

## R Woman 88

Chapter 88: Miss Zhao, hope you've been well.

Zhao Yiling lifted her chin slightly, arrogantly like a queen, passing through the crowd that greeted her and heading straight for the top floor of Jun Ao.

"Miss Zhao, please come in, our president has been waiting for you for a long time." The person with the manager badge on his chest opened the door to the president's office for her and made a respectful 'please' gesture.

Waiting?

She clearly arrived half an hour early, and it was only ten-thirty now, so why had the president of Jun Ao been waiting for her for so long?

How many people were there who could bear the weight of the president of Jun Ao Group's word 'waiting'?

Zhao Yiling's beautiful eyes narrowed slightly, thinking of the treatment she had just enjoyed downstairs, a flicker of light quickly flashed through the narrowed depths of her eyes.

She had only met those employees for the first time, so how did they know her last name was Zhao?

Their attitudes were all so respectful.

Moreover, this middle-aged man who opened the door for her seemed vaguely familiar.

She glanced at the middle-aged man, and the distant memory emerged before her eyes. She first met this man at a banquet, where a table of people were pleasing this distinguished man, trying to forge some connection with him.

It was inconceivable that now, this man of distinguished identity was actually leading the way and opening doors for her.

Her vanity was once again satisfied.

Zhao Yiling lifted her chin and glanced at the middle-aged man, "Thank you for your efforts."

The middle-aged man wiped the sweat from his forehead nervously, "Not at all, it's my duty."

Zhao Yiling lifted her chin and took step by step into the president's office.

With every step she took, her heart grew tenser. If she guessed correctly, the president of Jun Ao was not just interested in her "Plan Z," there must be something more.

Turning a corner, she entered the president's office.

What caught her eye was the back of a man standing with his hands behind him in front of a floor-to-ceiling window, his figure noble like jade, dressed not in the usual suit and leather shoes, but in a plain-colored Tang robe.

At the sound, he slowly turned around.

He revealed a breathtakingly beautiful face, with the corners of his mouth slightly curled up, he said softly to Zhao Yiling, "Miss Zhao, I trust you have been well."

His voice was indescribably deep and enchanting.

Just that androgynous, exquisite face alone was enough to immerse oneself in it, unable to extricate oneself.

Zhao Yiling had never seen any man who could wear an old-fashioned Tang robe with such an authentically celestial demeanor.

But, as intelligent as Zhao Yiling was, she quickly emerged from the dazzle of his beauty.

It was clearly their first meeting, so where did the 'I trust you have been well' come from?

Although Zhao Yiling was puzzled, she did not show it, and smiled warmly at Mo Qianjue.

As Mo Qianjue extended his right hand towards her, he introduced himself, "Miss Zhao, hello, I am Mo Qianjue."

Zhao Yiling hesitated for a moment before shaking his hand, "Hello, Mr. Mo, I am Zhao Yiling."

Mo Qianjue?

Seeing the man's extraordinary bearing, every move radiating noble elegance, he must be the mysterious tycoon behind the scenes of Jun Ao Group.

He's too young!

Moreover, the rumors said this person was secretive and low-key, always elusive, and yet today he personally received her. What did this mean?

Even if her 'Plan Z' was outstanding, it wouldn't warrant the head of a corporation to personally receive her, right?

And, it felt as if his words implied he had known her for a long time, yet also as if he did not...

What exactly was going on?

Mo Qianjue personally poured a glass of water for Zhao Yiling and pointed to the sofa in front of the desk, "Please have a seat, Miss Zhao."

Zhao Yiling took the cup from Mo Qianjue and said indifferently, "Thank you, Mr. Mo."

Mo Qianjue laughed casually, with a somewhat meaningful expression he said, "It is my fortune to be of service to Miss Zhao."

Hearing this, Zhao Yiling looked up in surprise.

The president of Jun Ao saying such a thing to her seemed too fantastical.

Could it be that it was not her talent he was interested in, but...

