

King Hall 81

Chapter 81: Yawning Wen Rou

Mu Jinyu did not utter a sound, but stared straight into Mei Yinxue's clear eyes.

Mei Yinxue did not avert her gaze and met Mu Jinyu's eyes.

"Big Sister, are you alright?!"

At this moment, Mei Yinxue's subordinates all ran over, while subduing the street-sweeping assassin, they also expressed concern for Mei Yinxue's safety.

"I'm fine," Mei Yinxue waved her hand at them and asked, "Is the assassin dead?"

"Not yet, he's still breathing," they replied.

Mei Yinxue instructed, "Then lock him up for now; I'll interrogate him when I return. Remember not to let him commit suicide."

"Yes," her subordinates answered.

They too could sense the strange atmosphere between Mei Yinxue and Mu Jinyu and did not dare linger; gripping the street-sweeping assassin, they dragged him towards the clinic.

Mu Jinyu withdrew her gaze from Mei Yinxue, opened the car door, stepped inside, and said indifferently, "Let's go."

Seeing Mu Jinyu's demeanor suddenly turn cold again, even more inaccessible than when she had just angrily berated Shen Changchun, Mei Yinxue couldn't help but curse herself inwardly for stirring trouble unnecessarily, having deliberately teased Mu Jinyu despite her own pounding heart.

Look at what happened now.

Not only did she fail to evoke any pity, but she also managed to make herself detestable.

Truly an unnecessary addition!

After closing the car door for Mu Jinyu, Mei Yinxue had originally planned to drive Mu Jinyu back herself, but having just experienced another assassination attempt, she felt somewhat unsettled and had no choice but to call over a burly man skilled in martial arts to drive and take Mu Jinyu home.

Circling to the other side, Mei Yinxue opened the door, sat down, and, looking at Mu Jinyu's still composed face, she hesitated before saying, "Thank you."

This time, she did not deliberately tease Mu Jinyu anymore.

Mu Jinyu, hearing Mei Yinxue's thanks and sensing the sincerity and pleading in her words, softened his expression slightly, glanced up at her, and asked, "If possible, tell me what all this is about?"

With Mu Jinyu bringing up the matter, Mei Yinxue didn't intend to hide it from him. After a thought and organizing her words, she began, "The assassin just now was probably sent by an old rival of mine. She made some mistakes in the past and I expelled her from River City. Afterward, I didn't pay her any more attention, but recently, she returned to River City and started causing trouble. The car accident yesterday, Ah-Biao being ambushed at noon and nearly losing his life—all her doing."

"Oh," Mu Jinyu nodded after listening.

No wonder, he had seen the car accident yesterday and felt it wasn't a mere coincidence but rather an intentional attack on her. Now hearing her explanation, his premonition was indeed not wrong.

After a brief hesitation, Mu Jinyu said, "Be careful then. Pay attention to safety and avoid nights like this in the future."

"I got it," Mei Yinxue, seeing Mu Jinyu's softened attitude, breathed a sigh of relief and obediently nodded.

The burly man driving the car, witnessing this scene, felt rather strange.

Despite Big Sister being much older than Mu Jinyu and usually carrying an older sister figure's demeanor, why did she act like the girl next door around Mu Jinyu, becoming obedient and docile?!

If word of this got out, many in River City would be utterly shocked.

The burly man quickly refocused, centering himself, keeping his eyes forward, not daring to steal another glance at the conversation behind him.

Soon, the burly man drove the Maybach to the residential complex of Mu Jinyu's new apartment and stopped.

Mu Jinyu opened the door, stepped out, and said to Mei Yinxue who also got out, "Alright, I'm going back. Remember, if there's business later, come and find me. A million to treat illness, ten million to save a life. The prices are high but the deals are fair..."

Waving to Mei Yinxue, Mu Jinyu turned and walked into the complex, quickly blending into the darkness and disappearing from view.

Mei Yinxue watched as Mu Jinyu disappeared into the darkness, feeling pretty dejected.

Why would she willingly adopt the demeanor of a docile girl-next-door in front of a boy who was clearly five or six years her junior?

Had it not been to mend her relationship with Mu Jinyu, she never would've lowered herself, feigning such an obedient and compliant air.

She thought about how yesterday, during the car accident, Mu Jinyu had saved her but had also teased her in various ways. Today, it was her turn to tease him, and at first, it seemed to go quite well.

Unfortunately, when danger struck, she continued in the same vein, only to find it was superfluous, like adding legs to a snake.

After reflecting for a moment, Mei Yinxue gave it more thought.

Mu Jinyu clearly wasn't a man who couldn't take a joke. His cold attitude later on must have been due to his concern for her safety. He didn't want her to still act nonchalant or speak in a teasing tone after facing danger. He wanted her to take her safety seriously.

It must be so, right?

Yes, definitely so.

Mei Yinxue didn't care whether this was truly what Mu Jinyu thought, deceiving herself with this line of thinking.

Thinking this way, Mei Yinxue instantly felt a warmth in her heart, and she was deeply moved.

She then turned to look at the burly driver who had also gotten out, and said indifferently, "Did you see anything just now in the car?"

Upon hearing this, the burly driver tensed up, shaking his head like a pellet drum, repeatedly saying, "No, no, I didn't see anything!"

"Hmm?!" Mei Yinxue narrowed her eyes.

With a thump in his heart, the driver realized his mistake and quickly added, "I was just driving, I don't know anything..."

Mei Yinxue snorted and said with a severe face, "Remember to keep everything to yourself. Now go back. I have to interrogate that assassin to see just how capable he is to dare try to assassinate Mei Yinxue!"

...

When Mu Jinyu opened the door and returned home, he found the lights in the living room still on. Glancing over, he saw that Wen Rou was still up, not having gone to sleep, sitting on the sofa in the living room with her long legs stretched out, holding a book, dozing off.

Mu Jinyu, unaware that Wen Rou was waiting for him in the living room, made quite a bit of noise opening the door. Wen Rou immediately heard it and sleepily rubbed her eyes. Seeing Mu Jinyu return, she smiled softly at him, yawning, "You're back?"

"Yes," Mu Jinyu replied, looking at Wen Rou and suddenly feeling an indescribable emotion well up within him.

As the sleepiness faded a bit, Wen Rou sized up Mu Jinyu and, seeing that he was unharmed, smiled and said, "Go to bed early, good night."

She didn't ask what Mu Jinyu had gone out to do; as long as he came back safe and sound, nothing else mattered.

"Yeah, good night," Mu Jinyu said blankly, standing at the entrance and looking at Wen Rou, responding subconsciously.

Wen Rou got up from the sofa, put on her slippers, and pitter-pattered back to her bedroom.

Mu Jinyu watched Wen Rou's yawning silhouette, feeling somewhat guilty.

When he left, it was past seven o'clock, and he reached the small clinic at eight, delaying quite a bit. Now that he was back, it was already past ten.

He had thought that Wen Rou would have heeded his words and gone to sleep early.

But unexpectedly, she had been waiting for him to return the whole time. And it seemed that if he didn't return the entire night, Wen Rou might just sit on the sofa the whole time, sleepy eyes yawning, waiting for him.

In that instant, what surged in Mu Jinyu's heart towards Wen Rou was not just guilt and compassion; there was an affection he didn't fully understand himself, a desire to cherish this girl for a lifetime.

Chapter 82: Beautiful Lady, Can I Add You on WeChat?

The next morning.

"Knock, knock, knock."

The knocking sound rose.

"Who is it?"

Mu Jinyu turned over in bed, holding a thin blanket, and asked impatiently.

"It's me, Wen Rou. Time for breakfast."

A gentle female voice sounded from outside the door.

At her words, Mu Jinyu, still groggy from sleep, sat up in bed, leaning against the headboard, his gaze somewhat blank. After staring into space for a while, he remembered that he was no longer at Yinlong Mountain and that it was his second day living with Wen Rou.

"Phew!"

He sighed softly, his gaze gradually clearing, and called out, "Oh, wait for me, I'm getting up now."

He didn't usually sleep in, accustomed to waking up around five or six in the morning. But because he had healed and saved people too many times the day before, his True Qi had been excessively depleted, causing his body to naturally protest and let him sleep a bit longer.

Finding his phone, Mu Jinyu checked the time—it was already seven in the morning, which explained why Wen Rou was calling him to get up.

Although he had slept an extra hour more than usual, it had barely allowed his depleted body to recover.

He yawned, stretched lazily, jumped out of bed, put on his slippers, opened the door, and walked to the living room. He glanced at Wen Rou, who had called him and then returned to the kitchen to stay busy. Then he headed to the bathroom.

