

The Lady of the Prestigious Family is a Big

Chapter 6: 006, Can't I miss you?

Evening, as the wind grew slightly cold.

The spacious dining hall was crowded, yet eerily quiet.

Everyone from the Ye Family was present except for Jiuliang.

The Ye Family placed great importance on protocols, evident from the seating arrangement at the dinner table.

Ye Rong sat at the head, with his eldest son, Ye Yan, to his left, and the rest seated according to seniority.

"What a show-off just after getting back, thinking he's really something," Ye Xin muttered under her breath, cursing Jiuliang countless times in her heart.

Ye Rong frowned slightly, his eyes catching the figure who arrived late, his brows then relaxing.

"Everyone seems to be here."

The voice was clear and carried a hint of laziness.

The crowd looked towards the source of the voice, and in the brilliant light, the young girl's beautiful face came into view. Her narrow, bewitching eyes were indifferent and cold, veiled as if shrouded in a mist, inscrutable.

Ye Yan gave her a fleeting glance, then averted his gaze.

"Sit down now," Ye Rong said sternly.

Jiuliang raised an eyebrow and casually picked a chair to sit on.

It was either intentional or coincidental, but he ended up directly opposite Grandpa Ye.

That was, indeed, at the very end of the table.

"Jiuliang, why sit so far? Here's your place," Ye Yu said, looking at her tenderly and gesturing her over.

His smile was kindly, as if the incident where Jiuliang had hit Ye Miao had never occurred.

Jiuliang glanced at the empty seat next to Ye Miao and hooked her red lips slightly, "No trouble needed, I actually find this spot quite good. I've sat here since I was little, and I've grown quite fond of it."

At her words, the expressions around varied.

Jiuliang and Ye Miao were the same age, but Jiuliang was still a month younger. When Grandma Ye and Jiuliang's parents were still alive, Jiuliang always sat at the end of the table.

After her parents died, Jiuliang was sent abroad and only returned home two or three times for the New Year.

Each of those times, she only stayed for two days before returning abroad.

In Jiuliang's memory, the only time she did not sit at the end of the table was when her father returned that time.

The tall, aloof man was always gentle in front of her, lifting her high, reading bedtime stories, carefully deboning fish for her; he was the only warmth she felt in the Ye Family.

With him there, no one dared to bully her, but sadly, that return became the last time she saw her father.

Jiuliang's eyes dimmed slightly, a hint of pain gliding through their depths.

It was still the same intricately carved dining table, but her protective father was no longer there.

As the atmosphere was about to turn stiff,

Ye Rong picked up his chopsticks, breaking the silence, "Let's eat."

The servant placed cutlery in front of Jiuliang and then stepped aside.

"Amiao, in two days, Jiuliang will transfer to your school. If she doesn't understand something, try to help her," Ye Rong said quietly after sipping some wine.

At those words, even Ye Yan glanced sideways.

"She's going to the same school as me?" Ye Miao paused dramatically, his tone aggressive.

Seeing Grandpa Ye frowning, Ye Yu subtly tugged at his sleeve, "Amiao."

"Grandpa, Beisen Academy really values academic performance. Jiuliang's basics are not solid, it will be tough for her there," Ye Xin chimed in swiftly.

Her seamless comment was both overtly and covertly mocking Jiuliang for her poor grades, implying she wasn't qualified for Beisen.

"Xinxin, this is your grandfather's decision. Eat your meal quietly," finally, Ye Yan spoke, his tone laced with a hint of warning.

Ye Xin, both respectful and fearful of her father, immediately fell silent.

"Amiao, we are all siblings here, it's only right to help each other," Ye Yu said, glancing at Jiuliang with a smile, attempting to lighten the mood.

Ye Miao's face darkened, but he didn't respond.

"This matter is settled, let's eat," Ye Rong declared, brooking no argument.

Seeing this, the others had little appetite despite the array of sumptuous dishes.

At that moment, a cell phone rang.

Aware of the gazes directed at her, Ye Jiuliang calmly took out her phone and answered the call right in front of everyone.

Ye Rong was sipping his wine, his eyes surreptitiously sweeping towards Ye Jiuliang.

Whatever the person on the other end of the line said caused Ye Jiuliang's lips to curve up into a beautiful arc.

Her smile was subtle, yet it carried a bit more warmth.

Ye Jiuliang hummed, "I'll come over now."

After hanging up the phone, she stuffed it into her pocket and stood up.

"It's so late, you're still going out?" Ye Rong asked.

Ye Jiuliang lightly nodded, "I'm full; you guys take your time."

With that said, she turned and left.

Everyone watched her retreating figure, each with different thoughts.

It wasn't until the girl's figure vanished at the door that a hoarse voice pulled their attention back.

