

King Hall 61

Chapter 61: Why don't you be my girlfriend?

Mu Jinyu paused in his steps and turned back with a smile, "Yes, although I helped you resolve the trouble and paid off the gambling debt, and they will never harass you again, your old customers don't know that."

Mu Jinyu directly shared his thoughts, "It will take some time for them to realize that those people won't harass you anymore. I'm afraid you might not be able to hang on, so I called them over to make a show of strength, to let them know that the trouble with the restaurant has been settled."

With a light smile, Mu Jinyu shrugged his shoulders and said, "See, now your old customers have all come back to eat your cooking, haven't they?"

Wen Rou felt warmth in her heart, but then, recalling what Mu Jinyu had just said, her expression suddenly stiffened, and she hurriedly asked, "The gambling debt... Have you already paid it off for me?"

"Uh..." Mu Jinyu, upon hearing Wen Rou's query, realized that he had inadvertently let slip the fact that he had paid off her gambling debt.

It wasn't a big deal anyway. Even if he didn't tell her, in a while, when Wen Rou went to the teahouse to repay the money, she would discover she was no longer in debt and would understand that it must have been him who paid it off.

But by then, if she found out and couldn't find him, it wouldn't mean much. Yet now, because he had carelessly blurted it out, given Wen Rou's strong-willed nature, she probably wouldn't want to be in his debt and would think about repaying him.

Mu Jinyu always had a special feeling for a strong and independent girl like Wen Rou - pity? Admiration?! He was not sure, but it was as if he saw his own self from many years ago in her, and so he thought he should help her if he could.

Otherwise, with his stingy nature, how could he possibly pay off someone else's gambling debt and not expect to be repaid?

However, since he had inadvertently mentioned it, it didn't matter anymore, he had a way to handle it.

Mu Jinyu gave Wen Rou a faint smile and said, "Yeah, I took the liberty of paying it for you first. Remember to pay me back when you have the money."

"Yes, I definitely will," Wen Rou said, her face a mix of emotions as she nodded heavily.

"Then I'll be leaving now." Having said that, Mu Jinyu turned to leave.

But Wen Rou felt something was amiss and quickly ran over to stop Mu Jinyu, staring at him with a pair of clear and clean eyes, she asked, "You're not leaving your address or contact information; how am I supposed to repay you when I have the money?"

Upon hearing this, Mu Jinyu's expression stiffened slightly, realizing that Wen Rou was quite quick-witted. If it were an ordinary person, they would have been deeply moved by now and by the time they came to their senses, he would have already left.

"Address?" Mu Jinyu frowned and made a sour face, "I just came in from a small place, I have no address. I don't even know where I'm going to stay, and I don't have any contact information either. I'm so poor, I can't afford a mobile phone, how about this? In a month, I'll come to your restaurant and collect the money from you?"

"What do you think?" Wen Rou replied drily, her eyes doubtful, not prepared to let him go.

"Uh, then what do you suggest?" Mu Jinyu asked weakly.

After speaking, he felt something was off again. It was he who had paid off Wen Rou's gambling debt. Logically, she should owe him a favor, so why did he find himself in a weak and guilty position?

This wasn't right. It was just ten thousand yuan; if she wanted to repay it, she could, why was he even thinking about looking out for her a little?

Just as he was considering giving in and providing Wen Rou with an address to repay him whenever she had a bit more cash on hand, what she said next caught the words in his throat.

"Did you just say you haven't found a place to stay?" After posing the question, Wen Rou's face turned slightly red as she spoke softly, "Then, for the time being, you can stay at my place. That way, when I have the money, it'll be easier to repay you directly."

"Huh?"

Mu Jinyu's eyes suddenly widened.

To continue living with Wen Rou in a small room? With the possibility of repeating last night's scene at any moment, the thought...

For a young man like him, full of vigor, it was indeed quite exciting.

However, this doesn't seem quite right, does it?

Even though I already have a place to live, to still crowd in with someone else... that's taking advantage of their vulnerability, isn't it?

No, no!

Mu Jinyu shook her head slightly, casting aside those inappropriate thoughts, and raised both hands saying, "Alright, you've defeated me, I'll lay my cards on the table, actually, I do have a place to live..."

Wen Rou's eyes widened in shock, "You have a place to live?! Then last night..."

Her expression turned somewhat displeased.

She thought, could it be... he had approached her on purpose last night?

But that didn't quite seem right either; after all, when she was nearly frozen stiff, he didn't act inappropriately towards her, did he?!

Seeing Wen Rou's misunderstanding, Mu Jinyu hurriedly explained, "I wasn't lying to you last night, I really had nowhere to stay, the place I have now, I just won it?"

"You won it?" Wen Rou caught the crucial information and her expression immediately turned very ugly.

Mu Jinyu knew what the reason was; her family had almost been destroyed by gambling, how could she have any good feelings towards gambling?

Feeling like she was making matters worse, Mu Jinyu quickly explained, "I didn't really want to gamble, nor do I have a gambling addiction, but going to their casino and just beating people up and smashing the place didn't seem right, so I thought I'd try the soft approach before the hard, first by cleaning out their casino through gambling, then finding their boss, to make them stop troubling you..."

After hearing Mu Jinyu's explanation, Wen Rou's expression finally softened, and she said softly, "So that's why those people treated you with so much respect just now? You turned one hundred yuan into 1.1 billion?!"

After speaking, Wen Rou still found it hard to believe.

Mu Jinyu then pulled out the key and property deed to show her, the date on the deed was today, ample proof that Mu Jinyu hadn't lied to her.

After seeing it, Wen Rou urged Mu Jinyu to put them away quickly, looking at him with a somewhat peculiar gaze, feeling both admiration for his prowess and worry, and then hesitated before whispering, "From now on... could you not gamble anymore?"

"Mm." Mu Jinyu nodded without hesitation, agreeing.

It wasn't just because of Wen Rou, but also because he never really had a gambling addiction and he knew the principle that gambling always leads to losses, so even though he loved money, he had no intention of taking that shortcut.

Seeing Mu Jinyu agree so readily, and his eyes were clear and honest, not like he was trying to brush her off, Wen Rou's face finally broke into a gentle and serene smile again.

"Now you can rest assured, right? If you want to pay me back in the future, just come find me at these places." After saying this, Mu Jinyu really prepared to leave.

Wen Rou called out again, "Wait a minute."

"What now?" Mu Jinyu turned back, looking at her helplessly.

Wen Rou then picked up the gifts that the gang had brought as an apology from the counter, trotted over, and said, "These gifts are only here because of you, so they should be considered yours, take them with you."

Mu Jinyu was stunned, then said speechlessly, "These are all skirts, high heels, necklaces, bracelets, and the like, what would I do with them? Are you suggesting I cross-dress?"

"No..." Wen Rou's face flushed with embarrassment at Mu Jinyu's words, quickly shaking her head and saying, "I'm not suggesting you cross-dress, you can give these things to your girlfriend in the future."

"Who knows whether my girlfriend has even been born yet..." Mu Jinyu retorted somewhat speechlessly, then seeing Wen Rou's flushed cheeks as tempting as apples, he felt an impulse to take a bite, and blurted out, "How about you be my girlfriend? I'll give these to you."

Chapter 62 - Going to See the House

"Huh?!"

When Mu Jinyu said that, Wen Rou was initially stunned. Then, after understanding his meaning, her cheeks, which were already as red as apples, turned even redder.

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Wen Rou reacted, her little heart thumping wildly as if a little deer were crashing around her chest. She gave Mu Jinyu a white look, chiding him with a blush on her face.

Mu Jinyu realized he had gone too far, let out a chuckle, and said with a smile, "It was just a joke, don't take it so seriously. After all, these things were meant as an apology to you. How would it look if I took them? Besides, I don't have a girlfriend, so taking them would be useless."

Wen Rou hung her head low and mumbled, "But if I accept them, that would mean... that would mean..."

She stumbled over her words, feeling too shy and embarrassed to continue.

Mu Jinyu, however, understood what she meant. She wanted to say that after all he had said, if she accepted them, wouldn't it mean she was his girlfriend? So she couldn't accept them.

If that group of thugs knew that this was Wen Rou's attitude towards Mu Jinyu, they would probably vomit blood.

After all, those things were gifts from them!

When we gave them to you, you accepted them readily, but when it came to returning them to Mu Jinyu, and Mu Jinyu offered them back to you, you became hesitant, feeling like accepting them would make you his girlfriend.

That was just ridiculous.

That was utterly inhumane!

Mu Jinyu waved his hand and said, "I told you, it was just a joke, why are you taking it so seriously? Are you really that afraid I'm going to eat you up?"

