

R Woman 131

Chapter 131: Gift Umbrella

Hearing that she could still meet her daughter in this life and that her daughter was living well, the old granny was very happy and chose to ignore the advice.

"Thank you, Master, I understand."

At the same time, the sound of the system rang in her mind, "Ding! Harvested 3% Faith Value!"

Seeing the old granny like this, Chu Jin didn't want to say too much and smiled, "You're welcome, I'm just doing what I should do."

"Master, your reading was very accurate, how much do I owe you? Here, let me give you the money," she said as she took out a washed-out old purse from her blue bag. Chu Jin noticed that there was also a string of shiny Buddha Beads in the bag.

Chu Jin felt a vague sense of heartache.

"Old lady, I see that you are a Buddhist, and the Buddhist Sect preaches the doctrine of karma, where everything in the world is born of causation. When karmic ties form, things exist, and when they dissolve, things cease to be. Today, your meeting with me here is also a kind of fate. Wouldn't talking about money be disrespectful to the word 'fate'? Please, keep your money."

The old granny knew she had encountered a kind soul today and, with trembling hands, put the purse back into her bag, deeply touched, "Kind girl, thank you, Buddha will bless you."

This girl was not only fair-faced but also kind-hearted.

The old granny's departing figure looked a little lonely, and the sunlight stretched her shadow very long on the ground.

Chu Jin was filled with emotion as she watched the old lady's figure for a long time until she disappeared into the crowd.

Looking down to collect the Tarot cards scattered on the table, she found that the old granny had left her Ruby pendant behind.

Chu Jin picked up the pendant and said to the little girl, "Peng Ge, watch this place for me, I'm going to return this pendant to that granny."

The little girl nodded sensibly, patting her chubby chest, assuring like a little adult, "Go ahead, go ahead, leave it to Peng Ge to watch over things here."

With the little girl's response, Chu Jin quickly jogged in the direction the old granny had gone, "Old lady, please wait!"

Luckily, the old lady wasn't very nimble, and after just turning a corner, Chu Jin caught up with her.

Seeing Chu Jin catch up, the old granny asked in bewilderment, "Master, what is this...?"

Observing the old granny's puzzled expression, Chu Jin stuffed the pendant into her hands, "Old lady, you left your pendant behind."

The old granny was stunned for a moment. She had left the pendant there on purpose and hadn't expected Chu Jin to bring it back to her.

Anyone who saw that pendant would covet it, seeking to make it their own, but unexpectedly, this young girl was the exception.

"As one gets old, the memory fails. I'm sorry to trouble you with an extra errand, Master."

Chu Jin brushed the hair by her ear back and smiled faintly, "It's no trouble at all. Take care, old lady, I need to get going."

Only then did the old granny notice that although the young girl had run all the way to catch up, she still appeared refreshed and cool, with not a trace of sweat on her smooth, pale forehead.

"Master, wait," the old granny reached out and caught Chu Jin's wrist.

Chu Jin paused and turned her head, "What is it, old lady?"

The old granny looked up at the sky, squinted her eyes, and then took out a yellow paper-wrapped umbrella from her blue bag and handed it to Chu Jin, "Master, it might rain later. Keep this umbrella."

Chu Jin also looked up at the sky, seeing nothing but clear blue skies that didn't seem like rain was on the way.

"Keep it," the old granny insisted, pushing the umbrella into Chu Jin's hands. "It's not worth much, I just hope you won't disdain it."

Seeing the old granny like this, Chu Jin didn't refuse, "Thank you, old lady, I will be leaving now."

The old granny smiled and nodded, "Mmm, take care, Master."

The two of them left with their backs to each other, turning in opposite directions.

As Chu Jin held the umbrella, she felt a cool sensation seeping into her palm, very comfortable.

Chu Jin paused and turned her head, feeling something strange. The figure of the old granny had already blended into the crowd, disappearing from sight.

This umbrella, it seemed different from ordinary umbrellas.

And would it indeed rain today?

Chu Jin didn't think much of it, gathered her thoughts, and walked towards the crossroads.

"Jin Ge, you're back!" Seeing Chu Jin return, the little girl immediately threw her arms wide open and hurled herself at her.

The bread also got up from the ground. This time, it didn't dare to make any dramatic movements, just wagging its tail at Chu Jin.

The scene was as if she had been gone for hundreds of years.

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Elsewhere.

In an army compound in Capital City.

"Song Ge, Song Ge," Zhang Zijun ran into the house with a piece of paper in his hand, looking very excited, "I've found it, I've found it!"

Chapter 132: It turns out to be the Young Miss of the Chu Family

Before arriving, their voices carried ahead.

Inside the room, Song Shiqin slightly furrowed his brows and inconspicuously slipped the playing cards in his hand under a book to the side.

Simultaneously, with a loud 'bang,' the door was violently pushed open.

"Brother Song! I've found out!" Zhang Zijun slapped the piece of paper in his hand down onto Song Shiqin's desk with great excitement.

Hearing this, Song Shiqin slowly lifted his gaze from a pile of documents, "When will you ever correct this rashness of yours? Look at you, you don't have the slightest appearance of a soldier!"

"Big bro, big bro, Brother Song," Zhang Zijun pulled out a chair and sat down opposite Song Shiqin, with a face that seemed to say he had found a treasure, "Brother Song, you'll never guess what I've found out!"

Zhang Zijun was the stern-faced military officer who had carried out a mission with Song Shiqin at the Shangtian Club the last time.

He wasn't dark-skinned at all, but quite the opposite, very pale, with distinct and well-defined facial features, not at all like a soldier.

