

**The Lady of the Prestigious Family is a Big Boss
#Chapter 1 - 001, Ye Jiuliang, I'm going to kill you
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March, the light rain is like silk and mist.

It seems the tail end of a cold snap lingers still.

In the deserted outskirts, a black villa stands out like a crane among chickens, the dark glass, the black exterior walls...

Everything about it screams shadowy and sinister.

"Ahh—"

The panicked scream shatters the dawn's silence.

"Ye Jiuliang, I'm going to kill you."

The door to the right room on the second floor is violently burst open.

"Bang—"

The tall figure of a man charges out, heading straight for the downstairs.

"Ye Jiuliang, come out and die!"

In another corner of the villa

The rectangular dining table is laden with a delicate breakfast.

Spookily, in the vast dining room there's only one girl.

Hearing the cry from upstairs, the girl's lips, red as blood, curve into a faint smile.

She closes the newspaper, setting it aside, her enchanting face revealed in the refracted light of the crystal lamp.

Eyebrows like new moons, lips red as blood, and especially those shimmering eyes, even the corners are filled with a chilling light.

She picks up the black coffee from the table and takes a sip, calculating how many seconds it will take for the man to storm over.

One second...

Two seconds...

Three seconds...

The aura of murderous rage gets closer.

"Ye."

"Jiu."

"Liang."

His voice is filled with gritted teeth as he calls out her name, the girl lifts her eyes, her clear pupils blinking innocently.

"Qianqian, want some coffee?"

Her soft and glutinous voice alone is enough to melt hearts.

The man, who had rushed over in a flurry, is fair-skinned with a loosely fitting ice-purple silk robe, barely concealing his well-defined chest.

At this moment, his handsome face is frosted over, his dark eyes fixed on the girl's deceptively sweet face, grinding his pearly white teeth fiercely.

To hell with Qianqian.

To hell with coffee...

All I want is to punch her right now.

"Ye Jiuliang, do you have any idea I didn't get back until three in the morning yesterday?" he asks, holding back his raging primal energies, word by word.

Ye Jiuliang, "I know."

"Then what did you do to my bed?" In his agitation, droplets of water from his freshly washed hair fly out.

"To be exact, what did you do to my pillow?"

Ye Jiuliang protects her cup with her hand to prevent her coffee from becoming collateral damage.

Then, lifting her head, she speaks very slowly, "Yesterday, when all of you were out, I stayed in the storage room for a while, and I saw that magical glue you bought last time; I just wanted to see how magical it was."

She pauses, taking a sip of her coffee, and continues, "I originally wanted to discuss it with you, but you were sleeping so soundly, so I took it as your consent, and I didn't pour much."

As she speaks, she even makes a scissor gesture, "Just two bottles."

"..."

Ji Ruqian's teeth grind together.

That magical glue's effect is several times stronger than regular super glue, almost certainly removing a layer of skin on contact and requiring a special chemical solvent to dissolve.

Just a little could be lethal, and this wretch tossed in two bottles.

Lucky for him, when he purchased the magical glue, he had also fortuitously acquired several bottles of the special solvent; otherwise, his flowing, short hair would be doomed.

"Ye Jiuliang, are you planning to offer me incense at Qingming Festival?" What does he mean by sleeping too soundly? Clearly, it was her dirty work.

The girl tilts her lips, "That might be difficult, I estimate I'll be back in China for Qingming, so I probably won't have the time to offer you incense."

"Pfft—"

The snicker interrupts unexpectedly.

A petite figure emerges from behind the wine cabinet.

Wine-red, long curly hair, brown eyes, white teeth, and perfectly delicate doll-like features full of spirit, one might assume she's underage without knowing her age.

Gu Xinuo, dressed in black from head to toe, her hair slightly wet, looks like she has just returned from outside, travel-weary.

"I didn't expect to see such a good show the moment I got back, what's happening?" Gu Xinuo walks over, winks at Ye Jiuliang, and sits down directly in the pulled-out chair.

Ye Jiuliang asks, "Nuonuo, want some coffee?"

"Little Liangliang, whenever you smile like that, there's trouble brewing; I'm afraid that coffee is beyond my fortune to enjoy," Gu Xinuo teases with a smile, eyeing the cup pushed toward her.

They chat animatedly, completely forgetting about Ji Mingqian beside them.

