Farmhouse 1771

Chapter 1771: Zhu Yiping Has Returned

"What is it?" Looking at Jin Zijin's serious expression, Yue Rujing knew it must be something important.

Jin Zijin said, "What it is no longer matters; it has already been taken by Jian Shiqing. Let's wait for the others to arrive before discussing it further!"

Yue Rujing was puzzled, sighed, and asked again, "I wonder if Jian Shiqing is Xuyao. I heard Zhu Haisheng say that Xuyao actually died a long time ago, and he's just having you search for him for a lifetime, but I find his words unreliable!"

Jin Zijin was taken aback for a moment, turned back to Yue Rujing, and lightly nodded, saying, "Naturally unreliable, otherwise wouldn't his whole act of certifying death be for nothing? As it stands, Xuyao is either Jian Shiqing or Zhu Yiping!"

"Oh?" Yue Rujing was shocked and asked, "Senior brother, what makes you say that?"

Jin Zijin said, "Zhu Haisheng played this drama for one purpose only, to make his foster son and biological son hate us for his death, to kill us for revenge. Among the two of them, one must be Xuyao. He's trying to make us father and son fight to the death..."

So vicious, Yue Rujing gasped and said, "Then whether it's Jian Shiqing or Zhu Yiping, we cannot kill them, lest we kill the wrong person!"

"Indeed!" Jin Zijin nodded.

"So, his move also protected the life of his biological son. Because we don't know who the real Zhu Yiping is, nor who our Xuyao is!"

Jin Zijin pursed his lips, tacitly agreeing.

Yue Rujing was dumbfounded and couldn't help but applaud him.

"Such a cruel scheme, it’s practically flawless. With our strength, we naturally don’t fear those two little youths, but we cannot do anything to them, yet Xuyao’s hatred for us is extremely vicious!"

...

The second person to arrive at Tianhai Mountain Villa was Zhu Yiping and Jin Luoyin.

Similarly, facing everyone’s evasive glances, they were at a loss.

But they knew something must have happened in the villa!

Zhu Yiping saw his courtyard’s maid, Shi Shu, and shouted loudly.

"Shi Shu, come here!"

Shi Shu, who never dared to disobey Zhu Yiping’s words before, turned and ran upon seeing Zhu Yiping and Jin Luoyin, just like the other servants in the villa.

Zhu Yiping, full of doubts and with a deep-seated fear of the main courtyard, immediately stepped forward and grabbed the fleeing Shi Shu back.

"Why do you run when you see the Young Master?" Zhu Yiping’s face was iron-grey, and his voice trembled slightly.

Shi Shu was so anxious that her tongue was tied; when she saw Jin Luoyin running over, she bit her lip and said nothing, facing Zhu Yiping’s anger with a resigned look.

Zhu Yiping was always gentle and never punished the servants, but now he was very angry.

He said angrily, "Is there trouble in the villa? Are you rebelling?"

"No, Young Master, I wouldn’t dare!"

Shi Shu saw Jin Luoyin and quickly lowered her head in fear again.

Although Jin Luoyin didn’t know exactly what was happening, she also understood that it was probably related to her.

She chuckled and said to Zhu Yiping, "Brother Zhu, I’ll go up to see the owner first; perhaps Shi Shu has something to tell you alone."

She still had the sense to see that Shi Shu was afraid of her.

Zhu Yiping felt a bit guilty but still nodded lightly.

"Alright, I’ll come up later!"

Watching Jin Luoyin walk away alone, Shi Shu suddenly pulled Zhu Yiping aside, into a deserted corner, and began to scold vehemently.

Zhu Yiping realized something major had happened in the villa, something huge, otherwise, everyone wouldn’t be behaving this way.

Chapter 1772: One Is Her Brother, the Other Is Her Enemy’s Son

His heart was pounding wildly, suppressing the excitement in his heart, he said in a deep voice, "Tell me, what exactly happened?"

Shi Shu snuffled and cried, "Young Master, the owner has died..."

Zhu Yiping had known this for a long time, but now that he heard it confirmed by Shi Shu, he still couldn’t suppress the grief in his heart, and his heart began to throb.

His face turned pale, and he turned to run up the mountain, but Shi Shu suddenly lunged and grabbed him, clinging tightly to his thigh.

