

## R Woman 171

Chapter 171: Fortunate to have met

Feeling the woman's scrutiny, Chu Jin was not intimidated; instead, she lifted her eyes and confidently flashed a smile at the woman.

The girl before her had delicate brows and eyes, and in her beautiful, enchanting peach-blossom-shaped eyes shimmered the light of waves, while her rosy lips slightly curved, revealing two shallow dimples.

Her black hair was like ink, and her complexion like jade; such a well-behaved appearance was truly rare.

What was most important was that for the first time someone had accepted her observance so openly and fearlessly.

Not a hint of hostility could be seen in her clear eyes, which was unusual. If it were any other guest's female companion, she would have viewed her as a rival in love by now.

This girl was interesting; seeing such a beautiful person, she showed not a trace of vigilance.

The woman couldn't help but laugh, her 'giggle giggle giggle' laughter ringing out, "Interesting, this little girl is interesting. Zhixuan, where did you kidnap such a treasure from?"

"Auntie Tong," Mo Zhixuan lifted his eyes and looked at the woman before he spoke slowly, "This girl has a thin skin; don't scare her."

Auntie Tong?

At these words, Chu Jin instinctively looked at the woman again.

The person in front of her still looked as young and beautiful as ever.

Mr. Mo, at his grand age, was still addressing someone as 'auntie'?

Initially, she thought this was yet another one of Mr. Mo's ex-girlfriends.

She couldn't help but be curious about the woman's real age.

"Oh," the woman's gaze travelled back and forth between the two, then she spoke, "You're defending her now?"

Mo Zhixuan smiled calmly, "I'm a few years older than her; it's only proper that I take care of her a bit."

For some reason, on hearing those words, Chu Jin's ears felt a little hot.

The woman laughed even more merrily, teasingly saying, "Hey, Zhixuan, don't tell me you're raising her as your daughter?"

Raising as a daughter?

Auntie Tong, can you please be more careful with your words!

Am I that old? Three lines of frustration crossed Mo Zhixuan's forehead.

"Auntie Tong, let me introduce you," Mo Zhixuan reached out to drape an arm around Chu Jin's shoulders, "This is my fiancée, Chu Jin or Jin, please call her Auntie Tong."

Chu Jin was momentarily still getting used to her new identity; she hesitated before saying, "Auntie Tong, hello."

"Haha, what a good girl," the woman reached out to pinch Chu Jin's cheek, wearing a motherly and affectionate smile, "Look how tender your little face is. What kind of cosmetics do you use? Tell me, so I can buy a set too."

What cosmetics she used was a question that genuinely stumped Chu Jin.

Ever since being reborn, she had been busy with cultivating, fortune-telling, and earning Faith Value; she had no time to bother with such trivial matters.

Besides, at 18, an age blooming like a flower, she didn't need skincare products.

Before Chu Jin could respond, Auntie Tong slapped her forehead, "Look at my memory, a young girl like you doesn't really need skincare products, right? I remember when I was young, I was also quite the beauty..."

Auntie Tong deeply immersed herself in those pleasant memories.

Without thinking, Chu Jin replied, "You're still a blossoming flower now,"

It had to be said, Auntie Tong's skincare regimen was very effective; one couldn't tell her real age at all. Saying she was a little over 20 would be believable too.

Hearing this, Auntie Tong's eyes lit up; quickly, she pulled Mo Zhixuan over to her side, and said to Chu Jin, "Jin, what do you think, do I look younger, or does he look older?"

In truth, both looked about the same age; it was impossible to discern their actual ages.

Hearing Auntie Tong say this, Chu Jin grew curious; just how old was Mr. Mo, really?

Judging by his appearance, he looked at most 27 to 28 years old.

But the Mo Corporation had been well-known for over 20 years; it couldn't be that he started dominating the world of business at the age of 8, could it?

Seeing Chu Jin not speaking for a while, Auntie Tong said, "Jin, come on, tell us, is he the one who looks a bit older? You, as the judge, must be fair and impartial, you can't be biased just because Zhixuan is your fiancé!"

Mo Zhixuan's expression had none of its usual sternness; instead, it bore a hint of softness and a certain helplessness.

It seemed like such events happened frequently.

Chu Jin spoke with a smile, "Auntie Tong, of course, you look younger,"

"I appreciate kids like you who tell the truth," Auntie Tong affectionately looped an arm through Chu Jin's, leading her inside, "Come on, I'll take you to have some delicious food."

Mo Zhixuan followed silently behind, his silhouette appearing rather lonely.

As they approached the reception area, Aunt Tong said to a staff member, "Xiao Lizi, finish up and head home early. We have a distinguished guest today and won't be open for business."

Xiao Lizi took the towel off his shoulder and said cheerfully, "Sure thing, boss lady, I'll go tell everyone right away."

Who wouldn't be happy to knock off work early?

Hearing this, Chu Jin looked around with curiosity, wondering where the 'everyone' Xiao Lizi mentioned could be.

The shop wasn't very large; one could almost take it in at a glance. Besides the few people present, no one else could be seen.

After giving those instructions, Aunt Tong continued to lead Chu Jin further inside, passing through a door which suddenly opened up to a much brighter space.

Before them lay a classical corridor flanked by bright yellow lanterns, with artificial hills and lofted pavilions, and pavilions over water, where occasionally the chirping of birds could be heard.

This was clearly a manor of ancient luxury.

Chu Jin hadn't expected a hidden marvel like this behind the facade of a rustic little shop.

Walking along the corridor, they stopped in front of a very quaint house.

Aunt Tong went ahead to open the door, inviting the two of them inside.

Chu Jin had assumed the interior would be decorated in an antique style but, to her surprise, the room's decor was as modern as could be.

A grand leather sofa, a thick wool carpet, an oversized crystal television on the wall, and robots serving tea and water.

"The two of you have a seat. Jin, since it's your first time here, I'll cook myself today." Saying so, Aunt Tong headed toward the kitchen.

"Aunt Tong, let me help you with something, like washing the vegetables," Chu Jin instinctively stood up.

Aunt Tong quickly waved her off, "No need, no need, we have a robot specially for washing vegetables, and the ingredients are all prepared and ready."

Mo Zhixuan also held her wrist and pressed her back onto the sofa, "Aunt Tong can handle it on her own, you don't need to follow her and make a mess."

Seeing their insistence, Chu Jin refrained from persisting.

"What do you want to watch on TV?" Mo Zhixuan turned on the television with ease and asked for Chu Jin's preference.

Chu Jin tilted her head and named a variety show that was currently very popular.

The two of them then settled down on the sofa to watch the show.

While she watched the television, he watched her.

The girl in front of the TV had her eyes curved, dimples on display—pure, innocent, and seemingly very well-behaved.

Only Mo Zhixuan knew that if she got serious, she would look completely different from her current demeanor.

Each had their unique charm.

He felt fortunate to have met her in his lifetime and witnessed the different sides of her.

Before long, the aroma wafting from the kitchen whetted the appetite, and Chu Jin, always sensitive to smells, couldn't help but sniff appreciatively.

Seeing her like that, Mo Zhixuan couldn't resist asking, "Hungry? Want something to snack on while we wait? What would you like to eat, I'll get it for you."

Chu Jin's eyes were fixed on the television, not seeing the warmth in his eyes. She touched her nose and said, "Not hungry, but Aunt Tong's cooking skills are truly impressive."

"Actually, Aunt Tong rarely cooks herself. Even when my mother, Qingqing, and I come over, we usually eat meals prepared by the restaurant's chefs. To be honest, thanks to you, I'm benefiting today."

"Really?" Chu Jin turned her head, quite flattered.

Her gaze met with his deep, ocean-like eyes.

The atmosphere turned somewhat subtle.

The timing was perfect.

Inside the kitchen, Aunt Tong laid out the well-prepared dishes one by one on the crystal dining table, calling out to them, "Zhixuan, bring your wife over to eat."

Mo Zhixuan, composed as always, withdrew his gaze and, stretching out his long arm, naturally took Chu Jin's hand, "Let's go eat."

"Aunt Tong, let me help you," Chu Jin quickly took the bowl of rice from Aunt Tong's hands and brought it to the table as Aunt Tong continued to serve food in the kitchen.

The dishes were plentiful, with fish and shrimp, meat and vegetables—appealing to the eye and even better in taste.

The meal was reminiscent and harmonious.

After the meal, Chu Jin sincerely complimented, "Aunt Tong, your culinary skills are superb. I'll definitely learn from you whenever I have the time."

The more Aunt Tong saw of Chu Jin, the more she liked her. She cheerfully replied, "Sure, you're welcome to come over anytime if you want, I promise to teach you everything I know,"

Chapter 172: Aunt Tong

As they chatted, the two of them opened up, and Chu Jin considered herself not particularly talkative, but seeing Aunt Tong brought her a sense of familiarity and fondness.

The two of them were having a delightful conversation, and Mr. Mo had become an outsider.

At the right moment, Mo Zhixuan stood up, "Aunt Tong, Jin still has homework to do. I'm going to take her back now."

"No need to rush off, I haven't finished chatting with Jin," Aunt Tong said, a bit reluctant to let go of Chu Jin's hand. She had planned to keep Chu Jin over for the night.

It had been a long time since she had such a pleasant chat with someone.

The person in front of her was quick-witted and knowledgeable. No matter what she talked about, she could respond, appearing much more mature than girls her age. Yet, mixed with her maturity was a hint of the vivacity appropriate for her years, making her difficult not to like.

"Aunt Tong, I should get going now, but don't worry, I will definitely come to see you often," Chu Jin reassured her.

"Yes, don't worry, we'll definitely come to see you often," Mr. Mo added.

"Okay then," Aunt Tong said, her face clearly showing her disappointment. She then turned to Mo Zhixuan, "You and Jin sit for a while longer. I'm going to get something from the room. Wait for me to come back before you leave."

The corners of Mo Zhixuan's mouth twitched almost imperceptibly.

When Aunt Tong came back, she held a quaint wooden box in her hands—an elegant, small box—and promptly stuffed it into Chu Jin's hands, "Jin, this is a small token from Aunt Tong. It's nothing much, so you better not dismiss it, okay?"

