

## **R Woman 111**

### Chapter 111: I'm Your Fiancée

The piercing coldness lingered on Zhao Yiling's wrist, causing pain and chill as if the entire arm no longer belonged to her.

It was a kind of pain that made life barely worth living.

As she looked at her empty wrist, she endured the pain and looked towards Mo Zhixuan, "Mr. Mo, that is... my bracelet."

She hadn't expected that Mo Zhixuan would take her bracelet.

Zhao Yiling felt her heart in disarray, and also somewhat panicked.

"Your bracelet?" Mo Zhixuan's thin lips curled into a cold sneer, each word icy, "Since when did the Mo family's heirloom become yours?"

His deep eyes were devoid of any hint of warmth, as if ice were about to fall from his taut features.

The air pressure around him seemed to drop to freezing point.

As he finished speaking, he took out a handkerchief from his pocket, carefully wiped the Blood Jade Bracelet as if it had been stained with garbage, then turned and walked away in a different direction, never letting his gaze linger on Zhao Yiling for a moment.

The breeze blew the white handkerchief he'd discarded right into the trash can.

Like a thunderbolt, Mo Zhixuan's words stunned Zhao Yiling into silence for a long while.

The color slowly drained from her face as she bit her lip hard.

Mo Zhixuan's words echoed in her ears.

The Mo family's heirloom.

He knew it was the Mo family's heirloom.

Li Hanjiang had called him Mr. Mo.

Could he be—

Zhao Yiling was shocked beyond belief, never in her wildest dreams had she imagined that this influential figure was the Mo family's patriarch, Mo Zhixuan, the allegedly over-fifty year old, doddering old man!

He was actually Mo Zhixuan!

He was the fiancé she had disdained!

Yes, she was the Mo family patriarch's fiancée! Realizing this, Zhao Yiling disregarded the pain in her wrist, lifted her skirt hem, and chased after him, "Mr. Mo, I am Zhao Yiling, I am the one engaged to you, that waste, she's not worthy of you at all."

Mo Zhixuan stopped in his tracks, turned his head, and in Zhao Yiling's hopeful smile, slowly began to speak, his every word tainted with blood, "I don't care who you are, from now on, do not bully her! Otherwise, next time it won't be as simple as just ruining an arm."

The smile on Zhao Yiling's face stiffened bit by bit as the pain from her wrist spread to her entire arm, unbearably sharp, leaving her gasping for air.

Despite this, Zhao Yiling refused to let go of the opportunity before her, enduring the pain, she hurriedly explained to the retreating figure, "Mr. Mo, actually, the person who was originally engaged to you was me, but due to my ill health, that waste took advantage of the situation. It was she who stole what rightfully belonged to me, I am your true fiancée..."

In that moment, Zhao Yiling wished she could tear Chu Jin to pieces. If it weren't for that waste, she would be the one engaged to the Mo family patriarch, and the Blood Jade Bracelet would be hers.

The position of the Mo family matriarch would also be hers.

She was utterly unwilling to accept this, filled with extreme resentment!

She had come so close to securing that coveted position.

"Mr. Mo, don't go, I am Zhao Yiling, I'm your fiancée!"

Li Hanjiang followed behind Mo Zhixuan, his expression changing again and again, astonished to learn that Mr. Mo had a fiancée.

What role did Zhao Yiling play in all this?

The relationships seemed to be getting more and more tangled.

Zhao Yiling chased after the departing figure, falling and getting up, then falling again, repeating the process until the figure disappeared from view, then she sat on the ground, dazed.

She had never expected things to turn out this way.

The thought that the waste would become the Mo family matriarch and be able to look down upon her filled her with indignant rage, driving her to a moment of complete desolation, mixed with regret.

"No," Zhao Yiling's eyes flashed with a frigid darkness, her lips quivering as she muttered to herself, "How could I let a waste take what is mine! I must pull myself together!"

Staggering, Zhao Yiling wrapped her arms around herself and walked off into the distance.

There was a place that could heal her arm.

\*\*

Mo Zhixuan sat in the car, watching the gradually receding figure in the rearview mirror, his lips parting slightly, "Follow her."

Upon hearing this, Li Hanjiang immediately opened the car door and got out, "Yes, Mr. Mo, I'm on it."

Mo Zhixuan's gaze was deep as he instructed, "Luo Tian's men have strong counter-surveillance skills, be careful not to startle them."

Li Hanjiang took a plain-colored duckbill cap from the trunk, placed it on his head, then took off the suit he was wearing, and put on a smooth dark navy shirt. He then sprayed some liquid on himself and after these preparations, approached Mo Zhixuan, "I know what I'm doing, don't worry."

The transformed Li Hanjiang no longer held the image of a business elite, appearing several years younger and much more agile.

He looked more like a fresh college graduate entering society.

Mo Zhixuan gave a slight nod, "Go."

Li Hanjiang immediately followed behind Zhao Yiling.

Mo Zhixuan sat in the car, took out the Blood Jade Bracelet from his pocket, and gently caressed it in his palm, his eyes no longer as cold as before, showing a hint of tenderness.

After a long while, the car started and slowly merged into the flow of traffic.

Vanishing from sight.