

R Woman 141

Chapter 141: How about it?

The young woman was nearly fuming with anger. She had gone on and on, and there hadn't been any reaction from her.

At the very least, she should show some envy and admiration.

That's the problem with being uneducated!

A wretched lowlife by choice.

Doesn't she realize the huge gap that exists between herself and me?

Seeing that this approach was ineffective on Chu Jin, the young woman resentfully hung up the phone with a heavy heart.

Her peripheral vision caught the magazine rack behind the sofa, and her eyes lit up. She turned to Chu Jin and said, "Hey, go and get me that French magazine from behind."

Chu Jin, engrossed in the TV drama, had not heard her voice.

The young woman let out a long sigh, "Hey, I'm talking to you. Can't you hear?"

Her voice was several decibels louder than before.

Only then did Chu Jin slowly turn her head, looking somewhat puzzled, "What's the matter?"

The corners of the young woman's mouth curled into a smile. She nodded her chin towards the magazine rack and said, "Go get that French magazine for me."

Chu Jin was stunned for a moment. Did this person really think she could order her around like a servant?

What a spoiled little rich girl! Don't I have hands of my own?

Seeing her like this, a hint of smug satisfaction flashed in the young woman's eyes, and she covered her mouth to giggle, "Oh, sorry. I forgot. French is one of the ten hardest languages in the world to learn, it's normal that you can't understand it. If I weren't from C University French Department, I wouldn't understand it myself."

Chu Jin: "... " So she really was mocking me for being uneducated!

Who gave her the wrong impression that I am uneducated?

So what if you're from the C University French Department?

I won't get it for you—how irritating!

"That's why I say, opportunities are reserved for the educated. Young people should really study more!" the young woman continued. "Look, the one with the red and blue cover—that's the French magazine. Go get it for me."

Chu Jin looked up at her, the light dancing in her eyes, the dimples on her cheeks growing deeper, and her red lips parted gently, "t'es pas le coussin de roi? (French: Who do you think you are?)"

Sorry, but I'm quite good at French myself!

I can't stand young people who are so full of themselves, thinking they're something special just because they have a little talent.

The world doesn't revolve around you.

Everybody has to pamper you.

The young woman's face turned pale. She couldn't be hallucinating, could she? A country bumpkin who didn't even graduate middle school could speak French?

"What did you just say?"

Chu Jin lifted her chin slightly, her beguiling peach blossom eyes narrowing, "T'es stupide! (You're really stupid!)"

Now the young woman understood and screeched, "You dare call me stupid! Believe it or not, I could have my mom fire you on the spot! Go get that magazine for me right now!"

A mere servant, even if you understand some French, how dare you stand up to me!

Truly stupidly adorable.

Chu Jin sipped her orange juice lightly, her red lips parting gently, "I won't get it. What about it?"

Her tone was light, carrying a hint of provocation.

The young woman felt like she was about to explode with anger. In this villa, no one had ever dared to speak to her with that tone.

That other servant was all respect and reverence upon seeing her.

Chu Jin looked at her with an indifferent expression.

The young woman was seething with frustration, a kind of malicious energy running rampant within her as she pointed at Chu Jin, "Who let you sit here? Don't you see how dirty the ground and messy the sofa

are? We hired you to clean and be a servant, not to act like a spoiled rich girl! Be careful, or I'll tell my mom and you'll lose your job!"

A servant is a servant, no sense of propriety at all.

Chu Jin lightly stroked her chin with her hand. This person had mentioned her mother in every sentence.

Could she be that person's sister?

It seems that she had heard that person mention having a sister before.

If she really was that person's sister, then her quality was certainly lacking.

At that moment, footsteps sounded from outside the house, coming closer.

An upright figure appeared in the living room. Looking up, one could see his noble and sharply defined handsome features.

His whole being exuded an austere and cold aura.

And that undeniable air of dominance.

Upon seeing the newcomer, the young woman's eyes brightened. She quickly stood up from the sofa, smoothed out her skirt, the anger on her face vanishing in an instant, replaced by a hint of bashful excitement as she said, "Mr. Mo, you're back."

Chapter 142: Palm!

The young woman looked at Mo Zhixuan with great embarrassment.

Mr. Mo hardly ever returned to the villa for months, and she hadn't expected to encounter him this time.

Was this the so-called fate?

The young woman's heart was pounding with excitement.

Mr. Mo was the most dignified and charming man she had ever seen in her life.

He was different from her peers she'd seen at school and those fresh-faced celebrities on TV.

The aura of nobility about him was something innate, radiating from the inside out, effortlessly graceful.

Irreplaceable and unsurpassable.

Although she didn't know what Mr. Mo's real occupation was, residing in such a luxurious villa at his young age meant his background was definitely extraordinary!

And most importantly, from her observations, Mr. Mo appeared to be single.

If he was single, it meant she still had a chance.

After all, she was a star student in the French Department of C University!

Mo Zhixuan completely ignored the girl and looked at Chu Jin, "What happened just now?"

He had heard the commotion from afar.

Just as Chu Jin was about to speak, the young woman interrupted her boldly, saying to Mo Zhixuan, "Mr. Mo, the maid you hired has no manners at all! I just noticed that the floor was dirty and asked her to

clean it up, and not only did she ignore me, she even gave me an attitude! Such people should not be allowed to stay..."

Aunt Zhang, who was in the kitchen, heard the noise and came out.

Mo Zhixuan's expression grew increasingly stern, but softened slightly upon seeing Aunt Zhang emerge.

Aunt Zhang wiped her hands on her apron and, seeing the newcomer, said with surprise, "Lingxiang, when did you get here?"

This young woman was Aunt Zhang's biological daughter, Zuo Lingxiang.

Since she studied in Capital City, she often visited the villa to see her mother, and sometimes she would stay with Aunt Zhang in the servants' quarters for a few days.

Aunt Zhang had previously sought Mo Zhixuan's permission for this.

Seeing the deep bond between mother and daughter, and considering Aunt Zhang had worked there many years, always behaving honestly and dutifully,

he had agreed to her request.

He had allowed Zuo Lingxiang to visit on holidays to spend time with Aunt Zhang,

and had given her a card to enter and exit the villa smoothly.

Zuo Lingxiang felt a sense of superiority about having easy access to the affluent areas of Capital City.

Her roommates and classmates were deeply envious of her.

She enjoyed this feeling immensely.

Of course, she claimed to others that she was just staying with relatives for a few days.

If her classmates knew she had a mother who worked as a maid, how could she save face?

"Mom," Zuo Lingxiang went to Aunt Zhang's side and hugged her affectionately, voicing her dissatisfaction, "Is the new maid someone you hired? She's so rude..."

Aunt Zhang was somewhat puzzled, "What new maid...?"

Zuo Lingxiang wanted to say more, but she saw Mo Zhixuan's face turn suddenly colder, and he said in a deep voice, "Who did you say was a maid?"

Aunt Zhang was also confused, nervously asking Zuo Lingxiang, "Yeah, Lingxiang, who are you talking about?"

In this villa, there were only three helpers; one was off-duty, and another had taken leave for personal reasons.

So, in this villa, there wouldn't be another servant besides her.

And from the looks of it, Mr. Mo seemed to be angry.

Although Mr. Mo was usually a bit cold, he had never been angry with their servants before.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan like this,

Zuo Lingxiang suddenly felt less confident, swallowed hard, and pointed at Chu Jin saying, "Isn't it her, that disrespectful thing..."

Aunt Zhang's heart skipped a beat, and she quickly covered Zuo Lingxiang's mouth, scolding sharply, "What nonsense are you spouting! She's a guest brought by the master!"

A guest!

Zuo Lingxiang was instantly stunned as Aunt Zhang's words hit her like a bucket of ice water, causing her breath to catch.

Her whole being felt chilly.

She was filled with regret, embarrassment, and a mix of emotions.

After speaking, Aunt Zhang kept bowing repeatedly, apologizing to Mo Zhixuan, "Mr. Mo, I'm sorry, Lingxiang is young and doesn't know better, I hope you won't hold it against her, please don't stoop to her level..."

Aunt Zhang hadn't expected that, just while frying food, Zuo Lingxiang could bring such trouble upon herself.

She had been working here for a long time, and the salary and benefits were very good; she didn't want to lose her job because of Zuo Lingxiang's actions.

Mo Zhixuan's face was somber, his already cool features now seemed to be covered with a thin layer of ice, daunting to any onlooker.