"Young Master, Young Master, don't go, don't go up there, hurry and run away..." Shi Shu didn't dare to speak loudly, even her cries were being desperately suppressed!

"What?" Zhu Yiping looked bewildered, "Run, why should I run?"

Shi Shu cried, "Young Master, you're no match for them, the murderer is still on the mountain!"

Zhu Yiping suddenly froze, he had always thought his father died accidentally, but now he knew there was another truth.

He grabbed Shi Shu's arm, loudly questioning, "Who, who is the murderer?"

Who could be so brazen to kill the owner of Tianhai Mountain Villa and still stay on the mountain intimidating the servants of Tianhai Mountain Villa?

No wonder all their expressions looked so strange, Shi Shu had to secretly call him to a place where no one was around before she dared to speak.

Shi Shu sobbed softly as she told Zhu Yiping everything she had seen and heard in detail.

Them, it's actually them?

The reason is still so absurd.

Zhu Yiping's whole body was stiff, his eyes glazed, and he didn't recover for a long time.

...

Jin Luoyin stood in front of Jin Zijin and Yue Rujing, and after understanding the whole course of events, she was also immensely shocked and surprised beyond belief.

"You are saying that between Zhu Yiping and Jian Shiqing, one of them is my brother?" She staggered back a step, completely unable to accept it.

Jin Zijin felt sad inside, but as a person who likes to hide such emotions, he appeared to be just standing there silently.

Yue Rujing knew well the pain in the senior brother's heart, having found his son, yet became enemies with him.

Back then, swiftly finishing off the Ducal Residence faction, that day's bloodshed, though it brought peace to the world, had already caused a huge massacre.

He was a person of the Dao Family, his hands should not be stained with so much blood.

Master had once said that Dao Family disciples have the least interaction with the mundane world, even less involvement in power struggles, staining their hands with blood.

So his lifelong wish was to completely withdraw the Dao Family from the court's power struggles and return politics to the emperor.

Tian Jizi hadn't accomplished this, but Jin Zijin did.

Yet he ultimately still became stained with blood.

Both he and Yu Jizi met a bad end.

Jin Zijin’s face looked somewhat pale, even his calm demeanor that had persisted for so long showed signs of cracking.

Yue Rujing knew what he was thinking, but could only shake his head helplessly, explaining to Jin Luoyin, "Luoyin, if Xuyao were still alive, he is very likely either Jian Shiqing or Zhu Yiping, because we have confirmed that Zhu Haisheng was Fu Jian who took your brother and left the Blood Letter. He staged this play, sacrificing his own life, just to have Xuyao and us kill each other."

How was he supposed to tell her that neither of these two men could she like?

One is her biological brother, the other the son of her enemy?

These words, he, being a man, a senior, really couldn’t bring himself to say.

He thought it best that when they returned, her mother should be the one to tell her.

Chapter 1773: Why Did He Run?

"Jian Shiqing ran away?" Jin Luoyin’s gaze was somewhat vacant, not even sure how she managed to voice such a question.

She didn’t know what she should say.

Jin Zijin turned his back to them, his back trembling slightly. Yue Rujing glanced at him, then turned back to Jin Luoyin and nodded gently, saying, "Yes, he ran away!"

"Why did he run?" In Jin Luoyin’s vacant eyes, a layer of mist was starting to form.

Yue Rujing was momentarily stunned, and said nothing.

Jin Luoyin continued to ask, "Why did he run? In the end, is he the brother, or is Brother Zhu the brother?"

By the end, her voice was nearly a hysterical roar.

What if Jian Shiqing is the brother? What if he is Fu Jian’s son?

Confronted by her questioning, Yue Rujing at a loss for words.

A fifteen-year-old girl, all he could do was watch as she pushed herself to the brink of breakdown.

"Why did he run?" Jin Luoyin questioned loudly once more.

"Why not stay and explain clearly?"

Yue Rujing opened his mouth, sighed, and said, "We suspect that Zhu Haisheng had arranged everything long ago, leaving him a message to leave, or to take care of something. He will be back, after all, this matter is not yet finished!"

Jin Luoyin was stunned and said, "Then what exactly do they want to do?"

