

## Rebirth of a Village Girl

### **#Chapter 51 - 51: 050: Hosting a party, the stylish famous doctor from Jiangnan i - Read Rebirth of a Village Girl** **Chapter 51 - 51: 050: Hosting a party, the stylish famous doctor from Jiangnan i**

Chapter 51: 050: Hosting a party, the stylish famous doctor from Jiangnan i

“Guobao, Goudan, you came.” Ni Yang turned around and smiled.

Through spending several days with Ni Yang, little Yang Guobao has made his second friend in Jinghua Village, Goudan!

Both of them are about the same age and they get along very well.

Seeing these two little ones, Ni Yang thought of the other children who had helped her at the entrance of the village last time, so she asked Yang Guobao, “Guobao, do you want to make more friends?”

“Yes.” Yang Guobao nodded.

Ni Yang nodded, “Good.” Then she turned to Goudan and said, “Goudan, can you go to the village and call the other kids to come over and play? Just tell them Sister Ni Yang is having a party at home.”

A ladder?” Goudan looked at Ni Yang in confusion. “What do you mean, climbing a ladder?”

Are there any ladders here?!

Yang Guobao corrected, laughing, “Ah, it’s not a climbing ladder, it’s a party! It means a get-together. Sister is going to host a party at home, Goudan, you better go call people.”

“Oh.” Goudan nodded in a somewhat understanding way, “Alright, I’ll go now.” Even though he had never participated in a party and didn’t know the real meaning of it, he still ran out quickly.

Taking advantage of Goudan’s absence, Ni Yang quickly cleared the fire in the bread kiln and started baking the bread and sliced fruits.

Yang Guobao curiously asked, "Sister, can fruit be baked too?"

Ni Yang smiled and nodded, "After the fruit is baked, it becomes crispy dried fruit, which tastes very good."

Having tasted the cake made by Ni Yang, Yang Guobao couldn't help but swallow his saliva.

In no time, Goudan brought the kids from the village to the Ni Family's home.

"Hello, Sister Ni Yang." Everyone greeted her very politely.

When he suddenly saw so many people, Yang Guobao was a little scared. After all, he had always lived under the care of his parents and grandparents. He immediately hid behind Ni Yang, revealing only his fluffy little head.

Ni Yang rubbed his head and said with a smile, "Don't be nervous, say hello to everyone."

Goudan directly grabbed Yang Guobao's hand and pulled him in front of everyone, introducing enthusiastically, "This is Panghu, this is Xiaohua, this is Xiaoming, this is Tie Dan, this is Guo Qiang..."

Everyone gave Yang Guobao friendly smiles.

Normally, these children would be too scared to interact with Yang Guobao because of their parents' advice. After all, in their eyes, Yang Guobao was a sickly boy.

However, on the way here, they were persuaded by Goudan, and now they no longer looked at Yang Guobao with any sort of disdain.

Gradually, Yang Guobao was no longer shy, and quickly mingled with everyone, frolicking in the yard.

Watching the yard filled with boisterous children, Ni Yang's eyes shone with a little starlight, and her eyes curved into half moons, bright and dazzling.

After a while, Ni Yang brought out the baked bread and sliced fruits, placed them on the stone table in the yard, and called out, "Goudan, Guobao, bring everyone over to eat."

All the children gathered around Ni Yang, looking at the golden baked bread and beautiful dried fruit, their eyes filled with desire.

Children of the 80s rarely ate snacks, and some had never even seen bread.

However, faced with the delicious bread and dried fruit, the children didn't scramble for it. They were very polite and courteous to each other.

Although these kids grew up in the countryside, they had all the required manners and etiquette.

"Sister Ni Yang, you're amazing!"

"Wow, so delicious!"

"Thank you, Sister Ni Yang."

After finishing the food, Ni Yang took out a ball of fermented dough and let the children DIY it into any shape they liked, and then bake it in the bread kiln.

The children's creativity and manual skills were very good, and before long, they had shaped the dough into various small animal shapes.

"Look, I made a sister." Yang Guobao excitedly held up his bread dough figure.

"This doesn't look like Sister Ni Yang, mine does." Xiaohua took out her bread dough figure.

"No! Mine looks more like her." Goudan also brought out his dough figure.

The yard was filled with laughter and lively chatter.

Ni Cuihua also came out carrying Ni Yun to join in the fun.

"Mom, take this bread." Ni Yang handed a piece of toasted bread to Ni Cuihua.

Ni Cuihua replied with a smile, "I'm not hungry right now, you can take it and give it to the children." Just observing these innocent children, even if she did nothing, it would lift her spirits.

"Auntie Hua, are you holding a little brother or little sister in your arms?" Panghu and Tie Dan curiously tip-toed to get a better look at the child in Ni Cuihua's arms.

Ni Cuihua bent halfway down to look directly at the children and said with a smile, "This is a little sister, named Ni Yun. You can call her Yunyun."

Panghu carefully asked, "Auntie Hua, can I touch her?"

Ni Cuihua nodded, "Of course you can."

Panghu extended his chubby little finger and lightly poked Ni Yun's cheek. Whether by chance or not, Ni Yun burst out laughing at that moment.

Panghu and Tie Dan jumped up in excitement, "She's smiling, she's smiling!"

\*\*

Meanwhile.

The Mo Family villa area.

Mo Baichuan, rushing back to the Mo Family residence as soon as he was released from the police station, didn't even bother to change his uniform.

The elderly Madame Mo anxiously sat on the sofa waiting for him. The last time she met her grandson was during New Year's. Life at the base is busier than other places, the higher your position the busier you are. With Baichuan being so busy, Madame Mo could barely remember what her eldest grandson looked like.

As soon as Mo Baichuan stepped through the front door, he was immediately hugged by Madame Mo, "Chuanchuan! My oldest grandson! Granny has missed you so much!"

"Granny." Mo Baichuan also reached out and hugged Madame Mo.

The sight of a grandmother and her grandson embracing each other was incredibly heartwarming.

Mo Baichuan, helping Madame Mo to the couch, said, "Granny, how have you been feeling lately? A while ago I heard from Madam Wu that you haven't had much of an appetite?"

Madame Mo replied, "I'm okay now, but it's all thanks to Beicheng. If it weren't for him sending me pickled vegetable noodles every morning, I'd probably have starved to death."

Her words about starving were far from an exaggeration.

The time when Madame Mo lost her appetite, she couldn't eat anything at all. She's 89 years old now, and even the slightest discomfort could directly jeopardize her life.

Mo Baichuan continued, "Beicheng is thoughtful, and I'm grateful for his care while I was away."

Madame Mo gripped Mo Baichuan's hand tightly, "You all are good kids who respect your elders."

“By the way, how has Xiaodie been doing lately?” Mo Baichuan asked.

Mo Hudie’s illness was nearly incurable.

At the mention of this, Madame Mo’s expression darkened, “Still the same...”

Mo Baichuan continued, “Didn’t we hear about a famous doctor from Jiangnan who may be able to cure Xiaodie’s illness?”

Madame Mo sighed, “We did send someone to invite him, but the doctor has a high-status ego and flat out refuses to treat anyone with the surname Mo or Yang. I have no idea how our two families managed to offend him!”

“How could this happen?” Mo Baichuan frowned.

Suddenly, Madame Mo seemed to remember something, “That’s right Chuanchuan, that Jiangnan doctor was recommended by Xianxian. If you have time, ask Xianxian about it. Maybe she can persuade the doctor to come.”

Mo Baichuan nodded.

Madame Mo sighed, “Xianxian is so considerate, remembering Xiaodie’s illness. If that doctor from Jiangnan can indeed cure Xiaodie, then Xianxian will truly be our family’s benefactor...”

Just then, Song Beicheng, dressed in a tailored suit, walked in through the door.

Mo Baichuan immediately rose from the sofa, walked towards him with a rare smile on his dignified face, and opened his arms slightly, “Beicheng.”

Song Beicheng hugged Mo Baichuan, “Third Brother, welcome back.”

The two embraced tightly. One was in a sharp uniform, the other in a well-tailored suit. The former was rebellious and cold, emitting an intimidating aura of an elite. The latter, standing tall, his eyes gleamed like stars, radiating an aura of a scholar.