Song Shiqin couldn't be bothered with him and focused on reviewing the documents with lowered eyes.

"Hey, Brother Song!" Zhang Zijun snatched the documents from Song Shiqin's hand and said with a mysterious air, "Don't you really want to know what I've found out?"

Song Shiqin looked at him and replied coolly, "Not interested, and don't want to know."

As he spoke, he reached for the documents in Zhang Zijun's hand.

Zhang Zijun deflated like a punctured ball, "Brother Song, you're so charmless! It's no fun talking to someone like you! Remember the girl who helped us subdue Dick last time? I've found out her identity..."

Song Shiqin's eyes deepened, as the image of a smiling beauty bloomed in his mind.

"Who is she?" Song Shiqin slowly raised his eyes, his deep gaze was well concealed, his magnetic voice sounding almost usual.

Zhang Zijun swallowed hard, "Bro, you'll definitely not believe it when I tell you!"

Even he himself took a good while to react, confirming over and over again before he dared to believe the information he'd uncovered.

Song Shiqin didn't fancy playing guessing games with him. He tapped his finger on the table and got to the point, "Speak."

"Bro, bro, look, this is the information I found," Zhang Zijun reached out to hand over the white paper on the table to Song Shiqin, saying eagerly.

"I never would have guessed she's actually the Chu Family's young miss, she's actually the Chu family's young miss. I mean, how could someone who's rumored to be useless have such sharp tactics and such high intelligence? That's just too unscientific!"

Song Shiqin stared intently at the white paper in his hand, the ink-like color in his eyes growing denser as he pressed his lips together without saying a word.

"What do you think? Brother Song, are you shocked, too? That you joined forces with a 'useless' person to defeat Dick last time!"

Zhang Zijun ran his hand over his chin and continued.

"This totally shatters my worldview! How can such a clever little girl be rumored to be useless?"

Chu Jin.

Song Shiqin looked at her name on the paper, a subtle curve tugging at the corner of his lips.

After a long pause, Song Shiqin looked up at Zhang Zijun, his voice deep, "It seems like you're very interested in her?"

Zhang Zijun was somewhat confused by the implication of Song Shiqin's words, scratched his head, and responded cluelessly, "What interest?"

"Nothing," Song Shiqin withdrew his gaze and said impassively, "Is there anything else?"

"No..." Zhang Zijun was somewhat dumbfounded, "There's nothing else."

Song Shiqin pointed towards the door, "Then I have things to do. Remember to close the door on your way out, thank you."

Zhang Zijun: "..."

So was he being dismissed?

Hey, wait a minute, why wasn't Brother Song shocked at all when he heard the news?

Suddenly, a sense of defeat washed over him.

Reluctantly, Zhang Zijun walked out of the room, closed the door behind him, and had just stepped outside when suddenly the sky darkened and a rumble of thunder rolled in the distance.

Large raindrops began to fall rapidly from the sky.

Zhang Zijun cursed under his breath, "Damn it! Wasn't the weather just fine a moment ago?"

Chapter 133: Curiosity

The footsteps grew fainter and fainter.

Listening to the sounds outside, Song Shiqin knew that Zhang Zijun had walked away. Only then did he put down the documents in his hand and fetched the curious card from beneath a book.

He leaned back lazily in his chair, his long legs propped up on the desk, a casual gesture exuding an aura of commanding presence.

His well-defined fingers toyed with a card, his delicate eyes slightly narrowed, dark shadows swirling in their depths.

This card was strange.

The front was adorned with a deep starlight pattern, emanating an ancient and mystical aura.

However, the other side was completely blank, cleaner than a sheet of white paper.

Just who was she really?

Why did she appear at the clubhouse that day?

And how did she recognize Dick, who was disguised as a waiter?

And wasn't it too coincidental that she was just taken hostage by Dick?

Was she truly just the young miss of the Chu Family?

And how could an ordinary card exert such formidable power in her hands?

Moreover, what about all those rumors?

How could a woman so charming and intelligent be spoken of as useless?

Was this really her protective cover, or was there something more?

This iron-willed soldier, a tough guy to the core, found himself deeply intrigued by a young woman for the first time.

'Knock, knock, knock,' a series of knocks at the door interrupted Song Shiqin's train of thought.

He hastily retracted his legs and hid the card under the book, sitting up straight.

"Come in."

"Youngest, are you busy?" Song Yuan entered with a smile, carrying a chessboard.

"Dad," Song Shiqin rose from his seat when he saw who it was, "You're here."

Song Yuan set the chessboard on the desk, "If you're not too busy, why not join Dad for a game?"

As he spoke, Song Yuan quickly placed a black stone on the board.

"Alright," Song Shiqin straightened up and picked up a white stone to place on the board.

"Wait a moment," as if recalling something, Song Yuan picked up the two pieces from the board and put them back in the bowls, swapping the positions of their bowls, "Let's switch up, I'll use white, you use black. Let's agree beforehand, alright? You're not allowed to go easy on me, you little rascal!"

Song Shiqin touched his nose, "Dad, you're taking this seriously?"

"Of course! You have to play some serious games with me today and tell me, how is Avalanche used effectively? I must beat that young girl to a pulp someday!"

Avalanche is a name of a Go game opening.

It earned its name for resembling an avalanche sliding down a mountain.

However, due to its high complexity, few Go players choose to play the Avalanche.

If he could master the Avalanche, he would surely impress that young girl!

And make that old merchant stop mocking him!

"So," Song Shiqin said with a smile, "You've met your match?"

Song Yuan huffed, "Isn't that the truth! And to top it off, the one who beat me is just a teenage girl. Isn't that wrong?"

