

Two Trillion 1881

Chapter 1881 - This Person Is Totally Uncultured

Mo Ziyue hurriedly returned to the guest room with Bai Xiaosheng and the others, wiping sweat along the way, and giving Bai Xiaosheng a thumbs up repeatedly.

"Just now, I was really scared to death!" Mo Ziyue said, "No matter how rebellious I am in this family, I'm still afraid of my grandpa, probably a habit left over from childhood! Thanks to you, Sheng, for being quick-witted. Sorry that you had to belittle yourself."

Bai Xiaosheng smiled at Mo Ziyue, "Actually, it's my fault too. I shouldn't have been gossiping behind backs. It upset the elderly."

What gossip? Mo Ziyue didn't believe it. He had seen Bai Xiaosheng evaluate the plaque hanging in the courtyard, and he didn't differ from what a great calligrapher would say. Bai Xiaosheng was not the type to speak carelessly, and given his identity, he wasn't someone to just make things up.

"It seems my grandpa's calligraphy hasn't improved over the years," Mo Ziyue thought to himself, feeling a little schadenfreude, though he didn't show it.

In fact, after his mother passed, he initially hated this family, and even hated traditional Chinese medicine and his grandpa, but after becoming a practitioner of Western medicine and studying his mother's illness, he realized that conservative treatment in Chinese medicine might not be a bad thing. Switching to Western medicine wouldn't necessarily have been any better.

Mo Ziyue knew all this. Yet, he still felt a tinge of vexation towards traditional Chinese medicine.

Though he didn't hate his grandpa, Mo Ziyue always harbored a little "mischievous" thought, like feeling secretly pleased hearing Bai Xiaosheng's comments.

This might be a bit perverse...

"Anyway, thank you, and I'll take you back to rest now," Mo Ziyue laughed.

Bai Xiaosheng and the others nodded consecutively.

Mo Ziyue accompanied them back to their guest room and then turned to leave.

Bai Xiaosheng, in his room, had just poured a glass of water when he heard someone knocking on the door.

At first, he thought Mo Ziyue had returned.

When Bai Xiaosheng got up and opened the door, he found a middle-aged man he didn't know standing outside. The man was smiling amiably, with a young man behind him holding something.

"Sir, I am a servant responsible for the Mo Family's dinner. I came specifically to ask if you have any dietary restrictions." As the man spoke, he turned to take the item from the young man behind him.

Bai Xiaosheng looked at him curiously.

The Mo Family is really vast and full of formalities, being so considerate and attentive to their guests?

As the man handed forward the item he was holding, he said with a smile, "Please write down any foods you avoid."

Bai Xiaosheng was stunned at what he saw in the man's hands.

A large wooden tray with brushes, ink, paper, and inkstone on it.

Bai Xiaosheng looked at the man with a profound expression.

This probably isn't the Mo Family's standard hospitality, right?

"Were you sent by Old Mr. Mo?" Bai Xiaosheng asked.

The man's eyes showed a slight change, then he smiled, "Young sir, you're clever. So, are you going to write, or not?"

Bai Xiaosheng pondered for a moment, then smiled, casually picked up the brush, planning to write something random to gloss over the situation.

After all, Old Mr. Mo wasn't there to see him intentionally write poorly.

"Old Mr. Mo asked me to convey a message," the man said slowly and deliberately as he saw Bai Xiaosheng prepare to write, "He said there were too many people around earlier, inconvenient for a direct conversation. This time he sincerely sent someone to request a genuine piece of writing. If you refuse, it would truly be disrespectful, treating the Mo Family as no friends of yours."

This statement made Bai Xiaosheng's hand holding the brush pause.

Then, Bai Xiaosheng gave a wry smile.

What kind of person is Old Mr. Mo, having lived such a long life, and turned crafty with age? Would he really be so easily fooled by Bai Xiaosheng's comments?

Sending a message in the background, this was getting a hold of him.

If he continued to play dumb, Old Mr. Mo would be unhappy, and might even take it out on Mo Ziyue for poor judgment of character.

Bai Xiaosheng contemplated briefly, gave a slight bitter smile, raised his wrist and penned three neat words— "No dietary restrictions."

After finishing, Bai Xiaosheng put down the brush and earnestly said, "Please convey my apologies to the old gentleman, I meant no deception, my sincere respects."

The servant smiled warmly and nodded repeatedly, "Then I shall not disturb your rest."

With that, he carried the items and left.

Bai Xiaosheng thought about it, chuckled, and shook his head. Old Mr. Mo indeed had become wise with age, sending someone to request words in secret. It's fine, writing these words to show him a bit, with no outsiders knowing, wouldn't hurt the old gentleman's face.

Bai Xiaosheng then closed the door and went back to rest.

On the other side, the servant returned quickly with the items.

Old Mr. Mo was still waiting in the main hall, eagerly taking the piece of rice paper from the servant, which had only three words on it: "No dietary restrictions."

The strokes were vigorous, elegant, and elegant!

Old Mr. Mo's eyes lit up suddenly.

"Old gentleman." The servant only managed three words before Old Mr. Mo waved him off.

"You may go, and don't let anyone disturb me!" the old man said sharply.

The servant immediately retreated, not daring to say another word, respectfully.

Gazing at Bai Xiaosheng's three written words, the old man felt as if he had drunk two liangs of yellow wine, savoring more with each look.

"Good boy, truly deep and hidden!" Old Mr. Mo couldn't help praising and then jokingly scolded, "Little rascal, you really know how to act well!"

After praising, Old Mr. Mo compared them with his own writing on the table, truly feeling a bit depressed, "Damn it, truly damn it, have I really failed to improve over these years?!"

The old man's face was somber, and he couldn't resist setting Bai Xiaosheng's writing down, beginning to copy and practice.

Old Mr. Mo wrote it twenty or thirty times but wasn't satisfied with a single one, immediately feeling dejected.

Just then, footsteps were heard outside.

The old man frowned immediately, feeling annoyed.

Didn't I instruct not to disturb me, yet someone still came!

Old Mr. Mo frowned and looked up, only to find it was none other than his grandson—Mo ZiYun stepping in.

Mo ZiYun had just stepped in and saw his grandfather giving him an unfriendly look, and was startled.

"Grandpa, this is...what's the matter?" Mo ZiYun asked cautiously with a smiling face.

His fear of the old man was no less than that of Mo Ziyue.

"Nothing," Old Mr. Mo was already frustrated by his unsuccessful attempts at copying, feeling even less motivated now, tossing the brush aside.

"Did I interrupt your calligraphy practice? I shouldn't have! What are you working on?" Mo ZiYun said, with a smile, moving closer as if to appreciate the artwork.

Mo ZiYun even thought about it, how to praise his grandpa's writing in a while, first praising the technique, then the content, focusing on the content since he really didn't understand the technique well.

Unexpectedly, seeing the content, Mo ZiYun was stunned.

A whole sheet of rice paper, twenty or thirty...

"No dietary restrictions"?

What the heck is this?

Mo ZiYun almost blurted out.

For a moment, he couldn't think of anything to say; the content was too odd.

Old Mr. Mo glanced at Mo ZiYun, immediately feeling annoyed, "What brings you here?"

The question brought Mo ZiYun's thoughts back.

"Oh, oh... I wanted to tell you, the richest man in Lin City I escorted away came back, saying he wanted to ask you to take a look at a patient, could he send them over..." Mo ZiYun said.

"Got it." Old Mr. Mo replied plainly.

Mo ZiYun continued, "My cousin is back too, and he brought some friends."

"I've seen them." The old man replied absentmindedly.

Feeling a bit unwilling, Mo ZiYun criticized Mo Ziyue, "Grandpa, I personally think cousin makes friends carelessly! Just look at that clean-cut young man, he looks lazy, undisciplined, uneducated, and has no inkling of literature! Coming to our house, purely lowering the family's esteem!"

Mo ZiYun's criticism of Bai Xiaosheng as uneducated and uninformed made Old Mr. Mo feel so piercingly painful and jarring!

Chapter 1882: The Mo Family's Young Uncle

Mo ZiYun deliberately belittled Bai Xiaosheng in front of his grandfather, with the real intention of casting a shadow over his cousin Mo Ziyue in front of Old Mr. Mo.

However, his words accidentally affected Old Mr. Mo negatively too.

The more Old Mr. Mo listened, the more uncomfortable he felt. He had just regarded the three characters handwritten by Bai Xiaosheng as a treasure, having copied them two or three dozen times, yet still felt inferior.

