

R Woman 38

Chapter 38: Do you know who my dad is?

As she finished speaking, Liu Yike's gaze fell upon the textbooks on Chu Jin's desk.

No matter how she tried to quibble, a person's handwriting never changes!

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, suddenly losing interest in continuing the game, and spoke indifferently, "Classmate, I'm in a good mood today, so let's just drop this matter. Take these things and leave, and from now on, we'll stay out of each other's way."

After all, Liu Yike was just a teenager, and she had already lived two lifetimes; it seemed somewhat like bullying the young.

Why hold a grudge against a child?

But these words took on a different meaning in Liu Yike's ears.

The fear in Liu Yike's heart instantly vanished, her conviction in her judgment strengthened, and she laughed very smugly, "What, are you scared? You want to play the turtle and deny everything?"

"Too bad, it's too late!" Liu Yike crossed her arms, glanced at the onlooking crowd, and said, "All these classmates here are witnesses! You can't go back on your word!"

A good-for-nothing thinking she could compete with her! What a joke!

Chu Jin also found it amusing; a faint curve spread from the corners of her mouth, her whole demeanor pure and harmless, with not a trace of decadence or weakness to be seen.

Since someone was begging for no mercy, she couldn't be blamed for not showing any. Chu Jin laughed, "Yes, you're right, one must not break their promise. So, please, start your performance."

Her smile was pure, and dimples made shallow appearances on her cheeks, as if they could suck someone in, making it impossible for people to look away.

Especially the male students, who watched as if entranced, thinking to themselves that she was incredibly beautiful and wondering how they hadn't noticed it before.

The disdain at the bottom of Liu Yike's eyes intensified. Just as expected, trash would be trash. Even now, she could still smile, oblivious to how she would meet her end!

"Everyone, watch closely," Liu Yike confidently picked up an exercise book from Chu Jin's desk and said to the crowd, "Now we are going to compare the handwriting in this exercise book. Everyone, come closer and watch, so later, certain people can't sore lose and accuse me of bullying."

Upon hearing this, the crowd moved in closer to see.

In front of everyone, Liu Yike calmly flipped open the first page.

Her mouth brimmed with a very smug smile, as if she could already see Chu Jin's dismal future.

"Wow," a low exclamation came from the crowd.

"Such beautiful handwriting!"

"Must have taken years of practice!"

The smile on Liu Yike's lips immediately stiffened, and she rubbed her eyes in case she was seeing things.

However, when she opened her eyes again, nothing had changed.

What she saw was a set of very formal regular script, with clear and forceful strokes, meticulous beginnings and endings, dignified and even, robust and rugged, with a beauty that didn't lack masculine vigor, quite the style of a master.

Such handwriting was rare not only in Class 2 but also throughout the entire South Bridge No.2 Middle School.

Compared to the handwriting in that love letter, it was as different as heaven and earth.

A faint smile curved Chu Jin's lips, all of which she owed to her past life's efforts. As a literary master in her previous life, her handwriting would obviously not be unsightly.

For such attractive writing, she had practiced for a long time.

Liu Yike still wouldn't give up; she flipped through several more exercise books in quick succession, but she failed to find what she wanted to see.

"Stop looking!" Miao Xinran snatched the exercise books from Liu Yike's hands and laughed, "You lost, so get on your knees and sing 'Conquer'!"

The onlooking crowd also began to get into the action, with whistlers whistling and hecklers heckling.

Some even started clapping rhythmically, chanting as they clapped, "Sing 'Conquer,' sing 'Conquer'!"

As the only daughter of the principal of South Bridge No.2 Middle School, Liu Yike had always felt a sense of superiority.

She was always haughty wherever she went, and it was always her bullying others. When had she ever been subjected to such humiliation!

At this moment, she glared at Chu Jin with venomous eyes, as if she wanted to tear him limb from limb!

She was also spouting some nasty words from her mouth.

Chu Jin saw that she showed not the slightest intention of repentance but instead had become even more aggressive, and shook his head slightly.

Such a person wasn't worthy of sympathy and deserved to be taught a harsh lesson so she would finally understand how high the sky was and how thick the earth was.

Chu Jin looked up at her and began slowly, "Since you accepted the game, you have to follow the rules of the game." After finishing, he added, "Besides, I gave you a chance."

"Ah! Bitch!" Liu Yike was completely enraged and spitefully glared at the crowd, threatening, "Shut up! All of you shut up! Do you know who my dad is? Dare to provoke me, and I'll have my dad fire all of you when I get home!"

With that, she turned around and pushed through a frail girl standing behind her, quickly running out of the classroom.

Chu Jin! That trash had made her lose so much face! She would not let it go!

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Meanwhile, in an upscale private club.

A young man sat on the sofa, hesitantly facing the man opposite him, and began with some reluctance, "Ninth Brother, I heard that you..."

Under the dim light, the man was sitting there, cold and aloof, a half-lit cigarette between his fingers. The rising smoke partially obscured his sharp features, adding a mysterious aura to his abstinence and coolness.

He was a majestic figure, awe-inspiring and unattainable.

How could such a sovereign be associated with a vicious curse?

Had it not been for that curse, he would not have come to the mortal realm, let alone...

The young man thought regretfully.

Seeming to know what he was about to say, Mo Zhixuan flicked the ash from his cigarette, maintaining an indifferent and detached demeanor, nodded slightly, and slowly uttered a few words, "Yes, that's right."

Though it was only a brief affirmation, it took the young man a while to digest it.

Thinking it was merely a rumor, he was surprised to learn it was the truth, and looked at him in astonishment, "Ninth Brother, are you serious?"

There had already been 18 vivid examples, fate was cruel, and aside from Chuyi, it seemed this life Ninth Brother might never find his true love.

This thought made the young man's eyes feel sour.

Mo Zhixuan didn't elaborate but simply blew out a ring of smoke, saying faintly, "I can feel the warmth of her palm."

"What?" The young man was stunned for a few seconds, afraid he had misheard, he urgently sought confirmation, "Ninth Brother, are you serious?"

The young man's expression was incredibly excited, even more so than if he had won millions!

"No, that can't be right!" The young man quickly collected himself, "How could such a person exist in the mortal realm? Ninth Brother, are you teasing me, just to upset Chuyi?"

Besides, he had heard that Ninth Brother's fiancée was named Chu Jin!