

R Woman 191

Chapter 191: Ai Lin's Fate

Apart from Ai Lin, no one else knew about this matter.

He absolutely would not allow anyone to deceive him!

If it hadn't been for the internal problems within his own ranks, he and she would not have ended up where they were today.

Today, he was determined to crack down on the morale within his ranks!

Those who dared to deceive their superiors and hoodwink their subordinates would definitely not have a good ending.

The assistant by his side bowed respectfully, "Yes, Chief."

Having said that, the assistant then left the office.

When Ai Lin received this notification, she was sitting in her office handling a document. Hearing the message, she lifted her head and smiled, "Okay, thank you Little Zhou for running this errand, I'll be right there."

After speaking, she hastily picked up her cushion foundation and lipstick from the side, touched up her makeup, and walked toward the executive office on the top floor.

Although she knew the Chief was famously cold and unfeeling, and also knew that the Chief would definitely not fancy her, she still couldn't help but feel fascinated by him.

And she was not the only one infatuated with the Chief; despite Ai Na's seemingly cold and arrogant demeanor, she too admired the Chief in her heart—she just never voiced it.

Even if Ai Na didn't say it, Ai Lin was aware that there were too many women coveting that position.

The first beauty of the Superpower World.

The second beauty of the Ancient Martial Arts World.

The Little Princess of the Underworld.

There were simply too many; nearly everyone of the opposite sex would be unconsciously attracted to the Chief.

The Chief was like a toxic drug, causing people to sink and become deeply mired without realizing it.

If only the Chief took notice of her, even if it was for a single night's favor, she would be willingly content.

Moreover, she had ample patience, and she was always waiting, waiting for the day the Chief would truly see her.

Just the thought of the Chief's unparalleled handsome features left her heart intoxicated.

She quickly arrived at the executive office on the top floor. Ai Lin composed herself and entered with utmost respect.

"Chief, you were looking for me," Ai Lin bowed respectfully.

Mo Qianjue glanced up at Ai Lin, his expression unchanged, "I've heard you've been in frequent contact with Miss Zhao these past few days?"

Ai Ling was stunned for a moment—she hadn't expected Mo Qianjue to ask her this.

Could it be that the Chief had discovered something?

That couldn't be right; if the Chief had really discovered something, would his expression still be so composed?

Just because Ai Na failed to acquire Chu Group, she was sent back to Lawless City by the Chief. If the Chief knew the true circumstances, he would have punished her immediately, without this peaceful manner of speaking to her.

With this in mind, Ai Lin's heart gradually steadied.

Thereupon, she did not deny Mo Qianjue's words and respectfully said, "Yes, Chief, these past few days, my subordinates have indeed been in touch with Miss Zhao."

Mo Qianjue continued, "Since the contact has been frequent, have you noticed anything unusual about Miss Zhao? I've been suspecting these past few days whether she might be the one who saved my life."

Upon hearing this, Ai Lin's face changed, a foreboding feeling slowly rising in her heart, but she still maintained a calm facade and said, "Chief, that matter was investigated thoroughly by my subordinate, and the benefactor who saved you was indeed Miss Zhao of the Zhao family. There can be no mistake about it—I swear on my life!"

All who entered Lawless City had bound their lives with a contract.

Once the contract was destroyed, their lives would likewise come to an end.

Therefore, Ai Lin hastily swore on her life, knowing that only in this way would the Chief trust her.

"Very well," Mo Qianjue's lips curled slightly, "That's what a loyal and competent subordinate should do! Didn't you say at the beginning that there were two women from the Zhao family who fit the image of my savior that day? How could you be so sure that Miss Zhao is the one who saved my life?"

He was not a leader who disregarded personal feelings; he was giving Ai Lin a chance. If she admitted everything, he would definitely be lenient.

Toward the end, a cold glint flashed across the bottom of Mo Qianjue's eyes.

And Ai Lin, with her head bowed, did not notice.

Despite wondering why the Chief would suddenly bring up this matter, Ai Lin continued, "Because after investigation, I found that Miss Chu is known to everyone in Capital City as a good-for-nothing, while Miss Zhao is spirited, extremely intelligent. There is really no comparison between the two. Miss Zhao is like the bright moon in the sky, while Miss Chu is like the mud that everyone can trample on. Therefore, my subordinate concluded that the person who saved you must have been Miss Zhao..."

Convinced that Mo Qianjue still wasn't aware of the truth, Ai Lin did her utmost to slander Chu Jin and elevate Zhao Yiling's status in her words.

Only by worsening the Chief's impression of Chu Jin would he be less likely to suspect that she, the incompetent one, was actually his real savior.

After all, how could someone widely known as a failure possess the ability to save others?

Moreover, Zhao Yiling was clever enough to keep it a secret indefinitely, ensuring that the Chief would never discover the truth.

This way, not only would the Chief have no suspicions about her, but she could also use Zhao Yiling to her advantage—why not?

"Failure?" Mo Qianjue slowly raised his eyes, the corners of his mouth curling into an arc of displeasure, exuding an aura that kept everyone at bay, he said coldly with a slightly rising intonation at the end, "Are you so certain she's a failure? Hmm?"

The implication was unclear.

That ominous premonition grew stronger, and Ai Lin swallowed nervously.

At this point, she could only continue to fabricate the story, "Yes, Chief, I am certain that Miss Chu is a failure. I have seen her once, and she is nothing compared to Miss Zhao; not only is she crass and unreasonable with no semblance of an image, but her features are extremely ugly, she bullies the kind and fears the wicked, and she doesn't even come close to one ten-thousandth of Miss Zhao..."

"Bang"—Ai Lin did not finish her sentence when Mo Qianjue, full of chilling intent, abruptly stood up, pounding the table.

A terrifying, deathly aura erupted around them.

Ai Lin's heart skipped a beat, and with a sense of dread, she quickly knelt on one knee, bowing her head low, "Chief, please calm your anger!"

Could the Chief have really discovered something?

How had the Chief found out, when Zhao Yiling was so clever? How did she slip up?

Mo Qianjue frowned and barked, "Even now, you show no remorse! Still fabricating facts and concealing the truth here!"

His anger came swiftly, engulfing Ai Lin, who involuntarily shivered on her knees and was consumed with terror.

Her complexion turned deathly pale.

How... how could this be!

Her plan had been perfect, and she had informed Zhao Yiling of all the details, so how had the Chief figured it out?

Originally, she had wanted to use Zhao Yiling to get close to the Chief.

Now it seemed like her dream was about to be shattered, wasn't it?

No, she hadn't wanted this outcome—it was the complete opposite of what she had imagined.

"Chief, may I ask what wrong I have committed?" At this moment, Ai Lin could only pretend to be ignorant.

She hoped that Zhao Yiling hadn't betrayed her yet.

"You'll know soon enough!" Mo Qianjue snapped his fingers, and suddenly two figures clad head-to-toe in black appeared in the air, bowing respectfully to Mo Qianjue, "City Lord."

Mo Qianjue glanced at Ai Lin, his eyes ice-cold, and his hostility poured forth, "Take her to the Dark City Water Dungeon."

The five icy words extinguished all of Ai Lin's hopes.

Dark City Water Dungeon? What place was that! It was nothing less than a living hell!

It was the darkest place in Lawless City, with no sunlight, only slaughter, endless deep waters, and rats lurking underneath that ate human flesh.

Thousands of rats that feasted on human flesh, first gnawing off people's limbs, then dragging them into burrows to be caged up like stored grains, reserved for when necessary.

For anyone sent there, there was only a road to death, and it was a death full of torture.

Thus, many people would rather commit suicide than be sent to that living hell.

In an instant, Ai Lin collapsed to the ground, her face ashen, passively allowing the cloaked figures to drag her away without even a plea for mercy.

Mo Qianjue watched her coldly, his phoenix eyes devoid of any warmth.

It was quite unimaginable that such a mesmerizing person could be so ruthless in his actions, not the least bit soft-hearted.

And absolutely merciless!

His methods were dominantly harsh.

A stark contrast to his beautiful appearance.

The figures in black quickly vanished into the time-space tunnel.

Mo Qianjue slowly composed himself and sat down in the executive chair, his gaze heavy as he looked into the distance. Suddenly, as if remembering something, he picked up the phone on the table and dialed out, "Hello, Old Fang, don't take Pengpeng home after school this afternoon; bring her directly to the company."

Chapter 192: Sending Flowers

After hanging up the phone, Mo Qianjue thought for a moment before making another call, "Have Agent Fang come up."

Before long, there was a knock at the door.

Mo Qianjue said indifferently, "Come in."

"Chief!"

"Mhm." Mo Qianjue gave a slight nod, "Just wait a moment."

He then picked up a pen beside him and began to write briskly on the paper.

After about ten seconds, he looked up at Agent Fang and handed him the paper, "Send a bouquet of flowers to this address every afternoon."

With that said, he added, "You personally deliver them and make sure she receives them herself, otherwise, don't bother coming back."

Upon hearing this, Agent Fang was stunned.

Send flowers? Every day?

Was the Chief pursuing a woman?

The Chief, who seemed like a deity in his eyes, was also going to pursue a woman?