Right as he is about to burst with anger again, Ye Jiuliang leisurely takes out a small cyan porcelain bottle from her pocket and tosses it to him.

"Catch."

"What's this?" Ji Mingqian reflexively catches it, looking at her with puzzled eyes.

She says, "The new product I mentioned a few days ago."

On hearing that, Ji Mingqian's eyes light up, and he quickly stashes the little porcelain bottle in his pocket.

Chapter 2: 002, Master Jiu returns

This is a life-saving treasure, I better keep it safe.

He lifted his chin slightly, displaying an expression that said 'I'm very generous', "Forget it, I won't squabble with you this time."

To the side, Gu XaXinuo Nuo held back her laughter.

He is really easy to bribe.

Suddenly, the sound of a door opening came from outside.

"Why is Achen back so early?" Gu XaXinuo Nuo was slightly surprised. Only the four of them could come and go freely in this house, and with the three of them here, the only one left was Chu Chen, who had returned to headquarters.

Ye Jiuliang took an apple and got up to walk outside.

"You're up this early?" The man shut the door, turned around, and upon seeing Ye Jiuliang, his dark eyes showed a hint of astonishment.

Did the sun rise from the west today?

Ye Jiuliang bit into the apple, crunching loudly.

"Is there a problem?"

"I know why she got up so early." Gu XaXinuoi Nuo suddenly appeared, wearing a schadenfreude grin.

Both Chu Chen's and Ji Mingqian's puzzled gazes turned towards her, while Ye Jiuliang calmly munched on her apple as if they weren't talking about her.

"Little Liangliang is going back to China." Gu XaXinuoi Nuo glanced at Ye Jiuliang, cleared her throat, and announced grandly.

Upon hearing this, both Chu Chen and Ji Mingqian were momentarily taken aback.

"Really?" Ji Mingqian reacted, his gaze turning to the girl nibbling on the apple in surprise.

Ye Jiuliang crossed her legs and hummed an affirmation.

Ji Mingqian threw his head back and laughed heartily, "The heavens have eyes, I can finally live peacefully for a few days."

Compared to his joking manner, Chu Chen was much more composed, "Why the sudden decision to go back?"

Ye Jiuliang said nothing, and Gu XaXinuoi Nuo, looking quite excited, answered for her, "I know this too."

She hopped onto the sofa and sat down. "Little Liangliang's family patriarch heard about her great achievements at school, and in order to live a longer life himself, specially ordered her to hurry back to the country."

At that, Ji Mingqian and Chu Chen exchanged looks.

Hold it in, don't laugh!

A cold glare swept towards the two men. Ji Mingqian coughed lightly, placing a fist to his lips, "When are you leaving then, should we escort you?"

Ye Jiuliang finished off the last bite of the apple and casually tossed it, the core landing precisely in the trash can a short distance away.

She pulled a tissue to wipe her hands, then stood up. Her eyes narrowed slightly, enticingly, "No need to escort me, just remember to pay me back the money you lost to me at mahjong."

Gu XaXinuoi Nuo chuckled, that's so Ye Jiuliang.

She is indeed obsessed with money.

...

China

That night, the crescent moon hung like a hook, and the scent of flowers drifted subtly through the air.

Mo Garden

A black sports car drove smoothly into Mo Garden, rolling over the lush green grass and slowing down.

The engine stopped, and the car came to a halt.

The people inside the house heard the roar of the sports car, and jumped to their feet in unison. Just moments before, each had been lounging bonelessly on the sofa, but now, they stood ramrod straight.

They awaited, primed and respectful, indicating the high regard in which they held the new arrival.

Steady footsteps drew closer.

One step

Two steps...

Wei Bei and Wei Nan looked outside simultaneously.

Treading on the moonlight, the man approached slowly, his eyebrows like ink paintings, his skin as fine as mutton-fat jade, exuding a peerless nobility.

A breeze blew by, lifting the stray hairs on his forehead and revealing those abyss-like eyes, cold enough to make one shudder.

In an instant, the vast living room was filled with an oppressive aura.

"Master."

Wei Bei and Wei Nan called out in unison, their expressions respectful.

"Why isn't Wei Dong here?"

The man's icy voice rose softly, causing Wei Bei to shiver, and he hastily replied, "Master, the person in charge of the Mei Organization in Country F suddenly fell into a coma and was hospitalized. There's total chaos within the Mei Organization now, and the merchandise they had promised to deliver was hijacked en route. Wei Dong stayed back to investigate the situation."