He paused. Seeing Wen Rou still wanted to refuse, Mu Jinyu added, "If you really want me to take them away, I'll probably find them too heavy and useless soon after, and just throw them away, or maybe give them to some random woman."

"No, you can't just throw them away!" Wen Rou heard Mu Jinyu say this and looked up in alarm, shaking her head quickly to dissuade him.

"There you have it, just accept them honestly." Mu Jinyu said, adding another line, "Even if you accept them, it won't make you my girlfriend, don't worry."

Wen Rou's face turned a bit red again, wanting to refuse, but then she thought about the possibility of Mu Jinyu really giving those things to another woman...

She felt even less able to accept that.

'Better than someone else,' she hypnotized herself, then looking down at the tips of her shoes, she stammered, "Then... thanks."

"No need to be polite." Mu Jinyu said with a smile.

In his heart, he added, 'It's not like I'm the one paying.'

Seeing that Wen Rou finally stopped hesitating, Mu Jinyu thought he could finally leave. He intended to check on his few apartments, and so he said, "All right. I'm off. You carry on with your work. When you have more free time later on, you can look for me at those addresses."

"Wait a moment." Wen Rou called out to him again.

"What now?" Mu Jinyu turned back, looking at her with a resigned expression.

If it were an ordinary woman, he would have stopped bothering a long time ago. Even if she were a bit ugly, he might even have cursed, 'Why do you have so many nonsense things to say?'

But who told Wen Rou to be pretty and gentle?

Beautiful women, even when they do something wrong, always get more leniency.

Just as a handsome man like Mu Jinyu is always more likely to receive the favor of many beautiful women.

Wen Rou said, "If you're moving into a new house, you'll always need someone to help you tidy up, right? I'll accompany you over there and help you sort things out."

"This..." Mu Jinyu hesitated, saying, "Are you not doing business anymore?"

With a tranquil smile, Wen Rou explained, "I thought today would be another slow day, so I didn't even purchase much food. You saw what happened earlier with the aunties and uncles, didn't you? There were many dishes I couldn't serve you, so there's nothing for me to do here now. It's the perfect time to go with you and help you clean up a bit, consider it a start on repaying the favor."

After thinking it over, Mu Jinyu finally nodded under Wen Rou's expectant gaze, saying, "Alright, but just to be clear, I'm not paying you for this."

Wen Rou couldn't help but laugh and cry, "Of course you don't need to pay me. After all the help you've given me, do you think I'd really haggle over this with you? Besides, you just treated me to lunch."

Mu Jinyu waved off the comment, "You barely ate anything."

"What about breakfast then? Isn't it you who treated me?"

"That was for the lodging fee," Mu Jinyu said firmly, with an underlying implication, "I don't let anyone take advantage of me, nor do I take advantage of others lightly."

Wen Rou looked at Mu Jinyu and always felt that his words were not aligned with his thoughts. Behind what he said seemed to be a story, but after her lips quivered for a moment, she decided not to say more.

The two quickly shut down the small diner and then left the alley.

Mu Jinyu hailed a taxi and took Wen Rou to the King of the Building at Seaview Garden.

The reason for going there first was partly to show off, and also because he himself was very much looking forward to the billion-dollar mansion.

He wanted to see for himself what a mansion worth a billion looked like, to broaden his horizons.

Soon, they arrived at Seaview Garden.

Mu Jinyu paid the taxi fare and, with Wen Rou in tow, walked toward the villa complex only to be stopped by the security at the gate asking for their entry permits.

Not knowing what an entry permit was, Mu Jinyu then took out the King of the Building's key and the property deed to show them, asking if that would suffice?

Of course, it wasn't likely that he would immediately pull out the property deed and keys for Seaview Garden, so he kept digging, digging...

Seeing this, the security guards couldn't help but twitch their mouths at the sight of those bright red booklets, and when Mu Jinyu found the property deed for Seaview Garden, they quickly nodded and respectfully said, "That will do, please go on in..."

Mu Jinyu took back the property deed and walked inside with the amused Wen Rou.

Behind them, the security guards were discussing:

"Wasn't that property deed he showed just now for... Seaview No.1? King of the Building?!"

"Seems like it, right? But isn't the King of the Building Director Wang's place from Xueyin Group? How did it end up with this young man? Could the property deed be fake?"

"It shouldn't be..."

After a few words, they started to doubt whether Mu Jinyu's property deed was real or fake.

Then one of them suddenly said, "I remember the manager mentioned just now that Director Wang's King of the Building has been transferred to someone else and told us to be more vigilant in the future to avoid making a mistake, or we'll be in big trouble."

"So..." the head security guard hesitated, "Was that guy just now Director Wang's friend, or someone trying to slip through unnoticed?"

Another security guard said, "Who knows? It's also possible that he purposely created several fake property deeds to fool us, just wanting to get in for a look."

The head security guard pondered for a moment and said, "No, we can't afford any mistakes. You guys stay here; I'll take a few people to check. If he's just muddying the waters, we need to drive them out immediately."

Chapter 63: Villagers and the Poor

Mu Jinyu walked into Seaview Garden with Wen Rou. Though their experiences from childhood differed, they both looked around the luxurious villa district like country bumpkins, glancing left and right.

"Such a big house, and so beautiful..." Wen Rou exclaimed in admiration.

Mu Jinyu glanced at her, hesitated for a moment, and offered, "Do you want to live here? I can lend you my house to stay in, and I won't charge you any rent."

"No need, no need." Wen Rou was startled by his words and quickly waved her hands and shook her head to refuse, "Even if you don't charge me rent, I can't afford it, and I'm afraid that once I get used to living here, I'll become... Better not, really."

Mu Jinyu said indifferently, "It's up to you. I'm not planning to live over here myself, just came to have a look since the house is too big and quite a hassle to clean up."

"Pfft!"

As the two chatted and looked around, their conversation, akin to that of country bumpkins boasting like nouveau riche, caused a passing couple to let out a derisive laugh:

"These two bumpkins are quite amusing."

Mu Jinyu heard their mockery but couldn't be bothered with them. Wen Rou, however, couldn't help but turn back and glare at them angrily.

Staring at their backs, she thought to say something, but Mu Jinyu patted the back of her hand and advised, "Let it be, don't stoop to the level of the poor bastards."

Mu Jinyu didn't really want to engage with them, but he also didn't care about their opinions, speaking his mind directly.

The truth, of course, was not pleasant to hear. The couple felt that Mu Jinyu was insulting them and immediately turned around, rebuking, "You country hick, who are you calling a poor bastard?!"

"You guys," Mu Jinyu shrugged, responding nonchalantly.

The man was about to retort, but when he saw Wen Rou's face, he paused, blurting out in surprise, "Wen Rou?!"

At this moment, Wen Rou also recognized the man. With a faint smile, she said, "Chen Zhiwei, what a coincidence."

Realizing he had encountered an old classmate and his crush, Chen Zhiwei's eyes lit up with both shock and delight, no longer caring about Mu Jinyu calling him a poor bastard moments ago.

His heart bloomed and he beamed with joy, saying, "Such a coincidence indeed. I heard from classmates that you didn't go to university after high school and started working. I've been thinking that you might be facing some difficulties and wanted to help you out. With your grades, it's a shame not to pursue further education. Unfortunately, I couldn't find you and neither did our classmates have your contact information, so it just ended there. How have you been lately? If you're facing any troubles, feel free to talk to me. Although I'm not doing exceptionally well myself, I can still help with some minor issues."

Chen Zhiwei spoke rapidly and eagerly, clearly excited and joyful about the unexpected meeting with his high school idol.

After all, Wen Rou was not only beautiful but also had a pleasant personality. Despite coming from a financially strained background, he thought that only made things better. If he could win her over, she would be easier to control.

That way, he could keep a steady home while fluttering colorful banners on the outside.

Unfortunately, Wen Rou was too proud back then. Even though she didn't have much money, she still refused help from others, leading him to face repeated rebuffs and ultimately, not to hold her in high regard.

But now, Wen Rou had been out in society for many years and surely understood the value of money. It seemed that winning her over should be much easier.

Only...

Chen Zhiwei looked towards Mu Jinyu standing next to Wen Rou.

It was unclear what the relationship between the two was.

Hey, who cares!

Even if he really was Wen Rou's boyfriend, he was just a country bumpkin. She could knock him out with money alone, so why fear him?

Wen Rou had no idea of the various thoughts churning in Chen Zhiwei's mind, but she had never had any fondness for this classmate of hers, not since high school, and especially not after he had just insulted them by calling them country bumpkins.

She had wanted to say something back to the person who had called her a country bumpkin, but upon seeing it was Chen Zhiwei, she couldn't be bothered to say more, "I'm doing alright, I don't have any difficulties in life..."