If this got out, all the female colleagues in the company and the women in Lawless City would surely be in tears.

Didn't all women swoon over the Chief and practically throw themselves at him?

Could someone really resist the Chief's charm? Agent Fang suddenly began to doubt his existence.

If a person like the Chief had to personally pursue a woman, did that mean someone like him was doomed to bachelorhood forever?

He suddenly felt life was somewhat bleak.

Agent Fang swallowed hard and asked very respectfully, "Chief, what kind of flowers should I send? What message are they to convey?"

"Flower language?" Mo Qianjue looked up somewhat puzzled. This was his first time sending flowers, and he had no idea about the meaning of flower language, "What flower language?"

Agent Fang quickly explained, "Every kind of flower has its own language. For example, the language of a rose is 'passion,' and red roses signify 'I love you.'"

"Oh." Mo Qianjue nodded thoughtfully, "Then send the flowers that mean 'I'm sorry.'"

Agent Fang felt like his jaw was about to drop. Wait, what?

He was witnessing something astonishing; the Chief was apologizing!

The Chief was apologizing to a woman.

That woman must have a lot of nerve to anger the Chief and also to have the Chief stoop to sending flowers.

Hmm, she must be a beauty.

It must be so.

Steadying his mind, Agent Fang continued, "Understood, Chief. I'll see to it right away."

Mo Qianjue gave a slight nod, "Go on then, remember, a bouquet every day."

"Of course, Chief," Agent Fang bent slightly, "Your subordinate will ensure it happens come rain or shine."

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Zhao family.

Zhao Yiling had finally calmed down and was now sitting idly on the swing chair on the balcony.

The company's phone was ringing off the hook as one investor after another withdrew their funds.

Almost immediately after Jun Ao Group terminated their contracts with Zhao Clan, those investors who had previously been eager to finance began to withdraw their investment impatiently.

Plan Z had also come to a standstill, and Zhao Group was teetering in the storm, with the stock price dropping limit down.

At this rate, within three days, Zhao Group would declare bankruptcy.

"I can't accept this! I can't!" Suddenly, Zhao Yiling's face twisted in fury as she hurled the pillow she was holding into the corner of the room.

Just then, the door opened, and Li Ruyu, looking haggard, walked in with a bowl of medicinal soup, "Ling'er, it's time for your medicine. Don't worry about the company affairs; your father will handle everything. You just focus on recovering."

Li Ruyu sighed slightly as she looked at the pillow thrown in the corner.

This incident had dealt Zhao Yiling a devastating blow.

"I'm not sick! What medicine to drink! Go get me some milk, that's all I want right now." Zhao Yiling knocked over the porcelain bowl that Li Ruyun handed her; the scalding medicinal liquid instantly reddened Li Ruyun's wrist, bringing with it a piercing pain.

The porcelain bowl fell directly onto the thick wool carpet, the medicine seeping into the carpet, emitting a white mist.

Li Ruyun sighed, "Ling'er, you can't go on like this. Mom knows you are upset, but no matter how upset you are, you can't treat your own body this way. After all, it's your body. Without a good body, how can you compete with Chu Jin, that little bitch!"

By the end of her statement, Li Ruyun's eyes emitted a ruthless glare.

All because of that little bitch—if it weren't for her, her Ling'er wouldn't have become like this!

It was her, she stole everything from Ling'er.

"Mom! Can you please go get the milk for me now? I just want to drink milk," Zhao Yiling begged. "Remember to add pearl powder. Only then can I become more beautiful and catch Jun Ao's Mr. Mo's eye." Every cell in Zhao Yiling's body was screaming for milk.

Such a craving, such a desire.

It was like a traveler in the desert desperately in need of water, craving a sip of plain water to quench their thirst.

Seeing Zhao Yiling like this, Li Ruyun felt both heartache and anger, her voice stern, "Ling'er! You really can't go on like this, you have to pull yourself together!"

"I want milk!" Zhao Yiling suddenly grabbed Li Ruyun's shoulders and began to shake her violently, "Go get me milk, go get me milk, do you hear me!" Her face was somewhat distorted; she had completely lost control.

Seeing her daughter like this, Li Ruyu grew nervous as well, patting Zhao Yiling's back, she tried to soothe her, "Alright, Mom will get it for you, Mom will get you the milk, just wait a moment."

Having said that, she turned and walked towards the door.

Zhao Yiling watched Li Ruyu's departing figure, her eyes brimming with longing.

It felt as if millions of ants were gnawing at her heart, the discomfort unbearable, just like a junkie craving the rush of a fix.

It wasn't long before Li Ruyu returned with a hot cup of milk.

Upon seeing the milk, Zhao Yiling's eyes, which had been dull, suddenly filled with brightness. Swallowing greedily, she snatched the milk from Li Ruyu's hands and guzzled it down.

After finishing, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

Her heart was incredibly satisfied, feeling as though she was among the clouds, or in a heavenly realm, her entire being felt light, as if every cell in her body was dancing. This level of comfort was indescribable.

Gradually, Zhao Yiling opened her eyes, returning to her usual demeanor.

Seeing Zhao Yiling like this, Li Ruyu felt an unsettling feeling emerging from within.

She couldn't help thinking that Ling'er wasn't just drinking milk but seemed to be 'on drugs.'

At this thought, Li Ruyu's face turned pale as a sheet.

The milk was prepared by her, and she had added the pearl powder herself. There shouldn't be a problem.

Thinking this way, Li Ruyū's anxious heart slowly calmed down again.

"Ling'er," Li Ruyū stroked Zhao Yiling's back, her voice filled with deep concern, "you can't continue like this, you need to be strong and revitalize Zhao Group. Only then can you surpass that little bitch."

All of Zhao family's hopes now rested on Zhao Yiling; she couldn't run into any trouble.

On hearing these words, Zhao Yiling's previously steadied heart started to grow restless again, "Mom, I've become like this now, what do I have to compete with that little bitch! She took everything from me, what assets do I have left to fight her with!"

As she spoke, Zhao Yiling's eyes turned bloodshot.

Rage and unwillingness filled her entire being.

Would she have ended up like this if it weren't for that little bitch?

Now Mo Qianjue thinks that little bitch is his life-saving benefactor. He'll definitely support Chu Group to the fullest.

She had become a joke.

Everyone was laughing at her!

"Ling'er, Ling'er," Li Ruyū looked anxiously at Zhao Yiling, holding her hand, she comforted her, "don't be afraid, you have extraordinary talent and business acumen. If you stand up, you can definitely defeat that little bitch and lead Zhao Clan to glory, trampling that little bitch underfoot."

By the end, Li Ruyū's eyes were cold.

"Mom, you don't understand. I have nothing now. With what can I fight her? Even Plan Z has stalled, and investors have withdrawn their funds. At this rate, we'll surely go bankrupt! Absolutely bankrupt..." Zhao Yiling hugged her head, her eyes red, her features twisted into a knot, and her emotions neared the edge of collapse.

Seeing Zhao Yiling like this, Li Ruyi embraced her with a heartache, her hand rhythmically patting Zhao Yiling's back, trying to soothe her emotions.

"Ling'er, believe in Mom, Mom won't let Zhao Group go bankrupt..."

She had a way; the Zhao Group wouldn't collapse so easily.

Chapter 193: Divorce

Hearing this, Zhao Yiling's formerly obscure eyes gradually began to sparkle with understanding, and she quickly grasped the crux of Li Ruyi's words.

Unable to wait, she looked up and said, "Mom, do you have any other way? Tell me quickly, I don't want to just lose to that little bitch."

Li Ruyi watched Zhao Yiling, the corners of her mouth curved into a sinister smile, "Ling'er, find some time to visit your godfather, he will surely find a way to help you, he definitely won't just stand by and watch you fall."

No matter what, that person won't just stand by and do nothing.

If it weren't for that man, she and her daughter wouldn't have lived so comfortably over the years.

Hearing this, a glimmer of hope quickly ignited in Zhao Yiling's eyes.

That's right, how could she have forgotten.

She had an even stronger backing!

"Yes, yes, I still have my godfather! My godfather is mine alone, and he will definitely help me,"

Her godfather was something no one could take from her.

"Mom, I'll go now, I'll go right away." Saying this, Zhao Yiling headed towards the door.

Her godfather was now her only hope.

"Ling'er," Li Ruyu reached out to grab Zhao Yiling's hand, "don't rush off just yet, rest at home for a couple of days first, get your emotions in order, and besides, your dad is coming back this afternoon. When he sees you're not here, how am I supposed to explain it to him?"

Upon hearing that Zhao Shentian was coming back, Zhao Yiling appeared somewhat displeased, muttering discontentedly, "Why is he coming back at this time?"

Hearing this, Li Ruyu sternly lectured, "You child, what are you saying? Your father cares for you wholeheartedly, sees you as his precious pearl; if he heard this, think how hurt he would be."

"Alright Mom, I get it, I know my dad is good to me. It was just a casual remark, do you have to make such a big deal out of it?"

At these words, Li Ruyu realized she had overreacted, smiled, and continued, "Aren't I just afraid of a rift forming between you and your dad?"

Zhao Yiling said somewhat carelessly, "No matter what, he is my real dad, how could I be estranged from him? Mom, you're worrying too much."