This was it, she thought. As soon as the master got angry, it would undoubtedly have repercussions on her.

If her daughter had caused the mess, it was up to her to fix it.

'Slap'!

Zuo Lingxiang hadn't even realized what was happening when she was suddenly struck by a slap that left her dizzy, with ringing in her ears, and a trace of fresh blood seeping from the corner of her mouth.

"Mom... you hit me!?" Zuo Lingxiang clutched her swollen cheek with one hand and pointed at Aunt Zhang with the other, questioning incredulously.

She was already feeling terrible, and now her own mother had hit her!

She had always been clever and outstanding, and her mother had never even spoken harshly to her, and now, she had struck her!

After the slap, Aunt Zhang's hand trembled too, but she remained clear on priorities and scolded sternly, "Wicked girl! It serves you right to be hit. Who told you to look down on people? How dare you disrespect the guest Mr. Mo brought back! Apologize to the young lady this instant!"

Chapter 143: Unmarried Husband

She is Mr. Mo's guest?

Then, by what status did she enter this villa?

A mistress? A fling?

She despised those who would cling to the powerful for money the most.

At such a young age, not studying diligently, already learning how to seduce men!

It's truly shameful!

She also loathed those who relied on their good looks to effortlessly get everything they wanted.

Why couldn't she, who worked so hard, get even close to Mr. Mo?

And that person, with lower education and less experience than herself, could stand beside Mr. Mo.

What gave her the right?

Just because of that pretty face?

The gaze of Zuo Lingxiang, downcast, was filled with malevolence, as if laced with poison. She had never suffered such an insult, such humiliation in all her life!

"Zuo Lingxiang!" Aunt Zhang tugged on Zuo Lingxiang's sleeve, reminding her sternly, "You haven't apologized to this lady yet!"

Zuo Lingxiang responded reluctantly.

After all, her mother had worked here for so many years, toiling wholeheartedly, dedicating over a decade.

Could it be that Mr. Mo would embarrass her for some insignificant little fling?

Plus, her mom had already slapped her!

"I'm sorry, miss, please forgive me," she said with an apology on her lips but not a hint of remorse on her face.

The hatred in her eyes was evident, without a shred of repentance.

Aunt Zhang followed closely, carefully maintaining a smile, originally wanting to say that Zuo Lingxiang was young and to ask Chu Jin not to take her seriously, but then she realized Chu Jin was even younger than Zuo Lingxiang.

She had to switch her approach, "Miss, I'm really sorry, Xiang Xiang has been spoiled by me since she was young. She's disrespectful and I hope you won't stoop to her level..."

Chu Jin couldn't be bothered to take Zuo Lingxiang seriously and, besides, Aunt Zhang's slap was not light. Chu Jin saw no need to be unreasonably unforgiving, and smiled, "It's nothing."

Zuo Lingxiang muttered discontentedly, "It's not even a big deal..."

Would she have been slapped if her mother hadn't made such a fuss over it?

As a distinguished law student from C University, humbling herself to apologize to a little fling was already giving her enough face.

Chu Jin didn't want to make an issue of it, but Mo Zhixuan couldn't stand his fiancée being slighted in his own home.

But years of good upbringing reminded him he couldn't hit a woman.

Mo Zhixuan set the gift bag aside casually, reached out to pull up Chu Jin, and with a hand gently encircling her waist, said to Zhang's wife and daughter, "This is my fiancée, Chu Jin."

That brief sentence, however, shocked the three bystanders.

Especially Zuo Lingxiang.

Her face turned instantly pale, her blood ran cold, like withered wood turned to ash.

No wonder she spoke French, no wonder she dared to confront her so confidently.

What was she just now? A laughingstock?

Performing a sword dance in front of Guan Yu?

Zuo Lingxiang bit her lip hard, covering her face with one hand, not daring to look at him anymore. Her emotions, barely settled, were again tumultuous.

Her heart was sour and painfully uncomfortable.

If she had just tried a little harder, could she have stood by his side?

Mo Zhixuan's frown deepened and his tone grew slightly cold as he continued, "One should know one's place. Don't mistake ignorance for capital to flaunt foolishness. Since Jin doesn't want to lower herself to your level, let's leave today's matter be. If this happens again, you needn't show up here in the future."

Mr. Mo's mention of 'Jin' sounded intimate and effortlessly natural.

Knowing one's place?

Was he speaking about her?

Zuo Lingxiang looked up incredulously at Mo Zhixuan. As the first college student to emerge from her village, she was accustomed to flattery and adulation.

Who didn't revolve around her?

No one had ever spoken to her like that before!

Those words were even more unbearable than the slap she had just received!

Zuo Lingxiang clenched her lips tightly, trembling all over.

So what if she was his fiancée?

One day, she would rise above everyone else!

She would show Chu Jin that happiness gained from a pretty face wouldn't last long!

Hearing Mo Zhixuan speaking so, Aunt Zhang exhaled in relief.

"Alright, sir, rest assured, there won't be a next time. I will definitely educate this child well when we get back," she said.

After speaking, Aunt Zhang looked at Mo Zhixuan again carefully, "Sir, if there's nothing else, I'll take Xiang Xiang back to our room now."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Go ahead."

With Mo Zhixuan's permission, Aunt Zhang immediately took Zuo Lingxiang back to the servant's room on the third floor.

Chu Jin was stunned, too. What joke was this man playing? When did she become his fiancée?

Seeing her in a daze, Mo Zhixuan couldn't help but reach out and ruffle her hair, his deep, cool phoenix eyes twinkling with a hint of teasing, "Surprised by that answer? Didn't they tell you, you have a fiancé?"

Chapter 144: Bridal Price

Chu Jin lifted her head with some stiffness.

He was very tall, and she had to look up to speak properly with him.

From her angle, she could see his perfect jaw and those thin lips pressed into a straight line.

"I did, I did mention it, but..." But they didn't tell her that her fiancé looked like this!

The head of the Mo family in the rumors was completely different from the man before her.

No!

It was incomparable!

Thinking this, Chu Jin composed herself and then asked, "Were you just joking?"

The corners of Mo Zhixuan's mouth curled into an arc, his deep phoenix eyes unreadable as he looked at Chu Jin and slowly began to speak, "I forgot to introduce myself, I'm Mo Zhixuan."

His voice was deep and slow, magnetic, and slightly husky.

With a 'boom', Chu Jin felt as if something in her mind was suddenly smashed to pieces.

Ah, she must be hallucinating!

He said he is Mo Zhixuan?

The Mo family head who's over fifty years old?

But this man, no matter how you look at him, didn't resemble a person over fifty!

And he definitely didn't look like a demon who people respect but keep at a distance!

This information was too much, she needed a moment to digest it.

Chu Jin's crimson lips tightly pursed, she involuntarily glanced up at him again.

Eyes met.

In those bewitching peach blossom eyes, the light rippled, shining brightly.

Although the girl before him was young, she already had the charm to throw people into disarray.

Mo Zhixuan was slightly taken aback before slowly saying, "Don't feel pressured, let's go eat, and I'll send you back after dinner."

The girl was still young and needed to be approached gently, without haste. It wouldn't do to frighten her.

At the dining table, the two ate their meal, each lost in thought.

Not until the black Bugatti Veyron came to a halt in front of the Zhao family villa did Chu Jin emerge from her dazed state.

"Mr. Mo, thank you for the ride, goodbye." Chu Jin said her farewells to him as she got out of the car.

"Wait a moment." Mo Zhixuan took hold of her wrist and slipped a translucent, dripping red Blood Jade Bracelet onto her hand, his deep voice sounding by her ear, "A betrothal gift."

Her porcelain-white skin, contrasted with the blood-red jade bracelet, was strikingly eye-catching.

But it wasn't out of place.

The word 'betrothal gift' jolted Chu Jin awake—she had been thinking of finding a way to cancel the engagement with the Mo family after some time, yet now, she had stirred up such a huge trouble.

In this life, all she wanted was to avenge her past grievances and stay out of the complexities of romantic entanglements.

She hastily attempted to remove the Blood Jade Bracelet, but found that once it touched her wrist, it shrank to fit perfectly, as if locked onto her hand, impossible to remove.

She immediately looked up at Mo Zhixuan, her voice laced with anxiety, "What's going on here?"

Could it be that the bracelet was cursed or something?

Ah, c'mon!

This man wasn't trying to shackle her, was he?