No wonder that Wei Dong guy let him come back first while he stayed in Country F. It turned out he had already known the Master was returning today. What a sly old fox.

Upon hearing this, a vicious glint flickered in Li Mochan's eyes, "Who hijacked that batch of goods?"

The overwhelming pressure made it somewhat hard to breathe. Wei Bei swallowed hard, struggling to articulate a complete sentence, "We haven't found out yet."

Before he could finish, Li Mochan's icy gaze landed on the two, "If you can't find out who hijacked the batch of goods by tomorrow night, let Wei Xi take his men and roll back to the Dark Hall on the island for a week."

At the mention of "Dark Hall," the faces of Wei Bei and Wei Nan took on a strange look.

Dark Hall, that's hell.

Poor Wei Xi.

"Master, there's something else. The old master of the Li Family knows you're back. He wants to hold a birthday banquet for you and is asking for you to discuss it," said Wei Nan.

Knowing full well the Master dislikes those people from the Li Family and cares even less for such banquets, the old master insisted on stirring up much fuss. It seems the older he gets, the more determined he is to return to his old ways.

A dark light flickered in Li Mochan's eyes for a moment, "Arrange matters for Country M, we'll set off tomorrow."

Wei Bei, "Yes."

He knew the old master's plans were bound to fall through.

In a few days, it would be the Master's grandmother's birthday banquet, and the Master surely had to go back. Without one or two weeks, he certainly wouldn't be coming back.

It looked like the extensively prepared birthday banquet by the old master of the Li Family was going to hit a snag.

*

Airport

Perhaps because it was the weekend, there was a large crowd.

In the sea of people, a slender girl dressed in a black casual outfit stood out, her spirit carefree, her clear eyes sleepy yet containing a hint of solitude.

Her clear, jade-like features were eye-catching, drawing amazed gazes from all around.

The next second, the girl did something that seemed a bit odd to onlookers.

She reached into her pocket, pulled out a lollipop, peeled off the wrapper, and placed it in her mouth. By the time people snapped out of it, the girl had already slipped away.

The boys who had wanted to strike up a conversation flashed looks of annoyance, having missed their chance to even ask for a WeChat contact.

Exiting the airport, Ye Jiuliang squinted her eyes and took a quick look around before heading straight for a black sedan.

She opened the door, threw her bag inside, and sat in the back seat.

"To the Ye Family."

Her cool voice echoed in the car.

The driver was a young man.

He looked up through the rearview mirror at the girl now feigning sleep in the back seat, his voice steady yet barely containing his excitement.

"Yes, Ninth Master."

No one could have imagined that this young girl was the most mysterious person in the K Organization, and he had actually met her in person.

The task assigned by boss Ji Mingqian to be the driver was simply terrific.

Chapter 3: Master Jiu's iron-like fist

Talking about the capital, everyone's first thought are the two behemoth families.

Divided by an invisible line, the Li Family to the north, and the Ye Family to the south.

In terms of power, the Li Family definitely stands alone at the top, but when it comes to financial clout, the Ye Family still gains the upper hand.

Speaking of which, the Ye Family's existence predates that of the Li Family. The Ye Family has been in business for generations, and their connections, as well as their wealth, are second to none.

Especially Master Ye Rong, who spent his life galloping through the business world, has countless admirable tales to his name. Even though he has gradually retired now, in the capital, who wouldn't still regard him with great respect?

However, that generation's commercial overlord seemed to lose all his dignity and dominance in front of Ye Jiuliang.

"Aren, didn't you say the person already showed up at the airport? Why haven't they returned yet?" The elder sipped his tea lightly, the wrinkles on his forehead knitting together in consternation.

The middle-aged man addressed as Aren, the steward of the Ye Family, was dressed in a grey traditional outfit, his crew-cut hair showing his spirited demeanor.

"Master, please don't worry, they should be arriving shortly," Aren spoke soothingly.

"There are so many descendants in the Ye Family, yet none as wild as her, seriously giving me a headache," Ye Rong put down his teacup, his voice suddenly grew heavier.

Even though it's a tone of reprimand, he still couldn't hide a hint of indulgence.

Aren kept silent; at this time, he just needed to be a listener.

Being by the old master's side all year round, he knew very well that deep down, the master was exceptionally fond of Miss Jiuliang.