"Aunt Tong, I don't think this is appropriate. Look, I've come empty-handed. It wouldn't be right to accept your gift," Chu Jin reflexively declined.

She had agreed to invite Mr. Mo for a meal, not knowing he would take her to recognize relatives.

Had she known they were visiting an elder's home, she would've bought a gift or something.

Isn't it customary in China to reciprocate favors?

"What's inappropriate about it!" Aunt Tong huffed with a stern face. "I like you, and you're Zhixuan's fiancée even if not yet married. That's fate. If you say anything more about being an outsider, I will get angry."

Mo Zhixuan also lowered his gaze and said, "Since it's a gesture of kindness from Aunt Tong, you should accept it." After all, they were all family.

With not a single rebuttal allowed between the two, Chu Jin had no choice but to accept, "Then thank you, Aunt Tong."

By the time they arrived at the Zhao family's home, it was already 10 p.m.

That night, some slept soundly, while others tossed and turned restlessly.

The next morning, Zhao Hai, who was rarely seen, appeared at the Zhao family's home.

"Grandpa, you're here so early," Zhao Yiling said with a smile as she helped Zhao Hai to the sofa to sit down.

Zhao Hai smiled fondly at his precious granddaughter, "You really should have told me, Yiling, about Mr. Mo from Jun Ao Group coming over. If it weren't for your mother, I'd still be in the dark about it."

Ever since Zhao Hai found out that Mo Qianjue was visiting the Zhao family today, he'd been too excited to sleep the previous night.

That was the Jun Ao Group, the third largest family on China mainland.

He never expected to meet such a high-profile figure in his lifetime.

He always knew his precious granddaughter was outstanding, but he had no idea she had become so accomplished.

To think she was now acquainted with the CEO of Jun Ao Group, and moreover, he had heard that the CEO held her talents in high regard.

He even generously invested in Yiling's 'Z Plan.'

It seemed that any future glory brought to the Zhao family's name would be thanks to this precious granddaughter.

"Grandpa," said Zhao Yiling, sensibly massaging Zhao Hai's shoulders, "it's not a big deal. Mr. Mo is just coming over to visit, so there's no need to trouble you to come here. My mom really talks too much."

"You, my child," Zhao Hai laughed, "this is a big figure from Jun Ao Group we're talking about. Of course, we should take it seriously. Your father is away on a trip, and when Mr. Mo arrives, there will be no man of the house to welcome him. What does that look like?"

Triumphant glee shimmered in Zhao Yiling's eyes, "Grandpa, Mr. Mo and I are already friends. He'll have plenty of chances to come over in the future. You surely can't come running every time, can you?"

"What did you say?" Zhao Hai's eyes lit up as if he heard something incredible. He said excitedly, "Yiling, you weren't joking with Grandpa just now, were you? Are you really friends with President Mo?"

Zhao Yiling gave a shy smile, "We can't really say we're friends, it was just a twist of fate that I saved President Mo's life. Oh right, to repay me for saving his life, President Mo also gave me a piece of Spirit Jade, but unfortunately, I lost it." As she said this, a shadow of darkness flickered in Zhao Yiling's eyes.

Her tone was somewhat downcast.

"What? Lost it!" Zhao Hai's expression changed, obviously understanding the significance of the jade pendant, "Yiling, how could you just misplace something so important? Do you remember where you lost it?"

Zhao Yiling looked confused, "I had put it in my jewelry box, but it was gone when I came back from the company."

How could something in a jewelry box just disappear? If it was lost, there was only one possibility: it had been stolen.

"Did anything else go missing?" Zhao Hai continued to ask.

Zhao Yiling nodded, "A priceless Blood Jade Bracelet disappeared along with it."

"You silly child, there must have been a thief!" said Zhao Hai, frowning, "Did you report it to the police?"

"No," Zhao Yiling shook her head.

Zhao Hai's expression changed, "How can you not report such a serious matter! I can understand you're young and don't know any better, but what about your mother? She's an adult, doesn't she know what should be done?"

Zhao Yiling said gently, "Grandpa, it's not my mother's fault. I stopped her from reporting it to the police."

"What?" Zhao Hai looked at Zhao Yiling with confusion, speaking earnestly, "Yiling, our Zhao family may have some assets, but we can't afford your wastefulness. This thief, since they could steal once, they'll surely steal again, especially from someone like you who is naïve with money."

"Grandpa," Zhao Yiling said with an expression of difficulty, "it's not that I don't want to report it, but..."

"But what? You're speaking in riddles. Are you trying to kill your grandpa with worry?"

Zhao Hai, who always loved wealth as if it was his life, now felt extremely anxious upon hearing that two treasures were missing from the house.

"But," Zhao Yiling said haltingly, "Grandpa... you mustn't get angry when I tell you this."

"Okay," Zhao Hai nodded, "Speak, Yiling. Grandpa promises not to get angry."

"Grandpa, because I saw that Blood Jade Bracelet on Sister Jin's wrist. As the saying goes, family scandals should not be made public. Spreading this around wouldn't reflect well on us."

Understanding, Zhao Yiling said, "Sister Jin just started her senior year of high school, when studying is most critical. I couldn't possibly let these little things interfere with her future."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Hai's frown deepened and he said with some confusion, "Yiling, are you sure you didn't see it wrong? Even if Jin isn't doing well, she wouldn't stoop to stealing from her own family, would she?"

Zhao Yiling sighed pretentiously, "Grandpa, I hope I saw it wrong too. After all, Jin is my cousin and that Blood Jade Bracelet is unique in the whole world; how could I mistake it? And think about it, how could it be such a coincidence that right after my bracelet goes missing, Jin gets one just like it?"

His granddaughter was always sensible and clever since she was young; how could she lie?

Since she had said as much, it must have been that Chu Jin took it.

Ah, his good-for-nothing granddaughter was becoming more and more disappointing! She might have been useless before but was at least clean-handed. Now, she'd even learned to steal.

All these years, she's been living off the Zhao family, and not only has she not repaid the Zhao family's kindness or brought any honor to the family name, but now she's even tarnishing the Zhao family's reputation!

It seemed his decision to bring her back all those years ago was a mistake!

He should have let her fend for herself back then.

All these years, because of this granddaughter, he hasn't been able to hold his head high in front of so many people—everyone knows Zhao Hai has a worthless granddaughter.

He always cherished family ties and raised her, only to be repaid like this.

The more Zhao Hai thought, the angrier he got. He struck the ground with his walking stick, "This wretched girl, she really makes me furious! I'll break her legs today!"

Zhao Yiling's mouth curved into a smile, soothing Zhao Hai while saying, "Grandpa, don't be angry now. After all, they're just material possessions. Sister Jin is young and doesn't know any better; she'll understand in a few years."

#### Chapter 173: Not going to fill the house

"Young? Eighteen is not young! An eighteen-year-old is already of age!" Zhao Hai's face was flushed with deep anger as he raised his voice, "Yiling, grandpa knows you have a kind heart and are a good sister, but don't forget, although you are her sister in name, you are actually the same age as her. Look at yourself, then look at her, sigh, it is such a disappointment. What sins did I commit in my past life to bring such an ingrate into my home."

Outsiders will always be outsiders! No matter how much you raise them, they will never become one of us!

Compared to my precious granddaughter, she's simply incomparable, like heaven and earth.

Fortunately, I have a sensible and precious granddaughter to bring honor to the family, otherwise, I would have no place to put this old face.

The more Zhao Hai thought about it, the angrier he became, his breathing growing harsher and louder.

Zhao Yiling, very sensibly, soothed Zhao Hai with a look of an understanding and good sister, "All right, Grandpa, don't be angry. If you ruin your health, that won't be good. Mo Qianjue will be here soon, and it wouldn't look good for him to see you like this. Besides, even if the sister did take it, it doesn't matter. In the end, we're all family. As the saying goes, 'watering someone else's field does not benefit us.'"

Seeing his granddaughter so sensible, Zhao Hai patted Zhao Yiling's hand reassuringly and sighed, "Ah, it's our Yiling who understands. By the way, I heard that Mr. Mo from Jun Ao Group isn't very old either, I wonder if he has started a family yet?"

Jun Ao Group, ranking third in the business world of China mainland, Mr. Mo's stature and position, seemed to match perfectly with his precious granddaughter.

His precious granddaughter was not only beautiful but also talented, surely Mr. Mo of Jun Ao must have that kind of intention.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have asked to visit.

Clearly understanding what Zhao Hai meant, Zhao Yiling pursed her lips and said, "He hasn't started a family, he is still single, but, he already has a daughter around six or seven years old."

Hearing this, the bright look in Zhao Hai's eyes gradually dimmed as he said, "He has a child? That's a pity. Yiling, you have to be careful when you interact with him. We, the Zhao family, absolutely will not accept being second wives or stepmothers."

Despite the wealth of Jun Ao Group that could rival the heavens, his precious granddaughter was no less exceptional, young and beautiful, with the Zhao family's substantial foundation, there would surely be better prospects awaiting her in the future.

Moreover, if this were ancient times, a legitimate daughter from a wealthy family becoming a concubine or a secondary wife was a subject of ridicule.

The Zhao family might not be as wealthy or powerful as Jun Ao, but in Capital City, they were still a family of standing and reputation. How could they afford to lose face?

Zhao Yiling nodded understandingly, "Don't worry, Grandpa, Mr. Mo and I are just ordinary friends."

Just then, the sound of a car engine approached from outside.

Zhao Hai's expression changed, and his heart tensed again, "It must be Mr. Mo arriving. I will go welcome him at the door."

Right now, entertaining Mr. Mo was the priority. Zhao Hai stood up and looked toward the door.

Zhao Yiling also stood up and said softly, "Then, Grandpa, I'll go upstairs to change my clothes first, you chat with Mr. Mo."

"Alright, go ahead, don't worry, leave Mr. Mo to me." With that, Zhao Hai, leaning on his cane, made his way to the door.

Zhao Yiling went upstairs.

Outside, an extended Lincoln was parked.

The car doors on both sides opened, and six uniformed bodyguards stepped out, standing at attention on either side of the vehicle.

Following that, the chauffeur also got out of the car and respectfully opened the door.