Song Shiqin slowly placed a stone on the board, "Maybe she's a ranked professional player. You shouldn't worry too much about it."

"No way, I asked around. That girl's just started her senior year at high school, not a pro player."

"Oh?" A trace of surprise flickered in Song Shiqin's eyes, "Is that so? If she's not a professional player and still beat you, she must really be someone not to be underestimated."

Song Yuan's Go skills weren't actually bad. As an amateur enthusiast, it was rare for someone to defeat him.

"Exactly. That girl is quite formidable. This is the first time I've met a young maiden so good at Go," Song Yuan continued.

"I bragged about you in front of her, claiming you could surely beat her. You can't let me lose face in front of that old merchant and the girl."

Song Shiqin laughed, "Dad, Avarice isn't something you can grasp overnight, hastiness won't lead to success."

Song Yuan, sounding a bit annoyed as he placed another stone, said, "Just tell me the essence of what you've learned, that's all I need. If you can learn it, are you saying your old man can't?"

Song Yuan glanced at Song Shiqin, rehearsing the words he had prepared in his heart.

He spoke as though in passing.

"By the way, during this trip back, have you thought about considering other matters? Stop holing up at home all the time, like a young lady, never stepping outside the threshold of the house."

Song Shiqin, of course, understood the implication of Song Yuan's words and artfully dodged the issue, "Look at how you're talking, Dad. Haven't I just captured the international fugitive Dick? I have a pile of military stuff to attend to, don't I?"

Song Yuan said a bit unhappily, "Military, military, when will you think about your own matters?"

At this rate, when would he ever get to hold his grandson?

Feigning ignorance, Song Shiqin responded, "My own matters? Dad, aren't I in good health? What could possibly be wrong with me?"

"Stop playing dumb with me!" Song Yuan said irritably, "You're already 29, not 19!"

Elsewhere, 29-year-olds had long since married and had children, but his son, at 29, hadn't even had a girlfriend.

Moreover, he hadn't even touched a girl's hand; a 29-year-old virgin!

Who would believe it if they heard it?

Chapter 134: The person in the painting, a celestial from beyond the heavens

Song Shiqin pursed his lips and said nothing, his mind wholly focused on the chessboard.

Song Yuan sighed softly, his tone becoming somewhat gentler, "Your mother and I are not those kinds of people who care about family background, as long as the person has good character, that's enough. If you happen to meet a girl you like, bring her back for your mother and me to see..."

Even if it was a guy he brought back, he'd accept him, but what was wrong with this kid, not getting it?

Could there really be a problem with him?

Song Yuan was inexplicably a bit anxious.

"Dad, these things can't be rushed. I have my own sense of propriety," he said, slowly placing a chess piece on the board, asserting control over heaven and earth, "Dad, you can't be distracted when playing chess, you've lost."

Song Yuan, annoyed, scrambled the chess pieces, "Let's start over; this game doesn't count."

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Elsewhere, Chu Jin noticed the sky changing and immediately took out the umbrella given to her by the old lady, removing the yellow paper that covered the outside of the umbrella to reveal a pure white underside.

The interweaving of white and red was particularly eye-catching.

This was a very classical oil-paper umbrella, with a red cord tied at the handle and a lush, dewy Jade Pendant hanging from it.

Chu Jin opened the umbrella unhurriedly, and bunches of deep red plum blossoms instantly bloomed upon it, as if red plums trodden in snow.

Especially eye-catching.

"Wow, Jin, this umbrella is so pretty, where did you buy it?" the little Lolita said, stars in her eyes.

Chu Jin bent down and handed the umbrella to the little Lolita, "Hold this; it's about to rain."

No sooner had these words fallen than large drops of rain began to fall.

The dog quickly ran under the table to take shelter.

"Jin, let's hold it together," the little Lolita said on tiptoe, raising the umbrella high, but despite her efforts, it was still not quite tall enough to reach Chu Jin's head.

Chu Jin bent down and pinched the little Lolita's cheeks, "Alright, let's share it."

Chu Jin picked up the little Lolita and sat down on a chair, with the Lolita sitting on her lap holding the umbrella.

An adult and a child, their interaction was extraordinarily harmonious.

One had picturesque brows and jade-like complexion, the other soft, cute, and innocently naive.

They seemed like figures from a painting, as ethereal as celestial beings.

They were incredibly eye-catching, and the scene was pleasing to the eye.

The bustling traffic and the glitz of the city lights had turned into a backdrop.

The dog lay under the table, its head resting on its fluffy paws, occasionally whimpering as it gazed at the two, looking adorably foolish.

"Jin," the little Lolita, while playing with the Jade Pendant on the handle of the umbrella, asked, "Wouldn't it be nice for me to be your mommy? Why did you refuse me?"

At this, the little Lolita still felt somewhat disheartened.

Her daddy was so handsome, so excellent, how could Jin not be impressed?

Jin wasn't blind!

"Hmm, didn't Jin tell you? Jin already has a fiancé,"

"But my daddy is really handsome, and he would definitely beat your fiancé by a few blocks. Jin, don't you know 'a good bird chooses a tree to nest in'?" she persisted unyieldingly.

Chu Jin teased, "Whoa, whoa, whoa, quite the phrase coming from Peng, knowing 'a good bird chooses a tree to nest in'?"

"That's right," the little Lolita raised her proud little head high, "I know a lot..."

Chu Jin rested her chin on the little Lolita's head, looking forward.

How long this rain would last, there was no telling.

Unexpectedly, the prediction of that old lady had come true.

