

## **R Woman 77**

Chapter 77: A universally known piece of trash

Zheng Chuyi was a delicate flower of the Superpower World, as well as its foremost beauty, always held in high esteem. She'd never suffered such humiliation before.

Moreover, it was from a commoner she had always looked down upon.

That feeling was really unbearable.

Zheng Chuyi, though prideful, knew how to read the room. At this moment, she was at a disadvantage, so naturally she couldn't keep putting on airs.

She suppressed the jealousy and indignation in her heart and managed a slight smile towards Chu Jin, "Remember, my name is Zheng Chuyi."

Someday, she would make Chu Jin understand.

The only reason Mo Zhixuan chose her was because she was 'Chu Jin'!

She was merely basking in her own light!

If it weren't for the name 'Chu Jin', would Mo Zhixuan have chosen her?

As she finished speaking, she waved her sleeve, kicking up dust, and turned to leave.

Zheng Chuyi?

Chu Jin watched Zheng Chuyi's retreating figure, her delicate brows slightly furrowed.

Clearly, this name had never appeared in her memories of either her past life or her current one.

The man who had earlier threatened to make her disappear from Capital City had come for Zheng Chuyi.

And it was obvious that Zheng Chuyi had come for another man.

These two people were no ordinary individuals.

Moreover, that man's combat prowess was definitely above Zheng Chuyi's, and even she might not be a match for him.

What exactly had happened here?

The matter was becoming more and more complicated.

Chu Jin raised her hand to stroke her chin, a flicker of light passing through her clear peach blossom eyes.

Suddenly, enlightenment struck; Zheng Chuyi had come for a man, and the only man she had any connection with was her nominal fiancé, the head of the Mo family.

But rumors had it he was an old man over fifty years old, a cursed demon at that.

Would Zheng Chuyi, a woman akin to a fairy, fancy a demon that even Zhao Yiling feared?

That was unscientific.

Could the rumors be wrong?

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At the same time.

On the other side of the world.

In an ancient and mysterious yet flourishing manor.

There lay a breathtakingly beautiful man, reclining on a royal couch in the garden, with his eyes closed, resting.

One hand casually resting on his forehead, he exuded an air of languid grace that made it hard for one to look away.

"Chief," a uniformed woman respectfully extended an iPad to the man in simple white clothes lounging on the royal couch, "This is the video from this morning's incident at Wancheng Villa. Please review it."

Upon hearing this, the man, who had been resting with his eyes closed, slowly opened them.

They were eyes of perfect beauty, the eyes of a divine phoenix.

In those pitch-black orbs shone a cold, intimidating light.

They were awe-inspiring, exuding innate authority without a hint of anger.

Tied back hair lent him a classical allure, undiminished in his powerful presence.

Those peerless features, even more ravishing than a woman's, were mesmerizingly beautiful.

This was a beauty that transcended gender, blurring the lines between male and female.

Even women who saw him would feel somewhat ashamed.

This man was the widely renowned 'Unparalleled Son' and also the current ruler of Lawless City, Mo Qianjue.

Mo Qianjue took the iPad, pausing the video at the moment she stepped out of the alleyway, looking at the slim figure in white and black on the screen, Mo Qianjue's eyes narrowed slightly.

In the next second, the woman finally turned around.

Her long hair flying, it was a pity that the facial features hidden underneath it were indistinct.

Just as the memories in his mind, his recollection of her face was hazy, as if fragmented.

Mo Qianjue set down the iPad in his hand, his fingers tapping lightly on the tabletop with each flick, without lifting his head, he asked, "Is everything checked out?"

The people he employed were not there to freeload.

"Yes," the uniformed woman turned around, took two files from another assistant, and said respectfully, "Subordinate found that the miss ultimately entered the Zhao family's villa. After verification, subordinate has discovered that this miss is likely the Zhao family's daughter, Zhao Yiling."

"Zhao family's daughter?" Mo Qianjue's eyes flashed a hint of turbulence, "Without even seeing her face clearly, you're certain of this?"

The uniformed woman's expression did not change, and she analyzed calmly, "Subordinate has had doubts, but after overruling various assumptions and through investigation, subordinate found that there are two ladies in the Zhao family who are extremely similar to this woman in the surveillance, whether in age or figure. One of these two women is the Zhao family's daughter, Zhao Yiling, and the other is an orphan girl adopted by the Zhao family, Chu Jin. However, Chu Jin has no presence or looks to speak of, and due to her timid nature, she has always been referred to as an idiot by the outside world..."