"Since Jiuliang is back, there are some things I want to say outright. Although Jiuliang has been abroad these years, no matter what, she is still a member of the Ye Family. I hope to never hear from outsiders about discord among our own, giving others reason to laugh at us."

As he spoke, Ye Rong's gaze swept over everyone, lingering a few seconds more on Ye Miao and Ye Xin.

Ye Xin kept her head low, her face full of displeasure.

It was always that damn Ye Jiuliang acting too arrogantly. Why did grandfather always have to be so partial to her?

...

The bustling street was brilliantly lit.

At the desolate entrance, a dainty figure looked around east and west.

A cool breeze blew, messing up her auburn hair.

Seeing an opportunity, the girl's eyes lit up, waving her hand excitedly.

"Little Liangliang, this way."

Ye Jiuliang squinted, seeing that bouncing figure, and with a slight smile hooked at the corner of her lips, she walked towards it leisurely.

"Missed me to death, come here, give me a hug," Gu Xinuo wrapped Ye Jiuliang in a bear hug.

"If I remember correctly, we just saw each other yesterday," Ye Jiuliang glanced sideways at the koala hanging on her.

Gu Xinuo clung to her neck, swaying as she sweetly said, "But I missed you after an hour, can't I miss you?"

Ye Jiuliang was almost shaken to nausea, "Can you talk normally?"

"Look, I've even brought you a gift," Gu Xinuo stood firm on the ground, smiling as she presented her treasure.

Ye Jiuliang followed her gaze, under the warm yellow street light, a pink electric scooter stood alone.

That garish pink, really...

She raised an eyebrow, "You're not saying this bike is for me, are you?"

"I just knew my Little Liangliang is the smartest," Gu Xinuo said with a flattering smile, "You see, Aqian and I made a bet, and the bet was his silver sports car."

Ye Jiuliang, "So, you lost?"

"That was just his good luck." Gu Xinuo looked depressed for a moment, then hugged Ye Jiuliang's arm and chuckled, "Little Liangliang, I know you love me the most, isn't this electric scooter adorable? It's perfect for you."

Ye Jiuliang chuckled, having never used anything in such a garish pink in her life.

She lowered her gaze as Gu Xinuo blinked innocently.

Ye Jiuliang pinched the bridge of her nose, digging out the keys from her pocket, "Take it."

"I just knew you loved me the most, muah!" Gu Xinuo took them, puckering her lips as if to plant a kiss on her face.

Ye Jiuliang dodged to the side, less than impressed, "Save it, give that routine to Aqian and Achen."

The two shared a laugh.

After the joke, it was time to circle back to the main topic.

"How has the Ye Family been treating you?" Gu Xinuo asked.

Chapter 7: 007, Master Jiu: Prying into Crown Prince Li's territory.

Ye Jiuliang had his hands in his pockets, "Not bad."

With an indifferent tone, Gu Xinuo rolled her eyes ungracefully.

"How come you're here too?" Ye Jiuliang changed the subject.

Gu Xinuo said, "Came to City S to handle some business and took the chance to take a stroll."

Hearing this, Ye Jiuliang chuckled lightly.

Crossing an entire city for a stroll was something only she could think of doing.

The bonds forged through life and death weren't just spoken words; how could she not know her purpose for coming? It was all because she was worried about her being mistreated by the Ye Family.

Looking up at the stars, Gu Xinuo suddenly felt a slender arm hook around her neck, accompanied by the girl's elegant voice.

"Thanks, my Nuonuo."

Gu Xinuo smiled and hugged her back, "I have to take a trip to Country M, and then I have to return to headquarters to put that bunch through some special training. It might be a while before we can meet again. Take care of yourself."

She initially spoke of not letting herself be wronged, but then again, thinking about it, it would be good enough if her Master Jiu didn't let others be wronged.

Ye Jiuliang hummed softly in response.

"I'm heading off now, let's keep in touch via phone." Gu Xinuo handed her the keys to the little electric scooter, then left with a spring in her step.

After watching her leave, Ye Jiuliang turned her head and looked at the flashy pink electric scooter, lightly tugging at her lips with a smile.

She swung her long legs over the scooter, sitting down firmly. Just as she was about to start it, the phone in her pocket suddenly rang.

After vibrating twice, she pressed to answer.

On the other end of the line, a man's respectful voice was tinged with excitement, "Master Jiu, the Heart of the Sea has been found."

"Where?" Ye Jiuliang's eyes gradually darkened.

"At an auction in Country M a couple of days ago, it was acquired by a man from China," the man explained.

Ye Jiuliang asked, "Name."

"Li Mochan." The man's voice slightly altered.

How is it him again, Ye Jiuliang frowned.