If Bai Xiaosheng is considered uneducated, then what does that make him?

Mo ZiYun didn't notice the old man's face darkening, and he continued talking.

"A guest is still a guest! Zi Yun, how can you judge people by their appearance? Have you forgotten my teachings to you? Judging someone recklessly is not the spirit of our Mo Family!" Old Mr. Mo tapped the table heavily with two fingers, scolding in dismay.

Mo ZiYun stopped talking, visibly confused as he realized the elderly man seemed angry.

He then hurriedly said, "Grandfather, don't be upset. I'm not just judging based on appearance. My cousin, he, he..."

“What’s wrong with him?” The Mo Family Patriarch asked with a frown.

Although Mo ZiYun was currently a key figure in nurturing the Mo Family and might even become the next Family Head, Old Mr. Mo indeed wasn’t too fond of this grandson.

Mo ZiYun had slightly less aptitude than Mo Ziyue, but not by much. Yet, his mind wasn’t entirely focused on medicine and he wasn’t as honest as Mo Ziyue.

“My cousin Mo Ziyue brought this person home as a guest and at our doorstep, pointed at me, and in front of our servants, he dared to say that young man was proficient in traditional Chinese medicine and had higher expertise than me! Now tell me, what is this about?”

Mo ZiYun expressed his anger, “I was taught by you yourself. Even if I haven’t inherited all of the Mo Family’s true teachings, surely I’ve grasped seven or eight parts, right.”

“That young fellow looks way younger than me, how could his medical skills surpass me... the Mo Family!”

“Even if taking a big step back, that person is talented, but shouldn’t my cousin belittle me like that at the gate, in front of so many servants. Isn’t that, isn’t it disparaging his own family! Moreover, at that time I was escorting an important guest of our family!”

“Imagine if outsiders heard this, wouldn’t they spread the word that the Mo Family members are not united! It would be such a disgrace to our Mo Family’s reputation!”

Mo ZiYun indeed spared no effort in casting doubts on Mo Ziyue.

He knew the old man least wanted to hear phrases like “Mo Family’s medical skills are inferior”, “Mo Family members are not united”, “damaging the Mo Family’s reputation”, and so he focused on these topics.

The Mo Family Patriarch furrowed his brows, his gaze intense.

Seeing this, Mo ZiYun felt secretly pleased.

As long as the seeds of doubt were sown, even if he targets Mo Ziyue or does something to the person Mo Ziyue brought, the old man probably wouldn't mind. With the old man's 'emotional bias' towards him, he could proceed easily!

Mo ZiYun assumed his plan was successful, but he didn't realize that the Mo Family Patriarch was actually shocked inside.

Could it be that the young man not only excelled in calligraphy but also in medicine?

Mo Ziyue, this child, never speaks without basis!

If he says so, then... could it be true?!

The image of Bai Xiaosheng's face, gentle, restrained, humble, and calm, with deep eyes like a well, surfaced again in Old Mr. Mo's mind. Hidden depths indeed!

Moreover, Mo ZiYun claiming that Mo Ziyue publicly belittled him in front of an outsider seemed unbelievable to the old man.

Mo Ziyue simply isn't that kind of person!

Mo ZiYun's words were not entirely true!

"You're saying this, is there something on your mind?" The Mo Family Patriarch, knowing all too well, remained calm and raised his eyes to Mo ZiYun.

Mo ZiYun immediately put on a smile, "Grandfather, what do you mean? What could I be thinking... if there is anything, it's for the protection of our Mo Family, right!"

The Mo Family Patriarch raised his hand immediately, stopping Mo ZiYun from continuing, and said meaningfully, "I understand. No need to continue."

This attitude gave Mo ZiYun the impression of permission to act, so he was secretly happy.

"Then I..."

"You can leave now. Let me have some peace." The Mo Family Patriarch waved him off.

Mo ZiYun said no more, stood up, and left respectfully. Once out of the "Tranquil Heart House," he was invigorated and animated.

For him, it seemed anything he planned next had already been approved by his grandfather!

The Mo Family Patriarch glanced at Mo ZiYun's departing figure, then picked up the paper written by Bai Xiaosheng on the table and studied it for a while.

"Haha, without hesitation... I didn't expect you to have considerable skill in traditional Chinese medicine. This... I must see for myself!" The old man was intrigued.

As for Mo ZiYun, that little rascal has been getting a bit too cocky these past years, it's time to find an opportunity to knock him down a peg...

Mo ZiYun walked cheerfully as he left "Tranquil Heart House", suddenly noticing someone approaching.

The person, looking only seven or eight years older than Mo ZiYun, had prematurely gray hair, likely from stress and mental exertion. He had well-groomed short beard, wore a stylish trench coat exuding the image of a trendy middle-aged man.

Mo ZiYun was momentarily surprised, his gaze becoming meaningful, and he greeted the other with a smile.

“Ah, Zi Yun.” The man greeted him first.

“Uncle Chengju.” Mo ZiYun responded with a smile as well.

Mo Ziyue had mentioned that in the family, two people were the least favored, himself being one, and the other was his little uncle.

Which was the person before him, Mo Chengju.

The Mo Family Patriarch, real name Mo Haichuan, had four sons: Mo Chengfang, Mo Chengyuan, Mo Chenggui, and Mo Chengju.

The youngest son came late and was only a few years older than the oldest grandson, receiving the most indulgence.

In truth, even the names of his sons reflected the old man’s traditional mindset, yet he overlooked the similarity between the sounds of “Mo” and “Mo”...

The old man doted on his youngest son, leading to rebellion during his upbringing. He was the first to abandon family teachings and pursue a career as a western doctor, now a manager at a western pharmaceutical company.

“It’s rare today. My father and the two uncles are still out, you’re the first one back.” Mo ZiYun joked, “You’re going to see my grandfather? I should warn you, grandpa is in a bad mood because Mo Ziyue brought some uncouth people home as guests. If he sees you, his mood might worsen, and he might say something unpleasant. Prepare yourself! But since you’ve managed to reach such a high position in a large company, with a demanding boss above, some scolding is nothing. Right, dear uncle.”

Saying this, Mo ZiYun smiled on the surface, without showing overt glee at another’s misfortune, but enough to be irritating.

Mo Chengju had an excellent relationship with Mo Ziyue, with the uncle-nephew pair acting as brothers, leading to Mo ZiYun having no fondness for Mo Chengju.

Earlier in the year, Mo ZiYun hoped to secure an agency right for a drug, which was produced by Mo Chengju's company. Relying on their uncle-nephew relationship, he made promises, only for Mo Chengju to firmly refuse, causing Mo ZiYun to be mocked and embarrassed.

Thus, the relationship with this little uncle was rather strained.

"I know Mo Ziyue brought friends home." Mo Chengju, smoking a cigarette, nodded slightly and glanced at Mo ZiYun, "I heard you were mocked at the entrance, it must have felt bad."

Mo ZiYun's face changed abruptly.

Has this matter already spread?!

"Just don't make trouble for me upon returning," Mo Chengju brushed past Mo ZiYun, "Making things difficult for people is something I'm better at than you are. Feeling frustrated now, are you, my nephew? In terms of sparring, remember, your uncle will always be your uncle!"

Chapter 1883: A Pleasure to Finally Meet You!

Mo Ziyun thought of giving Mo Chengju a hard time, but ended up getting his own heart stabbed by Mo Chengju's words. He watched as Mo Chengju entered the "Tranquil Heart House" and couldn't help but spit on the ground, then left in a hurry, frowning.

Mo Chengju disgusted him, but also reminded him that he had to quickly shut up those gossiping servants and apprentices to prevent them from spreading rumors!

Otherwise, he would really lose face!

Mo Chengju entered the "Tranquil Heart House", walked a few steps, and then took out the cigarette butt from his mouth, discreetly threw it onto the lawn, crushed it with his toe, and took a few deep breaths to reduce the smoke smell from his mouth.

Unlike Mo Ziyue and Mo Ziyun, Mo Chengju did not have much fear of the Old Mr. Mo, his own father—Mo Haichuan. He had even argued with the old man before. But over the past two years, seeing the old man grow older, Mo Chengju also stopped talking back or arguing, paying attention not just to his words and attitude but even some details.

Mo Chengju walked through the courtyard toward the main hall and saw his father with his back to the outside, vigorously practicing calligraphy at the Eight Immortals Table in the hall, writing, stopping, and looking around, seemingly copying calligraphy sheets.

