

R Woman 78

Chapter 78: Protect her and keep her worry-free for life

Mo Zhixuan looked toward Jiang Mubai, his profound phoenix eyes brimming with darkness as he said coldly, "My fiancée is none of your business to comment on."

Such a Mo Zhixuan truly made it difficult for people to look him in the eye.

The unintentionally revealed powerful aura made others feel a trepidation that forced them to submit unconsciously.

He was like a king who looked down upon the entire world.

By comparison, Jiang Mubai's imposing air seemed greatly diminished.

Like a roaring blaze completely quenched by a lake of icy water.

But thinking of the grievances Zheng Chuyi had suffered, Jiang Mubai gathered himself once more. He couldn't fathom what was so good about that vulgar woman of low status, that Mo Zhixuan would discard Zheng Chuyi and ignore her for the other's sake.

"Ninth Brother!" Jiang Mubai said with some reluctance, "This is unfair to Chuyi! Even if she was at fault before, hasn't her years of waiting been enough to quench your anger?"

Jiang Mubai sighed, a look of sorrow coloring his delicate, fox-like eyes as he pleaded, "For the sake of Big Brother Zheng, isn't it? Have you forgotten his last wishes?"

Pushing the woman he loved into the arms of another man, that heart-wrenching pain is incomprehensible to others.

Especially when the woman he cherished above all else was seen as nothing more than a vulgar person of low status in his Ninth Brother's eyes.

That feeling made it even harder to breathe.

"I have regrets about Zilong's matter as well," Mo Zhixuan's voice was still very cold, "In the future, I can protect her in Zilong's stead for a lifetime without worry. However, romance between man and woman cannot be forced. Everything from the past is in the past. Take her back with you. As I can see, you are more suited for her than I am."

"You think I don't want to?" Jiang Mubai gave a bitter smile, "But her eyes only have you in them, only you, Ninth Brother. I'm begging you, please don't let her be disappointed again, alright?"

Jiang Mubai's voice was close to hoarse.

"Chuyi has suffered enough in this life. I hope that from now on, she can be happy. That happiness can only be given by you, only you can bring a smile to her face."

Mo Zhixuan slowly leaned back in his executive chair, closed his eyes, and chose not to speak anymore.

His intentions were very clear.

Jiang Mubai, unable to accept it, called out once more, "Ninth Brother..."

Mo Zhixuan turned a deaf ear.

Jiang Mubai clenched his fists, lifting his eyes to Mo Zhixuan. A glint of dark menace flashed through his delicate, fox-like eyes as he whispered, "Ninth Brother, you will regret this!"

Having said that, he left in a fury.

If only Chu Jin, that stumbling block, wasn't in this world, Chuyi's path would surely be smoother.

As long as Chuyi could be happy, he was willing to do anything.

He couldn't bear to see Zheng Chuyi suffer the slightest bit.

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Elsewhere.

Mo Qianjue was sitting in a luxurious private theater, the giant screen not showing any movie, but rolling through photo after photo of a young girl.

The girl had an exquisite face, bright eyes, white teeth, and was born with a stunning beauty.

The photos kept rolling on.

From her infancy to her youth.

From her elementary school graduation photo to her college graduation photo in a doctoral gown.

And all sorts of different scenes.

Drinking coffee, looking down at a book, writing with a pen.

Wearing a school uniform, attending class earnestly.

Frolicking and playing with friends.

Feeling sad and shedding tears.

It seemed photographs of the girl from childhood to adulthood had been collected.

Through joys and sorrows.

Every frown and smile captured by the high-definition camera.

This was the advantage of power.

Watching these photographs, Mo Qianjue's mind revisited the scene of the day she saved him.

The gentle breeze that day had ruffled her hair, and also his heart.

Yet, for some reason, he just couldn't recall her face.

He had always been proud; there wasn't a woman in this world who didn't lose her composure upon seeing him, hearts given in secret adoration.

Only she had saved him and then thought of leaving quietly.

If it hadn't been for the haste that day, he would have thoroughly investigated her background.

The features on the screen, although exquisite and beautiful, did not match the blurry figure in his memory.