As the ruler of the Dark Hall, she certainly wasn't short on money, but if she were to compete with him for the Heart of the Sea, he surely wouldn't give in.

She had already hijacked his shipment of goods, and if she were to steal his Heart of the Sea as well, Aqian and the others would definitely come over and tie her up to bring her back to Organization K.

"I got it. Don't tell Achen or the other two about this," she cautioned in a low voice.

No matter what, she was determined to secure the Heart of the Sea.

As for owing a favor, she would find an opportunity to repay it later.

After hanging up, she started her little electric scooter and left.

Even at top speed, it felt painfully slow, like a turtle.

It really was...

Unsatisfactory!

-- Divider --

Thanks to Ye Rong giving everyone a few warnings, Ye Jiuliang had a couple of peaceful days.

The bedroom had a cold color scheme, and the lighting was dim.

Suddenly, the person in the bed stirred.

The girl sat up, turning over, her thick black hair slightly disheveled.

Ye Jiuliang picked up her phone and glanced at it, it was almost nine o'clock.

In the darkness, her deep eyes shone astonishingly.

Getting out of bed, she walked to the floor-to-ceiling window. Her slender fingertips lifted a corner of the curtain, revealing a dark and gloomy sky, devoid of any starlight.

It was a good opportunity to go out and do something.

Minutes later, a black figure quietly left the Ye Family mansion.

In the dead of night, the suburban area lay in silence.

Surrounded by ancient trees, the perimeter of Mo Garden was in view.

Ye Jiuliang was sitting in a tree, her long legs bent as her fingers rapidly manipulated her portable iPad.

After a while, a gleam of sharpness crossed her cold eyes.

Done.

The defense and surveillance of Mo Garden were so dense that if she didn't destroy the inside monitoring, sneaking in without being detected was unlikely.

After all, China wasn't her territory; it was better to stay low-key.

She packed up her iPad, shouldered her bag with one hand, and leaped down.

The black figure blended almost completely with the night, deftly navigating through Mo Garden.

As the patrolling guards felt a chill breeze pass by, they focused their gaze, only to see swaying tree shadows.

"Where the hell did it go?"

In the spacious study, Ye Jiuliang crouched down, searching with extremely light movements.

She just couldn't understand why Li Mochan, a cold-blooded and fierce man, would buy a gemstone, and hide it so secretly.

Was he planning to give it to a woman?

Suddenly, a nearly undetectable sound of footsteps arose.

Ye Jiuliang frowned, looked down at her watch, and saw that the ten minutes were almost up. She had disrupted the surveillance here, and it could only last for ten minutes, if she didn't leave now it would be too late.

Dammit.

Wasn't Li Mochan not in China?

It seemed she had made a wasted trip tonight.

Listening to the footsteps getting closer outside the door, a flash of annoyance crossed Ye Jiuliang's eyes, and she couldn't help but curse softly.

Damn.

The door opened, and the man walking in front reached for the switch on the wall.

With a "click," the lights turned on.

Wei Bei opened the door, looking respectfully at the man who walked in behind him, feeling slightly puzzled inside.

Why had his young master returned so quickly right after the old lady's birthday banquet?

Logically, he should have stayed a couple more days.

Wei Bei's questioning gaze shifted to Wei Nan, who was suppressing a smile at the corner of his mouth.

The old lady, right after her birthday celebration, was busy trying to covertly arrange a matchmaking event for the young master. His young master detested women the most; how could he possibly linger there any longer?

Sure enough, he returned overnight.

Approaching the desk, Li Mochan paused in his steps.

His gaze lowered slightly, the coldness in his eyes scanning over the items on the desk.

Suddenly, the aura around him grew colder.

"Someone has been here."

After he spoke, Wei Bei and Wei Nan could distinctly feel the temperature around them drop.

Realizing the implication of Li Mochan's words, their expressions changed, and Wei Bei immediately left the study to check the surveillance.

Wei Nan stepped forward, his expression grave, "Master, have you discovered something?"

"This book."

His three words were sparing but carried a trace of ferocity.

Nobody would touch his desk, not even Wei Bei and the others. Before he left, this book was clearly flipped to page one hundred and two, and with the windows in the study tightly shut over the past two days, how could the pages have been disturbed.

There was only one explanation, either someone had touched it, or the window had been opened.

Wei Nan, intelligent enough to work at Li Mochan's side, immediately grasped his meaning.

He turned and quickly walked over to the French windows, examining the windows carefully.

At that moment, Wei Bei returned.

His expression was grim, "Master, the surveillance has been hacked. The footage from the last ten minutes is all blacked out."

The security at Mo Garden was arranged by Wei Xi himself. To think someone could break through Wei Xi's encrypted firewall.