Old Mr. Mo uniquely loved calligraphy, which Mo Chengju knew.

Presumably, this was practicing with reference to a master's calligraphy sheets. Mo Chengju guessed.

As he approached, Mo Chengju cleared his throat, and in a few steps, entered the room, calling out, "Dad!"

The Old Mr. Mo, Mo Haichuan, pulled his gaze from the calligraphy work, glanced at Mo Chengju indifferently, and said, "Oh, it's Manager Mo here."

Mo Chengju gave an awkward laugh. He knew ever since he refused the old man's legacy, the old man hadn't liked him. Later, he even took away the old man's most approved next-generation successor, Mo Ziyue, and the old man had become even more "bitterly hated" by him.

This father-son relationship had never significantly improved.

Of course, it was still much better compared to several years ago.

In fact, Mo Chengju could understand. It's not that Old Mr. Mo was stubbornly opposed to children and grandchildren entering other industries. The critical point was that the two most gifted in two generations had deviated, which he found hard to accept.

“I found a few calligraphy sheets for you, some from modern masters, others from Ming and Qing dynasty calligraphers, take a look.” Mo Chengju, seeing the situation getting cold, quickly said.

He reached into the lining of his coat and pulled out something, placing it on the Eight Immortals Table, hoping these would cheer up the old man a bit.

In the end, Mo Haichuan merely gave a light hum through his nose, without much reaction.

Mo Chengju felt a bit stunned.

Soon after, he noticed the words on the table that the old man was copying.

“No dietary restrictions”?

The old man had written this dozens of times!

“Why are you writing this?” Mo Chengju’s heart tensed.

If there’s no dietary restriction, there’s no need to write it down, let alone so many times.

He hadn’t been back for a long time; could it be that the old man wasn’t physically well...

Mo Chengju gave Mo Haichuan a strange look.

Mo Haichuan finished writing the words in his hand and looked up, noticing his eldest son was staring at him.

The father and son locked eyes for two seconds.

“Dad, recently, have you been feeling okay, any signs of memory loss, occasional irritability, often suspicious...” Mo Chengju cautiously asked, observing the old man’s pupils, “Why don’t you recite a herbal soup song for me to hear.”

Mo Haichuan was taken aback but soon understood.

The old man glared, slammed the brush on the table with anger, and shouted, “Mo Chengju, what are you trying to do! Don’t think I can’t tell, you suspect I have dementia? Or as you Western doctors say, Alzheimer’s disease! You unfilial son, you just come back wanting to upset me!”

Mo Chengju, scolded, awkwardly laughed and retreated, pointing at the words on the table, “Then if you’re fine, why are you writing this?”

Mo Haichuan gritted his teeth in anger. He originally didn’t want to pay attention to Mo Chengju, but was afraid he wouldn’t understand and would ask Eldest, Second, or Mingzhi, leading to the whole family indirectly questioning, as if he really had dementia.

That would be infuriating!

“These are three words I got through deception.” The old man said angrily.

Eventually, Mo Chengju pieced together the whole story.

It turns out these three words came from a friend of Mo Ziyue.

Mo Chengju was quite shocked.

Even though he didn’t understand calligraphy, the fact that his father would go to such lengths to acquire these words, and continuously practice copying them, showed the other party had significant calligraphy prowess, enough for the old father to acknowledge.

“I heard from the servants that Ziyue mentioned the young man was also proficient in traditional Chinese medicine...” Suddenly, Mo Chengju became interested in Bai Xiaosheng, his eyes lighting up, “So young, yet accomplished in two different fields... quite something!”

To Mo Chengju, anyone with talent was worth paying attention to.

Regardless of the person’s background or identity, as long as their character wasn’t too indecent, they were worth befriending.

It was precisely due to this belief that Mo Chengju, now the general manager at a large pharmaceutical research institution, had recruited a large number of talents in management, research, and business. It could be said that with a strong team, the company had seen its performance multiply several times over in just a few years!

Although right now, the skills and abilities Bai Xiaosheng demonstrated were only in the field of calligraphy, with a possible addition in traditional Chinese medicine, which had nothing to do with the pharmaceutical enterprise he managed, Mo Chengju still wanted to see whether such a young man with prominent abilities at such a young age had excellent qualities and character.

If he had them, then he could be recruited to his own domain for development!

Mo Chengju had indeed discovered quite a few cross-disciplinary talents.

Thinking of this made Mo Chengju’s heart heat up.

“What? You’re also interested in him! Each one of you!” Mo Haichuan, seeing Mo Chengju’s reaction, frowned and said, “Especially you, wanting to poach our talents from the traditional Chinese medicine industry? I say, Mo Chengju, you’re just lacking in ethics!”

Who knows a son better than his father.

Old Mr. Mo looked at Mo Chengju with eyes as if he’d discovered a treasure, guessing what was on his mind!

"Listen to your words. How can what I did be called unscrupulous? I wouldn't force a cow to drink if it doesn't want to eat the grass," Mo Chengju replied with a grin, then his expression changed, "From what you said, besides you and me, does it seem someone else is interested in that person?"

Ziyue is a friend of that person, so he's definitely not in the mix.

Mo Chengju pondered for a moment, then suddenly had an epiphany, pointing with his finger, "You're talking about Mo ZiYun, right!"

Mo ZiYun was publicly mocked. With his temperament, would he just submit and let it go?

Mo Haichuan didn't deny it.

Mo Chengju frowned, "That kid Mo ZiYun being interested in an outsider, he's probably up to no good, isn't he?"

"And aren't you the same!" Mo Haichuan retorted sarcastically.

This indirectly confirmed Mo Chengju's judgment.

"Just now, Mo ZiYun came over, did he make that person sick of you? He tried to defame an outsider, that's not going to work. Maybe he informed you first to stir some trouble," Mo Chengju looked at Mo Haichuan, then glanced at the calligraphy on the Eight Immortals Table, suspecting, "However, I saw that you like that young man's calligraphy, will you sit by and watch him lose face as a guest in our house? You didn't stop Mo ZiYun... I saw Mo ZiYun leave your courtyard in high spirits, so..."

Mo Chengju's speculation attempt was to infer Mo Haichuan's intentions.

"Are you not a general manager anymore and switched to being a detective?" Mo Haichuan glared, stopping Mo Chengju from continuing, and said coldly, "Why are you running to my place now? Ah, to make deductions about me? I don't want to hear it, get lost, don't disturb me while I practice my calligraphy!"

For someone as composed as Mo Haichuan, to have exploded with crude language and directly sent someone off was telling.

Mo Chengju grinned and obediently bid farewell to his father.

Mo Haichuan glanced at his son's departing back, exhaling a heavy sigh, mumbling, "With such a mind, and such wit, how did he go astray! Alas, it's my fault too! If back then I was a bit more determined and didn't let him go off to college, made him come back to inherit the family business, it wouldn't have been like this!"

The old man was so frustrated he didn't even feel like practicing calligraphy anymore.

Meanwhile, Mo Chengju left the "Tranquil Heart House", stood at the courtyard gate pondering, and then directly headed to the courtyard where Mo Ziyue lived.

Mo Chengju wanted to see his nephew, and incidentally, meet his friend!

On the other side, after sending off the servant sent by Old Mr. Mo, Bai Xiaosheng shut his door and in his room, held a video conference with Xiahou Qi and others to lay out the focus of their work in the near term. This gave him some peace of mind.

This briefing lasted thirty to forty minutes.

Just as Bai Xiaosheng finished the video conference, there was a knock on the door.

Bai Xiaosheng closed his laptop and got up to open the door.

Outside the door was Mo Ziyue, and behind him stood a handsome gentleman with an impressive appearance and attire.

"Sheng, hope we're not disturbing you," Mo Ziyue smiled.

“Not at all,” Bai Xiaosheng replied with a smile.

Mo Ziyue stepped aside and pointed to the person behind him, “This is my uncle, Mo Chengju!”

The man whom Mo Ziyue mentioned as the first to dare “challenge” his grandfather’s authority and who taught him by word and deed.

Bai Xiaosheng met Mo Chengju’s eyes, and Mo Chengju was also sizing him up.

Although it was their first meeting and the scrutiny brief, they both immediately noticed and felt things others would find hard to detect!

This young man exudes a steady aura like a mountain, with eyes deep as an abyss, carrying an intimidating presence. Is this just my imagination?

Mo Chengju calmly looked into Bai Xiaosheng’s eyes, but inwardly, he was slightly surprised.

Such a feeling was something even his boss hadn’t given him in recent years.