After washing his face and brushing his teeth, Mu Jinyu walked to the dining room with slippers on and pulled out a chair to sit down.

Breakfast was simple porridge, accompanied by some dough sticks and buns that Wen Rou had bought outside.

Mu Jinyu picked up a dough stick and started nibbling as Wen Rou finished her tasks, wiped her hands, and walked toward the dining table. "Is breakfast okay? If it's not to your liking, I can try a different place tomorrow."

Mu Jinyu was momentarily stunned by her words and then realized that Wen Rou was now his caretaker and naturally needed to ask if he was satisfied with the breakfast she had bought.

He nodded, nibbling on the dough stick, and muttered, "I'm not picky. You don't have to go out of your way to buy breakfast from anywhere you think is tasty. Any nearby place, even if it's mediocre, is just fine with me."

"Oh." Wen Rou, having heard Mu Jinyu's words, hesitated for a moment but then nodded her head.

Now she understood even better that Mu Jinyu had hired her as a caretaker simply to take care of him. Otherwise, he wouldn't have bothered to remind her not to go too far; just buying breakfast nearby would suffice.

He didn't want her to have to wake up especially early and run around just for the taste of breakfast, wasting a lot of time in the process.

Touched, Wen Rou's gaze became even gentler as she looked at Mu Jinyu.

After quickly finishing breakfast, Wen Rou prepared to head to her small restaurant for work. She went back to her room to change clothes and came out saying, "What would you like for lunch? I'll order the ingredients."

Because Wen Rou ran a restaurant, and lunchtime was when it was busiest, she, though she was a part-time caretaker for Mu Jinyu, couldn't just drop her business to go back and cook for him.

So, they had agreed yesterday that Wen Rou would primarily prepare breakfast, but she might not be able to return to cook lunch or dinner. However, Mu Jinyu could go to her restaurant for those meals. And if he wanted a late-night snack, she would also make it.

This was why Wen Rou initially said one thousand yuan a month would suffice.

Although she was a part-time caretaker, the workload was indeed minimal. She basically just made breakfast for Mu Jinyu and occasionally washed his clothes. After that, there wasn't much else to do.

But Mu Jinyu had hired her as a caretaker especially to take care of her, so naturally, he wouldn't agree.

Mu Jinyu, who was unemployed, did not need to hurry like Wen Rou. He was still leisurely eating his breakfast.

After sipping some gruel, he thought for a moment, then answered, "Whatever, I might not purposely go over to eat. If I'm having fun outside, I might just grab something nearby."

"Alright then." Wen Rou also felt somewhat helpless. After changing her shoes at the entrance, she opened the door and instructed, "I'm leaving now. You don't need to clean up the dishes after eating. I'll take care of it when I get back tonight."

It was already close to eight o'clock, and she needed to hurry to buy groceries, organize, clean, and deal with a lot of tasks. She couldn't wait for Mu Jinyu to slowly finish his breakfast and then wash the dishes. She would only be able to clean up when she returned tonight.

"Mmm." Mu Jinyu sipped the last of his gruel and responded casually.

"Bang!"

The security door closed, and Wen Rou had left.

Mu Jinyu pulled out a tissue, wiped his mouth, and began to clean up the dining table, then washed the dishes and put them away properly.

How could he possibly wait for Wen Rou to come back tonight to wash the dishes? Leaving them out all day would attract flies, better to do it himself.

After eating and washing the dishes, it seemed like there was nothing to do?

Mu Jinyu went back to his room, changed his clothes, and then went out for a stroll.

Walking on the main road, Mu Jinyu recalled any pending tasks he needed to handle recently.

It seemed like there wasn't really much to handle, just to accompany Gu Xiyan to meet that crazy Trotsky. Also, the old man from the Xu Family was probably still looking for him. He would check out his sincerity later, and then decide whether to help him cure completely.

"Ding-a-ling-ling!"

While he was thinking, his phone rang.

Mu Jinyu took it out and saw the caller ID, coincidentally, speaking of Cao Cao, and Cao Cao appears. It was Gu Xiyan calling.

He pressed the answer button, "Hello?!"

"Hello, Lin Feng, oh no... Mu Jinyu? Are you up yet? Have you calmed down? Can you accompany me to meet Master Trotsky?"

The voice of Gu Xiyan on the phone was not as tough as yesterday, it was soft, with a hint of pleading.

Mu Jinyu initially didn't want to meet that crazy Trotsky so early, but he was a soft-hearted person. Since Gu Xiyan was speaking so softly and pleadingly, he couldn't bring himself to refuse bluntly.

Mu Jinyu replied helplessly, "Alright, alright, I'll send you the address now, come pick me up."

"Okay," Gu Xiyan replied eagerly.

After hanging up the phone, Mu Jinyu logged onto WeChat, accepted Gu Xiyan's friend request, and then sent her the location.

Gu Xiyan sent back an ok emoji, saying she would arrive in twenty minutes.

Mu Jinyu closed the conversation, looked at his empty friends list, and thought that he should add more wealthy people in the future. That way, if they got sick or encountered issues, they could contact him earlier.

In doing so, he would not have nothing to do and could also earn more money.

Soon, about fifteen minutes had passed.

A white BMW stopped in front of Mu Jinyu. The window rolled down, revealing Gu Xiyuan's pretty face, who called out, "Mu Jinyu, come over."

Seeing Gu Xiyuan had arrived, with serious matters to attend to, Mu Jinyu immediately quit his game, put away his phone, and then went over and got into the car.

The car started, turned around, and headed for an unknown destination. Mu Jinyu didn't concern himself with these details. Seeing Yu Linglong sitting in the passenger seat, he passed his phone to her, warmly saying, "Hey, beauty, let's add each other on WeChat, shall we?"

Chapter 83: Sales Business

As soon as Mu Jinyu spoke,

Yu Linglong was taken aback, her expression awkward.

And seeing this, Gu Xiyuan, who was driving, had a slightly somber look on her face and felt very uncomfortable.

Damn it, it took forever for Mu Jinyu to accept her WeChat friend request, and it wasn't until this morning when she had to send her location for him to come pick her up that he agreed. And now, as soon as he got in the car, he ignores her and shamelessly asks Yu Linglong to add him as a friend.

Plus, he even called Yu Linglong a beauty. Damn, he never called her that, did he?!

Gu Xiyuan instantly felt extremely annoyed!

She wanted to kick this disloyal guy out of the car.

But she had no choice, she needed something from him, so she had to bear with it!

Gu Xiyuan didn't make a sound, and Yu Linglong, also startled by Mu Jinyu's sudden action, regained her composure and nodded with a smile, "Sure."

Mu Jinyu's expression grew even more enthusiastic as he passed his phone over, saying, "Beauty, you haven't forgotten me, right? We met just yesterday."

Gu Xiyuan was all ears, and as soon as she heard this from Mu Jinyu, she clenched her teeth in frustration.

Damn it, this guy probably took a liking to Yu Linglong's beauty yesterday, but because she was busy settling accounts with him at the time, he didn't get the chance to hit on Yu Linglong. And because yesterday's matters were written off, he became overly confident today and couldn't wait to hit on her best friend.

So frustrating!

Really, is she worse than Yu Linglong?

Gu Xiyuan was boiling with anger.

Then, she remembered what Yu Linglong said yesterday, about her going after Mu Jinyu, which made her feel even more inexplicably annoyed.

While Gu Xiyuan was furiously upset, Yu Linglong had recovered from her surprise and responded calmly, nodding and smiling, "Okay."

Mu Jinyu, even more enthusiastic, passed her his phone, saying, "I'm new to WeChat and not very good at it, can you add me?"

"Sure." Yu Linglong took Mu Jinyu's phone and pulled out her own to add him. As she did, she gave Gu Xiyuan a smug look.

It was as if she was saying, "Look, I'm more charming than you. He got in the car and ignored you to talk to me, to add me as a friend. If you don't step up your game, don't blame him for not fancying you and running off with me instead..."

Gu Xiyan was so angry she pretended not to notice Yu Linglong's provocative look.

Yu Linglong quickly added Mu Jinyu on WeChat and casually glanced at his friends list—wow, he really was new to WeChat; there were only two friends on his account.

One was Gu Xiyan; she recognized it from the profile picture right away.

The other, judging by the profile picture, seemed to be a top-grade beauty as well.

Yu Linglong held Mu Jinyu's phone, hesitating. Considering Mu Jinyu wasn't good with WeChat, she wondered if she should curse at that woman and block her?

Would that perhaps increase the odds for Gu Xiyan and Mu Jinyu to be together?

Although tempted, Yu Linglong didn't dare to act rashly, after all, she didn't know what the deal was between that woman and Mu Jinyu. If her meddling backfired, that would be really bad.