Both standing together, even without doing anything, were a sight for sore eyes, outshining the pretty boys on the silver screen.

Moreover, the two brothers, just one year apart, have shared a deep bond from childhood, even better than that of biological brothers in other families..

Chapter 52: 051: Please Come Back (First Update) 1

The ages of the pair of cousins were only one year apart, they loved each other deeply from childhood and were closer than most siblings.

“Third brother, are you going to stay at home a little longer this time, to spend more time with our grandmother?” Song Beicheng spoke lightly.

Coach Mo’s eyes were also filled with anticipation as she looked at Mo Baichuan.

Mo Baichuan knitted his brows slightly, “I might not be able to, I came with duties this time, I will have to go back the day after tomorrow.”

Coach Mo was surprised for a moment, “Ah? So soon!” Then, she added regretfully, “I was planning to get you to meet the Zhou Family’s daughter tomorrow.”

Mo Baichuan was quite old, but he hadn’t even held a girl’s hand yet, Coach Mo was really anxious.

Every day, she thought about arranging a blind date for Mo Baichuan, but to her disappointment, he was always too busy.

Hearing this, the memory of a beautiful face appeared in Mo Baichuan’s mind. He fist bumped his lips to disguise his embarrassment and said seriously, “I’m still young, there’s no rush.”

“You are already twenty-six! Still young?” Coach Mo couldn’t help but feel anxious, “When your grandmother was at your age, your aunt was already running around! I don’t care, you must meet the Zhou Family’s young lady tomorrow. I’m telling you, not only is she a beauty, but she’s also a top-grade student who studied abroad! Anyways, your grandmother is very satisfied.”

The person that Coach Mo really liked was Li Xianxian.

But Mo Baichuan had no interest in Li Xianxian at all.

With no other choice, Coach Mo had to introduce other girls to Mo Baichuan, as a back-up plan.

Mo Baichuan pulled Song Beicheng to his side as to take the bullet for him, “Beicheng is only a few months younger than me, isn’t he also a bachelor?”

Song Beicheng mercilessly added, “I only just broke up with my girlfriend. Unlike you, a perennial bachelor, who has not even held a girl’s hand before.”

Coach Mo nodded in agreement, “What Beicheng said is right, he doesn’t have a girlfriend because he hasn’t found the right person yet, which is not like your case.”

Speaking of this, Coach Mo looked at Mo Baichuan, then continued: "Tell me, what do you think about the little lady Xianxian?"

When Li Xianxian was mentioned, Mo Baichuan said casually, "Nothing special. Granny, please tell Grandpa not to pair me with any more random people!"

Upon hearing this, Coach Mo's expression changed, "What do you mean by random people? Xianxian is not a random person, she's a savior of our family! It's okay if you don't like her, these things take time..."

"Plus, I've already arranged a meeting for you with the young lady from Zhou family. Tomorrow morning, you'll meet her at the cafe at the intersection of West Street. She's an overseas student, so when you go, it would be best if you bring a bouquet of flowers."

"Anyway, you have not yet fallen for Xianxian, so it's no problem meeting other girls..."

The expression on Mo Baichuan's face changed as he tried to change the topic, "Beicheng, I heard that these days you have people deliver a very delicious type of noodle to grandma every morning, is that right?"

Song Beicheng understood the meaning behind his cousin's words and cooperated, "Yes, a couple days ago Granny lost her appetite. It was thanks to those noodles that she ate something."

Coach Mo frowned, "Mo Baichuan, you are not allowed to change the subject!" She thought she was an easy target because she's old?

Mo Baichuan pretended not to understand Coach Mo's words and continued,

"It is such a hassle to have somebody go and buy it every morning. Why not have the noodle maker come to our house and hire him as our personal chef? Besides, eating noodles all the time might be boring and not nutritious enough. If we invite the chef to our house, he would not only be able to make fresh noodles for my grandma, but he could also cook her other dishes. If he's able to make such delicious noodles, his cooking skills must also be top-tier."

Upon hearing this, Coach Mo, who was very angry earlier, lit up instantly.

She nodded repeatedly, "Yes, yes, yes! Chuanchuan is right!"

She really loved those noodles! She wished she could eat them for every meal, and what Mo Baichuan said also made sense, if the chef's noodles were that delicious, his other dishes must be good too.

Coach Mo was already eager to taste the dishes the chef would make!

Neither of them expected Mo Baichuan to change the topic so easily and to make Coach Mo so happy, Song Beicheng had nothing but admiration for Mo Baichuan.

Song Beicheng laughed, "Okay Granny, first thing in the morning, I'll have Xiaoli go and take care of it."

Coach Mo nodded in agreement, then said, "Alright, alright, alright, then have Xiaoli explain it to him properly. That chef's handiwork is really exceptional, we can offer a higher salary than a conventional one."

"Yes, of course." Song Beicheng answered.

Seeing the conversation was about to circle back around to the blind date, Mo Baichuan stood up from the sofa and said, "I'll go upstairs and check on Xiaodie!"

Mentioning Mo Hudie, a hint of melancholy appeared on Coach Mo's face, "I'll also go take a look???? "

Song Beicheng also went upstairs with her.

Upstairs, Mo Hudie's condition wasn't good at all. Her little face was as pale as a sheet.

The fourteen-year-old girl looked much smaller than her peers. Find updated novels on [novelbin\(.\)co/m](http://novelbin(.)co/m)

"Chuanchuan brother, Beicheng brother...." Seeing Beicheng and Mo Baichuan coming in, the little girl struggled to get up from the bed..

Chapter 53: 052: Don't let you go! (Updated twice)\_i

Mo Baichuan rushed over in large strides, lifted Mo Hudie up, and placed a pillow under her waist, "Xiaodie, how are you feeling recently? Do you have any food cravings? Brother Baichuan will go and buy it for you."

A faint, pale smile appeared at the corner of Mo Hudie's mouth, "Brother Baichuan, I'm doing much better, don't worry."

Sincere her childhood, Mo Hudie had always been considerate. Despite suffering from a serious illness, she had never complained about the pain and never shed tears.

She silently endured the torment of her illness without causing trouble for those around her.

Her id understanding nature made people deeply concerned about her.



Grandmother Mo turned around and quietly wiped away her tears.

Just like performing a magic trick, Song Beicheng took out a small toy from behind him, “Xiaodie, guess what is this?”

Mo Hudie’s eyes lit up, “Is it a small frog?”

“Right, it’s a little frog,” Song Beicheng wound up the clockwork, placed the tin frog on a table nearby, and the frog started jumping around.

Mo Hudie kept staring at the green tin frog with eyes full of longing. She wondered when she would be able to run around freely like that frog.

She had almost forgotten what the outside world was like.

In a moment, Mo Hudie turned her gaze towards Grandmother Mo’s back, “Granny.”

Grandmother Mo quickly dried her tears, put on a smile, pretending that nothing had happened, and turned around, “What’s wrong, Xiaodie?”

Mo Hudie then said: “Why hasn’t Guobao come to see me these days?” Due to their shared suffering from illness, Yang Guobao was Mo Hudie’s best friend and they talked about everything.

Grandmother Mo hesitated and then said, “Xiaodie, prepare yourself mentally, you may not see Guobao for a while.”

Mo Hudie was startled, “Why?”

Grandmother Mo sighed and told her about Yang Guobao’s situation.

Upon hearing this, Song Beicheng frowned and said: “If that’s the case, Yang Changzheng is being reckless. After all, Guobao is his son. How could he let a woman run rampant? If anything goes wrong, it’ll be too late for regrets!”

Mo Baichuan said: “God sent divine doctors from among ordinary people. What if that person really cures Yang Guobao? Even though Doctor Wang is an imperial doctor, it doesn’t mean he can do everything. After all, there are always people better than us and there is always a higher sky above the one we see.”

Grandmother Mo added: “But I heard from Guobao’s grandmother that the barefoot doctor who claimed to be able to cure Guobao is a 17-year-old girl. How many 17-year-old divine doctors have you seen? Even the Divine Doctor Hua Tuo only became famous in his thirties. I think she’s probably a fraud! And to think that Wang Meifeng is a college student!”

How could a college student make such a mistake?

With a sigh, Grandmother Mo continued, "Poor Guobao. I hope Wang Meifeng realizes her mistake soon, brings Guobao back before it's too late, and doesn't let any accident happen..."