As the door opened, a young man dressed in a plain white robe stepped out, tall and straight as a jade tree, with fine and perfect features, and a powerful presence that was daunting and awe-inspiring.

As he stepped out of the car, the bodyguards standing on either side bowed at a standard 90-degree angle.

The scene was extremely impressive.

Even Zhao Hai, who was used to wealthy society, couldn't help but feel a sense of awe.

"You... you are Mr. Mo, right?" After a moment of stunned silence, Zhao Hai approached, his aged voice raspy and trembling.

He had lived so long, but it was the first time he was meeting such an important figure.

This is still thanks to my own granddaughter.

"Hello," Mo Qianjue nodded slightly to Zhao Hai, "You must be Mr. Zhao, I've heard Miss Zhao mention you before."

Zhao Hai didn't expect that his granddaughter had mentioned him in front of such an important figure, and he became even more excited now, "Yes, yes, yes, Ling'er is my only granddaughter. I am flattered that President Zhao thinks highly of her."

"You are being too polite. Miss Zhao has done a favor for Mo, without her, Mo might have already..." The rest of the sentence was left unsaid, but the implication was clear.

"It's only right, it's only right. Ling'er has always been kind-hearted since she was young. She wouldn't even bear to step on an ant when walking on the road, let alone take a human life," Zhao Hai moved towards the house with Mo Qianjue, "Mr. Mo, my home is humble, I hope you don't mind."

Mo Qianjue said to his bodyguards and driver at the back, "That's fine, you can go back first."

Then he followed Zhao Hai into the house.

The two of them talked as they walked.

Chu Jin had come back late last night, and after taking a bath, she cultivated for three hours in the Zilei space, so by the time she woke up, it was already 9 a.m.

She hurriedly washed up, changed her clothes, and went downstairs.

Just as she reached the staircase, she met Zhao Yiling coming from the opposite direction.

Today, Zhao Yiling was dressed in a white dress, looking less flamboyant than usual. Actually, she was quite beautiful, and this look gave her a very fresh and elegant appearance.

Seeing Chu Jin approaching and glancing at the two figures by the door, Zhao Yiling had a calculation in her heart. The corners of her mouth slowly drew up into a gentle curve, "Good morning, sister."

"Good morning, cousin," Chu Jin replied indifferently and was going to pass by Zhao Yiling to go downstairs, but was blocked by her.

Chu Jin looked at Zhao Yiling with confusion, "Cousin, is there something else?"

Zhao Yiling looked at Chu Jin with a look of pain and shifted her gaze to Chu Jin's wrist, "Sister, I don't know why you would steal my bracelet. If you like my bracelet, you could have just told me, and I would have given it to you. Why stoop to such petty actions?"

Hearing the conversation inside, Mo Qianjue's eyes twitched, and the corners of his mouth lifted into a curve. He grasped Zhao Hai's arm and whispered, "Mr. Zhao, I suddenly feel like trying the tea you just mentioned. Would it be too much trouble for you to fetch it?"

Hearing Mo Qianjue say this, Zhao Hai immediately nodded, "Sure, please wait a moment for Mr. Mo, I will be right back."

After saying that, he turned and left.

Mo Qianjue, hidden behind the door, focused his gaze on the staircase, clearly seeing that Chu Jin really was wearing a red Blood Jade Bracelet on her wrist, identical to the one Zhao Yiling had worn before.

His pupils contracted slightly.

He had thought that Zhao Yiling might have misunderstood Chu Jin, but now it seemed that Chu Jin really had taken her bracelet through dubious means.

So Chu Jin is indeed deceitful on the inside and out. He had really misjudged her.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, looking at Zhao Yiling and said in an even tone, "I thought I made it very clear last time, this bracelet was given to me by someone else. If my cousin still has any doubts, you can go to the Mo family head, or you can choose to call the police."

Zhao Yiling sighed, with a hint of wronged tone, "Sister, you are really disappointing me! You know I would never call the police. No matter what, you are still my sister. How could I possibly joke about your future? If you like the bracelet, I can totally give it to you, but can you return that Jade Pendant to me?"

"Jade Pendant?" Chu Jin's brow furrowed slightly, not quite understanding what Zhao Yiling meant, "What Jade Pendant? When did I take your Jade Pendant? Please don't make unfounded accusations!"

Zhao Yiling glanced at the figure hidden behind the door and continued, "That belongs to Mr. Mo, I can't take it. Can you return it, please? I'm begging you."

Zhao Yiling knew she was taking a big risk, but she had no other options at the moment.

Last night, Ai Lin called and said that Mo Qianjue had begun to suspect her, and told her to get the Jade Pendant as soon as possible.

But she had turned that despicable girl's room upside down last night and didn't find the Spirit Jade that Ai Lin mentioned.

Chapter 174: Accompany her to play

Since the result would be the same either way, she could only resort to this desperate measure.

After all, the Blood Jade Bracelet was undeniably on this little wretch's wrist.

This just further confirmed Chu Jin's guilt of theft.

Besides, she knew about the rescue of Mo Qianjue and had seen the video at the alley's entrance, so if it came down to confrontation, she wasn't afraid of lacking a justification.

Rather than worrying every day that Mo Qianjue would ask about the Jade Pendant, it's better to make the matter clear under his view.

That would dispel Mo Qianjue's doubts about her sooner.

She refused to believe that, with her current intelligence, she couldn't outwit a useless person!

Even if this useless person had changed a bit, so what?

In the end, he was nothing but a pitiful creature depending on others. Just one unhappy moment from herself, and this creature would be homeless.

Moreover, a useless person is a useless person, a stepping stone is a stepping stone!

As long as she was there, she would never let this stepping stone get any chance to turn things around.

The more Zhao Yiling spoke, the more confused Chu Jin became. It was quite unclear what exactly Zhao Yiling had up her sleeve.

However, one thing was for certain: Zhao Yiling was definitely scheming something bad, setting a trap for her.

Since it was pretty boring early in the morning anyway, why not just play along with her... for fun.

Chu Jin arched her brows slightly, "A jade pendant? Cousin, are you still not awake? One moment it's a bracelet, the next a pendant, when did I ever take your things? If you can't clarify this, it's slander, and I will call the police," she said as she took out her phone, facing Zhao Yiling, "Fine, I've started recording, you may begin your performance."

Zhao Yiling did not expect Chu Jin to start recording with her mobile phone, her face stiffened for a moment, but she quickly regained her composure, "Stop pretending, little sister. I know you envy me for saving Chairman Mo, but some things cannot be obtained through envy. Please return the jade pendant to me. Chairman Mo is visiting our home today, and I must restore it to the Zhao family."

A jade pendant, saving someone?

Chu Jin latched onto these two crucial descriptors in her mind.

No wonder when she returned home last night, she found signs that her room had been tampered with. It turned out to be Zhao Yiling's doing.

But why would she look for a jade pendant in her room?

All this seemed to be lacking an explanation.

Chu Jin's lips curled slightly, growing more curious about what Zhao Yiling would do next. Then she reached into her pocket and pulled out a jade pendant tied with a red string, twirling the string between her fingertips in front of Zhao Yiling.

Under the lighting, the jade pendant was crystal clear, flawless, and glowed softly.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, her eyes brimming with spring mischief, and the dimples on her cheeks deepened, "Cousin, what you just mentioned couldn't possibly be this, could it?"

Zhao Yiling's eyes brightened as she immediately recognized the quality of the jade, undoubtedly the king of jades, far surpassing the Blood Jade Bracelet.

She hadn't expected it was indeed this little wretch who had rescued Mo Qianjue.

No! It was she who had saved Mo Qianjue; it was this little wretch who had stolen her credit. Without her, the Blood Jade Bracelet would be hers, and so would this Jade Pendant.

She would be the envy of all in Capital City.

She had occupied these two items for too long, and subconsciously, she already regarded them as her possessions.

No one could take away what belonged to her!

Mo Qianjue also noticed the jade pendant, his pupils constricting. He knew that coming to the Zhao family today would surely bring some gains.

It seemed that the truth of the matter would surface soon.

Zhao Yiling stared intently at the jade pendant, "Exactly, that's the jade pendant. Chairman Mo gave it to me after I saved him by chance last time. I haven't found the time to return it to him and didn't expect

that my little sister would take it. Little sister, I can give you anything, but just not this jade pendant, please return it to me."

Chu Jin's eyes narrowed slightly, finding Zhao Yiling's story too similar to her own.

Rescuing people is the same, and the person saved each received a Jade Pendant.

How coincidental that the Jade Pendants look identical?

The play seems to be getting more and more interesting, Chu Jin's lips slightly curled, her interest intensifying, her eyes shimmering with laughter as she spoke, "Cousin, I'm really sorry, but this Jade Pendant has been passed down in my family for generations. When did it become your possession? Don't tell me you can't find your own Jade Pendant and have set your sights on my treasure?"

Chu Jin said this because she did not want to make a show of her lifesaving deed, as she did not see it as something to boast about.

Just for that mysterious ingrate, she almost lost her life. The thought of it still terrified her, and had it not been for the mission, she wouldn't have bothered to save such trouble.

Another reason was that she wanted to see what exactly Zhao Yiling was up to.

Mo Qianjue, hiding in the shadows, felt a surge of disgust. Chu Jin really dared to claim someone else's possession as her family heirloom. He could now almost confirm that Zhao Yiling was the one who had saved his life.

The anger in Mo Qianjue's eyes grew increasingly intense.

At this moment, Zhao Hai, holding tea, returned and gestured for Mo Qianjue to come inside.

But he saw Mo Qianjue gesture for silence and dared not move rashly, his gaze following Mo Qianjue's line of sight.

Listening to Chu Jin claiming the Jade Pendant as her family heirloom made Zhao Yiling somewhat panicked, for she had never seen the Jade Pendant that Mo Qianjue owned and did not know what it actually looked like.

What if it truly was just a Jade Pendant passed down in that vile girl's family?

However, things had progressed to this point, and she had no other choice. She had already claimed it was that Jade Pendant, and it was too late to retract her words now.

How would she know if she could win without taking the gamble?

With this in mind, Zhao Yiling appeared sadly disappointed and said to Chu Jin with great emotion, "Sister, you've truly disappointed me. This is clearly mine, how could you claim it as your own!"