Elsewhere

Inside a car

Xue Wu sat in the driver's seat, his expression entangled.

He looked up at the rearview mirror; beneath the hat covering her face, the girl showed no sign of waking up.

He had heard that Master Jiu had a terrible temper upon waking. Would he meet with an ugly end if he woke her up?

Glancing at the time on his phone, he steeled his heart and called cautiously, "Master Jiu, we've arrived."

One minute passed...

Two minutes passed...

Three minutes passed...

Just as Xue Wu was about to speak again, the girl finally stirred.

She slowly sat up, removed the hat covering her face, her voice cold and detached, "Tell your boss Qian that there's no need to arrange a driver for me anymore. Send over that silver car of his as payment for the mahjong debt."

"Yes," Xue Wu was stunned for a moment, then nodded like a pecking chicken.

He marveled inwardly at how his boss Qian had lost at mahjong to Master Jiu.

Master Jiu is formidable indeed.

The car didn't stop at the main gate of the Ye residence; Ye Jiuliang still had a few minutes' walk.

The Ye Family's villa was built in the outskirts, expansive in territory, with a winding approach that nearly rivaled a small royal palace.

Clear proof of their vast wealth.

"Who are you?"

The guard at the gate appraised the girl with a suspicious look, his face stern and menacing.

Being stopped at her own residence's gate didn't affect Ye Jiuliang too much.

After all, this place was just a temporary home for her.

With slightly parted red lips, she said simply, "Ye Jiuliang."

The guards lining up at the door looked at each other, the name sounding vaguely familiar, yet they couldn't quite place it.

Still, since she shared their surname, it seemed best to report her arrival.

"Keep an eye on her," the lead guard ordered before stepping aside and taking out his phone to report to the steward.

After a day of running around, Ye Jiuliang was extremely tired.

She leaned against the large pillar at the entrance, her eyebrows and eyes slightly cold, feeling somewhat irritable.

It wasn't the steward who came, but some trouble arrived first.

"Ye Jiuliang?"

A man's voice, uncertain.

And with a hint of disdain.

Under the sunlight, the girl lifted her head, her black crystal-like eyes gleaming coolly. The couple getting out of the car caught sight of that bewitchingly beautiful face, first startled, then disdain flickered in the depths of their eyes.

It really was that waste, Ye Jiuliang.

She dared to come back.

The man who had just spoken was dressed in an expensive shirt and trousers, with a face that could be considered somewhat handsome, exuding an aura of recklessness typical of the second generation wealthy.

This was Ye Miao—Ye Jiuliang's aunt's son.

He slammed the car door shut and swaggered over to Ye Jiuliang, as if he owned millions.

"The sun must have risen from the west today, Ye Jiuliang, you actually have the face to come back?" His sharp words were filled with mockery.

To the Ye Family, the very existence of Ye Jiuliang was an embarrassment.

At least, that's how he saw it.

"Aren't, don't be so unpleasant. It's rare for Jiuliang to come back. After all, she's still a member of the Ye family," the woman following Ye Miao scolded him, but the look she gave Ye Jiuliang could hardly hide her contempt.

This person was Ye Xin—Ye Jiuliang's eldest uncle's youngest daughter.

Ye Miao snorted, "What do you mean 'rarely comes back'? If she had any shame, she wouldn't come back at all. In Country Y, she's been doing God knows what shameless things..."

His words became increasingly excessive and mean.

"Have you said enough?"

A cold voice, somewhat impatient, interrupted him.

Ye Miao was stunned for a moment, but before he could react, a fierce punch was already flying towards his face.

The speed was ghostly fast.

"Ah—"

An iron-hard fist smashed into his face, and Ye Miao screamed out in pain.

He covered his right cheek, his features twisted in agony, and the blood mixed with two teeth he had spat out splattered on the ground.

Ye Jiuliang coolly shook off her hand and said coldly, "Noisy."

At last, it was quiet.

Much more comfortable now.

"Aren, are you okay?" Ye Xin looked at the blood on the ground, her face pale with shock, her eyes showing a trace more panic when looking at Ye Jiuliang.

With two teeth knocked out and being scolded as noisy, Ye Miao's eyes were bloodshot with rage as he clenched his fists, ready to clash with Ye Jiuliang.

"Young Master Miao, you mustn't."