Jin Zijin turned around, looking at the girl’s tear-streaked face and said hoarsely, "What’s most important now is not why Jian Shiqing ran away or what Fu Jian left him. Your Uncle Yue is right, he will come back sooner or later. The important thing is, apart from us, no one knows that he is Fu Jian, the enemy we have sought for fifteen years. They all think that Zhu Haisheng’s death was due to the marriage between the Young Master of Tianhai Mountain Villa and the Commandery Princess of Ningwang Residence."

Fu Jian, step by step laid out plans, daringly mentioning in front of all the guests at the Ningwang Residence the marriage between Jin Luoyin and Zhu Yiping, angering Jin Zijin, and suggesting Jin Luoyin’s reputation was at stake.

All this became the reason for Jin Zijin to have Yue Rujing commit murder at night.

No one is unafraid of gossip, not even the Ningwang Residence with its immense power.

He used this point, setting them up with his own death.

Jin Luoyin's face turned pale; only reminded by her father did she realize the cruelty in Zhu Haisheng's self-sacrifice plot.

At this moment, what truly matters is not which of the two is the brother, or who is the enemy's son, but their outlook on this event. Perhaps the tragedy of patricide is about to unfold.

Startled, she pushed past Yue Rujing blocking her way and started to run down the mountain.

She hadn't run far when she saw a familiar person approaching, yet with unfamiliar blood-thirsty eyes like a walking corpse.

In his hand, he held a sword dripping with blood!

"Zhu...Brother Zhu?" Jin Luoyin was stunned.

Is it too late? Has he already learned the truth?

No, no, that is not the truth, it is Fu Jian's wicked scheme, to lure...lure what? If he really is Fu Jian's own son, then regardless of whether Fu Jian is a heinous criminal, avenging his father would be a matter of course?

But what if he is the brother? Then he would be acknowledging a thief as his father, intending to kill his own biological father?

This is the true venom in Fu Jian's machinations.

No, she would not allow such a thing to happen.

Jin Luoyin watched as Zhu Yiping steadily strode step by step toward Jin Zijin. She quickly ran to intercept him.

Chapter 1774: Step Aside

"Things are not as you think, Brother Zhu. Please don’t be impulsive. Let’s figure things out first, okay?" Standing in front of him with a pleading tone, her gaze was unyieldingly firm.

She could not let him pass.

"Move!" Zhu Yiping’s eyes were fixed on Jin Zijin and Yue Rujing. He did not look at Jin Luoyin, nor did he dare.

This girl, who had rescued him from loneliness, always gave him an indescribable sense of closeness. Toward her, he always felt grateful. He didn’t dare to look at her because he didn’t want to hurt her.

Jin Luoyin shook her head and said firmly, "No, I can’t let you pass, Brother Zhu. He... Zhu Haisheng... is not what you think!"

She originally wanted to say that Zhu Haisheng might not be his father, but she couldn’t bring herself to say it.

If Zhu Yiping, in his fury, heard such words, he would surely lose his mind. Judging by his demeanor, he must be convinced that Zhu Haisheng died because of the marriage alliance between the two families. He must have accepted this version of events, and now any explanation would seem like an excuse.

"Move aside!" Zhu Yiping gripped his sword even tighter, his voice lower but colder.

Jin Luoyin spread her arms, blocking his way, her lips tightly sealed, refusing to budge an inch.

Zhu Yiping, his entire body tense, was like a hedgehog about to lose control.

His entire body was covered in sharp thorns capable of hurting everyone. He wrapped himself tightly, keeping everyone trying to get close at a safe distance from his sharp edges.

Jin Luoyin bit her lip, still barring his way.

Zhu Yiping’s eyes darkened, the pain on his face clearly visible. He didn’t want to point his sword at her, but he couldn’t let his father die in vain!

The sword in Zhu Yiping’s hand flipped quickly, and in the next moment, an aggressive sword momentum came at Jin Luoyin.

Startled, Jin Luoyin immediately raised her right hand.

She wore a cleverly designed bracelet on her right hand. When activated, it instantly deployed three semi-arc moon blades, forming a circular shield that deflected the sword attack.

Still shaken, the next second, Zhu Yiping’s fierce sword aura came again. She couldn’t evade in time and only barely blocked the second sword before the aura cut her dress.

As the third sword aura attacked her, a blazing Chixiao flew to her side, blocking the sword.