The rain poured down incessantly, with even a gust of wind that sent the big raindrops crashing onto the umbrella, but not a spot of water touched their clothes.

The concrete below them remained dry.

"The rain is coming down so hard!" A sharp, thin female voice suddenly filled the air, as if squeezed out from clenched vocal cords, "Hey, little girl, with such heavy rain, why don't you come inside and take shelter?"

Chapter 135: Asking for a title, to the Emperor.

Chu Jin subconsciously looked up, only to see that the person approaching was an exceptionally young woman.

She was very tall, her slender and graceful figure wrapped in a black dress.

Her features were bright and beautiful, with large eyes, a high nose bridge, a v-shaped face, and a pointed chin, giving the impression of a so-called "snake spirit" face.

Although she was smiling, there was little warmth in those captivating eyes.

Fortunately, her eyebrows and eyes seemed kind, and a faint purple aura lingered around her, suggesting that she must have done many good deeds.

It was clear that she was someone who had been blessed by her virtuous acts.

In the presence of such people, Chu Jin always treated them with courtesy.

"Hello, ma'am," Chu Jin greeted her with a smile, showing two shallow dimples at the corners of her mouth.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" the woman asked with a light smile, although she was already taking a seat opposite Chu Jin before getting an answer.

The little girl hugged Chu Jin's neck tightly and whispered into her ear, "Jin, I don't like this auntie at all; she smells so bad."

The little girl's voice was not quiet.

The woman surely could hear her.

Chu Jin patted the little girl's back somewhat awkwardly and smiled apologetically at the woman, "I'm sorry, kids don't know any better. Please don't take it to heart."

Not minding at all, the woman smiled and said, "It's okay, the child is quite cute. Is she your sister?"

Chu Jin was about to speak, but the little girl cut in first, "Auntie, she's my mommy."

As she spoke, she kissed Chu Jin on the face, marking her territory.

Chu Jin: "..."

Whose wild child is this? How could she be so casual!

"Ah?" the woman said with some surprise, "She's your child? How old are you this year?"

Chu Jin smiled bashfully.

The woman also smiled, with an expression that said, "I get it, I get it, I understand everything."

Chu Jin: No! You don't understand!

"Little girl, do you think the auntie is pretty?" the woman attempted to pinch the little girl's cheek.

Just as her hand was about to touch the little girl's cheek, the little girl turned her head sharply, avoiding the woman's fingers.

And straightforwardly, the little girl said, "Auntie, you are not pretty at all."

The woman didn't get angry, her smile remaining on her face as she continued to ask, "Little girl, do you know why it's raining so hard today? Is it because there is a dragon flying in the sky?"

"What dragon?" the little girl's big eyes whirled around, "That's because Mr. Sun is too hot and wants to take a bath, so it's raining. Auntie, you speak so weirdly!"

Dragons flying in the sky, really?

This auntie must have something wrong with her.

A grown-up still obsessed with myths!

She had outgrown them by the age of three.

Hearing this, the woman's face turned rather unpleasant, "Little girl, the dragon is the Golden Dragon, you know, the one that can call the wind and summon the rain, and soar above the nine heavens. Think about it, if there were no Golden Dragon in the sky to do this, wouldn't humanity have perished long ago!"

"Auntie," the little girl looked at the woman and repeated, "You speak so weirdly!"

What she really wanted to say was, "Auntie, you must be a fool, right?"

The woman got completely agitated and stood up from her chair.

"Little girl, think about it carefully. Is there really no dragon flying in the sky? Think it over before you answer my question. There must be a dragon flying in the sky; otherwise, why would it be raining so hard!"

The woman's eyes were fixed firmly on the little girl, her face suddenly turning fierce.

Her eyes and brows were filled with urgency, and there was also a faint glimmer of hope.

She was waiting for the little girl's answer.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly. This woman's behavior was quite abnormal. Was the existence of a dragon in the sky really that important to her?

Chapter 136: Petition for Enfeoffment,

Seeing her like that, it seems as if she's going to snap if the little Lolita denies the existence of flying dragons once more.

A flying dragon is in the sky.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, the words 'Jiao dragon' suddenly surfaced in her mind.

All Jiao dragons are in transformation to become true dragons.

A Jiao is a great snake that has cultivated for a thousand years in the mountains to achieve sentience.

There are such folktales.

Before transforming into a dragon, a Jiao has to endure three tribulations of heavenly thunder and fire. Very few creatures can safely pass through these tribulations, and even if they do, most fail the final trial.

This final trial is known as 'Seeking the Mandate for the Jiao'.

'Seeking the Mandate for the Jiao' means that the Jiao descends the mountain to find a person of destiny.

To let the person of destiny 'declare the Jiao a dragon' and speak well of it.

If the person exclaims, "Wow, what a grand dragon!",

The Jiao instantly transforms into a Golden Dragon, soaring above the nine heavens, bounding through the azure ocean, leaping through the Dragon Gate, and bringing peace to the world.

After that, the person of destiny and their descendants will be blessed with the dragon's aura, enjoy endless good fortune, live without worries for clothing or food, and bask in wealth and honor.

But if the person says, "Wow, what a massive snake!",

The Jiao fails the tribulation, not only destroying its thousand years of cultivation in an instant but also "Scattering Like Ashes" under the punishment of the Heavenly Dao.

The person of destiny would also die on the spot from the Jiao's resentment, their soul sent to the underworld, and would endure eternal suffering in the cycle of reincarnation.

She once read in an ancient book within the Purple Thunder space, that before transforming into a dragon, a Jiao indeed emits a special, peculiar scent.

Ordinary people might not be able to smell it, but the person of destiny can.