"What's going on, are you guys having a class reunion or something? Big Bro Wei, don't forget what we came here for."

Before Wen Rou could finish, the woman with Chen Zhiwei interrupted with an unpleasant expression.

The woman was dolled up with garish makeup and quite pretty. Her name was Liu Qingyue, and knowing that Chen Zhiwei's family was well-off, she was currently in hot pursuit of him. Initially, she thought she had the advantage since it's said that women chasing men is like a layer of gauze, but seeing Wen Rou appear and Chen Zhiwei so excited and agitated, she couldn't help but feel anxious.

She interrupted their reminiscing under the pretext of work.

When Chen Zhiwei heard Liu Qingyue's words, he was also reminded of why he was here and his expression became somewhat awkward.

He and Liu Qingyue were here not because they had a house in the vicinity. The mansions around here cost at least a hundred million each, and even if his family had mines, they couldn't afford one.

They were here for work, to contact a client for a collaboration. But the client was a big shot who simply ignored them, and since they needed a favor, they were left to loiter by the door, hoping to catch the client's attention as soon as they came out and show their sincerity.

Now, with Liu Qingyue's interruption, Chen Zhiwei felt that he wasn't doing too well after all, which was somewhat embarrassing.

Wen Rou noticed his awkwardness but didn't make much of it, saying indifferently, "Let's get together some other time. I'm going to check out a house with my friend now."

With that, she turned to signal Mu Jinyu that they could leave.

Chen Zhiwei was taken aback, while Liu Qingyue sneered, "Look at the country bumpkin, putting on airs."

Being ridiculed over and over again would make even the most patient person angry, let alone Mu Jinyu, who already had a short fuse. He immediately turned around and said, "Heh, giving you face? A broke ass, constantly yapping away, what gives you the courage to call me a country bumpkin?"

Seeing Mu Jinyu dare to talk back, Liu Qingyue was furious too, "Walking into Seaview Garden is like Liu Lao Lao entering the Grand View Garden, gawking non-stop. Aren't you a country bumpkin? You have the nerve to call me broke? Take a look at yourself in the mirror first!"

Chen Zhiwei frowned slightly, not because he was dissatisfied with the back and forth between Liu Qingyue and Mu Jinyu, but because he remembered the reason they nearly came to blows in the first place – it was Mu Jinyu calling them broke asses.

Some people are just like this; they start by insulting others, but when they are insulted in return, they feel like it's an act of great disrespect, it's absolutely unforgivable. They think you should just take their insults quietly.

Chen Zhiwei ignored Mu Jinyu and turned to Wen Rou, selectively overlooking what she said about going to see a house. In his view, that was just an excuse from Wen Rou, or perhaps Wen Rou had been deceived by Mu Jinyu, so there was no need to take her foolish words seriously.

There was no need to put Mu Jinyu in his place, to make him realize what he truly was.

Chen Zhiwei said, "Xiaorou, your friend really has low standards. If he's poor, just admit it, but he has to be so tough-mouthed. You should hang out with him less in the future."

Chapter 64: Slap in the Face with a Property Certificate!

Mu Jinyu, upon hearing Chen Zhiwei speak of him in such a way, suddenly became displeased and glared at him, saying, "Who started cursing first? Who really lacks quality? If I say you're a broke ass, then you're a broke ass, why look down on people with your snobby eyes!"

"You?!" Chen Zhiwei, seeing Mu Jinyu repeatedly calling him a broke ass, was also infuriated and immediately furrowed his brows and glared.

Look at who he thinks he is, then look at me, dressed in name brands, clearly sophisticated, and he dares shamelessly claim I'm a broke ass?!

Chen Zhiwei was about to retort.

Mu Jinyu cut him off, "What about you?! Calling you a broke ass and you can't accept it, right? You think just because you dress up semi-decently, you're successful?"

Chen Zhiwei's chest heaved slightly, he was so angry he was about to explode.

What kind of person is this guy, looking down on people, pretending... and he dares to attribute these words to me?

Chen Zhiwei intended to curse Mu Jinyu outright, but seeing Wen Rou next to him, he forcibly suppressed his anger, not wanting to lose his composure and determined to maintain a gentlemanly demeanor.

Taking a deep breath, Chen Zhiwei coldly said, "Even if I'm not successful, I'm surely more successful than you!"

"Haha, it seems you really can't accept it, need me to skin you, huh?!" Mu Jinyu, seeing him still defiant, sneered, then suddenly asked, "Do you know how I knew you are a broke ass?"

"You just spew bullshit!" Before Chen Zhiwei could speak, Liu Qingyue jumped in, scolding angrily.

"Hmm?!" Upon hearing this, Mu Jinyu's eyes emitted a cold glint, so fierce that Liu Qingyue involuntarily stepped back several paces.

He initially meant to slap her, but considering she was a foolish woman, Mu Jinyu decided to spare her this once.

Looking at Chen Zhiwei, who showed a bit of fear in his eyes, Mu Jinyu's lips twitched slightly, and he sneered:

"You come here with a gift, obviously to give a present, yet your eyes are self-deprecating yet envious, indicating you're not here to visit friends, but to curry favor with a leader or some big shot. Since you're envious when you see these houses, it indicates you can't afford these villas, even the ordinary ones here are a source of envy; what else could you be but a broke ass?"

Listening to Mu Jinyu's extensive analysis, Chen Zhiwei's face turned slightly pale, his gaze bewildered; how could it sound so reasonable?

Liu Qingyue also unconsciously nodded slightly, um, logical and convincing...

Ah, spit!

They were baffled for a moment then snapped back, so angry they were about to explode!

What the hell is this inferiority complex mixed with jealousy? Envy even ordinary villas, isn't that a broke ass?

Damn it, the villas here, the cheapest costs over a hundred million, how many can afford one?

Isn't it perfectly normal to feel a bit envious when they see such mansions?

How does that make them broke asses?

Chen Zhiwei, furious, glared at Mu Jinyu, no longer caring about showing any gentlemanly demeanor in front of Wen Rou, shot back, "According to you, there must hardly be any broke asses in this world. What about you then? You can't afford the houses here either, aren't you also envious and jealous? Plus, you obviously haven't seen much of the world, yet you pretend and claim you have an apartment here? You're even more laughable, both a broke ass and a country bumpkin!"

Mu Jinyu shook his head slightly, looking at Chen Zhiwei with pitying and sorrowful eyes, clicked his tongue a few times, then leisurely said, "So I say you all look down on people. I say you're broke asses, but my analysis is logical and valid. What about you guys? Just because I dress simply and like to look around at the scenery, you call me a country bumpkin? Without any logical explanation, isn't that looking down on people?"

Chen Zhiwei, enraged yet amused, said, "Ha, by saying that, are you implying that you're a dark horse, that you can afford a villa here?"

"I can't afford it," Mu Jinyu shook his head honestly.

"Ha..." Chen Zhiwei and Liu Qingyue were just about to mock him.

Mu Jinyu added, "But I might win the lottery and become rich overnight."

"..." Just as they were about to curse at Mu Jinyu, their fierce expressions froze.

They had a sinking feeling, took several more careful looks at Mu Jinyu, and seeing his confident, rural bum demeanor swearing by it, could it be...

Did this bumpkin truly step in dog poop, win the lottery and end up owning a villa here?

Chen Zhiwei's expression fluctuated as he pondered the truth behind Mu Jinyu's words.

Suddenly, Mu Jinyu pulled several bright red booklets from his pocket.

Chen Zhiwei, with his sharp eyes, recognized them as real estate certificates, his expression froze, and he felt a sinking feeling in his heart, thinking how this rural yokel had stumbled upon such good fortune—

Mu Jinyu walked up to Chen Zhiwei, holding the bright red booklets, and without any courtesy, softly slapped them against his face several times.

"How about that, are you convinced now? I am incredibly lucky. Even if I can't afford these houses, I can still live in them. You poor sod, still dare to call me a bumpkin?"

Chen Zhiwei was dumbfounded, having been slapped multiple times on the face with the red booklets by Mu Jinyu. When he came to his senses, he felt as if there was a nuclear bomb exploding in his chest.

"You?!" Chen Zhiwei, infuriated, his face flushing red, felt utterly humiliated, especially since it happened in front of Wen Rou, and being fiercely slapped in the face by Mu Jinyu made him feel extremely awkward.

Chen Zhiwei reached out to grab the booklets from Mu Jinyu's hand, but Mu Jinyu reacted quickly, stepping back to avoid his grasp.

