl

#Chapter 101: 074: Mr. Mog, his new attracting move?_i - Read Rebirth of a Village Girl Chapter 101: 074: Mr. Mog, his new attracting move?_i

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Rich?

This was already the umpteenth time that Mo Qishen had told Mrs. Mo that he was rich, but Mrs. Mo never actually took his words to heart.

After all, Mo Qishen had dropped out of school in his second year of high school, even disappearing for a while, and never continued his education afterwards.

He didn't even complete high school, let alone university.

So, at most, you could say Mo Qishen had a junior high school education. Nowadays, factories were only hiring those with at least a high school diploma. Moreover, Mo Qishen wasn't holding any positions in any of the Mo Family's businesses either. So, how could a man with so much free time have any money?

"Don't put on a brave face in front of your mother, put your money away." Mrs. Mo gently patted Mo Qishen's hand, and said meaningfully: "My dear sixth child, I never expected you would make a big success in this life. As long as you are safe and sound, that's all that matters. Our family has lots of money, all of which I am saving for you, so you don't have to worry about the future."

"All mother wants now is for you to bring back that girl from the Zhao Family and give her a big, chubby grandson."

Mo Qishen helplessly rubbed his nose and laughed, "Zhao Jingrong is a talented student from France. Do you think I'm good enough for her?"

"Don't be absurd!" Mrs. Mo scolded. "The Zhao Family is very reliable and generous, and Jingrong is indeed a rare good girl! You two have been betrothed in advance, and they definitely won't renege on their promise."

Mrs. Mo and Mo Fuhai were on the same page; they both placed their utmost trust in the Zhao Family.

Generous?

The people of the Zhao Family really were generous indeed!

Mo Qishen chuckled and remained silent.

After going upstairs, Mo Qishen made a phone call.

Mo Qishen held the phone, and unlike his usual casual demeanor, he appeared composed and somber.

If others were to see him now, they would surely be taken aback.

When did a usually unproductive and idle person start to emanate such a powerful aura?

“Hello, it’s time to leak the news to the Zhao Family.”

After uttering this sentence, Mo Qishen hung up the phone.

In the blink of an eye, Mo Qishen reverted back to his usual self, as if what had just happened was merely an illusion.

The next day.

Sine she had to prepare breakfast for Mrs. Mo, Ni Yang got up at three o’clock in the morning.

Unexpectedly, Ni Cuihua had woken up even earlier.

At this time, not only had Ni Cuihua already stoked the oven for the bread, but she had also tidied up all the stuff that Ni Yang needed for her stall.

With Ni Cuihua’s help, Ni Yang’s work was completed much faster.

She first kneaded the fermented dough into the shape of bread and placed it into the oven to bake. Then she began to stir-fry.

All the ingredients were prepared the night before, so all she needed to do was wash them and she was ready to cook.

While Ni Yang was stir-frying, Ni Cuihua sat by the stove and kept the fire going.

In no time, the small kitchen was filled with the fragrant smell of the dishes. Visit www.vipnovels.com for new **novels**

When the dishes were done, the bread was also almost ready.

Ni Yang made a dozen or so loaves of bread.

She took two with her to give to Mrs. Mo, ate one herself, and left the remaining seven for Ni Cuihua and Ni Chenggui.

There's nothing like sipping porridge, munching on bread, and enjoying some tangy radish slices for breakfast.

After breakfast and after preparing everything, Ni Yang set off for the morning market.

At five thirty, Ni Yang arrived at the morning market on time.

Although she arrived earlier than usual that day, there were already quite a few customers waiting for her.

"Little boss, you're finally here! Do you have sour plum soup this morning?"

Ni Yang smiled and replied, "Yes, I've prepared 500 servings for this morning."

With everyone's help, it didn't take long for the stove and tables and chairs to be set up.

Li Gongcheng arrived a bit later than usual that morning, so by the time it was his turn, he handed his thermos to Ni Yang, excitedly saying, "Xiaoni, our old lady really loves the breakfast you make! From now on, could you please make her breakfast every day?"

The one who pays is the boss, and you do what the boss said.

Ni Yang took the thermos and, smiling, said, "No problem, it's my duty. Does the old lady want the usual breakfast this morning?"

Li Gongcheng nodded, "Yes, and also a cup of sour plum soup."

Although he'd had sour plum soup before, those soups didn't taste even one-third as good as the one made by Ni Yang!

After a sip, Li Gongcheng fell in love with that taste.

It was simply amazing!

When Li Gongcheng arrived at the Mo Family after eating his noodles, it was exactly seven o'clock.

At this time, Mrs. Mo had been waiting impatiently in the living room.

Mrs. Mo.

