

R Woman 71

Chapter 71: Under the melon field and under the plum tree

Chu Jin hadn't expected the visitor to be him. She was startled for a moment before she smiled and said, "Mr. Mo?"

Mo Zhixuan looked down at her from his higher position.

Those bewitching peach blossom eyes were too clear, too pure, tempting one to unconsciously sink into them.

Mo Zhixuan felt his heartbeat losing its regular rhythm.

This was an experience he had never had before.

Even when he was with Zheng Chuyi, he had not felt this way.

The sensation was subtle and unfamiliar. Mo Zhixuan's self-control was always excellent, so this feeling of losing control made him resist and uneasy.

He frowned slightly, didn't speak, and remembering the purpose of his visit, he reached out and grasped Chu Jin's wrist.

Almost completely unguarded,

her wrist was thus imprisoned by him, leaving her somewhat stunned as she looked at him, the smile freezing on her lips.

For a moment, she forgot to struggle.

The Tarot cards fell from her hands onto the table, one by one.

In the sunlight, the exposed skin by her wrist was white to the point of translucency. Only a red string was tied around her wrist, without any other excessive decoration. Mo Zhixuan's frown deepened, the inkiness in his eyes intensifying as he said in a heavy voice, "Where's the bracelet?"

Only then did Chu Jin come to her senses and looked at him with cold eyebrows, "What bracelet? Mr. Mo, please show some self-respect!"

With that, she tried to withdraw her hand.

But the other party's grip was too tight.

She simply couldn't break free.

Moreover, his hand felt devoid of any warmth, like a block of ice in the dead of winter, making it somewhat difficult to breathe.

Feeling a continuous flow of warmth transferring into the palm of her hand, as if she had been electrocuted.

It's the intermingling of ice and heat.

For a moment, Mo Zhixuan experienced a lapse in memory.

Suddenly, the slight furrow in his brow slowly relaxed. He raised his eyes and looked at Chu Jin very seriously, his sexy Adam's apple sliding up and down, "Do you really not know who I am?"

His voice was less cold than usual, and if one listened closely, they might sense a thread of warmth in it.

Does she really not know who he is?

A person's eyes cannot lie, but at this moment, her eyes held nothing but him.

Clear to the bottom, untainted by a speck of impurity.

Undoubtedly, these were a pair of pure and lively eyes.

Furthermore, the warmth coming from the palm told him that last time was not a figment of his imagination; it was real.

This was the second person besides Zheng Chuyi who could make him feel warmth.

And furthermore, she was his fiancée in name.

After a moment, Mo Zhixuan released her wrist, "Sorry, I was too abrupt just now."

Chu Jin immediately withdrew her wrist, which was now red and swollen, still carrying a slight chill—clear evidence of the strength he had just used.

She looked at Mo Zhixuan with slightly furrowed brows and said coldly, "Mr. Mo, did you lose something?"

He lost something, and he's questioning her?

What kind of logic was that? They had only met a few times.

Were they that close?

The little bit of favorable impression she had left for Mo Zhixuan had now completely dissipated.

"No," Mo Zhixuan also realized his earlier impulsiveness, "I really am sorry, Miss Chu. I misunderstood, and I ask you not to take it to heart."

"It's nothing," Chu Jin looked up at him, her pitch-black eyes void of warmth, her tone already carrying a hint of estrangement.

"However, Mr. Mo, it would be better if you spoke more clearly. What bracelet? What does it have to do with me? Also, I hope you can be more mindful next time. After all, there are boundaries between men and women. Acting the way you did in such a situation is indeed a bit inappropriate."

Mo Zhixuan picked up on the distance in her words and mulled over the phrase 'a questionable situation'. Then he suddenly laughed.

Without saying another word, he turned and left.

Chu Jin watched his retreating figure and slowly exhaled a breath.

Such a powerful and mysterious person was indeed not someone she could afford to provoke.

It was better to keep her distance in the future.

"Miss Chu," Mo Zhixuan had walked some distance when he suddenly turned his head, a slow curve forming at the corner of his lips, and said to Chu Jin in a measured tone, "Until we meet again."

The four indifferent words carried a hidden depth of meaning.

Chu Jin furrowed her brows slightly but before she could ponder, the first customer of the morning arrived.

A young woman with delicate makeup.

She was very tall, with an exquisite figure.

Although she wore heavy makeup, it could not hide the tiredness on her face.

Her clothes were luxurious, yet there was a lack of confidence between her brows.

She glanced at Chu Jin and then directly took out a stack of RMB from her LV bag, slamming it onto the table, "Here, girl, help me figure out when that fox spirit who seduced my husband will die?"

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Once in the car, Mo Zhixuan immediately took out his phone, his face terribly cold. After dialing a series of numbers, he spoke into the phone, "Prepare all the information on Chu Jin from her childhood to the present for me immediately, as well as anything regarding the Zhao family."

Who knows what the person on the other end said.

Mo Zhixuan's expression grew colder, "What? I understand."

After hanging up, he started the engine, and drove away, kicking up a cloud of dust.

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Elsewhere, beneath the towering Mo Building of Mo Group.

A young man and woman stood there.

The man was dressed in a black suit, with handsome features, a tall and slender figure, and a pair of mesmerizing fox-like eyes that were slightly narrowed, making it hard to discern the emotions beneath, exuding a powerful and sharp presence without anger.

The woman wore a red gauze dress, with a delicate face and snow-white skin, radiating a beauty so stunning, that a red mole between her eyebrows seemed out of place against the flamboyant red, yet giving off an unmatched elegance.

With an ethereal aura, she was enough to make all else pale in comparison.

A handsome man and a fairy-like woman formed an exceedingly pleasing scene that caught the attention of passersby.

"Mubai," Zheng Chuyi lifted her gaze towards the top floor of the Mo Building, her eyes filled with distant adoration, "Is he really here?"

Jiang Mubai nodded slightly, his tone gentle, "Yes. Do you need me to take you inside?"

"No need," Zheng Chuyi declined softly, "I want to go in by myself. Mubai, thank you."

Jiang Mubai fought the urge to pull her into his embrace and successfully hid the sadness in his eyes, smiling as he said, "We are close, I'll leave first then. Remember, if Ninth Brother dares to bully you, you still have me."

He didn't say 'come find me', but 'you still have me'.

However, Zheng Chuyi seemed not to grasp the meaning behind his words, merely responding, "Mubai, don't worry, he's not that kind of person."

When mentioning him, Zheng Chuyi's eyes revealed an indelible deep affection.

Jiang Mubai's expression turned somewhat desolate, "Take care of yourself."

Then, without waiting for Zheng Chuyi to reply, he turned and walked away.

As he turned, from an angle Zheng Chuyi couldn't see, his tears fell like rain.

Through blurred vision, his heart became blurred as well.

In this life,

Whether through the Netherworld or the Sea of Flames, over hills of knives or the abyss of hell, through endless calamities, he would protect her!