While speaking, the uniformed woman glanced up at Mo Qianjue.

Mo Qianjue gestured with his hand, "Continue."

"Moreover, according to the investigation materials, Chu Jin is already eighteen years old this year, still a failure who can't even recognize 28 alphabetic characters. Therefore, subordinate believes she lacks the capability. Hence, she could not possibly be your lifesaver."

How could a useless idiot, known to all as a failure, possibly save their chief?

Wasn't this a wild fantasy?

Comparing the two was like comparing clouds to mud, and it was obvious who was superior.

Furthermore, there was simply no basis for comparison.

The uniformed woman continued, "On the other hand, the Zhao family's daughter is different. Not only is Miss Zhao beautiful and attractive, with a spirit like that of an orchid's and the intelligence of a phoenix, but she's also clever and kind-hearted. At only eighteen years old, she has already graduated from university, and she has some standing in the commercial circles of Capital City. Moreover, after verification, subordinate has learned that Miss Zhao exercises every morning. Therefore, subordinate believes that the woman who saved you must be the Zhao family's daughter, Zhao Yiling."

Having finished speaking, the uniformed woman handed the two prepared documents to Mo Qianjue.

These were the personal dossiers of Chu Jin and Zhao Yiling.

After Mo Qianjue took the two files, his eyes narrowed slightly as he carefully observed them. Finally, he threw one of the files directly into the trash can.

A light breeze flickered, blowing open the first page of the document.

The character introduction column revealed two characters in bold, "Chu Jin."

"Plan Z?" Mo Qianjue looked at the file in his hand, a glint flashing in his deep eyes, and instructed the uniformed woman beside him, "Arrange it immediately, I want to fund Miss Zhao's 'Plan Z'."

"Oh, and," Mo Qianjue added, "send a message to the people below, from now on any cooperation case involving the Zhao family will be personally handled by me. And, she's fond of the Chu Group, right? Buy it outright..."

The uniformed woman was stunned for a moment before saying, "Understood, subordinate will do as instructed."

Their chief seemed to have never been so concerned about a woman before, even the number one beauty of the Superpower World was ignored by him.

This daughter of the Zhao family was also lucky, having inadvertently saved their chief.



Believing that, in the coming years, the Zhao family's daughter would enjoy a life of glory.

If she was smart enough, she might even become their chief's wife.

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On the other side, Jiang Mubai immediately dropped the wine bottle in his hand when he received the message from Zheng Chuyi, his somewhat blurry consciousness instantly clearing up.

He hurried out of the bar.

Forgetting about a shiny object lying among a pile of empty wine bottles.

His ailment had no cure, except for that woman named Zheng Chuyi.

Jiang Mubai did not head to find Zheng Chuyi right away, but stepped into the Mo Group instead.

"Ninth Brother!" Jiang Mubai looked furiously at the man sitting at the office desk with a cold expression, "How could you treat Chuyi this way! She loves you so much that she even set aside her dignity to come to the secular world to find you, how could you let her down?"

Mo Zhixuan looked unfazed and pointed to the sofa next to him, "Mubai, sit."

Jiang Mubai planted his hands on the office desk, glaring angrily at Mo Zhixuan, "I won't sit. Ninth Brother, you owe me an explanation today. As you know, I cannot tolerate Chuyi being wronged!"

Mo Zhixuan slowly lit a cigarette, and his handsome face quickly hid behind the smoke, his whole person appeared even more hazy and mysterious.

But the ice-cold and intimidating aura was not something that could be concealed by any amount of smoke.

Jiang Mubai's heart inexplicably shivered.

Only then did Mo Zhixuan slowly say, "Zilong is gone, and I only regard Chuyi as a sister, nothing more between us."

"Sister?" Jiang Mubai scoffed, "Does Chuyi regard you as a brother? You clearly know how much Chuyi loves you, she waited for you for so many years, not for you to call her sister."

Mo Zhixuan was unflustered and said simply, "I already have a fiancée."

"Fiancée?" Jiang Mubai's mouth twisted with a scornful smile, "You mean that commoner from the secular world? To wrong Chuyi for such a commoner? A mere lowly commoner, how can she compare to Chuyi? Ninth Brother, wake up!"

Mo Zhixuan's expression turned icy, a sharp glint appearing in his eyes.

The atmosphere around instantly turned several degrees colder.