It seemed the intruder had come prepared, specifically choosing the time when they and the young master were not at Mo Garden to strike.

Li Mochan's eyes grew colder, and he turned and walked out.

Wei Bei and Wei Nan glanced at each other and hurriedly followed.

In the living room, the atmosphere was tense and combative.

A scent of invisible gunpowder lingered faintly in the air.

"I mean, a bunch of grown men surrounding a defenseless young guy like me, do you think that's appropriate?" Ye Jiuliang pulled over a chair to sit down, her legs casually crossed, exuding an elegant and raffish charm.

Damn it, she was so close to getting away.

An unexpected obstacle had appeared out of nowhere.

Tch, it was truly frustrating.

Wei Dong's face stiffened with anger. Hearing "his" words, he glanced at the heap of dogs lying haphazardly on the ground, a vein throbbing at his temple.

He's a defenseless young guy?

A single person had taken down the pack of dogs at Mo Garden without breaking a sweat, and that's called defenseless?

Heh, perhaps his understanding of the language was lacking.

"Hey, you guys are still patrolling and standing guard this late at night. Aren't you tired? Your young master is really lacking in compassion." The teenager spoke again, his words causing the guards' faces to shift slightly.

To dare speak ill of Master Jiu, this "young guy" must be incredibly bold.

Watching Wei Dong's face turn green, Ye Jiuliang continued, "How about this, come work for me, I'll make sure you receive far better treatment than you get here. And if any of you are single, I can even throw in a matchmaking event for you."

Her clear voice deliberately lowered, became even more enticing.

Chapter 8: 008, Master Jiu: The person who secretly loves your family's Mister Li Wu

Having lost track of Li Mochan, Wei Bei and another person hurried to the living room upon hearing some noise, just in time to catch this statement.

The corners of their lips twitched slightly in the chaotic wind.

Who exactly was so presumptuous?

"Yo, there are two new friends here," Ye Jiuliang commented, catching a glimpse of Wei Bei and his companion out of the corner of her eye, gesturing with a wave of her cold jade-like hand.

"???"

Friends, who were her friends?

Wei Bei looked down at the pack of wolves lying on the floor and exchanged a glance with Wei Nan, his expression turning serious.

"It's getting late, so we won't disturb your rest," Ye Jiuliang stood up, lifting her hand to touch the brim of her hat.

Wei Dong's face was cold as he flicked two fingers, and numerous guards dispersed in all directions, blocking all the doors and windows.

"Heh."

Ye Jiuliang's slender eyes narrowed, and a mischievous smile formed on her lips, "Tsk, being this violent on our first meeting, I really feel a bit reluctant to make a move."

"..."

Reluctant to make a move, what about the wolves lying on the ground?

Wei Bei stared intently at the "youth's" masked face and asked coldly, "Who exactly are you?"

The smile on Ye Jiuliang's lips grew more playful, "Someone who secretly admires your family's Li Wei, the fifth master."

Everyone in Organization K knew that Master Jiu's mouth was full of lies.

If you believed it, you'd already lost.

Wei Bei choked, his facial muscles twitching.

This "youth" must have a problem in his head.

"Is that so?"

The man's magnetic voice was chilling and startling.

Upon hearing this voice, Wei Bei's face went from cloudy to clear, and his gaze towards Ye Jiuliang filled with a hint of triumph.

Wait to be taken care of.

This mouth was really too deserving.

Ye Jiuliang followed the sound, and at the turn of the staircase, a tall figure slowly emerged from the darkness.

A bespoke, expensive black suit accentuated the man's tall and straight figure, and the light falling on his delicate features outlined his sharp contours, which were covered in a frosty demeanor.

As he approached, a dominant and chilling aura hit them head-on.

The identity of the newcomer was virtually announced.

The man in charge of the Dark Hall—Li Mochan.

Ye Jiuliang's brows tensed, and the impudent curve on her lips gradually faded away.

He had arrived unnoticed, and she hadn't been aware of it at all.

Without realizing it, she stood up straight, raised her head, and inadvertently met a pair of eyes as dark and deep as cold ponds.

Eyes locked.

Time seemed to stand still, and all was silent as the grave.

An elegant rogue facing down a strong and haughty air, inexplicably, the atmosphere between the two was evenly matched.

Ye Jiuliang surreptitiously sized up Li Mochan. This was, after all, the first time she had seen Li Mochan's face clearly.

Prior to this, she had only seen a blurry profile in a photo.

She had to admit, that countenance was indeed perfect.

Even Aqian was slightly less handsome than he.

"Have you seen enough?" the man's icy voice sounded again.

Ye Jiuliang smirked, arms crossed over her chest, "With such beauty, how could I ever see enough of you, Master Li? I've long admired you, and now that I've finally met you, I definitely need to take a few more looks."