Bai Xiaosheng also looked at Mo Chengju, surprised in his heart.

This Mo Chengju is perceptive and sharp-eyed, exuding workplace savvy and ambition, not an ordinary person!

Hold on.

Did Mo Ziyue mention his uncle is the general manager of a pharmaceutical research company?

In Bai Xiaosheng’s mind, a light bulb went off.

Currently, over in Europe, Lai Yin's team is busy with research, having already made remarkable progress. Given time, the drugs could be on the market...

By then, there would be a need to establish a pharmaceutical research company. Money isn't an issue, nor are resources.

Only, they lack a management talent...

This Mo Chengju seems perfect for it!

Bai Xiaosheng gazed at Mo Chengju, and suddenly his heart burned with enthusiasm, his smile becoming even warmer.

Bai Xiaosheng even proactively extended his hand for a handshake with Mo Chengju, saying, "Mr. Chengju, it's a pleasure to meet you!"

Mo Chengju felt a bit dazed by Bai Xiaosheng's sudden enthusiasm but then smiled as well, "Mr. Bai, it's a pleasure to meet you!"

This "pleasure to meet" often carried a hint of falseness, formality, and slickness.

Mo Ziyue looked at the two with astonishment.

He thought he understood both his uncle Mo Chengju and Bai Xiaosheng well in terms of personality and character.

Since when did these two become so "smooth and sophisticated"?

Chapter 1884: Who Is Whose "Prey"?

Mo Chengju and Mo Ziyue came to visit Bai Xiaosheng, and before long, Lin Weiwei and Lei Ying arrived as well. Both parties met and exchanged polite greetings.

Mo Chengju had extraordinary perception. Beyond seeing Lin Weiwei's beauty and Lei Ying's robust might, he noticed the unusual details in their social interactions and demeanor.

"These two are quite extraordinary!" Mo Chengju immediately made this judgment and silently thought to himself, "Also, observing their attitude towards that young man... speaks volumes! Although they openly claim to be friends with that young man, there's an unspoken respect in their demeanor, suggesting they might actually be his subordinates."

Treating subordinates as friends also increased Mo Chengju's favorable impression of Bai Xiaosheng.

After all, he is also someone who acts according to his whims.

"Ziyue, this Ms. Weiwei and Mr. Lei Ying are visiting our home for the first time. Our Mo Family has many places worth seeing, why don't you show them around?" Mo Chengju said with a smile to Mo Ziyue.

He wanted to send the others away for some private conversation with Bai Xiaosheng.

Mo Ziyue was slightly taken aback and looked at Bai Xiaosheng.

Lin Weiwei and Lei Ying did likewise, waiting for Bai Xiaosheng to speak.

"Then why don't you all go with Ziyue to have a look around, while Mr. Chengju and I chat for a bit." Bai Xiaosheng said with a smile.

He also wished to have a private conversation with Mo Chengju.

Since both had spoken, Mo Ziyue led Lin Weiwei and Lei Ying away, leaving time and space for Bai Xiaosheng and Mo Chengju.

Mo Chengju invited Bai Xiaosheng to sit down at a stone table in the courtyard and instructed a servant to bring tea and dried fruit.

They drank tea, ate dried fruit, and began their conversation.

After a few courteous exchanges, Mo Chengju began with a smile, "Mr. Sheng, are you currently practicing medicine or pursuing academic work?"

Just now, Bai Xiaosheng had given his name, but didn't mention his identity. Mo Chengju was unclear about what that name signified.

Previously, although Bai Xiaosheng had appeared in the media and had his position exposed, Mo Chengju, as the general manager of a pharmaceutical research company, wasn't very concerned with business affairs. Bai Xiaosheng's level, engaged in business wars using hundreds of companies as "weapons," was beyond the realm of the average business manager. Mo Chengju was someone who, after work, barely paid attention to public buzz.

In truth, even if Mo Chengju had heard Bai Xiaosheng's name, he likely would have thought the Bai Xiaosheng before him merely shared a name with someone else.

After asking about Bai Xiaosheng's current work, Mo Chengju added, "I saw your writing at my father's place, truly masterful! To achieve such skill, you must have spent considerable time and effort. Also, I heard that your expertise in traditional Chinese medicine is quite impressive!"

Mo Chengju praised Bai Xiaosheng's calligraphy, though he himself didn't know much and was entirely relying on his father's expressed attitude.

As for Bai Xiaosheng's knowledge in Chinese medicine, he only heard about it from household staff. He was currently probing Bai Xiaosheng's background.

Bai Xiaosheng laughed slightly and responded, "Whether it's calligraphy or Chinese medicine, they're merely personal hobbies I indulge in during my spare time, not particularly strong. Actually, my greatest interest lies in doing business."

“Oh?” Mo Chengju was somewhat surprised by this response.

To receive praise from both his father Mo Haichuan and nephew Mo Ziyue in two fields, yet merely call them hobbies, and actually focus his mind on business?

Mo Chengju listened with mixed feelings of joy and concern.

Joy that Bai Xiaosheng liked the business field, making recruitment easier; concern that if Bai Xiaosheng excelled there, he might already have been noticed or recruited, making it harder to sway him.

At this moment, Mo Chengju suddenly felt a bit of regret. He should have learned more from his nephew Mo Ziyue earlier, understand where this young man is employed, and consider his compensation, so he could act more precisely.

He silently blamed himself for being careless, thinking, “Knowing there’s such a talent, I rushed over impatiently, without first investigating! This mistake shouldn’t be repeated!”

Mo Chengju saw Bai Xiaosheng as a “prey” he was eager to capture.

He wouldn’t expect.

He was likewise seen as a “prey” by the young man sitting opposite him.

“Mr. Bai enjoys the business field, is it because there’s a family business or an external position, where are you employed and what position do you hold?” Mo Chengju asked without giving up.

Bai Xiaosheng replied with a smile, “I’m at a rather large enterprise, holding a decent leadership position.”

This answer sank Mo Chengju’s heart deeper.

If Bai Xiaosheng is in a high leadership role, can he be easily recruited? He couldn't start by offering a very high position.

As Mo Chengju felt a bit dejected, Bai Xiaosheng spoke up, "Actually, I have some understanding of Mr. Chengju. Ziyue highly admires you."

Bai Xiaosheng smiled, "You're the general manager at a well-established domestic biopharmaceutical research company, correct?"

"Correct." Mo Chengju nodded.

"It happens that I have a friend in Europe planning to start a new company, also in the biotech pharmaceutical sector! I visited them, and their research content is quite cutting-edge and interesting!" Bai Xiaosheng said with a smile, "I'm just not sure how many companies in the country are researching similar content!"

Bai Xiaosheng's words successfully grabbed Mo Chengju's attention.

Chapter 1885: Who Is Whose "Prey"? (Part 2)

Mo Chengju is considered an extremely intelligent and thoughtful person.

Unfortunately, Bai Xiaosheng is even smarter, knowing that as long as he finds the right topic, he can lead the other party on.

As the general manager of a pharmaceutical research company, how could Mo Chengju not be concerned with the forefront of industry research?

"Oh?! Then I would like to hear it!" Mo Chengju immediately showed interest.

Just like a fish swallowing the bait.

“My friend is a PhD from Haru Medical College who has successfully developed several famous drugs. I wonder if Mr. Chengju has heard of them.” Bai Xiaosheng mentioned a couple of Lai Yin’s achievements.

Mo Chengju was stunned upon hearing this.

Then he widened his eyes, sat up straight, and stared at Bai Xiaosheng, “Are you talking about Mr. Lai Yin?! He’s your friend!”

Mo Chengju, who mingled in the biomedical research circles, could hardly be unaware of Lai Yin!

In fact, Mo Chengju had even traveled to Europe several times, trying every possible means to meet Lai Yin’s team, but unfortunately, without any success.

But Bai Xiaosheng says he’s his friend!

How could Mo Chengju not be shocked?

After the shock, Mo Chengju was truly overjoyed.

Losing one thing but gaining another. Although he didn’t manage to recruit talented individuals, he found a crucial connection!

This is definitely heaven’s favor!

Mo Chengju immediately decided to get closer and more intimate with Bai Xiaosheng.

“Since Mr. Chengju knows him, that makes things easier to talk about.”

Bai Xiaosheng, seeing Mo Chengju’s demeanor, smiled on the face and felt assured inside.

“Do you know what field Mr. Lai Yin and his team are currently researching?” Mo Chengju eagerly asked.