Seeing this, Chen Zhiwei could only glare hatefully at Mu Jinyu, not daring to go too far by tearing up his real estate certificates. His eyes nearly bursting with anger, he started to reason, "Even if you own a house here, does that give you the right to humiliate me?"

Because he thought of Mu Jinyu as just a lucky yokel rather than a truly powerful and influential tycoon, Chen Zhiwei dared to retort. If it had been a billionaire here, no matter how humiliated, he wouldn't dare to make a peep.

Mu Jinyu fanned himself with the red booklets, not minding Chen Zhiwei's anger at all, and said calmly, "We had no grievances; who started by calling people yokels as soon as they opened their mouth? And kept on repeating it?"

"The principle that he who insults others will often be insulted in return, don't you understand it?!" Mu Jinyu looked at Chen Zhiwei, his smile almost mocking.

Upon hearing this, Chen Zhiwei's annoyed expression paused.

He then realized that the one who started the conflict... was indeed himself.

"Enough, let's drop it." Wen Rou, who had been silent until then, stepped forward just in time to smooth things over and apologized to Chen Zhiwei with a smile, "My friend just has this kind of personality, don't mind him. We'll be going now, let's meet again sometime."

With that, Wen Rou linked arms with Mu Jinyu and started walking towards Number One Villa.

At this moment, the security team leader along with several security guards hurried over.

Chapter 65: I don't think you even have their phone number, do you?

Chen Zhiwei's eyes were fixed intently on Wen Rou's fair and delicate arm looped through Mu Jinyu's, and the jealousy and resentment in his eyes were so thick they couldn't be dissolved.

Indeed, as much as this woman appeared innocent and self-respecting, once she stepped out of the campus and entered the great dye vat of society, she would, after all, sink into its depths!

Wen Rou, who had always been self-respecting at school, paying no attention to the wealthy and handsome men throwing money at her, had, after entering society, become someone who was easily influenced by money, willing to throw herself into the arms of rich men.

Chen Zhiwei's heart, crazed with jealousy towards Mu Jinyu, also started to harbor the most malicious thoughts towards Wen Rou accompanying Mu Jinyu.

At this moment.

The security captain, fearing that Mu Jinyu was here under false pretenses to stir trouble, was panting as he and a few of his security guards hurried over.

"Sir, sir, please wait a moment..."

The security captain, seeing Mu Jinyu about to leave, quickly called out to him.

"Hmm?!" Mu Jinyu stopped, turned back, and looked at the security guards with curiosity, asking, "What's the matter? Is there something wrong?"

The security captain finally caught up, ran in front of Mu Jinyu, bent over, gasped for breath, and then explained, "It's like this, sir, the property deed you showed is from our King of the Building, and we are not quite certain, so we wish to..."

Although his explanation was hesitant, Mu Jinyu still understood what he meant; they suspected that his property deed was fake and wanted to check it again.

"Sure, here you go, have another look," Mu Jinyu said, undisturbed by the minor inconvenience, and took out the Seaview Garden property deed to give to them.

"Thank you, sir, for cooperating with our work," the security captain said gratefully to Mu Jinyu.

Even though he suspected Mu Jinyu of shady intentions, since the matter was not yet clear, he dared not offend anyone too much.

The fact that Mu Jinyu was cooperating like this even made him quite favorable towards him, thinking that it wasn't impossible for Wang Zhengbiao to transfer the billion-valued King of the Building to him...

The likelihood was just rather low.

Afterward, the security captain took Mu Jinyu's property deed and studied it closely with a few security guards who had gathered around to inspect its authenticity.

"This property deed seems to have been issued not long ago," one security guard whispered to the captain.

The security captain nodded slightly, as he had noticed as well.

Another guard hesitated and whispered, "Captain, if I remember correctly, the manager notified us yesterday that Director Wang transferred the property to someone else. But it seems too soon for the property deed to have already been issued, doesn't it? Shouldn't there be a process?"

Upon hearing this, the security captain felt it made sense.

While it's true that Brother Biao had the means to complete a property transfer within a day, it was quite a hassle, and typically, he wouldn't bother to do so.

But was Mu Jinyu someone worth Brother Biao going through such trouble for?

He was rather doubtful.

They had no idea that Wang Zhengbiao, in order to please Mu Jinyu, had gone to great lengths to complete all the transfer procedures in just half an hour.

"Let's call the manager and ask who exactly Director Wang transferred the property to," one guard suggested.

The security captain nodded, reached into his pocket, then paused and said, "I came out in such a hurry, I forgot my phone. How about you guys?"

The two guards checked their pockets and realized they hadn't brought their phones either.

They had been reading novels with nothing else to do, and after Mu Jinyu went in, they felt something was off and, fearing trouble, rushed over here without a second thought for their phones.

The security captain touched his forehead, feeling that things were going badly, then looked apologetically at Mu Jinyu, and said sheepishly, "I'm sorry for the inconvenience, sir. Your property deed is so new we really can't determine its authenticity. We were planning to contact the manager to ask for the name of the person to whom Director Wang transferred the property, but I forgot my phone in the rush..."

"Do you need to borrow my phone?" asked Mu Jinyu.

Although he could tell that they were skeptical about the authenticity of his property deed, they had been polite throughout and were simply following procedure, so Mu Jinyu didn't feel the need to give them a hard time.

He was willing to cooperate with them.

After all, he wasn't guilty of anything, so why should he become angry just because someone doubted him?

"No," the head of security said somewhat awkwardly, "I don't have our manager's mobile number either, what I meant was, could you please..."

As the head of security spoke, he carefully sneaked a glance at Mu Jinyu, and seeing that his expression was normal, he continued, "Could you please make a call to Director Wang..."

"Oh, call Ah-Biao and have him vouch for me, right?" Mu Jinyu said with an indifferent smile.

Ah-Biao?!

The security guards shuddered upon hearing Mu Jinyu refer to Director Wang so casually, exchanging looks of alarm.

My God, to address Director Wang like that... if he really was someone connected to Brother Biao and they doubted him like this, wouldn't they be doomed?

But if he was an imposter and they let him in, wouldn't they be doomed just the same if Brother Biao found out?!

Cold sweat broke out on the forehead of the head of security. As his thoughts whirled, he finally gritted his teeth, deciding to just go for broke.

Things had come to this point, and there was no room for hesitation; besides, they were only following the rules and hadn't made things difficult for Mu Jinyu—it shouldn't lead to any trouble, right?

The head of security nodded with difficulty afterward.

Mu Jinyu also nodded and then took out his phone to call Wang Zhengbiao.

Seeing Mu Jinyu act so nonchalantly, the security guards felt anxious.

Wang Zhengbiao often came to the Seaview Garden Villa District, and with his loud and rough voice, they all had a vivid memory of him.

If Mu Jinyu truly called him, they'd recognize his voice as soon as the call connected.

But now, they didn't know whether they hoped that the voice that would come through the speaker of the phone in Mu Jinyu's hand would be Wang Zhengbiao's loud one, or whether they hoped it wouldn't be.

The security guards widened their eyes, watching Mu Jinyu make the call.

Chen Zhiwei, standing to the side, listened to their conversation and gradually caught up with what was going on.

These security guards doubted the authenticity of the numerous property deeds in Mu Jinyu's hands, especially since those deeds were newly issued. According to them, what's-his-name Director Wang, had just completed the transfer procedures for the house yesterday...

How could the paperwork be ready today? And him receiving new property deeds?!

Chen Zhiwei and Liu Qingyue exchanged glances, feeling more and more that something was amiss.

Indeed, it was possible that Mu Jinyu had won the lottery and purchased those many property deeds with his winnings, but it was more likely that he had bought fake deeds from the street and was now showing off to them!

Chen Zhiwei looked at Mu Jinyu, who was on the phone, with a sinister expression.

Let's see how it goes.

If the call doesn't go through and he can't verify it, then he can't blame them for exposing him.

"Doot doot doot..."

Having waited half a minute, with Wang Zhengbiao still not picking up the phone, Mu Jinyu wondered if he was busy. He decided to hang up for now and then said to the head of security, "Couldn't get through; I'll try again later."

"Hah!" Before the security guards could speak, Chen Zhiwei jumped out first, looking disdainfully at Mu Jinyu as he sneered, "Couldn't get through? I think you don't have Director Wang's number at all!"

Chapter 66: Sorry, I Took the Wrong Key

Chen Zhiwei acted a bit triumphant and crazy.

That was pretty normal, though.

Knowing that the supposed tycoon, who he thought he couldn't mess with and who couldn't retaliate even when slapped in the face with real estate certificates, had never actually had a stroke of luck from beginning to end... This so-called tycoon was still just a bumpkin, simply flashing cheap property deeds around...

How could he not feel triumphant?!

