

LET ME SEE THE REAL YOU

Chapter 9

The Mu Yangyang who applied medication for him looked gentle. She was so gentle that he felt his heart skipping a beat for her.

Then he wanted to touch her.

She was his wife; anything he did was reasonable.

Yet for Mu Yangyang, he was “Mo Zhenxuan”, Mo Chenhao's cousin.

He had teased her several times, and even kissed her. It exceeded what she could take.

Mu Yangyang pushed him away roughly and took a few steps back away from him. Her expression was cold as she said, “Mo Zhenxuan, I am your sister-in-law! Please have some respect!”

She had felt less hatred for “Mo Zhenxuan” after the bullet removal, yet she had not expected that he was still as unrestrained.

Mo Chenhao touched his lips as if recalling the kiss, and his deep voice sounded like it was tempting her. “Sister-in-law, you're just going to be a 'widow' with my cousin. Do take me into consideration.”

Mu Yangyang outright rejected him. “No.”

She had a dull face with terrible sense of fashion. She looked like a little old grandma. There was nothing attractive about her.

Yet Mo Chenhao felt that Mu Yangyang looked alive.

Mu Yangyang knew that she could not be passive any longer. Being passive like that meant that “Mo

Zhenxuan” would continue to be reckless.

“Call someone else to pick you up, or else I'm going to call for the ambulance. Then the others will know that you have a bullet wound.”

Her voice was soft. Even when she was threatening, they did not sound intimidating.

Mo Chenhao looked at her as if he had not heard her, and then closed his eyes to rest.

Mu Yangyang was speechless.

She bit on her lips and looked at his face, which was as pale as a ghost. She did not have the heart to wake him and kick him out of her house.

While “Mo Zhenxuan” was resting, Mu Yangyang went to the wet market.

Although she was technically Young Lady Yangyang of the Mu family, she did not have a luxurious life. Most of the time, no one cared if she was sick, hungry, or in pain.

That was why she had good living skills.

As much as she hated “Mo Zhenxuan”, she could not ignore him and let him die at her place.

She tried her best to live, and she tried to live her life fully. She did not want to cause the end of a person's life, neither did she want to be buried with him.

And so, she unwillingly boiled a pot of soup for him.

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When the sun went down, Mu Yangyang woke “Mo

Zhenxuan” up.

“Are you hungry? I boiled some soup, do you want to drink it?” She stood at an arm's length away from him, afraid that he would do something ridiculous again.

Mo Chenhao looked up at her and said only a word, “Yes.”

Mu Yangyang brought the soup over and placed it on the small table in front of his bed. Then she immediately retreated to a safe distance.

However, her unit was too small.

Excluding the partitioned kitchen and bathroom, the room had a few simple things that took up most of the room's space—a meter and half bed, a folding table, a one-seat couch, and a used book rack.

The furthest she could distance herself was still within Mo Chenhao's line of sight.

Mo Chenhao looked at her before slowly sitting up. With an expressionless look, he pulled the blankets away and reveal the blood-soaked bandages around his chest. He said casually, "My wound is bleeding again."

His tone was casual, as if the serious wound he was talking about was on someone else instead of him.

Mu Yangyang did not want to bother him, but she simply could not leave him be at the same time.

She slowly walked over and held the bowl with one hand while feeding him with the other.

This time, Mo Chenhao did not say anything else. He lowered his eyes and slowly ate the soup she fed him.

The narrow room was filled with silence with only the occasional clink from the spoon knocking onto the bowl. There was a romantic tension that grew between the two.

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