

## R Woman 83

Chapter 83:

"Speak," Ruan Li fought to suppress the bitterness and anger in her heart as she looked at the young woman, "how much money will it take for you to leave him?"

The young woman's lips curled up in a disdainful, mocking smile. "Money? Ruan Li, do you really think everyone is like you, using money to control men? Think about it, if it weren't for the money, do you think Ahn would marry you with your looks? It's nothing but a pipe dream!"

Upon hearing these words, Ruan Li's face turned pale in an instant.

Clenching her lips tightly, she trembled with rage.

Seeing her like this, the young woman's lips curl up in a smug smile, and she said arrogantly.

"To tell you the truth, Ahn has wanted to divorce you for a long time now. That villa you live in has already been mortgaged to the bank, and all the assets in your name have been quietly transferred to my account by Ahn. You're nothing but a penniless, abandoned woman now, a pitiful wretch with no right to talk terms with me!"

It turned out that she had been living in deception all along.

Ruan Li felt as though all her strength had been sapped from her in an instant.

Before meeting the other woman, she felt confident, but after meeting her, she realized just how fragile she was.

She couldn't even muster the courage to slap the woman in the face despite the provocation.

The young woman smiled triumphantly with a slight lift of her chin, and said arrogantly, "Ruan Li, if I were you, I would have long ago..."

Slap!

Loud and clear.

In the atmospheric cafe, a crisp sound suddenly emanated.

As the sound echoed, the words of the other woman were abruptly cut off.

A hiss of pain came from across the table.

Ruan Li looked up in surprise.

On the haughty other woman's face, a handprint was now clearly visible.

Then,

a delicate and fair hand reached for a cup on the table, gripping it so tightly that the knuckles turned slightly white from the pressure.

The fingers were long, smooth, and as white as jade.

It was a hand that could be said to be perfection itself.

It could rival that of a hand model.

Following the hand upwards, Ruan Li saw a young girl in white shirt and black trousers, with a clear and distinguished face.

The corners of the girl's lips curled up slightly.

She looked pure and harmless, and her peach blossom eyes sparkled seductively, drawing anyone's gaze to her.

Before Ruan Li could react, she saw the girl raise her hand and pour the drink from the cup directly onto the other woman's face.

"Ah!"

A female scream tore through the sky,

breaking the tranquility of the cafe.

The surrounding patrons turned their heads to look.

"Who are you? I don't know you! Why did you hit me?" The other woman covered her face, the brown liquid sliding from her face down to her chest, looking utterly disheveled and pitiful.

In her distress, she appeared rather pitiable and wronged.

A creature like Lotus always has a way of garnering public sympathy.

No sooner had she spoken than some onlookers began to criticize.

Others in the crowd took out their cell phones and started recording.

"Exactly, how can you hit someone like that!"

"Look at the young lady, so clean and young, how can she just hit someone like that, what did her parents teach her?"

"What kind of manners! To hit someone for no reason, is there no upbringing left!"

"..."

"Hitting someone?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, puzzled, "When did I hit anyone?"

At these words, the other woman stood up excitedly, pointing to her swollen cheek, "This is the evidence. I had no grievances with you, why did you hit me?"

As she spoke, the other woman's voice began to choke.

Some of the more righteous customers couldn't stand by any longer, "Don't be afraid, lady. Call the police, we'll all be your witnesses!"

"Yes, yes, yes! We are all your witnesses!"

"This is just lawlessness!"

Chu Jin looked up at the other woman, the dimples on her cheeks deepening, her voice laced with ambiguity, "Do you really think a home wrecker like you deserves the title of 'human'?"

"I was just giving you a taste of what it's like to be a mistress who feels accomplished for breaking up someone else's family. Don't you like it?"

"Besides, what's wrong with hitting you? If I don't hit you, should I just let you continue to harm other people's families? Are you not convinced?"

Chu Jin stood there, her hands behind her back, her eyes picturesque. Underneath the crystal light, her long, thick eyelashes cast a shadow over her fair skin.

Her demeanor was nonchalant, her rose-colored lips slightly upturned.

She looked radiant, arrogant, and even a bit defiant.

Yet, it didn't repel people, as if she was naturally meant to be this way.

In her life, what she hated most were scumbags and mistresses.

So, upon hearing the conversation between Ruan Li and the mistress, she somewhat lost control of the anger within her.

She couldn't help wanting to teach the mistress a lesson for Ruan Li, this foolish woman.