This meant that he could still stomp this pretentious bumpkin back into the mud, stomping hard until he could never rise again!

"You bumpkin, just a fraudster, thinking that by hoarding a few street-side property deeds, you could deceive everyone's discerning eyes?!"

Chen Zhiwei's jealousy and warped feelings towards Mu Jinyu erupted completely as he looked at Wen Rou and viciously mocked, "Wen Rou, you greedy harlot, isn't it delightful to find out you've latched onto a phony tycoon?!"

Chen Zhiwei, knowing he couldn't win over Wen Rou, had just let himself go completely, reverting to his true self with the thought that Wen Rou had already been handled by who knows how many men—just a worn out shoe, what was there for him to long for, or to play the gentleman for.

Ha, such a worn out shoe, he wouldn't want even if it were offered for free!

Chen Zhiwei thought maliciously and was about to continue speaking, freely mocking them, thinking that after being exposed, even if they were enraged, they wouldn't dare to do much.

Who would have expected...

"Slap!"

Mu Jinyu, after hearing Chen Zhiwei call Wen Rou money-grabbing trash, suddenly darkened in expression, pointed his toe on the ground, and pounced directly towards Chen Zhiwei, then fiercely slapped him across the face.

"Pfft!!!"

Chen Zhiwei was slapped by Mu Jinyu, and spun around like a top on the spot several times before spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood, which also contained several molars.

Several security guards and Liu Qingyue were startled at the sight.

Wow, really, to exaggerate that much, slapping out several teeth with one slap?

Liu Qingyue originally intended to follow Chen Zhiwei in ridiculing Mu Jinyu and Wen Rou a bit, but seeing Chen Zhiwei's plight, she forcefully swallowed back the foul words that had almost slipped out.

Mu Jinyu swept a cold gaze over Liu Qingyue and then looked askance at Chen Zhiwei, coldly stating, "Dare to speak foul again, and it won't end with just a slap!"

Chen Zhiwei, groggily listening to Mu Jinyu's warning, though he didn't hear much, could guess it wasn't anything pleasant. He shook his head trying to shake off the swirling stars before his eyes, but that shake, far from dispelling them, made his vision go black, and he couldn't steady himself anymore, and collapsed with a thud.

Liu Qingyue cautiously glanced at Mu Jinyu, worried more about Chen Zhiwei, eventually hurried over to help him up.

After slapping Chen Zhiwei, Mu Jinyu couldn't be bothered with Liu Qingyue anymore and turned to the pale-faced Wen Rou, saying, "Don't take a mad dog's words to heart."

"Yeah, I know." Having been viciously insulted by Chen Zhiwei, Wen Rou was of course upset; Mu Jinyu's attempt to comfort her didn't help much, she just nodded slightly.

Mu Jinyu sighed lightly, feeling his originally decent mood completely ruined by Chen Zhiwei, the mad dog.

Turning to the few security guards waiting beside, trying not to breathe too loudly, Mu Jinyu took out his phone, flashed Wang Zhengbiao's number at them, and said, "The call didn't go through; I'll try again later, or if you remember Ah-Biao's number, checking it will show I'm not lying to you."

"Director Wang's mobile number..." The security guards exchanged glances upon hearing this.

They were just ordinary security guards; how would they know Wang Zhengbiao's mobile number?!

They didn't know whether the Director Wang's number Mu Jinyu dialed was real or fake.

Seeing their expressions, Mu Jinyu could tell they didn't have Wang Zhengbiao's number, slightly shook his head, and said impatiently, "Never mind, you guys come with me, I'll open the door and show you, okay?"

The security team leader thought for a moment, nodded, and said, "Okay."

If Mu Jinyu couldn't open the main gate of Number One Villa, they could justifiably drive him away, or even call the police to arrest him.

And they just followed Mu Jinyu as he dangled around the entrance. If the owner was someone else, they probably wouldn't mind.

Mu Jinyu nodded, walking forward with Wen Rou, letting a few guards follow behind them toward the King of the Building in Seaview Garden.

Liu Qingyue supported Chen Zhiwei, giving him mineral water to drink and wiping his face; after a long while, he finally regained his strength.

He touched the swollen half of his face, staring bitterly at the gradually disappearing figures of Mu Jinyu and the others.

"Let's go. We'll follow them as well. Once these country bumpkins are exposed by them later, we'll call the police and have him arrested. Damn it, he dares to come here to deceive and even hit me. I'll make sure he can't walk away from this unscathed!"

Chen Zhiwei and Liu Qingyue also followed them.

This was Mu Jinyu's first visit to a luxurious residential area like Seaview Garden. Naturally, he wasn't sure of the location of the King of the Building, and he had to turn back and ask the few guards occasionally along the way.

Eventually, it turned out that the security team leader was leading the way for them.

With the security leading the way ahead, they wondered to themselves, Has he really got the house already? And he hasn't visited it yet?

This guy, is he really the new homeowner?

Although doubting, the security team leader didn't dare to neglect them before the situation became completely clear.

Soon, the security team leader, with Mu Jinyu and Wen Rou looking curiously left and right, arrived at the entrance of Number One Villa in Seaview Garden.

The security team leader also took the opportunity to introduce them, "This is the King of the Building in our Seaview Garden, surrounded by water on three sides, waterfront, with an area of 6731.37 square meters, 32 bedrooms all facing south, and also featuring 32 bathrooms along with 2000 square meters of front and rear courtyards. Courtyards, ponds, gardens, all these are built in the style of Suzhou Gardens; every building is handcrafted using traditional Mount Xiang Gang construction techniques..."

Mu Jinyu and Wen Rou stopped walking, looking at the billion-yuan garden-style mansion in front of them. The structure's pavilions and towers were arranged in an ancient style, with the courtyard lush with bamboos, creating a serene and elegant atmosphere that made one feel as if they had stepped into an ancient world.

"Not bad, not bad..." Mu Jinyu admired as he nodded his head. After praising it a few times, he took out a key, stepped forward, wanting to open the door and inspect it more closely.

The guards stood behind, their eyes filled with tense apprehension, guessing whether he could indeed open the grand door.

Lagging behind but managing to catch up, Chen Zhiwei saw Mu Jinyu trying to open the door, his eyes filled with malice and mockery, waiting to see his embarrassment.

"Click!"

"Click..."

Mu Jinyu fiddled with the key in the lock a few times but could not open it.

Seeing this, the security team leader's eyes showed disappointment and he prepared to ask Mu Jinyu to leave, to stop causing trouble.

Chen Zhiwei pushed Liu Qingyue aside, hurriedly ran up, stared at Mu Jinyu with a vindictive look, and laughingly taunted the security team leader, "See? He can't open the door at all. He's just a fraud trying to swindle here. The property deed is fake, and so is the key. Why don't you quickly call the police and arrest him!"

His words had barely finished.

"Clack!"

The door suddenly opened.

Mu Jinyu turned back to Wen Rou, apologetically saying, "Sorry, I took the wrong key..."

Chen Zhiwei's pupils abruptly contracted; his smug, rampant expression froze on his face!

Chapter 67: Turning Against Each Other

When Manager Zheng saw that Mu Jinyu had indeed opened the grand door of the King of the Building, for some reason, he felt a sigh of relief.

'Thank goodness, I didn't really offend him.'

After that, Manager Zheng turned around, looked at Chen Zhiwei who had just jumped out to mock Mu Jinyu and was getting ready to call the police. Seeing his stunned gaze and stiff face, he felt a wave of pity for him.

'He's truly a poor kid blinded by rage.'

"How is this possible, it can't be, I don't believe it..."

Chen Zhiwei stood frozen in place like a statue, his gaze stunned, staring incredulously at the keys swinging in Mu Jinyu's hand, unable to accept the reality.

Then, his eyes reddening, he shouted at Manager Zheng, "He stole the keys, yes...he stole them. He's not the owner of this house... it's impossible for him to be the owner of this house..."

Manager Zheng looked at Chen Zhiwei's frenzied performance with pity in his eyes and said nothing. He gestured with his eyes to the two security guards, who understood and stepped forward to take him away, one on each side.

They were getting ready to drag him away from the area to prevent his raving from infuriating Mu Jinyu and implicating them.

Having been indifferent to Chen Zhiwei all along, Mu Jinyu suddenly spoke up, saying nonchalantly, "This guy is carrying quite a few gifts. He probably sneaked in here to give gifts in exchange for favors or something. You guys should check his story carefully; don't let irrelevant people into the community anymore to disturb the residents."

"Yes!" Manager Zheng quickly assured, patting his chest.

Mu Jinyu didn't say anything more and turned to Wen Rou, "Let's go in and have a look."

