

R Woman 99

Chapter 99: My mom won't let me talk to people with intellectual disabilities (first update)

Mo Qingyi lifted her eyes, her attitude firm, "What does it matter if I heard? What does it matter if I didn't? Take your money, I quite like this window seat too!"

Fuck, do I look like someone who would bow over a few bucks?

Actually, changing seats isn't a big deal, sitting anywhere is still sitting, but it's this woman's attitude that's really irritating!

So what if you're rich?

Does being rich mean you can look down on everything else in the world?

Can your money buy my window seat?

I'm not giving you the window seat, does that annoy you?

"You hear me but don't speak, you really lack manners! No upbringing at all!" the woman glared at Mo Qingyi, "If you think the money is too little, I can add another two hundred! Just give up this seat to me!"

As she said this, she pulled out two more hundred-dollar bills from her purse and placed them on the table.

Her attitude was very arrogant.

It was as if looking at her for one more second would be an insult to her.

Mo Qingyi looked up, winked at the woman, and playfully said, "Sorry, no matter how much money you give, we're not going to give up this window seat to you!"

The woman looked at Mo Qingyi in disbelief, "Hey, what's wrong with you, girl! I'm telling you, you can't be greedy! Four hundred dollars is already a lot, what, do you still want to jack up the price?"

Drinking a cup of milk tea only costs a dozen bucks, spending four hundred dollars on a window seat is indeed a lot.

But do I really look like someone who is short of money?

Mo Qingyi looked down at her outfit, though not any conspicuously expensive brand, it was after all high-end custom clothing air-shipped from abroad.

Your money can't even buy it!

"Tell me, how much money do you need before you're willing to give up this window seat to me?" the woman held her purse in one hand and a few red bills in the other, just staring at Mo Qingyi.

The people of Hua Nation are always keen on money, she didn't believe that today she wouldn't be able to buy a window seat with money!

Mo Qingyi smiled lightly and said, "Sorry, no! amount! of! money! will! make! us! move!"

The woman's face turned red with anger, thinking Mo Qingyi was trying to take advantage of the situation.

She went on and on with a long spiel about the theory of manners.

Mo Qingyi couldn't be bothered to listen to her, instead chatting about other topics with Chu Jin.

Seeing the two laughing and talking, the woman became furious, "How can you have no manners like this! How did your mother raise you? I'm talking to you, can't you hear? Are you deaf? How much money do you want to move from that seat?"

Mo Qingyi turned her head and raised an eyebrow, slowly saying, "Sorry, my mom doesn't let me talk to idiots!"

"That's so rude!" the woman pointed at Mo Qingyi, speaking with heartfelt pain, "And to think of the Land of Etiquette, you people of Hua Nation have truly disappointed me! You're just barbarians! Vulgar!"

At these words, nearly all the patrons turned to look this way.

After all, this woman had lumped all the people of Hua Nation together in her accusation.

They wanted to see what kind of person was losing their composure in front of foreign friends and disgracing Hua Nation.

Social public opinion is crushing, and this woman, having been in Hua Nation for quite some time, naturally knew some of the strategies of Hua Nation.

The people of Hua Nation are friendly and warm to outsiders, and naturally would not tolerate such rudeness from their own people.

With things said to this extent, whether to give up the seat or not was no longer up to Mo Qingyi.

You speak your piece, but why bring the entire Hua Nation into it?

Mo Qingyi was directly angered, she was a patriotic young person and naturally couldn't tolerate anyone slandering her beloved motherland.

She rolled up her sleeves, ready to stand up and have a good argument with the woman, when a hand that was as white as jade gently pressed on her arm.

Just as the woman thought Mo Qingyi was about to give up the seat to her, a clear and pleasant voice rang out.

"Politeness is mutual, if you respect me, I will respect you in turn. My friend has made it clear multiple times that she does not want to switch seats, yet you persist tirelessly, even stooping to use money as an insult, while constantly talking about manners. What, do you think the manners of Dongying people can be bought with money?"

Chu Jin's beautiful eyes flickered, the dimples on her cheeks deepening as she continued.

"Also, about barbarians, I would actually like to offer that word to you. When your ancestors raised their army to invade our Hua Nation, wasn't that an act of barbarism?"

Chu Jin's words were like a string of beads, each one hitting the mark, leaving the woman unable to retort.

As her voice fell, a round of applause erupted from the surrounding area.

This issue of national dignity should not be conceded in the slightest!

Mo Qingyi looked at Chu Jin's profile, her eyes shining with admiration.

Jin is Jin indeed, speaking so eloquently.

The woman clearly spoke fluent Mandarin and looked no different from the people of Hua Nation; how did Jin know she was a Dongying person?

The woman stood there stupefied, her face alternating between red and white, clearly, she hadn't expected Chu Jin to identify her as a Dongying person at a glance.

She always claimed to be a Goryeo person when abroad.

At that moment, a man came over holding two cups of milk tea, speaking in faltering Hua Language, "What's happened?"

Chu Jin lifted her eyes and gave the man a casual glance. The man was about one meter eighty in height, wearing a black robe with a wide belt around his waist and wooden clogs on his feet, making a rhythmic 'click-clack' sound as he walked. A green silk ribbon was tied around his head, his face pale but his lips unnaturally red, and an aura of gloom enveloped him.

Seeing this man reminded Chu Jin of Lu Xinxu from a television show she'd seen a while ago.

A person who was supposed to be dead but lived again, and moreover, had become even more beautiful.

Though the whole person had become more beautiful and eye-catching, beneath that beautiful exterior was an undeniable aura of gloom.

This aura, identical to the one emanating from the man before her.

Looking at this man, Chu Jin could almost certainly conclude that he was related to Lu Xinxu.