After speaking, Mo Chengju realized he had misspoken.

How could such things be easily told to others? Even if Bai Xiaosheng knew, he wouldn't tell him.

Faced with Mo Chengju's eager question, Bai Xiaosheng smiled and said, “I only know a little superficially; Lai Yin mentioned deeper things but I didn't remember them.”

Could Lai Yin share detailed research content with him?

What kind of friend is this!

Mo Chengju was truly scared by Bai Xiaosheng's words, and even suspected Bai Xiaosheng might be exaggerating...

Bai Xiaosheng selected some subfields of Lai Yin's research and shared them with Mo Chengju.

Mo Chengju listened especially attentively.

After Bai Xiaosheng finished speaking, Mo Chengju couldn't help but slap his thighs vigorously and, somewhat regretfully, exclaimed, “I knew it! These are the key points in future research! So unfortunate! So hateful!”

Mo Chengju's emotions “lost control,” which also startled Bai Xiaosheng.

Bai Xiaosheng looked at Mo Chengju in surprise.

After noticing Bai Xiaosheng's gaze, fearing misunderstandings, Mo Chengju quickly said, “My regret and hatred are not directed at your friend Mr. Lai Yin. It's because my side is also conducting research in these fields, and I've even formed a specialized research group!”

If before Bai Xiaosheng spoke, Mo Chengju suspected Bai Xiaosheng of exaggerating, then after Bai Xiaosheng finished speaking, he was certain Bai Xiaosheng's words were indeed true, even considered confidential!

Upon hearing Mo Chengju's explanation, Bai Xiaosheng was also surprised.

Lai Yin had mentioned to him that those research areas were "thankless" fields, requiring long research cycles and unable to create immediate benefits. Even in the West, at Haru Medical College, neither the college nor investors favored excessive investment.

Lai Yin also expressed that any research company starting from those aspects would, in the long run, become their future competitor!

It was truly unexpected that Mo Chengju had such distinct and insightful foresight!

Seeing Mo Chengju, Bai Xiaosheng genuinely felt like he was seeing a treasure, and believed Mo Chengju's personality would certainly get along with Lai Yin!

Imagine the collision of two unique individuals working together to develop and run a business.

Bai Xiaosheng found it simply to be a perfect match.

"What I regret is that my boss recently felt the investment in this area was excessive and ordered us to stop! What angers me is that if given one more year, just one year, I can guarantee breakthroughs and achievements in this area!" Mo Chengju sighed in frustration.

"It's not my place to say, but your boss's vision isn't quite right!" Bai Xiaosheng softly commented from the side.

Bai Xiaosheng rarely bad-mouths others or gossips.

But now, he couldn't help but want to criticize Mo Chengju's boss.

Even though he should be more grateful to the other party.

Mo Chengju, looking gloomy, gestured as if he didn't want to continue discussing this topic.

"Actually, I could contact my friends over there and arrange for Mr. Chengju to visit Lai Yin's team's research laboratory for an inspection." Bai Xiaosheng once again offered temptation, akin to a bad uncle luring innocent children step by step.

Although Mo Chengju is at least ten years older than him, by age more like an uncle.

"Really, that's absolutely wonderful!" Mo Chengju excitedly rubbed his hands.

Mo Chengju quickly took out his phone to add Bai Xiaosheng on WeChat, as if fearing Bai Xiaosheng would run away, showing great enthusiasm, "I have time anytime, as long as you make contact on your side, I'm available at any time!"

Bai Xiaosheng nodded with a smile.

Seeing Mo Chengju like this, it seemed he had confidently entered his trap, no escape.

"If convenient, could you tell me more about the situation over there with Mr. Lai Yin and his team? Not necessarily about research, anything would do, even talk about their personnel." Mo Chengju passionately urged, "I genuinely admire and even respect them!"

If they are talented, Mo Chengju would gladly welcome, not to mention top-notch "master" research teams in the industry.

Chapter 1886: Who Is Whose "Prey"? (Part 3)

"Alright." Bai Xiaosheng agreed with a smile.

No fear of you being excited, just afraid you won't be interested. This way, you still run...

Bai Xiaosheng thought to himself.

The two of them continued their chat until Mo Ziyue, Lin Weiwei, and Lei Ying returned, until the city lights came on, until the Mo Family lit up their lights, and until a servant came to inform them that the banquet would begin in half an hour, yet Mo Chengju still hadn't had enough of the conversation.

Bai Xiaosheng didn't just talk about Lai Yin and them, but also discussed the cutting-edge content in medical and pharmaceutical research in various countries and regions.

For this, Bai Xiaosheng only needed a thought, and Red Lotus could look it up and imprint it in his mind.

Although extremely confidential information was impossible to appear, it was enough to make Bai Xiaosheng seem well-informed and deeply knowledgeable.

Mo Chengju almost regarded Bai Xiaosheng as a confidant, calling him "Bai" several times unconsciously.

Beside them, Mo Ziyue watched, his face full of black lines.

How did he go out for a spin and come back with his seniority in Bai Xiaosheng's eyes somehow reduced...

After chatting with Bai Xiaosheng for another twenty minutes or so, Mo Chengju finally personally led Bai Xiaosheng and the others to the banquet.

On the way, Mo Chengju spoke warmly to Bai Xiaosheng, "Our Mo Family is a family of traditional Chinese medicine, this family banquet is different from anywhere else, medicinal food, Bai, you may have heard of it, even tried it, but I guarantee you haven't tried such authentic medicinal food from the Mo Family elsewhere. We have a lot of variety and great efficacy. In a while, I'll tell you which ones you should eat more of, for nourishing the yin and strengthening the yang... making it endlessly beneficial, haha!"

As he spoke, Mo Chengju gave Bai Xiaosheng a heavy pat on the shoulder, winking with a look that all men would understand.

This made the three people following behind, Mo Ziyue, Lin Weiwei, and Lei Ying, all show different expressions.

Mo Ziyue was annoyed by the term “Bai,” and secretly blamed his uncle for being truly unreliable and lowering his seniority.

Lin Weiwei blushed deeply at the phrase “nourishing the yin and strengthening the yang,” looking helplessly at Mo Chengju, feeling that Mo Ziyue’s uncle was really too unrestrained.

Lei Ying felt the words were too direct; even if you whispered, it would be better, after all, there are girls present...

However, in a while, he could pay more attention and listen to what Mo Chengju said about what could be eaten more...

Bai Xiaosheng smiled with a peaceful face, “Since Mr. Chengju recommends it so highly, then I’ll have to try the Mo family’s medicinal food later!”

Just as Bai Xiaosheng and the others set off to attend the family banquet, in a corner of the Mo family’s kitchen, the head chef was whispering with Mo ZiYun.

“Young Master Zi Yun, we’ve done as you said, but our family has never served so many medicinal dishes; some of these dishes clash, is this really the grandmaster’s intention?” the chef asked Mo ZiYun worriedly.

This young master temporarily added a few dishes, and the ingredients used in them conflicted with the original recipes.

Mo ZiYun chuckled, "Don't worry. It's also my grandpa's idea. Maybe it's to test our younger generation's skills and memory. We've all been learning the properties of various medicines since childhood. If someone can't tell the conflicts among them, then it's bad luck for them. Anyway, those won't kill anyone, at most, they might cause a few days of diarrhea or some internal heat, but nothing deadly or seriously harmful."

The chef thought for a moment and nodded.

Mo ZiYun had a point; there was no major life-threatening risk.

"In that case, I'll follow your instructions and get the serving ready." the chef said.

Mo ZiYun smiled and waved his hand outward, indicating him to go ahead.

The chef turned and left.

"Mo family's medicinal food is the best in Huaxia, and Mo family members have been learning the complementary and conflicting properties of traditional Chinese medicine since a young age. Just tasting the flavor isn't necessary; just by seeing what's in the dish, they naturally know what can be eaten together and what can't." Mo ZiYun sneered to himself, "But what if it's not someone from the Mo family!"

"Or perhaps, some Mo family members who aren't proficient in medicine!"

Mo ZiYun sneered repeatedly.

At the Mo family's medicinal meals, seating is arranged by tables, with food supplements different according to different ages and seniority, so even grandpa and uncles may not know.

As for the rest of his peers, if they aren't skilled, it's bad luck for them. Who dares to speak out? As long as Mo ZiYun gives a stern look, they're sure to stay obediently silent.