Her brazen tone was the very essence of a thug brought to life.

The faces of Wei Bei and his companions turned slightly bizarre, their eyes filled with horror as they looked at the masked "youth" not far away.

To use the word "beautiful" to describe their master, what boldness, what utter gall.

Li Mochan's eyes, like deep, cold pools, flashed with a trace of chilliness. In a flash, the others only managed to catch a glimpse of a fleeting shadow.

The well-defined large hand struck towards her porcelain-white neck; Ye Jiuliang's eyes turned cold as she adeptly dodged with an agile posture.

She spun around, throwing a side kick with her opposite leg.

Crunchy, clean.

Li Mochan sneered, advancing rather than retreating, he lifted his knee, kicking out.

In an instant, their long legs collided in the air.

Ye Jiuliang took a step back, feeling a tingling sensation in her calf through her trousers, due to the bone contact.

Her brows furrowed slightly as a spark of fighting spirit ignited in her limpid eyes, alluring yet unwittingly so, "Quite interesting, huh?"

Though she spoke playfully, her fists were anything but.

Li Molí said nothing; Wei Dong and others dared not intervene rashly, while Wei Bei, watching the fight from the side, kept his gaze fixed on Ye Jiuliang.

Such clean and efficient movements, not outdone by any professional assassin; enduring so long against his master was indeed rare.

Li Mochan snorted coldly, avoiding a fierce punch and sidestepping to her rear, his five fingers forming a claw to seize both of Ye Jiuliang's hands and twisted them behind her back.

"Is it still interesting?"

His icy voice echoed as if from a cold cave, to which Ye Jiuliang cast a sideways glance at him, her smile defiant, "Of course."

As she spoke, she launched a backward kick with her leg.

The target below her abdomen left Wei Bei and his companions speechless.

Indeed...

Shameless, scoundrel.

Li Mochan's eyes darkened as he blocked her slender leg with his knee, "Nonsense."

Before the words had even finished, he moved towards her, gripping her shoulders and closing the distance.

Her slender back collided with the wall; Ye Jiuliang's eyes narrowed slightly, still speaking in that same frivolous tone.

"Li Fifth Master, would this be considered a 'wall-pin'?" She deliberately stressed the last two words, the tone playful and rising at the end.

Her light and casual voice carried, ensuring that Wei Bei and the others heard every word.

A chill rushed up from the soles of their feet to their hearts; they quickly bowed their heads, holding their breath, pretending they heard nothing.

Li Mochan's gaze was lowered, meeting the "youth's" pale eyes that contained vast starry skies, shining brightly.

At this close distance, they could clearly hear each other's heartbeats.

"Three seconds for you to let go," commanded Ye Jiuliang, leaning against the wall, the cold in her voice articulated clearly with every word.

Even now, in an inferior position, she retained her brazen demeanor as if nothing had changed.

Li Mochan remained silent, his fingers reaching for the mask on her face.

"It seems reasoning is pointless," remarked Ye Jiuliang as she flicked her wrist, a silver needle shooting out from the watch on her wrist.

The hair-thin needle gleamed coldly; Li Mochan's eyes darkened as he stepped aside, his grip on Ye Jiuliang's hand slackening a bit.

Taking advantage of the moment he dodged the needle, Ye Jiuliang kicked toward his reaching hand, executed a mid-air flip, and landed steadily.

The silver needle missed its mark, embedding itself in the wall, quivering slightly.

Wei Bei and the others, upon seeing the needle stuck in the wall, looked back at Ye Jiuliang with a changed expression.

This "youth" was a tough nut to crack.

Out of the corner of her eye, Ye Jiuliang saw Wei Dong and others covertly signaling. Her lips curved into a meaningful smile, "Coming for a visit so late at night, I wouldn't feel right coming empty-handed either."

With these words, her pale hand reached into her pocket, pinching a few green pills between her fingers, she gently crushed them, their powdered form dissipating into the air.

"Hold your breath," Wei Nan's pupils contracted, covering his nose, he yelled out urgently.

"It's too late."

Filling the air with his voice, Wen Liang watched as the guards blocking the doors and windows fell, one after another.

Even Wei Bei and his two companions felt their legs give way, devoid of strength.

Seeing this, Li Mochan's eyes sharpened, his figure ghostly as he lunged towards Ye Jiuliang, who calmly avoided him, a cold light flickering at her fingertips.

"Li Fifth Master, good night," she said.

With a flick of her fingers, the chill-emitting silver needles shot forth like arrows loosed from a bow.

Li Mochan lightly tapped with his toes, spinning to dodge the barrage of needles; when he looked back, the "youth" had vanished from the doorway.

Chapter 9: 009, which one of you two has a higher chance of winning?

