

## R Woman 84

### Chapter 84: Not Disdained

Meanwhile, at the old Mo family mansion.

Zheng Chuyi stood outside the ancestral home, her lips curling into a smile as she gazed at the ancient and majestic building.

Then she lowered her eyes, her gaze falling on her right hand, a fierce light flashing in her beautiful eyes.

If Jiang Mubai hadn't obtained the Spirit Pill for her in the Superpower World, how could her hand possibly have healed so quickly?

She had noted this grudge, and once she became the lady of the Mo family, she would surely repay it tenfold.

What mattered most now was to win back Mo Zhixuan's heart.

To win back Mo Zhixuan meant she must first get past the old Madam Mo.

Luckily, she had previously been as close to the old Madam Mo as a daughter, so it shouldn't be difficult.

Zheng Chuyi composed herself, slowly lifting her lips into a dignified smile, gathered her skirt, and walked towards the grand entrance of the Mo family.

There were security guards on duty at the gate who allowed her to enter without stopping her, instead saluting her respectfully.

Her face was the best pass.

Not to mention the noble and elegant aura she possessed, which no one could replicate.

Zheng Chuyi gave a slight smile to the saluting guard, whispering softly, "Thank you for your hard work."

The very image of a lady of the house.

After all, she would be living here sooner or later, so it wasn't a bad thing to let the servants get used to her presence early on.

Zheng Chuyi proceeded smoothly, all the while embodying the perfect posture of the mistress of the house.

Zheng Chuyi looked at the grand gate now close at hand, pausing in her steps. At this moment, by just raising her hand, she could see the people inside the house.

She raised her hand to adjust her appearance, her smile carefully moderated to just the right degree.

Then she lowered her gaze to check her attire, ensuring that there was nothing amiss with her outfit, before finally pushing open the door.

The ancient wooden door immediately creaked open.

A servant came forward to greet her, "Welcome, esteemed guest, may I ask who you are looking for?"

Anyone who could come so easily into the Mo family mansion must be no ordinary person.

The servant dare not neglect her.

Zheng Chuyi responded with a polite smile, "I've come to look for Aunt Mo, is she at home?"

Aunt Mo?

This servant had worked for the Mo family for seven or eight years.

As far as she knew, the Mo family didn't have any relatives in Capital City.

But judging by this woman's dress and demeanor, she shouldn't be an imposter.

The servant scanned her from head to toe before saying, "The old Madam is reciting scriptures in the Buddhist hall, I'll take you there at once."

"Thank you, that would be most kind," said Zheng Chuyi as she turned to follow the servant's lead.

The Mo family mansion was vast, with pavilions, towers, artificial mountains, and water pavilions— the epitome of luxury.

After passing through a winding corridor, they arrived at the Buddhist hall as described by the servant.

Incense smoke curled in the Buddhist hall.

Dressed in plain clothes, old Madam Mo sat facing away from Zheng Chuyi, kneeling on a mat and striking a wooden fish as she murmured scriptures, her eyes half-closed.

Looking at old Madam Mo's back, Zheng Chuyi began carefully, "Aunt Mo."

Her voice was still as gentle and melodious as before.

Upon hearing this, old Madam Mo visibly stiffened.

The motion of striking the wooden fish came to an abrupt halt.

She slowly opened her eyes, which were clear and sharp, untouched by the haze of old age.

"Zheng Chuyi?" old Madam Mo turned her head, squinting her eyes, a barely concealed fury within them. She pointed toward the hall's entrance and commanded, "Get out! You are not welcome here!"

Zheng Chuyi was taken aback; she had not expected old Madam Mo to react to her presence in such a way.

After all, back in the Superpower World, they had been as close as mother and daughter.

Chuyi looked up at old Madam Mo, tears welling slightly in her eyes, her demeanor sincere as she bowed in apology.

"Aunt Mo, I know you hate me, and I've wronged the Mo family! More so, I've wronged Zhixuan. Previously, I was too young and listened to divisive talk, leading to those actions against Zhixuan. Now I realize my mistakes and beg you to give me a chance to make amends."