After Chixiao clashed with Zhu Yiping’s longsword, a piercing sound resonated. Chixiao flew back into Jin Zijin’s hand, and Zhu Yiping was forced to retreat repeatedly by the strong force until he hit a large tree two zhang away.

With a dull thud, he felt a pain in his chest, a metallic taste rising in his throat, which he forced himself to swallow back down.

But in the next moment, he felt excruciating pain from the hand holding the sword, the hilt scorching hot, almost like it was on fire, compelling him to throw it away.

But the battle had just begun; how could he throw away the sword that was his lifeline?

His sword master had once said, "As long as the sword lives, you live; if the sword perishes, you perish."

So he furrowed his brow, steadfastly gripping the sword, even as he saw his hand getting burned, emitting a foul smell, yet he didn’t relax a bit.

Watching that hand, Jin Zijin’s gaze darkened as he strode toward him.

Zhu Yiping’s eyes turned red as he watched Jin Zijin approach, slowly standing himself upright, once more summoning his sword aura to attack Jin Zijin.

Chapter 1775: Whether He’s My Son or Not, He Deserves to Be Beaten

This time, Jin Zijin did not use Chixiao, but with a single palm struck the sword from his hand, making him fall to the ground as Jin Zijin stepped on his chest.

Zhu Yiping let out a muffled groan, his sword unwillingly leaving his hand, lying on the ground with a crisp sword cry.

Despite enduring the agony, Zhu Yiping let his arm fall, hiding it within his sleeve.

But the blood from his hand still slowly seeped out, its redness painfully glaring.

Lifting his head, he looked at the man who seemed to disdain the world, feeling both unwilling and angry.

He had diligently studied for years, with his masters praising his keen understanding and quick learning.

Every master was defeated before he could graduate, and he thought he was quite formidable, yet unexpectedly, in front of Jin Zijin, he lost every move and was utterly defeated.

Jin Zijin exuded an aura of hostility, whether he was pained or feeling another emotion was unclear.

Yue Rujing and Jin Luoyin were both terrified; one hurriedly ran to embrace their father’s arm while the other worriedly watched Zhu Yiping’s hand, urgently advising, "Senior Brother, don’t! He might be our family’s Xuyao. If you hurt him, wouldn’t it be falling into Fu Jian’s treacherous scheme?"

Within Jin Zijin’s cold eyes radiated a piercing iciness, perhaps it was still more heartache.

He said in a deep voice, "If he is the son of Fu Jian, then he is our enemy. I will not allow the son of an enemy to harm my daughter before me. If he is Xuyao, I cannot stand by and watch him bully his own sister.

If he is the son of my enemy, the harm Fu Jian did to my child, Youyou cried dampening her pillow through countless nights, I have yet to recover even the interest on that debt. If he is my son, it’s only right for a father to teach his son; he must endure it."

Jin Zijin rarely utters such words, leaving Yue Rujing feeling entirely saddened.

"Senior Brother!" Yue Rujing sniffled and said, "First, let’s confine him. I really think that Jian Shiqing knows the truth; we’ll say more once we’ve caught him. I’ll go, I’ll personally go to catch him."

...

The Jian Shiqing they were concerned about had been galloping on horseback since leaving Tianhai Mountain Villa.

His horse was one Zhu Haisheng had sought for him from the Western Regions years ago, perhaps just for this day.

Zhu Haisheng calculated everything thoroughly.

Jian Shiqing rode the horse, wildly galloping through the wilderness; honestly, he didn’t know where he was headed, nor the direction.

He only knew to keep running, as far as possible.

Because he didn’t know how to face those matters, those people; perhaps he was only trying to escape.

Meanwhile, in Tianhai Mountain Villa, Yue Rujing had quickly pursued out.

Although he didn't have Yu Jizi's tracking skills from back in the day, he had practiced for years, much stronger than ordinary people.

At the same time, pulling her carriage, Gui Yunxi had already reached the foot of the mountain.

Lun Yu and his wife, along with Searcy, carried the medical case off the carriage and quickly entered Tianhai Mountain Villa.

Searcy first examined Zhu Haisheng's corpse, aside from the thin fatal wound on his neck, she discovered a poison pill in his teeth.

Everyone was extremely surprised, and Searcy immediately analyzed the poison pill she held.

Jin Zijin glanced at Zhu Yiping, who was tied to a chair, and said calmly, "It seems even if I had blocked that sword, he would still die."