Li Mochan furrowed his brows, a frostiness growing in his eyes.

He strode forward with long steps and stopped at the corner of the wall, bending over to pick up the hat the "young man" had left behind.

On inspection, the black hat was utterly plain.

"Damn it, truly despicable for using poison," Wei Bei's voice, grinding of teeth with anger, sounded from behind.

"If you can't beat the master, then you resort to such underhanded tactics."

No wonder he was so confident; he had an ace up his sleeve after all.

Wei Nan brought over his medical kit, hurriedly searched for a bottle, and handed out a pill to each person, saying with a steady voice, "The drug used by that person is non-toxic, it only causes temporary complete weakness."

After speaking, he took a pill and walked over to Li Mochan.

"Wei Dong, how did you encounter that masked youth?" Wei Bei, supporting himself on the sofa, turned his head to look at Wei Dong.

Wei Dong took the pill and swallowed, the feeling of weakness slightly abating, "I parked the car and entered the courtyard, just in time to bump into him,"

He almost managed to escape at the doorway, if not for the pack of wolfhounds from Mo Garden delaying him for some time.

Wei Bei, "Did you exchange blows with him?"

Wei Dong nodded, his expression grave.

"Which of you two had the higher odds of winning?"

"Him."

The overwhelming aura of the youth was not something ordinary people could possess.

Especially that fierce and vicious fighting style.

Even he might not necessarily be able to win.

Hearing that, Wei Bei's face darkened even more.

This masked youth truly was the first person to escape from their master's hands.

What exactly was his purpose for coming to Mo Garden?

In the still of the night, the bathroom door was lit.

On the washstand, a pile of black clothes was carelessly stacked, and under the light, the black mask gleamed with a metallic luster.

She pulled back the shower curtain, Ye Jiuliang changed into a loose pajama.

She raised her hand to her ear, gently peeling off the thin layer of the prosthetic mask, took a black bag from beside her, and stuffed clothes and the mask into it.

She stepped out, tossed the bag into the wardrobe and then closed the door.

Ye Jiuliang walked back to her bed, lay down, and closed her eyes, an excessively delicate face unconsciously taking shape in her mind.

And those deep eyes, bottomless, revealing no hint of his emotions, sinisterly beautiful and dangerous.

She turned over, a faint curve appearing on the corner of her lips.

Seeing that frosty face express anger would probably be rather interesting.

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Apart from Ye Jiuliang, Ye Miao was the only one in the Ye Family still attending school.

Even though he was a bit of a dandy, under Ye Yu's guidance, he never dared to neglect his studies.

"Amiao, are you up?"

Ye Yu knocked twice and asked softly.

"Come in."

Ye Miao's voice came from inside, and Ye Yu pushed the door and entered.

She looked up to see that Ye Miao had already changed into his school uniform.

The white shirt made him look tall and upright, a hint of satisfaction flashed through her eyes.

So what if she was divorced? She still raised her son to have accomplishments.

"Mom, did you want to see me for something?" Ye Miao turned around and saw his mother staring at him, puzzled.

Ye Yu closed the door and walked over to him.

"Amiao, Ye Jiuliang is also starting school today. Remember, do not provoke or pick a fight with her. Your grandfather has always felt a bit of pity and guilt toward Ye Jiuliang because of your uncle's death. If you get into a dispute with her, your grandfather will only side with her." She took his wrist and advised carefully.

"There are other reasons I can't clearly explain to you right now. Just remember, even if you can't get along with Ye Jiuliang peacefully, don't get involved in her affairs. As for the reason, you'll find out later."

The more Ye Miao listened, the more confused he became. Before he could ask why, Ye Yu hastily ended the conversation, "Alright, it's getting late. You should hurry up and have breakfast, then head to school."

She patted his hand and then turned to leave the room.

Watching her retreating figure vanish at the door, Ye Miao frowned.

What could possibly make his mother so wary of that jinx Ye Jiuliang?

The bright dining room felt somewhat deserted.

Apart from the Ye patriarch and Ye Miao, the others had gone out early.

"Aren, is Jiuliang not up yet?" The Ye patriarch asked with his glasses perched on his nose, glancing up from the newspaper.

"I've sent the servants to call her..." Aren had just started to speak when he raised his head and saw someone approaching, halting mid-sentence.

"Grandfather."

Ye Jiuliang called out indifferently and pulled out a chair to sit down.

The Ye patriarch closed his newspaper and looked up at her. Catching sight of her clothes, his brows furrowed.

"Why haven't you put on your uniform?"

Ye Jiuliang's gaze swept towards Ye Miao sitting diagonally across, her expression momentarily cautious, "I think this uniform suits me better."

She'd rather not wear the girls' uniform set.