Hearing this, Li Ruyu's smile stiffened for a moment, but she quickly recovered and agreed, "Right, right, what kind of rift could there be between a father and daughter, I was overthinking."

Zhao Yiling nodded and then said, "Mom, can you think of a way, find a way to have the Mo family head engage to me? I was the one with the marriage agreement with the Mo family head. Mom, please help me; you're the only one who can."

She had thought that as long as that little bitch stayed in the Zhao family, continuously drinking that milk with added ingredients, she wouldn't last many days before she would be pushing up daisies.

Who would have thought that the little bitch would suddenly leave the Zhao family?

As long as that little bitch lives, she cannot turn over a new leaf.

Only when that little bitch is dead can she rest easy.

Hearing this, Li Ruyu consoled her.

"Ling'er, rest assured, no one can take what's yours. That little bitch has been drinking that milk for so many days now; she probably won't last much longer. When the time comes, what's yours will still be yours, no one can steal it away."

She had added quite a bit to the milk, and by now that little bitch was probably not far from death.

Compared to Li Ruyu's calm composure, Zhao Yiling was completely agitated.

She couldn't wait another minute; the very thought of that little bitch enjoying the privileges that rightfully belonged to her made her unbearably upset.

That was supposed to be hers; why should she relinquish it to that little bitch?

Why should that stepping-stone enjoy those things?

"No, Mom, I'm not reassured, and I can't wait that long. What if she doesn't die? As long as she lives a single day, she'll occupy the position of the Mo family head's fiancée—the position that is mine! Mom, it belongs to me!"

Just looking at the changes in that little bitch now, no one knows what could happen in the future.

If she truly became the Mo family head's wife, what would she have left to fight her with in the future?

The more Zhao Yiling thought about it, the more panicked she became. By the end of her speech, her voice was tinged with sobs.

"Sigh," Li Ruyu sighed, patted Zhao Yiling on the back, and comforted her, "Ling'er, you don't have to be so anxious; after all, that little bitch is bound to die sooner or later. Why rush for a moment? When she dies, this marriage matter will be..."

Li Ruyu had not even finished speaking when Zhao Yiling interrupted her hastily, "Mom, why don't you go to the Mo family and call off the engagement!"

As long as that little wretch canceled the engagement with the head of the Mo family, she could re-engage with him.

To avoid any more complications and unforeseen events, taking the initiative to call off the engagement was currently the best option.

Li Ruyu frowned slightly, "Would the Mo family matriarch agree if I go to call off the engagement?"

"Why wouldn't she agree," Zhao Yiling's lips curved up slightly, "Think about it, how could a family as prestigious as the Mo family allow a useless person to be the mistress? Wouldn't that be a laughingstock?"

Zhao Yiling continued, "Mom, now that little wretch is out of our control, other than us taking the initiative to call off the engagement, there's no other way. Just think about it, if that little wretch survives against all odds and once she marries into the Mo family, she'll be able to trample us underfoot.

By then, we would be truly finished! We must act first and cut off that little wretch's escape routes so we can rest easy."

Zhao Yiling's analysis made a lot of sense.

But Li Ruyu's expression was somewhat somber; after all, it was she who had strongly recommended Chu Jin to the Mo family matriarch.

To get the Mo family matriarch to agree to the marriage, she had sung Chu Jin's praises.

Now to ask her to call off the engagement, how could she bring herself to do it?

Praising Chu Jin to the skies during the engagement, and now having to list Chu Jin's faults while calling it off, wouldn't that be a contradiction?

Wasn't she slapping her own face?

Moreover, if they were to call off the engagement, they would have to return all the gifts they had received, but those gifts had already been invested in 'Plan Z.'

Where would they find extra funds to call off the engagement with the Mo family now?

This matter was not as simple as Zhao Yiling had imagined.

"Ling'er," Li Ruyu glanced at Zhao Yiling, "Although you make a lot of sense, the dowry brought by the Mo family matriarch has already been invested into our company's operations. With the current chaos in the group, where would our family find extra money to call off the engagement? Don't forget, it's a whole billion yuan!"

If they were indeed to call off the engagement, who would fill the gap of this billion yuan?

It wasn't just a billion yuan; there were also all the gold, silver, and jewels brought by the Mo family.

All of those were top-quality items.

How could she willingly give them away?

Zhao Yiling suddenly stood up, "If you are unwilling to go, then I will go myself!"

How could she let that little wretch so easily steal her engagement?

"Ling'er!" Li Ruyu pulled Zhao Yiling down to sit next to her, calming her emotions, "You're being too impulsive. Have you considered the consequences if this fails?"

Zhao Yiling looked at Li Ruyu, her beautiful eyes shimmering, the corners of her mouth curling into a slight arc as she spoke slowly,

"Mom, how could it fail? As the old saying goes, parental orders and matchmaker's words — that little wretch has no parents now, and you are her guardian, with the right to deal with everything concerning her. Since you managed to get her engaged to the head of the Mo family, you definitely have a way to make them break it off. With that little wretch's name out there, as long as you talk to her properly and analyze the pros and cons, the Mo family matriarch will certainly agree to call off the engagement."

Zhao Yiling continued, "Mom, don't forget, I am also a daughter born under the dark moon! And I am more than ten times better than that little wretch. As long as you are willing to make it clear that I am not afraid of curses and rumors, and I am willing to marry humbly into the Mo family head's household, I believe the Mo family matriarch will definitely agree to the broken engagement."

Between her and that little wretch, anyone with eyes would choose her.

She believed that as long as Li Ruyu personally visited to explain the situation, the Mo family matriarch would certainly opt for her as a daughter-in-law.

Hearing Zhao Yiling speak like this, a glimmer of hope slowly emerged in Li Ruyu's eyes.

Ling'er was right; now that she was the little wretch's guardian, she indeed had the authority to decide her life's big matters.

As long as she insisted on calling off the engagement, she believed the Mo family matriarch would surely agree.

Moreover, compared to that little wretch, Ling'er was simply in a league of her own.

Originally, it had been Ling'er whom the Mo family matriarch had first taken a liking to.

If Ling'er were to become engaged with the head of the Mo family, there would be no need to return the dowry.

Perhaps, the Mo family would even happily increase the dowry.

With these thoughts in mind, Li Ruyu's lips curved up in a pleased arc, "Then it's settled, I'll go to the Mo family tomorrow."

Chapter 194: Good Brothers

Hearing Li Ruyu speak like this, a smile immediately spread across Zhao Yiling's face, "Mom, then I'll go with you tomorrow."

"Go with me?" Li Ruyu frowned slightly, "As an unmarried young lady, it might be inappropriate for you to accompany me to handle this matter, don't you think?"

"What's inappropriate about it?" Zhao Yiling's eyes were filled with brightness, "Isn't this the perfect opportunity to let the old Madam Mo see me?"

Having the old Madam Mo see what an outstanding person she was, she would definitely be satisfied with her as a daughter-in-law.

Perhaps she might even see the head of the Mo family tomorrow, that dignified and cool man.

Just the thought of sharing a bed with such a man in the future filled Zhao Yiling's heart as if something had filled it up in an instant, making her forget all her troubles.

Li Ruyu weighed her options and realized there was some truth in what Zhao Yiling said.

Her daughter was so exceptional that the old Madam Mo would surely take to her at first sight, and in that way, the matter of calling off the engagement would go more smoothly.

"Alright," Li Ruyu nodded her head, "then prepare yourself well at home, and tomorrow morning you can accompany me on a visit to the Mo family."

Zhao Yiling's face beamed with a smile, "Okay, Mom, don't worry, I promise I won't let you down."

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Jun Ao Group.

The little loli rode on her balance bike, wobbling along, making a mighty entrance into the top-floor office.

Along the way, many people saluted her.

"Daddy, you were looking for me?" The milky voice of the child rang out in the silent office.

At her words, Mo Qianjue looked up from a pile of papers, his usually dark eyes now showing deep affection, "Pengpeng is here."

"Daddy, hug." The little loli opened her arms towards Mo Qianjue.

Like a young bird waiting to be fed.

Mo Qianjue immediately stood up from his executive chair and picked up the little loli, pinching her chubby cheeks, "Pengpeng has gotten chubbier! In a few years, Daddy won't be able to carry you anymore."

Pengpeng?

The little loli's eyes rolled around twice.

Whenever Daddy actively called her 'Pengpeng,' it never meant anything good. This time, Daddy must be up to no good again.

He was probably going to make her apologize to that mean auntie again!

"Daddy, calling me Pengpeng is useless!" The little loli slapped Mo Qianjue's face with her hand, taking a firm stance, "I'm not going to apologize to that mean auntie!"

Upon hearing the little loli's words, a hint of guilt crossed Mo Qianjue's face.

Then he spoke, "Pengpeng, listen to Daddy, from now on I won't make you apologize to that auntie anymore, nor will we visit that auntie again. I misunderstood you before, and I apologize here. Can you forgive me, Pengpeng?"

Hearing Mo Qianjue say this, the little loli's eyes widened with excitement and disbelief, "Daddy, are you serious? You really won't see that auntie again? But didn't you say she was your lifesaver? Are you going to be ungrateful?"