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Yours? Didn't you just say it belongs to that Mr. Mo? Cousin, it's such a waste for you not to be an actor; if you were, Fan Shuishui, Zhang Zitai and the like would have to stand aside! And as for the Oscar statuette, it surely belongs to you."

"Sister!" Offended as if she had been insulted, Zhao Yiling exclaimed, "Please do not compare me to those vulgar actors who trade their art for fame! That would be a disgrace to me, please return the Jade Pendant to me now!"

Zhao Yiling always looked down on people in the entertainment industry.

In her view, they were nothing more than a bunch of show-offs who only knew how to flaunt themselves in front of others.

Chu Jin's lips curled slightly, "What's wrong with being an actor? Actors earn their keep through their talent, unlike some people who covet the belongings of others all day long! Blurring right and wrong—in my eyes, those actors you speak of are ten times more honorable than you."

"Sister," Thinking of Mo Qianjue still downstairs, Zhao Yiling composed herself, assuming the role of a caring older sister, "It doesn't matter what you say about me, after all, I am still your elder sister, and I can overlook this. But please return the Jade Pendant to me; I need to return it to Mr. Mo in its entirety."

At this point, Zhao Hai's expression also turned sour.

He had intended to bring Mo Qianjue into the living room to sit down for tea.

While discussing a potential business partnership, he did not expect Mo Qianjue to witness such a farce.

As the saying goes, family disgrace should not be aired in public. Now, he felt he had lost both face and dignity.

This Chu Jin was truly a disappointment!

Zhao Hai was about to interrupt the conversation between the sisters upstairs.

But he found himself unable to speak, as if someone had sealed his voice, and his feet could not move either.

Upstairs, the conversation between the two continued.

"Cousin, after all is said and done, don't you just want the Jade Pendant in my hand?" Chu Jin swayed the Jade Pendant in front of Zhao Yiling.

Zhao Yiling, looking at the Jade Pendant swaying before her, had a strong desire to possess it.

Seeing her like this, Chu Jin's lips curved slightly as she continued, "Honestly, this isn't even anything special. Had you had a proper conversation with me, perhaps I could have given it to you. But you see, I thoroughly detest being falsely accused, so even if I were to throw it away, I wouldn't give it to you."

With a pitiable look, Zhao Yiling pleaded, "Sister, I beg of you, please return it to me. This isn't mine; I need to return it to Mr. Mo."

Chapter 175: Revisiting the story of the Farmer and the Snake

Speaking of which, Zhao Yiling reached out to snatch the Jade Pendant from Chu Jin's hand.

Chu Jin wasn't going to give her that chance and quickly pocketed the Jade Pendant.

Just then, Zhao Yiling took the opportunity to grab Chu Jin's arm, then let go, leaning her body swiftly backward and stepping into thin air.

"Ah!" Zhao Yiling's face was filled with panic as her body quickly plunged towards the bottom of the stairs.

Chu Jin hadn't expected Zhao Yiling to endanger herself for the sake of acting and a glint of coldness flashed in her eyes. She instinctively reached out to pull Zhao Yiling back, but Zhao Yiling didn't give her that chance. Facing Chu Jin, her lips curled into a strange smile.

"Thud, thud... bang!" Zhao Yiling rolled straight down the stairs.

Two tense voices suddenly filled the air.

"Ling'er!"

"Miss Zhao!"

One was aged like a deep bell but not lacking in strength.

The other was gentle and low with a hint of coercion.

At the same time, two figures rushed swiftly to Zhao Yiling's side.

"Ling'er, are you alright? Does it hurt anywhere?" Zhao Hai knelt anxiously beside Zhao Yiling, scared and unsure of what to do.

"Miss Zhao? Are you okay? I'll take you to the hospital right now." Mo Qianjue wanted to pick up Zhao Yiling but feared that he might cause her further harm without proper medical knowledge.

"I'm fine," Zhao Yiling managed to squeeze out a smile with her lips, her face pale and her voice very weak, "This has nothing to do with my younger sister, it was my own carelessness that made me fall. Grandfather, please don't make it difficult for her."

With those words, she turned to look at Chu Jin, "Sister, can you return the Jade Pendant to me now?"

After she finished speaking, her head tilted, and she passed out.

The more Zhao Hai thought about it, the angrier he became, especially after Zhao Yiling mentioned Chu Jin. It immediately reminded him that only Chu Jin and Zhao Yiling had been upstairs. Other than Chu Jin, who else could have hurt Zhao Yiling?

It must have been that Zhao Yiling caught her stealing, and in a fit of shame and rage, Chu Jin pushed his precious granddaughter down the stairs!

With this thought, Zhao Hai stood up, consumed by rage.

"You monster! How dare you push Ling'er down the stairs, she is your sister! Has your heart been eaten by a dog?" Zhao Hai gnashed his teeth in anger, his face throbbing with veins and his eyes almost blood red.

With the utterance of those words, a "smack" resonated, and Chu Jin's face suddenly bore a slap mark, showing the extent of Zhao Hai's force.

"If anything happens to Ling'er today, don't expect to live till tomorrow!"

Blood trickled from the corner of Chu Jin's mouth, and her face was already swollen and red.

Mo Qianjue also looked at Chu Jin with disgust, "I can't believe you're such a vile woman with a heart like a venomous snake! I misjudged you before. Listen well, if Miss Zhao is okay today, that's the end of it. But if anything is even slightly wrong with her, I won't let you die a peaceful death!"

No one saw that Zhao Yiling, unconscious on the ground, slowly curved the corners of her mouth upward. She knew that she had bet correctly this time.

Chu Jin glanced at Mo Qianjue, recognizing him as the ungrateful person she had saved that day, and piecing together the situation when Zhao Yiling called him "President Mo".

Very well, Zhao Yiling was setting a trap for her, wasn't she?

Then she would see how she could escalate the situation and return the favor!

"Grandfather," Chu Jin lifted her eyes to Zhao Hai, her lips curling into a cold arc, "You keep saying that I pushed Zhao Yiling down the stairs. Did you witness it yourself?"

She could let the ungrateful person slide for now, but Zhao Hai's behavior had deeply disappointed her!

This person she trusted the most in her previous life didn't even bother to ask before striking her and even spoke such hurtful words.

"I don't need to witness it with my own eyes," Zhao Hai's face was very ugly, his mind consumed with thoughts of his precious granddaughter, "A person like you should have died alongside your short-lived father 11 years ago! I was blind to bring you back then!"

And save himself from the trouble she brought upon his darling granddaughter now.

Chu Jin nodded, warm liquid dripping down, "Alright, I understand now."

She hadn't realized she was seen in such a light in Zhao Hai's heart.

Her heart ached, an unbearable pain that made it hard to breathe, a pain she knew originated from her predecessor.

Zhao Hai's transformation shattered the last bit of faith the predecessor had held onto.

"What are you standing there for? Call the ambulance now!" Zhao Hai bellowed at the servant nearby.

The servant hurried to make the emergency call.

"Hold on!" A chilling voice suddenly rang through the air, carrying a sense of authority that sent shivers down one's spine.

The servant's hand paused subconsciously while dialing.

Looking towards the source of the voice, they saw the person speak again, "Auntie Wang, could you please fetch my backpack from upstairs?"

Auntie Wang was completely stunned; she had never seen such a demeanor from the young miss.

So icy, so bloodthirsty; her entire being emitted an aura of majesty that made one subconsciously submit, unable to resist.

Almost instinctively, she heeded Chu Jin's words and quickly went upstairs to bring down the backpack for her.

Zhao Hai and Mo Qianjue too, were shaken by her powerful presence.

Chu Jin took the backpack handed to her by Auntie Wang, pulled out the acupuncture bag, and knelt in front of Zhao Yiling, swiftly thrusting golden needles into her various major acupoints.

Zhao Yiling groaned in her unconscious state.

Mo Qianjue came back to his senses from his slight daze, watching Chu Jin's fluid motions and feeling an intense sense of familiarity. He grabbed her wrist and asked coldly, "What are you doing to Miss Zhao?"

"What, white-eyed wolf, can't you tell?" Chu Jin's lips curled into a cold sneer, and there was not a hint of warmth in her eyes, "I'm just helping you relive the story of 'The Farmer and the Viper'."

This white-eyed wolf was just like Zhao Yiling, both cut from the same cloth, ready to bite back at the slightest mistake.

She wondered when this white-eyed wolf had teamed up with Zhao Yiling.

The story of 'The Farmer and the Viper'?

How familiar those words were?

The hazy memories in his mind suddenly became crystal clear.

Her mannerisms, her intonation, and the faint fragrance emanating from her gradually merged with the person in his memories.

When Mo Qianjue realized that the person with the heart of a serpent whom he had scolded was in fact his true savior, his face grew increasingly pale.

My God, what had he just said to his actual lifesaver?

Never before had Mo Qianjue felt regret like he did at that moment, his gaze fixed on Chu Jin, his expression extremely complex.

Chu Jin did not care about Mo Qianjue's reaction and broke free from his grip, thrusting the final needle into Zhao Yiling's temple.

Each needle was coated with a layer of Spiritual Energy invisible to the naked eye.

This Spiritual Energy followed the meridians, circulating through Zhao Yiling's entire body. Zhao Yiling felt a profound sense of comfort as if every cell within her was dancing, causing a desire to moan in pleasure.

Having completed this, Chu Jin took an elixir from the blue porcelain bottle and fed it into Zhao Yiling's mouth.

Zhao Hai watched the entire process dumbfounded.

She was a completely different granddaughter.

He began to regret what he had just said, but if Chu Jin hadn't stolen from his precious granddaughter and pushed her down the stairs, would he have spoken so harshly?

This was his own flesh and blood, the sole heir of the Zhao family.

How could he bear the thought of his precious child coming to harm!

"You little scourge, don't think that by doing this, I will forgive you. No matter what, Ling'er is still your sister, how could you push her down the stairs?" Zhao Hai's demeanor softened slightly.

At that moment, Zhao Yiling also slowly came to. She had wanted to continue pretending, but that despicable girl must have fed her something.

Feeling agitated inside, her whole body started to itch as if two invisible hands were prying open her eyelids.