Wen Rou responded, and the two of them walked toward the courtyard, not looking back at Chen Zhiwei at all. His comment about her being a money-chaser who was easy to get had completely killed any former classmate sentiment she might have had for him.

"No!"

"Let me go!"

"I'm a relative of Director Wang, you can't treat me like this, I..."

Chen Zhiwei, being dragged away by the two security guards, one on each side, kept struggling and let out a reluctant roar.

...

After a thorough check, Manager Zheng found out that Chen Zhiwei, who tried to look honest, had indeed sneaked in.

He had no entry permit, and no one had vouched for him to allow him entry; he was a complete outsider who had sneaked in to make connections.

Thus, after finding out the truth, Manager Zheng directly and unapologetically kicked him out of Seaview Garden.

Liu Qingyue also left in tears.

She still couldn't accept the reality. Why was Mu Jinyu, that country bumpkin, actually the owner of such an impressive villa? Why was Wen Rou, that woman, not only beautiful and captivating but also attached to a wealthy man who was a hundred times more powerful than hers?!

She was wildly jealous.

But what annoyed her more was that because of Chen Zhiwei's breakdown, they, who had originally sneaked in, were unceremoniously chased out by the security.

Now, the task their boss had given them to deliver gifts to Director Wang, what were they supposed to do?!

When it rains, it pours.

"Ring Ring!"

As Liu Qingyue was wracking her brains about how to make up for it.

Chen Zhiwei's phone began to ring.

With a stunned look, Chen Zhiwei, sitting by the roadside, heard the ringing sound of his phone and reflexively took it out of his pocket, casting a glance at the caller ID.

Manager Zheng...

Seeing the note, Chen Zhiwei shuddered and instantly snapped out of his dazed state, hastily answering the phone.

"Hello, Little Chen, how is it going? Have you gone in yet?"

A calm male voice came from the phone.

Chen Zhiwei had recovered from his frenzied state and, on hearing his leader's words, his heart started to panic, rendering him speechless.

"Hello? Hello, hello..."

Chen Zhiwei's eyes were bloodshot as he swallowed several times, then spoke with difficulty, "Hello, Manager, I am now..."

"You're inside, right?" The male voice on the phone heard Chen Zhiwei's response without contemplating the strangeness in his words and continued to instruct, "I found out that Director Wang has a meeting at one-thirty; he should be coming out. You must remember..."

Manager Zheng's instructions were lengthy, and Chen Zhiwei, in his bewildered state, barely took any of it in, but he did catch the last sentence, "Make sure you get it done, with your capability, I believe you can do it. If you do it well, there'll definitely be a bonus for you."

This trust-filled statement still reached his ears.

Valued by the leadership, just ten minutes earlier, Chen Zhiwei would have felt exhilarated, full of energy, but now these words only added to his panic, making him blurt out, "What if I mess it up?"

"Mess it up?" The male voice on the phone chuckled, saying, "If you mess it up, you're fired, and all the money you skimmed off using work will have to be coughed up back to me. Alright, enough talk, you all hurry up and get the job done."

Assuming Chen Zhiwei was joking, the other party didn't threaten with the truly daunting option of calling the police to lock him up for a few years.

But Chen Zhiwei, not being out of his mind at the moment, certainly picked up on Manager Zheng's implied meaning.

"I understand..." Chen Zhiwei swallowed several times, his voice strained as he spoke.

"Just remember, this is very important; make sure you do a nice job, leave a good impression on Director Wang..."

The call ended.

Chen Zhiwei's eyes were dull and filled with terror as his hand loosened.

"Smack!"

The phone made direct, intimate contact with the ground, the screen shattered.

"It's all over. It's all over..."

Liu Qingyue, who had been eavesdropping right beside Chen Zhiwei's ear, had already heard everything Manager Zheng said. When Chen Zhiwei smashed the phone, she didn't care at all, only feeling darkness before her eyes, endlessly murmuring.

"It's all your fault! You've ruined me!"

Suddenly, Liu Qingyue snapped back to reality, her eyes red with rage, she lunged at Chen Zhiwei, scratching wildly at his face.

"Slap!"

Chen Zhiwei snapped back, his face burning in pain, then he also did not hesitate to slap Liu Qingyue, pushing her away as he yelled, "What are you, crazy? What are you doing?"

"What am I doing? I'm killing you, that's what!"

Liu Qingyue recklessly lunged again, "If it wasn't for your loose mouth, always needling people by calling them country bumpkins, ogling other women because they're beautiful, trying to show off in front of them, would I have been chased out by security now? Would I be failing to get the job done, facing dismissal? Getting dragged down because of your past affairs and going to jail alongside you?"

"Madwoman, if you weren't greedy yourself, would it have come to this? And after all this, you still blame me? Damn, you even dared to scratch my face!"

During the exchange of insults, the two who were already in a messy conflict became sworn enemies and began fighting on the roadside.

The spectacle was quite amusing, causing passersby to stop, take out their phones, and start recording and taking photos.

Chapter 68 You Are a Good Person

Chen Zhiwei and Liu Qingyue's falling out was unknown to Mu Jinyu, who had just entered the mansion and was exploring it.

Even if he had known, he wouldn't have cared about their fate.

Accompanied by Wen Rou, Mu Jinyu strolled around the lakeside garden-styled mansion for a long time, eventually remarking, "Wow. It truly deserves to be a 1.1 billion yuan mansion – this house, this lake, and this courtyard..."

After his remark, Mu Jinyu turned to look at the equally astonished Wen Rou and asked, "What do you think? Quite the eye-opener, right? I'm kind of thinking of living here. How about you?"

Upon hearing this, Wen Rou unconsciously nodded her head slightly.

Who wouldn't want to live in such a mansion? It's just that it's unaffordable.

After nodding, Wen Rou quickly realized and, fearing Mu Jinyu might suggest she stay, she hurriedly shook her head and said, "It's great, but I can't afford it. I wouldn't dare live here. Even if you let me stay for free, I'm not used to living alone."

"True," Mu Jinyu nodded slightly in agreement with Wen Rou's words.

The house was indeed too large; not only would it be uncomfortable for one person, but the expenses would also be significant. He really didn't need to live here for the time being.

Maybe one day, after he marries a hundred or eighty wives and has a dozen children, then it would make sense to move in.

Hehe...

Mu Jinyu chuckled softly, glancing at Wen Rou and chuckling again.

"What are you laughing at?" Wen Rou, seeing Mu Jinyu suddenly start laughing inexplicably, couldn't help but ask.

"Nothing," Mu Jinyu sneaked a look at Wen Rou, shook his head slightly, suppressing the smile on his face, but his eyes were still filled with amusement.

Then, taking Wen Rou's hand, he said, "Come on, let's go inside and look around."

With that, Mu Jinyu took a step forward, pulling Wen Rou along as he ran towards the house.

Wen Rou, feeling helpless, followed Mu Jinyu into the house. She glanced at her hand in Mu Jinyu's, her expression peculiar, yet she did not pull away or raise any objection.

...

Half an hour later.

Mu Jinyu emerged from Number One Villa, completely satisfied, leading Wen Rou with him.

Just as they were about to leave the complex, the security captain who had been anxiously waiting outside hurried up to greet them.

"Mr. Mu, this... we just... you know... I'm really sorry..."

The security captain, wearing an embarrassed smile, stammered out his words to Mu Jinyu.

He wanted to apologize to Mu Jinyu, fearing his earlier suspicions had upset him.

He knew that if Mu Jinyu took issue with his earlier actions, just a mere mention to the superiors would cost him his job.

So, full of anxiety, he had stayed at the main gate while Mu Jinyu was inside inspecting the house, waiting for a chance to speak favorably to Mu Jinyu as he left.

"I truly didn't mean to trouble you... Please don't mind it..."

Mu Jinyu looked at the security captain, whose hair was already partially gray. His expression unchanged, he just showed a slight smile and said, "Uncle, don't worry, it's alright. I won't blame you all."

"Really... really?!" The security captain looked at Mu Jinyu with a mixture of doubt and belief.

"Yes." Mu Jinyu nodded, "I have no reason to lie to you. You were just following the rules. You didn't hurl insults or get physical with me. What is there to blame you for?"

"Phew..." Hearing this, the security captain finally breathed a sigh of relief, realizing that Mu Jinyu was not the arrogant wealthy type but approachable. He also broke into a smile and said, "Thank you for your understanding. I was truly afraid that you would hate us because of the repeated checks we did just now..."

Mu Jinyu smiled and said, "Uncle, go ahead with your work. We'll be leaving now. We'll talk some other time."

"Yes, yes..." The security captain stood there, watching as Mu Jinyu and Wen Rou walked away.