Upon receiving a call from the guards, Aren rushed out hastily, and from a distance, he saw Ye Jiuliang hit Ye Miao, almost tripping in shock.

Aren was a close confidant of Ye Rong.

The younger generation of the Ye family normally showed him respect, and Ye Miao was no exception. Seeing Aren, he restrained his anger.

"Aren, you saw it with your own eyes just now, Ye Jiuliang hit me; look for yourself."

He pointed to the blood and teeth on the ground as proof.

Aren's gaze flickered, and he turned to look at Ye Jiuliang, inadvertently meeting those indifferent eyes.

He caught his breath, awkwardly shifted his gaze elsewhere.

Deep down, he was shocked, Jiuliang Miss seemed to have become even more unfathomable than she was five years ago.

"Miss Jiuliang, when did you get here? You didn't even say a word; I would have sent someone to pick you up."

"When I arrived, didn't you already know?" Ye Jiuliang countered with a half-smile.

From the moment she arrived at the capital's airport, the old man must have had plenty of people watching her.

Aren's expression stiffened, and he forced a laugh, "Miss Jiuliang, the old master is already waiting for you in the study."

"Aren, she's beaten me up like this, and you're ignoring it?" Seeing Aren disregard his beating, Ye Miao exploded with anger.

Ye Xin chimed in, "Uncle Aren, this matter is really Jiuliang's fault."

Ye Jiuliang's eyes remained indifferent; tired of listening to Ye Miao's endless prattle, she walked past them into the house.

This time, no one dared to stop her anymore.

Watching the girl's retreating figure, the guards wore peculiar expressions.

So this was the only daughter of the second son of the Ye family, Ye Jiuliang; no wonder their ears had pricked up earlier.

Despite looking like a delicate doll, she was unexpectedly fierce and aggressive.

It was truly eye-opening.

They decided it would be best to steer clear of Miss Jiuliang in the future.

Chapter 4: 004, Master Jiu: I don't like what I'm hearing.

Second Floor

The door to the study was open.

Knock, knock.

Ye Jiuliang casually knocked on the door, then strolled in slowly.

Ye Rong lifted an eyelid and nearly lost his stern composure upon seeing the girl who sat down across from him without a word.

He sized up the girl secretly, noting that she had grown even thinner.

Was she not eating well at school?

Ye Jiuliang leaned back, indifferently allowing the old man to scrutinize her.

Neither the grandfather nor the granddaughter spoke, as if competing in patience.

Clearly, in this aspect, Ye Rong was somewhat inferior.

He set down his teacup with a thud, splashing a few droplets of tea, and looking up with a stern face, he said, "Ye Jiuliang, tell me what you have been doing in Country Y?"

"Studying." Her response was light and breezy.

"Studying?" Ye Rong was so angry he literally hurt in his teeth, spittle flying, "I won't criticize you for your grades always ranking at the bottom, but you almost burned down the school's library, plucked the principal's beard, and sent him to the hospital from anger. What exactly do you want to do?"

He couldn't understand how her parents, both highly educated, produced such a rebellious child.

Ye Jiuliang cocked her head, the smile not reaching her eyes, "Look, you seem to know quite clearly."

Ye Rong was speechless, a breath stuck in his throat, neither here nor there.

It was terribly uncomfortable.

After a long while, he spoke again, his tone a bit softer, "I found a good school for you here in the capital. You'll report there tomorrow."

The tone of command was habitual.

Ye Jiuliang emitted a grunt, surprisingly agreeing readily.

"Anything else?"

Ye Rong pondered for a moment, just as he was about to speak, he was interrupted by Ye Miao.

He stormed in furiously, eyes bloodshot, "Ye Jiuliang."

"What happened?" Ye Rong looked toward Aren, who followed Ye Miao in, his demeanor commanding and imposing.

"Grandpa, look at what Ye Jiuliang has done." Ye Miao pointed at his swollen cheek, preemptively playing the victim.

The punch from Ye Jiuliang was not weak; Ye Miao's right cheek swelled quickly, a trail of blood congealing at the corner of his mouth, rather pitiful to behold.

Ye Rong also hesitated at the sight.

He frowned slightly and turned towards Ye Jiuliang, who was toying with a lollipop, "Did you hit him?"

"I did." She admitted openly.

Ye Rong's head ached, "Why did you hit him?"

"His mouth was filthy; I didn't like hearing it." Ye Jiuliang peeled the candy wrapper and bit into the lollipop, her tone lukewarm.