Mo Zhixuan looked at the Blood Jade Bracelet on her hand, his expression changing slightly as a heavy ink-like color flashed through his inscrutable phoenix eyes and was gone in an instant. His voice was as deep as ever, "No need to panic, this means you are fated with it, just keep it well."

Mo Zhixuan had not expected the Blood Jade Bracelet to recognize an owner—it was an unexpectedly... pleasant surprise.

Or perhaps, this person was destined to be his wife.

Things were getting more complicated than she had anticipated, going beyond her original estimates.

Chu Jin felt somewhat of a headache coming on as she rubbed her forehead, "This... doesn't seem quite right, does it?"

Remembering all that had happened before, Chu Jin's brows furrowed slightly. This man couldn't possibly think that her past actions had been deliberate plays of hard to get, strategic moves to get close to him, could he?

Or perhaps, he thought she was after his power, status, and wealth?

Her head ached even more.

Mo Zhixuan casually closed the car door and took out a white box from the driver's seat, "Keep this safe. It's getting late; head back to your room."

As he spoke, he thrust the white paper box into Chu Jin's hands.

In the end, he added another sentence, "I've saved my cellphone number in there; you can contact me if there's anything. You don't need to refuse; consider it a meeting gift from me."

Chu Jin stared at the box in her hand and the shining red Blood Jade Bracelet, her mind going blank for a few seconds.

Why did she feel that this bracelet looked somewhat similar to the one Zhao Yiling wore on her wrist?

Rubbing her temples with a hint of a headache, she did not seriously think he intended to marry her, did she?

Now, there was a real mess!

"Go inside." Mo Zhixuan slowly lit a cigarette, his noble features obscured by the night and the smoke, making him seem all the more mysterious and aloof.

Knowing she couldn't refuse him now, Chu Jin looked up at him and then waved her hand towards him.

"Alright, then I'm heading back now. Goodbye." After speaking, she turned and walked toward the inside.

After a few steps, Chu Jin seemed to remember something and turned her head, the corners of her lips slightly lifting, "Thank you."

That smile blossomed in the night, vibrant as a summer flower.

It imprinted itself in Mo Zhixuan's mind, lingering for a long time.

The following line of text suddenly appeared before his eyes.

When she glances back and smiles, all other charms fade in comparison.

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At the same time, in the servant's quarters of the Zhao family villa.

Zuo Lingxiang sat in front of a makeup mirror, using a hot egg to soothe her swollen right face, complaining, "Mom, you hit too hard. Aren't you afraid of ruining my face completely?"

"Hard?" Aunt Zhang sat on the bed and turned to look at her, "If I hadn't been stern, would Mr. Mo have spared you? It's your own fault for not keeping your mouth shut, spouting whatever comes to mind. That girl is Mr. Mo's fiancée, the future lady of this villa!"

"Fiancée?" Zuo Lingxiang spoke with a hint of disdain, "So what about a fiancée? The waters are always deep in wealthy families. Even if it's more than just a fiancée, what difference would marriage make? Which successful person isn't surrounded by a host of wives and concubines, let alone a man as outstanding as Mr. Mo? Even that girl tonight, she wouldn't be able to hold Mr. Mo at bay, I bet!"

"Lingxiang, I find your words rather odd! What's wrong with Miss Chu? Whether it's her appearance or demeanor, she's quite a match for the gentleman. Moreover, she's well-educated and clearly comes from a prominent family. Don't say things out of turn—you know trouble comes from careless talk!"

Hearing Aunt Zhang's words, Zuo Lingxiang let out a sigh, "Mom, why couldn't you have given birth to me as a wealthy young lady?"

Zuo Lingxiang continued.

"And so what if she's a wealthy young lady? Does that make her any less human? Just you wait and see, Mom. I feel like Mr. Mo will sooner or later call off the engagement with that Chu Jin!"

"The books you've read these past years must have gone to waste!" Aunt Zhang grabbed a pillow and hurled it at Zuo Lingxiang, "They say it's better to tear down a temple than to destroy a marriage. But look at you, always hoping for trouble between Mr. Mo and his wife-to-be!"

Zuo Lingxiang didn't directly answer Aunt Zhang's protest but continued to inquire, "Mom, why did I just happen to run into Mr. Mo coming home today? He usually doesn't return here, does he? Has he been coming back frequently lately?"

Upon hearing this, Aunt Zhang's expression darkened, and she snapped sternly, "Lingxiang! You'd best set aside those fanciful thoughts and focus on your studies! Mr. Mo is out of your league—we don't have that kind of destiny!"

Destiny?

She did not believe in destiny at all!

Why should some people be born superior, enjoying endless wealth and prestige?

As for her, she was merely a servant's daughter!

No matter how hard she worked, she would always be a servant's daughter. Someday, she would fiercely crush all those who looked down on Zuo Lingxiang under her feet.

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At the entrance to the Zhao family villa.

Only after she had entered did Mo Zhixuan extinguish his cigarette butt, his deep phoenix eyes calmly looking towards the Zhao family's main gate.

In the darkness, those eyes were like an endless deep sea.

Calm and undisturbed, with dark currents swirling within.

As soon as Chu Jin pushed the door open, she heard bursts of laughter and chatter coming from inside.

It seemed quite lively within.

No sooner had she set foot in the living room than Li Ruyu approached her, personally placing a pair of slippers at Chu Jin's feet, "Jin, you're back. Quickly change your shoes. Have you eaten yet? We saved some food for you."

Not in the mood to spar with Li Ruyu, Chu Jin bent down and put on the slippers, "I've eaten."

Chapter 145: Afraid You'll Poison Me

Had dinner already?

This little wretch really never gave her peace of mind, having actually eaten outside, nullifying all her 'considerate' intentions.

"Ah? You've eaten already?" The smile at the corner of Li Ruyu's mouth froze for an instant before returning to normal, "Why not have a little more? I specially saved some for you."

"No need, thanks for the kind offer, Auntie. I'll go upstairs now," Chu Jin said as she headed up the stairs.

Ha, eat what Li Ruyu has prepared?

She wasn't eager to die young.

Seated on the sofa, Zhao Yiling turned to look at Chu Jin, her face amiable with a touch of a smile, affectionately saying, "Sister, just have a little, if only for my mom's sake. How could you reject her goodwill?"

Li Ruyu immediately chimed in.

"Yes, yes, Jin, at least take a bite. Auntie saved it just for you. If you don't eat a single bite, Auntie's heart would feel so upset!"

Zhao Yiling took a sip of milk before adding, "Sister, why won't you eat? Could it be that you look down on our family chef's cooking skills?"

She played the part of a caring sister to perfection.

Chu Jin paused in her steps, turned her head to look at Zhao Yiling, and slowly lifted her delicate, jade-like jaw, half-seriously and half-jokingly saying, "Because I'm afraid you'll poison me."

Her clear voice resounded through the air.

In that instant, the atmosphere around became silent and still.

A bit eerie, and somewhat quiet.

No one had expected Chu Jin to say something like that.

The words were too direct, especially the smile at the corner of her mouth, it was hard to look straight at.

The smile on Zhao Yiling's face stiffened momentarily, but she quickly recovered, chastising, "Sister, you really have a sense of humor. We're all family, would we harm you?"

Although Zhao Yiling's face was smiling, her heart was somewhat panicky. Had this little wretch discovered something?

Li Ruyu was also panicked but kept a calm façade.

Chu Jin, looking at her, spoke with an even tone, "The human heart is separated by a layer of belly, who can be sure?"

Her mouth wore a smile, three parts serious, seven parts mischievous, making it hard for others to grasp her true intentions.

Especially that face.

The more Zhao Yiling looked at it, the more it irritated her. How could such good looks be wasted on this wretched creature?

It was simply unfair of the heavens.

"Sister!" Zhao Yiling's hand hidden in the sleeve clenched tightly, sharply saying, "You can eat whatever you like, but you can't just say anything! You accuse us of poisoning, where is the evidence? Without evidence, it's slander!"

Li Ruyu was also beside herself with fury, pointing at Chu Jin's nose, scolding her.

"After all, our Zhao family has raised you for so many years, I never thought we were raising an ingrate. It's one thing not to be grateful, but now you turn around and accuse us! Has your conscience been eaten by a dog? You say we poisoned you, if I wanted to poison you, why would I wait until today? If I had poisoned you, grass would be growing over your grave by now."