She had no choice but to reluctantly open her eyes and, with an understanding gaze, looked at Zhao Hai and Mo Qianjue, her eyes rimmed with red, "Director Mo, Grandfather, I don't blame my sister, I believe it was an accident, she didn't mean to push me, and I hope you won't blame her either."

Zhao Hai helped Zhao Yiling up, "Good child, grandfather knows you have a kind heart. However, Jin'er really went too far this time. Stealing from you is one thing, but now she has even dared to push you down the stairs; if grandfather doesn't punish her properly this time, it wouldn't be fair to her parents."

#### Chapter 176: It looks disgusting

Mo Qianjue didn't speak, just looked at Chu Jin with slightly narrowed eyes, he, too, was looking forward to Chu Jin's forthcoming explanation.

How could his lifesaver push someone down the stairs for no reason? There had to be a reason behind it.

Chu Jin slowly stood up from the ground and leisurely turned on the TV in the living room, connected her smartphone data cable, and the TV instantly showed a blue screen.

Zhao Hai's expression turned cold, "Wretched girl! What are you doing?" Trash is trash, even at a time like this, she still fancies watching TV, without fear of being laughed at!

Chu Jin turned her head, her jade-like face lighting up with a faint dimple, and spoke deliberately, "Justice may be late, but it never fails to arrive."

No sooner had her voice fallen than a video started playing on the TV.

A clear voice came from the TV, "Alright, I'm recording now, begin your performance."

The corresponding image on the screen was of Zhao Yiling.

Zhao Yiling's face changed...

A terrible premonition welled up inside her. That little bitch, she couldn't have been recording a video, could she?

It turned out that Chu Jin had indeed recorded a video, and in great detail at that.

The video clearly showed that the whole incident had been nothing but Zhao Yiling's solo act; Chu Jin had not touched her from start to finish.

Chu Jin picked up the remote control and pressed the pause button, freezing the frame at the moment Zhao Yiling's body leaned back, revealing a sneer at Chu Jin.

That smile was smug, eerie, and treacherous.

Mo Qianjue looked at the face on the screen and found it irritating; his expression grew colder and his grip tightened.

Zhao Yiling felt her blood run cold and her face turned pale. She sprang up from the ground and grabbed a vase from the table, hurling it at the TV.

With a loud 'bang,' the TV went instantly dark.

Her plan had been so perfect.

Why had everything been ruined by this little bitch!

"The video is fake, it's fake, all set up by that little bitch to frame me! Fake, all fake!" Zhao Yiling, clutching her head with both hands, had completely lost her composure.

Zhao Hai couldn't believe his eyes, nor could he believe that his precious granddaughter could do such a thing.

But no matter what Zhao Yiling had done, she was after all his own granddaughter, his only granddaughter, and the future of the Zhao Clan still depended on Zhao Yiling to thrive.

The only option now was to sacrifice the granddaughter from outside the family to salvage the reputation and image of his own granddaughter.

"You little disaster!" Zhao Hai slammed his cane across Chu Jin's body. Chu Jin made no attempt to dodge as Zhao Hai furiously scolded, "Ling'er is your sister after all, how could you set her up like this! Apologize to your sister right now!"

Chu Jin looked at Zhao Hai and let out a soft laugh; it was clear that between her and Zhao Yiling, Zhao Hai had chosen the latter.

Even though she was smiling, Zhao Hai saw not a trace of warmth in that smile but felt a strange sense of panic instead.

"Ling'er, it's alright, everything is okay. Grandfather will certainly seek justice for you," Zhao Hai tried to soothe Zhao Yiling's emotions.

Under Zhao Hai's comfort, Zhao Yiling's emotions gradually stabilized. As long as Grandfather believed in her, as long as she remained Mo Qianjue's lifesaver, she was still the victor.

"Mr. Mo!" Zhao Yiling turned to Mo Qianjue, trying hard to muster a smile for him, "Mr. Mo, what you've just seen isn't real, it's a trap my sister set for me. She also stole the Jade Pendant you gave me. Mr. Mo, you must seek justice for me!"

Zhao Yiling subconsciously pinned all her hopes on Mo Qianjue.

After all, she was still Mo Qianjue's lifesaver!

Certainly, he would take her side; he would surely help her get rid of this little bitch.

Thinking so, Zhao Yiling reached out and took Mo Qianjue's hand; she knew he must like her.

Mo Qianjue looked coldly at Zhao Yiling, finding the woman before him disgustingly affected and couldn't fathom how he had initially mistaken her for his lifesaver!

Even then, they were helping such a disgusting, hypocritical woman to acquire Chu Clan together!

Even then, without distinguishing right from wrong, they said such hurtful words to her, she probably would never forgive herself for her whole life.

How ironic, truly ironic!

To think that the Unparalleled Son himself would come to such a day! To be toyed with in the palm of a woman's hand!

"Get lost!" Mo Qianjue coldly spat out a word, directly brushing Zhao Yiling aside.

Zhao Yiling was knocked to the ground by the sudden force, a sudden pain overwhelming her entire body; she didn't understand why Mo Qianjue's attitude had changed so drastically.

He had just been defending her by insulting that wretched girl.

How now...

Could it be that wretched girl had said something to him?

At this moment, Zhao Yiling couldn't care less, hastily crawling on hands and knees to Mo Qianjue's feet, clutching at his legs, "Mo Qianjue, you can't do this, have you forgotten? It was I who saved you, I am your lifesaver, you can't treat me this way!"

"Hah, you say you're my lifesaver?" Mo Qianjue looked down at Zhao Yiling, the corner of his mouth revealing a cold curve, his beautiful phoenix eyes filled with a dark, ominous light.

Zhao Yiling nodded hastily, "Yes, Mr. Mo, I'm your lifesaver. That day, I saved you in the alley. If not for me, you would have died long ago, how can you repay kindness with ingratitude now!"

Mo Qianjue, looking down on Zhao Yiling with full hostility, said, "Miss Zhao, you keep saying you saved me, but have you ever heard of the story of the farmer and the snake?"

This unfamiliar Mo Qianjue made cold sweat break out on Zhao Yiling's forehead, her body trembling slightly, yet she still managed to force a calm smile, "What story of the farmer and the snake? Mr. Mo? Are you joking with me?"

Mo Qianjue kicked Zhao Yiling away with a single foot, "Stop pretending! It disgusts me! Before, I was blind and mistook the sham for a pearl; as of today, Jun Ao formally terminates its cooperation with the Zhao Clan." His words were laced with frost, his entire being exuded coldness.

With one sentence, Zhao Yiling's death sentence was directly pronounced.

Zhao Yiling slumped to the ground, her complexion pale, all her strength drained away as if sapped in an instant, like dry wood turned to ash.

She was indeed Mo Qianjue's lifesaver, why did things turn out this way today!

She was unwilling, so unwilling...

Zhao Hai also stood there, stunned; he had not expected things to turn out this way, and could only look towards Mo Qianjue, "Mr. Mo... what's going on? Could there be some misunderstanding with Ling'er?"

Why would Mo Qianjue want to break the contract with the Zhao Clan? And how could he treat Ling'er like that? Ling'er was, after all, his lifesaver.

"Whether there's a misunderstanding or not, Miss Zhao knows very well. From the beginning to the end, I've had only one lifesaver, and that is Chu Jin." As he spoke, Mo Qianjue subconsciously raised his eyes to look at Chu Jin.

Pity that Chu Jin hadn't looked at him from the start to the end.

The light in the depths of Mo Qianjue's eyes gradually dimmed.

"How could it be her!" Zhao Hai stuttered with an awkward smile, "Mr. Mo, you must have misunderstood. It was clearly Ling'er who saved you; that accursed girl couldn't possibly have the ability to save you."

"Old Mr. Zhao," Mo Qianjue said coldly, "as they are both your granddaughters, I hope you can treat them fairly."

"I..." Zhao Hai instinctively cast a glance at Chu Jin, speechless for a moment.

It wasn't his fault for being unfair; if blame must be assigned, then blame Chu Jin for not sharing the Zhao surname; she was always an outsider.

It was unrealistic for him to neglect his own granddaughter and help an outsider.

Rejected by the person she trusted most twice in the same day, Chu Jin didn't dare to imagine if her previous self were still here, how disappointed she would become.

Memories buried deep in her mind suddenly rushed over, overwhelming her.

She knew that today, it was time to make a break with the Zhao family.

Chu Jin slowly took out a black card from her backpack and placed it into Zhao Hai's hand, "Grandfather, I'm very grateful that you chose to bring me back to the Zhao family when the Chu family was destroyed

11 years ago. At that time, I was truly thankful; you gave me the hope to go on living, even though later, you threw me here, I bore no grudges; you were still my strong reliance because I knew as long as I was willing to look back, you would be behind me. But today, I discovered I was wrong, in your eyes, I'm just an encumbrance worse than an outsider. Everyone says I'm useless, that I'm a good-for-nothing, incapable of standing tall, but do you know why?"

Chapter 177: We owe each other nothing in this life.

As she reached this point, her voice had already become hoarse, and everything in front of her was blurring into one.

"Have you ever tried going without a meal for three days? Have you tried during the winter, only able to drink cold water, eat cold meals, and sleep on the floor? Have you tried being locked in a basement when your family was broken and everybody gone? Have you ever experienced working non-stop every day, only to be beaten and scolded? Have you tried..."

Chu Jin was almost sobbing uncontrollably.

Before her eyes, she saw the desolate and tragic scene of an innocent 7-year-old girl full of hope arriving at this grand villa, only to be tortured inhumanely in the end.

Initially, when she first came to the Zhao family, no one liked her. Despite the family having servants, she was always the one assigned the dirtiest and most tiring chores, and even the servants could bully her.

At first, she thought it was because she wasn't well-behaved or good enough, so she worked hard to study and carry out her chores.

She couldn't forget the time when, at 7 years old, she came to the Zhao couple full of joy, holding up an exam paper with full marks, hoping for their recognition, yet Li Ruyu didn't even offer her a smile, but instead gave her a harsh slap.

It was then she understood, it wasn't that she wasn't good enough, nor that she lacked understanding. Rather, her very existence was a mistake.

Since then, she had become extremely cautious, toning down her presence, hiding all her talents, and gradually turning into a worthless person, well known to all.

