

R Woman 89

Chapter 89: Protect her completely

Zhao Yiling advanced slowly and took a seat on the sofa opposite Mo Qianjue.

The two then began to discuss Plan Z.

Mo Qianjue was smart; he knew Zhao Yiling might be sensitive about the issue of saving someone, so he didn't mention her rescuing him at all throughout the conversation.

As time ticked by, minute by minute, they chatted pleasantly with each other, and occasionally Zhao Yiling's crisp laughter could be heard.

After signing the last character on the contract, Zhao Yiling stood up and extended her right hand towards Mo Qianjue, "Mr. Mo, it's been a pleasure doing business with you."

Mo Qianjue took her hand and his gaze fell on the Blood Jade Bracelet, he couldn't help but praise, "The bracelet is very beautiful, it suits you well."

Zhao Yiling smiled faintly, her tone indifferent, "It's just a trinket, thank you for the compliment, Mr. Mo."

That Blood Jade Bracelet was clearly priceless, a one-of-a-kind treasure, yet she referred to it as merely a trinket.

He wondered if the Jade Pendant he had given her was also considered just a trinket in her eyes.

Thinking this, his gaze darkened.

Zhao Yiling lowered her eyes to pack up the contract on the table; both parties kept a copy. She looked up slightly and bid farewell to Mo Qianjue, "Mr. Mo, I should head back now, goodbye."

With someone like Mo Qianjue, you have to use the strategy of retreat as advance; not vying for something is the real battle.

Being from a prominent family, she had been schooled in all manner of etiquette and upbringing from a young age, and also learned psychology, how to master a man's inner thoughts and desires.

So, no one understood men better than she did, and she knew exactly which strategy to use for what kind of man.

To her, Mo Qianjue was an eventual certainty.

"Let me walk you out," Mo Qianjue followed Zhao Yiling out of the office.

"No need," Zhao Yiling turned back with a smile and declined, "I have a driver waiting downstairs, I wouldn't want to trouble Mr. Mo."

Passing by the two, an employee thought: "..."

She must be hallucinating to hear someone actually refuse an invitation from their president.

The president rarely came to the company, and now that he finally did, it caused quite a stir among the female staff, each dressing to the nines, all to catch an extra glance from him.

Yet now, here was someone straight-up refusing the boss...

It really is maddening to compare oneself to others!

The employee couldn't help but take another look at Zhao Yiling.

Well, she was indeed quite beautiful, but beauties were hardly scarce in Capital City; what gave her the privilege to be so favored by the president?

Zhao Yiling, with her elegant gait, walked away from Jun Ao Group under Mo Qianjue's watchful eye, one step at a time.

Watching her depart, Mo Qianjue's eyes deepened in intensity.

Suddenly, he lifted his right hand.

From a corner emerged a young woman with blonde hair and blue eyes.

Mo Qianjue spoke slowly, "How is that matter coming along?"

The blonde-haired, blue-eyed woman looked up at him and responded in fluent Chinese, "We are still in communication. The other shareholders of the Chu corporation don't have any objections, but we have yet to make contact with Miss Chu. She is currently the largest shareholder of the Chu corporation. If she doesn't agree to sell, we cannot forcibly acquire it!"

Mo Qianjue's expression turned slightly cold, "Then add another billion! Keep adding until she agrees!"

"Yes, I'll take care of it immediately!"

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Meanwhile, at another location.

Inside the Mo family's ancestral home.

Mo Zhixuan stood in the study with a cold expression, hands clasped behind his back, gazing out at the vast expanse of lotus leaves through the pear-wood window. A breeze brought with it wafts of lotus fragrance.

Accompanying the breeze was an armed man in black.

The man in black bowed deeply to Mo Zhixuan with great respect, "Master."

Mo Zhixuan, without turning his head, gently lifted his hand to signal that the courtesy was unnecessary.

The figure clad in black stood upright, "I wonder what urgent matter has caused the master to summon his subordinate this time?"

"It's nothing major," Mo Zhixuan slowly turned around, picking up a piece of drawing paper from the desk and handing it to the person in black, "Draw out ten Hidden Guards, keep them at her side day and night, and ensure her complete safety. Should anything happen to her, there's no need for you to come see me again!"