"..."

Aren seemed to meditate, unfazed.

No wonder that principal was driven to the hospital by Miss Jiuliang.

Given her knack for infuriating remarks, it was quite difficult not to be angered to death.

"Ye Jiuliang, don't be too arrogant," Ye Miao growled lowly, accidentally touching the wound on his face and breaking into a cold sweat from the pain.

Ye Jiuliang glanced at him disdainfully, "Am I arrogant? Is this the first day you've known that?"

"You..." Ye Miao clutched his swollen cheek, pointing at Ye Jiuliang but unable to complete a sentence.

It was unclear whether it was from anger or pain.

"Enough, stop this noisy quarreling," Ye Rong said firmly, "Aren, quickly find a doctor to look at Amiao. This matter ends here. Whoever dares to make more trouble will face family discipline."

Ye Miao's face showed his unwillingness, "Grandpa."

This was obviously favoritism.

"Do you have an opinion about my decision?" Ye Rong swept a look his way, and Ye Miao's knuckles tightened, turning pale.

In the Ye Family, Ye Rong's word was law; no one dared to defy him.

Ye Miao glared viciously at Ye Jiuliang, resentfully saying, "No objections."

Ye Rong's brows relaxed as he turned his gaze back towards Ye Jiuliang, "Your room has been prepared. If anything's missing, just tell Aren."

Ye Jiuliang nodded, stood up, and slung her backpack over her shoulder. "I'll head back to my room to rest if there's nothing else."

As she passed by Ye Miao, her steps faltered.

"Remember to keep your distance from me, or next time you might not have a single tooth left." Her lips curled into a smile with a hint of frost and a touch of devilish charm.

Ye Miao's face darkened, anger swirling in his eyes.

Damn that Ye Jiuliang.

A jinx, a harbinger of bad luck.

...

Back in her room, Ye Jiuliang locked the door.

Out of habit, she carefully surveyed everything in the bedroom.

Once she was sure everything was in order, she tossed her bag aside, flopped onto the bed, and pulled over the blanket, ready to catch up on sleep.

Just as she was nodding off, her phone suddenly rang.

Ye Jiuliang frowned, turned over, and continued to sleep.

The persistent ringing of the phone seemed determined to continue until Ye Jiuliang answered.

After a moment, Ye Jiuliang groped around on the bed for her phone.

Without looking, she grabbed the phone and pressed the answer button.

"Ye Jiuliang, get your ass back here now," Ji Mingqian's enraged voice blasted from the other end.

Ye Jiuliang, with eyes still closed, spoke in a cool and ominous tone, "Ji Mingqian, don't you know I'm not a morning person?"

Disturbing someone's sweet dreams, that should incur divine retribution.

The man on the other end paused for a moment, his fury somewhat diminished, "Do you have any idea of the trouble you've caused this time?"

"Spit it out," her irritation teetered on the edge of explosion.

"That batch of goods from the Mei Organization, Achen had already said not to touch it, so why did you go and hijack it?" Ji Mingqian glanced at the computer screen filled with complex codes before getting up to pour himself a glass of water.

"Did Achen mention that?" Her voice was languid, as if she might fall asleep any moment now.

...

Ji Mingqian drew a "black line" over his head at the sound of her sleepy voice.

Does this little ancestor realize how seriously she's taking this situation?

He was trying to talk to her about something important.

"Ye Jiuliang, could you at least try not to fall asleep halfway through a meeting next time?" He was so frustrated he could almost cough up blood.

"Do you know whose goods those were?"

"Whose?"

"Li Mochan," he enunciated heavily.

Before Ji Mingqian finished speaking, the girl's tightly shut eyes snapped open, and she sat up, her gaze suddenly clear.

"You're saying that batch of goods was Li Mochan's?"

Ji Mingqian took a sip of water and returned to his desk.

"Yes, I just got the news. Listen, little ancestor, who gave you the guts to hijack Li Mochan's shipment? You do realize his people are already investigating who stole it, right?"

"If I hadn't sniped and intercepted them quickly, Li Mochan's men would have tracked it back to you by now."

It's true that their K organization was strong, but that killing god, Li Mochan, was someone to avoid if at all possible.

Ye Jiuliang raised an eyebrow, her demeanor as unhurried as ever, "What does Achen plan to do with that batch of goods?"