“Besides, I’ve already consulted grandpa and received tacit approval, so that Bai guy, let’s see you ‘not inferior to me in traditional Chinese medicine skills’! Mo Ziyue, I’ll show you for talking nonsense! Mo Chengju, I’ll show you for annoying me!” Mo ZiYun muttered to himself fiercely, feeling very pleased with himself.

Afterwards, Mo ZiYun also left the kitchen, heading towards the dining area.

As a result, he saw Bai Xiaosheng and the others from afar.

Mo ZiYun warmly smiled and waved in greeting.

Upon seeing him, Mo Chengju seemed to recall something, tugging on Bai Xiaosheng and lowering his voice, “My nephew Mo ZiYun has a small mind, and you happened to have some conflict with him. If during your time at the Mo Family, he does anything that offends...”

“I will try my best to avoid conflict with him,” Bai Xiaosheng smiled.

Even for Mo Chengju’s sake, he could give way a little.

“That’s not what I mean.” Mo Chengju shook his head directly, glancing at Mo ZiYun in the distance, waving in response, yet saying to Bai Xiaosheng, “If he dares to provoke you, just deal with him fiercely! If anything happens, it’s on me!”

Chapter 1887: Mo Family Banquet

Led by Mo Chengju, Bai Xiaosheng and the others entered a courtyard. In the center stood a large house with doors on all four sides, all wide open at the moment.

Inside, there were three large tables.

The enormous tables could each seat more than twenty people, and now they were almost full, with clusters of people sitting around them.

As they walked closer, Mo Chengju explained the situation of the Mo Family banquet to Bai Xiaosheng.

At the first table, naturally, sat Old Mr. Mo — Mo Haichuan, as Mo Chengju had previously mentioned to Bai Xiaosheng. Around Mo Haichuan sat sixteen or seventeen elderly individuals, a mix of men and women, including six or seven couples. The youngest among them was nearly eighty years old. These were the elders who once fought alongside Old Mr. Mo and even now hold positions at the Mo Family's clinic.

Bai Xiaosheng secretly marveled; if this group were in a fantasy novel, they would be akin to distinguished guests.

The second table was for the current second generation of the Mo Family, with Mo Chengfang, Mo Chengyuan, and Mo Chenggui as the main figures, as well as Mo Haichuan's two daughters. There were also the children of those guest elders, many of whom were couples themselves, all over fifty years old.

The eldest, Mo Chengfang, was already over sixty years old.

"According to status and seniority, Mr. Chengju, you should be at the second table, so we go to the third table?" Bai Xiaosheng asked for confirmation at this point.

Mo Chengju rolled his eyes at Bai Xiaosheng and said, "I'm not going to the second table. It's too dull. What's the fun in that? Besides, they're all so old. I'm forty-something, still in my prime; why would I join them? I'm going with you to the third table!"

Bai Xiaosheng found Mo Chengju's words amusing.

Behind them, Lin Weiwei also gave Mo Chengju a strange look.

Is "in his prime" really used like that?

Are there "young men" in their forties?

How does Mo Chengju categorize age groups?

Could it be that he uses himself as the baseline, and anyone younger than him is considered a “young man”...

Lei Ying couldn't help but glance at Mo Chengju too.

This person is truly interesting...

Mo Ziyue remained expressionless, perfectly composed.

This particular uncle was famous among the family elders for being “unpredictable.”

Nobody could dictate which seat he should take.

Whatever he did, no one in the family could or would try to control him.

Even Grandfather Mo Haichuan let him be.

In fact, thinking about it, this uncle is quite remarkable; at least, he lives his life quite freely...

“Mr. Chengju, is it really okay for you to ‘sit randomly’ like that?” Bai Xiaosheng couldn't help but ask.

“I've been criticized for my actions for so many years; my psychological resilience is well-honed. The group led by my father probably finds their own complaints about me tiresome,” Mo Chengju laughed, “On such a wonderful family reunion day, who would let my seat choice ruin their mood?”

Bai Xiaosheng was momentarily speechless at Mo Chengju's words, truly wanting to give him a thumbs up.

It just wasn't convenient at the moment.

The third table inside seated the younger generation of the Mo Family. Apart from the Mo Family members, there were also the grandchildren of those guest elders, with nearly half of them being couples. At that table, the leading figure was Mo ZiYun, since he was the outstanding talent of the Mo Family's younger generation and was expected to be the next Family Head.

At that moment, Mo ZiYun looked at Bai Xiaosheng and the others approaching, a slightly humorous look on his face as they entered.

From the first table, Mo Haichuan lifted his head, glancing at the entering Bai Xiaosheng.

Whether or not this young man had exceptional skills in traditional Chinese medicine, his fine penmanship was something Mo Haichuan liked very much.

He had practiced it dozens of times before he grasped it, though there were too few characters!

Old Mr. Mo was considering asking Mo Ziyue to request more writing from him later.

Consequently, Mo Haichuan had a very favorable attitude toward Bai Xiaosheng.

"Look, today we have a guest, a friend of Ziyue," the old man specifically mentioned.

The elders at Mo Haichuan's table all looked over, their gazes settling on Bai Xiaosheng, who was walking alongside Mo Chengju.

Seeing Mo Chengju chatting and laughing with Bai Xiaosheng, many people were secretly surprised.

It seemed this young man was not only a friend of Mo Ziyue but also seemed to be friends with Mo Chengju.

Although Mo Chengju was labeled a “prodigal son” by Old Mr. Mo, the elders at this table dared not truly think so.

After all, Mo Chengju was a member of the Mo Family, the son of Mo Haichuan, and regardless of how much of a “prodigal son” he was, it was all due to Mo Haichuan’s indulgence.

It is said that the deeper the love, the stricter the criticism; Mo Haichuan’s distress only represented the depth of his feelings for his son.

Out of respect for Mo Chengju, those elders gave Bai Xiaosheng a few extra glances.

Mo Chengfang, Mo Chengyuan, and Mo Chenggui, along with Mo Haichuan’s two other daughters, also scrutinized Bai Xiaosheng.

Since their elderly father had mentioned it, they naturally paid attention.

At their table, someone started whispering gossip.

“I heard that Ziyue’s friend had a conflict with ZiYun at the entrance, and Ziyue even said that this friend’s medical skills were superior to ZiYun’s.”

The gossip originated from an aunt and spread among the women.

“No way, what friend could have better medical skills than ZiYun? ZiYun is the personal disciple of Old Mr. Mo.”

“Oh, I heard about this too. You know, was Ziyue trying to embarrass ZiYun in public?”

This topic got two women particularly agitated.

They were, of course, the mothers of Mo Ziyue and Mo ZiYun.

Mo Ziyue's biological mother had passed away, and while the stepmother might not necessarily target him, knowing the ways of this household, if she didn't protect him a bit, she'd later end up trodden upon.

Chapter 1888 - Mo Family Banquet (Part 2)

So the two women started conversing in public.

"Zi Yun's mom, don't listen to them. Our Ziyue isn't that kind of person!"

"Ziyue's mom, this matter affects not only our Zi Yun's reputation but also the name of our Old Mo Family!"

"It must be the servants gossiping; we shouldn't escalate the situation."

"We don't want to make a fuss either; that'd be embarrassing! But if my son Zi Yun is treated unfairly, we're not pushovers!"

Compared to his wife, Mo Ziyue, the father of Mo ZiYun, remained much more silent, only occasionally glancing at Bai Xiaosheng with varying expressions.

What they were thinking inside, outsiders could not know.

Compared to the second table, the younger people at the third table talked much less about the incident, simply because Mo ZiYun was sitting at that table.

With one glance, who would dare make a joke about it openly?

Mo ZiYun might very well become the next Family Head.

Of course, many looked at Mo ZiYun with an amused gaze, with a hint of schadenfreude lurking in their eyes.

This Mo ZiYun, who usually behaved arrogantly, having a day like today—it truly was entertaining.

As a result, their attention towards Bai Xiaosheng was filled with curiosity and interest.

Facing the gaze of everyone, Mo ZiYun could tell there was an element of mockery, though his face wore a nonchalant smile, his hand beneath the table had already clenched into a fist, veins bulging on the back, wishing he could smash it onto Bai Xiaosheng's face, causing the latter's face to bloom like a peach blossom, only then could he alleviate the hatred in his heart.

Of course, among the younger generation present, there were supporters loyal to Mo ZiYun, who also looked at Bai Xiaosheng with hostility.

To this, Bai Xiaosheng remained calm and composed.

"Everyone, this is a friend of mine and Ziyue's, surname Bai." Mo Chengju announced loudly.