Having spent so many years abroad, she was used to wearing the same uniform as the boys.

Aren unconsciously looked towards the Ye patriarch, who nodded slightly, his hoarse voice conceding, "Let her be."

Aren, "Yes."

The uniform issue resolved, and since it was Ye Jiuliang's first day of school, the Ye patriarch, not feeling reassured, still had Aren accompany her there.

Ye Miao, however, drove himself. As he passed by Ye Jiuliang, he lowered the car window and gave a cold, ambiguous snort in her direction.

Unfortunately, the person in question was busy choosing the flavor of her lollipop and completely ignored his presence.

Ye Jiuliang, you'll get yours sooner or later.

Suppressing his displeasure, Ye Miao drove away.

Beisen Academy, the place all students in China dream of entering.

However, Beisen Academy's school rules were famously strict, largely because the school's most influential board member was Li Family's Fifth Master—Li Mochan.

Those in the social elites knew that although Li Mochan was the most beloved son of the Li patriarch, he was the one with the least actual control over the family's powers.

Besides being a director of Beisen Academy, Li Mochan didn't take a single share in the family's other businesses.

It wasn't that the Li patriarch didn't want to give him anything; it was Li Mochan himself who didn't want any. The reason behind his refusal was somewhat understood by those who were somewhat acquainted with the Li Family.

The Li patriarch had been married twice. With his first wife, he had four sons. However, the second son passed away not long after birth, and the fourth son tragically died a few years ago.

Li Mochan was born to the Li patriarch and his second wife. Being the child of his old age plus the fact that Li Mochan's mother died during childbirth, the Li patriarch's partiality towards this youngest son increased even more.

The background of Li Mochan's mother was also a matter of speculation among the people of the capital, with rumors that she was the darling daughter of a wealthy Chinese family abroad, but the intricacies of that matter were likely only known to members of the Li Family themselves.

In the back seat of the car, Ye Jiuliang sat alone.

She glanced at the information about Li Mochan on her phone, the corners of her eyes slightly lifting.

Quite interesting.

For someone who could establish the Dark Hall single-handedly, why worry about power and wealth? The assets of the Li Family that so many coveted was probably insignificant in Li Mochan's eyes.

Chapter 10: 010, First Arrival at Beisen Academy

"Miss Jiuliang, we've arrived."

Unknowingly, the car had entered Beisen Academy.

Gathering her wandering thoughts, Ye Jiuliang pushed open the car door and stepped out.

The light golden sunlight poured onto her face, the young girl squinted her eyes slightly, and deep within them shone fragments of cold light.

"Miss Jiuliang, this way,"

Aren walked ahead to lead the way, while Ye Jiuliang lazily followed behind, occasionally glancing at the surrounding environment.

Indifferent, as if she were visiting a tourist attraction.

At this time, everyone at Beisen Academy was in class, making the surroundings seem eerily quiet.

Principal's office

In front of a large desk, a middle-aged man dressed in a well-fitting suit, his appearance made more scholarly by the thin-framed, black glasses he wore.

He lifted his gaze to glance at Ye Jiuliang, who stood leaning against the doorway, her head down looking at her phone, her waterfall-like long hair casually draping over her shoulders, offering just a glimpse of her profile.

She stood there quietly, her demeanor of natural grace impossible to ignore.

Jin Kai shifted his gaze, looking towards Aren seated opposite him, and lowered his voice, "I roughly understand what Mr. Ye means, but... "

Halfway through, he seemed hesitant to continue.

Aren smiled, "Principal Jin, please feel free to speak your mind."

"You know as well as I do, Aren, that even though I am the principal of this school, it's Mr. Li who really holds the power. I also have to abide by his rules," Jin Kai hinted, but did not elaborate further.

Aren understood the meaning behind his words. The most important rule at Beisen Academy was that regardless of one's background or wealth, what mattered most was individual strength.

Beisen Academy had a rigorous examination system, with tests nearly every month, and also had a performance ranking board, making it impossible for anyone to coast through their days at the academy.

"Principal Jin, the old patriarch is aware of your concerns, and he will speak to Mr. Li himself; you need not worry," Aren assured.

Hearing this, Jin Kai felt somewhat relieved.

Caught between Mr. Ye and Mr. Li, he could not afford to offend either, so he preferred to let them sort it out themselves.

Aren was supposed to escort Ye Jiuliang to the classroom, but she refused, along with the card that Mr. Ye had given her.

"Miss Jiuliang, don't be stubborn with me. Take the card; otherwise, the old man will blame me," Aren said helplessly as he looked at the card in his hand.

Ye Jiuliang lifted her eyes to look at him with his troubled expression, reached out, snatched the card from his hand, and casually stuffed it into her pocket.

"Is this good enough?"

