

R Woman 95

Chapter 95: Call me Peng Ge!

Mo Qianjue reached out and gently pinched the little girl's nose, looking rather puzzled as he asked, "Hmm? And why is that?"

The little girl lifted her head, her dark, large eyes twinkling as she mimicked Chu Jin's manner of speaking, "From now on Daddy, you should call me Pengbro instead of Pengpeng, which sounds so girlish!"

Yes, that's what Brother Jin said this morning.

It must be right.

But why does Daddy look like he wants to eat someone?

Could it be that I said something wrong?

Frightened, the little girl quickly struggled out of Mo Qianjue's grasp and hid behind a bread, only after a while daring to stick her cute little head out from behind the bread's wide back, sheepishly saying, "Daddy, if you think it's unfair, I can also call you Brother Mo..."

Ai Na beside her: "..."

True to being the chief's daughter, her thinking is on a whole different level from ordinary folks!

"Who taught you these words?" Mo Qianjue's expression darkened a bit as he asked, "Do you think I should also start calling you 'Daddy' in return?"

Such a scary Daddy.

The little girl gulped nervously and said, "Daddy, don't be angry. Brother Jin said that we're all people of the martial world, with our own ways, and these are just titles, no need to make a fuss over it."

Ai Na to the side: Damn that Brother Jin! He really deserves to be knelt before for daring to lead the chief's little princess astray.

Mo Qianjue glared at the little girl, enunciating each syllable as he gritted his teeth, "Mo! Peng! Peng!"

Realizing that Daddy might truly be angry, the little girl immediately clammed up, her hands pinching her own earlobes as she hung her head and walked slowly towards Mo Qianjue, saying pitifully, "I was wrong, Daddy. Just call me Pengpeng then. Actually, that name has quite a nice ring to it."

Looking at the little girl's pitiful appearance, she was so endearing that anyone would find it hard to bear.

Ai Na's maternal instincts flared up instantly, and she sheltered the little girl behind her, "Chief, don't be angry. The young miss is just a child; please don't take it so seriously with her."

"Sister Ai Na," the little girl looked up at Ai Na, her large eyes blinking innocently as she said in a sweet voice, "My Daddy doesn't have to call me Pengbro, but you have to, okay?"

Ai Na: "..."

The little girl went over to Mo Qianjue and hugged his thigh tightly, "Daddy, don't be mad anymore, I won't make you call me Pengbro, okay?"

Right at that moment, 'snap', something fell.

A tree branch fell out of the little girl's embrace.

Mo Qianjue's expression grew stern as he crouched down, picked up the branch, and looked at the little girl seriously, "Pengpeng, tell Daddy, where did this come from?"

"It's a meeting gift Brother Jin gave me!" The little girl snatched the branch of the Confusing Grain Tree from Mo Qianjue's hand, guarding it closely within her embrace, and looked warily at Mo Qianjue, "Daddy, this is from Brother Jin!"

Mo Qianjue naturally knew it was a branch of the Confusing Grain Tree, and his expression softened a bit as he said, "Keep it safe."

The Confusing Grain Tree was an ancient divine tree, extremely precious and long thought to have disappeared thousands of years ago—how could it now reappear in the world?

And moreover, it had been given to his daughter as a gift.

With these thoughts in mind, Mo Qianjue couldn't help but feel more curious about Brother Jin, whom his daughter mentioned.

Was he a friend or a foe? What were his true intentions in approaching Mo Pengpeng?

Keep it safe?

Daddy isn't angry anymore?

The little girl's eyes spun rapidly, considering. The branch Brother Jin gave her was indeed magical, appeasing Daddy's anger in an instant.

She would definitely have to find a special place to enshrine it.

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On the other side.

The old Mo family estate.

Today is the first day of the month, and the Mo family has always maintained the tradition of gathering for a family meal on the first and fifteenth days of each month.

Actually, by their generation, there weren't many members left in the Mo family.

The monthly family banquet consisted of just three individuals.

Nevertheless, they still kept up the tradition.

When Mo Zhixuan arrived at the dining room, the Mo family matriarch was already seated in the seat of honor. Seeing Mo Zhixuan coming, her furrowed brows instantly relaxed, and she said with much affection, "Xuan'er has arrived; come, have a seat."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly and greeted the Mo family matriarch, "Mom."

Accustomed to being reserved, Mo Zhixuan wasn't much moved, and the Mo family matriarch, unconcerned, continued to look at him with a warm smile.

The table was already set with an array of exquisite dishes.

"Aunt Mo, Zhixuan." As this gentle and soft voice rang out, a red-dressed beauty gracefully entered the room.

It was Zheng Chuyi.

Ultimately, she chose to stay.

"What are you doing here?" Mo Zhixuan's brow furrowed slightly; his tone was somewhat cold.

Ignoring Mo Zhixuan's question, Zheng Chuyi placed the food box on the table, lifted the lid, and the scent of sweet, soft glutinous treats wafted out. She took out the prepared food, set it in front of the Mo family matriarch, and said softly, "Aunt Mo, please try this. I made this Lotus cake especially for you. I remember it used to be your favorite."

Seeing Zheng Chuyi avoiding the question, Mo Zhixuan turned his gaze to the Mo family matriarch. She naturally did not dare to meet his eyes and looked away, reaching to take a piece of the Lotus cake Zheng Chuyi had handed her.

She knew what she was doing might not be proper, but what could she do?

As a mother, how could she sit idly by and watch her son face a life-threatening danger?

After all, this was the once-in-a-decade night of extreme Yin.

She could not allow Mo Zhixuan to come to any harm.

Zheng Chuyi's gaze swept unnoticed between the Mo family matriarch and Mo Zhixuan.

The corner of her mouth curled up slightly.

Zheng Chuyi then took out a plate of delicate pastries from the food box, sat down next to Mo Zhixuan, and said, "Zhixuan, I know you don't like sweets, but you do love White Jade cakes. I made these myself; please, have a taste."