Searcy, while taking out her tools, said, "If he really is the Beiping Army's Fu Jian from back in the day, then he made elaborate plans over the years, naturally not allowing any mistakes."

Zhu Yiping, tolerating the severe pain in his body, stared with wide-opened eyes.

Chapter 1776: He Is Not Really Zhu Haisheng

From their broken words, he already knew that this father had another identity; he was the traitor of the Beiping Army whom Jin Luoyin sought for years for revenge, the same man who took away Jin Luoyin's brother back then.

So, is her brother actually Jian Shiqing?

Lun Yu looked at Zhu Yiping and scoffed, saying, "Zhu Haisheng's death was all calculated by him, do you believe it now? If we talk about victims, it's the Prince who is!"

Zhu Yiping believed more than fifty percent of it in his heart, but since his father is dead, he still said, "The person is dead, so there’s no evidence from the deceased to confirm it. Doesn’t everything rely on your account?"

Lun Yu sneered and said, "Yes, there’s no evidence from the deceased, otherwise why would he choose to commit suicide?"

"He was forced!" Zhu Yiping retorted angrily.

"Forced?" Lun Yu laughed, "Who do you think Zhu Haisheng is? What makes him worth the Prince’s efforts to force him?"

Zhu Yiping turned his head away without speaking, but his face was pale as he looked at the corpse.

If what they said is true, then what exactly did father want to do?

Jin Zijin was silent for a moment and then said to Lun Yu, who was about to mock a few more words, "Go and look at his face, I suspect he’s not the real Zhu Haisheng!"

Everyone was shocked to hear this.

Jin Zijin explained, "His skills are quite good; he is Fu Jian. Yet the legendary owner of Tianhai Mountain Villa is said to be a sickly horse."

What? Oh, right!

The crowd came to a realization.

"Then who could he be? And where did the real owner of Tianhai Mountain Villa go?"

Jin Zijin pursed her lips, and after a while, said, "Do you remember, Tianhai Mountain Villa had a very skilled butler who mysteriously disappeared fifteen years ago. If I'm correct, he should be that butler. Fu Jian is the very talented butler of Tianhai Mountain Villa from fifteen years ago. The person truly missing is not the butler, but the real owner of Tianhai Mountain Villa, Zhu Haisheng!"

Searcy, analyzing poison over there, laughed and said, "That makes sense. Fu Jian has a son? Ha, what kind of person would Fu Jian be to have a son? Haven't we investigated Fu Jian thoroughly long ago? He doesn't even have a lover, where could a son come from?"

Searcy has always been blunt in her speech, consistent for decades.

The words that followed were even more brutal to Zhu Yiping: "Young man, whether I am Zhu Yiping or Jin Xuyao, the body lying here is not your real father, both are your enemies. Whether you are the true Young Master of Tianhai Mountain Villa or our Xuyao, you've acknowledged an enemy as your father for fifteen years."

Searcy was the only one who could pronounce such heart-piercing words without hesitation.

Zhu Yiping, tied to the chair, turned ashen instantly!

Jin Luoyin found this very cruel to him, yet at the same time, she breathed a sigh of relief.

Whether he is the brother or the true Young Master of Tianhai Mountain Villa, he is not Fu Jian's son, not the enemy's child.

That's great!

"Brother Zhu, he's not the real owner, we were surprised too, let's wait and see what happens after they look at his face, you..."

"Found it!" Jin Luoyin was just about to say something when Yi Yan's excited voice came from that direction.

Everyone immediately gathered around, while Searcy just glanced over and then continued with her work.

With Lun Yu's assistance, they soaked it in a special potion and gently peeled away a layer of skin beneath Zhu Haisheng's neck.

"It is indeed a mask, and the mask is made so well that it looks like real skin."

This discovery excited the two masters of disguise.

Chapter 1777: It's a Human Skin Mask

Back then, Lun Yu's mother and her senior brother both came from the same school, and they both learned the art of disguise.

However, their specialties differed. Lun Yu's mother mainly used the art of makeup to change a person's appearance, which was why a basin of water was enough to stump Lun Yu back then.

While Lun Yu's mother's senior brother specialized in making masks that could pass off as real.

Lun Yu's mother could also make masks, but compared to her senior brother's, hers were far inferior.