With these words.

Zheng Chuyi maintained her bow, in a stance suggesting she wouldn't stand upright until old Madam Mo forgave her.

Old Madam Mo's brow remained furrowed, her face showing displeasure, "Don't call me Aunt! This old wreck of a woman cannot assume such a title!"

Zheng Chuyi straightened up, her eyes slightly red as she pleaded pitifully, "Auntie Mo, please don't be like this... I truly came to apologize sincerely, Chuyi really knows she was wrong."

Madam Mo didn't look at her. Instead, she said coldly, "You don't need to apologize to me, everyone has their own choices, and I respect your choices!"

Zheng Chuyi's brows furrowed slightly as she implored in a low voice.

"Auntie Mo, I really know I was wrong, please forgive me for the mistake I made in my ignorant youth. As long as you can forgive me, I am willing to do anything you ask, even if it means climbing a mountain of swords or descending into a sea of flames!"

Madam Mo snorted coldly, her words dripping with sarcasm, "Didn't you go to Lawless City? Didn't you become the mother of a nation, a person above ten thousand others? I'm just an ordinary old lady; I can't undertake the mountain of swords and sea of flames meant for the mother of a nation!"

Zheng Chuyi bit her lip tightly, her face somewhat pale, "Auntie Mo..."

"Please give me another chance, I was the one who wronged Mo Zhixuan in the past. Let me marry Zhixuan, alright? I will make it up to him for the rest of my life!"

Madam Mo looked up at Zheng Chuyi, her gaze sharp and steely as she said harshly, "What do you think the Mo family is! You think you can come and go as you please? How laughable!"

"You, as the number one beauty of the Superpower World, our Xuan'er cannot possibly be worthy of you! Go back to your Superpower World, you are not welcome here!"

"Auntie Mo!" Zheng Chuyi's tears suddenly fell like rain, and she bent her knees.

With a 'thud,' she directly knelt down in the direction of Madam Mo.

"Auntie Mo, please let me stay, even if not for my sake, then for Zhixuan's!"

"Auntie Mo, at this point, I am not asking for your forgiveness anymore, I only ask that you let me stay. Once Zhixuan safely gets through the Night of Extreme Yin, I will leave. That will be the last thing I do for Zhixuan..."

Right now, staying at the Mo family mansion was the most important thing; the rest could be dealt with step by step.

She believed that one day Madam Mo would see her sincerity.

Upon hearing the four words "Night of Extreme Yin,"

Madam Mo's tightly furrowed brows loosened slightly.

Even if she hated Zheng Chuyi,

she could not gamble with Mo Zhixuan's life.

...

Elsewhere.

Chu Jin helped Mo Zhixuan into the back seat of the car and said to the driver, "Please go to the hospital."

Upon hearing this, the driver swung the steering wheel and sped towards the hospital.

A faint smell of blood immediately filled the sealed car.

In fact, with Mo Zhixuan's abilities, these mundane things couldn't harm him at all.

He could have used the spiritual power in his body to shield himself from the damage caused by that vase.

But he didn't.

In that situation, he chose to forget that he was a superpowered individual.

The faint fragrance of a young girl lingered at his nostrils, like orchid and also like bamboo.

Faint.

Very pleasant smelling, not like the scent of perfume, nor any aromatic fragrance.

This scent came from within and was particularly intoxicating.

It was also different from the lotus fragrance on Zheng Chuyi.

Zheng Chuyi had always been fond of lotuses, so she had made dried lotuses to place in her wardrobe all year round, thus her body was always enveloped in a lotus fragrance.

The two sat in the car, silent.

The atmosphere was somewhat awkward.

Blood was still spurting unstoppably from Mo Zhixuan's shoulder.

"Mr. Mo, I know some basic medical skills. Maybe I should check on you first?" Chu Jin turned to look at Mo Zhixuan.

Mo Zhixuan's face was tightly strained, but at her words, he relaxed a little and spoke concisely, "Then I'll trouble you."

It was apparent he was not a man of many words.