The loli was somewhat confused; her daddy's change of attitude was too sudden.

Hearing the little loli's words, the guilt on Mo Qianjue's face deepened.

Ungrateful?

Hadn't he already committed such an ungrateful act a long time ago?

He hoped it wasn't too late to make amends.

"I got it wrong before, she isn't my lifesaver," Mo Qianjue patted the little loli's head, seemingly casually adding, "By the way, didn't you say the other day that you met a very pretty sister?"

"Daddy! You're so silly! How could you get something like this wrong!" The little loli knocked on Mo Qianjue's head.

She knew it! How could such a mean auntie be her daddy's lifesaver!

It was good that the mean auntie wasn't Daddy's lifesaver, otherwise, she didn't know how she would face that auntie anymore.

Seeing the little loli completely ignore what he had said next, Mo Qianjue cleared his throat and continued, "Pengpeng, do you still want to see that beautiful sister tonight?"

Beautiful sister?

The little loli lifted her head, blinking her big eyes, staring at Mo Qianjue motionlessly, a little confused, "Daddy, what beautiful sister are you talking about?"

"The one who can play with Tarot cards," Mo Qianjue continued.

"Oh," realization dawned on the little loli, "You mean Chu Jin, Daddy, Chu Jin is clearly a beautiful brother, when did he become a beautiful sister? You can't call Chu Jin 'sister,' otherwise, Chu Jin will be unhappy."

Seeing the conversation finally got back on track, Mo Qianjue breathed a sigh of relief, "Yes, yes, that's the one. So Pengpeng, do you still want to see him tonight?"

The little loli pouted, looking somewhat displeased, "Not going anymore."

"Why?" Mo Qianjue's expression changed, "Don't you really like Chu Jin? Why don't you want to see him tonight?"

Now he could only count on his daughter to help him get closer to her, but he didn't expect his daughter to say such a thing.

Was there some problem with their relationship?

Mo Qianjue's heart felt a bit panicked.

Could it be she'd found out that the little loli was her own daughter?

And then she severed ties with the little loli?

She didn't seem like that kind of person, though.

Or had the little loli offended her with her words?

Was she angry?

But she didn't seem like someone who was so petty, how could she be upset with a little child?

Or could it be that the little loli had lost interest in her, and now she didn't like her anymore?

"Could it be you don't like that Brother Jin anymore?" Mo Qianjue immediately asked.

"Of course, I like Brother Jin!" Upon hearing this, the little loli immediately stated her position.

How could she possibly not like Brother Jin.

There wasn't a single person in the whole world who liked Brother Jin more than she did.

Upon hearing this, Mo Qianjue breathed a sigh of relief, "So, is it Brother Jin who doesn't like you anymore?"

"That's not it either, I am Brother Jin's best buddy, how could she possibly not like me, she is even taking me to the amusement park on Saturday." Saying so, the little loli raised her proud little head.

Best buddies?

The corner of Mo Qianjue's mouth twitched. If they had become the best of buddies, then what had he become?

Their ...

Dad?

The father of an eighteen-year-old girl!

Mo Qianjue was shocked by his own thought, hey! He didn't have a daughter that old.

But at the moment, that wasn't the most pressing issue.

Mo Qianjue continued to ask the doubts in his heart, "Then why didn't you go see her tonight?"

Upon mentioning this, the little loli's face fell, "Because I made a promise with Brother Jin that from now on, I can only visit her on Saturdays and Sundays, and I have to study hard and listen to my teachers and Papa during the weekdays."

She was a good Bao Bao who listened to Brother Jin.

Hearing this, Mo Qianjue seemed to remember something as well, and his tense nerves relaxed. He patted the little loli's head, "Pengpeng really is a good and obedient Bao Bao, but tonight, I'll allow you to go see Brother Jin once, would you like to go?"

After all, she'd just been through such an ordeal, she must be feeling very upset now. When people are extremely distressed, they might have all sorts of dire thoughts.

With the little loli for company, he would worry less.

"Papa, are you really telling the truth?" Hearing this, the little loli's eyes lit up at once, "Can I really go see Brother Jin tonight?"

Mo Qianjue nodded, "Of course, when has Papa ever lied to you?"

"Oh yeah!" The little loli excitedly jumped off of Mo Qianjue's lap, "Great, I can go see Brother Jin now."

"Bye, Papa," the little loli huffed and puffed as she climbed onto the back of the bread, and without looking back, she waved her paws at Mo Qianjue.

"Shrimp crackers! Let's go!" With a kick of her legs, Bread immediately started to run excitedly.

Mo Qianjue watched her retreating figure, warmth surfacing in his eyes.

Suddenly, he found that the little loli's earlier suggestion was actually quite good.

At least, Pengpeng genuinely liked her.

And indeed, a mother's presence is indispensable in a child's childhood.

He truly had overlooked this issue before.

**

At the crossroads.

Chu Jin was receiving the first customer of the day.

A plainly dressed, weathered middle-aged woman, her hair already graying, eyes dim and lacking in brightness, her face spreading with a waning aura.

Without the right person to guide her, this person, she probably wouldn't make it through tonight.

However, around her she emitted a faint purple aura invisible to the naked eye.

Presumably, she had done many good deeds and was a person endowed with virtue.

How could a person enveloped in virtue lose faith in life and harbor thoughts of suicide?

Chapter 195: Disappearance and Merit

"Hello, Auntie, may I know what you would like to inquire about?" Chu Jin looked at the middle-aged woman and spoke very politely.

The middle-aged woman looked at the young girl in front of her with a surprised expression.

She had heard that at the crossroads there appeared a Master Chu, a Prophet with a golden touch, who could guide people through their confusion, but she didn't expect that this Master Chu would be so young.

Is this child even 18 years old? A bit younger than her own daughter, right?

Thinking of her daughter, the middle-aged woman's expression darkened further.

The idea that such a child had the power of a Prophet with a golden touch, the middle-aged woman still found it hard to believe.

If she truly had such abilities, she wouldn't need to set up a stall here to make a living; she could simply predict the winning lottery numbers and count money at home.

Why would she still need to endure the harshness of the weather outside?

The middle-aged woman licked her somewhat dry lips and asked the question weighing on her mind, "Young lady, is your surname Chu?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yes, my surname is Chu, Double-Wood Chu."

"Then you are Master Chu?" the middle-aged woman continued to ask.

Chu Jin chuckled lightly, "I dare not claim to be a master, I'm just scraping by. Auntie, are you facing any difficulties?"

Hearing this, the middle-aged woman's expression grew darker and she said, "Everyone says Master Chu is a Prophet with a golden touch, so please, Master Chu, help me see how I can get through this tough time ahead."

Her tone was very subdued.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Okay, please wait a moment."

After speaking, she quickly shuffled the cards and then laid out a 'Sacred Triangle' spread.

The middle-aged woman watched her shuffle and lay out the spread with a somewhat skeptical look in her eyes.

Clearly, Chu Jin was different from all the other fortune-tellers she had encountered before.

Those masters either calculated by pinching their fingers, read palms, or used copper coins and turtle shells.

Or they drew lots.

It was the first time she saw someone use playing cards for divination.

Is this really going to work?

Seeing the skepticism in the middle-aged woman's eyes, Chu Jin explained, "Auntie, these are Tarot cards, a form of Western divination. They are very effective, and if they're not, there's no charge."

The middle-aged woman nodded half-convinced and asked, "What should I do next then?"

Chu Jin pointed to the spread and said, "First, please draw three cards."

The middle-aged woman looked at Chu Jin and agreed, "Okay."

Then, the middle-aged woman flipped over the first card.

Reversed: Four of Wands.

On the card, a group of people wearing flowers on their heads danced in a square, as if celebrating something.

Behind the people was a castle, a sturdy symbol, sometimes also representing the passion of the Four of Wands being channeled into the home.

This card is a positive sign for moving into a warm and supportive home or work environment.

Those already in that environment feel comfortable staying there and welcome new people with support.

The Sacred Triangle represents the past, the present, the future.

Therefore, this first card represents: the past.

Chu Jin glanced at the card and began speaking slowly, "You were born into a harmonious and happy family of four. You have been married to your husband for more than 20 years, with a son and a daughter. Your son has graduated and started his own family, while your daughter is still in school. The four of you became five, and it has been quite blissful, but starting from three years ago, you and your husband and children began drifting apart. Up to now, it has been more than half a year since you last saw your other family members."

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged woman looked up at Chu Jin with some surprise.

She didn't expect that this young girl truly had such skills.

To know so much just from one card.

It seemed that she really hadn't come to the wrong place today. Perhaps, Master Chu really could help her.

If the middle-aged woman had drawn the first card somewhat casually, then drawing the second card was done with much more care. She looked at the Tarot cards in front of her for a long time, and finally, she chose the second card.

Upright: Three of Starcoin.

On the card, inside a monastery, a sculptor was at work. Next to him, two monks seemed to be discussing something with the sculptor, possibly a divergence in opinion.

Building a monastery requires the cooperation of many, yet it's clear that the three people in the picture don't have specific roles, expressing their own opinions independently.