"Are you done?" Mu Jinyu asked just in time.

"Oh, yes, I'm done." Yu Linglong snapped back to reality, not daring to mess around anymore, and quickly handed back his phone to him.

Mu Jinyu retrieved his phone, slipped it into his pocket, then looked at Yu Linglong with a beaming smile and said warmly, "Alright, let's introduce ourselves now. My name is Mu Jinyu, and I'm a Divine Doctor. If you ever have any issues, like minor ones such as menstrual discomfort, or if you need an abortion or something, you can come to me. It'll be one million yuan per visit, cheap and affordable. If, by chance, you contract cancer, AIDS, or something of that nature, you can also come to me—one visit for ten million yuan, fair and charitable."

Upon hearing his self-introduction, Yu Linglong nearly fainted.

What the hell? You're telling me that if I'm feeling unwell during my period or need an abortion, I should come to you? Am I sick in the head? For those situations, wouldn't I go to a hospital instead of finding you? And then, you go on saying I have cancer, AIDS...

Oh my god, oh my god, are you freaking sick in the head? I'm still a virgin right now!

Yu Linglong was so infuriated she almost vomited blood.

So Mu Jinyu added me as a friend, not because he remembered my stunning beauty, but to promote his own business?

Damn, I just gave Gu Xiyan a meaningful look for nothing.

She must be laughing at me now.

After hearing Mu Jinyu's words, Gu Xiyan didn't tease Yu Linglong. Instead, she furrowed her brows.

Just now, as she was changing directions, she was so annoyed by Mu Jinyu's attitude that she almost collided with someone, focused solely on driving and increasing the distance between them.

Only now did she have the chance to pay attention to the conversation between the two in the car, but Mu Jinyu had finished speaking, and she hadn't heard much.

She only knew that he looked very enthusiastic and had mentioned something about being a Divine Doctor, and that one could find him if they were sick...

Damn it, do you really have to be so eager to please my best friend?

Unable to hold back anymore, Gu Xiyan spoke with a cold laugh, "A Divine Doctor? Stop joking around. Just the day before yesterday, you were pretending to be War King, and now you're pretending to be a Divine Doctor in front of my best friend?"

Gu Xiyan knew she currently had to ask for Mu Jinyu's help and that her tone shouldn't be so harsh, but she just couldn't stand his pestering of her best friend, persistent and relentless.

Gu Xiyan was unwilling to admit that her attitude towards Mu Jinyu had already changed subtly, feeling possessive over him and not wanting him entangled with other women.

Therefore, even though Yu Linglong had analyzed the day before that Mu Jinyu might actually be a Divine Doctor—otherwise, the family members of the Xu family wouldn't have treated him with such respect—

Because of his differential treatment of Yu Linglong and herself, she didn't care about that. She just wanted to contradict and challenge him.

When Mu Jinyu heard Gu Xiyan's mocking laughter, his brows furrowed slightly, feeling her rude attitude was somewhat baffling but still explained, "I didn't lie to you this time. The day before yesterday, I pretended to be War King completely because of the generous amount of money you offered, making me feel that I could play the part of War King for a bit. But my real identity is a Divine Doctor, not War King."

"Hmph, who knows if you're speaking the truth or just making up another lie, perhaps planning to deceive my best friend?"

Gu Xiyan hummed.

"Yanyan, don't say any more..." Yu Linglong guessed that Gu Xiyan hadn't been paying much attention just now and probably misunderstood that Mu Jinyu was trying to hit on her, hence the jealousy. But how could she know just how infuriating Mu Jinyu's words were? Embarrassed, she could only remind Gu Xiyan to stop so that they wouldn't both end up feeling awkward and embarrassed.

Hearing this, Gu Xiyan thought Yu Linglong was speaking well of Mu Jinyu and became even more irritated, glaring at him and saying, "Don't speak up for him; this guy is full of lies, he shouldn't be indulged. And you better not fall for his sweet talk."

Chapter 84: Pissed to Death Without Compensation!

Mu Jinyu, hearing Gu Xiyan badmouthing him, felt utterly baffled. Why would he indulge her in slandering his reputation? He immediately retorted angrily, "How am I spouting lies now? I just told... told..."

Not knowing Yu Linglong's name, Mu Jinyu felt awkward for a moment and then corrected himself, "The things I just told your BFF, they were all true, okay? It's the same for you. If you have any issues, like minor ones such as menstrual discomfort or needing an abortion, you can come to me, one million yuan per visit, cheap and affordable. And if you accidentally contract cancer, AIDS, or something, you can also come to me, ten million yuan per visit, fair and charitable..."

After Gu Xiyan listened, "..."

Originally, she had planned, no matter how Mu Jinyu tried to weasel out or explain things to her later, she would persist in arguing with him unreasonably.

But what kind of explanation was this from Mu Jinyu?!

She almost choked with rage!

What menstrual discomfort, abortion, AIDS...

You, you, you...

How do you dare to spew such nonsense without any scruples?!

How can you have the audacity to say these things to us, absolute beauties like us? Aren't you afraid of being impertinent?

Gu Xiyan was so angry that her chest heaved dramatically, and her fair, delicate face also flushed red. Her hands gripping the steering wheel tightened.

Taking a few deep breaths, Gu Xiyan suppressed her feelings of embarrassment, indignation, and discomfort, turned around, and glared angrily at Mu Jinyu, saying, "You, shameless!"

"What's shameless about me?" Mu Jinyu replied discontentedly, feeling increasingly that Gu Xiyan was being unreasonable.

"You dare to say such dirty and vulgar words?" Gu Xiyan fumed.

Mu Jinyu confidently said, "What's there to be embarrassed about? It's as if you don't get periods. The most important thing for people is not to conceal illnesses from doctors. I'm a doctor, and when I practice medicine, I don't discriminate between genders. My words were just to remind you that if you ever contract AIDS, syphilis, or something, you can come to me. I absolutely..."

Before he could finish, Gu Xiyan had already grabbed a cushion and thrown it at him!

"Go to hell!"

The moment her furious words fell, Gu Xiyan slammed on the brakes, and with a screech, the car stopped by the roadside.

Gu Xiyan wanted to open the door, run to the back seat, and fight Mu Jinyu tooth and nail. Seeing that things were going south, Yu Linglong quickly held her back while gently patting her back with her hand, trying to calm her down.

At the same time, she pleaded, "Don't be angry, don't stoop to his level..."

Initially, Yu Linglong also felt very annoyed and embarrassed by the nonsense Mu Jinyu said to her.

But later she realized that Mu Jinyu wasn't intentionally insulting her; he was just young, probably fresh out of society, probably not very knowledgeable about these matters, which is why he dared to blabber. So she subdued her feelings of embarrassment.

He didn't understand that telling a woman she might get AIDS in the future is a kind of humiliation.

For a woman, especially a beautiful one, being told she might contract AIDS in the future is essentially being called promiscuous, isn't it?

If it were anyone else, intentional or not, she definitely wouldn't let it go easily!

But with Mu Jinyu, for one, she considered that he was just speaking without understanding, and two, they were in need of his help; therefore, she could only suppress her anger for the time being and settle the score with him later!

Mu Jinyu watched the two women's actions from the front, shook his head helplessly, sighed, and said, "Ah, women..."

"You?!"

Gu Xiyan listened and grew even more furious, her tiny fists creaking as she clenched them.

She felt that Mu Jinyu, as always, was absolutely shameless!

Mu Jinyu shook his head and said, "Forget it, I won't do business with you guys. Hurry up and drive. After meeting that... what's-his-face, Trotsky, I need to find a doctor."

"It's Trotsky, and don't you start yelling the wrong name later," Yu Linglong hurriedly reminded him.

"What do I care what his name is?" Mu Jinyu said, unconcerned.

Yu Linglong, feeling hopeless, didn't persist.

She thought to herself, thankfully, after finding Mu Jinyu yesterday, they were afraid his bad attitude and potential poor conversation with Trotsky would lead to a failed cooperation. So they informed

Trotsky in advance that they had found the owner of the boxer shorts, and that he was willing to meet. After that, they successfully signed a cooperation contract with the luxury brand company behind Trotsky.

Now, it didn't matter. After all, it was Trotsky who wanted to meet Mu Jinyu. If he was disgusted, it was not their fault.

Finally, the car was back on the road. Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong, after enduring Mu Jinyu's infuriating remarks, had no wish to speak with him and possibly make the atmosphere even more amiable.

Mu Jinyu didn't care whether they wanted to chat or not. He settled down in the back seat and happily started playing a mobile game.

"Screech!"

The car stopped, and Gu Xiyan said coldly, "We're here, get out!"