The Yang family was also very worried.

Yang Changzheng has been wanting to go to Jinghua Village to bring back mother and son, Wang Meifeng and Yang Guobao. But this idea was obstructed by Zhou Suhua.

"People like Wang Meifeng should suffer a bit more, otherwise she will never know her mistakes! You are not allowed to go and pick her up, I want her to come back and beg us on her knees!" Zhou Suhua said angrily.

Yang Changzheng frowned "Mom, it's been almost a month. Meifeng didn't even bring any medicine for Guobao. Guobao needs to take his medication every two weeks, I am worried about his health."

"Anyway, you are not allowed to go!" Zhou Suhua insisted: "Wang Meifeng is an adult. If something happens to Guobao, she should pay for her actions!"

Yang Changzheng was distressed, "But Guobao..."

Zhou Suhua continued: "If Wang Meifeng can't take it anymore, she will come back to beg us! If you go and bring her back this time, next time, won't Wang Meifeng take advantage of me, her mother-in-law?"

A daughter-in-law should know her place!

Zhou Suhua would never allow Wang Meifeng to challenge her authority as a mother-in-law.

Seeing his mother behave like this, Yang Changzheng sighed helplessly and decided to follow his mother's suggestion.

He hoped Wang Meifeng would realize her mistake sooner and bring Yang Guobao back.

\*\*

In the Ni family's house.

Ni Yang got along well with the children of the village that day. From then on, every time the children heard the adults discussing anything unfavorable about Ni Yang, they would immediately defend her.

Never underestimate the power of kids. Through their efforts, the village undoubtedly had fewer rumors about Ni Cuihua and her daughter, Ni Yang.

Even children liked them, they couldn't be bad people.

The next day, Ni Yang set up her stall as usual.

At the same time, it was also her first morning selling homemade pickled vegetables. [VlssiTn0\(v\)eL/b\(i\)\(n\).com](http://VlssiTn0(v)eL/b(i)(n).com) for the best novel reading experience

As usual, Li Gongcheng was the first in line. After paying, he thought for a moment before asking, "Young boss, what time do you usually close your stall?"

Ni Yang looked at him strangely, "Around 11:30, do you need anything?"

Li Gongcheng averted his gaze, feeling a little awkward. He then said, "Can you wait for me to come after 11 o'clock?"

If Ni Yang really agrees to become a chef at the Mo family, then he won't have many opportunities to see her anymore.

Due to his selfishness, Li Gongcheng hoped Ni Yang would refuse.

Ni Yang nodded slightly, "Alright."

One's appearance mirrors one's heart and Ni Yang could see Li Gongcheng wasn't a bad person, so she didn't refuse him. Maybe he really needed something from her.

The customers responded well to the new pickles.

Almost everyone said that this morning's pickled vegetable noodles tasted even better than a few days ago.

It was almost noon by 11:30. Ni Yang officially closed her stall.

At the same time, Li Gongcheng came cycling from a distance.

Panting heavily, he ran to Ni Yang, "I'm sorry for being late, young boss."

Ni Yang smiled lightly, "No problem. I just started to pack up. Please take a seat."

"Alright." Li Gongcheng sat in front of Ni Yang.

Facing Ni Yang, Li Gongcheng was so nervous that his hands were sweating. He didn't know where to put them.

Ni Yang broke the silence first, “Did you want to discuss something with me?”

This made Li Gongcheng look up at Ni Yang. He nodded and said, “Uh... yes, my name is Li Gongcheng. I came over to discuss something with you..”

Chapter 55: 054: Loss of Superiority (Second Update) !

Liu Wei looked at Ni Yang, surprised, “You know English?”

Ni Yang replied nonchalantly, “Hmm, I learned a little before.” Ni Yang’s company had gone international in her previous life, how could she not know some English? And in her past life, she had graduated from a 211 university!

But Liu Wei was shocked! Because in his heart, aside from being beautiful, Ni Yang had nothing else going for her!

After all, Ni Yang was just a simple village girl from the countryside, while he was an intellectual.

How could Ni Yang possibly know English? And she spoke so well; could it be a fluke?

Preserving this line of thought, Liu Wei continued, “Then can you come over and see if there’s any difference between these two words?”

Ni Yang walked over, looked at the words Liu Wei was pointing out, then said, “This one is pronounced admiring.<sup>1</sup> Although it and admirable’ are both adjectives, the former refers to things or people that inspire admiration, often serving as a predicate or a descriptive word; the latter means ‘worthy of admiration’ and can be used to describe things or people, primarily as an attribute.”

Her tone was gentle, pure, and measured, like breezes in April, pleasing to the heart and delightful to the mind.

After Ni Yang explained, Liu Wei was stunned, he couldn’t help but ask, “Ni...Ni Yang, what’s your educational background?”

“I have a junior high school education,” Ni Yang replied calmly, “I just passed high school last year, but for some reasons, I didn’t go...”

She learnt English in junior high?

Liu Wei furrowed his brows.

What was happening?

Or, did Ni Yang just happen to know these two English words?

And even if Ni Yang had indeed studied, she was a junior high school student, she couldn't possibly know more than he, a high school student?

He was an excellent student and the class monitor, how could he be worse than a junior high school student? Checkk new *novel chapters* at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Thinking of this, Liu Wei's eyes were filled with complicated emotions, he felt quite uncomfortable.

Ni Yang didn't have time to guess what a teenager in puberty was thinking, she continued: "I've put the things away, I'm leaving first."

"Okay." Liu Wei came back to his senses, waving at Ni Yang, "Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Liu Wei watched Ni Yang's departing figure and quietly clenched his fists.

No matter.

Even if Ni Yang's English was really good, she was still just a junior high school graduate.

He's going to college in the future and becoming a college student!

How could Ni Yang, a junior high school student, compare to himself, a future college student?

And Ni Yang was still a country bumpkin, even if he ended up with her in the future, she would be the one reaching up!

Today was the day Ni Cuihua completed her first month postpartum, so Ni Yang went to the Vegetable Market and bought a lot of vegetables, planning to celebrate at home tonight.

Additionally, Ni Yang bought over a hundred pounds of pak choi to make sour cabbage.

She now used almost 15 pounds of sour cabbage every day, so she needed to stock up more, or else green vegetables would increase in price when winter comes, and the taste of the sour cabbage made in summer is more pure and tangy.

On the way back, Ni Yang ran into many villagers. She clearly felt that the villagers' attitudes towards her were much friendlier than before, and their smiles now seemed more genuine.

When Ni Yang got home, she cleaned and pickled the pak choi, then went to the river to catch fish, picked up some river snails, and then went home to prepare dinner.

Ni Yang bought pork ribs, pig's feet, free-range chicken, tofu, cucumber, lettuce, and many other vegetables today, enough for several days without having to buy more.

Ni Cuihua chuckled, "It's not a big day, there's no need to prepare so much food."

Ni Yang fed the broken lettuce leaves to the little rabbits, "You finished your sitting month', and my little sister is one month old today. Isn't it a major event? I will prepare a few more dishes tonight to celebrate fully."

Over the past month, the little rabbits had grown much fatter.

They hopped around each day, adding a lot more vitality to the yard.

Ni Cuihua continued, "Actually, there's no need to waste money, it isn't easy for you to earn money from your business."

Ni Yang grabbed Ni Cuihua's hand, looked at her and said, "Mom, we have money now, you don't have to be like before, things will only get better from now on."

In fact, Ni Cuihua had changed a lot over the past month, not only in terms of personality, but also appearance and figure.

Her skin had become much fairer, the wrinkles around her eyes had lightened, her chest had become firmer, and the skin on her face had clearly tightened a lot.

Compared to a month ago, Ni Cuihua seemed like a different person.

At these words, Ni Cuihua nodded, a warm light gleaming in her eyes.

She knew how much it took for a mother and daughter to get to where there were today.

Especially Ni Yang.

Just a seventeen-year-old girl, shouldering all the burdens alone.

From now on, she, as a mother, must become strong and absolutely not hold her daughter back.

Ni Yang prepared a lot of sumptuous dishes that evening.

There were roasted pig's feet, chicken mushroom stew, sweet and sour pork ribs, pig's feet and kelp braised carp, Mapo tofu and stir-fried cucumber with chili.