Starcoin three is an encouragement, urging the person involved to make plans for whatever work they are doing, and then to let go and carry it out.

This card represents the past as well as differences.

As Chu Jin looked at the card, and then at the middle-aged woman in her faint purple virtues, she already had a clear understanding. Her red lips parted slightly, "Three years ago, you adopted your first stray dog by the roadside. Gradually, the first turned into the second, then the third, and it became uncontrollable. Whenever you saw a stray dog, your heart would soften and you would take it home to adopt it. It's because you adopted so many stray dogs that your family left you, right?"

Listening to Chu Jin's words, the middle-aged woman's eyes started to moisten slowly.

She didn't even know whether what she had done was right or wrong.

One night, three years ago, she was walking home from a night shift and was robbed at knifepoint in an alleyway.

Just then, a stray dog charged out, helping her drive away the assailant, saving her life.

She was moved by the stray dog's intelligence and, wanting to repay the favor, took the dog home to feed it.

After that, whenever she saw the helpless look in the eyes of a stray dog, she would unconsciously take it home to adopt.

One became two, then three, and in less than a year, she had adopted nearly fifty stray dogs.

As the number of stray dogs grew, her husband and children began to find it unbearable. It started with negotiations, but eventually, it escalated to daily quarrels, and she was forced to part ways with her family.

It ended on bad terms.

It was a good deed.

But it wasn't recognized by those around her.

Because of dog barking and the smell, she was reported by neighbors multiple times and forced to move houses many times.

Because of the dogs, she spent years of savings, and even sold her house.

Just so the dogs could eat a little more, a little better.

None of her family and friends supported her.

Instead, they thought she was obsessed, forsaking her husband and children for the stray dogs.

So far, she has fed nearly 200 stray dogs, spending about 20,000 yuan a month.

In order to feed the stray dogs, she not only squandered her family's fortune but also racked up a significant debt.

She almost lost hope. Several times she thought about dying, but when she saw the innocent dogs, she couldn't harden her heart.

Her death wouldn't matter, but what about the two hundred dogs?

But besides death, she now had no other choice.

"Master, what should I do now?" The middle-aged woman was nearly in despair.

Her voice had also become hoarse.

She really wanted to die now, and if it really came down to it, she would die with the stray dogs.

She initially wanted to set a fire to end the lives of herself and the stray dogs.

But when she had everything prepared, she thought of the landlord.

If she died with the stray dogs in this warehouse, it would surely bring the landlord a significant loss.

It might even lead to a lawsuit, and certainly, no one would dare to rent the warehouse again.

The landlord was a good person, and she didn't want to drag the landlord into this undeserved disaster.

Her death might be inconsequential, but it wouldn't be right to involve other people.

Later, she thought about taking the stray dogs with her to jump into a river, but then she considered that someone might have to trouble themselves to retrieve her body and it could even pollute the environment.

So, she abandoned the idea of jumping into the river.

However, today, she thought of another way—which was to take poison.

She had already bought poison, planning to take the stray dogs to a deserted place at midnight and quietly die there.

This way, she wouldn't pollute the environment or cause trouble for the landlord. It seemed like a good way to go.

On the way back from buying the poison, she saw Chu Jin's stall and remembered the rumors from those around her, so she came over with the idea of giving it a try.

After all, dead is dead; she might as well listen to the master's advice before dying.

If the master truly had the ability, perhaps he could help her through this disaster.

If the master was without real skills, then she would treat it as if she had made a donation to Project Hope.

"You don't need to worry, there's a solution to every problem as long as one is alive," Chu Jin said to the middle-aged woman before her, noticing that the signs of impending doom on her face were becoming more pronounced.

Chapter 196: Good

She had already lost confidence in life, and whether there was a turning point could only be seen with the third card.

Chu Jin continued, "Please draw the third card."

"Okay," the middle-aged woman muttered, then carefully drew the third card.

The upright: The Queen of Wands.

The queen on the card wore a crown, sitting on her throne. In her left hand, she held a wooden wand, and in her right, a blooming sunflower.

She was radiant with energy and glowing with vitality, yet restless. Not only could she keep household affairs in perfect order, but she could also pursue a variety of interests at the same time. Because she was knowledgeable and kind-hearted, many people wished to befriend her.

Chu Jin looked at the card and a smile crept across her lips.

Although the middle-aged woman's face already showed signs of demise, if she could make it through her current adversity, a reversal of fortune awaited her. The Queen of Wands was her opportunity for change.

Chu Jin's red lips parted slightly, "You have been kind throughout your life, and the heavens won't cut off your path. The gloom of the past three years has passed. As long as you stick to your heart and maintain kind thoughts, within three days, the clouds will part to reveal the moon, and all will improve."

"The clouds will part to reveal the moon?" The middle-aged woman laughed mockingly at herself, "I have lost everything now, abandoned by everyone, burdened with debts, how can I see the clouds part to reveal the moon?"

She was at her wits' end, penniless, not even having the money to pay next month's rent. Other than death, it seemed she had no other options left.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, then said, "Did you buy two lottery tickets three days ago?"

At these words, a flash of surprise crossed the middle-aged woman's eyes.

She had not expected that Chu Jin would even know this.

Three days ago, as she passed by a welfare lottery shop out of curiosity, she spent 20 yuan to buy two additional lottery tickets, choosing the numbers randomly.

After the purchase, she casually placed the lottery tickets aside.

Considering them welfare lottery tickets, she thought of her purchase as contributing to a charitable cause, holding no real expectation of winning.

If Chu Jin hadn't mentioned it, she would have forgotten that she had bought the two lottery tickets.

Realizing this, the middle-aged woman looked at Chu Jin excitedly, "Master, do you mean I am going to win the lottery?"

What she lacked most now was money. With money, she could pay her rent, buy dog food, and have her dog neutered.

With money, a turning point in her life could occur.

Chu Jin did not directly answer the middle-aged woman's question, but said, "Everything is destined by heaven. Tomorrow is the lottery draw date, you may want to pay attention to it."

The middle-aged woman nodded, the despair on her face slowly fading, "Thank you for the guidance, Master, I understand."

Since the Master said so, she would wait one more day.

She now had complete trust in Chu Jin.

At the same time, the voice of the system echoed in her mind, "Ding! 2% Faith Value gained."

"Master, how much do you charge for this?" The middle-aged woman stood up, ready to leave.

"Thirty yuan," Chu Jin replied calmly.

"Thirty yuan?" The middle-aged woman was somewhat surprised, as she had not expected Chu Jin's fee to be so low.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, her overly restrained face showing little emotion, "Yes."

After receiving a clear answer, the middle-aged woman pulled out three ten-yuan bills and handed them to Chu Jin, "Master Chu, thank you. Your reading was very accurate."

"No need to thank me, I'm only doing what I should. You are a true benefactor, an example for us juniors to follow. As long as you continue to do good in the future, everything you have lost will eventually all return to you."

Listening to Chu Jin's words, the middle-aged woman suddenly felt as if the world had opened up before her. At least now someone understood her, and everything she had done felt worth it, all the grievances she faced seemed insignificant.

If she had the chance to choose again, she would still opt to adopt those stray dogs.

"Thank you, Master," the middle-aged woman bowed deeply to Chu Jin and then turned to leave.

The figure of the middle-aged woman grew more distant.

Chu Jin gathered the Tarot cards on the table and sat on the stool, waiting for the second client to arrive.

Just then, a black Hummer sped past by the roadside.

Watching the fleeting scenery outside the window, the man inside the car narrowed his eyes slightly, his pupils contracting.

The white-clothed, black-panted figure he had just seen at the intersection was familiar to an excessive degree.

His vision had always been excellent. He shouldn't have made a mistake.

Thinking this, Song Shiqin looked up and instructed the driver ahead, "Turn around and head to the intersection up front."

The driver, also a military man, was somewhat puzzled but still obeyed the order, "Yes, Commander."

At the next intersection, the driver began to turn.

The black Hummer came to a steady stop on the opposite side of the road, and Song Shiqin opened the door, his gaze drifting across to the other side.

He noticed that the previously desolate corner now had the presence of a girl and a dog.

The young girl was crouched on the ground, first shaking hands with the big black dog, then kissing the cheek of the little girl next to her.

Her dimples were shallow as she smiled broadly, a smile identical to the one he had seen in the photos on his phone.

Blooming like a summer flower, it was hard to look away.

She was much more real like this.

"Xiao Xu, go tell the old commander I won't be attending dinner tonight, I've seen an acquaintance and may return to the compound late," Song Shiqin said to the driver inside.

The driver glanced at his watch, hesitated for a moment, and then reminded, "Commander, it's already 5 o'clock, and your meeting with Miss Li is scheduled for 5. You should hurry to your appointment and not keep Miss Li waiting."

"Miss Li?" Song Shiqin frowned slightly, "What Miss Li? What meeting? Why don't I know about this?"

Song Shiqin was completely bewildered; wasn't it agreed that there was a family dinner tonight?

How had it suddenly turned into some sort of meeting?