They tried to continue unraveling that fake mask to see what the real face underneath looked like, but found that after tearing a small gap, they couldn't pry it open any further.

The skin underneath seemed to have fused with the real skin.

The two were greatly shocked!

"If we tear it open by force, it will ruin his entire face, and all my efforts will have been in vain!"

Jin Luoyin said, “Isn’t it true that Fu Jian already has a disfigured face? Everyone knew it when he was in the Beiping Army! He usually wore a mask, only his close ones knew.”

Lun Yu sighed, “A disfigured face is still a face. The Beiping Army that can recognize his disfigured face, and those still alive can be found, King Jin has seen it.”

Yi Yan looked at the mask and said, “Yes, if we force it open, we won’t be able to see his face. But one thing is for certain, he wore a mask, and he is definitely not the real owner of Tianhai Mountain Villa.”

After speaking, she looked back at Zhu Yiping, who was sitting on the chair, pale-faced, and said, “This isn’t for us to believe, it’s for them to believe, and so many people at Tianhai Mountain Villa. The Prince is upright, and everyone thinks the Prince killed Zhu Haisheng for the sake of the union between the two families. We can’t leave a handle for the world to criticize. We must give everyone an explanation!”

Zhu Yiping lowered his head, dazed for a moment, then said in a hoarse voice, “Let me go, I want to see!”

He wanted to look, yet was afraid to see.

The person he had called father for many years, whom he always thought was best for him, turned out to be fake?

Lun Yu looked at Jin Zijin; Jin Zijin nodded slightly, and only then did he smile and walk towards Zhu Yiping.

Zhu Yiping’s skill in making fake masks was indeed superb. As he untied Zhu Yiping’s rope, it connected with a thought, and he was suddenly startled.

“The master you mentioned, could it be him?”

Zhu Yiping’s mind was in chaos. He didn’t want to think about anything now; he just wanted to see what was up with that face.

Lun Yu couldn't help but pinch Zhu Yiping's face, only to have it slapped away by the just-untied Zhu Yiping.

His dark eyes appeared somewhat dazed as he walked toward the corpse on the board, lightly picking up the thin skin with his uninjured hand.

A moment later, he gasped and staggered back a few steps.

Causing everyone to panic along with him.

Lun Yu hurriedly asked, "How is it? Can it be uncovered?"

Zhu Yiping widened his eyes, and after a long while, he finally opened his mouth and slowly said, "This, this is not a fake mask, this is real human skin!"

"Real human skin?" Lun Yu shouted.

Zhu Yiping nodded lightly like a puppet.

Everyone was shocked.

Even though Zhu Yiping was unwilling to believe it, by now, he had no choice but to accept that this person was fake, at least he wasn't the owner of Tianhai Mountain Villa, Zhu Haisheng.

So it seemed unimportant who he was.

Whether he was Zhu Yiping or Jin Xuyao, just like the female doctor said, he had taken a thief for a father for fifteen years.

Everyone was curious about the human skin mask on Fu Jian's face, but only Zhu Yiping gently retreated, retreated in despair, and touched his own face.

Chapter 1778: Fear

Who understands better than he does what this means?

He looked at Jin Zijin, then at Jin Luoyin, tears unknowingly streaming down his face.

Everything he couldn't comprehend or see clearly seemed to be gradually coming into focus. Seeing them, he couldn't face them with this face. It's laughable—he's grown up this much and yet has never seen his true appearance, doesn't know what he really looks like.

He seems to have some understanding of why Jian Shiqing ran—it's fear, the fear of not knowing how to face it.

Jian Shiqing is avoiding, and he, Zhu Yiping, also wants to flee!

Jian Shiqing probably knows something too, but what he knows might be another trap, or another truth.

"If it's a human skin mask, then it's difficult!" Lun Yu rarely looks serious, and he says to Jin Zijin, "Prince, if this really is a human skin mask, I guess it was lifted from the real Zhu Haisheng's face, more likely… it has already fused with this face."

"What can we do? We're experts, so we can tell it's fake, but if you find someone who isn't, they might just see a piece of skin falling from his neck." Jin Luoyin bites her lip with worry all over her face, "Ordinary people don't believe in such unbelievable things, it doesn't prove he's not the owner of the manor!"