The main course was ear fungus jujube porridge and toasted bread.

All these dishes were prepared by Ni Yang based on the body's needs. Not only were they delicious and nutritious, they were also detoxifying and beautifying...

Especially the ear fungus jujube porridge, it was beneficial for freckle removal.

She didn't have freckles on her face, but this dish was preventive, and it seemed that Ni Cuihua had a few light freckles on her face.

Not only Ni Cuihua and Ni Chenggui had changed, but Ni Yang had also changed a lot. It's just that her changes were not as noticeable due to her already beautiful appearance..

Chapter 56: 055: Visit from Mr. Song II I

During dinner, Wang Meifeng and her son Yang Guobao just happened to drop by the Ni's residence.

Arriving just in the nick of time, Ni Yang warmly invited them, and the mother and son duo sat down for the meal.

It was Wang Meifeng's first time eating the dishes prepared by Ni Yang. She couldn't praise her enough: "Yangyang, your culinary skills are simply exceptional! Even better than a professional chef at a restaurant!"

Ni Yang felt rather embarrassed by the glowing compliment.

Wang Meifeng's trust in Ni Yang had grown over time and she often visited the Ni residence.

For the past month, Yang Guobao's illness had been acting up less and less. What used to be every three days had now become once every week.

However, Wang Meifeng was not planning to return home yet.

She intended to return after three months and then take Yang Guobao to the city hospital for a full-body check-up.

Only by returning with a medical report from the hospital would the Yang Family believe what she had been through, and her grievances might well be understood.

And only then could they, as mother and son, truly be accepted by the Yang Family.

After they finished the meal, Wang Meifeng offered to do the dishes, but Ni Yang quickly retorted: "Absolutely not, Aunt Wang. You're our guest – we can't have you doing the dishes."

Wang Meifeng, however, insisted: "I need to return the favor. Washing a few dishes is nothing. If you refuse, I may feel uncomfortable visiting your home in the future!"  
ÚpTodate*d novels on no(v)el(.)bin(.)com*

After such a scrumptious meal prepared by Ni Yang, it would be unconscionable if they left a whole table full of dirty dishes for Ni Yang to clean on her own.

Wang Meifeng was not someone who lacked consideration.

Seeing how determined Wang Meifeng was, Ni Yang reluctantly agreed: "Alright, then let me help by drying the dishes."

In the kitchen, Wang Meifeng and Ni Yang washed the dishes.

Meanwhile, Ni Chenggui was chatting with Ni Cuihua in the living room. Looking at Ni Yun, she smiled: "This child is growing so quickly, Cuihua. You're fortunate to have such competent and adorable daughters. Unlike me — I only have a disobedient daughter who married and moved far away..." Ni Chenggui's eyes welled up with tears as she spoke.

Her life had been tough – she lost her husband before turning forty, and her only daughter married into a family far away. This made it hard for them to even meet. As she got older, she thought she wouldn't be able to count on anyone.

Whenever these thoughts struck her, Ni Chenggui would feel an overwhelming sadness.

Ni Cuihua sighed, carefully choosing her words to console Chenggui: "Have you ever thought about finding someone else? You're still young, you cannot possibly spend your life alone..."

Ni Chenggui bitter laughed: "My daughter is about to have a child. If I get another man now, won't it be a laughing stock?"

This era was not as progressive as the modern times.

If a woman lost her husband, she'd often stay a widow for life.

Upon hearing this, Ni Cuihua fell into a deep silence, tightly hugging the child in her arms; words failed to escape her lips.

Back in the kitchen.



Wang Meifeng finished washing the last dish and looked at Ni Yang: "Thanks to the medication you provided last time, Guobao's condition has improved tremendously. It's been over a week since he last fell ill. By the way, I forgot to ask you last time. Are there any restrictions while consuming the medication? Like what he can or cannot eat?"

Ni Yang smiled: "There isn't any particular dietary restriction. He just should avoid foods that can reduce the potency of the medicine, like bananas and pineapples..."

Although these fruits should not be eaten with traditional Chinese medicine, they were quite precious and rarely accessible, especially in rural areas. Even catching a glimpse was tough, let alone consuming them.

Wang Meifeng nodded in understanding: "Ok, I got it, Yangyang. Thank you." If it hadn't been for Ni Yang, Yang Guobao wouldn't be where he is now.

Over the past month, not only had Yang Guobao's physical health improved significantly, but his mental state and personality had also undergone a tremendous transformation compared to a month ago.

When Yang Guobao was in Beijing, he only had one friend, Mo Fludie. Since Hudie fell ill and was bedridden, no other children were willing to play with Yang Guobao. Here, however, Yang Guobao made a bunch of friends through Ni Yang.

Even though Yang Guobao didn't express it, her mother knew very well that her son had been genuinely happy lately.

\*\*

The next day, at the morning market on Yurtist Road.

Perhaps because of the change in pickled vegetables, the Pickled Vegetable Noodles sold extremely well. It was barely ten o'clock in the morning, and Ni Yang was already preparing to close her stall.

Just then, a black car slowly stopped by the roadside.

Li Gongcheng emerged from the driver's seat, circled over to the passenger side, and respectfully opened the car door: "Second Master, we've arrived."

The car door opened to reveal a neatly clad leg stepping out. The first thing to catch the eye was a shiny pair of leather shoes. Moving upward, the man was seen wearing a tailored handmade suit, a neat tie, and his fine phoenix eyes were hidden behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He stepped out of the car, and his eyes turned towards the alleyway. "Is this the place?" he asked, sounding incredulous.

He hadn't expected that the noodles, so highly praised by the elderly lady of the Mo family, would be from such a decrepit alleyway.

"Yes, Second Master, this is the place," Li Gongcheng replied respectfully.

Song Beicheng nodded slightly and said, "Lead the way."

"Right away, Second Master. Please follow me," Li Gongcheng strode ahead.

"Xiaoni." Li Gongcheng brought Song Beicheng to Ni Yang's stall and called out to her.

"Mr. Li." Ni Yang looked up in surprise, a faint smile appearing on her face.

Ni Yang was facing away from the sun. As she turned her head, it seemed as if her smile was the only thing left in the sunlight – illuminating like a starry river, everything else became a mere backdrop.

Song Beicheng hadn't expected that the noodle maker would be a woman, and such a young one at that...

In Song Beicheng's imagination, whoever could make such delicious noodles should at least be an old craftsman with decades of expertise.

Just as Song Beicheng was still recovering from his surprise, Li Gongcheng introduced: "Xiaoni, this is my boss. Second Master, this is the noodle master, Xiaoni."

The first sentence was addressed to Ni Yang, and the latter was for Song Beicheng.

Song Beicheng quickly collected his thoughts and extended his hand toward Ni Yang, "Hello, Miss Ni. I'm Song."

After reaching out, Song Beicheng regretted it a bit. He was accustomed to shaking hands in business environments, but this time he was dealing with such a young girl. Would she understand that shaking hands was a courtesy?

At that time, China had not yet adopted the more open customs of foreign countries, and the practice of shaking hands was not widespread. If this young lady misunderstood and thought he was acting indecently, it would be quite embarrassing.

Caught in this predicament, Song Beicheng didn't know whether he should retract his hand or leave it hanging mid-air.

Just as Song Beicheng felt embarrassed, Ni Yang politely smiled and lightly shook his extended fingers, "Hello, Boss Song. You can simply call me Xiaoni.."

Chapter 56: 055: Visit from Mr. Song II I

During dinner, Wang Meifeng and her son Yang Guobao just happened to drop by the Ni's residence.

Arriving just in the nick of time, Ni Yang warmly invited them, and the mother and son duo sat down for the meal.

It was Wang Meifeng's first time eating the dishes prepared by Ni Yang. She couldn't praise her enough: "Yangyang, your culinary skills are simply exceptional! Even better than a professional chef at a restaurant!"

Ni Yang felt rather embarrassed by the glowing compliment.

Wang Meifeng's trust in Ni Yang had grown over time and she often visited the Ni residence.

For the past month, Yang Guobao's illness had been acting up less and less. What used to be every three days had now become once every week.

However, Wang Meifeng was not planning to return home yet.