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Auntie, sister, I was merely speaking off the cuff. What's got you so worked up?"

Unexpectedly, Li Ruyu and Zhao Yiling were so easily scared.

She wasn't ready to burn bridges with them just yet. Since they seemed to wish for her death so keenly, she might as well stay and indulge them in their game.

Chu Jin lifted her hand to brush a lock of hair behind her ear, her tone nonchalant, "It was just a joke, after all. Can't you even take a joke anymore?"

Zhao Yiling and Li Ruyu exchanged glances, a flash of doubt crossing both pairs of eyes.

It had to be said, Chu Jin had become much harder to deal with these days.

She no longer seemed like the disposable trash that they could easily manipulate.

Zhao Yiling pursed her lips imperceptibly, "Sister, it's best not to make such jokes too often in the future, to avoid hurting everyone's feelings."

"Yes," Li Ruyu nodded in agreement, "Jin, what Auntie said just now was said in anger, don't take it to heart."

"Auntie, sister," Chu Jin's hand slowly rested on the staircase railing, she turned her head, her mouth spreading into a smile as she enunciated each syllable, "Good, night."

That smile was bold and bright.

Like a breeze through willows, like the lotus blooming after the rain.

Li Ruyu managed to see an inexplicable panic in that smile and forced a stiff grin, "Good night."

The 'tap tap tap' of footsteps grew fainter and fainter.

Only then did Li Ruyu let go of all her pretenses, walking over to Zhao Yiling with a face full of worry, "Ling'er, what do we do now? That little bitch must have discovered something!"

"Mom, don't panic," Zhao Yiling helped Li Ruyu sit down, saying indifferently, "After all, she's just an unsupported orphan girl. How could she possibly turn the heavens upside down!"

"But we can't speak so lightly," Li Ruyu continued, "Ling'er, Chu's company is still in her hands; we can't take it lightly."

Zhao Yiling's lips curled into a scornful smile, "Chu's company? What's Chu's company worth? Besides, that old fox Su Qiangda already embezzled all the funds and ran off with a bunch of old shareholders. Chu's company is nothing to be afraid of now."

Not to mention that now Su Qiangda has betrayed Chu's company.

Even if Su Qiangda hadn't betrayed Chu's company, with that trash at the helm, it would only be a matter of time before Chu's company was completely ruined.

"Mom, don't forget," Zhao Yiling patted Li Ruyu's hand, "Now I have the whole Jun Ao Group backing me. Are we still afraid of just a Chu's company? And I am now also Mo Qianjue's life-saving benefactor. With this identity alone, I'm already well positioned to make a name for myself in Capital City."

Zhao Yiling shouldn't have said that, for as she did, Li Ruyu's expression turned even uglier, "Ling'er, you don't know, but during these days when you were away, Chu's company underwent earth-shattering changes. It's not the company you knew anymore!"

Zhao Yiling was startled, "What happened?"

Just a few days earlier, Chu's company was still teetering in the storm. How could it have changed so drastically in such a short period?

She had only been gone for a few days.

"The Shang family has invested in Chu's company," Li Ruyu, despite being a housewife, kept up with financial news, thus she was clear on the details of the Shang family's investment in Chu's company.

Although Zhao Yiling had the Jun Ao Group as backup, it was still not comparable to the Shang family.

After all, the Shang family was the second largest family, just behind the Mo family!

"What?" Zhao Yiling's face paled, her features slightly twisted as she spoke with a chill, "It turns out I have underestimated that waste!"

That waste actually managed to hook up with the Shang family!

It was simply inconceivable.

A sinister look filled Zhao Yiling's beautiful eyes, as if drenched in poison, "Mom, we can't just wait like this! Increase the dosage!"

"Increase the dosage?" Li Ruyu was surprised, "But if the dosage is increased, wouldn't that waste just..."

At this point, Li Ruyu made a throat-slitting gesture.

She still hoped that this waste could marry into the Mo family and bring her more benefits. She could not let her die so easily!

If she died, who would become the stepping stone for her precious daughter?

Zhao Yiling's lips twisted into a cold smirk as she said sinisterly, "It's better if she dies."

She looked somewhat ferocious.

Li Ruyu felt a chill in her heart at the sight.

"Ling'er, what nonsense are you talking about!" Li Ruyu said anxiously, "If she dies, who will replace you in marrying into the Mo family? She can only die in the Mo family."

Even in death, she wanted that waste to die for the sake of the Zhao family.

To die with value!

Zhao Yiling gazed ahead, speaking in a heavy tone, "Of course, I'll be the one to marry."

"Ling'er, don't scare Mom! Mom only has you as a daughter; you can't lose hope! The Mo family is a devouring place!" Li Ruyu was so frightened that she embraced Zhao Yiling tightly.

Her eyes turned red in an instant; she only had this precious daughter, her whole second half of life relied on her. If anything happened to her, she herself would not be able to go on.

"Mom, don't be like this," Zhao Yiling frowned slightly, "The head of the Mo family isn't as terrible as you think. Anyway, I've decided to marry him. You shouldn't have pushed this marriage onto that waste in the first place!"

Now, the waste was getting the better deal!

If it had not been for her, she would now be the fiancée of the head of the Mo family.

"Everyone out there knows that Mo Zhixuan is not only an old dotard over fifty but also a demon that curses his wives!"

Li Ruyu steadied Zhao Yiling's shoulders, "Ling'er, listen to me, I won't harm you. You're in the prime of your life; how can you give up like this! That grave of the dead—the Mo family—should be left for that waste to deal with!"

With that stepping stone there to build the bridge first, they wouldn't fear a future without endless glory and riches.

"Mom!" Zhao Yiling pushed away Li Ruyu's hands, "I've seen Mo Zhixuan, and he's nothing like the fifty-something old man you speak of. Rather, he's a very charming and mature man..."

Chapter 146: Zhao Yiling's Plan

At that point, Zhao Yiling's eyes filled with a bright light, as if the figure, celestial in its beauty, appeared before her once again.

For a moment, her heartbeat quickened.

"Ling'er, what nonsense are you talking about!" Li Ruyu interrupted Zhao Yiling's daydream sternly, "Even if that Mo Zhixuan is an immortal, I can't let you marry him! Have you forgotten how his previous 18 wives died?"

How could she let her own daughter take such a risk at a time like this!

"I don't care!" Zhao Yiling looked at Li Ruyu, her voice firm, "I just want to marry him! I won't marry anyone else but him!"

As long as she could take the position of the Mo family's matriarch, there would be nothing and no one in Capital City she need fear.

"Oh, my silly daughter, what evil has possessed you to speak such nonsense!" Li Ruyu was so anxious she was close to tears.

"I'm not possessed, I am very clear-headed. Mother, I must marry Mo Zhixuan!"

Zhao Yiling's gaze was fixed on Li Ruyu. "Think about it, if I marry Mo Zhixuan, you will be the mother-in-law of the Mo family's head. Once you become the Mo family's mother-in-law, not a single one of the ladies of Capital City would dare look down on you. Then, you will be the elder among them! Centered around you they must be."

Li Ruyu sighed, though she too longed for that kind of life, she couldn't gamble with her daughter's life to achieve it.

Thus, taking Zhao Yiling's hand, she advised her earnestly and at length.

"That's easy to say, but don't forget, Mo Zhixuan is said to bring misfortune to his wives. Ling'er, if something isn't ours to begin with, we shouldn't force it. For now, just focus on implementing 'Plan Z' properly. All else is fleeting, and being well is better than anything!"

As she said this, Li Ruyu paused slightly, then continued, "Besides, now you have the support of Jun Ao Group. In time, Capital City will be yours. Why take such a risk to marry a devil?"

Zhao Yiling smiled gently, trying to persuade her mother.

"Mother, haven't you ever heard the saying, 'Fortune favors the bold'? Without trying, how can you be so sure that the head of the Mo family brings misfortune? You used to say he was an old man, but in reality, he's barely over thirty, and he's very handsome! He is far better than all those fledgling boys I've seen!"

Hearing Zhao Yiling speak like this, Li Ruyu looked up in surprise, asking, "Is the head of the Mo family better looking than Li Hanjiang?"

Li Hanjiang was the most handsome man she had ever seen, and she had once considered him a prospective son-in-law.

If the head of the Mo family was more striking than Li Hanjiang, he would be an excellent choice for a son-in-law.

After all, the Li family was not even close to the Mo family's league, falling short by more than a hundred ranks.