Aren breathed a sigh of relief but couldn't help adding a few more words when he touched upon the chill in Ye Jiuliang's gaze, "Miss Jiuliang, the old patriarch has always been concerned about you during your years abroad. He's truly happy that you've returned."

"Heh,"

A note of scorn surfaced in Ye Jiuliang's eyes as she replied in a cold tone, "Aren, you should be clearer than Uncle Ren ever was."

Uncle Ren was Aren's father, who had been a powerful aide to Mr. Ye in conquering the business world. After Uncle Ren's death, Aren took over his father's position as the Ye Family's butler.

Perhaps in everyone's eyes, the old patriarch had always favored and indulged her, but she knew all too well that from the beginning, this favoritism and indulgence was never simple or pure.

And Ye Jiuliang never needed this kind of affection, filled with calculations.

Taken aback by her sudden statement, Aren paused, lifted his head, and met the girl's icy stare, finding himself at a loss for breath.

Before he could gather his thoughts, the young girl had turned and walked away.

His thoughts were still entangled with her meaningful words as her figure vanished from his sight.

He was not as perceptive as his father.

Could there be something else hidden beneath this?

...

Ye Jiuliang had studied finance abroad, so Mr. Ye had arranged the same major for her here as well.

As she approached the classroom door, Ye Jiuliang could hear the teacher's chanting-like lecture inside, which suddenly gave her the urge to skip class.

After a moment of thought, she decided to be well-behaved on the first day of school.

She took a step forward and knocked on the door.

"Knock, knock, knock."

"Come in."

A composed voice came from inside.

The door was ajar, and it opened with a push.

Instantly, a multitude of gazes converged on the newcomer.

After a brief silence, the classroom filled with a collective gasp.

"Hiss—"

Among the many onlooking eyes, the boys were more awestruck while the girls showed jealousy and envy.

Against the light, the girl's cool eyes slightly lifted, her lips as red as blood, and her red and black casual outfit made her appear even more distant and languid.

Ye Miao looked at the person standing at the door, his fingertips suddenly tightening as if he were about to snap the pen in his hand.

His face darkened, irritation flashing in his eyes.

Damn it.

How could Ye Jiuliang be in the same class as him?

With her lousy grades that couldn't hold up a wall, what right did she have to be in this class?

"Ye student, right?" the lecturing teacher asked with a warm smile.

Xu Li, the teacher of finance and the class head teacher, was just as restrained and steady as his voice, giving a feeling of introspection and stability.

He had received a message from Principal Jin saying there would be a new student joining their class today, and by just hearing the name, he almost thought it was a boy.

Ye Jiuliang nodded, her gaze sweeping past Ye Miao sitting in the front row, her expression indifferent.

"Ye student, please come in," Xu Li waved Ye Jiuliang over, then turned to look at the students sitting down, "Today, our class will be joined by a new student. Ye student has just arrived, and I hope everyone will help her out."

After finishing his words, he looked at Ye Jiuliang, who walked up to his side, "Ye student, please introduce yourself to everyone."

Ye Jiuliang parted her red lips lightly, "Ye Jiuliang."

Three simple words, both blunt and cold.

The classroom was eerily quiet.

Everyone gazed at the girl standing up front, their eyes wide with astonishment.

Such an aloof person!

The atmosphere carried tinges of awkwardness, so Xu Li pretended to cough twice, "Ye student, you can take that seat for now."

Ye Jiuliang followed the direction of his pointing, the spot by the window at the back of the classroom suited her just fine.

"Thank you."

The cool tone of her voice made Xu Li's heart tremble.

God knows how strong the new girl's presence was; standing next to her felt like someone was gripping his throat.

In just a few short minutes, his back was already sweating.

As Ye Jiuliang walked down, people's gazes followed her curiously.

They knew well that their class was the crème de la crème of the finance department, and aside from those who got in through their scores, there had never been any transfer students.

Ye Jiuliang was the first.

Seeing everyone in class paying attention to Ye Jiuliang, Ye Miao's face was filled with displeasure.

"Alright, everyone, focus on the lecture," Xu Li curled his finger, knocking on the desk before picking up the teaching material to continue the lesson.

Because of Ye Jiuliang's sudden arrival, everyone in the class was somewhat distracted, occasionally glancing in her direction.

Ye Jiuliang, on the other hand, seemed completely indifferent to their scrutiny, propping her head with one hand and with narrowed eyes, gazing out the window, blatantly daydreaming.

Eventually, she even laid her head on the desk and fell asleep.

Xu Li had seen it but said nothing; after all, his job was only to teach. If exam results were satisfactory, one could stay, but those who failed to meet the standards would be expelled according to the rules.

It was quite convenient, and at least he didn't have to worry about offending any power brokers.