She intended to return after three months and then take Yang Guobao to the city hospital for a full-body check-up.

Only by returning with a medical report from the hospital would the Yang Family believe what she had been through, and her grievances might well be understood.

And only then could they, as mother and son, truly be accepted by the Yang Family.

After they finished the meal, Wang Meifeng offered to do the dishes, but Ni Yang quickly retorted: "Absolutely not, Aunt Wang. You're our guest – we can't have you doing the dishes."

Wang Meifeng, however, insisted: "I need to return the favor. Washing a few dishes is nothing. If you refuse, I may feel uncomfortable visiting your home in the future!"

After such a scrumptious meal prepared by Ni Yang, it would be unconscionable if they left a whole table full of dirty dishes for Ni Yang to clean on her own.

Wang Meifeng was not someone who lacked consideration.

Seeing how determined Wang Meifeng was, Ni Yang reluctantly agreed: "Alright, then let me help by drying the dishes."

In the kitchen, Wang Meifeng and Ni Yang washed the dishes.

Meanwhile, Ni Chenggui was chatting with Ni Cuihua in the living room. Looking at Ni Yun, she smiled: "This child is growing so quickly, Cuihua. You're fortunate to have such competent and adorable daughters. Unlike me — I only have a disobedient daughter who married and moved far away..." Ni Chenggui's eyes welled up with tears as she spoke.

Her life had been tough — she lost her husband before turning forty, and her only daughter married into a family far away. This made it hard for them to even meet. As she got older, she thought she wouldn't be able to count on anyone.

Whenever these thoughts struck her, Ni Chenggui would feel an overwhelming sadness.

Ni Cuihua sighed, carefully choosing her words to console Chenggui: "Have you ever thought about finding someone else? You're still young, you cannot possibly spend your life alone..."

Ni Chenggui bitter laughed: "My daughter is about to have a child. If I get another man now, won't it be a laughing stock?"

This era was not as progressive as the modern times.

If a woman lost her husband, she'd often stay a widow for life.

Upon hearing this, Ni Cuihua fell into a deep silence, tightly hugging the child in her arms; words failed to escape her lips.

Back in the kitchen.

Wang Meifeng finished washing the last dish and looked at Ni Yang: "Thanks to the medication you provided last time, Guobao's condition has improved tremendously. It's been over a week since he last fell ill. By the way, I forgot to ask you last time. Are there any restrictions while consuming the medication? Like what he can or cannot eat?"

Ni Yang smiled: "There isn't any particular dietary restriction. He just should avoid foods that can reduce the potency of the medicine, like bananas and pineapples..."

Although these fruits should not be eaten with traditional Chinese medicine, they were quite precious and rarely accessible, especially in rural areas. Even catching a glimpse was tough, let alone consuming them.

Wang Meifeng nodded in understanding: "Ok, I got it, Yangyang. Thank you." If it hadn't been for Ni Yang, Yang Guobao wouldn't be where he is now.

Over the past month, not only had Yang Guobao's physical health improved significantly, but his mental state and personality had also undergone a tremendous transformation compared to a month ago.

When Yang Guobao was in Beijing, he only had one friend, Mo Hudie. Since Hudie fell ill and was bedridden, no other children were willing to play with Yang Guobao. Here, however, Yang Guobao made a bunch of friends through Ni Yang.

Even though Yang Guobao didn't express it, her mother knew very well that her son had been genuinely happy lately.

\*\*

The next day, at the morning market on Yurtist Road.

Perhaps because of the change in pickled vegetables, the Pickled Vegetable Noodles sold extremely well. It was barely ten o'clock in the morning, and Ni Yang was already preparing to close her stall.

Just then, a black car slowly stopped by the roadside.

Li Gongcheng emerged from the driver's seat, circled over to the passenger side, and respectfully opened the car door: "Second Master, we've arrived."

The car door opened to reveal a neatly clad leg stepping out. The first thing to catch the eye was a shiny pair of leather shoes. Moving upward, the man was seen wearing a tailored handmade suit, a neat tie, and his fine phoenix eyes were hidden behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He stepped out of the car, and his eyes turned towards the alleyway. "Is this the place?" he asked, sounding incredulous.

He hadn't expected that the noodles, so highly praised by the elderly lady of the Mo family, would be from such a decrepit alleyway.

"Yes, Second Master, this is the place," Li Gongcheng replied respectfully.

Song Beicheng nodded slightly and said, "Lead the way."

"Right away, Second Master. Please follow me," Li Gongcheng strode ahead.

"Xiaoni." Li Gongcheng brought Song Beicheng to Ni Yang's stall and called out to her.

"Mr. Li." Ni Yang looked up in surprise, a faint smile appearing on her face.

Ni Yang was facing away from the sun. As she turned her head, it seemed as if her smile was the only thing left in the sunlight – illuminating like a starry river, everything else became a mere backdrop.

Song Beicheng hadn't expected that the noodle maker would be a woman, and such a young one at that...

In Song Beicheng's imagination, whoever could make such delicious noodles should at least be an old craftsman with decades of expertise.

Just as Song Beicheng was still recovering from his surprise, Li Gongcheng introduced: "Xiaoni, this is my boss. Second Master, this is the noodle master, Xiaoni."

The first sentence was addressed to Ni Yang, and the latter was for Song Beicheng.

Song Beicheng quickly collected his thoughts and extended his hand toward Ni Yang, "Hello, Miss Ni. I'm Song."

After reaching out, Song Beicheng regretted it a bit. He was accustomed to shaking hands in business environments, but this time he was dealing with such a young girl. Would she understand that shaking hands was a courtesy? UpTodate novels on [novelbin.com](http://novelbin.com)

At that time, China had not yet adopted the more open customs of foreign countries, and the practice of shaking hands was not widespread. If this young lady misunderstood and thought he was acting indecently, it would be quite embarrassing.

Caught in this predicament, Song Beicheng didn't know whether he should retract his hand or leave it hanging mid-air.

Just as Song Beicheng felt embarrassed, Ni Yang politely smiled and lightly shook his extended fingers, "Hello, Boss Song. You can simply call me Xiaoni.."

Chapter 57: 056: Sky-high Invitation! \_1

The girl's hand was soft, delicate, and slightly cool to the touch. It left him with a strange sensation, as if it could reach his heart, causing him a hint of lightheadedness.

What surprised Song Beicheng more was that this girl knew how to shake hands. Not only that, but she also understood the protocol very well. She barely grasped his hand, quickly let go after a light grip, showing courtesy without feeling awkward, as though she had undergone professional training.

If she were some kind of socialite, that would be one thing. But she was just a noodle seller...

After letting go, Ni Yang asked, "May I know the reason for Mr. Song's visit?"

Song Beicheng slowly began, "Ms. Ni, you should be very clear about the purpose of my visit."

Compared to the term 'Miss', 'Comrade' was more popular in this era, but since Song Beicheng was a businessman, and with his international outlook, his thinking was far ahead of most people.

Ni Yang was smart, she knew what Song Beicheng meant. Her red lips slightly parted, rejecting softly: "Thank you for your kind intentions, Mr. Song. If you are here for that matter, I must apologize. I might disappoint you."

Song Beicheng smiled in response, "Is Ms. Ni really not considering it anymore?"

Ni Yang shook her head slightly, "No need."

Half-closing his eyes, Song Beicheng softly said, "I've heard that Ms. Ni's business is very good, every morning people line up to buy your noodles. If you sell about 600 bowls of noodles every day, and each bowl is for three cents, then, including cost, you earn about 180 yuan per day, which is 5400 yuan per month. Comparing this amount, it seems the 100 yuan monthly salary I offered was indeed too little..."

It was only after calculating that he realized how shocking the numbers were!

This young girl might be of tender age, but her earning ability was anything but!

No wonder she had scoffed at his previous offer of a 100 yuan monthly salary.

It seemed that it wasn't about her not loving money, but rather his offer lacking in comparison to her appetite.

Song Beicheng looked at Ni Yang and continued, "I apologize, Ms. Ni, for the lack of sincerity in my previous offer. Now, I am willing to hire you for double your current monthly income. What do you say?" Visit [www.v3l.com](http://www.v3l.com) for new *novels*

At these words, even Li Gongcheng was astonished.

Twice the income?