Zhao Yiling laughed dismissively, "What's Li Hanjiang compared to him! Li Hanjiang can't even hold a candle to the head of the Mo family! And besides, don't you always say that Li Hanjiang is a big shot in Capital City? I'm telling you, even that so-called big shot has to bow and scrape before him."

More commanding than Li Hanjiang!

And handsomer than Li Hanjiang as well.

Li Ruyu was moved, she took out a tissue to wipe away her tears, "Ling'er, is everything you said... true?"

"Of course!" Zhao Yiling nodded without hesitation, "I saw it with my own eyes – how could it be false! So, please agree, Mother. I am determined to marry the head of the Mo family."

"This..." Li Ruyu was still hesitant. No matter what, she couldn't gamble with Zhao Yiling's life, "But what about the curse?"

There were already 18 chilling examples before her, how could she let her own daughter take such a risk?

"Mother, let's not worry about whether the curse exists. Even if it does, so what! Didn't the old Mo lady say that only a woman of extreme yin could potentially contain the curse of the Mo family head?"

Right, the old lady of Mo family had indeed said that.

Only a woman of extreme yin could contain the curse that affected the head of the Mo family.

Li Ruyu's heart was wavering, and after weighing her options, she finally said, "Ling'er, I can't decide on this matter alone, let's wait for your father to return, and I'll discuss it with him."

Indeed, compared to Li Hanjiang,

The head of the Mo family was indeed much more outstanding.

Seeing Li Ruyu like this, Zhao Yiling knew that the matter was more or less decided, and she hugged her. "Mother, you are so good. If you agree, I believe Father will surely agree as well."

"Silly child," Li Ruyu smiled teasingly as she patted Zhao Yiling's hand.

Suddenly frowning, she swiftly grabbed Zhao Yiling's hand and asked urgently, "Ling'er, where is your bracelet?"

Zhao Yiling's face changed slightly, "The bracelet... it's lost..."

She instinctively concealed the true nature of the situation.

If Li Ruyu knew that the bracelet was forcibly taken by Mo Zhixuan, she definitely wouldn't agree to marry him.

"What! Lost?" Li Ruyu's complexion changed, her heart bleeding, "How could you lose such a precious item? Where did you lose it? Did you have someone look for it?"

"Lost is lost!" Zhao Yiling pretended not to care, "Anyway, once I marry into the Mo family, what good things won't I have? Why care about one bracelet!"

Once she married into the Mo family, by that time she would be the wife of the Mo family head. Would she be afraid that he wouldn't return the Blood Jade Bracelet to her?

Everything was hers anyway, just temporarily kept at the Mo family.

No, that place would become her home in the future.

"What do you mean 'just a bracelet'!" Li Ruyu said furiously, "That's the Mo family's family heirloom, the only one in the world. Such a fine item, tell me, how could you just lose it!"

If only she had known earlier, she would have pawned it. That bracelet was so fine, it must be worth a lot of money.

Maybe it could sell for several hundred million!

Zhao Yiling also became angry, "Isn't it all your fault! If you hadn't pushed this marriage onto that good-for-nothing, now I would have been the wife-to-be of the Mo family head! If I were the Mo family head's fiancée, that bracelet wouldn't have been lost! You see, such a good situation was forcefully pushed onto that good-for-nothing by you. Now everyone in the Mo family knows that Chu Jin is the Mo family head's fiancée. How do you expect me to face this!"

The more she talked, the angrier Zhao Yiling became.

How wonderful it would have been if the person engaged to Mo Zhixuan had been herself!

Unfortunately, she was robbed by that totally worthless good-for-nothing.

"What does this have to do with me?" Li Ruyu widened her eyes, "You were against this marriage at the beginning! Now you're blaming me, I was only thinking of your best interest. Which mother in the world would want to watch her daughter walk to her death with her eyes wide open!"

The anger on Zhao Yiling's face gradually subsided.

She now deeply regretted her decision back then.

But it still wasn't too late, once that good-for-nothing died, she would be the only extremely yin girl left and the Mo family would have no other choice.

"Alright, mom, don't be angry. I was just too impulsive. Calm down," Zhao Yiling soothed Li Ruyu while speaking, "Don't worry, after I marry into the Mo family, I will definitely take good care of you."

Hearing Zhao Yiling say this, Li Ruyu's heart swelled with joy and all her anger dissipated.

She could almost see the scene of all the ladies of wealth in Capital City revolving around her. Pleased, she said, "Good, good, good, I'm not angry, our Ling'er is so understanding."

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Upstairs, after Chu Jin went up, she reviewed today's lessons again and then worked on some math problems.

Only then did she slowly open the white box that Mo Zhixuan had stuffed into her hand.

Inside the box was a white phone of a well-known brand.

The SIM card and everything were already set up; as soon as she turned it on, several text message alerts sounded.

All were bank notifications.

It was then that Chu Jin realized that this was actually the same number she had used before.

Cancelling a number and such, aren't those things that only the owner can handle at the service hall?
How did this person manage it so easily?

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows and opened the messages.

She was stunned by what she saw on the phone display.

Customer Xinran transferred 5,000,000 into your card ending in 778 at the bank.

Customer Qingyi transferred 10,000,000 into your card ending in 778 at the bank.

Customer Jin Yong transferred 15,000,000 into your card ending in 778 at the bank.

In just a few minutes, her account had gained tens of millions, and effortlessly, too.

Had they transferred it to the wrong person?

Chapter 147: Upgrade

Money transfers getting misdirected? And it's a group mistake!

Chu Jin furrowed her brows in thought for a while, then called Miao Xinran.

"Hello, Xinran, did you and your brother accidentally transfer money to me? Why did it end up in my account? Send me your card number, and I'll transfer it back to you."

"Jin, you really are forgetful!" Miao Xinran's voice carried a hint of sleepiness, as if she had just woken up, "Didn't we agree that day at Shangtian? It's a token of appreciation. Who else would we give it to if not you? Surely not to Wang Xuxu?"

"Token of appreciation?" Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, now recalling that there had indeed been such an occasion.

"Sigh, I didn't take it seriously. Send me your card number quickly, and I'll transfer it back."

"Besides, I'd feel guilty accepting so much money,"

It was just a joke; how could she simply take so much money from others?

"Jin! If you talk like that, you're not treating me like a friend! One must keep their word. Besides, my brother has plenty of money; he doesn't care about such a small amount. Just keep it and be careful not to upset me, or I might fall out with you! Alright, that's enough talking. I'm hanging up now. See you tomorrow."

Chu Jin, with somewhat of a headache, looked at the disconnected call, then dialed Mo Qingyi.

Who knew, Mo Qingyi said the same thing as Miao Xinran, refusing to send her card number no matter what, and even used their pure friendship to threaten her.

But still, she couldn't just take so much money from them for no reason!

At that moment, a pair of pure and knowledge-seeking eyes appeared in her mind.

She quickly opened the mobile banking app, navigated to the transfer section, and entered a string of numbers deeply engraved in her memory.

Together, the three had transferred thirty million to her. After some thought, she took another thirty million from her account and anonymously transferred it to the charity account.

Although not a large sum, it might not even cover the cost of building one road, at least it could keep them fed and warm for a while.

"Jin, the system detected that you have a very high conscience value," Zi from the Purple Sound Spirit Box sniffed her nose and continued, "Don't you earthlings have a saying, 'People die for wealth, as birds die for food.' You've transferred so much money away, and anonymously at that. Doesn't it hurt?"

Sixty million gone in an instant!

If it had been a public transfer, the related authorities would have probably treated her like royalty.

Yet this person's thought process is different from others', choosing to remain anonymous.

Who would say thank you for an anonymous transfer?

Is her host a bit foolish?

Chu Jin arched her eyebrows, as if deep in thought, "Of course it hurts..."

Hearing her say this, Zi was about to make a playful remark, but then she added, "That's why I've decided not to upgrade you tonight."

Zi immediately dropped the sunflower seeds she was holding and cried out anxiously, "Jin, Jin, I'm sorry! I'll never be naughty again. Please don't do this, alright..."

Chu Jin focused intently on the English speech manuscript in her hands, as if she hadn't heard Zi's words.

Zi instantly became melodramatic, hands over her chest, feigning heartbreak, "Jin, my heart aches. You can't just leave me to die!"

Chu Jin put down her pen and slightly raised an eyebrow, "Will you ever stop chattering?"

