

R Woman 85

Chapter 85:

Chu Jin felt somewhat uneasy under his sudden gaze.

Fortunately, he quickly averted his eyes.

Listening to their conversation, the taxi driver also discerned something, chuckling as he got into the car.

The car sped up and, before long, it smoothly came to a halt in front of an apartment building.

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

Although not regularly lived in, there would be regular cleaning staff coming over to tidy up.

The two of them entered the house one after the other.

The light was switched on.

The sudden brightness made Chu Jin involuntarily squint as the man in front walked to the shoe rack at the entrance to fetch a pair of slippers, bending over to place them at Chu Jin's feet, his deep and chilly voice rising from below, "We don't have women's slippers at home, make do with these for a bit."

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

Mr. Mo was tall with long legs; the slippers on her feet looked too big and loose, resembling a child who had sneakily tried on an adult's shoes.

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

Normally, she didn't think her feet were small, but now...

There's no affliction without comparison!

She actually preferred big feet—the saying goes, big feet travel the world.

But small feet are delicate...

Chu Jin was captivated by the dilemma between small and big feet, unable to extricate herself.

Watching her alternately frown and relax her brows, clearly in a state of great indecision.

Mo Zhixuan's eyes warmed a fraction, and he then slipped off his own shoes and casually picked up a pair matching the ones Chu Jin wore to change into.

Passing through the foyer, the view suddenly opened up.

A three-bedroom layout.

The interior decor was primarily black and white, as stark as he was a person, hard to the extreme.

It was spotlessly clean, the white marble floors so well-kept that they could reflect a person's silhouette, barely hinting at any trace of domestic life.

Everywhere exuded a chilly ambiance.

Chu Jin followed him into the living room.

"Mr. Mo, do you have an emergency medical kit here?" Chu Jin set her backpack on the sofa and looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

Under the light, the man stood there with icy composure, his deep black eyes brooding. At this moment, he was unlike his usual aloof self, emanating a sense of vitality.

He exuded the unique charm of a successful man.

The fresh red blood on his shoulder didn't make him look disheveled but instead added a touch of mysterious allure to him.

It was hard to look away.

Unlike Shen Lingtian's superficial aristocratic air, such a man commanded attention and high status wherever he went.

This sort of imperious presence wasn't built overnight.

Mo Zhixuan ignored the wound on his shoulder, unfazed, "Yes, I'll get it for you."

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

It was an Ancient Golden Sore medicine she had concocted a few days earlier by referring to the "God Doctor's Poem."

The formula was said to be long lost.

She wasn't sure if it truly was that miraculous.

Today would be a good test.

After roughly two or three minutes, Mo Zhixuan came over with a white first aid box adorned with a red cross.

Chu Jin took the first aid box.

Opening it, she found it to be fully stocked with medical supplies and tools.

She lifted her gaze to the man standing in front of her and silently repeated 'there is no gender in the eyes of a doctor' three times in her mind, then her red lips slightly parted as she spoke softly, "Take off your clothes first."

Mo Zhixuan's face remained expressionless, but his eyes deepened a shade.

The thin lips curled into a faint, almost imperceptible smile as they parted slightly.

A deep, magnetic voice resonated above her head.

"You come."

Chu Jin lifted her gaze in surprise, her delicate eyebrows slightly furrowed, "Me? This... Probably isn't appropriate."

This person appeared to exude an aura of cool abstinence, and yet, he uttered such words.

Indeed, appearances can be deceiving.

He expected her to undress him, why didn't he just go to heaven?

Mo Zhixuan regarded her, his deep eyes pitch-black as he slowly said, "Before a doctor, there is no distinction between men and women, what is inappropriate about this?"

After speaking, he added, "My shoulder hurts."

His tone no longer as cold and harsh as before but carried a tinge of grievance.

Chu Jin was momentarily stunned, remembering that he got injured because of her, her attitude softened.

It was just taking off a shirt, after all, who didn't take off shirts?

She had seen a man's half-naked body before.

With that thought, Chu Jin's mindset became somewhat steadier.

She raised her eyes to look at Mo Zhixuan.

A pure white shirt, the very top button undone, revealing a finely shaped collarbone and an attractive Adam's apple.

Viewed like this, he seemed abstinent and frosty.

Moving upwards was the sharp, well-defined jawline.

Chu Jin's beautiful eyes lightly flickered, no longer looking at him, she tiptoed, and began to unbutton his shirt one by one.

