

LET ME SEE THE REAL YOU

Chapter 13

Mu Yangyang was stunned for a second before she realized that the voice belonged to “Mo Zhenxuan”.

“Why haven't you left yet?”

He simply answered her by hanging up the phone.

She looked at the phone then crouched down and groaned in frustration.

Why is everyone trying to make life difficult for me?

Xiao Chuhe and Mu Liyan were both her parents, but they never loved her.

She was forced to marry into the Mo family, but Mo Chenhao never wanted to see her.

As if that wasn't enough, “Mo Zhenxuan” kept troubling her.

Would “Mo Zhenxuan” really tell Mo Chenhao that I seduced him if I don't do as he says?

When she thought about this possibility, Mu Yangyang took a deep breath and stood back up.

Although she had threatened Xiao Chuhe and Mu Yumei with this before, she knew that if “Mo Zhenxuan” really said it, the Mo family would definitely sacrifice her to maintain their family reputation.

Mu Yangyang did not buy the dishes that “Mo Zhenxuan” had mentioned. Instead, she bought groceries from the wet market and went home.

When she went into the house, she saw “Mo Zhenxuan's” tall figure sitting on her one-seater

couch.

The good-looking man was leaning against the back of the chair with his head tilted to one side. He crossed his legs comfortably. If it was not for his pale face, no one could tell that he had been shot before.

Regardless, he still looked like he did not belong in her cramped and simple house.

He was still the young master of a rich family. Although he did not have a great personality, his elegance and charm could not be hidden.

She placed her groceries at one side and bent to take off her shoes.

Just then, she sensed something cold right beside her.

She looked up. Then she saw that the man was now in front of her rummaging through the groceries.

Mo Chenhao looked at the groceries she bought and looked at her with a raised brow.

“Is this the takeaway?”

Mu Yangyang had already changed her shoes. As she turned around to take the groceries, she replied calmly, “It's too expensive to buy all those foods. I'm poor.”

Mo Chenhao studied her and took a good look at the clothes she was wearing. They did look old and cheap.

His wife looked... pretty shabby.

Mu Yangyang did not care about his opinions. She

took the groceries and went to the kitchen.

An hour later, Mu Yangyang served the food.

Mo Chenhao put down his phone, took a glance at her then stared at the food she made.

The food looked good and quite plain. It suited the appetite of the sick and wounded.

After Mu Yangyang had placed a bowl in front of him, she walked away.

An accidental glance let her realize that “Mo Zhenxuan”'s expression had suddenly darkened after a few bites. He looked especially gloomy all of a sudden.

Mu Yangyang's heart thumped nervously.

Is there something wrong?

Did I just offend him with my cooking?

With a darkened expression, Mo Chenhao placed his chopsticks down and walked out of the room.

His steps were steady without any hint of stumbling.

Mu Yangyang had also stopped eating, but she did not follow him out.

Right outside the house, Mo Chenhao frustratedly dug his pockets for his cigarettes, only to remember that he did not have them with him.

The familiar taste just now had reminded him of his mother.

Although his mother was born into a rich family, she

was gentle and virtuous. She loved to cook.

It's just that...

Flashbacks of that damp and dirty basement appeared vividly in his mind, and he slammed his fist onto the wall with a loud thud.

It was so loud that Mu Yangyang could even hear it inside the house.

Mu Yangyang hesitated for a second and felt that something was amiss. Thus, she put down her bowl and walked right out of the house.

“What's wrong? What happened?”

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.