"I'll stop chattering!" Zi immediately held up three fingers earnestly, "I swear on it!"

Chu Jin couldn't help but laugh at his little act, "Alright, alright, I get it. I'll upgrade you, but before I do, you have to help me with something."

Zi patted her chest confidently, "What is it? Just leave it to me, Zi Han the third."

Chu Jin looked up with an air of nonchalance, "Give me something that can make me invisible."

She had a grand task to undertake!

Upon hearing this, Zi let out a few mischievous chuckles, "Invisibility gear? Jin, are you planning to cause some trouble? Tell me the truth, have you taken a liking to some handsome young man? Do you want to watch a Pretty Boy bath?"

Chu Jin glanced at him helplessly, "Yes! I want to watch a Pretty Boy bath! So what? Just tell me if you'll give it to me or not?"

Zi clicked her tongue twice, "I never expected you to be such a person, Jin."

With a flick of her hand, a transparent glass bottle suddenly appeared on her writing table.

Zi explained, "This is Invisibility Water. Drink it, and you'll become invisible, but one bottle only lasts about three hours, so manage your time well."

Chu Jin nodded, "Got it. Now let's upgrade you."

"Okay then." Zi waved her stubby little hand, and a transparent screen appeared in the air, showing two buttons, 'Do you choose to spend 100% Faith Points for the upgrade?'

Chu Jin was just about to reach out and press 'Yes.'

But Zi suddenly spoke up to stop her, "Hey, Jin, wait a second, I have something to tell you."

Chu Jin arched an eyebrow, "Go ahead."

"The upgrade might take about ten days, and you mustn't miss me too much during that time,"

Chu Jin gave him a blank look, casually saying, "Don't worry, I'll think about you three times a day."

Zi instantly blushed, hands covering his face, "Oh my, Jin, you're making me bashful by saying that."

Chu Jin looked up to the sky; her guardian spirit was irretrievably on the path of foolery.

"Jin, during the time I'm away, be careful and if you come across any troubles you can't handle, don't force yourself to confront them head-on. Just wait until I return," Zi gradually became more serious.

"The system will occasionally issue tasks to you. Without my help, you still have to complete them properly. And I've prepared a few self-defensive items for you in your Purple Sound Spirit Box, which you can use when necessary."

It's just a ten-day absence, right?

Making it seem like a life-and-death farewell, it even got her feeling a bit melancholic.

Chu Jin nodded imperceptibly, "Alright, I got it, thank you."

After saying this, she looked up at Zi and pressed 'Yes.'

"Jin, see you in ten days," Zi smiled and waved at her, her chubby figure gradually turning transparent, until she completely disappeared into the void.

At the same time, a message from the system rang in her mind, [Ding! Upgrade started! Task duration: 14400 minutes!]

Chu Jin was taken aback!

minutes? Is this how we're playing now?

Chapter 148: Counterattack

After dealing with these matters, Chu Jin picked up the transparent glass bottle on the writing desk.

A wicked smile curled up at the corner of her mouth.

It was time to prepare a big gift for Zhao Yiling.

After consuming one-third of the Invisibility Water, Chu Jin quietly left the room.

Downstairs, Zhao Shentian, Li Ruyu, and Zhao Yiling seemed to be discussing something.

Seizing the opportunity, Chu Jin quickly went to Li Ruyu's room, and expertly made her way to the inner chamber, cracked the safe password, and opened the safe door.

A glint of gold flashed immediately.

Chu Jin squinted at the pile of gold bars and ingots before her, somewhat speechless.

Indeed, the greedy always favor things that shimmer and shine.

Chu Jin successfully extracted a black bottle from among the heap of jewelry and gold bars, bearing a string of English letters.

Chu Jin opened the lid, took the bottle to her nose, and sniffed, soon after, a cold smile appeared on her lips.

It seemed that Li Ruyu was indeed no simple character, to have acquired so much of such a rare drug—she wondered who her backer really was!

With no time to ponder further, Chu Jin immediately poured the drugs into a prepared empty bottle, then filled the black bottle with ordinary glucose powder.

Luckily, the drug was also a white powder and appeared no different from the glucose powder at first glance.

After completing the task, Chu Jin restored the safe to its original state, locked it, and quietly left the room.

Then, she turned and entered Zhao Yiling's room, ready to pour all the drugs into the pearl powder that Zhao Yiling frequently consumed. However, she hesitated.

Zhao Yiling added pearl powder to her milk every day to maintain her beauty.

After all, Zhao Yiling was her cousin, related by blood, and besides, Zhao Hai only had this one granddaughter—she couldn't be too ruthless.

Others might be heartless, but she couldn't be without conscience.

Then, she poured only half of it in.

Although it would not be fatal, it would still cause Zhao Yiling some trouble.

Moreover, this drug was addictive; once someone started using it, they would long for a second time. And when it ran out, their entire body would feel as uncomfortable as if millions of ants were gnawing at them. Furthermore, once people stopped using it, their appearance would undergo some changes.

For someone as vain as Zhao Yiling, this would probably be the greatest punishment.

She hoped that after this incident, Zhao Yiling would turn over a new leaf.

If the drug was used for an extended period or in excessive amounts, it could be lethal.

Moreover, the death would be so quiet that even the best medical practices couldn't trace a sliver of evidence.

Fifty minutes had passed, and after finishing her work, Chu Jin immediately returned to her own bedroom.

Little did she know that at this moment, a hot search had already surfaced on an official APP.

Shocking! Mysterious tycoon anonymously donates 60 million to support impoverished mountain areas, leaves no name!

In an instant, the whole internet boiled over.

[Netizen A]: Rich people, rich people~ let's be friends!

[Netizen B]: Wealth brings nobility, poverty brings kindness! Good people have a lifetime of peace!

[Netizen C]: Damn, did this big shot donate all their wealth to help the impoverished areas?

[Netizen D]: Well done! Supporting the rich tycoon, this is a true philanthropist, unlike some stars these days, who turn donations into a publicity stunt!

[Netizen E]: To the person above, Bao Bao supports you! Reject donation publicity stunts!

[Netizen F]: By the way, aren't you all curious about who this mysterious tycoon actually is?

[Netizen G]: "Actually, I'm that mysterious tycoon" [Emoticon/Smile]

[Netizen H]: "Rich guy, rich guy, I don't need sixty million, just give me six million, and if that's really not possible, six hundred thousand will do too. I've been an orphan since childhood, with no one to rely on, and I even found out recently that I have leukemia..."

[Netizen I]: "The person above, keep making stuff up, keep making up. I just saw your recent family photo uploaded on your home page, damn it! What happened to your parents being dead?"

[Netizen J]: "Pfft! Hahaha, just asking if your face hurts!"

[Netizen K]: "I just want to know who that mysterious tycoon really is? Could it just be another publicity stunt by some website?"

The online discussion about this matter was incredibly heated, to the point that the server crashed. Meanwhile, the person involved had already entered dreamland.

Chu Jin had a rare lie-in today and didn't wake up until 6:30 in the morning.

By then, it was too late to go for a morning run.

After freshening up, she headed downstairs. Today she wore a light pink T-shirt, ripped denim shorts, and a pair of white sneakers. Her black hair was tied up in a bun, revealing her fair and elegant neck.

She looked extraordinarily youthful and vibrant.

"Wang Sister, go and bring Miss Chu's breakfast over," Li Ruyu instructed immediately upon seeing Chu Jin come downstairs.

"Right away, madam," she replied.

Soon, an additional breakfast appeared on the dining table, fresh milk paired with bacon and egg rolls.

"Aunt, cousin, good morning," Chu Jin greeted cheerfully the two people at the dining table.

Because Chu Jin was wearing a short-sleeved T-shirt, Li Ruyu almost instantly noticed the Blood Jade Bracelet on Chu Jin's wrist. Her eyes narrowed sharply as she called out loudly, "Where did you get that bracelet on your hand from?"

Hearing this, Zhao Yiling's gaze also subconsciously shifted to Chu Jin's wrist, and her complexion changed dramatically.

Her eyes sparkled with disbelief and shock.

"This?" Chu Jin touched the Blood Jade Bracelet subconsciously, her lips curling up slightly, nonchalantly replied, "Of course, someone gave it to me."

This was clearly her daughter's bracelet, how did it end up in the hands of this little slut!

Could it be that this little slut stole it!

She was so audacious! To steal something and even from her own family members!