The driver glanced at Song Shiqin, realizing he couldn't keep hiding it, and finally said, "Commander, here's the thing, the old commander has arranged a blind date for you. The lady is the second daughter of the Li family. Miss Li is already waiting for you at the Western restaurant up ahead. I've heard Miss Li is of good character and good looks, having studied abroad for 10 years, and only recently returned to the country..."

Now Song Shiqin understood, once again he had been tricked by his old man.

No wonder the old man had been acting strangely today, insisting on the dinner and giving so many instructions, making it obligatory for him to attend.

The dinner was just a ruse; the blind date was real.

"How could you not tell me such a big thing in advance?" Anger was starting to show on Song Shiqin's face.

"This..." the driver said carefully, "the old commander ordered us not to tell..."

Song Shiqin sighed; he knew his father's stubbornness all too well, and he didn't wish to make things hard for the driver at this moment, "Alright, alright, you head back and let the old commander know I won't be meeting that Miss Li from the Li family. He created this mess, let him fix it."

With that, he took long strides towards the intersection.

Left behind was the driver with a troubled look on his face, watching Song Shiqin's retreating figure before finally starting the engine to leave.

"Peng Ge, why are you here today? Does your dad know?" Chu Jin held the little girl in her arms and whispered.

"He knows," the little girl played with the Tarot cards in her hands and said, "Daddy approved for me to come here. Jin Ge, can you teach me how to shuffle the cards?"

As she spoke, the little girl climbed down from Chu Jin's embrace and awkwardly gestured, "I want to do it like you, with a 'whoosh whoosh whoosh.'"

Chu Jin was amused by the little girl's movements and language, "Alright, so how about I demonstrate it to you first?"

There was no one else seeking a fortune at the moment, so she was idle anyway.

The little girl nodded her head eagerly, "Mhm, I love watching Jin Ge shuffle cards the most."

From a distance, Song Shiqin looked at the two interacting, a smile curling at the corner of his mouth.

When he noticed the 'Ancestral Fortune-Telling' sign, the smile on his lips deepened even more.

He never would have imagined that a daughter from a prominent family would be fortune-telling on the street.

She didn't seem like someone who would deceive people, so why would she take up this occupation?

As a military man and a high-ranking general, Song Shiqin naturally didn't believe in such things.

He certainly didn't believe in any prophetic foreteller or Prophet.

In his eyes, all such people were collectively known as charlatans.

But her card shuffling looked quite pleasing to the eye, as if she had gone through professional training.

There was a fluid beauty to it.

Song Shiqin walked up to Chu Jin with determined strides and took the initiative to speak, "Miss Chu."

Chapter 197: The World is Vast

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin's card shuffling hands paused, then with a beautiful reversal, she gathered all the Tarot cards floating above the table into her palm, fluid in motion, completing the action in one go.

Song Shiqin watched her skilled movements, a trace of peculiarity flickering in the depths of his dark pupils.

Chu Jin calmly placed the Tarot cards in her hand neatly on the table. Her hands were clean, her fingers long and slender, as delicate as spring onions, with distinct joints. Against the blue cards, the contrast was particularly pleasing to the eye.

These were probably the most beautiful and softest hands Song Shiqin had ever seen. Previously in the military camp, he was surrounded by rough men whose hands were coarse from years of handling guns.

After returning to the Capital City, he had seen many socialites with well-maintained hands, their nails painted with colorful designs. Nice to look at, indeed, but that was all, lacking any depth, and not even close to one ten-thousandth of this woman's.

Only after doing all this did Chu Jin raise her head nonchalantly, as if she didn't expect the person to be Song Shiqin. She paused briefly before saying, "Mr. Song."

She then revealed a slight curve at the corner of her lips.

The curve was so faint that before Song Shiqin could catch it, it had disappeared from her lips.

Song Shiqin nodded politely, slowly uttering two words, "It's me."

His tone was low and mellow, much like the man himself, with a sense of rigor and oppression.

It was the habitual sternness of a military officer.

To any guest who arrives, Chu Jin gestured towards the stool opposite her, "Please sit."

"Thank you." Song Shiqin sat down on the short stool in front of him.

Song Shiqin could also be considered a tall man, and with his naturally solid military presence, no matter how you looked at it, he seemed out of place at this simple stall.

His seemingly casual posture exuded an imposing aura not to be underestimated, forcibly adding a touch of class to the humble stall.

The little lolita next to them watched Song Shiqin very warily—trouble brewing, Daddy's arch-enemy number one had appeared!

Poor Daddy had yet to make an appearance, and yet his rivals were already coming in droves.

The little lolita's big, clear eyes spun around twice, and then she clambered onto Chu Jin's lap to sit down, huffing and puffing.

Resting her chin in her hands, she stared motionlessly at Song Shiqin.

She had to keep a close watch on this strange uncle and defend her position in Brother Jin's heart.

Song Shiqin sat down unhurriedly and offered the little girl a very friendly smile, initiating contact by saying, "Hello, Pengpeng, we meet again."

The little girl was astounded!

Hey!

How did this strange uncle know she was called Pengpeng?

Last time, she clearly told him she was called Brother Peng.

Not good, the strange uncle's IQ is surprisingly high, Daddy might be in danger.

"Uncle, hello, you should call me Brother Peng," the little girl corrected.

Song Shiqin calling the little girl Brother Peng?

Chu Jin was shocked by the little girl's words. Who was Song Shiqin?

The youngest General in China, a supreme commander of the armed forces!

How could he possibly address a child as 'brother'?

Chu Jin smiled apologetically at Song Shiqin, "Kids say the darndest things, I hope Mr. Song won't mind."

The little girl pouted unhappily, "But I am Brother Peng..."

Song Shiqin, unconcerned, replied, "It's fine, the little sister is very cute."

How could he actually take issue with a child?

That would be utterly ungentlemanly.

Little sister?

Now, the little lolita was displeased; it felt to her like this uncle was taking advantage of her daddy.

So, she lifted her head and said to Song Shiqin, "Uncle, you should just call me Pengpeng."

Song Shiqin smiled gently at the little girl, "Alright," then pulled out a cellphone from his pocket and handed it to Chu Jin, "This is your phone."

Ever since the accidental meeting with Chu Jin at the night market, Song Shiqin had casually carried her phone with him.

To think, today he'd really encounter Chu Jin again.

At those words, the little girl's wariness intensified. How did Brother Jin's cellphone end up in this strange uncle's hands?

Could a phone just randomly show up in a man's hands?

Could it be...

The little girl's big, clearly-defined black and white eyes stealthily took a couple of turns between the two people.

Before Chu Jin could reach out to receive it, the little girl quickly grabbed the phone that Song Shiqin had passed over, thanking him like a little adult.

"Thank you, Uncle, for keeping my future mommy's phone safe. When I have the time, I will definitely ask my daddy to treat you to a meal."

Future mommy?

Song Shiqin's brows furrowed slightly, recalling that during their last encounter at the night market, the little girl had said the same thing.

Could it be that she really already had...

With that thought, a tinge of displeasure began to rise in his heart.

It shouldn't be the case, as she said last time, this was just a little sister from her family.

Maybe it was just a child's mischief.

"No need to be polite," Song Shiqin said to the little girl impassively, "Thanking someone is more sincere when done personally. Don't you think so, Miss Chu?"

As he said the last sentence, Song Shiqin shifted his gaze to Chu Jin. Their eyes met, but he did not detect any hint of unusual emotions in her's, which slightly relieved him.

The warm sun cast a gentle yellow light, and the person bathed in the sunlight seemed to be coated with a layer of gold, appearing serene and ethereally beautiful.

Her peach blossom-like eyes shimmered with light, clear and transparent as if they could draw one in at any moment.

Song Shiqin shifted his gaze away somewhat unnaturally and cleared his throat with a light cough against his fist.

Chu Jin took the phone from the little girl and casually placed it on the table, her tone indifferent, "Mr. Song is right. When there is time, I will definitely invite Mr. Song for a drink. Thank you for making the trip today."

"It's no trouble," Song Shiqin quickly regained his composed demeanor, "I was just passing by here,"

His voice remained as low and steady as always, like a well-aged wine—rich and pleasant to the ear.

As he finished speaking, Song Shiqin's gaze fell on the Tarot cards on the table, his pupils contracting slightly.

He had been paying too much attention to those beautiful hands and hadn't noticed the overly familiar patterns on these cards.

What material were they made of?

They had such great power to leave such a deep impression.

Seeing his puzzled expression, Chu Jin took the initiative to explain, "These are Tarot cards, used for divination."

Song Shiqin arched a brow, "Divination? Miss Chu, you're so young, yet you're familiar with this?"

His implication was clear: How could someone so young engage in deceiving people?

Even though Song Shiqin had worked with her and was aware of her capabilities, he still did not believe she had any prophetic abilities.

How could there truly be Prophets in this world?

If such Prophets existed, then there wouldn't be so much turmoil happening across the globe every year.

Moreover, as the daughter of a distinguished family, why would she be so openly engaging in... such activities on the street?

Could it be that she was hiding some unspeakable difficulties?

Chu Jin was not offended by his insinuation, merely responding coolly, "I know just a bit, enough to make Mr. Song laugh."

"Does Miss Chu believe in this? Do you really think people can have the power of foresight?" Song Shiqin continued to inquire.