Finally reaching the last button, Chu Jin let out a slight sigh of relief.

She directly peeled open his shirt and tossed it aside into the nearby trash can.

The whole process was done smoothly, without any dawdling.

Mo Zhixuan was the type who looked slim in clothes but muscular without; broad shoulders, a slender waist, eight-pack abs, and those pronounced cummerbund lines...

All displayed that this was a man with an exceptionally good physique.

Chu Jin barely swept a glance over him before quickly averting her gaze to his shoulder.

There, flesh was torn and blood seeped out, with tiny shards of vase embedded within the wound.

Just looking at it made one feel pain.

He had walked all this way without uttering a sound, acting as if nothing was the matter as he fetched a medical kit for her.

What immense willpower.

Chu Jin lifted her eyes to look at him, her gaze gaining a few traces of admiration, pointing at the sofa, she said, "Mr. Mo, please take a seat, I'll clean your wound for you."

Mo Zhixuan did not speak.

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

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

His pupils suddenly constricted.

—That was the light reflected from a special hidden weapon!

If he was not mistaken, that hidden weapon was aimed at Chu Jin!

Without time to think further, Mo Zhixuan stretched out his arm and embraced Chu Jin, spitting out two words, "Don't move!"

A very deep and cold voice, tinged with a chilly harshness.

Without looking, one could tell that his brows must be tightly furrowed at this moment.

Chu Jin also sensed his anomaly as well as the dangerous aura permeating the air.

And that chilly body temperature.

In the blink of an eye, before Chu Jin could react, she felt dizzy and hazy, and Mo Zhixuan, holding her, fell back onto the sofa next to them, stirring up a flurry of her black hair.

The concealed weapon flew through a lock of green hair!

At the same time, a loud 'bang' erupted from inside the house.

Several strands of green hair gently fell to the ground.

A shadow flashed past the window!

The person in black was entirely wrapped up, his face hidden by a ghastly mask that only revealed a pair of sinister eyes.

He hid in a dense camphor tree outside the window, his sinister eyes staring intently at the two people inside the room.

He had come so close!

That woman was nearly dead by his hand!

The hidden weapon had narrowly missed her!

If it weren't for Zheng Chuyi, he would not have risked striking on Mo Zhixuan's territory.

Indeed, he had underestimated this woman's importance in Mo Zhixuan's heart.

It seemed Chu Jin's continued existence in this world was ultimately a disaster.

As long as she lived, Zheng Chuyi would never have peace.

A gleam of determination flashed in the eyes of the man in black, and with a plan forming in his mind, his figure vanished into the air.

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Inside the house.

The atmosphere was somewhat subtle.

Chu Jin was instinctively shielded by Mo Zhixuan, standing a bit too close behind him.

As she turned and their eyes met, his gaze was as deep and boundless as a starless night sky, seeming to suck her in.

It left no room for escape.

Chu Jin suddenly found herself unable to look directly into his eyes and turned her head away, standing up from the floor, "You get up first."

It was then that Mo Zhixuan realized his lapse and coughed lightly, quickly getting up from the ground.

Under the white crystal light, the girl's jade-like face was tinged with a blush, and her long, curled eyelashes trembled lightly, casting a faint shadow.

Up close, her almost poreless skin appeared delicate and white as ivory.

A faint fragrance lingered around her nose.

Splat!

A drop of blood dripped down his shoulder, staining Chu Jin's clothes and spreading out like a red plum blossom on her white garment.

Coming back to her senses, Chu Jin reached out to touch the spot and turned pale when she saw the fresh red blood on her fingertips, then remembered that he was injured.

"You're hurt!" Chu Jin's expression tightened.

Mo Zhixuan appeared completely indifferent to his injury, getting up nonchalantly from the ground and sitting on the sofa opposite, pulling out a cigarette from the box on the coffee table.

With a 'click', a pale blue flame shot up from the cold lighter.

A wisp of smoke rose, blurring Mo Zhixuan's handsome features, narrowing his phoenix eyes slightly, crossing his long legs leisurely in a manner that exuded languid nobility.

Chu Jin also hurriedly got up from the sofa.

Her feet barely touched the ground when she realized she had lost one of her slippers.

Deciding not to bother with the other slipper, she stepped barefoot onto the floor.

