

## R Woman 70

Chapter 70: Still chaotic despite reasoning

Mo Zhixuan remained aloof and detached, sitting there with his legs crossed, a lit cigarette between his fingers.

A wisp of smoke rose, blurring his cold, stern features.

Proud, indifferent.

"Rest assured," Mo Zhixuan looked up at the Elder Mrs. Mo, "I won't be in any trouble, just relax and play cards with your friends, play chess, walk the dog, whatever you like, but you are absolutely not allowed to go to the Zheng family."

The Elder Mrs. Mo knew Mo Zhixuan's personality well.

Knowing that more words would be useless at this point, she changed the subject, pretending to speak offhandedly, "I visited the Zhao family a few days ago."

Mo Zhixuan's face still showed no expression, and upon hearing this, he just hummed indifferently.

As if no longer anything could disturb his emotions.

Those deep phoenix eyes didn't ripple by half a strand.

Like a mysterious, immeasurably deep ancient well, profound and chilling.

"I sent that girl our family's ancestral Blood Jade Bracelet recently, when can you find some time to see the girl, and perhaps foster some affection..." Elder Mrs. Mo went on.

"What did you say?" Mo Zhixuan's eyes darkened.

The Elder Mrs. Mo was taken aback, then laughed, "I said you should visit the girl and foster some affection, so I can hold a great-grandson sooner, right?"

With these words, there was finally some warmth in the Elder Mrs. Mo's eyes, with a trace of expectancy.

Mo Zhixuan said, "Not that sentence, the one before."

His deep voice now carried a hint of chill.

Yet one couldn't discern happiness or anger from it.

Elder Mrs. Mo lowered her gaze for a moment in thought, then said, "I sent the girl our Blood Jade Bracelet, what about it?"

Mo Zhixuan immediately stubbed out the cigarette, his eyebrows slightly furrowed, "Mom, isn't this a bit reckless?"

"How is it reckless?" Elder Mrs. Mo gave him a look of reproach. "The bracelet was originally meant for my daughter-in-law; what's wrong with me sending it to the girl? Oh? You don't expect her to marry you for nothing, do you?"

Upon finishing, she looked at Mo Zhixuan with suspicion, "Don't tell me you want to save our family's Blood Jade Bracelet for that Zheng girl?"

Elder Mrs. Mo turned stern, "Xuan'er, let me tell you, that's impossible! I advise you to give up on that idea as soon as possible. As long as I'm here, Zheng Chuyi will not step foot into the Mo family!"

Although she had thought of asking the Zheng family for help to get Mo Zhixuan through this crisis, she had never considered asking Zheng Chuyi.

Moreover, anyone from the Zheng family could help Mo Zhixuan, but Zheng Chuyi was the exception!

His grandmother's imagination was so rich, Mo Zhixuan was speechless.

"Mom, you're overthinking it; that's not what I meant."

"Well, it better not be!" Elder Mrs. Mo glanced at him, then had a sudden realization, "Right, didn't Master Zhang say Jin is our family's savior? You must find time in the next few days to see her; perhaps she has a way to help you through this crisis. Besides, check if there are any changes to our family's Blood Jade Bracelet?"

As she spoke, a hint of a smile spread across Elder Mrs. Mo's lips, failing to notice that she had changed her reference from "the girl" to "Jin."

Mo Zhixuan looked up, his voice low and frosty with incredulity, "What did you just call her?"

Elder Mrs. Mo had always been distant and never used such an affectionate name for a junior.

And now, for the first time, she casually referred to someone still outside the family and of unknown background as 'Jin.'

This privilege had never been granted to the previous eighteen.

Let alone sending the Blood Jade Bracelet...

Could this be taken as her being extremely crafty?

Had she managed to cheer up Elder Mrs. Mo?

A trace of disorder flickered through Mo Zhixuan's heart.

He was confident he could see through everything in the world, but not the girl named Chu Jin.

"What 'her' are you going on about? She's your future wife!" Elder Mrs. Mo chided, "You should be calling her Jin, too!"

"What Jin? Are you talking about my brother Jin?" Just then, Mo Qingyi entered the room, and a servant respectfully took her backpack.

Recently, she had been poisoned by the name 'Chu Jin.'

Whenever she heard 'nervous,' she thought of 'Chu Jin.'

When seeing the idiom 'adding flowers to brocade,' she also thought of 'Chu Jin.'

In short, any word that sounded like 'jin,' she associated it with Chu Jin.