"Once it's in our hands, do you think there's any chance of returning it?" Ji Mingqian chuckled.

If they returned it now, with Li Mochan's resourcefulness, it wouldn't take long for him to trace the goods back to their K organization.

He wasn't that foolish.

Ye Jiuliang's lips curved slightly.

"Oh, and one more thing. Be careful in the capital. If you run into Li Mochan, try to avoid him as much as possible," Ji Mingqian reminded her.

Ye Jiuliang frowned, "What do you mean? Is he also in the capital?"

Chapter 5: 005, Every step counts for ten

Ji Mingqian, "..."

He took a deep breath before finally saying, "Ye Jiuliang, I really doubt whether you were born in the capital. Haven't you heard of the Li Family from the capital? Li Mochan, the Crown Prince of the Li Family, or are you all muddled up from sleep?"

Ye Jiuliang touched her nose, looking very innocent.

It really wasn't her fault, right?

Although she was born in the capital, she had grown up mostly abroad since the age of six, seldom returning to the capital and paying little attention to the local news.

"Do you have any information on him?"

"No, we can only find out that he is the ruler of the Dark Hall and some basic information; the rest is untraceable," he answered crisply.

A dark shade flitted through Ye Jiuliang's eyes, "I got it, I'll be careful."

The last few words were clearly said half-heartedly.

Over the phone, Ji Mingqian rolled his eyes in a most ungraceful manner.

Talking to Ye Jiuliang, he would sooner or later be annoyed to death by her.

After hanging up the call, Ye Jiuliang rolled back into bed and wrapped herself in the blanket to continue catching up on sleep.

As soon as Ji Mingqian hung up, Chu Chen arrived.

He asked him, "Have you made contact with Ajiu?"

Ji Mingqian nodded his head, "Just got off the phone."

"The Mei Organization has issued a bounty in search of the goods that Ajiu hijacked. Keep an eye on that," Chu Chen instructed.

Hearing "Mei Organization," Ji Mingqian scoffed with a sneer.

"Rest assured, you're not the only one who knows how shrewd Ajiu is. She used the youngest son of Old Bull to hijack that batch of goods. Even without my help, no one could trace it back to her."

He had only been scaring Ajiu on the phone just now; after all, she had snatched his beloved car.

That fox, always thinking ten steps ahead, he had yet to see anyone take advantage of her.

Chu Chen said, "That's good."

"By the way, I need to ask you something." Ji Mingqian's eyes narrowed dangerously as something crossed his mind.

"What is it?"

"Did you tell Ajiu that the silver sports car was with me?" he asked grimly.

He had only gotten his hands on the silver sports car a few days ago, and only the two of them knew about it.

A flicker of discomfort passed through the depths of Chu Chen's eyes, as he stood up, "Who said that, how would I know? I have some matters to deal with, so I'm leaving first."

With those words, his composed footsteps hastened.

Anyone could see there must be something fishy going on.

"Chu Chen, you owe me a sports car," Ji Mingqian shouted as he grabbed the keyboard from the desk and chased after him.

He knew it had to be this bastard.

At the door, a young man was waiting beside the car.

Hearing the roar from inside the house, he looked up.

The next second, Chu Chen stepped out briskly.

"Boss Chen, what's happened?" Qin Er, one of Chu Chen's most reliable aides, stepped forward to ask.

Chu Chen opened the car door and got in.

With a serious expression, he said, "Drive."

Qin Er was momentarily confused, but as he caught sight of Ji Mingqian rushing out of the house through the corner of his eye, he instantly understood and quickly got into the driver's seat.

The engine roared to life, and they sped away.

When Boss Ji lost his temper, it was best for them to be as far away as possible.

To avoid getting caught up in the storm.

...

"Amiao, I really feel sorry for you, grandfather is blatantly favoring Ye Jiuliang. If your aunt sees your face bruised like this when she gets back, she'll definitely be heartbroken," Ye Xin said indignantly in the living room.

The frustration on her face made it seem as if she was the one who had been hit.

To put it bluntly, she was just envious of Ye Jiuliang, whether it was in regards to appearances or the old man's favoritism towards Ye Jiuliang.

Ye Miao, holding an ice pack to her face, had a sinister gleam in her eyes, "Sooner or later, I'm going to settle this score with Ye Jiuliang. Why should a bastard without a father or mother be so presumptuous here?"