Chu Jin smiled faintly and countered, "Why not believe? The world is vast and mysterious, and there is even more that cannot be explained by science. I hope Mr. Song does not harbor prejudices against certain professions."

Song Shiqin had expected Chu Jin to have some other excuse, but she spoke candidly.

Most people with a bit of sense wouldn't promote superstitious beliefs to a soldier.

He wondered if the young girl was deliberately trying to attract his attention or if she actually possessed some real skills.

It had to be said that this young girl was full of unsolved mysteries.

Song Shiqin chuckled, then said, "In that case, could I trouble Miss Chu to do a reading for me as well?"

Chu Jin gave a slight nod, "Of course, but I do charge for my services."

She was not one to be soft or courteous with someone like Song Shiqin, who was a prime target.

Song Shiqin arched a brow, "That is only natural."

Song Shiqin had originally thought Chu Jin would decline his request, as it wouldn't be wise to try to dupe a military man.

Could she really be versed in the occult arts?

Occult arts?

The thought made a glint of amusement flash across Song Shiqin's eyes.

It seemed he had really been charmed by the young girl, to the point of entertaining the idea that such ludicrous things could exist.

Chapter 198: Ideal Son-in-law

Under Song Shiqin's gaze, Chu Jin quickly shuffled the cards.

The little girl sat in her lap, with her hands supporting her chin, blinked her eyes, and stared motionlessly at Song Shiqin.

So annoying, this weirdo still won't leave!

After arranging the cards, Chu Jin looked up and asked, "May I know what Mr. Song would like to inquire about?"

Seeing her serious expression, with no hint of jest, Song Shiqin also straightened his face and spoke slowly, "Miss Chu, just say whatever you find."

Having nothing better to do, and since the young lady was taking it seriously, why not just play along with her.

Let's see what nonsense she can come up with.

Chu Jin nodded, "Alright."

**

Elsewhere, in a high-class Western restaurant.

At a window-side seat, there was a woman with exquisite makeup, glowing like a peach blossom, dressed lavishly.

She had been sitting there for quite a while.

It seemed she was waiting for someone.

She would occasionally look up towards the entrance, and each time someone entered, her face would light up with delight, but after seeing the person's face clearly, her expression would turn to one of disappointment.

She was the second daughter of the Li family, Li Mi, who had just returned from abroad two months ago.

She was also Song Shiqin's blind date for the evening.

For this blind date, she had prepared for several days, everything from makeup to clothing was handled by a professional designer.

She was very much looking forward to this blind date.

She had seen Song Shiqin's photo, and with just one glance, she was captivated by the vigorous man.

Even through that one photo, the man's unique aura of nobility couldn't be concealed!

She knew this man would be a challenging catch!

To avoid being looked down upon by Song Shiqin, she deliberately arrived 5 minutes late, believing Song Shiqin would already be there.

Unexpectedly, when she arrived, Song Shiqin was still not there.

Logically, as a military man, Song Shiqin should be punctual, so why was he late?

Could it be that he looked down on her, so he intentionally didn't show up?

Or perhaps, this was a test?

Maybe he had arrived early and was now hiding in a corner, secretly observing her every move!

After all, Song Shiqin was so accomplished, having become a general at a young age!

His standards for a spouse must be very high.

With that thought, Li Mi straightened her back and gracefully sipped her coffee.

She was naturally beautiful, every move she made exuded the elegance of a noble and was a delight to the eye.

Though Song Shiqin hadn't shown up, it did attract a lot of attention from the opposite sex.

All were politely declined by Li Mi.

Those suitors could only leave with regret.

Ten minutes passed, then twenty minutes, yet Song Shiqin's figure still didn't appear in the air, and Li Mi gradually grew restless.

She wondered what kind of game Song Shiqin was playing, as he still hadn't arrived after so long.

Even if he really wanted to test her, twenty minutes should have been enough.

After all, she had spent 10 years studying abroad, and she wasn't lacking in talent!

Which socialite of Capital City could compare to her?

Just then, her phone on the table rang, and Li Mi's eyes lit up as she quickly answered, her voice very gentle, "Hello, Grandfather Song."

Whatever was said on the other side changed Li Mi's expression slightly, then she responded with understanding, "Okay, Grandfather Song, I know. Military affairs are pressing, I understand."

After a sincere apology from the other side, although Li Mi's face didn't look good, her voice remained as gentle as ever, with no sign of displeasure, "Alright, Grandfather Song, I will definitely visit when I have time on Sunday, goodbye."

After hanging up the phone, Li Mi's entire demeanor was not very pleasant.

Song Yuan called to say that Song Shiqin had sudden military duties and, therefore, couldn't make the appointment.

Although Song Yuan said this, Li Mi was somewhat unbelieving.

The meeting had been settled several days in advance, how could Song Shiqin suddenly have something come up? Wouldn't he have called in advance to notify her?

She had waited in vain for 30-40 minutes!

As commander-in-chief, overseeing the military, just how urgent must a military affair be to warrant the personal involvement of a commander-in-chief!

If a little situation required the Commander-in-Chief to enter the battlefield personally, then his soldiers below him would be raised in vain!

Moreover, if he couldn't make it to the appointment, shouldn't he call himself to explain? That would show more sincerity, wouldn't it?

How could he let someone else take his place!

Could this be another test from the Song family?

Li Mi's eyes narrowed slightly, the sharp and cold features of that exceptionally handsome face surfaced in her mind.

Li Mi, a true socialite from a wealthy family and blessed with beauty, possessed a face that could make anyone fall for her at first sight.

Therefore, it had always been others waiting for her and she had never experienced waiting for someone else.

Yet, in the end, that man had stood her up.

This only fueled Li Mi's desire to conquer even more.

No matter whether Song Shiqin was a mortal or a deity, she was determined to have him!

Not a single man had ever escaped from the palm of her hand.

The position of Mrs. Song was hers for the taking.

Thinking this, Li Mi's lips curved into a smile as she waved at a distant waiter, "Waiter, bill please. (服务员买单.)"

Having spent decades in M Country, she spoke English fluently with a refined accent, tinged with aristocratic overtones.

These words attracted the attention of many patrons around her.

A beautiful woman with a pleasant voice was undoubtedly a lovely sight in the coffee shop.

Feeling the gazes of those around her, Li Mi subconsciously straightened her posture, knowing that her charisma had not diminished.

It's just a pity.

Song Shiqin had not witnessed this scene.

If he had, he would certainly have looked at her differently.

A military man like Song Shiqin probably hadn't read many books, right? Otherwise, the Song family wouldn't have chosen her as a candidate for their future daughter-in-law.

This was what was called complementarity.

If it were in the past, she definitely would not have paid attention to someone like Song Shiqin, uneducated and crude, as it would directly affect the next generation.

But now, things were different. Song Shiqin was Capital City's youngest General!

And he was a true third-generation military family member!

His family held enormous power and dominated all sides!

He was one of the most ideal husband candidates among all the socialites in Capital City.

And he was beyond the reach of many.

Lost in her thoughts, the waiter approached the table. Li Mi was greeted with a very formal smile, "Hello, miss, here is your bill. (小姐您好,这是您的账单.)"

As the waiter handed over the bill, she did.

The waiter was a young woman with delicate features, around 19 or 20 years old. Even in a uniform, she did not seem inferior but rather carried herself with a distinctive grace, exuding a pleasant aura.

One couldn't help but feel at ease looking at her.

Hearing the fluent English, Li Mi frowned slightly. She had not expected a mere waiter to speak English so well.

She had been abroad for ten years to master such thick English, and now a restaurant waiter spoke English. This left Li Mi somewhat irritated.

It was really vexing.

Li Mi slowly lifted her gaze and, upon seeing the waiter's features, felt even more displeased. How could a waiter have such features?

Li Mi took the bill from the waiter leisurely.

Then she pulled out two red "Grandpa Maos" from her Chanel bag and handed them to the waiter with a touch of arrogance, "Here you are. (给你.)"

Her fingers were painted with dazzling vermilion, adorned with sparkling diamonds that shone brightly under the crystal lights, catching the eye.

Clearly, the nails of a well-maintained young lady who had never labored.

In stark contrast were the waiter's nails, neatly trimmed and plain.

Li Mi looked at the waiter's ordinary hands with a trace of disdain in her eyes.

A waiter was a waiter, no matter how exceptional their appearance or fluent their English.

They were always a rung lower on the social ladder.

The waiter's expression remained unchanged as she took the red banknotes from Li Mi, about to say something, but was interrupted.

Chapter 199: Hope for Return

After saying that, Li Mi lifted her chin and left the restaurant with a rather snobbish air.

'Click-clack, click-clack,' the sharp heels made rhythmic sounds on the marble floor.

Fluent in English like everyone else, and blessed with decent looks, she was the benefactor, the one standing at the top of the food chain.

A sense of superiority welled up within her.

The waiter watched Li Mi's retreating figure with a helpless smile on his face, then he took the money to the cashier to pay.