Zhao Yiling also rose from her chair abruptly, her eyes narrowing, "Where did you get this bracelet from?"

The bracelet she had was clearly taken away by the head of the Mo family that day, so how could it have ended up on this useless person now?

Don't tell me the head of the Mo family gave the bracelet to this useless person?

A bad feeling arose spontaneously.

Chu Jin looked up at Zhao Yiling and saw that she had finished the glass of milk in front of her. Her lips twisted into a smirk, "Someone gave it to me. Why cousin, do you want one too?"

"Someone gave it to you?" Li Ruyi said sarcastically, "I think you stole it! It's clearly Ling'er's, how did it become yours? Even though the Chu family is a prominent household, how did they produce a thief like you!"

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin's gaze subconsciously went to Zhao Yiling's wrist.

She noticed that the red Blood Jade Bracelet which had been on Zhao Yiling's wrist a few days ago was indeed gone.

Hey! The head of the Mo family couldn't have stolen Zhao Yiling's bracelet and then given it to her, could he?

But that didn't make sense either. When she shook hands with Zhao Yiling that day, she clearly felt a chilly coldness from Zhao Yiling's bracelet, whereas the bracelet on her own wrist emitted a warm sensation.

Clearly, these two bracelets had different properties.

And, moreover, it wasn't logical for the head of the Mo family to rob an item from a young lady!

"A thief?" Chu Jin casually sat down, "Aunt, you shouldn't spout nonsense. Careless words can lead to false accusations, slander, and they can be against the law. Don't think just because we're somewhat related that I won't take you to court."

Li Ruyu was infuriated.

It was clearly she who had taken Ling'er's bracelet but was now being accused by Chu Jin, "I warn you! Return the bracelet to Ling'er at once, or else I won't let this go! It's outrageous, stealing from your own family, and you still have the nerve to face us!"

Chapter 149: Unmarried Husband's Gift

Chu Jin extended her hand to grasp the glass of milk, drank half of it in one breath, and said to Li Ruyu, "Aunt, this milk is quite good."

Seeing her drink most of the milk, a smug look flashed in the eyes of both individuals.

However, Li Ruyu quickly reacted and said sternly, "Stop trying to change the subject! Give the bracelet back to Yiling right now! Tell me, when has the Zhao family ever deprived you of food or clothing that you would bite the hand that feeds you and learn to steal things?"

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyes, her clear pupils calmly looked towards Li Ruyu.

They sparked an icy cold glint, sharp and chilling.

Making Li Ruyu shiver slightly.

Her red lips parted lightly, "Aunt, please watch your language. I'll repeat it one more time, this was given to me by someone else! Since my cousin has lost something as well, you are entirely welcome to call the police. What do you mean by slandering me like this?"

At the mention of calling the police, Li Ruyu's face twisted unnaturally and she said, "Call the police? Isn't there a saying, 'Don't wash your dirty linen in public'? If word gets out that the Zhao family raised a thief, where would your uncle and I put our faces?"

Li Ruyu continued.

"You keep saying that someone else gave you the bracelet. Then I really want to ask you, who gave it to you? Do you know how much this bracelet is worth? Who would be so generous to give you such a precious bracelet!"

She clearly stole Yiling's bracelet, yet she's here making excuses, truly shameless!

Li Ruyu was so angry her face was turning dark!

On the side, Zhao Yiling's face was also looking rather ugly. She had worn that bracelet on her wrist for so many days, already considering it a part of her own body.

At this moment, to see the bracelet perfectly placed on that waste's wrist, her heart felt as if it had been sliced open with a knife—painful and raw.

And mixed with a touch of unwillingness, her emotions were extremely complicated.

Chu Jin leisurely took a bite of her bacon egg roll and then finished the remaining half of her milk.

Only then did she raise her eyes to look at Li Ruyu, her red lips parted, her words full of substance, "My fiancé gave it to me, the head of the Mo family. If you have any questions, you can ask him directly."

With those words spoken, she took the schoolbag handed over by Mrs. Li, turned, and walked out the door.

Inside the house, Zhao Yiling seemed to lose all her strength suddenly, collapsing weakly into the chair.

Li Ruyu's complexion wasn't any better.

She already had a guilty conscience, not to mention that the bracelet originally belonged to Chu Jin; she wouldn't dare to actually confront the Mo family.

"Yiling, what's going on? Didn't you say that the bracelet was lost?" Li Ruyu could only turn her doubtful gaze towards Zhao Yiling.

Zhao Yiling's eyes widened suddenly, staring dead at Li Ruyu as she burst out accusingly, "How would I know what's going on! This is all your fault, and you have the nerve to question me!"

In an instant, it was as if she became someone else.

Li Ruyu watched Zhao Yiling in disbelief, as if looking at a stranger.

"Yiling, what's wrong with you?"

Li Ruyu reached out to steady Zhao Yiling's shoulders, worry flickering in her eyes.

"Don't touch me!" Zhao Yiling shook off Li Ruyu's hand and stormed upstairs, full of anger.

If it weren't for her mother, who was incompetent and more trouble than she was worth, how could she have ended up in this situation today?

She was the one who was rightfully the fiancée of the Mo family's head, yet now that waste had snatched it away!

Li Ruyu looked dazedly at the departing figure of Zhao Yiling, her complexion ashen.

Her Yiling, what happened to her?

At the same time.

Hua Nation.

In an internationally renowned cosmetic surgery clinic.

In the office of a famous plastic surgeon.

A tall, fashionable young woman, wearing a wide-brimmed sun hat, sat in front of the doctor's desk.

Under the cover of her hat and sunglasses, only half of her face was visible.

"I've heard that you're the most famous and authoritative doctor here," the woman began slowly after a moment.

Her attractive lips were painted with bright red lipstick, bright and enticing.

The doctor, a middle-aged man past his fifties, pushed up his glasses in response and said modestly, "You flatter me. That's just what people outside say about Zhao, but here are some of the cases handled by Zhao which you can take a look at."

With that, Dr. Zhao slid some files of people who had undergone facial surgery towards the fashionable woman.

The people in the files had undergone very successful facial surgeries, to the point that even their own fathers might struggle to recognize which one was their daughter.

Dr. Zhao spoke fluently in the language of Hua Nation.

Just three months ago, he was a bona fide citizen of Hua Nation, but that was no longer the case.

In recent years, due to the popularity of idol dramas, cosmetic surgery had become a trend, with large groups of people from Hua Nation coming here for plastic surgery every day.

"No need!" The woman pushed the files back towards Dr. Zhao with an air of cold elegance.

Without so much as a glance.

"Since I've chosen this place, I have absolute trust in you."

Dr. Zhao said, "It's my honor. May I know if you'd like a chin enhancement or double eyelid surgery? Or perhaps the popular celebrity face that we're known for? I can recommend a package..."

"No need," the woman cut off Dr. Zhao abruptly, pulling out a photo from her LV bag and pushing it in front of Dr. Zhao, "I want to look like the person in this photo."

Dr. Zhao looked down and saw a girl in the photo who appeared to be about seventeen or eighteen years old.

The girl, dressed in white and black, radiated an aura reminiscent of an ethereal orchid in a deserted valley.

Serene and tranquil.

Her features were exquisite; her eyebrows and eyes like a painting, red lips and white teeth, especially those delicate, peach-blossom eyes that made one unwittingly immersed, hopelessly deep.

This was, without doubt, a beauty.

Moreover, a beauty with a distinguished air.

Dr. Zhao stared at the photo in his hands, unable to snap back to reality for a long time. The girl in the photo and the woman before him were obviously of two different styles.

Even if she changed her face to that of the girl in the photo, the ethereal aura she carried was something no one could emulate or replicate.

The girl in the photo, though not a well-known star,

possessed an aura and features more distinctive than any celebrity could offer.

Additionally, the woman in the photo gave off an untouchable sense of sanctity that he couldn't help but feel.

Also, this woman was rather unusual. Most of those seeking plastic surgery wanted to look like celebrities.

Yet she wished to take on the appearance of someone not well-known.

Such casual theft of another's appearance seemed somewhat unethical.

"What's the matter?" the woman lifted her chin slightly to look at Dr. Zhao, "Does the idea of making me look like her cause you distress, Dr. Zhao?"

As her voice reached his ears, Dr. Zhao quickly came back to his senses, "Miss, the thing is, I feel the young lady in the photo and your aura do not match. Your aura is more suited to the faces of celebrities and big stars like Fan Shuishui, Zhang Zitai, Yang Huan, and other international figures..."

