

## R Woman 119

### Chapter 119: Photos

On the other side, Shi Qin sat in the dim carriage, eyes closed, resting his mind.

After a while, as if struck by a thought, he fished out a black cellphone from his pocket.

The lock screen background was a very ordinary picture of the blue sea.

Since Chu Jin had not set a password, Shi Qin easily accessed the home screen.

Unexpectedly.

The cellphone had very few apps, just a social media app and a financial investment app.

Almost all other apps were the defaults that came with the phone.

Shi Qin couldn't help but be curious, as girls of her age generally place great emphasis on beauty and their appearance, yet her phone didn't even have a selfie app.

His mouth curved up slightly, fingers gliding lightly, and then he tapped open the photo gallery.

Although he knew that prying into someone's privacy like this was not good, he was simply too curious about this girl.

He was eager to know, just what kind of person was this girl.

There were only a few dozen photos in the album, most of which were candid shots of scenery.

And there was one of a middle-aged woman with a gentle demeanor lying in a hospital bed.

Shi Qin's finger paused unconsciously as her words echoed in his ears.

This must be the mother in a vegetative state that she spoke of.

Flipping further, there was a photo of her drinking milk tea at a bubble tea shop.

This was the only photo of herself among the few.

It was a close-up shot, clearly taken by someone very close to her.

In the photo, she was all smiles, with a ripple in her peach blossom eyes, revealing a youthful and naive charm.

It was hard to look away.

Quite unlike the cool temperament he perceived in her in person.

Having seen many beauties, Shi Qin narrowed his eyes slightly, a flicker of light passing through the darkness.

After a moment, he took out his own phone, browsed through his contacts, and dialed a number, "Hey, look someone up for me..."

\*\*

The next day was a school day.

Chu Jin got up early.

After finishing her morning run, she returned to the living room, and Li Ruyu handed her a boxed milk with great affection, "You must be exhausted, Jin. Drink up the milk quickly, you're still growing and can't skip it."

Chu Jin accepted the milk Li Ruyu handed over without a change in expression, "Thank you, Auntie."

Li Ruyu said with a smile, "Silly child, why be so formal with Auntie? The milk was just warmed up; drink it while it's hot, it won't taste good once it's cold."

Chu Jin, grabbing her backpack, replied, "I'm in a hurry for school or I'll be late, I'll drink the milk on the way, goodbye Auntie."

The smile at the corners of Li Ruyu's mouth stiffened for a moment, "Okay, take care on your way."

Watching Chu Jin's retreating figure, an icy coldness filled Li Ruyu's eyes. She was still somewhat uneasy that this little wretch hadn't drunk the milk in front of her.

Had she discovered something?

Not far from the Zhao family's villa, Chu Jin tossed the boxed milk into a trash can.

Her lips curled into a bold arc; it seemed that it was time to prepare a little 'gift' for the Zhao family.

Had the Zhao family shown her even a smidgen of affection, she would not have touched them.

\*\*

Elsewhere, at the Mo family's.

The little girl also got up early. Currently, she climbed out of bed huffing and puffing, her chubby little short legs hurriedly carrying her towards the direction of the master bedroom.

Her big, watery eyes were filled with mist, her pale little face, and the sweaty, smooth forehead revealed that she was holding back tears, as though she was about to cry at any moment.

That pitiful look would make anyone's heart soften.

"Daddy, open the door," the little girl kept knocking on the wooden door of the master bedroom.

"What's wrong, Pengpeng?" Mo Qianjue opened the door and bent down to pick up the little girl.

Mo Qianjue was still dressed in a plain white robe, with not a hint of sleep in those exquisite androgynous features.

The little girl wrapped her arms around Mo Qianjue's neck and burst into tears, "Daddy, I had a nightmare. I dreamt that the big bad wolf ate Daddy, and Pengpeng became a little treasure without a Daddy..."

It turned out to be a nightmare.

A smile flickered in Mo Qianjue's eyes, and he rubbed the little girl's head, "Pengpeng, be good. Isn't Daddy right here?"

"Daddy, don't leave Pengpeng," she clung even tighter to Mo Qianjue's neck, her voice milky and tearful, "I'll be good and listen, and eat my meals, and not make Daddy angry."

"What silly talk is this!" Mo Qianjue gently tapped the little girl's head, "Pengpeng is Daddy's little treasure, how could Daddy ever leave you?"

Hearing this, the little girl looked up, her plump little hands wiping her face haphazardly, then she buried her head into Mo Qianjue's white robe, rubbing a few times.

The robes that had been smooth and creaseless were now wrinkled and stained with tears and snot.

Only then did the little girl raise her head again, satisfied.

"But, but, Mommy doesn't want me..." the little girl sobbed, "Pengpeng is also Mommy's little treasure, why doesn't she want me?"

Thinking back to the nightmare and remembering the mother she had never met.

The little girl's nose tingled, and once again, tears began to fall.

She was such a good and obedient child, why didn't Mommy want her?