"That was quick," grumbled Mu Jinyu, still holding his phone, as he had just started a round of Deadman's Pesticide.

Gu Xiyan turned back to give Mu Jinyu a cold look.

Seeing this, Mu Jinyu reluctantly closed the game, not caring if his teammates would curse him out for leaving them in the lurch.

When he had promised to help someone, he always tried his best to see it through.

So even if he was engrossed in the gaming world like never before, he had to cut himself off and go with Gu Xiyan to meet this so-called Trotsky.

He got out of the car and followed the two ladies, Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong, to the entrance of a high-end, elegantly decorated Western restaurant.

As they were about to enter, the greeter noted Mu Jinyu's disheveled appearance, which didn't fit the restaurant's style, and thought about stopping him.

Seeing this, Gu Xiyuan, though reluctant, took Mu Jinyu's arm and said flatly, "He's my boyfriend."

The greeter assessed the value of Gu Xiyuan's outfit, stepped back, and welcomed them, "Please enjoy your meal."

Gu Xiyuan, with Mu Jinyu in tow, walked inside, while Yu Linglong followed quietly, her eyes stealing glances at their joined hands, a playful smile on her lips.

Now that he was inside, Mu Jinyu whispered to Gu Xiyuan, "Why do you keep using me as a shield? Really now."

"Me? Using you as a shield again?!"

Gu Xiyuan, hearing Mu Jinyu's complaint, was so frustrated she could barely contain herself. She had only taken his arm to help him get into the upscale restaurant. Yet, in his interpretation, it became her taking advantage of him, using him as a shield?!

If it weren't for the need to take him to meet Trotsky to fulfill their agreement, Gu Xiyuan would really like to scold him and storm off right now!

Pushing down her anger, Gu Xiyuan ignored Mu Jinyu and led him towards a window-side table inside the restaurant.

There, sitting at the table were several people, including Trotsky and his group.

Chapter 85: Deep-Fried Snack

Trotsky sat in his seat, periodically glancing at his watch, obviously eager to see whether Mu Jinyu would actually take time out of his busy schedule to meet with him.

When he saw Gu Xiyao approaching with a young man on her arm, his eyes lit up, realizing this must be the owner of the Five Divine Silkworm Threads boxer shorts.

The desire for the Five Divine Silkworms squashed his jealousy and dissatisfaction with Gu Xiyao for having Mu Jinyu on her arm.

He squeezed out an enthusiastic smile, stood up, and greeted Mu Jinyu, "Is this Mr. Mu? It's been so difficult to arrange a meeting with you, but upon seeing you, I truly feel that reputation doesn't do justice to meeting in person. Mr. Mu, you are indeed imposing, a spectacular presence, a paragon of virtue..."

Trotsky spoke in not quite standard Mandarin, straining to pour out all the complimentary idioms he had learned.

"Cut the crap, will you? What're you blabbering on about? Just spit it out, what the hell do you want, you tractor?!" Mu Jinyu interrupted his flattery impatiently and asked.

"Err..." Trotsky was baffled by the direct interruption and couldn't understand—aren't Huaxia people all about these formalities? Greeting each other with niceties like, 'Hello, hello, my you've gotten younger,' 'Oh, you've gotten prettier too'... leading in with such trite pleasantries before getting to the point.

How come he's so direct, cutting straight to the chase, not playing the game?

And...

What the hell is a tractor?!

My name is Trotsky, hey!

His expression stiffening for a moment, Trotsky quickly caught on and hurriedly proceeded to the main topic, "Hello, Mr. Mu, I..."

"I'm not fine," Mu Jinyu cut him off once again.

"Um..." Trotsky was taken aback and reflexively asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Mu Jinyu said impatiently, "You keep rabbiting on with nonsense; time is money, and you're wasting mine. You're asking me what's good? I come at a high price, so fart if you must, otherwise, beat it!"

Facing this pervert who had desecrated his clothing, Mu Jinyu was not about to show any good attitude, lest he take an inch and want a mile!

"Err..." Hearing this, Trotsky maintained an awkward smile, thinking that no wonder Gu Xiyan had been so reluctant when he asked for her help in arranging a meeting, always making excuses that her friend was somewhat eccentric and difficult to get along with and whatnot.

After meeting him today, this wasn't just being difficult; it was outright impossible to get along with such a fiery temper!

Meanwhile, Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong, previously furious with Mu Jinyu, couldn't help but start to feel less angry as they watched Trotsky getting the brush-off. No longer commanding them with the same arrogance and unrestraint he had shown in the café the day before, they found themselves oddly less irritated with Mu Jinyu.

They chuckled secretly, thinking that Mu Jinyu was indeed someone who could frustrate and amuse you at the same time, absolutely impossible to deal with.

"Huff..." Trotsky took a deep breath, feeling that communication with this guy was indeed difficult. Somewhat annoyed, he decided not to beat about the bush any longer, "Alright, no more nonsense. Here's the thing, Mr. Mu, the pair of men's boxers you left with Lady Gu, are you interested in selling them? I'm quite sincere. If you're willing to part with them, I'm ready to start the bidding at..."

With that, he stretched out his hand, spread out five fingers, ready for Mu Jinyu to guess the actual figure.

But upon seeing Mu Jinyu showing signs of impatience again, he hurriedly blurted out, fearing that Mu Jinyu would simply leave, "Fifty Million, I'll start at fifty million..."

In fact, his psychological price was one hundred million, but he knew that Huaxia people liked to haggle, so he deliberately started with fifty million, intending to gradually lower the offer.

Mu Jinyu, upon hearing this, paused his impatient expression, lifted his eyebrows, and showed a rather interested look.

He hadn't imagined his boxers were worth so much!

Having been busy these past few days saving people and not counting the house he won gambling, he had barely scraped together sixty million...

And those boxer shorts he had worn for a while, and was about to throw away, were actually worth fifty million?!

Mu Jinyu suddenly felt a little tempted.

Seeing this, Gu Xiyan beside him quickly sniffed, her dainty nose wrinkled cutely, conveying an adorable expression.

Mu Jinyu noticed and, glancing at her action, suddenly remembered what she was hinting at.

Her gesture, wasn't it about smelling something, sniffing something?

Mu Jinyu abruptly remembered something unpleasant, Gu Xiyan had told him yesterday that Trotsky was a pervert, who had sniffed his boxer shorts in public, and was even prepared to take more excessive actions.

Thinking of this, Mu Jinyu's hair stood on end, goosebumps all over.

Sell my ass, it's just fifty million, he could earn it himself, why should he compromise his dignity?!

He was a handsome man like him, who knew what disgusting things this damn perv would do once he bought his boxer shorts!

Not selling, definitely not selling!

The look on Mu Jinyu's face darkened as he cursed, "What do you think I am? You want to buy my boxers for a few million? Dream on, my boxers are only for women, not men, especially not gays!"

After hearing Mu Jinyu's words, Trotsky's expression turned to one of astonishment. What the hell? Didn't this guy seem tempted just now? He thought if he lowered the price a bit more, to maybe eighty million, the deal would have been done. How come Mu Jinyu suddenly turned hostile?

Trotsky was baffled. Surely, this guy was indeed difficult and irascible, tough to communicate with!!

'Forget it, forget it, if he's not selling then he's not selling...'

Trotsky sighed inwardly, without much regret. His true purpose wasn't just for the boxer shorts made of Divine Silkworm Silk.

So, after cooling his anger, Trotsky asked again, "If Mr. Mu is not selling, I won't insist. But I would like to ask Mr. Mu where the raw material for that pair of boxer shorts came from?"

Mu Jinyu replied offhandedly, "How else? The silkworms on my mountain spun the silk, and I made it myself."

"You raised the silkworms yourself?" Upon hearing this, Trotsky's heart skipped a beat, his eyes suddenly ignited with excitement, unable to hide it.

The Divine Silkworm, Divine Silkworms are actually still alive in this world, ha ha ha, he was about to strike it rich, really rich!

The Divine Silkworms, capable of spinning Divine Silkworm Silk, were truly Trotsky's primary reason for contacting Mu Jinyu!

Struggling to compose his excitement, Trotsky gazed at Mu Jinyu eagerly and asked urgently, "Then Mr. Mu, how many of those silkworms do you still have? I'd like to buy them, the price is negotiable..."

"You want to buy them?!" Mu Jinyu said, his expression changing, voicing his annoyance, "Why didn't you say so earlier!"

Seeing Mu Jinyu's expression, Trotsky got an uneasy feeling. He asked tentatively, his face stiff, "Has... something happened?"

Mu Jinyu said annoyedly, "Ah, if you had told me earlier you wanted to buy them, I got hungry last week and couldn't find any snacks, so I deep-fried those silkworms and ate them..."