Chapter 102: 074: Mr. Mog, his new attracting move?_2

|

“Xiaoli!” Seeing Li Gongcheng, Old Lady Mo excitedly stood up.

Li Gongcheng handed the bag to Old Lady Mo, “Old Lady, this is your breakfast for this morning.”

“Good good good.” Old Lady Mo immediately opened the bag, a bit disappointed, “How come there’s no sour plum soup this morning?”

Li Gongcheng explained: “Boss Xiaoni said that elderly people shouldn’t eat too much sweet stuff, so she didn’t prepare sour plum soup for you.”

“Oh.” Old Lady Mo nodded, “This Boss Xiaoni does know quite a lot.”

Strangely, Old Lady Mo felt a warmth in her heart.

It was fine that there was no sour plum soup, after all, Boss Xiaoni’s cooking skills were top-notch!

Old Lady Mo now was surely Ni Yang’s number one fan.

Li Gongcheng continued: “Old Lady, you eat first, I’ll be going now.”

“Yep, go ahead with your work.”

As soon as Li Gongcheng left, Old Lady Mo opened the thermos box.

The thermos box and yesterday’s are in pairs, in total, there were three layers.

The first layer was jujube longan porridge.

The second layer was sour and spicy ear mushrooms.

The third layer contained two items wrapped in oil paper. It was unclear what they were.

Old Lady Mo was curious. As she unwrapped the oil paper layer by layer, a fragrant sweet milky aroma immediately hit her face.

What met her eyes was a golden, glistening bread.

The crust was crispy and the inside fluffy and delicate.

As she gently broke it apart, steam could be seen emanating from inside.

It smelled delicious!

Old Lady Mo took a deep breath.

This Xiaoni really did surprise her every morning.

Old Lady Mo had eaten buns and steamed buns, as well as bread bought from outside, but this was the first time she had eaten such tasty bread.

The taste, it was simply amazing.

Why was she so fond of Xiaoni?

Unconsciously, Old Lady Mo developed a fondness for this Xiaoni whom she had never met before.

Not long after, Mo Baichuan came down from upstairs, he actively greeted Old Lady Mo, "Good morning, Grandma."

"Chuanchuan come here, join your grandma for breakfast." Old Lady Mo waved at him.

Mo Baichuan did as she said and walked over.

Old Lady Mo handed the remaining bread to Mo Baichuan.

Mo Baichuan refused lightly: "I don't have an appetite in the morning, Grandma. I'm just going to watch you eat."

"No appetite?" Old Lady Mo laughed, "Chuanchuan, I guarantee after you eat something Xiaoni made, you will immediately get your appetite back!"

Xiaoni?

Ni Yang?

This was made by Ni Yang?

Mo Baichuan subtly squinted his eyes, Ni Yang, you really have overreached yourself!

Despite being indifferent to him, she managed to make his family so happy behind the scenes.

Wasn't this a classic case of playing hard to get?

Old Lady Mo continued, "Chuanchuan, why don't you take a bite? I was just like you before, didn't have much of an appetite. But ever since I started eating food prepared by Xiaoni, it got much better!"

Who wants to eat something made by a woman with ulterior motives?

Mo Baichuan hid all his displeasure at the bottom of his eyes, then said, "Grandma, I really can't eat. Oh right, I have something else to do, I have to go now."

Before Old Lady Mo could react, Mo Baichuan's figure had already disappeared outside the door.

"This damned kid!" Old Lady Mo sighed helplessly.

The Zhao Family had two sons and one daughter. The daughter, Zhao Jingrong, had been spoiled from a young age.

Zhao Jingrong was three years younger than Mo Qishen, twenty-four this year.

Twenty-four-year-old Zhao Jingrong had an excellent reputation in Beijing's circles of wealth. Not only was she beautiful, but she was also a talented student who studied abroad in France. If it wasn't for her engagement with Mo Qishen, her doorstep would probably have been worn out by suitors.

Early in the morning, everyone in the Zhao Family was gathered in the living room, the atmosphere a bit heavy.

Zhao Baosheng looked up at his beloved daughter, "Jingrong, I heard that the youngest Mo lad has returned, what's your opinion on this matter?"

Zhao Jingrong carelessly replied while blowing on her freshly painted nails, "He's back, what does it have to do with me?"

Zhao Baosheng continued, "Jingrong, have you forgotten, you... you are still engaged to him?"

Zhao Jingrong chuckled lightly, "Engagement? Whoever agreed to this engagement can go ahead and marry."

How dare that useless Mo Qishen dream of marrying her, a swan, just because he's a toad?

In his dreams! Checkk new *novel chapters* at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Zhao Baosheng was left speechless by his precious daughter. This engagement, after all, had been arranged by them, the parents.