"As I see it, Ye Jiuliang is just a curse, having caused the death of her parents, and now she wants to disrupt our home as well," Ye Xin said through gritted teeth, her face showing hints of mockery.

"Madam..."

A servant's voice came from outside.

Ye Xin's eyes lit up, surely her mother had returned.

Now she had backup.

At the door, two elegant and noble-looking women entered.

"Mom."

Ye Xin's gaze settled on the woman dressed in a blue suit, and she got up and ran towards her like a bird freed from its cage.

"Seeing me and getting so excited, did you make some mistake at home again, hmm?" Xiang Zhen looked at her daughter, who was clutching her arm, and a tender smile spread across her lips.

Pouting her lips, Ye Xin displayed the demeanor of a spoiled young girl, "Not at all, you and Auntie have been at the temple for several days, I just missed you."

Xiang Zhen lightly tapped the tip of her nose, "You..."

"Amiao, why are you holding an ice pack to your face?" Ye Yu's eyes swept across the living room, landing on her son sitting on the couch.

Ye Xin hurried to speak, "Auntie, Amiao got hit."

Upon hearing this, Ye Yu's expression changed.

She strode forward, pulling Ye Miao's hand away and, upon touching the swollen red patch on his face, her lips quivered with anger.

"Who did this?" she asked furiously.

She had never had the heart to lay so much as a finger on her son since he was a child, so who could be so bold as to hit him?

Xiang Zhen was shocked to see the injury on Ye Miao's face.

"Amiao, who could have done such a ruthless thing?"

Getting hit was never something to be proud of, especially when it was Ye Jiuliang who had done the hitting.

Ye Miao remained silent, grabbing back the ice pack and pressing it against his swollen cheek, hiding his embarrassment.

"Auntie, it was Ye Jiuliang who hit him," Ye Xin tattled.

At these words, both Xiang Zhen and Ye Yu's expressions shifted slightly.

"Why has she suddenly returned?" Ye Yu asked, her face showing a complex mix of emotions.

Frowning, Ye Xin expressed her dissatisfaction, "Apart from Grandfather, who else would allow her to return?"

She couldn't understand why her grandfather always favored Ye Jiuliang, who was completely worthless.

Even after Ye Jiuliang had caused a heap of trouble at her school in Country Y, he still indulged her.

Ye Yu's eyes darkened as she looked at her son's swollen cheek, then suddenly calmed down, "Amiao, no matter what, Jiuliang is still a member of the Ye Family. Since Grandfather has allowed her to return, you shouldn't always go looking for trouble with her. Let's just forget this incident, and don't dwell on it."

Her attitude changed so drastically from her previous uncontrollable anger that both Ye Miao and Ye Xin were momentarily stunned.

Especially Ye Miao, whose face darkened instantly, "Mom, I'm your son, why do you always take Ye Jiuliang's side?"

He was the one who had been hit, and now even his mother was saying the same thing his grandfather did, not allowing him to trouble Ye Jiuliang.

Had Ye Jiuliang somehow bewitched them all?

"Amiao, don't get worked up," Ye Yu said understandingly, softening her tone, "Come upstairs with me."

Ye Miao tossed the ice pack aside and followed Ye Yu upstairs.

Suddenly, the living room was left with just Xiang Zhen and her daughter.

"Mom, why is Auntie acting so strangely? Amiao was hit by Ye Jiuliang, and Auntie acts as if nothing happened."

Hadn't Auntie clearly been very angry just before?

But the moment she heard Ye Jiuliang was the one who hit Amiao, it was as if she had become a different person.

Xiang Zhen glanced upstairs, her eyes filled with dark thoughts.

Why had Ye Jiuliang suddenly come back?

"Mom, what's wrong?" Ye Xin tugged at her mother's sleeve.

Xiang Zhen snapped back to reality, her words dripping with sarcasm, "Your aunt is a master at playing the game. To swallow her pride like that after Ye Miao got beaten up like this, there must be an ulterior motive behind it. Don't get involved in this mess, you won't gain anything by it."

Anyone who could stay in the Ye Family was no pushover.

Even after a divorce, a woman able to seize control of her former in-laws' company and assets, and even convince the family patriarch to entrust her with managing a portion of the Ye Family's businesses—Ye Yu's skills and cunning were certainly far from simple.

Ye Xin simply responded, "Oh," and did not ask any further.