Gradually, she became the butt of the joke in everyone's mouth.

Because she knew, only then could she live a better life.

At the very least, she was alive. Compared to death, living required more courage.

Despite this, the 7-year-old Chu Jin was still grateful to her grandfather. She knew that, if not for him, she would now be an orphan.

Even though every member of the Zhao family bullied her, she harbored no resentment, for she knew that she was just a pitiful wretch living at the mercy of others and had no capacity to hold grudges or resist.

Her heart ached, deeply, so painfully that it seemed to tear her apart, making it hard to breathe. The scenes from 11 years ago played before her eyes.

Mo Qianjue stood by, shocked to his core, finding it hard to imagine how a child of merely 7 years had survived through those times.

He had seen her smile like blooming flowers, seen her concentrate while divining for others, and seen her engage in delightful conversations with others, but this heartbreak appearance was the first he witnessed.

He thought she was strong, yet he hadn't expected, hadn't expected that, in fact, she was more fragile than any other person, and more desperate for love than anyone else.

The pain of being abandoned by the person you trust the most is incomprehensible to anyone.

Zhao Hai looked at his unfamiliar granddaughter, his eyes gradually reddening, his throat constricting as he tried to say something but couldn't utter a word.

She looked at Zhao Hai, narrating word by word, each sentence stabbing at the heart, tearing her apart with grief. Even though tears streamed down her face, proud as she was, her spine remained straight and erect.

"So from that time on, I started to become useless, a good-for-nothing. I couldn't get out of the mud, because I knew, only like this could I have enough food and clothing, because I knew, only like this would you notice me. But sadly, I was wrong. I was just a tool for you to harvest benefits right from the start. Without the Chu Group, without the vast inheritance my father left behind, Grandfather, would you have taken me back?"

Chu Jin turned her head, looking towards Zhao Hai, her misty eyes filled with a hint of expectation.

This was the last remnant of the previous life's emotions, and everything she had said came from the depths of the previous life's heart.

Looking at Zhao Hai, she seemed to see her former life, that overwhelming fire, where she gave everything for Shen Lingtian, only to end up dying in flames.

In her previous life, she died at the age of 29, a time when she was in the prime of her life, yet she fell prematurely.

"I..." Zhao Hai's throat tightened, and he couldn't bring himself to utter the hypocritical words. Looking at this unfamiliar granddaughter in front of him, he felt both immense guilt and heartache.

He admitted that he had selfish motives when he brought her back from the Chu family.

But as a human being, who doesn't have some selfish desires?

His actions were merely in keeping with human nature.

If not for Chu Jin's considerable inheritance, he certainly would not have cared for a homeless orphan girl.

But now, he suddenly felt that his granddaughter was not as unworthy as he had thought.

He suddenly regretted not keeping this granddaughter by his side to nurture her properly.

Otherwise, she would not have ended up in such a state today.

Mo Qianjue clenched his fist and stood to the side, his lips tightly pressed together. He wanted to reach out and comfort her, but suddenly it seemed he thought of something, his outstretched hand freezing midair then slowly drawing back to his side, gripping into a fist once again.

What right did he have to comfort her now?

At this moment, he wished he could dismember every member of the Zhao family. His heart ached and felt uncomfortable, with her poignant words echoing persistently in his ears.

Unconscious tears reddened his eyes as he realized for the first time that even within these seemingly glamorous and grand manor walls, such vile intentions could be hidden.

How cruel could their hearts be to push such a spirited and intelligent girl to this brink?

He could hardly imagine how she had lived through these years.

He had never thought that her life had been this harsh.

Chu Jin exhaled softly, her voice a bit husky, as if relieved, "Okay, you don't need to say more. I think I know the answer. There's thirty million in this card. Consider it repayment for all the years of raising me. From now on, I and the Zhao family go our separate ways—we owe each other nothing in this life!"

With the Zhao family, her ties were now severed; if they met in the business world, they would be adversaries.

And she would show no mercy to them.

As she finished speaking, Chu Jin stepped towards the door, her clothes fluttering without wind, stirring up a chilling breeze.

Her resolute words fell, one by one, into Zhao Hai's ears.

Zhao Hai clutched at his heart and staggered back several steps, collapsing onto the sofa behind him, gasping for breath, as if he had lost something vital within.

He began to regret. He wanted to reach out to his estranged granddaughter, but not a single word could emerge from deep in his throat.

He didn't know what to say.

He knew it was too late. From the moment he chose sides without discernment, it was already too late.

If he could do it all over again, he would definitely keep this granddaughter by his side and raise her well.

She would have certainly brought immense glory to the Zhao family.

His mindset was too outdated. He should not have turned a blind eye to the past events.

He had caused her heart to be wounded this deep.

Watching her departing figure, Mo Qianjue's eyes brimmed with regret and pain, and after a long while he finally uttered, "You..."

"Right, and you too," Chu Jin turned her head upon hearing Mo Qianjue's voice, taking out a jade pendant tied with a red string from her pocket.

Without hesitation, she threw it in Mo Qianjue's direction, "Saving you was a spur-of-the-moment decision. You needn't feel any burden about it. Given another chance, I definitely would not save you. Here's your jade pendant back. From now on, we're even. When we meet again, we're nothing but strangers."

Hearing her cold words, Mo Qianjue instinctively caught the jade pendant, his eyes filled with desolation and regret, even afraid to look at the retreating figure.

At Chu Jin's words, Zhao Yiling's whole being crumbled, her heart a tangled mess, greatly distressed.

What right did she have to claim she was Mo Qianjue's lifesaver!

It was clearly herself who had saved Mo Qianjue; how could she allow someone else to take credit for her actions!

Little whore! It was all this little whore's fault! Despite her severance from the Zhao family, she couldn't let her be even on her way out!

She had to interfere in everything!

If it weren't for this little whore, would she have been reduced to this state today?

No, she was the one who saved Mo Qianjue's life, and she couldn't let a little whore take that away.

She had to protect what was hers; she couldn't let anyone take away what belonged to her.

Zhao Yiling surged to her feet, eyes bloodshot, face contorted with rage, and ran towards Chu Jin.

"Chu Jin! You little whore, stop right there, have you no shame? You stole the marriage that was mine and now you confuse Mr. Mo with your seductive lies, when it was clearly me who saved him. What nonsense are you spouting!"

### Chapter 178: Getting Justice

In an instant, Zhao Yiling seemed to transform into another person, emitting an aura of violent rage from head to toe, her eyes filled with a chilling intent to draw blood. She swiftly ran to Chu Jin's front, angrily raising her right hand—all happened too quickly.

Nobody expected that Zhao Yiling, who was usually so gentle, could move at such speed.

Mo Qianjue's expression changed, and he was just about to step forward to stop Zhao Yiling's motion.

With a 'slap,' the air was filled with the clear, crisp sound of a hand striking a cheek.

He had hardly seen how this person made their move.

"That's right, and you, Zhao Yiling," Chu Jin, with one hand gripping Zhao Yiling's wrist and the other in her pocket, coldly began, "This slap is what you owe me! Don't think I don't know about all those things you've done behind my back. I just couldn't be bothered to deal with you, so from now on, behave yourself and stop provoking me, or else I'll make sure you die an ugly death!"

Zhao Yiling had offered no resistance to the slap from Zhao Hai just now, considering he was an elder who had been kind to her—thus she took the hit.

Zhao Yiling truly believed she was someone easy to bully—someone she could strike and scheme against at will.

"You little slut!" Zhao Yiling couldn't believe her eyes. All of a sudden, she couldn't understand where this explosive power and skill came from. Just a few months ago, she had been someone to slap and scold at will—someone worthless, "You little slut, how dare you hit me! I'll make you suffer a fate worse than death! You're nothing but trash raised without manners!"

At this point, Zhao Yiling's mind was clouded by anger and jealousy, completely forgetting the noble etiquette lessons she had been taught since she was young. She also forgot that she was supposed to be a well-mannered lady of a reputable family.

"Heh," Chu Jin's lips curled into a cold smile.

She leisurely lifted her left hand.

With a 'slap,' another bright red handprint appeared on Zhao Yiling's other cheek, "This slap is to teach you to watch your mouth! If there is a next time, I won't mind cutting off your tongue!"

Nobody dared question her words.

In a moment, a powerful aura burst forth from her.

One that made people subconsciously submit.

Even afraid to meet her eyes.

It was the presence of someone accustomed to being in a position of dominance.

In a trance, Qin Jie, who was decisive and influential in the business world, seemed to return.

Zhao Yiling was nearly knocked senseless by the two slaps, stars dancing before her eyes, and both cheeks quickly swelling like a pig's head—she was in a state of extreme disarray, with all semblance of her image gone. Looking at her, hardly anyone could recognize this swollen figure as the beautiful and dignified Miss Zhao.

With that said, Chu Jin coldly flung Zhao Yiling's wrist aside.

Zhao Yiling stumbled, losing her balance, and fell to the ground, almost passing out.

She lay limp on the ground like a deflated balloon, her head numb and stiff, her mouth tasting metallic and sweet.

She knew that today, she had truly lost.

Lost to a stepping stone she had never taken seriously before.

But she couldn't accept it, she wasn't willing to just lose like this. One day, she'd make sure Chu Jin paid the price.

A dark, icy coldness filled Zhao Yiling's downcast eyes.

Chu Jin looked down from above at Zhao Yiling for a moment and then, under everyone's gaze, proudly walked away step by step—as arrogant as she was, she was like a lotus with every step.

She left the Zhao family's doorstep without looking back.

In this life, she would never step foot in this place again.

Henceforth, any meeting between her and the Zhao family would mean they were adversaries.

Just then, Li Ruyu, who had not appeared until now, came down from upstairs. Seeing the situation below, she could hardly believe her eyes. She had only gone to watch a movie in the private theater; how had everything changed when she came down?

Wasn't it planned to properly entertain Mo Qianjue today?

How did it turn out like this?

She looked at Zhao Yiling, who was sprawled on the ground with a swollen face.

She felt both disbelief and heartache.

She hurried over to Zhao Yiling and quickly helped her up, "Ling'er, what happened? Who did this to you? Tell Mom, I will avenge you!"