The Mrs. Zhao on the side leisurely interjected, "The engagement back then was just verbal, it doesn't really count for anything, right?"

Chapter 103: 074: Mr. Mog, his new attracting move?_3

|

Zhao Baosheng lamented, "But we have accepted the token from the Mo Family."

In the beginning, Mo Qishen was arguably an once-in-a-millennium genius.

At the age of three, Mo Qishen could recite all Tang and Song dynasty poetry; at four, he could mentally calculate any addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division problem; at five, he could discuss five thousand years of Chinese history, even in more detail than historical records; at six, he started first grade, and at seven he skipped to third grade.

The Zhao family would not have arranged a marriage with the Mo family so early on if it weren't for this.

The Zhao family was certain that Mo Qishen's future was beyond measure.

Who could have expected that they had overestimated him, making the wrong gamble...

They all had high hopes for Mo Qishen, but to their surprise, Mo Qishen lost his genius, becoming gradually a mere ordinary person.

He even became less than an ordinary person.

At the very least, an ordinary person knows to work and earn a living to support the family, whereas Mo Qishen was capable of nothing but idleness.

Madam Zhao was dismissive, "So what if we accepted a token? We can just return it! This isn't a big deal."

Zhao Baosheng sighed, "But one should not be so fickle in life. Besides, we have decades of friendship with the Mo family. How can we maintain this relationship if we break off the engagement?"

Madam Zhao cried out, "Not break off the engagement? So are you suggesting that our Jingrong be married to that good-for-nothing? Is friendship more important than our precious daughter?"

"Mom is right! I'd be the first to object if we marry our sister to Mo Qishen!" Zhao Zijun, the oldest son of the Zhao family, clearly expressed his opinion.

Zhao Ziyi, the second son echoed, "I also object to marrying our sister to Mo Qishen!"

That good-for-nothing Mo Qishen is absolutely unworthy of their precious sister.

Their sister deserved the world's best man!

"Jingrong," Zhao Baosheng looked up at Zhao Jingrong, "what do you think?"

This decision ultimately depends on his precious daughter.

Zhao Jingrong smiled and said, "Dad, you're really muddle-headed! With that incompetent Mo Qishen, how could he possibly deserve me? I, Zhao Jingrong, would rather never marry than marry someone like Mo Qishen. I would rather marry a man like Mr. Mog!"

Mr. Mog is a legendary figure in high society.

Everything about him is a mystery – his age, identity, even nationality.

Even Zhao Jingrong had only seen Mr. Mog's silhouette in the international news section.

People in their circle could not help but feel admiration when they mentioned Mr. Mog.

Zhao Baosheng continued: "But you've never even seen Mr. Mog's face, how do you know he's your type?" [NewW novels updates on nov/el/b\(i\)n\(.\)com](http://www.novelsupdates.com/nov/el/b(in).com)

Zhao Jingrong answered with a light smile, "Dad, do you think I'm the type of person who is superficial enough to judge someone only by their appearance?" Appearance?

Could a good appearance bring you gold or silver?

Zhao Jingrong knew exactly what she wanted. She desired not just an exceptional lifestyle, but also ultimate glory!

Could that incompetent Mo Qishen provide her with such glory?

Madam Zhao nodded, "Jingrong, your mom supports you. You're so outstanding. You could not only win over one Mr. Mog, but even ten of them."

Jingrong's two brothers agreed, their confidence in their sister completely unwavering.

Zhao Baosheng said, "What if Mr. Mog turns out to be a much older man?"

After all, the glory Mr. Mog had acquired was not something a young man could easily handle.

This man might even be older than him!

Zhao Jingrong gave a faint smile, "That would still be better than that good- for-nothing Mo Qishen."

Zhao Baosheng sighed, "Alright, Jingrong, dad understands your point, I will find a time to discuss this matter with the Mo family."

Zhao Jingrong gently put her nail polish on the coffee table, "Dad, you don't have to find a time, we should cut the knot quickly. Let's do it tomorrow, I will go with you."

"Also," Zhao Jingrong added, "Dad, breaking off the engagement is not a matter of negotiation, it is a necessity!"

Zhao Jingrong felt disgustingly nauseous just thinking about still being engaged to that good-for-nothing Mo Qishen, her skin breaking out in goosebumps.

"Little sister, we will accompany you." Zhao Jingrong's two older brothers said.

Madam Zhao added, "I'll go with you too. Just in case the Mo family refuses to break off the engagement, we have strength in numbers."

When the old lady from the Mo family found out that the Zhao family was coming the next day, she was so thrilled she could hardly close her mouth. She immediately ordered the servants to clean the entire house, inside and out, to show respect to the Zhao family.