"Five million," the woman pointed at the photo, "make me look like her."

Chapter 150: Five million

Five million?!

These three words shook Dr. Zhao's composure.

It was undoubtedly a huge temptation.

Even if someone wanted to undergo surgery to look like an international celebrity, the fee would only be a little more than one million.

This person was offering five million upfront, five times the price, how could he not be swayed? People die for wealth, as birds perish for food.

Who could resist the lure of money?

He wasn't a saint, and besides, it was his duty to relieve patients' worries.

Dr. Zhao lifted his head, revealing a flattering smile, "Certainly, of course, I will take care of this matter personally. I'll arrange everything. You can be admitted to the hospital today."

The woman nodded in satisfaction, "Good, then I will leave it all to Dr. Zhao."

Dr. Zhao adjusted his glasses, as if he'd just thought of something, and looked up at the woman, "Miss, however, I can't guarantee that I will make you look exactly like the lady in the photo. I can only achieve around seventy to eighty percent similarity."

While the plastic surgery technology in Goryeo Nation was advanced, it had not reached the level of complete duplication.

After all, a fake was still a fake.

Although he loved money, he needed to clarify certain matters in advance to prevent disputes after the surgery.

Nowadays, young people hardly looked at the contracts before surgery.

The woman pondered for a while, then said after a long pause, "That's acceptable."

A similarity of seventy to eighty percent was good enough.

Under the brim of her hat, her red lips curved into a sinister arc. Chu Jin, one day I will make you pay the price you deserve.

"Okay," Dr. Zhao stood up, "Then please come with me to go through the admission procedures."

The woman immediately got up and followed behind, coldness filling her eyes behind the sunglasses.

**

The Mo family.

The little loli rode on the back of Bao Bao, wobbling out of the grand gate of the Mo family.

"Giddy up!" The little loli patted Bao Bao's bottom, excitedly saying, "Shrimp, let's go! We're off to find Brother Jin..."

As if understanding her words, Bao Bao started running with its four thick legs, gleefully taking off.

Its two big ears flapped back and forth, in sync with the little loli's tinkling laughter, giving a peculiar rhythmic feeling.

Little did she know that shortly after she left, Mo Qianjue, dressed in a plain white shirt, followed behind.

On that face so beautiful it could make one sink, a trace of malevolence emerged.

In his perfect, phoenix-like eyes, a cold gleam radiated. He really wanted to see what kind of person could enchant his daughter this way!

She even stopped attending school, always running to TA's side!

Mo Qianjue trailed behind the little loli to the crossroads.

"Whew!" The little loli leaned against a thick plane tree, exhaling heavily, puffing her cheeks, and muttered, "I'm so hot, Bao Bao, aren't you hot?"

Bao Bao looked at its little master, a gleam of moisture in its dark eyes, opened its mouth, and let out a loud 'woof.'

Seeing that the little loli didn't respond, Bao Bao 'woofed' once more and even stuck out its tongue to lick the little girl's cheek.

"Haha." The little loli's eyes squinted into slits as she laughed, patting Bao Bao on the head with her milky voice, "You're such a silly dog."

Hearing this, Bao Bao tilted its head, and its previously wagging tail immediately froze.

"Woof woof woof!" I'm not stupid!

"Hahaha!" Bao Bao's protest was met with the little loli's relentless laughter.

"Alright," the little loli cupped Bao Bao's head with her chubby little hands, rubbing it affectionately, "You're the best, Bao Bao, let me fan you to cool down."

With that, she pulled a small golden fan out of her embrace and started to fan Bao Bao, left and right.

Bao Bao squinted its eyes, seemingly in great enjoyment.

Despite the small size of the golden fan, the breeze it produced was extremely cool and comfortable, even more effective than air conditioning.

Hidden behind another plane tree, Mo Qianjue's pupils shrank sharply when he saw the golden fan in the little loli's hands, disbelief filling his exquisite, phoenix-like eyes.

"Is that... the Dragon Scale Fan!?"

Of course, Mo Qianjue knew about the Dragon Scale Fan, a treasure of the dragonkin, emerging when a Jiao transformed into a dragon. Among ten thousand Jiao attempting the transformation, it was exceedingly rare to produce such a fan, capable of repelling both water and fire, a once in a millennium encounter.

Even he had only seen such a divine fan in ancient books.

How did such a rare treasure end up in the hands of the little loli?

Mo Qianjue suddenly recalled the Confusing Grain Tree branch, which was equally a rare ancient divine tree, and had also been given to the little loli as a gift.

For a moment, Mo Qianjue became even more curious about this 'Brother Jin' the little loli mentioned.

What kind of person would go to such great lengths, at all costs, to get close to his daughter?

What exactly does TA hope to achieve through the little loli?

After waiting for quite a while, the familiar figure still did not appear.

A girl and a dog sat dejectedly under the tree.

The little loli propped her head with both hands, staring hopefully ahead and sighed, "Bao Bao, do you think Brother Jin will still come today?"

Bao Bao also looked into the distance and let out a low whimper upon hearing this.

Then he stretched his dog's head to nuzzle the little girl's head.

Not far away, a plump little milk dog entirely white in color was rolling its way toward them 'coming over.'

Suddenly, a familiar silhouette gradually came into view.

The little loli's eyes brightened, and she quickly stood up from the ground.

Mo Qianjue also looked toward the figure, his eyes slightly squinting.

Bao Bao, wagging its tail excitedly, barked several times at the person.

Chu Jin did not expect to meet the little loli here today, and it seemed she had been waiting for quite some time. Doesn't she have school to attend?

At her age, she should be in kindergarten, shouldn't she?

Chu Jin crouched down to be at eye level with the little loli, "Why did you come so early today, Peng Bro?"

Instead, the little loli threw her arms around Chu Jin's neck, coquettishly saying, "Brother Jin, I missed you to death!"

Bao Bao affectionately rubbed its head against Chu Jin as well.

"Tell Brother Jin, why didn't you go to school today?" Chu Jin straightened the little loli's shoulders to face her.

The little loli's eyes twinkled as she blinked and countered, "Then Brother Jin, why did you also come so early today? Don't you have to go to school?"

Chu Jin paused, "It's because our school had an activity today, so we got out early."

Of course, he could not tell the little loli that because the last class was physical education, he had skipped class.

The little loli tilted her head, mimicking Chu Jin in a childish voice, "Our school had an activity today too..."

"Nonsense," Chu Jin sternly said, "You tell Brother Jin honestly, did you skip school today?"

He couldn't mislead the child.

To have this adorable little loli, loved by everyone, skipping school because of him.

"Brother Jin, I like you so much." The little loli puckered her lips and gave Chu Jin's cheek a 'smack,' hoping to get away with it.

"Brother Jin, your cheek smells so nice..."

She didn't forget to compliment him after the kiss.

"Flattery will get you nowhere with Brother Jin!" Chu Jin shook a finger.

The little loli pouted, her face clearly unhappy.

When the little loli was unhappy, Bao Bao also let out a low whine and nudged Chu Jin's waist with its head.

"Good children shouldn't skip school," Chu Jin took the little loli's hand, looking into her eyes and instructed, "Think about it, if you skip class, how worried your teacher and father would be. If they can't find you, they would be so anxious. We need to study hard and not worry others..."

"My papa doesn't care where I go," the little loli's eyes reddened, her voice filled with grievance. "Does that mean I'm a bad child now? Brother Jin, will you still like me?"

Chu Jin rubbed the little loli's head, "If you mend your ways, you're still a good child. Promise me you won't skip school anymore, okay?"

"But what if I miss you?" The little loli looked pitifully at Chu Jin, her big eyes brimming with redness, pulling at his heartstrings.

"Well, how about this: from now on, you can come to see Brother Jin on Saturdays and Sundays, but only if your dad agrees, okay? You can't just run out on your own anymore."

"Then do you still like Peng Bro?" The little loli snuffled.

Chu Jin reached out and playfully scraped the little loli's shapely nose, "Of course I like you. Peng Bro is a well-behaved, good baby, Brother Jin definitely likes you."

He couldn't help but admire how well this child was made; the eyebrows were eyebrows, and the mouth was a mouth—as if the parents' genes were incredibly strong.

Only then did the little loli break into a smile, her chubby hands cupping Chu Jin's face as she said in a babyish voice, "Brother Jin, are we still best bros then?"