Upon hearing this, Trotsky's vision darkened, his breath hitching suddenly, he muttered, "Deep-fried and eaten?! Deep-fried and eaten..."

He repeated to himself, making sure he hadn't misheard, and then Trotsky nearly fainted!

Chapter 86: Fainted from Qi!

"You, you, you..."

Trotsky, unable to breathe due to heartache, trembled as he stretched out his right hand, his eyes reddening as he pointed at Mu Jinyu, almost unable to resist fighting with him!

Damn, such a wanton destruction of treasures.

Those Divine Silkworms, capable of producing invaluable Divine Silkworm Silk, were just fried and eaten by this guy because he was hungry?!

Just thinking about it made Trotsky's heart feel as if it were about to explode!

The team members who had come with Trotsky, seeing him so agitated as if he were about to fall ill, quickly stood up and started to pat his back in commotion; some fumbled through their bags for his medicine.

Gu Xiyan and Yu Linglong, standing to the side, exchanged glances when they saw this, both eyes filled with an unbelievable shock.

Damn, did Mu Jinyu have to be so awesome, nearly angering someone to death?!

After taking the medicine, Trotsky felt the heart-wrenching pain ease slightly.

His previously ferocious expression softened somewhat, and then, as he looked up at Mu Jinyu's indifferent expression, his breathing became rapid again.

Mu Jinyu curled his lips and muttered, "Do you need to get this worked up? Really."

Trotsky didn't catch Mu Jinyu's murmuring, but he could guess it wasn't anything nice, so he chose to ignore it.

The Divine Silkworms were fried and eaten?!

Not willing to give up just like that, Trotsky thought for a moment and, risking being angered to death, asked again, "Mr. Mu, did you really eat all those silkworms? Is it possible that one or two survived?"

"I don't know, maybe there are some left in the mountains, or maybe not?" Mu Jinyu said, curling his lips. "How would I know exactly?"

Upon hearing this, a glimmer of hope rose again in Trotsky's heart.

He looked at Mu Jinyu and urgently asked, "Then Mr. Mu, could you please tell me, where is the mountain you were on previously?!"

At that, Mu Jinyu's expression shifted, and he glanced sideways at Trotsky, saying indifferently, "Telling you wouldn't help; you wouldn't recognize it. Inviting you would be too far. Better forget it."

"What do you mean?!" Trotsky, not being very proficient in Chinese, didn't quite understand Mu Jinyu's words, and he looked blankly at his team, particularly at the assistant who was fluent in Huaxia.

The assistant carefully chose his words and explained cautiously, "Mr. Mu means that mentioning the place name would be futile as you wouldn't recognize it, and inviting you there would be too far, so he prefers not to go..."

"Huff, huff!!"

Upon hearing the assistant's explanation, Trotsky nearly succumbed to sickness from anger again.

Wow, so after all that talking, you basically had no intention of taking me there, huh?!

Trotsky continuously patted his chest, telling himself not to get angry, not to get agitated, to speak properly...

But...

Wow, it's really infuriating!!

No wonder Gu Xiyan and the others rushed back to him immediately after they contacted this guy yesterday afternoon, saying that he had agreed to meet with them and wanted to sign the contract right away.

No wonder, they must have known that if he met with this guy first, he probably wouldn't have the mood to sign any contracts with them after the meeting. So they rushed to sign the contract with him.

Trotsky felt a bit played by Gu Xiyan and her group.

But on reflection, it seemed he had only himself to blame. They had mentioned that the owner of these boxers wasn't easy to talk to and had advised him to be mentally prepared, but he hadn't taken it seriously and had even agreed to sign the contract with them first in his eagerness to meet Mu Jinyu.

Now, good going, not handling them correctly and letting them get the upper hand, he had signed the contract with them first. Then, after meeting with the boxer's owner, he not only didn't get any useful information but almost burst a blood vessel from frustration.

The more Trotsky thought about it, the angrier and more cheated he felt, but he had no choice but to swallow his anger, especially since, according to Mu Jinyu's recent replies, it seemed that the Divine Silkworm might still have a slight chance of survival.

Just for that nearly nonexistent possibility, he had to hold back his resentment and figure out a way to extract more information from Mu Jinyu!

After massaging his temples for a moment, Trotsky looked at Mu Jinyu, took a deep breath, and asked again, "Alright, I won't ask about those things. Mr. Mu, do you have any garments made with the same fabric, even a vest would do..."

When Mu Jinyu heard his request, his eyes grew cautious, and he shouted, "No, how many times do I have to tell you? My clothes are only for my woman; I don't give them to men, and definitely not to gay men. Don't even think about it!"

Upon hearing his words, Gu Xiyan narrowed her eyes, wanting to say who was his woman, but likely because there were too many people around, she ultimately didn't say anything.

And when Trotsky heard his response, especially the word "gay men" that had just been ignored but was now brought up again, his brows involuntarily twitched fiercely.

"I am not a gay man." Trotsky said with an ugly expression, realizing that the possibility of getting any finished products of Silkworm Silk from Mu Jinyu was very slim, he had to settle for the next best thing, "Then, Mr. Mu, do you have any of that silkworm's silk? I want to buy some..."

Since Mu Jinyu wasn't selling the Divine Silkworm Silk boxers, and it seemed the poor Divine Silkworm might have been fried and eaten by this clueless guy, and he wouldn't even disclose the address, Trotsky could only think about buying some Silkworm Silk to mend his wounded heart.

"You mean Silkworm Silk?" Mu Jinyu said, his eyes darting as if recalling, then he uncertainly said, "I think there might be some stock left?"

"Can you sell it to me? I'll buy it at one million yuan per liang." Trotsky hurriedly said.

"That might not be possible," Mu Jinyu said, his expression changing and hesitating.

Mistaking Mu Jinyu's hesitation as an attempt to raise the price, Trotsky wasn't afraid of Mu Jinyu hiking the price but was afraid he might refuse to sell, so he hurriedly said, "Why can't you sell it? Isn't all that silk yours? Can't you decide? Or do you think my purchasing price is too low? We can still sit down and negotiate. I'm really very sincere, and hardly anyone else in the world would offer a higher price."

Mu Jinyu looked at Trotsky's agitated manner and felt somewhat sympathetic, but still answered, "It's not that your offer is too low, on the contrary, I'm quite pleased with the price you're offering. It's just a pity..."

"A pity what?" Trotsky asked hurriedly.

Instantly, he had a bad feeling again.

Mu Jinyu hesitated in his reply, "It's a pity, I didn't realize that silk was valuable. Last month, I found a few jin of Silk Handkerchiefs made from that silk, and just when I ran out of toilet paper, I used them to wipe my butt and threw them away..."

Trotsky looked stunned, then muttered to himself, "No toilet paper, so you used it to wipe your butt and threw it away..."

"Ah—"

Trotsky couldn't handle the onslaught of shocks, his vision went dark, and he fell backward.

He literally passed out from fury!

Chapter 87 Jealous Gu Xiyao

Trotsky, who had fainted from anger, was eventually rushed to the hospital by his team.

As for Mu Jinyu, she had no good feelings about him and knew he wasn't in any real danger. Naturally, she didn't lift a finger to help him.

Stepping out of the western restaurant and watching the ambulance drive away, Mu Jinyu curled her lip and muttered, "Tch, inviting me to dinner and then playing dead to skip out on the bill."

Gu Xiyao, at a loss for words, said, "It was clearly you who angered him into sickness, okay?"

"Me, anger him? He's the one who insisted on being stubborn. That's hardly my fault," Mu Jinyu retorted with dissatisfaction.

Gu Xiyao, upon hearing this and recalling Trotsky's comically frantic and then fainting figure, couldn't help but reveal a faint smile.

The smile was fleeting, and Gu Xiyao quickly resumed her serious tone, "By the way, speaking of your Divine Silkworm and Divine Silkworm Silk, how much do you still have?"

Mu Jinyu glanced at her with wary eyes, then looked away and said dispassionately, "Didn't I make it clear just now? I've long since run out."

Gu Xiyao snorted, pulled a face at her, and said with disdain, "Do you think I'd believe your nonsense? You say you've eaten fried Divine Silkworm Oil and thrown away Divine Silkworm Silk Scarves after wiping your butt with them. If that were true, wouldn't a miser like you feel heartbroken? Who are you trying to fool?"

"Wow, it sounds like you really have me all figured out, huh?" Mu Jinyu exclaimed dramatically.

Gu Xiyan's pretty face flushed, and she spat, "Figured out your big head, ghost! It just means it's too easy to see through a miser like you. And Trotsky was only angered by you because he didn't know you were spouting nonsense."