Mu Jinyu walked out of Seaview Garden, still thinking about the security captain's cautious and fearful attitude, and couldn't help but shake his head in resignation.

Did they see him as someone so petty and vengeful?

Though sometimes he did act narrow-minded, retaliating tenfold for anyone who crossed him, in most cases, his heart was quite broad.

Just like with a similar misunderstanding with security, why did he retaliate against the Xu Family's security, overcharging Xu Zhixin by ten million yuan and letting Xu Zhixin deal with them himself?

Because before he could even speak a few words with the Xu Family's security, they were ready to scold him and kick him out. With such disdainful treatment, why wouldn't he retaliate?

And the security at Seaview Garden, who also misunderstood and suspected him, treated him well throughout, always polite, always addressing him respectfully while asking to check again...

With such a decent attitude and just following the rules, even though there was a misunderstanding, would he be so narrow-minded as to make them lose their jobs?

Absolutely not, and there was no need for that.

Just like with the manager at the Face of Jade Exclusive Store, who was just following protocol without any abusive language or personal attacks. Their actions were merely to avoid losing several months' salary or even their job because of a moment's oversight.

If after clearing up the misunderstanding and receiving an apology, he still continued to trouble them, wouldn't that be too aggressive?

So, Mu Jinyu felt that although he might not be considered a good person, he was definitely not the worst kind of bad guy.

The principle he adhered to was simple: if others were good to him, he would return their kindness tenfold or a hundredfold; if they were not good to him, he would repay them a thousandfold or a hundredfold.

When he was doubted and pushed away at Xu Family Villa, he made them come and beg him afterward; when Old Man Gu favored Zhang Qihai during his birthday banquet, he made them regret deeply; when a casino tried to trick him, he swept away 1.1 billion yuan; when Li Shuyue at the Face of Jade store tried to trick him into buying a suit pretending to be a wealthy patron, he made her pay a heavy price.

And Wen Rou had been good to him, so even though he was extremely frugal, he was willing to spend ten yuan to buy her breakfast.

Further, after making 1.1 billion yuan at the casino, he was willing to pay off her gambling debt.

Mu Jinyu pondered over this constantly, feeling that it might not be accurate to consider himself a good man. He still needed to ask someone else.

He turned his head to look at Wen Rou beside him and asked, "Wen Rou, do you think I'm a good person?"

Wen Rou, upon hearing this, did not immediately answer his question. Instead, she glanced at his hand that had been holding hers steadily, and said softly, "Could you let go of my hand when you ask this question?"

"Oh." Mu Jinyu did not show any embarrassment, but reluctantly let go of Wen Rou's hand.

Her hand was indeed very comfortable to hold; no wonder he kept holding it and forgot to let go.

Wen Rou saw the expression on Mu Jinyu's face, chuckled softly, and said in a gentle voice, "Don't worry, how others see you is their business. To me, you are a good person."

Chapter 69: Looking for a Nanny

Mu Jinyu smiled upon hearing that and continued to ask, "So, am I broad-minded or not?"

"Mm." Wen Rou nodded gently.

Mu Jinyu then asked, "And am I someone who views wealth as nothing, generous and kind-hearted?"

Wen Rou didn't nod this time but stroked her chin, "Well..."

Mu Jinyu's face immediately fell.

Seeing this, Wen Rou let out a chuckle and stopped teasing Mu Jinyu, proactively taking his hand and said softly, "Alright, alright, you are very generous, okay?"

It was only then that Mu Jinyu's expression improved a little.

Even though he knew Wen Rou was just comforting him, he didn't care. Since someone else had called him generous, he was a generous person.

No longer was it just self-admiration.

Yes, that's it...

No objections accepted!

"Come, let's go check out some other places for housing,"

Mu Jinyu glanced at Wen Rou's jade arm linked with his own and said contentedly.

"Mm," Wen Rou nodded.

For the rest of the time, the two of them bounced between Mu Jinyu's several mansions.

However, after seeing the billion-yuan Seaview Garden "King of the Building," those fifty million, thirty million, eighteen million yuan mansions seemed less appealing.

In the end, Mu Jinyu and Wen Rou arrived at a small apartment worth a little over a million yuan. It was very small, with two bedrooms, one living room, one kitchen, and one bathroom, just over ninety square meters, barely reaching a hundred square meters...

Compared to the previous mansions and luxurious apartments, this small apartment seemed a bit simple.

But standing in the living room, Mu Jinyu actually felt quite satisfied.

The mansions he had seen before were indeed big, had great decoration, and the furniture was perfect, with nothing much to fault, except they were too big, which made them feel lifeless when one person lived there.

The small apartment in front of him was only slightly larger than the little bamboo house he lived in on Yinlong Mountain, not much bigger. It was also nice for one person to live in.

This was also the reason why he didn't directly go for the twenty-million-yuan luxurious apartment at the teahouse and instead chose the apartment worth a little over eighteen million yuan and the small one worth a little over a million yuan.

Mu Jinyu turned his head towards Wen Rou and noticed that her gaze, which was surveying the bedroom and living room, was also very satisfied, showing none of the fear and anxiety she had while looking at those previous mansions.

Wen Rou nodded with satisfaction and turned to Mu Jinyu, saying softly, "This apartment is quite nice, not too small. It's most suitable for you to live here by yourself, it won't feel too empty and lifeless..."

Seeing that she was quite satisfied, Mu Jinyu felt a bit moved, wanting to invite her to live together but also afraid she would refuse.

He knew that Wen Rou had a strong sense of self-esteem and might not accept his gratuitous kindness. After thinking for a bit, he said, "Mm, I also think it's pretty good. It's just not very convenient living by myself, and I don't know how to cook or anything. I feel like I need to find a housekeeper to help take care of the daily living."

As he spoke, he turned his head to look at Wen Rou and asked carelessly, "Do you know of any auntie who's pretty responsible and trustworthy? Introduce one to me, will you? I just arrived in River City not long ago and I'm unfamiliar with the place."

"A responsible and trustworthy nanny, huh." Wen Rou muttered to herself, and suddenly an idea struck her.

Now, she owed Mu Jinyu ten thousand yuan, and she was worried he might disappear at any time, denying her the chance to repay him. If she became his nanny, wouldn't that allow her to stay with him for a while?

And instead of someone else earning his money, wouldn't it be better if it were her? After all, she was also very responsible and should be able to give him peace of mind, right? This way, she could repay Mu Jinyu's money faster.

Actually, Mu Jinyu had helped her so much that she didn't really think about earning his money. She just felt that his character, not wanting to owe anyone anything, might not allow her to be his nanny for free and take care of his daily needs.

After some thought, Wen Rou asked, "What are your requirements for a nanny? Someone to stay in your house twenty-four hours a day, do the laundry, cook for you, and sweep the floors?"

Mu Jinyu shook his head and replied, "I don't have that many requirements. Just the usual cooking so I can have a warm soup when I get home. Actually, I don't usually eat at home. I mostly hang out outside and take care of meals while I'm at it. All the nanny should do is help me wash my clothes."

Once Wen Rou heard this, she felt it was quite suitable for her. If she had to stay at Mu Jinyu's house all day and be busy with household chores, she wouldn't be able to manage her own small restaurant.

But if it was just cooking and washing clothes, that would be way too simple.

Seeing the expression on Wen Rou's face, Mu Jinyu knew there was a chance and added, "Consider it a part-time job taking care of my daily needs. There's no need to do housework all the time. Also, her hands mustn't be dirty, and she shouldn't randomly take my things. Could you find someone for me? I can offer her a salary of five thousand yuan a month."

Mu Jinyu always felt pity for Wen Rou, this strong and self-respecting girl. He wanted to take care of her a bit more. If he weren't worried she would sense something fishy, he would have offered her a salary of ten thousand yuan directly, allowing her to pay off the debt she owed him in a month.

Upon hearing this, Wen Rou promptly said, "For just that little work, there's no need for you to spend so much. One thousand yuan should be enough."

Mu Jinyu looked at her and thought for a moment, then said, "One thousand is too little. Not to mention that no one would come for that, even if they did, I couldn't justify it. Let's say three thousand three hundred yuan. See if you can find someone for that amount, and if not, then five thousand."

With a monthly salary of three thousand three hundred yuan, Wen Rou could work for him for three months and pay off the debt she didn't need to repay in the first place.

It would also allow Wen Rou to avoid continuing to live in that cramped rented room. The place was too chaotic, and it was too dangerous for a beautiful girl like her to live there.

Yes, it was a win-win situation.

After Wen Rou stayed there for three months, if she wanted to move out by then, she would have made some money at the small restaurant and wouldn't have to repay the gambling den, so she should be able to afford a better place to live on her own.

