

# My Villainous Wife

## Chapter 60 - The **Second Face-slapping** (2)

Just like three years ago, Zhao Liuyin still had her innocent look on her face. She was also exuding an aura of a female-lead in a novel that needs protection.

Unfortunately, unlike those female leads that really need the protection of the main leads, Zhao Liuyin was nothing but a sly fox that wears a sheep's skin.

Zhao Liuyin still hasn't taken notice of her as she was led by the store manager towards the several clothes that he claimed to be their latest design.

The store manager even bumped against Yan Xiaoran in the process of their walk towards one of the mannequins that wore a silvery dress that was slightly see-through.

"Miss Zhao, this one here is designed by Madam Lim, the designer that created the dress of America's president's first lady. Currently, this dress only has one hundred copies in the world created by Madam Lim herself."

Zhao Liuyin was delighted and raised her chin higher. Her arrogance slipped out of her innocent face.

Hmph! Only one hundred? Isn't that too many? She thought to herself as she disdainfully looked at the dress worn by the mannequin, hiding her disgust before anyone could catch it.

Now that the Zhao family was almost at the top of the county, Zhao Liuyin, a young lady coming from that family thought that everything could be hers.

Just like the silvery dress that Madam Lim designed, she was at first captivated with it but upon hearing that it has one hundred other copies, it turned into garbage in her eyes.

Even if Madam Lim was the one who made that one hundred copies, Zhao Liuyin still won't change her mind and treat it as nothing but a rag.

Out of the corners of her eyes, as she was about to look at the other dresses, she saw a woman standing before the dress she wanted to look at with her back on her.

An annoyance graced her face and she wanted to glare at the store manager for letting someone in when she was inside.

Since the boutique had a quite reputation, some rich madams and young heiresses would always visit and reserve the whole store for themselves so that no one can disturb them when they go shopping.

Although Zhao Liuyin wasn't the heiress of the Zhao family, she was still a member of it and a popular singer that was adored by many fans. That's why she was irritated and shocked that someone else was inside the store when she should be the only one who should have the right to shop now.

Keeping a gentle smile on her face, she turned to the store manager and asked, "Was I too early or late? Why wasn't I informed that someone else was in here?"

The store manager widened his smile. He knew what Zhao Liuyin was inquiring about.

He shook his head and replied, "You arrived at the right time, Miss Zhao... It's just that a VIP that we can't refuse came and we can't make them leave until they're done."

"I see..." Zhao Liuyin hid her frown and only smiled at the store manager.

A VIP, huh? She scoffed inwardly.

Out of all their frequent customers. Wasn't she the only one who ordered several dresses and shoes in this boutique? Besides, who was this woman that dared to claim herself to be more important than the great Zhao Liuyin?

Zhao Liuyin continued to complain and curse inwardly.

She saw the woman was still standing right in front of the dress she was supposed to look at. How long is she planning to stand there?

She bit her lips and frowned more after the store manager decided to leave her side to take some matters behind the counter.

And out of curiosity, she walked to the woman's side. She wanted to try and see who was this woman who didn't know her place. The idea to teach the woman a lesson entered her mind.

She noticed that the woman who had her back on her was wearing a limited edition dress that only has 5 copies in the world. The dress was beautiful in color and the sequences and laces in the hem of the skirt were strewn with tiny pearls, while the fabric was of the finest fabric that could be woven by experts.

Filled with envy for that dress, Zhao Liuyin formulated a plan faster than she could solve a simple multiplication problem.

She confidently walked to the woman with an amiable smile on her face. To others, she looked like she was about to engage herself in a friendly conversation with a stranger and didn't look like someone who could scheme to others.

However, if one were to examine her movements, they could probably see that Zhao Liuyin had her arm outstretched as if she was about to tap the woman in the back but in fact, she was trying to push the woman so she could fall to the mannequin and ruin the store's dresses when she falls.

If done successfully, Zhao Liuyin could pretend and act like it was an accident and apologize.

As the evil grin on her lips started to widen when she was about to touch the woman's shoulder.

She didn't expect one that the woman would step to the side before she could touch her.

"Ahhh!!!" An ugly shriek escaped her mouth, sounding like a butchered pig.

Because the woman stepped aside before she could touch her, the strength she used to push her forward became a force that made her fall face-first to the ground.

Stunned at what happened and embarrassed after her fiasco, Zhao Liuyin's head worked faster again.

She tried to sit up and shed her crocodile tears. Knowing that the people in the boutique knew her identity, surely, someone should be recording what's happening.

Thinking about her plan to accuse the woman by intentionally hurting her, Zhao Liuyin wanted to speak her accusations out loud.

However, when she saw the familiar face of that woman, all her plans flew out of her tiny brain.

"Yo..you!!" She pointed a finger at her as if she saw a ghost, "Yan Xiaoran!"

"Oh my gosh!" Yan Xiaoran acted shocked with her hand over her chest, "Were you here all this time?"

Zhao Liuyin glared at her and wanted to say something against Yan Xiaoran. Unfortunately, she wasn't that fast on the verbal side unlike how fast she could formulate schemes as Yan Xiaoran was faster to say...

"What are you doing on the floor? Are you perhaps looking for something? For example... Your dignity?" Yan Xiaoran smirked as her eyes turned mockingly cold.