The second master just said that Ni Yang earns 5400 yuan a month.

So how much was double?

Li Gongcheng quickly calculated in his mind and once he got the answer, he looked at Ni Yang, his eyes full of disbelief.

Ni Yang earns 5400 yuan a month selling noodles?

And second master...

He's really willing to offer over ten thousand yuan to hire a noodle cook?

If second master wasn't joking, then he definitely must be crazy!

No matter how rich, money couldn't withstand such reckless spending!

Ni Yang's face was still calm, as if unaffected by Song Beicheng's offer, "Mr. Song, I'm sorry to disappoint you, my answer stands."

Not to mention ten thousand yuan, even if it were a hundred thousand yuan a month, Ni Yang wouldn't consider it.

Song Beicheng's offer was indeed very tempting, but she had her own dreams and aspirations. Working for someone else for a stable wage didn't suit her.

However, it must be said, Song Beicheng was being quite obstinate, willing to spend 10000 yuan to hire a cook.

The disparity between the rich and the poor was indeed seriously imbalanced regardless of the era.

While some people still haggled over a cent for a bun, the wealthy were willing to spend tens of thousands to hire a cook to satisfy their palette.

She didn't understand the world of the rich.

However, no matter how things change, the rules of survival remain the same.

Fate would not cheat those who strive and work hard. Time would give you everything you want.

Ni Yang never believed in fate, nor in anyone else. She trusted only herself. "Refuse?" Song Beicheng frowned slightly, a flicker of displeasure in his eyes. He continued, "Ms. Ni, this salary isn't low. In all of Beijing, perhaps only 1 am willing to hire you for this sum."

She wasn't satisfied with ten thousand? This girl looked modest, but apparently, her appetite was huge.

Ni Yang smiled softly, "Mr. Song, you misunderstand, it is not a matter of money..."

Before Ni Yang could finish her sentence, Song Beicheng interrupted, "Twenty thousand!"



There must be no one he couldn't convince with money!

Ni Yang's expression remained unchanged, "Mr. Song, I've made it very clear that it is not about the money. Even if you increase the offer to a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand, I will not..."

"Fifty thousand." Song Beicheng interjected again, his tone nonchalant as if the money was just a mere number in his eyes...

Song Beicheng was usually arrogant, he even managed to negotiate with the most shrewd foreigners on the business field. How could he not convince a young girl?

Men tend to have a dominant nature, they naturally love for conquest!

To conquer everything.

Ni Yang smiled slightly and stated bluntly, "It's pointless to keep discussing when we're not on the same page, Mr. Song. I apologize but I have things to attend to." As soon as she finished speaking, she picked up her stool and started walking towards the neighboring shop.

"Ms. Ni," Song Beicheng extended his long leg and blocked Ni Yang's path. "I am serious right now and I'm not joking with you."

Ni Yang glanced up at him, "And I am not joking either, Mr. Song. There's a principle that you ought to understand."

Song Beicheng frowned slightly, "What principle?"

Ni Yang smiled, she stated clearly and deliberately, "Sincerity cannot be bought with gold."

Once she had spoken, she moved past Song Beicheng and continued on her way toward the neighboring shop.

Song Beicheng paused for a moment, then quickly caught up with Ni Yang.

Li Gongcheng, on the other hand, was left standing in shock.

He never expected Ni Yang to refuse...

That was a whole fifty thousand!

Money that an ordinary person wouldn't be able to earn in several years...

At the neighboring shop.

As usual, Liu Wei was sitting in front of the door reading a book. Seeing Ni Yang approaching, he quickly stood up, smiling, but his smile faded a bit when he saw the well-dressed man following her.

He was a tall and handsome man with a distinguished demeanor. Seeing him beside Ni Yang, Liu Wei had a feeling like they were a well-matched couple which left him feeling inferior.

But he didn't understand why such an excellent man would take a fancy to Ni Yang.

Other than being pretty, Ni Yang didn't seem to have any other advantages.

No education, no family background...

Maybe their relationship wasn't what he had been thinking.

Thinking this way made Liu Wei feel a little better, he walked over to Ni Yang, reaching for the stool, "Ni Yang, you're here."

"Mmm." Ni Yang nodded slightly, not handing him the stool, "I can do it myself."

That was to say, her relationship with Liu Wei was not yet to the point where she would let him carry things for her.

Liu Wei's expression changed slightly, he then asked: "Ni Yang, is this man your friend?"

"No." Ni Yang shook her head slightly..

Chapter 58: 057: She only wants to rely on herself! \_1

Upon hearing this, Song Beicheng immediately raised his eyes to look at Ni Yang, disbelief filling his gaze.

Ni Yang, might be the first person who didn't want to be his friend.

Everyone else was breaking their heads trying to curry favor with him, even a tiny bit would do!

Yet this girl flatly rejected him.

Song Beicheng felt a wave of frustration stuck in his chest, he's incredibly uncomfortable.

No! No matter the cost today, he's determined to win this defiant girl over.

She's acting like this just to raise her own value, isn't she?

Fine!

He'll indulge her.

Song Beicheng knew he was falling into a trap, but he chose to jump right in; he's been invincible for many years, only to confront an annoyance like Ni Yang today.

After putting down the furniture, Ni Yang continued to walk away, with Song Beicheng persistently following her.

His expensive handmade suit not only attracted constant attention from others in the alley, but also appeared out of place in the grimy narrow lane.

Ni Yang, pushing her bicycle, looked at Song Beicheng, "Boss Song, I have made myself clear. No matter how much money you offer, I will not agree. Now, I'm heading home, please stop following me."

Yet, Song Beicheng obstinately placed his hand on the bicycle handle, impelling Ni Yang's effort to push her bike away. He leaned slightly towards her and gazed at her. He slowly said, "Miss Ni, name your own price as long as you agree."

This statement was incredibly domineering.

The privilege of the rich!

The two stood very close, their breaths mingling, and a faint scent wafted from each other's body. It appeared as if Song Beicheng half-encircled Ni Yang with his arm, creating an intimate scene reminiscent of a drama. The only difference was the bicycle standing in between them.

Despite the slight ambiguity, the scene was beautiful and romantic, as if from a television drama.

Whether in her past or present life, Ni Yang had never been so close to a man. She frowned uncomfortably. "Boss Song, you're a person of status. Maintaining propriety is crucial. Can you please restrain yourself?"

Song Beicheng continued to gaze at Ni Yang, his eyes filled with scrutiny. "Miss Ni, I'm only giving you one opportunity. I'll give you three seconds to consider."

Ni Yang pushed Song Beicheng away and coldly said, "Even if you offered me a million, or ten million, even if you handed me the entire Song family fortune, I would not consider it. Is that clear enough?"

The sudden force pushed Song Beicheng back enough to almost make him lose his footing, only a pillar behind him saved him.

How could a girl have such strength?

Song Beicheng raised his eyes to look at Ni Yang, then said, "Miss Ni, one should have ambition and be aware of their environment. Why forsake a promising future and choose to live like this instead?"

His words were slightly harsh.

But Ni Yang didn't get angry. She responded, "I wonder if you've ever heard the saying, 'Trust only in yourself.' So I won't accept your obstinate charity, Boss Song. One day, time will give me everything I want."

Unable to quell the frustration within him, Song Beicheng insistently tried to hire her with a lucrative salary. Wasn't that an act of charity?

Song Beicheng's eyes narrowed slightly, disbelief filled his gaze as he looked at Ni Yang.

These words were not ones you'd expect from a girl in her early teens.

Instead, they were more reminiscent of someone who had tasted the ups and downs of life.

This girl had guts and ambition. She was far different from the dainty nobles he had encountered before.

Though she had thorns, but she radiated an irresistible allure.

Such an interesting girl...

For a moment, the depth in Song Beicheng's eyes was profound.

Ni Yang, however, didn't care about what Song Beicheng was thinking. She just rode her bike and went off.

By this time, Ni Cuihua was likely waiting for her at the station. She needs to hurry to get her.

Ni Cuihua had finished her postpartum confinement, so Ni Yang wanted to take her out and about. On one hand, it was to let her see the outside world and, on the other, to get some new clothes and daily necessities for Ni Cuihua and Ni Yun.

They have been in Beijing for over a month and haven't bought new clothes yet...