Jin Luoyin looks at the blank-faced Zhu Yiping and says, "Zhu, big brother, do you have a way to open it?"

Zhu Yiping is not immersed in his own world, he hasn't heard a word of Jin Luoyin's, thinking only of all those years, those causes and effects.

That year, he cannot even remember what year it was, vaguely recalling someone smiling at him, asking him to call him mentor. After officially becoming his apprentice, he gave him some medicine, then he fell asleep and woke up with a ripping pain on his face.

Back then, he didn't understand, but after growing up, he realized that person was his mentor, who would always come to secretly see him, and when he grew up, he would change his skin and casually teach him some skills of making masks.

He used to come often, in those fast-growing years, he'd come every year. After he slowly grew up, his face settled, and he no longer came. It's been three years since then, and he doesn't know when he will come next.

He said it was a secret between them, so he assumed his father didn't know. Now it seems he did know; it's very likely that person was him.

If it really is this corpse, then he would never come again, and he would have to wear this face for a lifetime.

Zhu Yiping's face is full of despair.

No, that's not right!

Suddenly thinking of something, the despair in his eyes gave way to a glimmer of light.

No, no! If the mysterious mentor is Fu Jian, as they say, and right in front of him, then why did he teach him the craft of mask making and always have him call him mentor?

If it were Fu Jian, it would be easy for him to harm him, just by not telling him about the masks.

Every time he took his medicine, he lost consciousness, and waking the next day with burning pain on his face, he knew his face was changed once again.

So Fu Jian is not the mysterious mentor.

Who is he?

He has to find him, he wants his own face…

With this thought, his legs lifted uncontrollably.

He wants to escape from here, just like Jian Shiqing.

“Zhu, big brother, what’s wrong?”

As he was about to flee, he heard Jin Luoyin’s voice.

Chapter 1779: Must Find

He finally came to his senses and saw everyone was looking at him. He remembered now was not the time to escape, and he couldn’t anyway.

He must first appease these people.

“I, I…”

Searcy seemed to have reached a conclusion. She took off her gloves and said, “Luoyin, that’s enough. Don’t force him. He just needs time to accept it.”

Zhu Yiping lowered his head, not daring to look at anyone.

Searcy glanced at Fu Jian’s face and said, “This is undoubtedly the real face of Zhu Haisheng. Look at this poison; it has the same ingredients as the poison that killed Eunuch Wan years ago, so he is indeed Fu Jian.”

She looked at Lun Yu and Yi Yan and continued, “Only the person who tied the bell can untie it. Didn’t you say you have a Senior Uncle? Based on the age estimate, he can’t be Fu Jian. If my guess is correct, Fu Jian is his disciple. We can’t remove this mask, but maybe your Senior Uncle can?”

Confidently, Searcy winked at Lun Yu and Yi Yan, saying, “I believe you will definitely find him, won’t you?”

Lun Yu and Yi Yan couldn’t help but complain, with Yi Yan saying, “Our Senior Uncle is like my master back then, appearing and disappearing unpredictably. With his superb disguise skills, even if he were standing right in front of you, you wouldn’t recognize him. It’s too difficult to find him.”

“Exactly!” Lun Yu said, “Even if we could find him, in a few years, oh no, a few months, Fu Jian’s corpse will be long gone, so finding him would be pointless!”

“It’s none of your concern!” Searcy said, “The Princess has a kind of potion. Once the corpse is submerged in it, it won’t decay, giving you enough time to find him.”

Jin Zijin, who had remained silent, then spoke.

“I’ll go find him. I will definitely find him!” He discreetly glanced at Zhu Yiping.

Everyone was momentarily stunned, while Jin Luoyin felt full of sorrow.

Lun Yu sighed, “What kind of fate does the Prince have in this lifetime, constantly searching for people? Once he’s finished finding one, he seeks another, never stopping. Actually, the Prince doesn’t have to be so hard on himself. We know he is Fu Jian, and as for public opinion, why not suppress it directly with force? Life is only a few decades; why care so much? We can’t even take care of the living, so why bother with matters of the dead? How the Prince’s biography will be written in the future is a matter for posterity.”

Jin Zijin could disregard the world’s criticism, but…

Once again, he discreetly glanced at Zhu Yiping!