Chu Jin's voice was neither too loud nor too soft, her words like beads on a string, each sentence hitting home, loud enough for the surrounding people to hear.

A murmur ran through the crowd.

Those who had been filled with a sense of justice all changed their expressions.

Some even praised, "Well done!"

A mistress is always like a rat crossing the street.

Upon hearing this, the mistress's face turned shades of green and white, she hadn't expected things to turn out this way. She looked at Chu Jin with annoyance and indignantly said, "This is between her and me, what does it have to do with you! She couldn't keep her man, can she blame me for that?"

The mistress's face was a picture of innocence, as if saying, 'I became a mistress on my own merit, how can you blame me'.

Chu Jin crossed her arms, "She is my sister, did you bully my sister with my consent?"

By her side, Ruan Li seemed not to expect that Chu Jin would say this, and looked up at Chu Jin with a bit of surprise.

The scene of Chu Jin doing fortune-telling for her suddenly surfaced in her mind.

Only then did she belatedly realize that the girl standing before her was the same girl who had done fortune-telling for her that morning.

A look of gratitude appeared in her eyes.

She hadn't expected that, at such a time, Chu Jin would stand up to speak for her.

A person unrelated to her by blood, a girl even younger than herself.

Chu Jin chuckled softly, then continued, "Also, just to remind you, under the circumstance of making someone's property go out of control, transferring it to someone else, or claiming it as your own without their knowledge, constitutes theft. The conversation you just had with my sister, I've recorded every word on my phone. You might as well wait at home for the court summons."

Hearing this, the mistress's face turned pale in an instant, and she collapsed onto the chair, somewhat disoriented.

In her heart, she was annoyed. Just for the thrill of it, she had divulged such a private matter, and now how was she supposed to fix this.

All because of this little bitch!

She actually meddled in this business, making her lose all her dignity in front of everyone, and also rendering her schemes over the past few days futile.

She knew Ruan Li's background very well. Ruan Li was an only child at home and definitely had no sisters.

If she wasn't going to let her have a good time, she would make sure to return the favor!

Chu Jin didn't pay attention to the mistress's reaction anymore and directly pulled on Ruan Li's wrist, whispering, "Let's go."

Just as the two turned to leave, the mistress grabbed a vase from the table and with a vicious look, smashed it towards Chu Jin's head.

With a 'bang', the sound of the vase shattering echoed from behind her.

Chu Jin's step faltered, a strong arm wrapped around her waist, and she was swiftly caught in a solid, powerful embrace that also carried a faint scent of tobacco.

This scent was very familiar.

"Are you alright?" a low, chilly voice sounded above her head.

Chu Jin quickly turned her head, and because the two were so close, her crimson lips grazed his white shirt, creating a subtly charged atmosphere for a moment.

At the same time, the smell of blood filled her nostrils.

Chu Jin looked up to see that Mo Zhixuan's right shoulder was already stained with fresh blood.

The white shirt, smeared with bright red blood, was startlingly and vividly alarming.

Pieces of the shattered vase lay scattered on the floor.

Chu Jin went pale and exclaimed, "Mr. Mo, are you alright?"

The mistress, witnessing this scene, collapsed to the ground in fright. The man's presence was simply too overwhelming; his sheer silhouette was enough to send shivers down her spine.

Someone quickly made a call to the police.

Mo Zhixuan glanced down at Chu Jin, his sexy Adam's apple moving slightly before he slowly exhaled two words, "It's nothing."

Chu Jin also looked up at him, and from her angle, she could see Mo Zhixuan's distinct and slightly harsh chiseled jawline.

"You're bleeding and you say it's nothing! Come on, I'll take you to the hospital." Chu Jin supported his arm, turned her head, and said to Lotus, "You stay behind to handle the aftermath, I'm taking Mr. Mo to the hospital."

After all, this incident had escalated because of her. Had it not been for Mo Zhixuan, she would have been the one injured.

If that vase had hit her head, the consequences would have been unthinkable.

This time, she had been too careless.

She was not yet powerful enough.

Lotus nodded, "Go, I'll take care of things here."

Chu Jin supported Mo Zhixuan's arm and walked out.

The driver who had been waiting outside, seeing his boss being helped out by a woman, was visibly stunned.

What happened to abstaining from feminine allure?

When his gaze shifted to Mo Zhixuan's injured shoulder, his expression tightened, and he quickly ran to open the car door.