Tears of distress fell from Li Ruyu's eyes as she turned to look at Zhao Hai, "Dad, Ling'er is hurt this badly, how could you not do anything! She's your only granddaughter!"

Who could have treated her daughter like this?

A girl's face is her most valued asset; she hoped Ling'er wouldn't have lasting damage.

Zhao Hai really is something, Ling'er is injured like this, yet he still has the mood to sit there!

Is he or is he not her biological grandfather?

"Madam," a servant who usually showed great loyalty to Li Ruyu stepped forward and complained to Li Ruyu, "Madam, the injuries on the young miss's face were all caused by the cousin! You must seek revenge for the young miss, the cousin really went too far just now."

"It's that little wretch again!" Venom seemed to seep from Li Ruyu's downcast eyes.

"Dad, how can you allow an outsider to bully Ling'er like this!" Li Ruyu looked up at Zhao Hai, "Ling'er is your own granddaughter!"

That good-for-nothing truly has turned the heavens upside down, to even dare lay a hand on her precious daughter!

Just wait until she comes back, she'll see how I'll teach her a lesson!

Something that doesn't know the immensity of heaven and earth!

Zhao Hai let out a deep sigh, his voice weary, "Let's call it a day with today's matter, take Ling'er back to the room and apply some medicine."

Having said that, he leaned on his cane with one hand and clutched the black card in the other, bent at the waist, he slowly ascended the stairs, his silhouette suddenly aged more than a decade.

Mo Qianjue looked down at the jade pendant in his hand, the ink-black depth in his eyes intense.

Li Ruyu watched Zhao Hai's retreating figure in disbelief, wasn't he always the one who treasured Ling'er the most?

How could it be that Ling'er suffered such humiliation today, yet he showed no reaction at all?

Li Ruyu helped Zhao Yiling sit down on the couch, then glanced at Mo Qianjue standing aside, calculating in her heart.

Li Ruyu approached Mo Qianjue and ingratiated herself with a smile, "You must be President Mo, right?"

Mo Qianjue coldly lifted his eyes to look at Li Ruyu, a deep hostility lurking in his pitch-dark pupils.

If he was not above hitting a woman, Zhao Yiling would have been dead by now.

Li Ruyu had seen the photographs provided by Zhao Yiling before, and now cried out agitatedly, "President Mo, I'm Ling'er's mother, just look how much she has been wronged today, beaten like this by that wretch. Our Ling'er is kind and did not wish to fight back, you must seek justice for her!"

Ling'er once saved Mo Qianjue's life; he would certainly get revenge for Ling'er.

Moreover, according to Ling'er, Mo Qianjue was interested in acquiring the gift given to her by the Chu family.

Right now, approaching Mo Qianjue was definitely the correct move.

Get Mo Qianjue to hold a grudge against Chu Jin, so in the future, acquiring the Chu family business would be more convenient.

Amidst Li Ruyu's tearful pleas, Mo Qianjue slowly spoke, his words deliberate, "Rest assured, I will certainly help Miss Zhao seek the justice she deserves!"

Li Ruyu failed to detect the hidden meaning in Mo Qianjue's words, nor did she notice the icy chill in his eyes, and immediately burst into tears of joy, "Thank you, President Mo, thank you, President Mo, you must not let that little wretch get away with this!"

The chill in Mo Qianjue's eyes grew denser, he clenched his fists tightly, struggling to control his emotions, trying his utmost not to raise his hand against a woman!

With a sweep of his sleeve, he turned and left directly!

He would never come to such a filthy place for a second time!

"Ah, President Mo!" Seeing Mo Qianjue turn to leave, Li Ruyu hastily reached out to grasp at his sleeve, "President Mo, why are you leaving? At least stay for a quick meal."

Seeing Li Ruyu's hypocritical smile, Mo Qianjue wished he could tear her mouth apart.

Mo Qianjue coldly shook off Li Ruyu's hand and said word by word, amidst her smile, "I find this place dirty!"

Every word was steeped in an ice-cold chill.

Disgust and hatred were evident in his tone.

Li Ruyu's smile froze at the corners of her mouth.

At that moment, Zhao Yiling inside the room finally reacted, first with a scream, then she began to furiously smash everything in the room.

Vases, fish bowls, ornaments, none could escape her wrath.

Very soon, the floor became a complete mess.

"Ling'er," Li Ruyu's complexion changed, and without another thought for Mo Qianjue, she rushed to embrace Zhao Yiling, "Calm down, Ling'er, mom will definitely get justice for you."

Li Ruyu looked at the shattered pieces on the floor and felt an intense heartache; all this was money!

"Leave me alone!" Zhao Yiling shouted in rage and grabbed a Tang Dynasty vase to smash.

"Ling'er, Ling'er," Li Ruyu started crying in fright, "Tell me what happened, how did this happen all of a sudden?"

Chapter 179: That year

Zhao Yiling had lost control of her emotions, and with a swing of her arm, she brushed off Li Ruyu and ran ferociously to the second floor.

Li Ruyu hurriedly followed her.

From the second floor, there came a series of 'bang bang bang.'

Chu Jin paced slowly, just stepping outside the gate, and when her foot crossed the threshold of the Zhao family villa, tears surged forth from the eyes that had slowly been drying, falling in large drops like beads slipping off a string.

Even though the Zhao family hadn't treated her former self well, at the moment of true farewell, her soul still deeply yearned for this place.

After all, this was where her former self had lived for 11 years.

Eleven years, 4,015 days and nights, 96,360 hours, 5,781,600 minutes.

Even cold stones could be warmed by touch, let alone a human heart.

Unfortunately, not every heart can be warmed.

Some hearts are colder than ice, harder than iron and stone.

Watching that delicate figure, Mo Qianjue recalled the words she had just spoken, each one piercing the heart, each sentence tear-stained.

He felt his heart wrenching painfully.

His feet subconsciously followed behind her.

At such a time, she must be very sad, she must really need someone's company.

Perhaps, she needed a shoulder to lean on.

Mo Qianjue followed not too far behind her, all the way out of the Zhao family villa, until they reached a fork in the road where Chu Jin stopped.

Without turning back, she said, "Stop following me, I don't owe you anything, and you don't owe me anything."

Her voice was as clear and melodious as ever.

But upon a closer listen, one could hear a hint of huskiness in that melodious voice.

Having said that, she strode away.

She knew that she and Mo Qianjue were never on the same path to begin with.

Mo Qianjue stood there stunned, his fingers trembling as he clutched the jade pendant in his palm, holding it so tightly that his knuckles had gone white. Watching her receding figure, he parted his lips and after a moment managed to say three words from the depths of his throat.

"...I'm sorry." Bitterly acidic.

Regrettably, the girl had long since walked away and couldn't hear his voice at all.

He had never imagined that the events of the day would unfold like this.

It was all his own fault. If he had investigated properly and discovered Zhao Yiling's true nature sooner, none of this would have happened.

Chu Jin walked at a leisurely pace, observing the scenery along the way as her heart gradually calmed. In fact, she had anticipated that a day like this would come, just not that it would arrive so soon.

"Jin, wait," called a familiar voice from behind.

Chu Jin paused, instinctively turning her head only to see a middle-aged woman rushing towards her. Her pupils contracted slightly. Was that—Aunt Li?

Aunt Li was a former maid of the Chu Family, and after their fall, she followed Chu Jin to work for the Zhao family.

She was also the only one in that cold villa who truly cared for her without expecting anything in return.

If it weren't for Aunt Li, that little girl of just seven years old would probably have starved to death long ago.

"Aunt Li, what are you doing here?" Chu Jin gave Aunt Li a slight smile.

"Jin," Aunt Li sighed softly, her eyes reddening slightly as her throat tightened, "...are you okay?"

"Does your face still hurt?" Aunt Li instinctively reached out to touch Chu Jin's cheek with a flash of heartache in her eyes.

She had watched Jin grow up and was acutely aware of the hardships she had endured over the years.

She was also grateful that Jin had come to her senses and grown stronger at such a time.

This way, her late husband could rest peacefully.

"I'm fine," Chu Jin shook her head, "It doesn't hurt at all. Don't worry about me, I've grown up now, I know what to do about some things, you don't have to worry."

"That's good to know, that's good to know," Aunt Li said, repeating the reassurance, but thinking about what Chu Jin had gone through over the years and her recent rhetoric at the Zhao family villa, tears started streaming down uncontrollably. She embraced Chu Jin tightly and began to sob loudly, "Jin, you've suffered over these years, it's my fault, I couldn't protect you."

The blame was on herself for not being able to protect Jin as she should have after her husband had entrusted the girl to her before his accident.

She felt guilty for betraying her husband's trust.

"I'm really fine," Chu Jin patted Aunt Li's back, "Don't cry, I'm very grateful to you. If it weren't for you, I'm afraid I would have died 11 years ago." By the end, Chu Jin's gradually recovering voice became hoarse again.

Although she had lost some things, she had also gained some.

Like true affection.

She was happy that, at such a time, Aunt Li could still come out to comfort her.

"Jin, don't say that. It's my duty to be good to you. The master had been kind to me when he was alive, and he entrusted you to my care by his own hands. Unfortunately, I still failed to protect you."

If the master were still alive, seeing today's events would have surely broken his heart.

Unfortunately...

The more Aunt Li thought, the sadder she became, and her sobs grew louder.

"Jin," Aunt Li's emotions gradually stabilized, looking at the girl in front of her, she knew deeply that this person had truly transformed and that it was time to tell her some things.

Aunt Li took out a bunch of keys and a swipe card from her pocket and handed them to Chu Jin, "Jin, this is a property at Huagui Park that the master left for you. Take good care of it. Now that you have severed ties with the Zhao family, you can live there in the future."

Chu Jin received the bunch of keys, and said with surprise, "The master you're referring to, is it my dad?"

Aunt Li nodded, "Yes, the master had foreseen that such a day would come, so he had prepared everything in advance. He also specifically tasked me to wait until you truly grew up and became an adult before handing these keys over to you."

Chu Liyan had foreseen such a day?

Does it mean that Chu Liyan had known he would face a day when he would be homeless?

So, Chu Liyan could predict the future?

Knew for certain that he would inevitably sever relations with the Zhao family one day.