Chu Jin took out some gauze, hemostatic medicine, and a pair of scissors from her backpack.

Before Chu Jin could do anything,

with a sharp 'screech' of the brakes, the car came to a halt.

The driver respectfully got out and opened the door for Mo Zhixuan, "BOSS, we've arrived at the hospital."

Mo Zhixuan, sitting there as steady as Mount Tai, made no move to get out.

Chu Jin put the tools back into her backpack. Seeing that Mo Zhixuan still showed no intent of getting out, she reminded him, "Mr. Mo, we have arrived."

"Go back," Mo Zhixuan murmured, the two words slowly leaving his lips.

Chu Jin looked up in surprise, "Go back?"

The driver uncle was also very surprised, somewhat unable to grasp the thought process of his own BOSS.

"Yes, let's go back," Mo Zhixuan lifted his chin slightly, looking towards Chu Jin, his eyes were very deep, "I don't like hospitals, and aren't you skilled in medicine?"

His implication was to let Chu Jin treat him.

This was absolutely the longest sentence Mo Zhixuan had spoken on their journey so far.

Chu Jin was startled for a moment, just about to refuse, but then she thought about how he got hurt because of her, so she nodded slightly, "That's fine, but I'm not as professional as the doctors here, as long as Mr. Mo doesn't mind."

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan turned his head to look at Chu Jin, his sharp features hidden in the light, adding a sense of depth, his sexy adam's apple slid up and down twice, and he slowly exhaled three words, "I don't mind."

Chu Jin felt somewhat uncomfortable under his sudden gaze.

Fortunately, he quickly averted his eyes.

Hearing the conversation between the two, the driver uncle also vaguely understood something and happily got into the car.

The car was fast, and in no time, it steadily stopped in front of an apartment building.

This was the apartment closest to the hospital among Mo Zhixuan's many properties.

Although not often lived in, there would be cleaners who regularly came to clean and tidy up.

The two of them entered the house one after another.

The lights were turned on.

The sudden light made Chu Jin instinctively squint her eyes, and the man walking in front led her to the entrance where he picked up a pair of slippers from the shoe rack, bent down to place them at Chu Jin's feet, his low and cold voice rising from below her, "There are no ladies' slippers at home, make do with these for now."

"Okay." Chu Jin took off her white sneakers and put on the black men's slippers.

With Mr. Mo's tall and long legs, these slippers looked too big and loose on her feet, just like a child sneaking into an adult's shoes.

Chu Jin lowered her gaze to her toes, a hint of helplessness flashing in her eyes.

She had never felt her feet were small before, but now...

There's no harm without comparison!

She rather liked big feet; as the old saying goes, big feet can travel the world.

But small feet are exquisite...

Chu Jin became so engrossed in the choice between small feet and big feet that she couldn't extract herself.

Watching her furrow her brow and then relax it, looking utterly torn.

A warm light appeared in Mo Zhixuan's eyes, and he, too, took off his leather shoes and casually picked up a pair of slippers identical to the ones on Chu Jin's feet and put them on.

Past the entrance, the view suddenly opened up.

A three-bedroom layout.

The interior decor of the house was mainly black and white, just like him, hard and cold to the extreme.

Bright and clean, the white marble floor was so spotless it could reflect one's image, hardly showing any signs of domestic life.

Everywhere was permeated with a sense of cool detachment.

Chu Jin followed him into the living room.

"Mr. Mo, do you have a first aid kit here?" Chu Jin placed her backpack on the sofa and looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

Under the light, the man stood there with an air of severity, his black eyes deep and somber. At this moment, he was different from his usual aloof demeanor, exuding a bit more vitality.

He radiated the exclusive charm of a successful man all over.

The fresh red blood on his shoulder didn't appear to be a mess, but instead added a unique sense of mystery to him.

It was hard for one to look away.

Unlike Shen Lingtian's fake aristocratic aura, such a man would be an eye-catching leader wherever he went.

This kind of dominant presence wasn't something that could be developed overnight.

Mo Zhixuan ignored the injury on his shoulder, his expression remained unchanged, "Yes, I'll go get it for you."