Mu Jinyu felt his arrangements were excellent. In the meantime, he could keep a beautiful woman as a housemate for a pleasing sight.

Seeing how insistent Mu Jinyu was, Wen Rou felt that three thousand three hundred yuan was also acceptable, and it wasn't as exaggerated as five thousand. She smiled and said, "Then what do you think of me?"

"You?" Mu Jinyu chuckled internally, but feigned surprise on the outside, "Having you, such a beautiful woman, be my nanny, doing laundry, cooking, and cleaning, wouldn't that be too demeaning for you?"

Wen Rou saw that Mu Jinyu didn't reject her outright and breathed a sigh of relief, saying softly with a smile, "I'm not any great beauty, and it's not demeaning at all. After all, I normally do these things anyway. Adding your share won't make much difference, and besides, it won't interfere with running my shop."

"It's just..." Wen Rou hesitated, "for such small tasks, your salary offer is a bit high. One thousand yuan would be enough."

"One thousand yuan?" Mu Jinyu's expression darkened slightly as he shook his head and said, "I really can't do that. If you're going to say that, I might as well find someone else..."

"Don't!" Wen Rou exclaimed anxiously.

In the end, she gave in.

Chapter 70 Moved

Wen Rou agreed.

That day, Mu Jinyu dragged her back to the rental where she had lived, packed up all her belongings, and then said goodbye to the nearby aunties.

She brought back Wen Rou's belongings and let her take them to her own room to tidy up.

By that time, it was already late, 5 P.M., and it was time for dinner.

"Knock knock knock!"

Mu Jinyu knocked on Wen Rou's door and asked through it, "Have you packed up your stuff? Get ready to go out to buy groceries. We're moving in today, so we should have a good meal."

"Oh, oh, almost ready," Wen Rou responded from her room, and after putting down the clothes she hadn't finished organizing, she went to open the door.

When the door opened, Wen Rou, still in a daze, asked, "What time is it now?"

Mu Jinyu answered, "It's 5 o'clock."

"It's so late already, then we should go buy groceries and cook," Wen Rou heard this, hurried to the kitchen to wash rice and put it in the cooker, then changed her shoes and went out to buy groceries.

Mu Jinyu watched her busily getting ready and then said, "How about we eat out tonight and you can start cooking at home tomorrow?"

"No way," Wen Rou called back from the kitchen, "Eating out is too expensive and not sanitary; it's better to eat at home."

"Suit yourself," Mu Jinyu did not insist.

Wen Rou quickly finished washing the rice and got it cooking, then changed her shoes, ready to head out to buy groceries on her own.

Mu Jinyu also went to change shoes.

Seeing this, Wen Rou looked at him with surprise and said, "You're going to buy groceries too? That's not necessary; I can go by myself..."

Mu Jinyu responded, "It's necessary. The groceries you buy might not suit my taste. I will go with you this time, so you'll know what to buy in the future."

"Well... okay then," Wen Rou still agreed.

Both of them changed their shoes and left the house, heading to a nearby supermarket to buy groceries.

In the supermarket, Wen Rou wanted to pick some cheap vegetables, feeling she could cook them well, but Mu Jinyu didn't want them. He picked expensive stuff: ribs, beef, lamb, crabs, mantis shrimp... Even for vegetables, he didn't choose cheap radishes or cabbage but the pricier options instead.

Afterward, Mu Jinyu went to the fruit section and bought a good amount of fruit: watermelon, mangosteen, durian, strawberries, papaya...

Wen Rou followed him around in a daze, feeling her previous impression of him being stingy had changed; this guy was actually quite generous.

Well, maybe he's just more generous when it comes to food...

Wen Rou smiled and followed him, carrying big and small bags of fruits and fresh meat to the checkout.

After paying, they returned home, and Mu Jinyu reported a few dish names, telling Wen Rou to start cooking them, and he didn't just lie down to rest and wait for dinner. Instead, he sorted the freshly bought meat and produce and put them in the fridge.

Soon, when Wen Rou had finished preparing the meals, Mu Jinyu had also neatly stored away the meat and produce.

Mu Jinyu stood up and helped Wen Rou bring the food to the table.

Although Wen Rou kept saying, "I can do it, you just sit and wait for the meal..." Mu Jinyu didn't listen. He continued to help set the table. He wasn't really treating Wen Rou as a maid; that was just an excuse.

Wen Rou saw the situation and, although she appeared quite helpless on the surface, she felt a surge of joy inside.

At the dinner table, Wen Rou, remembering her role as a nanny, acted rather reserved, not daring to reach for the lavish meat dishes, opting instead for some vegetables to go with her white rice.

Mu Jinyu frowned upon seeing this. As he passed her some meat, he scolded in a deep voice, "How can you only eat vegetables? How will your body hold up? No wonder you look so thin, with hardly any flesh on you."

Some look slim in clothes but have flesh on them when undressed. Though Wen Rou appeared a bit thin, some parts of her were quite fleshy. To outsiders, she might seem just a little slim, but certainly not malnourished.

But how could Mu Jinyu not understand, when he was someone who had spent considerable time with Wen Rou? He knew well whether she was truly thin or not.

Wen Rou was indeed very lean, probably because she had been unwilling to indulge in better food for years in her eagerness to pay off debts early.

That's why Mu Jinyu bought so much meat at the supermarket. His aim was not just to satisfy his appetite; he was also concerned for Wen Rou and wanted to gradually improve her health.

During dinner, Mu Jinyu kept adding food to Wen Rou's plate. She continued to gesture that it was unnecessary, claiming she couldn't eat that much, but Mu Jinyu kept placing meats onto her plate that she wouldn't dare to take herself.

"Remember, you are now my person. How will you have the strength to work for me if you don't eat well? Eat more..."

While serving Wen Rou food, Mu Jinyu instructed her somewhat domineeringly.

Wen Rou, hearing these words, couldn't help but blush, feeling quite embarrassed and shy.

'What does he mean by saying I'm his person? Honestly, he just spouts nonsense.'

Wen Rou silently scolded him in her mind.

But she also knew that Mu Jinyu might not have meant it in that way; perhaps he was just trying to say that as his nanny, she needed a full meal in order to do his laundry, right?

Wen Rou didn't dare to think too much. She hastily finished eating, began to clean up the table, and went to wash the dishes. This text is hosted at novel-fire.net

Fully assuming her role as the nanny, she urged Mu Jinyu to go take a shower while she washed the dishes so that she could wash his clothes afterward...

"Mm," Mu Jinyu responded lazily and drifted back to his room to fetch some clothes before heading to the bathroom for a shower.

He didn't bother to fight with Wen Rou over doing the dishes, nor did he insist on the pointless argument that whoever cooks should also wash the dishes. Wen Rou was already his nanny, and he had taken good care of her. If he were to share every little burden with her, not only would his wallet disapprove, but Wen Rou herself would likely sense something amiss and be unable to accept such charitable care.

But how could Wen Rou not realize that something was off?

Even if she hadn't noticed at first that Mu Jinyu was intentionally looking after her, with the cooking and the meals, and his insistence on serving her, she would eventually have realized that Mu Jinyu was purposefully taking care of her.

The fact that he accompanied her to buy groceries wasn't anything special, but the quality of the food he picked was exceptional. Wen Rou was not foolish enough to believe that Mu Jinyu was splurging just because he had made a lot of money that day and wanted to treat her to a feast.

Though her interaction with him was brief, just one day, she still felt that Mu Jinyu was not the kind of man whose personality would swell at the slightest increase in funds.

His frugality and stinginess were perhaps not congenital, but they had undoubtedly been deeply ingrained in his marrow and soul during his growth.

At the moment, Wen Rou was unaware of the trouble Mu Jinyu had gotten into that morning trying to return the clothes Gu Xiyan sent him. If she knew, she would certainly admire her own judgment of character.

Wen Rou thought that the reason Mu Jinyu bit the bullet and bought such extravagant meats and fish was not merely to indulge his own tastes. More likely, he felt she was too frail and needed to be nourished properly. Otherwise, if he were eating by himself, he probably wouldn't have such lavish meals.

There was also the matter of him insisting on her becoming his nanny and then moving in with him. Clearly, he was worried about her safety living alone, and so he wanted her to live with him. But fearing she would reject his kindness, he concocted a scheme to have her work for him as a nanny.

All these arrangements, all this care, Wen Rou saw with her eyes, took to heart, and how could she not be touched by them?

Having finished with the dishes, Wen Rou left the kitchen and entered the living room. She gazed at the closed bathroom door and listened to the sound of running water inside, her eyes gentle, rippling with tenderness.