Addicted to Brother Jin, she couldn't extricate herself.

"Qingyi is back," Elder Mrs. Mo cheerfully took Mo Qingyi's hand, affectionately saying, "Are you tired from playing outside today? Look at you, all sweaty. You're not allowed to do this anymore; you could catch a cold."

Mo Qingyi wiped the sweat from her forehead carelessly, "I'm fine, Mom. What were you just discussing with my brother? Something about Jin? Were you talking about my Brother Jin?"

"What 'well brother' not 'well brother'! Qingyi, let me tell you, you only have one brother," the old Madam Mo scolded seriously, her face rigid, "And you must not associate with those disorderly people! For a girl of a decent family, acting like a boy all day, how improper!"

Mo Qingyi stuck out her tongue, "Aiyah, Mom! I know, and besides, my Jin Brother isn't the type of person you speak of."

The old Madam Mo's face darkened.

Noticing this, Mo Qingyi quickly wrapped her arms around the old Madam Mo's arm, trying to change the subject, "Mom, what were you whispering to my brother just now while my back was turned? Something about Jin, Jin?"

"You, child!" The old Madam Mo affectionately scraped Mo Qingyi's nose with her hand, "We were talking about your sister-in-law. Mom has found a bride for your brother."

"What? Sister-in-law!?" Mo Qingyi was stunned and turned to Mo Zhixuan without a second thought, blurted out, "Brother, which family's daughter are you planning to doom this time?"

This brother of hers, born with a celestial countenance, is sadly fated to be less than fortunate.

A bride is to be married, not missed altogether.

It's as if cursed.

Moreover, his aura was already so imposing, and he was always wearing a stern face, with an air of abstinence and aloof coldness, as though someone owed him millions.

"You child!" The old Madam Mo's expression turned cold, she scolded sternly, "What way is that to speak! Go to the study and copy the family rules ten times, no supper tonight until you've finished!"

"Oh." Mo Qingyi knew she had said the wrong thing, and now she hung her head as she walked upstairs.

In her heart, she wondered who had such unique taste to take an interest in her brother—could it be they think their life too long?

After Mo Qingyi left, the old Madam Mo looked apologetically at Mo Zhixuan, "Qingyi speaks without forethought, don't take it to heart."

"It's of no consequence," Mo Zhixuan stood up, his deep phoenix-like eyes pitch-black, and his voice remained as cold as ever, "There's work at the company, I'll be leaving first."

With that, he turned and departed.

The old Madam Mo watched his retreating figure and let out a slight sigh.

The smile that had been on her face a moment ago was instantly shrouded by clouds of worry.

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The black Bugatti Veyron sped down the public road, roaring and sprinting.

Suddenly, with a 'hiss', the tire screeched harshly against the pavement.

The Bugatti Veyron stopped across the street.

The person inside slowly lifted his eyes towards the direction of the crossroads.

There was the usual hustle and bustle of people, no different than any other day.

Mo Zhixuan's brows were slightly furrowed as he watched for a moment, then took a silver lighter out of the glove compartment.

The pale silver lighter was engraved with a strange mutant beast; sunlight fell upon it, reflecting a harsh cold light.

With a 'click', a wisp of pale blue flame ignited on the lighter.

Just then, at the busy crossroads, seemingly out of nowhere, a simple stall had appeared.

Next to the stall stood a girl in white and black attire, her gaze lowered as if looking at something, with a gentle smile on her lips, and soft dimples that seemed like they could pull people in.

A breeze lifted strands of her black hair, adding a touch of disarray to her jade-like features, presenting a vision of ethereal beauty.

Her silhouette could be seen here almost every afternoon.

Could the Zhao family be mistreating her?

Denying her food and clothing?

Forcing a lady of such a noble family to stoop to divining fortunes on the streets?

Moreover, what purpose did she have in trying so hard to get close to him?

She even managed to win over the old Madam Mo and Mo Qingyi to her side.

And then there was the warmth resting in the palm of her hand.

Was it an illusion that day, or was it truly there?

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There were too many mysteries about her.

Even the five reincarnations offered no insights into her origin or destination.

Mo Zhixuan found his thoughts in more disarray.

He had never imagined that in his lifetime, he would be so perturbed by a young girl.

Mo Zhixuan lit his cigarette, then opened the car door and, with long strides, walked toward the other side of the street.

"Hello, what would you like to have divined?" Chu Jin was bending her head over the cards, and when she lifted her gaze, she was abruptly taken aback.