Taking advantage of his absence, Chu Jin quickly took out a blue porcelain bottle from the Purple Sound Spirit Box.

This was an Ancient Golden Sore medicine she had mixed according to the "God Doctor's Poem" a few days earlier.

Reportedly, the formula had been lost for a long time.

She didn't know if it was really as miraculous as claimed.

Today was a good day to give it a try.

About two or three minutes later, Mo Zhixuan came back holding a first aid box with a white cross on it.

Chu Jin took the first aid kit.

Upon opening it, she found that the medical supplies and tools inside were very well stocked.

Lifting her gaze to the man standing in front of her, she silently repeated three times to herself, "Before a doctor, there are no distinctions of gender," and then, with parted red lips, she whispered softly, "Take off your shirt first."

Mo Zhixuan's face showed no ripples, but the color in his eyes deepened.

The cool corners of his lips lifted in a trace of a barely discernible arc, his thin lips parting slightly.

A deep voice, filled with magnetism, sounded above her head.

"You do it."

Chu Jin, surprised, lifted her gaze and gently furrowed her brows, "Me? This... may not be appropriate."

This man appeared completely aloof and abstinent; she hadn't expected him to say such a thing.

Looks can be deceiving.

How could he ask her to undress him? He might as well ask for the moon!

Mo Zhixuan looked at her, his profound gaze pitch black, and slowly said, "Before a doctor, there are no distinctions of gender. What is inappropriate about this?"

After a pause, he added, "My shoulder hurts."

His tone wasn't as hard as before and carried a hint of grievance.

Chu Jin was taken aback for a moment, then remembering that he was injured trying to protect her, her attitude softened.

It was just taking off a shirt, after all. Did it really matter who did it?

With that in mind, Chu Jin felt more at ease.

She lifted her gaze to look at Mo Zhixuan.

The pure white shirt, with its top button undone, revealed a delicate collarbone and a sensual Adam's apple.

In this way, he looked both abstinent and cold.

Further up was his sharply defined, exquisite jawline.

Chu Jin's beautiful eyes flickered, and she stopped looking at him. She went on her tiptoes and began undoing the buttons.

She stripped off his shirt and tossed it into a nearby trash can.

The entire process was done in one smooth sequence, without any hesitation.

Mo Zhixuan was the type who looked slim in clothes but was muscular beneath them.

Broad shoulders, a narrow waist, eight-pack abs, and those undulating lines found on a lean body...

All indicating that this was a man with an extraordinarily attractive physique.

Chu Jin only allowed her eyes a brief scan before quickly averting her gaze to his shoulder.

There, the flesh was mangled and blood oozed out.

It looked painful even to a bystander.

This man had walked all this way without a word, acting as if nothing was wrong as he went to fetch her medical kit.

Such incredible fortitude.

Chu Jin looked up at him, admiration flickering in her eyes, and gestured toward the sofa, "Mr. Mo, please sit down. I'll clean your wound for you."

Mo Zhixuan did not speak.

His phoenix eyes dangerously narrowed, his gaze moving past Chu Jin to settle on the window outside.

A sharp glint of cold light reflected in the depths of his eyes.

His pupils suddenly contracted.

— That was the glint from a special kind of throwing weapon!

If he wasn't mistaken, it was targeted at Chu Jin!

Without time to think further, Mo Zhixuan's long arm unfolded and he embraced Chu Jin, spitting out two words, "Don't move!"

His voice was very low and cool, tinged with a chill.

You didn't need to see to know that his brows must be tightly furrowed at this moment.

Chu Jin also sensed his abnormality and felt the dangerous aura permeating the air.

And that body warmth carrying a chill.

As fast as it was too late, and before Chu Jin could react, she felt dizzy and saw stars as Mo Zhixuan clutched her and tumbled with her toward the nearby sofa, stirring up a flurry of her black hair in the process.

The thrown weapon whizzed past, piercing through the floating strands of black hair!

At the same time, a 'bang' exploded within the room.

Several strands of black hair gently fell to the floor.

A shadow flashed by outside the window!