Mu Jinyu just smiled lightly without offering any retort.

Gu Xiyan wasn't a fool; now that she had seen through him, there was no point in him continuing to lie.

And as for Trotsky's attempt to deceive him, thinking back on it, it seemed utterly laughable.

He wasn't foolish. Knowing full well that the Divine Silkworms he used to raise were quite valuable, there was no way he would ever sell them to Trotsky at a low price. So, his earlier claims about eating fried Divine Silkworm Oil and discarding Silk Handkerchiefs after using them were all just bluffs meant to hoodwink him...

It was funny that Trotsky actually got so worked up over it that he became sick. It was truly amusing.

"Hey, come on, tell me, how many Silkworm Silks do you really have on hand? I want to buy some," Gu Xiyan urged, asking him.

Mu Jinyu glanced at her and inquired, "Not much left, and why do you want to buy them?"

Gu Xiyan's pretty face blushed faintly as she bit her lip, hesitating for a while before finally mustering the courage to whisper softly, "To make some personal clothing..."

If Mu Jinyu's hearing hadn't been so good, he probably wouldn't have caught her mosquito-like voice.

"Make clothes? Personal clothing?!" Mu Jinyu repeated, as if he'd suddenly had an epiphany, and looking at Gu Xiyan with a teasing gaze, he joked, "Underwear is underwear, why call it personal clothing? Besides, didn't I already give you a pair of my boxers? What do you need a bicycle for?!"

"Go to hell!" Gu Xiyan grew furious with embarrassment, her face flushed completely with annoyance. She punched Mu Jinyu with her little fists vehemently, and said sternly, "How do you expect me to wear your boxers, you pervert?!"

Gu Xiyan's interest had been piqued because Trotsky had made such a fuss over the marvelous effects and wonders of Mu Jinyu's Divine Silkworm Silk boxer shorts. So, upon suspecting that Mu Jinyu might still have quite a bit of Silkworm Silk at hand, she had formed some ideas.

But how could Gu Xiyan wear the boxer briefs that Mu Jinyu threw away, the ones Trotsky sniffed? Even if Mu Jinyu hadn't worn these boxer briefs and Trotsky hadn't taken a close sniff, they were still men's boxer briefs!

Mu Jinyu, somewhat annoyed by Gu Xiyan's little fists pummeling him, grabbed her wrist and said irritably, "Fine, fine, I'll bring you back some Silkworm Silk next time I go home. We're old flames after all, I'll give you a friendly price, just like the one Trotsky offered, one million yuan per liang, how about that? I'm looking out for you, aren't I?!"

Gu Xiyan's face turned slightly red, she struggled hard, and broke free from Mu Jinyu's grip, protesting angrily, "Looking out for me, my foot! And for the record, who's your old flame? Quit spouting nonsense from now on!"

"Alright, alright, no public displays of affection, please; I'm having an overdose of dog food here."

Yu Linglong stepped in to smooth things over and then, with a sly smile, turned to Mu Jinyu and said, "Little Mu, you don't need to go out of your way for us. Just sell it as you would, we'll buy if we can afford it, but if not, so be it."

Mu Jinyu smiled faintly, stating nonchalantly, "Since you've said as much, how could I possibly raise the price?"

"Haha..." Yu Linglong covered her mouth and snickered.

Gu Xiyan listened on the side, feeling increasingly irritated. She was about to retort when Yu Linglong joked about them flirting, but before she could speak, she saw Mu Jinyu and Yu Linglong chatting away, which immediately soured her mood.

"Enough, Linglong, don't waste your breath on him. It doesn't matter what price he sets; it's getting late, and we need to hurry back to the office to deal with some matters."

Without glancing at Mu Jinyu, Gu Xiyan took an envelope from her bag and tossed it back to him as she spoke, "This is what we agreed upon yesterday, one hundred thousand yuan for meeting with Trotsky."

Catching the envelope, Mu Jinyu weighed it in his hand and casually remarked, "Hmm, cash on delivery. So, does that settle all the bad karma between us?"

Gu Xiyan ignored him, dragging a helpless-looking Yu Linglong away.

"What kind of person is this? She kicks me to the curb after I finish the job for her?!"

Mu Jinyu looked at the retreating figures of the two women, frowning slightly in dissatisfaction.

He was unaware that Gu Xiyan had been holding a grudge all day because he hadn't accepted her friend request, yet had instantly asked to add Yu Linglong on WeChat like a fawning dog.

His recent affable behavior towards Yu Linglong had reignited the jealousy Gu Xiyan had tried to suppress, making her unfriendly toward him again.

Oblivious to all this, Mu Jinyu just found Gu Xiyan baffling; he helped her out, and now she wanted to kick him to the curb right away. He thought it might be wise to minimize contact with her in the future.

Shaking his head slightly, Mu Jinyu also prepared to leave. Then, he watched as Gu Xiyan's car sped away into the distance.

That's when he remembered...

Dammit, they had brought him here, and now they just left him behind. Did that mean he would have to call a taxi again?

Crap, next time he encountered Gu Xiyan, he was definitely going to make her reimburse him for the taxi fare!

Mu Jinyu clenched his teeth in frustration.

Chapter 88: Two Followers

Xu Family Villa.

Xu Tianzheng paced anxiously back and forth in the room, occasionally pulling out his personal cell phone to see if anyone had called.

It was already the third day since Mu Jinyu had temporarily cured his amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. When Mu Jinyu left, he had informed him that because his wife had pushed him away, he had missed the last injection. Therefore, it was only a symptomatic treatment, not a cure, and his condition would recur in seven days.

To completely cure it, it would cost ninety-nine million nine hundred ninety-nine thousand yuan to hire him.

Over these three days, he had been continuously sending people to search for Mu Jinyu's whereabouts.

They were unable to find him the first day, but early on the second day, Xu Heguang found Mu Jinyu. However, what frustrated him was that due to a fool's reckless behavior, Mu Jinyu abandoned his mission to heal.

By noon, Xu Zhixin also successfully found Mu Jinyu again. He took the opportunity to reprimand the ungrateful person, easing the tension between them. But inexplicably, Xu Zhixin somehow provoked Mu Jinyu's woman, causing Mu Jinyu to leave once more!

Since yesterday afternoon until this morning, no one had managed to locate Mu Jinyu.

During these three days, doubts had indeed arisen in his heart, wondering if Mu Jinyu was just trying to scare him.

But adopting the attitude of better safe than sorry, he had been making every effort to find Mu Jinyu's whereabouts.

Now, as the three days had passed and his body became slightly stiffer again, he knew that Mu Jinyu had not been bluffing from the start. Without Mu Jinyu's intervention, he would soon become a living corpse.

He was terrified, afraid. He started ordering people to increase their efforts in searching for Mu Jinyu, and he also alerted his friends to help in the search.

Having regained the ability to move freely, who would want to lie down on a sickbed again and become paralyzed?

Just then, the room door was suddenly pushed open. Xu Tianzheng's wife, Lin Yuying, entered carrying a tray with a bowl of thin porridge and some delicate pastries.

"Old Xu, have some breakfast," Lin Yuying sighed slightly. "You haven't slept or eaten in a day..."

Seeing Lin Yuying, a wave of irritation surged in Xu Tianzheng's heart. He waved his hand impatiently and said, "With my current situation, how can I be in the mood to eat? If we don't find that young divine doctor, I'll become paralyzed again. Do you understand?!"

"It wasn't intentional yesterday, I really care about you..." Lin Yuying also knew Xu Tianzheng was in a bad mood, and spoke in a very low voice, carrying a hint of grievance.

"I know, so I'm not blaming you," Xu Tianzheng waved his hand.

Although he knew Lin Yuying hadn't intentionally pushed Mu Jinyu away and couldn't blame her, he didn't want to see her for even a moment until Mu Jinyu was found.

If they still hadn't found Mu Jinyu after seven days, or if Mu Jinyu was unwilling to help him, Xu Tianzheng feared he might lose control and severely beat Xu Huaguang, Xu Zhixin, and his own wife!

"Ding-a-ling!!"

As Xu Tianzheng was feeling restless, his private phone finally rang.

His eyes lit up, and he quickly answered the call.

"Hello, Grandpa, I found the Divine Doctor. He's currently at the western restaurant on Yuanqing Street. I'm keeping an eye on him; you should come over with some people."

"Good, good, good, my good grandson, make sure you keep a close watch on him. I am bringing them over right now," Xu Tianzheng replied eagerly.

After speaking, he immediately hung up the phone.

"Did you find that young divine doctor?" Lin Yuying asked as soon as she saw his reaction, guessing that someone must have found Mu Jinyu, and asked cheerfully.