Bai Xiaosheng also smiled and greeted everyone, showing sufficient respect to Old Man Mo Haichuan's table, and to the tables of Mo Chengfang, Mo Chengyuan, and Mo Chengju.

The crowd responded with nods.

However, Mo ZiYun's parents were noticeably much more stiff in their attitude.

"Take your seats." At this time, Mo Haichuan called out loudly.

Bai Xiaosheng, led by Mo Chengju, made his way to the third table.

Mo Chengju went directly to Mo ZiYun's side, smilingly said to him, "Move aside, nephew."

Mo ZiYun was taken aback. Under the watchful eyes of everyone, he forced a smile, "Fourth Uncle, this is the main family's seat, even when guests arrive it's not customary to give it up."

Mo ZiYun thought Mo Chengju wanted him to give his seat to Bai Xiaosheng.

Why should he!

Bai Xiaosheng, while being a friend to Mo Ziyue and Mo Chengju, was certainly not his friend!

Moreover, Mo Ziyue had used this person to disgust him before, almost everyone in the room knew this, making him feel both embarrassed and upset.

Although at the door, Bai Xiaosheng had no mocking words, but when passing by he glanced at him, even slightly smiled.

That look, that smile, somehow etched itself into Mo ZiYun's heart, somehow making him more annoyed than Mo Ziyue's words!

Such a situation, similar to how young people might erupt in hostility over a single disagreeing glance.

Perhaps some people naturally had incompatible energies.

In this mindset, Mo ZiYun letting go of his seat would be out of the question!

Everyone looked on.

"Not for him, it's for me!" Mo Chengju pointed at himself, giving Mo ZiYun a big fake smile, "What? I'm sitting at this table and should be ranked lower than you, nephew? Our Mo Family values hierarchy indeed!"

Mo Chengju, the least rule-abiding man in the Mo Family, now seriously teaching Mo ZiYun about hierarchy.

This scene holds an inexplicable humor.

Bai Xiaosheng found it amusing, even Lin Weiwei couldn't help but beam.

Mo Ziyue, Lei Ying were better at controlling themselves.

Under the scrutiny, Mo ZiYun's face froze.

"Mingyuan, why go to that table, come here, your seat is here." Mo ZiYun's father shouted without restraint.

"He's your fourth uncle! Why compete with a child!" Mo ZiYun's mother added.

Mo Chengju glanced at the couple, his smile appeared particularly rogue, and said, "I just like this table, feel the abundant energy when seated with the youth. What, ZiYun hasn't become the Family Head yet, and already can't spare his uncle a seat?"

Mo Chengju's words made the couple's complexion change.

The implication being, if Mo ZiYun did become the Family Head, would he not respect the elder and the younger even more?

Mo ZiYun's parents fell silent.

Mo Haichuan hadn't spoken from the start, and of course, no one else made a stance either.

Moreover, seeing Mo ZiYun's household humiliated, others secretly felt quite pleased.

"Alright, if Fourth Uncle wants to sit, of course, I'll let him have it!"

Mo ZiYun was seething inside but managed to squeeze out a smile, standing up to surrender his seat.

"That's my good nephew." Mo Chengju said with a chuckle.

Afterwards, he took Mo ZiYun's seat, yet he didn't rush to sit down, first inviting Bai Xiaosheng, his tone extremely polite, "Come, come, Mr. Sheng, please sit first!"

Typically arrogant, "eyes above everyone else" Mo Chengju suddenly displaying such courteous manners, everyone in the room was naturally surprised, their eyes naturally turned towards Bai Xiaosheng.

This young man, so young, what qualities did he possess to be treated so by Mo Chengju!

The crowd's impression of Bai Xiaosheng deepened significantly.

Across the room, Mo Haichuan was similarly taken aback, silently reflecting, "When Chengju came back, he didn't seem to know that young man, their interaction was limited to the time at home, yet Chengju... values him so much?"

"This little guy, he's quite something!" Already filled with interest towards Bai Xiaosheng, Mo Haichuan took a deeper glance at Bai Xiaosheng.

Chapter 1889: Mo Family Banquet (Part 3)

Over there, Bai Xiaosheng smiled at Mo Chengju's invitation, and did not refuse, taking the seat next to Mo Chengju and gesturing politely, "Mr. Chengju, please."

Mo ZiYun originally intended to sit in Bai Xiaosheng's seat and immediately frowned.

Mo Chengju waved a hand and pointed next to Bai Xiaosheng, addressing a few people arranged in order, "You guys, go over there and make room here."

The youngsters naturally didn't dare to disobey Mo Family Fourth Uncle's word, and they quickly stood up and left their seats.

Thus, Mo Ziyue sat next to Bai Xiaosheng, followed by Lei Ying, and then Lin Weiwei. Mo ZiYun looked at the seat left for him, which was only near the door, and felt extremely aggrieved.

Actually, he didn't need to be like this; he could have easily sat on the other side of Mo Chengju, which was also a secondary prominent seat.

It was just that right now, that seat was occupied by someone oblivious.

Mo ZiYun walked over, his expression dark and his eyes even darker.

The person was just drinking water and, sensing trouble, stood up to give up the seat. However, the table in front of him was rather messy, with an unfinished cup of water and some fruit shells.

Mo ZiYun looked at it all and felt utterly frustrated.

The person, seeing Mo ZiYun's face, hurriedly moved forward to clean up haphazardly but didn't improve much.

Mo ZiYun waved him away and sat down with a frown.

Sitting down, he saw Mo Chengju and Bai Xiaosheng whispering and laughing, and seeing Bai Xiaosheng's smile made him simmer with hatred.

Already having enough reason to dislike Mo Chengju, his emotions overflowed at that moment, and naturally, he directed more of his anger towards Bai Xiaosheng, finding him increasingly unpleasant to the eye.

“Don’t know where this bastard came from, siding with Mo Chengju and Mo Ziyue to disgust me, and if that’s the case, don’t blame me for being rude! Let everyone see how ‘his knowledge in traditional Chinese medicine is not inferior to mine’ is complete nonsense!” Mo ZiYun was silently fuming.

Bai Xiaosheng, sitting on the other side, inadvertently looked up and caught Mo ZiYun’s reaction entirely.

With Bai Xiaosheng’s observation skills, he could certainly see that the other party held a great hostility towards him.

“Is it because of my presence that this Mo ZiYun feels humiliated?” Bai Xiaosheng wondered internally.

Initially, he had noticed Mo Chengju as a talented person and was inclined to favor him without offending him, Mo Ziyue, or making things hard for them at home. It wouldn’t hurt to let Mo ZiYun have some leeway if he didn’t go overboard.

But previously, Mo Chengju specifically “reminded” him, telling him not to be polite to Mo ZiYun!

“Well then, Mo ZiYun, my apologies! As the future family head of the Mo Family, you’d better be a bit more courteous to me today in your own family, or else I’ll have to retaliate!” Bai Xiaosheng thought with a sly smile.

If Mo ZiYun were to maintain his restraint, Bai Xiaosheng pondered how furious he’d be if he knew what was going through his head.

With the guests seated, Old Mr. Mo Haichuan ordered the dishes to be served.

The Mo family’s servants entered in a line, carrying trays, and served dish after dish.

The Mo Family’s banquet mainly consisted of medicinal cuisine, but not all dishes required Chinese herbs, as that would be excessive.

Traditional Chinese medicine states that all medicines have some toxicity, and even medicinal cuisine requires a balance as excessive supplementation is not beneficial.

Moreover, there are many intricacies in medicinal cuisine; the highest form doesn't just enhance the nourishing effect of the medicine but also neutralizes the toxicity of other herbs, allowing the eater to absorb the essence without the dregs.

The Mo Family had been practicing medicine for a hundred years and had deep research in this area.

Three tables, each catering to different age groups, with different medicinal cuisine effects and nourishing focuses.

Soon, the table Bai Xiaosheng was at had seven or eight dishes served, including two medicinal cuisines.

And under Mo ZiYun's subtle manipulation, those two medicinal cuisines were placed in front of Mo Chengju and Bai Xiaosheng.

On the surface, those two dishes looked no different than usual, but one had an extra medicinal herb, and after eating either of them, combined with the third medicinal cuisine to be served later, there would be "unexpected" changes.

Effects appearing after a few hours could include diarrhea all night, headache for three days, or whole body heat and fatigue...

Mo ZiYun had repeatedly considered the symptoms and eagerly anticipated the results.