Picking up a first-aid kit nearby, she walked over to Mo Zhixuan, her fine eyebrows slightly furrowed, reaching out and snatching the cigarette from his lips, she looked at him seriously, "Smoking is bad for the healing of wounds, and thank you for earlier."

She was acutely aware of her predicament just moments before; had it not been for him, she might well have been dead by now.

She was likely the only person bold enough to snatch something from his hand.

Next, Chu Jin took out scissors and gauze from the first-aid box and said to Mo Zhixuan, "Let me take care of your wound first."

Mo Zhixuan's expression remained unchanged, his usual detached and cold demeanor intact as he nodded slightly, "Okay."

It was just one word, yet if one listened closely, they could detect a hint of depth mixed into his usually cold and stern voice.

Right now, Chu Jin was not in the mood to care about these nuances; she only wanted to quickly tend to his wound so she could leave this place as soon as possible.

The room felt uncomfortably stuffy, stiflingly so, as if one could hardly breathe.

After cleaning the dirty blood from the wound, Chu Jin took several Golden Needles from her backpack and inserted a few into his acupoints, which stopped the bleeding.

...

Time ticked by, second by second.

It has to be said.

Mo Zhixuan's injury was really severe, with some shards of the vase even piercing through his flesh and embedding into the scapula.

Chu Jin frowned and carefully disinfected his wound, applied medicine, and bandaged it...

Her warm fingertips never stopped dancing upon his skin.

That warmth traveled along with the circulating blood, reaching deep into the heart.

Mo Zhixuan just watched her movements with lowered eyes, a hint of a smile blooming in the depths of his profound gaze.

Having successfully bandaged the wound, Chu Jin began to give him some precautions.

"Do your best to avoid water for the next few days, strictly no spicy foods, and be careful not to let the wound become infected or inflamed."

With that said, she bowed her head to put away the unused gauze and medicine back into the first-aid box, restoring it to its original state. Picking up the backpack from the coffee table, she began to say goodbye to Mo Zhixuan, "It's getting late, I should be heading back. Goodbye, Mr. Mo."

Mo Zhixuan followed her to the entrance, where he picked up a black shirt from the coat rack and put it on. As he buttoned it up, he said, "I'll take you."

Chu Jin turned back to decline, "You're injured, it's not necessary to trouble you. I'll just grab a taxi at the door."

"It's no bother," Mo Zhixuan said indifferently, "I happen to be heading back to the old house anyway, it's on the way."

Since the conversation had reached this point, there was no reason for her to continue refusing.

She followed Mo Zhixuan to the car.

And sat in the passenger seat.

The two of them were silent during the journey, yet the atmosphere wasn't as awkward as one might expect.

Just when Chu Jin thought he wouldn't speak again, Mo Zhixuan turned his head slightly, his lips parting slightly to ask, "Have you offended someone recently?"

The person from earlier was clearly targeting her.

And they came with lethal intent.

"No," Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, nonchalantly saying, "I am one of the country's red-rooted, exemplary youths..."

While Chu Jin said this, she was also aware that the person in the afternoon had come for her.

She was pondering in her heart who would have a grudge against her.

She hadn't offended anyone recently...

Mo Zhixuan's gaze was very deep. For someone to dare make a move under his watch, they were no ordinary person. So he said, "Be cautious in the coming days, keep an extra eye out, and if you encounter any trouble you can't resolve, you can come to me."

...

Mo Zhixuan drove fast and in a short while, they had stopped by the Zhao family villa.

Chu Jin opened the car door and got out to say thanks.

After Chu Jin left, Mo Zhixuan didn't drive away immediately but instead, got out of the car, leaned against the door, and slowly lit a cigarette between his fingers.

With his gaze slightly lowered, he seemed to be deep in thought.

This scene was all captured by Zhao Yiling, who stood on the second floor of the villa.

From her vantage point, she could see a distinguished profile, tall and straight posture, long legs, leaning casually against the car door, his handsome face veiled in the hazy smoke, which made him look mysterious, almost like a celestial being.

From afar, he exuded a sense of aloof and cool detachment.

Though she couldn't see his face, she knew he was a man of extraordinary talent.

And moreover, a man of power and influence.

The car he leaned on was none other than a global limited edition Bugatti Veyron!

Not something just money can buy.

Her eye for detail was always sharp.

That good-for-nothing... What luck to be involved with such an outstanding individual!

Just like her shameless mother!

A flicker of light passed through Zhao Yiling's slightly narrowed eyes.