Once it successfully transforms into a dragon, that peculiar scent will turn into a dragon's aura.

Could it be that they had encountered the legendary 'Seeking the Mandate for the Jiao'?

Thinking of this, Chu Jin's eyes tightened, and she immediately covered the little Lolita's mouth, fearing she would utter something that displeased the Jiao.

Causing the Jiao to fail its tribulation and harbor resentment.

She then leaned close to the little Lolita's ear and said in a voice that only the two of them could hear, "Peng Ge, tell aunty that there is a flying dragon in the sky!"

The little Lolita looked at Chu Jin somewhat bewilderedly. Although she didn't understand why Chu Jin would say such a thing,

Seeing how serious Chu Jin looked, it must be important to aunty.

So, repeating Chu Jin's words, she turned her head towards the woman and said softly, "Aunty, there is a flying dragon in the sky, and this rain is from the flying dragon, right?"

Although she said this, she was inwardly laughing at how silly the aunty was, still needing to be comforted by a child at her age.

Really, some people are so worrisome.

The woman nodded with joy, "Yes, yes, thank you, thank you."

"Here, this is for you." The woman folded her umbrella and placed it on the table in front of her, which despite the wind and rain, remained dry and untouched by the rain.

As soon as she finished speaking, the woman in black transformed into a Golden Dragon. With a long howl, it shone with golden light, exuding auspiciousness and majestic vigor.

After circling above their heads three times, it rolled and leapt into the sea of clouds, and quickly vanished from sight.

The little Lolita was stunned, issuing exclamations of "Wow, wow, wow," scarcely able to believe her own eyes.

So, there really are dragons!

And this dragon is so beautiful!

The rain stopped.

The wind ceased.

The sun peeked timidly from behind the clouds, casting a golden sheen over the earth, bringing a scene of tranquility and serenity.

The air was filled with the fresh, natural scent of earth after the rain, lightening one's mood.

The black umbrella on the table had somehow turned into a golden fan.

In the sunlight, the fan shimmered dazzlingly.

The fan was about the size of an adult's palm, and a small, white pearl dangled from the handle.

If one looked closely, they'd find that the fan was shaped like Dragon Scales.

Chu Jin put away the Oil-paper Umbrella. The little Lolita immediately hopped off her and reached for the fan on the table, "Eh, Chu Jin, how did the umbrella turn into a fan?"

Chu Jin was also puzzled. How did a perfectly good black umbrella turn into a golden fan?

Just then, Zi from the Purple Thunder space, rubbing her sleepy eyes and yawning, said leisurely, "That's a gift from the Jiao dragon that just passed its tribulation. The fan is made from Dragon Scales; it can ward off water and fire, and save your life in critical moments. It's a rare treasure. That dragon was somewhat conscientious."

She then added, "Chu Jin, I've slept through my nap; when are you going to help me level up?"

Chu Jin arched an eyebrow, "Who told you to sleep so long? We'll talk about it tonight."

Zi grabbed a handful of sunflower seeds, cracking them as she spoke, "Fine, I'll remind you later tonight."

"Chu Jin?" The little Lolita, noticing that Chu Jin hadn't said a word, tugged at her sleeve.

Chu Jin came back to herself and leaned down slightly, pinching the little Lolita's cheek, "This is a gift from Aunty for you. Take good care of it. This fan is a treasure and very precious."

The little Lolita thought for a moment, then offered the fan to Chu Jin, "Chu Jin, then I'll give it to you. My family already has a lot of treasures, after all."

As they say on TV, this is called winning someone's favor. After Chu Jin accepts her gift, she will belong to her.

Although she liked the fan, she liked Chu Jin even more.

Chu Jin laughed and patted her head, "This was given to you by Aunty; Chu Jin can't take it. If Aunty finds out you gave her gift away to me, she'll certainly get angry."

Chapter 137:

The little girl blinked her big, watery eyes, "Jin, did that auntie just turn into a Golden Dragon and fly away?"

Chu Jin nodded, "Yes, so you must keep this fan safe. You can't just give it away as a gift to someone else in the future, otherwise, Auntie Golden Dragon will get angry."

Out of her admiration for the Golden Dragon, the little girl nodded firmly, "Oh, I understand now."

If she couldn't give it away now, she'd wait until Jin became her mommy to give it to Jin.

Once Jin became her mommy, then she wouldn't be a stranger anymore.

Plus, she somewhat understood that Auntie Golden Dragon turning into a dragon and flying away had something to do with Jin.

What to do, she was finding herself more and more in awe of Jin...

As dusk fell and the lights came on, the nightlife in Capital City was even busier than during the day.

The little girl rode on the back of her pet bread, swaggering homeward.

Strutting through the streets like a little tyrant.

Along the way, she drew many glances from passersby.

There were also those with no good intentions who tried to approach the little girl, but they were all scared stiff by the pet bread's bared teeth and fled with their tails between their legs.

Don't be fooled by bread's usually honest and cute appearance; when it got angry, even a grown man could be frightened half to death.

After seeing off the little girl, Chu Jin also started packing up her stall, ready to leave.

Just as she reached the roadside, a black Bugatti Veyron screeched to a stop right in front of her.

The next second, her body was enveloped by the tall figure of a man, and the scent of tobacco instantly filled her nostrils.

"Excuse me," Chu Jin said without lifting her head.

"Get in," a cold, magnetic voice came from above.

It carried a hint of imperiousness.

That voice, it sounded somewhat familiar.

Chu Jin instinctively looked up, and what met her eyes was a face with chiseled features, cool lips almost pressed into a line, the dim light casting an air of haughtiness and mystery over him.

