

TINY GENIUS ALERT! MOM & DAD BETTER MAKE PEACE

Chapter 8: Those Who Tease, Debase Themselves

Yu Yinluo's throat moved slightly, withdrawing her gaze from Ying Jingyao. Her beautiful face remained expressionless, "Why did she come with Jingyao? Huh, why else but Jingyao willingly inviting her?"

"But usually, it's you who accompanies Brother Jingyao." The girl furrowed her eyebrows, her increasingly softer voice devoid of emotion.

"So what. The past is the past, and there's no rule saying it must be me by his side." Yu Yinluo tightened her grip on the wine glass, her gorgeous red lips drawn tightly, her slightly knitted brows revealing a hint of impatience.

Seeing her expression trying hard to remain normal but appearing more unsightly the more she restrained herself, the girl quietly stuck out her tongue and obediently closed her mouth, but sneaked a glance from the corner of her eye at Jin Jumo, filled with intense curiosity and an undetectable emotion.

Yu Yinluo watched Ying Jingyao, not far away, patiently engaging in pleasantries with others, but every few seconds glancing towards a certain direction, the coldness in her eyes uncontrollable as it overflowed.

Never had she seen him so concerned and tense about another woman!

Jin Jumo sat idly on the sofa, her slender, fair fingers fiddling absentmindedly with the rim of the wine glass on the table before her. Her large, black eyes roamed anxiously around.

She was quite unaccustomed to such occasions.

"Miss Jin." A soft, cool female voice descended from above.

Jin Jumo raised her eyebrows in slight surprise to see... it was Yu Yinluo.

"...Mind?" Yu Yinluo tilted her chin toward the seat opposite Jin Jumo, her tone indifferent, tinged with arrogance.

Jin Jumo squinted, smiling, "If Miss Yu doesn't mind, please have a seat."

Yu Yinluo glanced at her, lightly furrowing her brows as she sat down.

The waiter immediately brought champagne.

Yu Yinluo lowered her head, staring at the liquid in the glass. Her voice was calm against the backdrop of soft music, "Miss Jin must find such occasions quite unfamiliar, right?"

"..." Jin Jumo was slightly stunned, then smiled, "It seems so."

Seems so?

Yu Yinluo looked up at Jin Jumo, her cold gaze seemingly hiding a thousand needles, "Everyone has their fate, just as everyone belongs in their own suited circle. If you stay within your circle, you naturally won't feel out of place. Don't you think so, Miss Jin?"

Jin Jumo's smile deepened, teasing dimples appearing, "So Miss Yu believes in fate, huh."

That light remark from Jin Jumo suddenly stiffened Yu Yinluo's expression, her widened beautiful eyes showing threads of red.

The one who provokes is the one who disrespects!

Moreover, Jin Jumo has never been the kind of helpless little rabbit who doesn't know how to fight back.

If by this point she still doesn't realize there's hostility, then her last twenty years have been in vain.

It's clear she couldn't sit here any longer. Jin Jumo sighed lightly in her heart and was about to stand up and leave when she inadvertently glanced over at the entrance of the ballroom. With just one look, her eyes widened in shock, almost biting her own tongue.

Seeing Jin Jumo's sudden "ghost-sighting" expression, Yu Yinluo's gloomy eyes flickered, following her gaze to look.

Entering her vision was a man with a dignified, aloof presence, as impressive and handsome as a god.

Such a man appearing is bound to become the center of attention.