Because Ni Yang left home so early in the morning, she let Ni Cuihua take the half-past-ten train.

When Ni Yang arrived at the station, she indeed saw Ni Cuihua, who looked different with her newfound confidence, standing there holding the baby.

"Mom," Ni Yang walked over, pushing her bike.

"Yangyang." Ni Cuihua smiled when she saw Ni Yang.

"Mom, have you been waiting long?" asked Ni Yang.

Ni Cuihua laughed, "No, you arrived just as I got off the train."

As the mother and daughter reached the bustling streets, Ni Cuihua, seeing the flourishing business world, said, "The city is so lively, incomparable to the countryside."

"Mom, do you like it here?" Ni Yang asked with a smile.

"Yes," Ni Cuihua nodded, "Who wouldn't like the city?" Checkk new *novel* chapters at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

Ni Yang continued, "Then I'll buy a big house here in the future, and we, together with sister's family, can live happily in it."

"Good," Ni Cuihua nodded with joy. Although she knew this wish might be hard to fulfill, she still yearned for it.

"Mom, please wait here for a moment, I'll park the bike. After that, we can go to the Department Store."

"Go ahead, I'll wait here for you."

Ni Yang, pushing her bike, walked to another side, passing an elegant cafe on her way.

In the eighties, Beijing was already quite modernized with western restaurants, bars, and ballrooms everywhere.

The men and women on the street were also very fashionable, sometimes giving a surreal sense of being back in the future.

In fact, many of the later fashion trends overlapped with that of the eighties.

A sophisticated-looking woman sat in a window seat of the cafe.

She had the latest trendy curly hair, meticulous makeup, arched willow-leaf eyebrows, bright red lipstick, sparkling diamond earrings, a luxury watch on her wrist, and beautiful nail polish.

Everything about her screamed “rich heiress.”

“Why isn’t he here yet?” She kept looking at her watch, her brow furrowed with anxiety.

She had heard that Mo Three had an odd temperament, cold and aloof, and hard to approach. It seems the rumors were true.

But she relished impossible challenges!

Mo Three, huh?

She would conquer him.

A confident smile played on the heiress’s face.

It was only due to Madame Mo’s insistence that Mo Baichuan reluctantly agreed to meet this girl. He couldn’t express how much he didn’t want to go!

The driver, who was driving the car, dared not even breathe too loudly. The atmosphere in the car was so oppressive. He was afraid of unintentionally irritating Mr. Mo..

Chapter 59: 058: Domineering Counterattack! !

Just then, the smoothly driving car suddenly hit a large pothole.

With a ‘splat’, a splash of murky dirty water flew up, jolting the inside of the car in an upheaval.

Mo Baichuan, sitting in the back seat, stayed as calm as Mount Tai.

On the other hand, the sudden force caused the driver to harshly knock his head on the steering wheel, seeing stars.

As Ni Yan was splashed with dirty water all over, she was completely baffled.

What on earth was going on today?

Was this Mercury in retrograde?

First, she encountered the mad Song Beicheng, and now she was covered in dirty water...

She took a deep breath, telling herself to stay calm.

Anger brings premature aging!

She shouldn't be hard on herself.

At that moment, the driver's door opened, and a young man stepped out from the car.

He walked up to Ni Yan, apologized sincerely, "Comrade, are you alright? I'm really sorry, I'm not familiar with the road conditions here, I didn't know there was a pothole here, are you ok?"

Ni Yan was wearing a white buttoned short shirt and black wide-leg trousers that day. Her attire contrasted sharply with the fashionable women on the street. However, she managed to bring a lively vibe to her retro outfit.

Since her trousers were black, they didn't seem to be in too bad a condition, but her shirt was a miserable sight with all the dirty water stains on it.

Yet, even though she was covered in dirty water, she didn't appear disheveled, but rather uniquely elegant, giving a vibe of a college student from the Republican era, innocent and lovely.

This must be the essence of 'beauty like jade'.

Seeing that the driver was truly remorseful, Ni Yan had no intentions to pursue further, she opened her lips to speak, "I'm alright, it's just my clothes are all dirty..."

Before Ni Yan could finish her sentence, the car window at the back seat gradually came down, interrupting her, "Xiaozhao, haven't you dealt with people like this before? You still don't know how to handle this?"

There was a heavy oppressiveness laced within that cold voice.

He was angry!

The master was angry! Xiaozhao, the driver, felt a shiver run down his spine and quickly bowed to Ni Yan, "I'm really sorry, comrade, take this money and buy yourself a new outfit, we have to go now because of some urgent business."

As he finished talking, he took out a large bill from his pocket, handed it to Ni Yan, and turned around to get back into the car.

Honestly speaking, Xiaozhao had seen plenty of such situations after being with Mo Baichuan for so long. There were many socialites in Beijing who tried their best to get his attention, using all kinds of tricks. Checkk new novel chapters at [novelbin\(.\)com](http://novelbin(.)com)

But he felt that Ni Yan was not like them.

Her eyes were pure, lacking any hint of slyness.

Moreover, Ni Yan certainly wasn't the one intentionally splashing herself with water.

Xiaozhao being a driver, was able to distinguish who the schemer was and who the victim was in this situation.

The usually calm and collected Third Master Mo seemed a bit impulsive today.

Ni Yan really wasn't angry initially, but that cold voice from the back seat stirred up her anger. She walked up to car door, yanking it open, retorting: "Excuse me, sir, could you please explain what you mean by 'people like this'?" The man leisurely looked up, and in an instant, Ni Yan's gaze was caught in a pair of deep, icy phoenix eyes.

The phrase 'born with a remarkable appearance' must have been coined for him.

His slightly pursed lips, high nose bridge, his flawless phoenix eyes emitting a chilling coldness, each of his exquisite features seemed as if they were personally sculpted by God, together they created a powerful and captivating aura around him. Even in the midst of a scorching summer, he could make people shiver from coldness.

This was a dangerous man, and also, a familiar man.

Ni Yan's pupils contracted slightly, and she quickly recognized him. Wasn't this the mysterious man she encountered in Dam Village last time?

What a small world.

She really didn't expect to run into him here again today!

Though slightly shocked, Ni Yang didn't let any trace of it show on her face.

Mo Baichuan's eyes were deep as he watched her, mouth parting slightly, "Do I have to spell out exactly what I mean by 'that' kind of people?" His voice, as always, was cold.

In Mo Baichuan's eyes, this accident was anything but coincidental, instead believing it was deliberately plotted by Ni Yang.



How could it be that, just like that, water splashed onto her, and specifically on his car?

Besides, wasn't Ni Yang, wearing such a pure and simple outfit, too inconsiderate?  
Could a married woman wear such clothes?

Since she was already married, why couldn't she live out her days in peace and humility? Stick to a simple and honest life with someone else?

Even if the other party was an old man, it was her choice.

Also, Mo Baichuan still didn't understand why Ni Yang stole his watch!

Considering all the above, especially the fact that Ni Yang was married, Mo Baichuan didn't think highly of her and that's why he had spoken out of turn.

Moreover, whenever he saw her, he couldn't help but lose some control over himself, even becoming jealous of that old man he had never met.

It seemed Ni Yang hadn't recognized him, she raised an eyebrow slightly and said, "Let me guess, you're saying that it's my fault I got soaked because your car splashed water on me?"

It seems she really saved a scum last time.

Rude and unreasonable, filled with arrogance and self-importance, and acting as if no one else existed. She wondered which family's spoiled brat he was.

Such a waste of a handsome face.

Mo Baichuan looked at her with a usual frigid face, "You made the mistake of taking this path, and should never have provoked me."

All Ni Yang wanted to do was burst out laughing in her mind.

Was there something wrong with this man?

Did his mental hospital forget to lock the gates?

Not only did he not apologize for his mistake, but he was behaving like he was a big shot!

She provoked him?

Interesting.

Did he think he was as universally accepted as RMB?

Absurd!

Ni Yang smirked slightly, "I could say the same to you. You should never have provoked me!" With that, Ni Yang reached out and grabbed Mo Baichuan's collar, pulling him hard, and her elbow struck him square in the chest.

With a loud "thud," Mo Baichuan was yanked off his car.

Water splashed everywhere!