Jin Zijin, having made his decision, said, “It’s decided then. Lun Yu and Yi Yan will join me in searching for your Senior Uncle. Searcy, go find Youyou to get the potion and preserve Fu Jian’s body.”

He looked at Zhu Yiping and then at Jin Luoyin, saying, “Luoyin, take good care of your brother!”

The people in the room were all shocked beyond words, but Jin Zijin had already stepped out with large strides.

Regaining his senses, Lun Yu looked at Zhu Yiping and said, “Why does the Prince consider him the Young Prince? If the skin on Fu Jian’s face is really Zhu Haisheng’s, then father and son resemble each other quite a lot!”

“Ah, let’s go quickly. The Prince says what to do, then we do as he says!” Yi Yan urged Lun Yu to quickly follow Jin Zijin.

Zhu Yiping looked devastated, unable to accept everything that had happened today.

Jin Luoyin noticed his injured hand and quickly told Searcy, who was curiously examining the masked corpse, attempting to cut it directly with a scalpel, “Oh dear, leave the corpse alone for now. Quickly come and look… his hand is injured, burnt by the heat emitted from Chixiao; it might be difficult to treat!”

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Chapter 1780: Craving Fish

Fu Jian’s body was immersed in formalin. Faced with such a significant event, Gu Youyou had to handle it personally.

She also attempted to use surgical tools to dissect that face, but she failed.

"He sure is ruthless with himself," Searcy sneered at the corpse, "I heard from my mother before, some people, in order to make money, would cut the skin of children and then attach freshly skinned dog fur to them. They claimed to have captured a hairy wild man and charged for viewing. I guess it's somewhat similar to this, isn't it?"

The world, past and present, is not short of psychological deviants. Gu Youyou's face darkened, "If that's the case, then taking off the skin would be useless. But their method must be different than what you described, otherwise, Lun Yu wouldn't have followed Zijin to find their senior uncle."

Searcy did not deny, gently nodding.

After a moment, she added, "After people die, customarily they should be buried at rest. But soaking him in this solution can be considered a punishment, right?"

Gu Youyou paused for a moment, but did not speak.

The enemy was right in front of her, but she had no inclination towards corpse desecration.

The legend of Wu Zixu digging graves and whipping corpses is, after all, a rare exception throughout thousands of years of history!

Gu Youyou spoke very little today, maintaining a stern expression, which made Searcy somewhat unaccustomed.

She tried to find topics to talk about with her, muttering to herself for a while, then turned the conversation to Zhu Yiping.

She said, "Do you think Jian Shiqing is your son, or is Zhu Yiping your son?"

Gu Youyou glanced at her, but did not answer.

Searcy added, "Why don’t I watch here, and you go see Zhu Yiping? Jian Shiqing ran away, you can’t see him, but maybe Zhu Yiping is your son. Actually, I think he is, it’s just..."

Searcy didn’t continue, because the result was too cruel, just like she said earlier.

Not only did she suspect it, but Jin Zijin probably also guessed it, which is why he insisted on finding Lun Yu’s senior uncle.

As for Gu Youyou, she was afraid, she didn’t dare to think about it.

Gu Youyou shook her head, but still said nothing, which was what Searcy expected.

She didn’t dare to see him, Zhu Yiping needed time to accept this, and so did she.

On the other side, Jin Luoyin had already changed the dressing for Zhu Yiping, re-bandaging the wounds on his hands.

While packing up her things, she whispered, "Mother’s medicine works well on treating burns, don’t worry, it won’t leave scars!"

Zhu Yiping looked down at his hand, after a while he quietly said, "I really want to eat fish from the Qingshui River, really want it, can you get it for me?"

Actually, he had never eaten fish, at least not in Tianhai Mountain Villa, because Fu Jian never ate fish.

He didn’t know what fish tasted like, but he knew there was a very famous Fish Manor in Beijing, and the owner was from Lotus Village, originally using fish from the Qingshui River as their raw material.

Jin Luoyin stood up holding the medical box, surprised, "Why the sudden craving for fish?"

Zhu Yiping didn’t reply, nor did he look up.

Jin Luoyin hesitated, then smiled, "Alright, I'll have someone catch some for you!"

After she left, she remained cautious, instructing the attendant to stay with Zhu Yiping at all times, and ordering the guard to surround Zhu Yiping's courtyard.

Zhu Yiping's behavior made her uneasy, too calm.

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