Though Chu Jin was used to seeing beautiful people, she was not immune to this man.

What little fresh meat, tough guys, next to him, they all became mere backdrops.

Seeing that Chu Jin remained silent, Mo Zhixuan slightly furrowed his brows, his hand encircling her waist and pulling open the car door, he shoved her into the passenger seat.

It wasn't until Chu Jin was seated in the car that she still felt dazed.

What did this man want with her?

Why would he suddenly pull her into his car?

Was it for her to repay him for saving her life?

Zi in her Purple Thunder Space touched her chin, "Hmm, Jin, your analysis makes sense, don't you Earthlings have the trope of repaying a life-saving grace with a promise of yourself?"

Chu Jin's eyebrows twitched and she immediately blocked Zi out.

This was a new skill she had inadvertently acquired; she didn't expect it to be quite useful in crucial moments.

Zi: The supreme being feels wronged, but the supreme being won't say!

While she was still slightly stunned, Mo Zhixuan leaned towards her again, the cool touch of his hair brushing against her chin, and Chu Jin's breathing became slightly more erratic.

It was ticklish and numbing, as if a feather were gently sweeping over the depths of her heart.

If she just looked down, she could see his refined jawline and the smooth contours of his face.

Her respiration became disorderly, the atmosphere growing somewhat enigmatic.

'Click-clack.'

As the sound of the seat belt clicking shut rang out, Mo Zhixuan turned and returned to his own seat.

Chu Jin let out a sigh of relief, realizing he was just putting on her seatbelt.

"Mr. Mo," Chu Jin turned her head and asked, "where are you taking me?"

The man was focused on the road, his reply was concise, "To eat."

To eat?

He came looking for her specifically to take her out for a meal?

Well, since this man had saved her twice, it was only right to invite him for a meal.

She and he, they were friends, weren't they?

No, maybe a little closer than friends, given they had a life-saving bond.

The air conditioning in the car was on full blast, and the melodious sounds of a guzheng encompassed her. Chu Jin hadn't expected for him to have such an artistic side.

He actually listened to guzheng music.

Who knows how much time passed.

And then the Bugatti Veyron slowly drove into the underground parking lot of a large shopping mall.

Mo Zhixuan got out of the car and opened the door for Chu Jin.

What fell into his view was her peaceful sleeping face, dense, long eyelashes casting shadows on her face.

Her breathing shallow, her profile delicate as jade.

The man's sensual Adam's apple unconsciously rolled twice.

"Wake up, we've arrived," the man finally spoke softly after a moment, his tone deep.

"Oh..." On hearing this, Chu Jin suddenly opened her eyes, clarity shining in those captivating peach blossom pupils, without a hint of the grogginess of one just awakened.

She unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car.

"Hey, what's wrong with your voice? Do you have a sore throat?" Chu Jin asked casually.

Mainly because the atmosphere was too strange, she wanted to say something to lighten the mood.

"Hm?" Mo Zhixuan hesitated before replying, "It's nothing."

Chu Jin: "..."

Chapter 138: Changes

Do these two really have a connection?

This person's thinking is truly unique.

I guess his thought processes are different from others as well.

Walking side by side, Mo Zhixuan deliberately slowed his pace to keep up with Chu Jin.

"Why didn't you answer when I called you earlier?" Mo Zhixuan suddenly asked.

"Huh?" Chu Jin looked up at him blankly, "You called me?"

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly.

Chu Jin instinctively reached for her pocket, then remembered that her phone had been lost in the elevator at the club last time, and she hadn't found it yet.

"That," Chu Jin said, scratching her head embarrassedly, "I lost my phone a few days ago and haven't had time to buy a new one."

No sooner had she finished speaking than the man beside her suddenly stretched out a long arm, wrapped it around the girl's shoulder in a smooth motion, and with a twist, Chu Jin saw darkness as her straight nose crashed into the man's robust chest, making her wince in pain.

Simultaneously, a white sedan flashed by in front of them at high speed.

Mo Zhixuan watched the departing tail lights, ink-colored depths swirling in his phoenix eyes.

These one or two times, were they accidents or was someone manipulating things from behind?

"Are you alright?" Mo Zhixuan regained his composure, looking down at Chu Jin.

"I'm fine, I'm fine," Chu Jin rubbed her nose, "Some people really drive as if they're blind, daring to drive so fast in the basement."

"Let's go," said Mo Zhixuan, loosely draping his arm over her shoulder and heading towards the entrance to the mall.

Feeling an unending warmth radiating from her, Mo Zhixuan's previously furrowed brows began to slowly relax.

Ever since he found out she had saved Mo Qingyi, he started to gradually let his guard down around her.

After seeing that video of her in the alley, her clear and handsome features kept emerging in his mind.

Sometime, he slowly found himself getting drawn to her.

Maybe it was when he learned that Song Shiqin was also curious about her.

He had also watched the video of her and Song Shiqin working together to subdue an international fugitive.

At that time, four words circled in his mind, nervous, stunning.

He had never seen any woman with such mental strength and fierce methods.

Or perhaps it was when he saw her laughing and chatting with another man at the café.

His fiancée, how could she sit and have coffee with a strange man?

Even after his investigation revealed that the man was actually just her business partner, he was still bothered.

Just thinking of her sitting with another man made him feel... uneasy.

Even he couldn't define the feeling, it was just an experience he had never had before.

At this moment, feeling her by his side made him inexplicably comfortable, his heartbeat speeding up slightly.

Was he sick?

Each absorbed in their own thoughts, they arrived at the elevator, where the tall-limbed Mo Zhixuan was first to light up the button.