Suddenly, Mo Qianjue's pupils constricted as he picked up the remote control beside him and pressed pause.

The scene on the screen froze at the moment the girl glanced back; although backlit, one could only discern the general outline of the girl, yet those slightly raised black locks and the corners of her lips...

Made Mo Qianjue's heartbeat erratically lose its rhythm.

This photo was clearly aligned with the angle at which she had turned to leave that day.

Especially those raised black locks.

At first, Mo Qianjue had some doubts about whether he had recognized the wrong person, but now he was almost certain it was her.

Mo Qianjue looked at the photo on the screen, his lips slowly curling into an almost imperceptible smile.

Took my jade pendant and thought to withdraw so easily? Was it really that simple?

"Ai Lin," Mo Qianjue called out softly, and a woman in uniform emerged from the shadowy corner.

"Chief."

Mo Qianjue raised his right hand slowly and instructed, "The plan to cooperate with the Zhao Clan can commence, and intensify the acquisition of the Chu Clan's company."

"Not only do I intend to fund Miss Zhao's 'Plan Z', but I will also provide substantial support, both in manpower and finances,"

Ai Lin respectfully acknowledged.

Mo Qianjue continued, "Also, cancel all my appointments for the next few days."

Ai Lin hesitated slightly and softly reminded, "Chief, the envoy from F Country is scheduled to visit the day after tomorrow..."

Mo Qianjue decisively interrupted, "Just say I'm unwell and have someone else receive them."

"This...?" Ai Lin hesitated, glancing at Mo Qianjue.

After all, the visitor was a distinguished envoy from F Country, was this really okay?

A sharp gaze from Mo Qianjue swept over.

Ai Lin instantly fell silent.

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In the general manager's office of the Zhao Group,

Zhao Yiling sat before her desk with a cold expression.

She slammed the documents in her hand onto the desk and exclaimed angrily, "I can't believe they dared to underestimate my 'Plan Z'. Truly unappreciative!"

Zhao Shendong's face also looked somewhat displeased as he picked up the file on the desk and consoled, "Ling'er, don't be angry. They're blind to the gem in front of them. Once our 'Plan Z' becomes renowned across China mainland, they will regret their choice. Don't worry, your father is here for you; I will support you."

Hearing Zhao Shendong's words, Zhao Yiling's expression softened a bit.

She always had full confidence in her business acumen.

"Thank you, Dad, but if the Wang Clan and the Zhang Clan are unwilling to cooperate with us, we will have an issue with..."

Her plan required not only a significant amount of funds and manpower but also carried enormous risks. A single mishap could lead to bankruptcy, a reason many corporates were reluctant to collaborate with the Zhao family.

The main reason was, after all, Zhao Yiling's age, and while the 'Plan Z' seemed flawless and perfect, a careful analysis would reveal its vulnerabilities, all flash and no substance.

Having been immersed in business for many years, how could the Wang Clan and the Zhang Clan take such a risk?

"What about the Mo family?" A glint of sharpness flashed in Zhao Shentian's eyes. "A few days ago, I heard your mother say that the Mo family sent over the dowry. We could use that money for the project."

Zhao Yiling sighed, "The money from the Mo family has already been invested, and it's far from enough. Dad, in this case..." She paused, a glint of brilliance in her eyes, then continued.

"Go to the Mo family later and ask them to inject another billion into our project."

Zhao Shendong hesitated, "Will they agree?"

That was the Mo family, the top clan in China mainland.

Himself merely an unknown name in Capital City, would the Mo family heed his words?

Zhao Shendong had no illusions about his standing.

"Refuse?" Zhao Yiling's lips curved into a slight smile. "They don't have much choice, after all, we've raised that girl for so many years, we can't just let her marry into the Mo family so easily, can we? If the Mo family really wants to marry her, they wouldn't care about such a trivial sum."

The Zhao family hadn't raised Chu Jin for all those years for nothing.

It was time for Chu Jin to repay the favor.

A stepping stone should fulfill the duties of a stepping stone.

Being a stepping stone for her was Chu Jin's good fortune throughout three lifetimes.