Everyone at this table was trained in traditional Chinese medicine; they would know there was an issue upon tasting it and know what not to eat too much of.

If they weren't skilled, they'd have to blame their own bad luck!

Mo Chengju and Mo Ziyue had not studied deeply, and they would be clueless.

Those surnamed Bai should also fall into this trap!

It was a pity, that woman was rather good.

Mo ZiYun sneakily glanced at Lin Weiwei, feeling a pang of regret, but he also thought that if Lin Weiwei fell ill from the medicinal cuisine, it would give him the chance to treat her, which wasn't so bad.

Mo ZiYun kept scheming in his mind.

Beside him, Mo Chengju and Bai Xiaosheng continued to chat spiritedly, neither showing any intention of eating.

Clearly, the other tables had already begun eating, and as someone at this table picked up chopsticks, others did too, and even someone was about to spin the table.

Mo ZiYun watched anxiously, reaching out to stop the table from turning, smiling as he said to Mo Chengju and Bai Xiaosheng, "Fourth Uncle, this... Mr. Bai, you see, the dishes are here, let's stop the conversation for now. This is our Mo Family's most famous medicinal cuisine, Mr. Bai, please try it?"

This was a rare "enthusiastic" moment for Mo ZiYun, as he could hardly contain himself.

Mo Chengju, suspecting nothing, nodded immediately, tapping the dish with his chopsticks, smiling at Bai Xiaosheng, "Give it a try!"

Bai Xiaosheng was initially smiling and nodding too, but as he reached out with his chopsticks, he noticed Mo ZiYun staring expectantly at him, eyes gleaming peculiarly.

Bai Xiaosheng paused his chopsticks.

Mo ZiYun's expression subtly shifted.

"Something's not right!" Bai Xiaosheng's observational skills were sharp.

As long as someone hadn't mastered a refined demeanor, it was hard to escape his scrutiny.

But eventually, Bai Xiaosheng smiled again, reaching out his chopsticks to pick up a piece of medicinal cuisine, under the earnest focus of Mo ZiYun, he put it in his mouth and chewed, but internally he muttered, "Red Lotus, analyze this medicinal cuisine!"

Chapter 1890: Sinister Scheme

Under Mo ZiYun's eager gaze, Bai Xiaosheng tasted the Mo Family medicinal cuisine. He took a bite of each of the two dishes, chewing while frequently nodding and smiling, as if he found the taste quite good.

Seeing this, Mo ZiYun's smile became somewhat more relaxed.

Although Bai Xiaosheng only took a couple of bites, it wasn't much, but there was still plenty of time for the meal; if it tasted good, surely he'd eat more.

Besides, nearby, there were his little uncle Mo Chengju and his cousin Mo Ziyue, who were enthusiastically offering more dishes.

Unseen, those two acted as his helpers!

With these dishes as a foundation, when the other medicinal cuisines were served later, as long as Bai Xiaosheng ate them, they would be enough to exert their medicinal effects!

It wasn't just Bai Xiaosheng; Mo Chengju and Mo Ziyue were also enjoying their meal.

Mo ZiYun, in turn, looked even happier.

He detested the Bai family, and equally detested his little uncle and cousin.

Mo ZiYun hoped they would all face misfortune together!

As for the others at the table, it was the same old story: if they couldn't discern medicinal incompatibility due to a lack of skill and got stomachaches, they would only have themselves to blame!

In Bai Xiaosheng's mind, Red Lotus analyzed the food Bai Xiaosheng ate and imprinted the results into his brain.

It not only revealed the traditional Chinese medicinal components of the food but also analyzed them from a Western medical perspective, simulating even chemical elements and molecular formulas.

At present, however, the food he had eaten seemed ordinary.

"Strange, there is nothing fishy about these dishes, so why is Mo ZiYun smirking like that?" Bai Xiaosheng began to feel puzzled.

Actually, thinking about it, the Mo Family is an esteemed family of traditional Chinese medicine, with a grand residence and significant stature. Rumor had it that Mo ZiYun was a candidate for the next family head.

Could he, or would he dare, to tamper with the dishes?

The majority of the people at this table were his family members; if he really did such a thing, it would be like killing one enemy at the cost of eight hundred of their own. Is it worth it?

If he really went overboard, the law wouldn't allow it!

But if there was nothing wrong with the dishes, why was Mo ZiYun being so attentive?

Could it be that he was genuinely proud of the Mo Family's medicinal cuisine and couldn't wait to show it off to outsiders?

No, looking at his expression, it wasn't that simple!

Bai Xiaosheng managed to see through the other's thoughts for the first time, yet he still couldn't find the pitfall laid by the other, leaving him quite displeased.

"Well, I'll just take it one step at a time. I'm curious to see what medicine he has in his gourd!" Bai Xiaosheng thought to himself.

When the enemy comes, face them with strength; when water floods, use soil to block it.

Bai Xiaosheng took this opportunity to have Red Lotus extract the essential points about traditional Chinese medicine, imprinting them into his mind.

Traditional Chinese medicine is the product of the wisdom of the Huaxia people fighting diseases for thousands of years. Chinese medicine, as a crucial means of the traditional Chinese medicine system, is vast and profound. The earliest existing Chinese medicinal text is the "Shen Nong Ben Cao Jing," said to originate from Shennong and compiled during the Eastern Han, a comprehensive compilation of the time, containing three types of drugs: animal, plant, and mineral, totaling three hundred and sixty-five kinds.

Over the millennia thereafter, Huaxia physicians continued to perfect the traditional Chinese medicine system, passing it down to today, with its content as vast as the sea.

Even if Red Lotus could directly imprint the information into Bai Xiaosheng's mind, such a staggering amount of knowledge was quite taxing on the brain.

Bai Xiaosheng found this meal quite a "brain burner" too.

“This medicinal cuisine is pretty good, Xiaosheng. Come on, eat some more.” Mo Chengju, on the side, indeed eagerly persuaded Bai Xiaosheng to eat more.

His smile was proud and complacent.

These medicinal cuisines, viewed throughout much of Huaxia, were unique to their family, unavailable elsewhere.

On Bai Xiaosheng’s other side, Mo Ziyue was also continuously persuading, with the same pride on his face.

Even though Mo Ziyue turned his back on family learning, and due to certain experiences harbored doubts about conventional traditional Chinese medicine, he nonetheless esteemed his family’s medicinal cuisine highly.

“Not bad.” Bai Xiaosheng replied to the two with a smile.

Mo Ziyue then began to urge Lin Weiwei and Lei Ying to eat more.

“Heh heh, eat up, eat up, there will be a time for you to suffer!” Mo ZiYun was internally delighted.

As dish after dish was served, finally, under Mo ZiYun’s anticipation, the third and fourth medicinal cuisines were brought to the table.

A younger member of the Mo Family reached out with his chopsticks to take a bite of one of the dishes, placed it in his mouth, first smiled while chewing, then his smile slightly froze, his lips slightly pausing.

His expression showed a trace of confusion, and he chewed a couple more times, as if savoring the taste.

Then, the Mo Family young member swallowed the food in his mouth, raised his head to look at others, with a look of wanting to verify a conjecture with someone.

As a result, he met eyes with Mo ZiYun. Mo ZiYun stared at him, a look of forbidding him to speak.

Mo ZiYun's reaction was as if he felt there were outsiders present; if someone claimed there was a problem with the medicinal cuisine, it would be a disgrace to the family.

The Mo Family young member was startled and indeed did not speak.

Soon, the dish was passed to Bai Xiaosheng.

Mo ZiYun could no longer hold back, using the same old trick, guiding the turning tabletop, smiling and saying to Bai Xiaosheng, Mo Chengju, "These two medicinal cuisines, Uncle Chengju, Mr. Bai, and Ziyue, you all should try them while they're hot."

Mo ZiYun suddenly turned enthusiastic at the banquet; Mo Chengju and Mo Ziyue didn't suspect him of anything.

In their view, Mo ZiYun was just putting on a show for the family elders, deliberately appearing enthusiastic, generous, and hospitable.

Since Mo ZiYun was like this, they had nothing more to say, immediately nodding and taking dishes.

Mo ZiYun's eyes subtly awaited Bai Xiaosheng.

Bai Xiaosheng also picked up a piece of the dish and placed it in his mouth.

As he chewed, the analysis from Red Lotus continued, and suddenly a warning "sounded" in Bai Xiaosheng's mind.

It wasn't just the analysis of the Chinese medicinal properties; even the Western medical chemical reactions and molecular formula changes conveyed warnings.

