

R Woman 87

Chapter 87: Big Shot

Mo Zhixuan stood for a while, then pinched off the cigarette butt and drove away directly.

Zhao Yiling stood on the balcony of the second floor, watching the car speeding away until it disappeared at the end of the road.

She was still immersed in the other party's powerful aura, unable to extricate herself.

In this world, there are people whom, even from afar, can captivate your heart with just their silhouette.

She knew almost everything about all the young elites in Capital City.

Apart from Li Hanjiang, she could not think of anyone else with such immense wealth and power.

But, it was clear that the person was not Li Hanjiang.

Moreover, her instincts told her that this was a man even more distinguished than Li Hanjiang.

Just the noble and dominating presence exuding from him was enough to outshine Li Hanjiang by several streets.

Who on earth could that be?

Zhao Yiling bit her lip tightly, pondering.

Could it be that some big shot she didn't know about had come to Capital City?

If that big shot really took a fancy to that good-for-nothing, what would she do then?

From the situation just now, the relationship between these two people was clearly unusual.

No!

She absolutely couldn't let such a thing happen!

Chu Jin was only fit to be her stepping stone, in this lifetime or the next, she would never allow her to turn the tables!

Zhao Yiling looked into the distance, her mind working out a plan, as the corners of her lips curled up into a vicious arc.

As soon as Chu Jin entered the room, Li Ruyu greeted her unnaturally, with a loving expression, "Jin is back, you must be tired from playing outside today, sit down and rest for a while. Dinner will be ready soon; Aunt has prepared your favorite winter melon soup and braised fish."

Chu Jin had no interest in playing games with her, gently pulling away her arm that Li Ruyu was holding, and declined coolly, "Thank you, Aunt, but I've already eaten outside."

Li Ruyu was just like a weasel paying a New Year's visit to a chicken—she had no good intentions!

She'd been busy all day and had no mood to put on a show with her now.

Yet Li Ruyu, as if not recognizing the aversion in her words, affectionately took her arm again and said with a smile.

"Jin, I know you are still mad at Aunt, I was wrong before, I was deceived by others. You know I'm just a regular housewife who doesn't step out much; how could I possibly distinguish between deeds of authority and contracts? I've realized my mistake now; can't you forgive your Aunt?"

The look on Chu Jin's face remained indifferent, and she did not respond.

Li Ruyu's eyes shifted, then she continued, "Jin, we're all family, after all these years, don't you trust your Aunt's character? If I really had any ulterior motive, the Chu family would've been named Zhao long ago, why would Aunt wait until now?"

Did Li Ruyu really take her for a three-year-old, so easy to deceive?

Chu Jin's eyes flickered lightly, and the dimples on her face deepened as she said indifferently, "It's clear in both our hearts, no need for explanations. After all these years, it's not like we don't know each other's account..."

Chu Jin's words, though seemingly gentle, were sharp and prickly, leaving Li Ruyu internally itching with hatred but unable to show it outwardly.

As she finished speaking, Chu Jin lightly brushed off Li Ruyu's hand and was about to head upstairs when suddenly Zhao Yiling's voice filled the air.

"Sister doesn't like to hear these words, we are all one family. If outsiders heard what my little sister just said, they might think that our Zhao family mistreats her."

Zhao Yiling, with her graceful steps, descended from upstairs, one step at a time.

She stopped directly in front of Chu Jin and very gently took her hand, smiling with her eyes, "My mom was really confused before, and I hope my little sister won't mind."

She acted like an understanding elder sister, advising an ignorant, mischievous younger sister.

A chill passed through the hand Zhao Yiling was holding.

It felt as if she had suddenly fallen into a pit of ice, and an image of a stern face uncontrollably surfaced in her mind.

Chu Jin slightly lowered her head, her peach-blossom eyes resting on the right hand that Zhao Yiling was holding.

On Zhao Yiling's wrist, she wore a blood-red jade bracelet that she had not seen before. The bracelet looked lustrous, almost dripping, and the red threads within it seemed to writhe, emitting a faint red glow that gave it a particularly ancient and mysterious air.

Clearly, it was a rare treasure.

The chill seemingly emanated from this very jade bracelet.

Those eyes were too bright, too clear, and their insight too penetrating, different from every time before. Zhao Yiling's smile at the corner of her mouth gradually faded. She hurriedly withdrew her hand and hid it behind her back, as if afraid that Chu Jin would discover something.

Seeing Zhao Yiling's reaction, Chu Jin let out a light chuckle and said nonchalantly, "Don't worry, we're all civilized people here, I'm not in the habit of taking other people's things."

Was Zhao Yiling really so scared just because she took an extra look?

Even if it was her possession, could others actually take it away?

While speaking, Chu Jin headed upstairs.

What was an inadvertent remark became a sharp sword, piercing straight into Zhao Yiling's heart and flipping over her hidden, sordid side.

Zhao Yiling's face turned extremely ugly in an instant, her features twisted as she stared icily at Chu Jin's receding figure, a cold glint flickering in her narrowed eyes.

Chu Jin was now like a fog.

Elusive and impenetrable, and with the slightest carelessness, one could be bitten back.

Li Ruyu looked at Zhao Yiling with some concern and asked.

"Ling'er, that wretched girl doesn't know something, does she?"

"It's fine," Zhao Yiling said calmly, patting Li Ruyu's hand, and instantly resumed her facade of a caring older sister, "Mom, why don't you have Aunt Li bring the soup up to my sister?"

"Alright." Li Ruyu understood and nodded, then walked toward the kitchen.

**

The next day, as soon as Chu Jin got up, she saw the bowl of soup placed on her bedside table. The white, thick soup hadn't changed even after sitting out all night; instead, its fragrance had become more intense.

It was tempting enough to make one want to gulp it down in one go.

Coldness deepened in those enchanting peach-blossom eyes, and her crimson lips curled into a smile without warmth. She got up and directly poured the thick soup into the green plant in the bedroom.

The Zhao family had really put much effort into obtaining some benefit from her, even resorting to such banned drugs.

If she didn't prepare a gift for Zhao Yiling in return, she would indeed be doing her a disservice.

**

Zhao Yiling got up early in the morning, and after having breakfast, she hurried out the door.

Today was the day she was signing a contract with Jun Ao Group.

Although the appointment with Jun Ao was for eleven in the morning, she couldn't just arrive at the exact time.

She needed to be there early to show her sincerity to Jun Ao.

Jun Ao Group, ranking third in China mainland, had a headquarters that was more than ten times larger than that of the Zhao Clan.

As Zhao Yiling proceeded, wherever she went, anyone she met, regardless of their position, greeted her respectfully with, "Good morning, Miss Zhao."

Although Zhao Yiling appeared calm on the surface, her heart was already stirring.

These respectful greetings of 'Miss Zhao' were a perfect satisfaction of her vanity.