Xu Tianzheng didn't have time to pay attention to her, he nodded slightly, then impatiently pulled out a phone, and ordered, "Hello, Old Lin, the young divine doctor has been found. Hurry up and get my ungrateful descendants ready, bring them all over for him to deal with, oh, and remember to bring Xiaoya along..."

...

Meanwhile, having learned of Mu Jinyu's location, Xu Tian immediately called up a group of descendants deserving of a loving slap to meet with Mu Jinyu.

On the other hand, after Gu Xiyang left, Mu Jinyu cursed furiously, wishing them to pay double the price for groceries in the future, then he also left the vicinity of the western restaurant in disgrace.

The Xu family members, who were tracking him and observing, quickly took out their phones to report to Xu Tianzheng and waited to send a text about their latest location.

Besides this member of the Xu family following Mu Jinyu, there was also a woman trailing him.

This woman was none other than Wang Huanhuan, who had hosted Trotsky with Gu Xiyang and Yu Linglong the day before.

Due to Mu Jinyu's sudden appearance, which cost her both her dignity and her troops, Wang Huanhuan had thoroughly come to despise both Gu Xiyang and Mu Jinyu.

Early this morning, upon learning that Gu Xiyang would take Mu Jinyu, the owner of those briefs, to meet Trotsky, she couldn't help herself and followed to observe, looking for an opportunity to sabotage their partnership.

While she hid in a corner of the restaurant, unable to hear their conversation, she saw the moment Trotsky was infuriated by Mu Jinyu to the point of being taken to the hospital.

This left her utterly astonished; what the hell was going on?

After Trotsky's team hastily left and Gu Xiyang and her group exited the restaurant, she continued to follow them to observe the situation.

She then saw Gu Xiyang, after some chatter with Mu Jinyu, give him a rather thick envelope, before she left.

Seeing this, Wang Huanhuan, who initially planned to continue following Gu Xiyang, immediately discarded that thought, feeling that tracking Mu Jinyu might yield more results.

And what was in that envelope Gu Xiyan had given him?

Was it money? Or some sort of document?!

Wang Huanhuan kept guessing, but overall, she faintly felt that yesterday's frenzy over that pair of briefs wasn't as simple as she thought, and it definitely involved numerous secrets; both she and Trotsky had surely been schemed against by Gu Xiyan.

As for whether those briefs were indeed as exceptional as Trotsky claimed, she had never believed it from the start.

As she watched Mu Jinyu toss the envelope and seemed ready to leave, Wang Huanhuan's eyes flickered, and she swiftly and quietly hid behind him, following closely.

...

Mu Jinyu didn't know that there were two stealthy shadows trailing behind him. Originally, he planned to catch a taxi back to find Wen Rou, but then thought that it seemed like a loss to just take a taxi back after doing nothing here.

So, he wandered aimlessly forward while looking around to see if there was anything interesting nearby.

Then, he saw a bank ahead.

Hmm...

Mu Jinyu weighed the one hundred thousand yuan cash in his hand, and then reached into his pocket to feel the several million-yuan checks.

He might as well go in and deposit the money.

Chapter 89 His Check is Fake

Entering the bank and approaching the lobby, Mu Jinyu inquired with the service staff about how to open an account and deposit money. Afterward, he took a queue number and sat down to wait.

Wang Huanhuan, who had followed him inside, saw this and frowned slightly, wondering to herself, what was he doing at the bank? Depositing money?

Recalling the thick envelope he had tossed earlier, Wang Huanhuan felt that this was very likely.

Based on the thickness of the envelope, it should contain about eighty to ninety thousand, maybe around one hundred thousand yuan, Wang Huanhuan speculated, and she began to think she had a grasp of the sordid scheme between Mu Jinyu and Gu Xiyan.

She guessed that Gu Xiyan must have learned in advance about Trotsky's favorite fabric, then had Mu Jinyu obtain a fake version of it, all to win Trotsky's favor and smoothly sign a contract with him.

Otherwise, as Trotsky had said, if the underwear was truly invaluable, why would she give him one hundred thousand yuan right after Mu Jinyu did her bidding, with a not-so-friendly attitude to boot?

Wang Huanhuan felt she had uncovered the truth.

Now aware of Gu Xiyan's dirty conspiracy and calculations, the corners of her mouth couldn't help but lift into a smug and malicious smile.

As for Trotsky's inexplicable anger back at the western restaurant, she couldn't figure it out and didn't bother to think too hard about it.

Wang Huanhuan thought to herself that once she shared this shocking discovery with Trotsky, he and Gu Xiyan would definitely be in deep trouble.

Trotsky would surely be furious and then tear up his agreement with Gu Xiyan, opting instead to work with her!

Hmph...

The more Wang Huanhuan thought about it, the more excited and agitated she became, but she wasn't ready to immediately call Trotsky with this shocking news for two reasons. First, Trotsky might still be in the emergency room and calling him would be pointless; second, she felt the evidence she currently held wasn't enough. If she informed Trotsky now, Gu Xiyan, the woman with designs within designs, might already have her defenses up and be able to continue deceiving Trotsky.

Therefore, she had to gather enough evidence against Mu Jinyu to bring down Gu Xiyan in one fell swoop!

With this in mind, Wang Huanhuan also went to take a queue number and then sat behind Mu Jinyu, preparing to observe him up close.

Since he didn't recognize her, there was no need to sneak around stealthily.

Wang Huanhuan dared to follow Mu Jinyu so closely, yet the Family members of the Xu family, who were tailing Mu Jinyu and reporting his movements to Xu Tianzheng, did not dare to do the same. They stayed at the entrance, constantly watching this area, hoping that their grandfather would arrive soon.

Time slowly passed.

Very soon.

It was Mu Jinyu's turn in the queue.

Mu Jinyu went to his allotted counter and sat down. Then he took out his ID card and said, "I'd like to open an account and deposit some money."

Wang Huanhuan, pretending to be occupied on the other side, heard his words and her eyes flashed, knowing her guess was correct.

The owner of the underwear, Mu Jinyu, was indeed taking money to work for Gu Xiyan.

Hmph...

She chuckled coldly and then sat to the side, pretending to have the bank teller do some tasks for her.

On Mu Jinyu's side, the teller quickly issued him a savings card and then asked politely, "Sir, your card is ready, how much would you like to deposit?"

Mu Jinyu passed over the envelope, saying, "This amount, and this..."

As he said that, he also took out the forty million yuan check Mei Yinxue had given him the day before.

The teller accepted the envelope, opened it to see the bills stuffed inside, and her mouth opened slightly in a small surprise.

But being a seasoned bank teller, after a brief moment of surprise, she didn't think much of it and smiled sweetly at Mu Jinyu, "All right, I'll handle this for you."

Then, she took the check that Mu Jinyu had just passed over and glanced at it casually.

Forty million...

"Clatter!"

The stack of cash in her hand fell directly to the ground.

"This this this..."

The teller's mouth hung open, her eyes filled with disbelief.

This was the first time she encountered such a large sum of money for a deposit.

After all, a few million or even ten million would usually go through the VIP channel, where a manager would personally attend to them, offering tea and taking care of everything. There was no need to queue up here.

The stunned teller scanned Mu Jinyu up and down with her gaze.

She still found it hard to accept that this young man in a tank top, shorts, and flip-flops had so much money.

Could it be that the quirks of the wealthy were indeed so strange?!

Taking a deep breath to suppress the shock, the teller quickly stood up, bowed to Mu Jinyu, and apologized, "Sir, I am sorry, but the amount of money you wish to deposit is too large. My authority is insufficient to handle it for you. I will fetch the manager right away. Please wait a moment..."

As she spoke, she was about to take the check to the manager to verify its authenticity. If it was real, naturally the manager would personally come and expedite the process for Mu Jinyu. If it was fake, they would report it to the authorities immediately!

Meanwhile, Wang Huanhuan, who heard the commotion, felt unbearably curious. She wondered what exactly was going on. Could one hundred thousand yuan be shocking enough? Probably not. It seemed like Mu Jinyu had passed over another check afterward.

Wang Huanhuan really wanted to snatch the check and see how much money it was for. A few hundred thousand, or millions? Was it worth making such a fuss at the counter?!

Unfortunately, there was a wall of bulletproof glass in front of her, preventing her from reaching for it. She could only watch helplessly as the teller instructed another teller to take care of Mu Jinyu's one hundred thousand yuan in cash before hurriedly leaving with the check...

How much money was it, after all?

Wang Huanhuan felt an itch in her heart, as if a cat was scratching at it.

Soon, while Wang Huanhuan waited anxiously and discontentedly, the side door opened, and the teller she'd seen earlier returned, hurriedly leading a lobby manager towards Mu Jinyu.