As far as she knew, Chu Liyan died in a sudden car accident, which was fatal on the spot, causing a once powerful figure to fall.

How could a person who died in an accident have prepared everything in advance, when at that time, Chu Jin was only 7 years old and Chu Liyan was in the prime of his life? A man in his prime wouldn't prepare for his own death in advance.

Everything was too illogical.

Unless there was some reason that made it... necessary for him to die.

Listening to Aunt Li's words, Chu Jin's brows furrowed slightly, feeling that there was something complicated behind this matter, certainly with even deeper secrets.

"Now that you can discern right from wrong and have separated from the Zhao family, there are some things I no longer need to hide," once she had successfully completed the master's mission, she would retire and return home to live out her remaining years.

Aunt Li continued.

"Jin, I'm only going to say the following once, so you need to listen carefully,"

Chu Jin nodded vigorously toward Aunt Li, "Please tell me."

"In fact, the master's death wasn't an accident at all. Everything was premeditated by someone," Aunt Li's expression became very grave as she spoke, "Just the night before the master's crash, he called me into his study to make arrangements for after his death, telling me to take good care of you, and when the time was right, to tell you everything..."

Aunt Li gradually sank into her memories, her eyes reddening.

Listening to Aunt Li's words, Chu Jin's heart was in shock, yet she also had some doubts.

If Chu Liyan knew someone was out to harm him, why didn't he try to avoid it? Or call the police for help.

Instead, he quietly prepared a backup plan for his daughter.

What was the reason that led Chu Liyan to willingly give up his life and enter the trap set by that person without a fight?

Was the opponent too powerful, or was Chu Liyan too weak?

And, from the sounds of Aunt Li's words, it seemed Chu Liyan had long known his daughter would eventually rise from the ashes.

There were too many doubts.

If Chu Liyan's death was not accidental, what about Zhao Yan?

Was Zhao Yan's fall from the building also manipulated by someone?

After all, what was the reason for all of this?

"And what about my mom? Did she jump off the building on her own?" Chu Jin asked, voicing her inner confusion.

"The lady..." As she uttered these two words, Mrs. Li was already sobbing uncontrollably, "Of course the lady didn't jump off the building by herself! The master was no longer there, and you were so young, how could the lady bear to leave you alone and jump? She had no other choice and she was so young..."

Chapter 180: Coming Right Away

Chu Jin's face grew paler as she listened, realizing that such grave injustice lurked behind the events.

So who exactly wanted to harm Chu Liyan and his wife, and moreover, wanted them dead at all costs!

The greatest beneficiaries after the death of Chu Liyan and his wife were the Zhao family.

Could the real mastermind behind it all be the Zhao family?

However, at that time, the Chu Family, be it in terms of status, wealth, or background, far surpassed the Zhao family.

It was like comparing the leg of an elephant to an ant.

But who else could it be besides the Zhao family?

Who else could harbor such hatred towards Chu Liyan and his wife?

Moreover, the other party wasn't after wealth or power; they simply wanted Chu Liyan and his wife dead.

"Aunt Li, is everything you've told me true? My parents' death wasn't an accident but instead orchestrated by someone?"

Aunt Li sobbed a little, "How could I possibly joke about such a matter? Although I've grown old and my memory isn't what it used to be, I remember every single detail Mr. Chu entrusted to me before the incident very clearly."

Chu Jin understood the gravity of the situation and continued to ask, "About this matter, besides you, does anyone else know? Have you told Grandfather or anyone else?"

"No," Aunt Li shook her head with a bitter smile, "Why would the Zhao family care about the Chu family's private matters? Back then, I vaguely mentioned this to Old Zhao, and he punished me by docking a month's salary. After the accident with Mr. Chu and Madam, the happiest people were your uncle and aunt. They gained quite a lot of benefits from it."

Chu Jin frowned slightly; this wasn't right. After all, Zhao Yan was Zhao Hai's biological daughter.

How could her parents not care at all about what happened to her?

That was just too cold-hearted.

"Jin, when Mr. Chu was alive, what he cared about most was the Chu family's ancestral home. He always said that the ancestral home was the root of the Chu family people. Sadly, after Mr. Chu's accident, your uncle thought the ancestral home brought bad luck and sold it to a foreign businessman. When you are capable, you must find a way to buy back the ancestral home. Only then can Mr. Chu rest in peace."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Okay, rest assured, I will find a way to buy back the ancestral home as soon as possible."

Now that she was Chu Jin, she felt obligated to do something for the Chu family.

"And one more thing..." Aunt Li wiped her tears and continued, "Jin, once you are capable in the future, you must seek out the truth and bring those criminals to justice, to vindicate Mr. Chu and Madam."

Chu Jin nodded seriously, "Rest assured, I will definitely find the real culprit so that my father's spirit in heaven can rest."

As long as she remained Chu Jin for even a day, she would find a way to get to the bottom of this matter.

To let Chu Liyan's wrongful death be redressed as soon as possible.

"Okay," Aunt Li looked up at Chu Jin, "I have fulfilled the mission Mr. Chu entrusted to me. Jin, take good care of yourself; it's time for me to leave."

Aunt Li's mood gradually stabilized; she found that after explaining everything, she felt much lighter.

The heavy burden of the past weighed on her mind and body; it was truly exhausting.

"Where are you going?" Chu Jin looked up and asked.

"I'm going home," Aunt Li said with a content smile appearing on her face, "A few days ago, my son called me. My daughter-in-law has given birth to a hefty grandson, and I'm going home to take care of him."

A kind smile appeared in Aunt Li's eyes; it had been many years since she had been home, and just as many since she had seen her fellow villagers.

She was really looking forward to this trip back home.

"Aunt Li, take good care of yourself," Chu Jin hugged Aunt Li.

Aunt Li also hugged Chu Jin, eyes brimming with reluctance and tears welling up again, "Jin, you also take care. Remember, if you have the chance, come visit us in the countryside."

"I will," Chu Jin nodded gently, as mist began to cloud her eyes.

"Oh, by the way," Chu Jin took an envelope out of her backpack and handed it to Aunt Li, "Aunt Li, please keep this safe. It's not much money, but it's for buying your grandson a new outfit."

Aunt Li hurriedly refused; she couldn't possibly accept Jin's money at such a time.

"I can't accept your money, Jin."

"Aunt Li, please just keep it. Thank you for spending so much time with me at the Zhao family's home. Without you, there wouldn't be a me. It's not a lot of money, and I can earn my own money now. Please, if you don't accept it, I will be upset," Chu Jin feigned anger.

She was truly grateful to Aunt Li; without her, Chu Jin at seven would no longer exist.

Regardless of whether Chu Liyan had done any favors for Aunt Li, Aunt Li herself was a person of integrity and kindness, having held on to a promise for eleven years.

Seeing how resolute Chu Jin was, Aunt Li had no choice but to accept the envelope, "Okay, Jin, Aunt Li will take it. Remember to visit Aunt Li's home when you have time..."

"Sure, don't worry, I'll definitely visit." Chu Jin affirmed with a nod.

She wasn't just saying it to be polite; she was sincerely making a promise.

In this world, she no longer had any relatives left; subconsciously, she had already come to regard Aunt Li as her own family.

When everything eventually settled down, to dust returning to dust, and earth to earth, she would surely go to find Aunt Li.

Parting was always such a melancholic affair.

The sunlight stretched their shadows long across the ground.

"Goodbye, Jin..."

Aunt Li looked back and waved goodbye to Chu Jin every three steps.

Under the sunlight, the girl's smiling face became blurrier and blurrier.

After saying goodbye to Aunt Li, Chu Jin collected her emotions and hailed a taxi to Huagui Park.

Huagui Park was a high-end villa district where most homeowners paid their property and management fees in one lump sum. Therefore, even if a house was uninhabited for more than a decade, the property management would not interfere or bother to lock the doors.

She entered the villa district without any trouble.

Chu Jin took out her key to unlock the door and was immediately greeted by a musty smell; the house had been vacant for far too long and lacked any signs of life.

The furniture inside was all covered with thick white dust covers.

Chu Jin set down her backpack and opened all the windows in the house, allowing the air to circulate and making the smell inside a bit more pleasant.

Only then did Chu Jin lift the white dust cloths off the furniture, shaking them out and causing dust to fill the air in an instant.

"Cough, cough," She coughed uncontrollably as the dust filled the air around her.

Just then, her phone began to ring from inside her backpack. Chu Jin put down the dust cover and took out the white cellphone.

When she saw the caller ID, the coldness in her eyes slowly faded away, and the corners of her mouth lifted ever so slightly.

The incoming call was from Mo Zhixuan.

The man who had helped her several times, the one she had once been engaged to.

"Hello," Chu Jin slid to answer the call, her voice clear and revealing no signs of distress.

Hearing the girl's unharmed voice, Mo Zhixuan's heart finally settled, and he pressed his hand against his forehead, "Where are you now?"

Though his voice was as deep and cool as ever, warmth gradually emerged in his inscrutable phoenix eyes.

Zhou Xunian, sitting beside him, was completely stunned; he had never seen any other expression in Brother Nine's eyes before. Today had certainly been an eye-opener.

It seemed that Brother Nine's lady from the secular world was indeed extraordinary, capable not only of making Brother Nine drop his official duties without a second thought but also of causing him such concern.

The more he thought about it, the more Zhou Xunian looked forward to meeting this Sister-in-law.

To be able to bewitch Brother Nine to this extent...

She certainly must be no ordinary woman.

"...At home." Huagui Park was left to her by Chu Liyan, so it was rightly her home.

Chu Jin subconsciously looked around at the unfamiliar environment.

"At home?" Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly. He was already fully informed about the morning's events at the Zhao family's home, and upon hearing the news, he had immediately boarded his private jet to return from thousands of miles away in Z Country.

As soon as he landed, he instructed his driver to rush to the Zhao family's house, but by the time they arrived, it was already deserted.

Chu Jin guessed he might know something about the situation and explained, "I've already left the Zhao family. I'm now in Huagui Park. Don't worry, I'm fine."

"I'll be right there." After hanging up, Mo Zhixuan instructed the driver in front, "Go to Huagui Park."

Zhou Xunian stroked his chin, his eyes brimming with eager anticipation.