Zhao Yiling's heart fluttered slightly, but her face did not betray a hint of this, and she simply responded, "Mr. Mo jests."

Mo Qianjue leaned back against the chair back slowly and spoke deliberately.

"Today, I invited Miss Zhao here to discuss a cooperative venture between our two companies, and... do you really not remember me, Miss Zhao?"

As he spoke the last words, Mo Qianjue straightened up, slowly squinted his eyes, and looked at Zhao Yiling, his gaze profound as if he wanted to see through her eyes into her very soul.

To pierce through all of her.

Zhao Yiling understood the minds of men best; thus, at this moment, she did not dodge or hide but let him stare openly, her face showing not the slightest ripple of emotion.

She was just calmly analyzing her current situation in her mind.

She raised her eyes to look at Mo Qianjue, who was staring at her, and asked somewhat puzzledly, "Have we met before?"

"Miss Zhao really forgets the important when overwhelmed with the trivial!" Mo Qianjue stood up directly from his boss chair.

Indeed, she was as resolute as the day they first met, having saved him and yet leaving just before he woke.

Without the slightest hesitation or dragging it out.

If his recovery hadn't been quick, how would he remember his lifesaver?

Such people are truly rare in the secular world.

A layer of appreciation flashed through the depths of Mo Qianjue's eyes.

"Regardless, Mo must thank Miss Zhao for saving my life that day."

Hearing this, Zhao Yiling's layer of doubt at the bottom of her heart was completely unraveled.

So he had mistaken her for someone else.

Since he had mistaken her identity, why not continue the mistake?

Zhao Yiling had her calculation and, looking up at Mo Qianjue, she said angrily, "So it turns out that Mr. Mo decided to collaborate with our Zhao Clan just because of this incident. It was nothing but a happy coincidence that I saved you and besides, given what happened, I believe anyone would not have stood idly by. If it's about recompense, then I think there's no need for our two companies to collaborate."

As she finished speaking, she slammed the teacup in her hand down onto the table.

And turned to leave.

She was gambling.

Gambling the future of the entire Zhao Group.

If the bet was right, the future would be bright and shining!

If wrong, at worst, they would lose the collaboration with Jun Ao.

Without Jun Ao, the Mo family was still behind her in support.

In any case, she had the capital to gamble.

It was indeed her!

Watching her reaction, a spark of light flashed deep within Mo Qianjue's eyes.

He stepped forward and caught up with Zhao Yiling, grabbing her wrist, "Miss Zhao, please wait, that's not what Mo meant."

She had bet correctly!

At an angle Mo Qianjue couldn't see, Zhao Yiling's lips slowly curved into a smile; heaven really was helping her.

"Mr. Mo!" Zhao Yiling turned her head, her eyebrows slightly furrowed, "Please let go of me!"

She said assertively, "What exactly do you take me for, Zhao Yiling?"

"I truly apologize!" Mo Qianjue showed no intent to release her wrist, "Mo was indeed too abrupt, please forgive my presumption, Miss Zhao. But I do genuinely admire your talent. Your 'Plan Z' is nothing short of perfect, and it caught my eye. Please cool down, Miss Zhao, let's sit down and have a proper talk."

Zhao Yiling's tone softened slightly, "Then, could you please let go of my hand first, Mr. Mo?"

Although Zhao Yiling was extremely excited at this moment, her tone still carried a hint of distance.

It has to be said, she truly had a talent for acting.

And understood the mindset of men very well.

She had a good grasp of boundaries and handled the situation with apt precision.

Mo Qianjue paused.

He hadn't expected Zhao Yiling to say something like this.

His appearance had always been chased by women, but he hadn't expected it to be ineffective with her.

But on second thought, this was how she was supposed to be; otherwise, why would he regard her differently?

The Jade Pendant he had given that day was not given in vain.

A smile curled up the corners of Mo Qianjue's mouth, "Sorry, Miss Zhao, let's sit over there," he said, releasing Zhao Yiling's hand and gesturing politely.