They arrived beside Mu Jinyu and respectfully said, "Mr. Mu, the amount you wish to deposit is quite large and cannot be processed at this counter. Please follow me to the VIP Room to complete the transaction."

"Okay," Mu Jinyu nodded, stood up, and prepared to leave with them.

Sensing that something was off, Wang Huanhuan abruptly stood up and called out to the lobby manager, "Manager Zheng, you haven't forgotten me, have you?!"

Manager Zheng had been preoccupied with wooing Mu Jinyu and hadn't paid close attention to his surroundings earlier, so he hadn't noticed Wang Huanhuan. However, he was not unfamiliar with her, as she was the CEO of a large conglomerate and they had business dealings.

Seeing Wang Huanhuan, Manager Zheng quickly smiled and said, "Ah! Ms. Wang, of course, I haven't forgotten you. What are you doing here? If you need to conduct any business, you can contact me directly!"

"It's not that..." Wang Huanhuan shook her head, then glanced at Mu Jinyu and asked, "What's the situation here, how much money is he depositing?!"

Manager Zheng hesitated for a moment, but seeing that Mu Jinyu didn't object, he replied, "Forty million!"

"Forty million!" Wang Huanhuan exclaimed in disbelief, shaking her head and shouting, "Impossible?"

After that, she snatched the check from Manager Zheng's hand. As Manager Zheng was afraid the check could get torn in a struggle, he didn't dare to wrestle with her, and she seized it from him.

When Wang Huanhuan clearly saw the amount written on the check, she screamed in disbelief, "Impossible, how could this swindler have so much money? This check must be fake!"

The moment her words ended, the whole place fell silent.

Chapter 90: Wang Huanhuan's Analysis

As soon as Wang Huanhuan finished speaking, Manager Zheng, who originally looked displeased due to her action of snatching the check, suddenly changed his expression, becoming more solemn.

The teller who was serving Mu Jinyu couldn't help but be shocked, thinking it shouldn't be right; she had just reviewed it several times with the manager, and indeed, the check was real.

But why would this heavily made-up woman claim that Mu Jinyu was a scammer and the check was fake?!

She was baffled.

The people around, having heard Wang Huanhuan's loud words, now looked at Mu Jinyu with strange gazes, whispering among themselves, not knowing what they were saying.

Mu Jinyu watched as Wang Huanhuan rudely snatched his check and then even called him a scammer, his brows immediately furrowed.

He looked closely at Wang Huanhuan for a moment but didn't remember ever seeing her before. So why was she calling him a scammer?

Why care why she was scolding him? Since she dared to call him a scammer, he would retort!

Mu Jinyu's face darkened, he sneered and said, "Idiot, shit can be eaten randomly, but words cannot be spoken carelessly. You say my check is fake, where did you get the courage?!"

Manager Zheng had also recovered from his shock by now, hearing Mu Jinyu's retort, he nodded slightly, his gaze scrutinizing Wang Huanhuan as he said, "Right, Ms. Wang, you claim Mr. Mu's check is fake. Do you have any evidence?"

"What evidence?" Wang Huanhuan sneered.

She had also snapped out of her shock. Initially, she had planned to secretly follow Mu Jinyu and gather evidence.

But now that she had accidentally spoken out, there was no need to hide anymore. She could boldly reveal the true face of Mu Jinyu, the scammer, in front of everyone, record it, and show it to Trotsky, shaming Mu Jinyu and helping Trotsky to realize his mistake sooner. It was killing two birds with one stone.

After a sneer, Wang Huanhuan, waving the check in one hand and hands on her hips, said, "Do you think I, as the CEO of Huanyue Group with a net worth over a billion, need to lie to you?"

After a pause, she continued, "Of course, if you want evidence, I will certainly provide it. First, Manager Zheng, please confirm who issued this check?"

Manager Zheng had checked several times already and immediately said, "It's from Xueyin Group's Mei Yinxue, Ms. Mei herself."

"Yes," Wang Huanhuan swung the check and said, "Then you must have heard of who President Mei is?"

Manager Zheng's expression subtly changed upon hearing this.

Mei Yinxue's background was quite complicated. The ordinary people in River City might not know much, but he was somewhat aware.

Mei Yinxue, she was a bigshot in the underworld, with countless blood on her hands. One of her nicknames was Mei Drinks Blood.

Xueyin Group was the company she established after laundering her past and going legitimate, and it was deeply unfathomable.

Would someone like Mei Yinxue give Mu Jinyu forty million?

The possibility was there but incredibly slim, almost negligible.

So... could it be that the check Mu Jinyu held was really fake?

Although Manager Zheng wavered in his initial thoughts, he was not completely swayed by Wang Huanhuan's few words.

"Is that all?" Manager Zheng shook his head and said, "Ms. Mei rarely issues checks to individuals, but that doesn't mean she wouldn't issue one to Mr. Mu."

Wang Huanhuan sneered, "Once you hear what I have to say, you'll know if it's true or false."

After speaking, Wang Huanhuan gathered her thoughts and began, "Do you know why I knew he was a fraudster?"

Manager Zheng didn't utter a sound.

Wang Huanhuan didn't really care, but she didn't keep them hanging any longer and continued, "Because, yesterday I was with two executives from Face of Jade Group, meeting a foreign fashion master to discuss possible collaborations, and then, the people from Face of Jade Group brought out a pair of boxer briefs..."

Manager Zheng listened silently to Wang Huanhuan's analysis. First, she explained how Trotsky was stunned by the fabric of the boxer briefs, willing to spend tens of millions, even over a hundred million, to acquire them, but then Gu Xiyan and the others got a hold of him, and they signed a contract with Trotsky. The next day, they took this guy Mu Jinyu to meet with Trotsky.

After the meeting was over, Gu Xiyan only gave Mu Jinyu one hundred thousand yuan.

As she spoke, Wang Huanhuan pointed towards the counter Mu Jinyu had previously faced, saying, "That one hundred thousand yuan is still in there, that money must be real, but the forty million could never be real!"

"Why?" Manager Zheng asked.

He thought, even if Mu Jinyu earned those one hundred thousand by cheating, it's clear those boxer briefs were indeed quite enticing. Why couldn't he con Mei Yinxue out of forty million?

But as his position held, he couldn't voice such thoughts out loud in the lobby with everyone listening.

Hearing this, Wang Huanhuan immediately scoffed, "Why, you ask? I'll tell you why. Even if this guy doesn't know the specifics about Mei Yinxue and dares to con her, would Gu Xiyan let him do it? It might kill him, but it could also drag her down. Why would she let him do it? So, if this forty-million check were issued by Gu Xiyan, I might still believe him a little, but issued by Mei Yinxue, I don't believe it at all..."

Mu Jinyu stood by, smirking as he watched them analyse.

He also found it very interesting.

Manager Zheng, upon hearing Wang Huanhuan's analysis, suddenly realized, also feeling that she was right.

In scamming foreigners, being able to hype a pair of boxer briefs to a hundred million was indeed their skill. However, Gu Xiyan only gave Mu Jinyu one hundred thousand yuan, clearly indicating that the boxer briefs were just street stall goods, and chiefly acquired through bluffing.

Since they were counterfeit, Gu Xiyan certainly wouldn't let Mu Jinyu go and bluff Mei Yinxue, that would be purely suicidal!

Although now partially believing Wang Huanhuan, after thinking it over, Manager Zheng still shook his head, "But that's just your side of the story, how can I know what the actual truth is?"

Wang Huanhuan pointed at Mu Jinyu and sneered, "Do you think him dressing like that is a rich man's peculiar hobby? Well, let me tell you, he dresses like this only to please that artsy fashion master."

"If he really were a wealthy person, a distinguished guest of Mei Yinxue, would he need to go to the counter to deposit money? Couldn't he just go directly to the VIP room and have your manager handle it? Wouldn't being served tea and water be more comfortable?!"

With a cold laugh, as Manager Zheng's expression grew increasingly unpleasant, Wang Huanhuan decisively said, "The reason he dresses and acts this way, avoiding the VIP passage, is just to see if he could slip through unnoticed."

"Don't you understand yet, Manager Zheng? If you really can't figure it out, you could just directly call someone from Xueyin Group to confirm the truth!"

Wang Huanhuan said solemnly, as if striking him with a revelation.

After hearing this, Manager Zheng too jolted, more convinced by Wang Huanhuan's reasoning.

Although her words were all conjecture, unproven as truth, a simple call to the high-level executives of Xueyin Group would soon clear things up, wouldn't it?

Thus, Manager Zheng hesitated slightly, his expression changing several times before he took out his phone to call a vice president of Xueyin Group.