With a 'ding dong', the elevator stopped at B2, and Mo Zhixuan held the door open, waiting for Chu Jin to enter before following her in.

In the confined space of the elevator, they stood in silence, which wasn't particularly awkward.

The elevator was fast, and in just over ten seconds, they arrived at the fourth floor.

Chu Jin looked around and asked in a slightly puzzled tone, "Didn't you say we were going to eat?"

If they had agreed to eat, why would he bring her to an organic fresh produce supermarket?

"Buying groceries," said Mo Zhixuan, deliberately lowering his voice as he headed straight for the supermarket entrance.

In fact, Mo Zhixuan hadn't expected to take her to the fresh market; originally, he had planned to go to the second-floor dining area, but had changed his mind on the spot.

Buy groceries?

Did he really want her to cook for him?

Cooking skills were something she never possessed, not in her past life or in this one.

"Are you going to cook yourself?" Chu Jin quickly followed, aiming to take the initiative.

He couldn't possibly be planning to cook, could he?

In Chu Jin's mind, it was hard to associate this restrained and cool man with a kitchen full of cooking smells.

Such a proud man should be sitting in an office, dominating the marketplace, changing fates, and looking down on the world.

Mo Zhixuan grabbed a shopping cart, his expression unchanged, "There's an aunt at home."

"Oh," Chu Jin nodded and followed behind him, as quiet as a mouse.

Chapter 139: Grocery Shopping

Actually, this was also Mr. Mo's first time stepping into a fresh food supermarket and the first time he personally bought groceries.

It was mealtime, but there weren't many people in the supermarket.

"What would you like to eat? Fish, shrimp, or crab?" Mo Zhixuan stood in the seafood section, looking at the shrimp and fish in front of him as he asked for Chu Jin's opinion.

"Hmm, let's go with shrimp, though this crab looks pretty good too. It's just that it's not the right season yet, and the taste definitely won't be as good as in autumn..." Chu Jin's gaze lingered between the shrimp and crab, indecisive.

The man consulted her on almost every item he picked, so, gradually, she had gotten used to it.

Actually, this was quite nice. The two of them were like friends, strolling through the supermarket, shopping, and their moods also became more pleasant.

Moreover, they got along smoothly, without any awkwardness, as if... they were old friends who had known each other for a long time.

"Excuse me," Mo Zhixuan pointed at the shrimp and crab in front of him and said to the chubby uncle beside him, "I'll take both."

Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, feeling like she was witnessing an overbearing CEO in action.

"Alrighty." The chubby uncle chuckled as he rolled up his sleeves and deftly began preparing the shrimp and crab.

After purchasing these items, the two of them picked some vegetables and eventually went home with their bags full.

By the time they arrived at Mo Zhixuan's villa, it was already past 7 in the evening.

This was different from the apartment last time.

This was a famous affluent district in Capital City, where real estate was worth its weight in gold, and the villas were restricted purchases.

Even with money, it was hard to buy one.

The door was opened by a slightly plump middle-aged woman, smiling warmly, her features kind and benevolent.

"Sir, you're back."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly at her, "Aunt Zhang."

Aunt Zhang hastily took the bags from Mo Zhixuan and, while welcoming him inside, said, "You haven't been here for quite some time, sir. What would you like for dinner tonight? I'll cook for you."

Mo Zhixuan loosened his tie, while taking off his suit jacket to hang on the coat rack near the entrance, he said, "No need to trouble yourself, Aunt Zhang, just cook these vegetables I bought. Do you prefer sweet or spicy?"

The first part was to Aunt Zhang, and the second he addressed to Chu Jin.

"Hmm, spicy, please." A clear, melodic female voice filled the air.

Only then did Aunt Zhang notice the unfamiliar presence in the villa.

Having worked here for so many years, this was the first time she had seen the gentleman bring a woman home. She felt both excited and thrilled.

Looking at Chu Jin, she revealed a contented smile, "Alright, alright, spicy it is. My hometown is in Southern Hunan; I'm best at Hunan cuisine. I'll go prepare it right now."

Chu Jin smiled politely at her, "Thank you, Aunt Zhang."

"No trouble at all," Aunt Zhang cheerfully replied.

With that, she took the bags and entered the kitchen.

The gentleman had finally seen the light. Even though this young lady looked young, she had a pleasing face.

Not only did she have clear and distinct features, and eyes as if painted, but she also had an outstanding demeanor and was well-educated.

She obviously came from a reputable family.

Standing next to the gentleman, they indeed appeared to be a well-matched couple.

Mo Zhixuan led Chu Jin into the living room, "Have a seat here, I'll get you some water. What would you like to drink? Freshly squeezed juice or milk?"

Chu Jin leaned back into the soft leather sofa and didn't bother with formalities, saying directly, "Juice, please. Thank you."

A public service news story was playing on the crystal-clear television mounted on the wall.

Chu Jin's gaze quickly got drawn to it; it was a story about left-behind children in impoverished mountainous areas.

Having been born into a family of wealth and privilege, this was the first time she learned that there were such poor and miserable places in the mountainous regions of Hua Nation.

Even three meals a day had become a luxury to yearn for.

The look of purity and eagerness for knowledge in the children's eyes deeply moved her.

Inside, it felt as if something had been overturned, a mixture of all kinds of emotions.

In her previous life, she had devoted all her heart to Shen Lingtian, never paying attention to the changing world outside.

It turned out that for some, the world was heaven, yet for others, it was hell.

The news wasn't long, just a few short minutes. By the end, a series of bank account numbers were deeply etched in her mind.

