

R Woman 102

Chapter 102: Jubilant in the Spring Breeze

Duanmu Zhe was born into a military family, his parents both high-ranking officials, making him a well-known offspring of the privileged in Capital City. He had an extraordinarily charming face, chestnut-colored short hair that was messy and unrestrained, and even sported a black earring on his left ear.

Duanmu Zhe curled his lips into a smile, grabbed Mo Qingyi's neck, and pulled her aside, asking in a low voice, "Mo 'Lil Three, are those two your friends?"

Feeling the warm breath spraying on her neck, surrounded by the scent of male hormones, Mo Qingyi was somewhat unnaturally, "Yes, what about it? Is it any of your business?"

They weren't kids anymore, running around bare-assed without regard for gender. Why was Duanmu Zhe still like when they were kids, hugging people left and right?

After all, she was a grown lady now.

Couldn't he have some sense of propriety between men and women?

Hearing a satisfactory answer, Duanmu Zhe smirked mischievously, "Hey, I'm saying, Mo 'Lil Three, you're not being very nice. We grew up together; why didn't you introduce me to such pretty girls?"

Especially that girl dressed in white and black pants, although her eyebrows and eyes were somewhat cold, she was quite attractive.

Duanmu Zhe was always fickle and fond of play, with a perpetual soft spot for beautiful girls.

Mo Qingyi gave him an annoyed look and warned, "I'm telling you, Duanmu Xiaosi, both of them are my best girlfriends, so you better restrain your little tricks! Don't you dare hit on either of them, got it?"

Duanmu Zhe conceded, "Alright, alright, I won't meddle with them, okay?" As he spoke, his eyes shifted slyly, hugging Mo Qingyi's neck even tighter, whispering into her ear as if joking, "I won't meddle with them—how about I focus on you instead? Will you give me that chance?"

His pleasant voice had a husky undertone.

Those exquisite eyes gleamed with a teasing light, hard to distinguish between genuine and jest.

Mo Qingyi's heartbeat suddenly went out of rhythm, and she hastily broke free from Duanmu Zhe's embrace, pointing at him, "Fuck! Even rabbits don't eat the grass near their burrows, Duanmu Xiaosi, what the hell are you on about!"

"Look at you, silly girl!" Duanmu Zhe's expression dimmed for a moment, but he quickly returned to normal, ruffling Mo Qingyi's hair and laughing, "I'm just teasing you. With your tomboy looks, lacking both chest and legs, how could you catch my eye?"

"Duanmu Xiaosi!" Mo Qingyi, like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, rolled up her sleeves, poised to hit him. "You just can't help but bother me daily, can you?"

Duanmu Zhe quickly begged for mercy, "Big sister, I was wrong, please forgive me."

Then, changing the topic, he looked toward Chu Jin and Miao Xinran and said, "Introduce me to these two beauties."

Mo Qingyi glared at him disdainfully and pointed at Chu Jin and Miao Xinran, "This is Chu Jin, and this is Miao Xinran, and they're both my best sisters!"

Her words were a clear warning to Duanmu Zhe not to mess around.

Duanmu Zhe straightened his collar, incredibly polite, "Hello, ladies, my name is Duanmu Zhe, nice to meet you. Please be kind to me."

Chu Jin and Miao Xinran smiled and nodded at him.

It's always clearer for the spectators, the players get lost in the game.

They were no fools; how could they not notice the subtle affection Duanmu Zhe held for Mo Qingyi?

To make a good impression on Chu Jin and Miao Xinran, Duanmu Zhe volunteered, "Where are you three heading? Let me give you a ride."

"Mind your own business!" Mo Qingyi snorted coldly. She couldn't stand Duanmu Xiaosi's ingratiating face when he buttered up to people, linking arms with Chu Jin and Miao Xinran, "Let's go, ignore this retard!"

Duanmu Zhe gave a helpless smile, standing in the sunlight, watching the three leave, the black obsidian earring on his ear catching the light and shining brilliantly.

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On the other side, Zhao Yiling had been riding high these past few days. She not only successfully partnered with Jun Ao Group but also caught the fancy of Mo Qianjue, and even Li Hanjiang fell under her spell.

Now, dressed in high-end designer fashion, she stood on the balcony, her gaze falling on the black Rolls-Royce parked outside the Zhao family's gate.

That was Li Hanjiang's car.

In a while, she was going to attend a celebrity gathering.

This gathering was initiated by Li Hanjiang, and most of the attendees were well-known dignitaries and daughters from prestigious families.

After watching for a while, Zhao Yiling retreated her gaze, walked into the room, and sat down at the vanity. Her hairstylist then styled her hair into an exquisite updo, and she applied a subtle nude makeup look.

Paired with a light blue dress that accentuated her lovely figure, she looked stunningly graceful, turning heads with her beauty.

After getting ready, Zhao Yiling didn't hurry out the door. Instead, she practiced the piano for a while. The clear notes flowed from her fingertips, and the slight upturn of her lips hinted she was in really good spirits.

She understood men's minds very well. With men, one must never be too eager; it's best to maintain an air of aloofness. As the saying goes, the unattainable is always coveted.

Li Hanjiang and Mo Qianjue each had their merits.

She didn't want to let go of Mo Qianjue, nor did she want to give up on Li Hanjiang.

Navigating between the two men wasn't too bad: neither too accommodating nor rejecting, while still reaping some benefits. Why not enjoy the best of both worlds?

She simply loved it when men were head over heels in love with her, yet couldn't have her.

She enjoyed the feeling of being adored even more.

Besides, if she agreed to either Li Hanjiang or Mo Qianjue, what would happen if a better man appeared?

She was certainly worthy of someone even better than Li Hanjiang or Mo Qianjue!

At that thought, the image of a proud and lonely silhouette emerged before Zhao Yiling's eyes.

Who was that mysterious man who seemed not of this world?

Why did he send that good-for-nothing home?

What was his relationship with that good-for-nothing?

The notes under Zhao Yiling's fingertips stumbled for a beat.

It took her a while to collect herself, and only then did she pick up her skirt and make a fashionably late entrance. At that moment, Li Hanjiang was leaning against the car door, surrounded by over a dozen cigarette butts on the ground.

Zhao Yiling smiled apologetically at Li Hanjiang, "I'm sorry, Mr. Li, for my tardiness. You've been waiting for a long time."

Li Hanjiang casually replied, "It's alright, I only arrived a moment ago. Besides, waiting for Miss Zhao is my fortune."

He then gentlemanly opened the car door for Zhao Yiling, "Miss Zhao, please get in the car."

Zhao Yiling's lips curved into a satisfied smile as she leaned in and settled into the car.

In the entirety of Capital City, aside from her, there probably wasn't another woman who could be treated like this by Li Hanjiang.

At this moment, she was the object of envy for all the high society ladies in Capital City.

This sense of superiority was indeed refreshing to body and soul.