Chapter 104: 074: Mr. Mog, his new attracting move?_4

|

Both sides' children had grown up now, and the Zhao Family's visit at this time undoubtedly meant that they were prepared to discuss the wedding date of Mo Qishen and Zhao Jingrong.

The thought of being able to hold her plump grandson in the not-so-distant future made the old Mrs. Mo sprightly, and she quickly went upstairs to share this good news with Mo Qishen.

Upon hearing the news, Mo Qishen forced a smile, "Alright, Mom, I got it."

Old Mrs. Mo continued, "Old Six, remember to be on your best behaviour in front of Jingrong tomorrow!"

Mo Qishen nodded, "You can count on me, Mother. I won't let you down."

Old Mrs. Mo added, "And remember to tidy yourself up tomorrow. Don't be so frivolous."

Mo Qishen nodded again, a trace of sarcasm hidden in the depths of his eyes.

On Yurtist Road, around eleven in the morning, Ni Yang had sold out her 600 servings of noodles and 500 cups of Sour Plum Soup.

She made a total of 220 yuan today, taking her a step closer to her goal of buying a shop!

Ni Yang smiled as she began packing up her stall.

As she lowered her gaze to tidy up the bowls and utensils, a dark shadow suddenly loomed over her. At the same time, an oppressive aura filled the air around her, making it hard to breathe, and creating a somewhat claustrophobic atmosphere.

Ni Yang instinctively looked up, her gaze meeting a pair of deep, icy black eyes. Checkk new *novel chapters* at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Their eyes locked, and the fluctuating emotions within his gaze were as deep and cold as an abyss, piercingly insightful as if they were going to see right through her.

It was him, Mo Baichuan...

That narcissistic piece of trash!

Ni Yang had no good impression of such arrogant and conceited people.

However, she had shoved him into a puddle of water the last time they met. He couldn't be seeking revenge this time, could he?

At this thought, Ni Yang's eyes darkened.

"Cook me a bowl of noodles." After a moment, Mo Baichuan spoke and then sat down on a stool.

Ni Yang shook off her surprise and replied softly, "I'm sorry, sir, I've already packed up."

Mo Baichuan had been struggling to control himself ever since he saw Ni Yang preparing food for Old Mrs. Mo at the Mo Family residence!

Why was he struggling to control himself?

Because he was suddenly desperate to see beyond Ni Yang's beautiful exterior.

Ni Yang had been doing so many things from the start until now, with the sole purpose of getting close to him, right?

Fine then! He would give her an opportunity. He was curious to see what other schemes Ni Yang had up her sleeve.

Mo Baichuan squinted imperceptibly.

Seeing that he remained silent, Ni Yang spoke up again, "Excuse me, sir, I've already packed up. If you want to eat noodles, you can come by tomorrow."

"I told you, my surname is Mo." Mo Baichuan suddenly looked at Ni Yang, "Mo, like in 'may the right prevail'."

"Oh." Ni Yang's face didn't betray any emotions as she replied, "Mr. Mo, I've packed up already. Please go back."

Upon hearing this,

Mo Baichuan frowned in displeasure.

If he remembered correctly, this was the third time in just a few minutes that Ni Yang had rejected him!

Usually, he was the one avoiding women, yet to his surprise, he was being shunned by a woman today?

Always running hot and cold?

Was this some kind of a joke?

"I said, cook me a bowl of noodles." Mo Baichuan was determined.

"But I have packed up already." Ni Yang repeated calmly, showing no fear whatsoever towards Mo Baichuan.

Mo Baichuan raised his head to look at Ni Yang, coldly saying, "Ni Yang, do you find this amusing?"

Hearing this, Ni Yang suddenly remembered something, "Did you lose a watch about a month ago?"

Ni Yang wasn't the type of person to take advantage of others' misfortune. The unpleasantness of their previous encounters had made her forget about the watch.

Upon hearing this, Mo Baichuan's eyes filled with contempt. Was Ni Yang trying to curry favor with him?

Hadn't she just resolutely refused him?

Couldn't she hide her true intentions for a tad longer?

Moreover, hadn't she stolen his watch? And now she was saying that he had lost it?

How shameless could she be!

Mo Baichuan nodded slightly, "Yes, I lost a watch."

"What brand was your watch?" Ni Yang asked.

That watch was quite valuable, so it was necessary to confirm the details.

"Patek Philippe." Mo Baichuan calmly pronounced, not seeming at all perturbed about the valuable watch.

Ni Yang nodded slightly, then said, "I don't have your watch on me today. Can you come back to pick it up tomorrow? I set up my stall here every day."

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