Mo Baichuan hadn't anticipated Ni Yang would retaliate, and he certainly hadn't expected her to pull him into a waterhole. He simply lay there in disbelief.

The driver, Xiaozhao, was also shocked. He didn't know how to react to this spectacle.

The distinguished Mr. Mo was actually knocked over by a young girl!

Was he dreaming?

Xiaozhao rubbed his eyes, but the scene before him remained unchanged.

Ni Yang looked down at Mo Baichuan in a condescending manner, threw a large wad of cash onto him and commented, "Here's some money for you. Buy yourself new clothes. I must be leaving now."

She radiated an aura of power and dominance!

With these words, she sauntered off in the distance.

As for such narcissistic, arrogant individuals who disregarded everyone else, they should be dealt with by an eye for an eye, making them understand the concept of not doing to others what one would not wish for oneself.

Mo Baichuan watched Ni Yang's retreating figure, his deep jet-black eyes filled with an icy coldness.

It was only when Ni Yang was out of sight that Xiaozhao lent a hand to help Mo Baichuan up, his voice shaking as he asked, "Master, are you alright?"

Mo Baichuan, with his usual icy expression, slowly got up from the puddle and said softly, "I'm fine.."

Chapter 60: 059:1 want all her information! !

Although it was only two simple words, they chilled the air like ice, spreading a cold dread.

Xiaozhao carefully helped Mo Baichuan into the back seat, barely daring to breathe, lest he inadvertently upset him again.

“Back to the Bo Mansion,” Mo Baichuan instructed, his deep voice betraying no emotion.

“Yes,” Xiaozhao responded shakily, then cautiously asked, “What about... Miss Zhou?”

It not that he wanted to intrude, but otherwise, he wouldn't know how to explain to the old lady when he got back!

Miss Zhou was at the cafe, waiting for Mo Baichuan's arrival...

What mess has this turned into!

Mo Baichuan lightly lifted his eyes, and the rear-view mirror reflected a chilling cold light.

Startled, Xiaozhao closed his mouth abruptly, not daring to utter another word!

Stepping on the accelerator, the car shot off like an arrow.

Mo Baichuan half-leaned on the back seat, his eyes half-closed. No one knew what he was thinking.

Despite his silence, there was an ominous feeling of looming crisis.

The car stopped at a small Western-style house. Xiaozhao carefully got out of the car, opened the door for the passenger, but Mo Baichuan showed no intention of getting out. He just sat there. Finally, gathering his courage, Xiaozhao said, “Master, we've arrived.”

Only then did Mo Baichuan turn his attention towards him. His deep eyes were completely dark as he ordered, “I want all the information about that girl today! Remember, all of it! Even her ancestors' details! And I want it by seven o'clock tonight!”

He always felt that he hadn't investigated Li Xianxian thoroughly enough.

Because Ni Yang was nothing like he had imagined.

Xiaozhao stood up straight, answering, “Yes.”

Oh, my!

His master was harsh! The young lady had just retaliated in kind, but he was unsparing, he wouldn't even give her ancestors a break!

Watching Mo Baichuan's retreating figure, Xiaozhao nervously wiped his forehead.

\*\*

Ni Yang arrived at a store, casually picked out a set of clothes to change into, paid, and then hurried to Ni Cuihua's side.

The moment Ni Cuihua saw Ni Yang, she grabbed her hand. She was so eager, she didn't even notice Ni Yang's change of clothes and immediately blurted, "Yangyang, I think I just saw your uncle."

Ni Cuihua had her own family too. In her family, she had an elder brother named Ni Dazhu who had married a transferred educated youth in his earlier years.

After the policy changed, he and his wife moved to the city.

Ever since Ni Dazhu left for the city, Ni Yang had not seen her uncle and his family. In this period, there was also little correspondence.

No one knew where Ni Dazhu had ended up.

"Mom, are you sure you saw him clearly? That was really Uncle?" Ni Yang asked, frowning slightly.

Ni Cuihua nodded assuredly, "I saw it clearly! That was definitely your uncle! If I wasn't worried that you'd be worried about finding me when you got back, I would have chased after him!"

Ni Cuihua was not confused; there was no way she could mistake her own brother.

"Did you see which way Uncle went?" Ni Yang continued, asking.

"That way!" Ni Cuihua pointed in a direction, "I saw your uncle going through that gate."

"Then let's go over and check it out," Ni Yang said, grabbing hold of her sister's hand.

Mother and daughter headed in that direction.

Unlike the bustling streets, this was a residential area for factory employees.

There was a guard at the gate, and anyone entering or leaving who wasn't an employee of the factory would need to register.

At this time, most factories were state-owned enterprises, very formal. Workers were not only allocated dormitories but also received good benefits. It was like being a public servant in the future world. If there was a worker in one's family, it was a matter of great honor.

It was even more honorable than getting into college!

“Yangyang, what is this place?” Ni Cuihua asked curiously, looking at the gate.

Ni Yang explained to Ni Cuihua. Reêad latest *novels* at [nov/e/l/bin\(.\)com](http://nov/e/l/bin(.)com)  
After hearing the explanation, Ni Cuihua exclaimed, “My goodness! So, by what you’re saying, your uncle is now a worker!”

Ni Yang nodded, “It seems so.”

Ni Cuihua exclaimed, “Your uncle was a total simpleton when he was younger! I can’t believe he’s made something of himself now! At last, someone from our Ni family has become accomplished! Let’s go and find your uncle and aunt.”

Ni Yang continued, “Don’t rush in yet, Mom. Let me confirm with the gatekeeper first.”

“Okay,” Ni Cuihua replied hastily, “Then you go quickly.”

Ni Yang approached the gatekeeper.

The gatekeeper was very amicable and informed Ni Yang in detail about Ni Dazhu’s situation.

Ni Dazhu had become a permanent worker here three years ago. He lived here with his wife Liu Juan and their daughter Liu Xiangxiang. Also, the gatekeeper added that Ni Dazhu was usually henpecked, often acting like a timid mouse around his wife...

Liu Xiangxiang?

Ni Yang scowled slightly.

Wasn’t her cousin’s name Ni Xiangxiang? When did it change to Liu Xiangxiang?

Had Ni Dazhu become a kept man?

“What’s the matter, young lady? How are you related to Ni Dazhu?” the guard asked, curious.

Ni Yang smiled and said, “He’s my uncle.”

The guard laughed, “What a surprise Ni Dazhu has such a beautiful niece.” He then wondered, scratching his head, “How come I’ve never heard about Ni Dazhu having a niece...”

Especially such a beautiful one...

People often say nephews resemble their uncles. But looking at Ni Yang's delicate features, she bore no resemblance to Ni Dazhu's rough and plump look.

This was strange indeed!

Ni Yang offered a small smile and thanked the guard before heading back to Ni Cuihua. "Mom, Uncle and Aunt indeed live here, but..."

"Let's go find your uncle and aunt," Ni Cuihua said, pulling Ni Yang inside before she could finish her sentence.

"Mom, wait a minute, why don't we buy some gifts to take them?" Ni Yang suggested.

Ni Cuihua was eager to see her brother and stubbornly pulled Ni Yang inside. She dismissed the idea saying, "Yangyang, your uncle and I are siblings. We don't worry about formalities like that. We'll take care of the gifts later, I haven't seen your uncle in so many years..."

Ni Cuihua had never thought that she would see Ni Dazhu again in her lifetime.

At this moment, all that she could think of was seeing her brother.

The gatekeeper called out enthusiastically behind them, "Young lady, Ni Dazhu lives in Building 68, Unit 101. Don't get it wrong."

Ni Yang smiled and replied, "Okay, thank you, sir."

"You're welcome." The guard waved cheerfully.

With the guard's help, Ni Yang quickly found Ni Dazhu's residence. The worker's dormitory was vibrant with a strong sense of the times. There were children playing in the courtyard, adults washing clothes, chatting and laughing. It was very lively.

On seeing the strangers approaching, they all threw curious looks at them. "Which family do you belong to?" A woman washing vegetables asked them.

Ni Cuihua, holding her child, smiled and said, "We have come to look for Ni Dazhu. I am his sister."

"Sister?" The woman washing vegetables said in surprise, "I thought Dazhu was an only child in his family.. Where did this sister come from?"