The tone was calm, yet tinged with an undeniable air of authority.

The figure in black took the drawing handed over by Mo Zhixuan, his mind blanking for a few seconds, a hint of surprise flickered in his eyes as he glanced at Mo Zhixuan.

Ten Hidden Guards!

Just what kind of person was she to deserve the master deploying ten Hidden Guards to protect her?

The gaze of the figure in black landed on the drawing.

The piece was clearly just finished, still exuding a faint scent of ink. It depicted a young girl around seventeen or eighteen, with shoulder-length hair, ruby lips, and pearly teeth, her features clear and

distinguished. She was a beauty with high recognition, especially those peach blossom eyes that were enchanting, sparkling with luster, impossible to forget after just one glance.

The figure in black scrutinized the drawing, his eyes narrowing, and immediately scanned the detailed information of the woman depicted.

He accepted the order at once, "As the master commands."

Outside the door, a flash of a red skirt hem swept by.

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Chu Jin was performing a Tarot reading for a six- or seven-year-old little girl when she received a call from the Chu family's person in charge.

"Sorry, I have to take this call," Chu Jin gave an apologetic smile to the little girl.

The little girl didn't mind as she didn't have any serious concerns; she was just curious to see if Tarot cards were as miraculous as she had seen on television.

The little girl gave Chu Jin a sweet smile, "It's fine, sister, take your call, don't mind me."

Chu Jin took the call, exchanged a few words, and hung up after about two or three minutes. From what the other party implied, it didn't seem like anything important, just asking her to come over, which was timely as she planned to have a good talk with the several old shareholders of the Chu family these days.

"Little sister, what would you like to know?" The little girl in front of her was dewy-eyed, with baby fat and blinking big eyes, her cuteness comparable to Zi from the Purple Thunder Space.

How could her parents feel secure letting such a small and adorable child out by herself? What if she got lost?

Or what if she encountered human traffickers, considering there were so many bad people these days?

Zi from the Purple Thunder Space: Humph! A mere kid trying to compete with the one and only for affection!

The little girl looked up at Chu Jin, stood on tiptoe, and said in a soft and cuddly voice, "Sister, I want to see if these Tarot cards are really as magical as they say on TV."

Chu Jin reached out to pinch the little girl's cheek, which was as soft and smooth as she had imagined, "Of course they are magical. Whatever you want to know, I can tell you the answer."

As she finished speaking, she felt the word 'sister' a bit awkward.

It felt strange to use it on herself; she preferred the name 'Brother Jin', which suited her demeanor better. Thus, she said to the little girl, "Little sister, just call me Brother Jin."

"Brother Jin?" The little girl scratched her head in confusion. The adult world sure was strange, "But you're clearly a sister, and a very beautiful one at that..."

Besides, this 'sister' had a scent she liked, different from the other sisters she knew.

Those sisters were old enough to be her aunts, yet they insisted on being called 'sister,' thinking she was a child easy to bully.

Chu Jin was still pleased to be complimented as beautiful, especially by a lovable little girl so universally adored.

"Haha, what a good Bao Bao," Chu Jin reached out to stroke the little girl's head, then couldn't resist squishing her cheek again, "Be a good kid and call me Brother Jin, okay? Calling me sister feels so awkward, too girlish, and I'm older than you, so calling me Brother Jin is very normal, right?"

The little girl thoughtfully nodded her head, "Okay, then for fairness' sake, you can't call me little sister anymore," she tilted her head, pondering for a moment, "Hmm, call me Brother Peng."

Brother Peng?

Chu Jin laughed upon hearing this; the little girl's thought process was quite lively, reminiscent of her own younger days.

"Alright, Brother Peng, what would you like to ask?"

The little girl tilted her head, thinking, "Brother Jin, can you help me figure out how old I am this year?"

Chu Jin nodded, reached out to playfully tweak her adorable little nose, "Sure, no problem."

With that, she quickly began shuffling the cards. The Tarot cards transformed into various shapes in her hands, dazzling the little girl.

She had only seen such scenes on television before, but now she was witnessing it live. Joyfully clapping her plump little hands and with stars in her eyes, she exclaimed, "Brother Jin is awesome..."