As the screen shifted, it changed to a light-hearted and humorous variety show.

The people on the TV were dressed brightly and looked radiant, forming a stark contrast with the scenes just shown.

Just then, a figure stopped in front of her. The man handed her the orange juice, and noticing the hint of moisture in her eyes, he asked, "What's the matter?"

Chu Jin took the orange juice and her lips curved into a radiant smile, "It's nothing, I'm just a bit tired."

As she spoke, she raised her hand to rub her eyes, indicating that she really was very tired.

Mo Zhixuan let out a soft sigh, suppressing the urge to ruffle her hair, "I have something to take care of and will step out for a bit. You can watch TV here, and if you get bored, there's a computer in the study. I'll be right back."

Chu Jin nodded obediently, "Okay, go ahead, don't worry about me."

As he reached the door, Mo Zhixuan paused as if he had remembered something, turned back, took his mobile phone out of his pocket, and placed it in Chu Jin's hand, "There's no password; feel free to download whatever games you like."

After saying this, he didn't wait for Chu Jin's reaction and turned to leave.

Chu Jin looked at the black mobile phone in her hand, still slightly cool to the touch, and was momentarily taken aback.

Is it really okay to let someone else use such a personal item as a phone so casually?

Just then, a doorbell sounded from outside.

Aunt Zhang, who was in the midst of cooking, was about to put down her spatula to answer the door, but Chu Jin stopped her, "Aunt Zhang, let me go. You're busy."

Aunt Zhang put down her spatula, "I should go, you're our guest; how can we bother you to open the door."

Chu Jin replied playfully, smiling, "It's no trouble, I'll go. You focus on your cooking; otherwise, if the dish burns, I might have to leave a bad review."

Seeing her insistence, Aunt Zhang no longer persisted, "Alright then, we'll trouble you."

Aunt Zhang genuinely treated Chu Jin as the future lady of the house, so she used polite language when she spoke to her.

Chu Jin ran to open the door. As soon as the door swung open, a discontented voice said, "Mom, why did you take so long to answer the door? I've been waiting forever! My legs are getting sore... "

As the young woman looked up, her words abruptly stopped, and her smile froze on her face.

"Who are you?" The young woman's voice was filled with wariness. Could she be a new maid hired for the villa?

Chapter 140: No Culture

Chu Jin smiled at her, "Come in first."

The young woman gave her a quick up and down glance, then took off her bag and coat, stuffing them into Chu Jin's hands.

Then she raised her chin and walked into the house with her nose in the air.

As if she were the mistress of the villa.

It was quite obvious that she mistook Chu Jin for the servant of the villa.

Chu Jin wasn't annoyed; she casually placed the items on the rack at the entrance.

After all, it was just a matter of lifting a finger; there was no need to stoop to her level.

Just as Chu Jin was about to sit down in the living room, the young woman spoke again, "Go, fetch me a drink, and remember to add some ice. I'm dying of thirst after a long day."

Chu Jin didn't think much of it, nodded slightly, "Okay, just a moment."

She was a guest after all; there was no point in offending her.

The living room was spacious and open-plan, and Chu Jin caught sight of the beverages on the bar at a glance.

She took a clean glass, poured the young woman a glass of orange juice, and handed it to her.

Seeing how obedient Chu Jin was, the young woman was even more convinced that Chu Jin was the new maid.

Deep down, she couldn't help but look down on Chu Jin even more.

What's the use of being so pretty? In the end, as young as she is, she has to serve as a slave to others.

She probably hasn't even finished junior high, I guess.

Definitely some poor girl from the sticks who hasn't seen the world, such thoughts gave her an instant sense of superiority.

Moreover, she always felt an inexplicable hostility towards girls who are prettier than herself.

It felt as if someone had taken something that should have belonged to her.

At that moment, the young woman's phone rang, and she quickly answered it.

I don't know what was said on the other side, but the woman immediately complained,

"You have no idea how crazy our school is! It's almost senior year, and the schedule is still so packed, I wish I had never chosen C University!"

"And there's the daily club activities, mixers, and whatnot..."

The young woman complained, all the while glancing at Chu Jin out of the corner of her eye.

Chu Jin was sitting on the sofa, engrossed in a television show, seemingly oblivious to the woman's words, a slight smile on her face.

Seeing that Chu Jin didn't react, the young woman raised her voice, "Our counselors are the same way! Tell me, now that it's junior year, what's the point of all this? I regret choosing C University!"

She kept an eye on Chu Jin's reaction while deliberately emphasizing 'C University.'

And her conversation was filled with mentions of C University.

Unfortunately, Chu Jin's face still didn't show the expression the young woman wanted to see.

Isn't that strange? Doesn't she know about C University?

C University is a well-known university in Capital City; there's no way she wouldn't know about it.

People like her, with barely a few years of schooling, should envy someone like me, a university student at C University.

How come she doesn't show the slightest reaction?

We both came from a rural background, but I am a university student with bright prospects.

And her? Just a pitiful wretch destined to be in servitude for life.

The young woman continued, "Actually, for our generation, studying is the only way out. For those without an education, they can only work for others with their tails between their legs. Not only do they have to watch others' faces, but they'll also be nobodies for life."

She raised her voice a few more decibels.

Zi from Purple Thunder Space narrowed her eyes thoughtfully, "Jin, why do I feel that human's words are intentionally meant for you? Shouldn't you react somewhat?"

Chu Jin, who was watching a popular TV series, responded indifferently, "Ah... what did she say?"

Zi: "She is mocking you for being uneducated and dooming you to a lifetime of insignificance."

Chu Jin: "Heh, such a cold joke."