At the cashier, a young girl was also making a payment. She looked at the waiter with sparkling eyes and said, "Xinci, the customer just now was decked out in brand names, the bag she was carrying is this year's latest LV limited edition model, reportedly costing six figures. She must be a lady from some rich noble family, with that kind of demeanor and poise, I couldn't cultivate that kind of presence even if I were to be reborn ten times over ten years. Oh, by the way, did she give you a tip?"

This was an upscale Western restaurant where generous patrons were commonplace.

Sometimes, if you were lucky, the tips you received could even surpass your monthly wage.

Chen Xinci held up two big bills in her hand and spoke in a casual tone, "Here you go, she spent 58 yuan on a cup of coffee, the rest is all tip."

"The rich are just different, their generosity knows no bounds," the young girl muttered wistfully. "If I were born into that kind of family, I would definitely spend even more lavishly than her. Too bad, my parents didn't give birth to me as a socialite..."

Chen Xinci took the change handed to her by the cashier, and playfully tapped the young girl on the head, "Enough with the dreams, after work I'll treat you to a steak."

"Really?"

"Of course."

"Xinci, I love you." The young girl immediately hugged Chen Xinci around the neck.

Speaking of which, she had known Chen Xinci for some time and felt she was quite mysterious. She didn't stay in the staff dormitory with them, rarely ate at the staff canteen, and never heard her talk about her family.

She always arrived and left work on time, didn't speak much, but was very kind, and also quite attractive; everyone was willing to be her friend.

She always felt that Chen Xinci wasn't just an ordinary person.

At the very least, she wasn't just a simple waiter at a Western restaurant.

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A rural station in C City.

Under the dusk light, a young couple holding a baby were looking forward with anticipation for the incoming bus from afar.

Their faces were lighting up with joy and expectation.

"Sanlin, who are you and your wife waiting for here?" Occasionally a villager passing by the station would stop and initiate a conversation.

Hearing the question, the young man smiled and answered, "Uncle Liu, I'm waiting for my mom. She's coming back from Capital City today, on the 5 PM bus."

"What?" Uncle Liu was taken aback, his face showing disbelief. "Sanlin, am I hearing this right, your mom is coming back?"

He knew Sanlin's mom.

Since moving to the city, it had been over ten years since her last visit, and everyone thought she had settled down there.

So it was quite a surprise to hear she was returning from the city today.

"Uncle Liu, you heard right, my mom is indeed coming back, and what's more, she's not leaving once she's here," said the young man, his face brimming with smiles.

It had been a year since he last saw his mother, and over the years, they had seldom spent time together.

Now that his mother was returning to the countryside, he was naturally happier than anyone else.

After a lifetime of toil, it was time for her to come back and enjoy her twilight years.

Uncle Liu was truly happy for the young man, "Well, that's great news, congratulations Sanlin. I've got work to do in the fields, so I'll be on my way."

"Sure, Uncle Liu. Take care, see you later."

"See ya."

Time ticked away, and the sky slowly darkened, while mosquitoes became more plentiful.

One bus after another arrived, but the mother's figure was nowhere in sight.

"Sanlin, could you have gotten the date wrong? Maybe our mom isn't on today's bus?" The young wife couldn't hold up any longer; her body was covered with mosquito bites. She wasn't so concerned for herself, but she was worried the baby couldn't take it.

"I didn't get it wrong," Zhou Sanlin said, scratching his head anxiously, "Mom told me clearly over the phone it was today, said she'd be on the 5 PM bus. How could I have gotten it wrong?"

The young man gazed anxiously into the distance, hoping to see his mother's figure on the next bus.

Waiting was just too unbearable.

His patience was being eroded bit by bit.

"Hey, why don't you make another call to check? Waiting like this is no solution, and it's almost six o'clock."

"Alright," the young man agreed upon his wife's suggestion and took out his cellphone from his pocket, quickly dialing a number.

One second, two seconds, three seconds.

The call on the other end remained unanswered.

"How is it? Did Mom pick up?"

Zhou Sanlin shook his head with some disappointment, "No answer."

"What could have happened? Maybe Mom had something come up and changed her plans?" his wife speculated.

"That shouldn't be the case. Even if she had something to do, she wouldn't have no time to pick up the phone," Zhou Sanlin felt a sense of unease rise within him, "Do you think Mom could have run into some trouble?"

"What nonsense are you spouting!" his wife scolded with a stern face, "It's dark already, don't utter such unlucky words! Maybe Mom's cellphone isn't with her. How about we go home and wait? Let's talk about it after tonight. Mom has been on her own for so many years, how could anything happen to her!"

Zhou Sanlin thought about it and agreed. His mother had been on her own for many years and had seen so much of the world, how could anything have happened to her?

He must have been overthinking it.

His mother must be delayed by some other matter. With this thought, Zhou Sanlin's heart gradually calmed down.

He put his arm around his wife's shoulder and headed back, "Let's go home then, and talk about it tomorrow. There are too many mosquitoes here; I don't want them to bite Bao'er."

**

In a military compound in Capital City.

"This is infuriating!" Song Yuan slammed the receiver down, "This brat actually dared to ignore my calls! He really thinks he's all grown up now!"

Song Shiqin, 29 years old, had yet to have a girlfriend and spent his days in the military camp.

Finally arranging a date for him, he stood the girl up.

And now, he wasn't even taking his calls.

How could Song Yuan not be angry?

Just then, another voice, teasing, entered the air.

"Dad, why are you so mad? Who are you having a spat with this time? Did you lose to Elder Zhang at chess again?" Song Yu descended from upstairs, smiling as she looked at Song Yuan.

"It's your brother!" Song Yuan replied irritably, "Neither of you makes my life easy!"

"What did my brother do to make you angry this time?" Song Yu tried to steer the conversation lightly.

She didn't want the fire to turn towards her.

Song Yuan sighed and recounted the entire incident to Song Yu.

After hearing the story, Song Yu burst into laughter, "Dad, I mean, really, with something like matchmaking, why didn't you discuss it with my brother first? At least give him a heads-up. No wonder he's not picking up your calls. My brother isn't made of paper; he can't be pushed around by you..."

Song Yuan glanced helplessly at Song Yu, "Discuss with him? With your brother's stubborn nature, how could discussing it work? He's 29 and hasn't even held a girl's hand. If I don't come up with some plan, he might end up a bachelor his whole life!"

Song Yuan was also aware that his behavior might have been somewhat inappropriate.

But with his son being clueless, he had no choice but to resort to such measures.

Besides, the Li family's girl was indeed a catch—beautiful and poised, well-educated, knowledgeable, and empathetic.

What mattered most was that she had a friendly face and a good figure; one could tell she would be good at bearing children.

If she and Song Shiqin ended up together, they were sure to have a child every year.

Then there would be no worries about lacking grandchildren.

Song Yuan had thought his plan would surely succeed, but who could have expected such a complication?

This son of his was truly disappointing!

"Tell me, what's not to like about Li Mi? This brat actually stood her up, causing her to lose face!"

"Thankfully, Li Mi is considerate and understanding, not taking the issue to heart. Otherwise, where would I put this old face of mine?"

Chapter 200: Becoming Suspicious

"Dad, actually, there's no need to rush," Song Yu recalled her brother's unusual behavior the last time at the night market, "Dad, to be honest with you, I think my brother already likes someone. You might as well stop trying to set him up with people here. Maybe he's about to win the girl over. At this critical moment, if you keep trying to introduce him to others, won't that just cause him trouble?"

Based on what she had seen at the night market, her brother definitely seemed interested in that girl.

"Yu, what did you say?"

Hearing this, Song Yuan looked at Song Yu excitedly.

He stared at her motionless, afraid of missing any important information.

"Dad, please, calm down," Song Yu quickly helped Song Yuan to sit down, "My brother is no child. He knows how to handle these things. You don't need to worry about him. The girl he met last time seems pretty good, just a bit young."

While speaking, Song Yu casually picked up an apple from the coffee table and started munching on it.

"At a time like this, you still have the mood to eat an apple," Song Yuan snatched the apple out of Song Yu's hand, looking at her expectantly, "Come on, tell Dad. What's this about? Your brother really fancies that girl? How old is she? Where is she from? Is she a good person?"

Seeing Song Yuan's excited demeanor, Song Yu couldn't help but say, "Dad, please keep calm. Actually, I don't know much. I just had a meal with them that one time. The girl is probably around 18 or 19, pretty, with a good temperament, but I don't know anything else."

At these words, Song Yuan's eyes shone brightly, as if he had already seen his future daughter-in-law.

"Eighteen isn't that young. She's only eleven years younger than the third child. Your mother and I have a fifteen-year age gap. Since you all had dinner together, it definitely means something! This sly boy has someone in mind and he didn't even tell me, making me worry for nothing at home. No, I have to get ready so I can go to the girl's family at any time to propose. We're from a distinguished family, after all, we can't skip the proper etiquette. We can't let others laugh at us..."

With that, Song Yuan got up and prepared to head into the inner room.

This was his son's lifelong matter, and he couldn't afford to be negligent in the slightest.

"Dad!" This old man's imagination was way too vivid. Song Yu quickly pulled Song Yuan back down to the couch as she saw his reaction, "There's not even the slightest bit of certainty in this matter yet, what are you in such a hurry for? The girl might not even like my brother, you know."

According to her observations from the last time, Chu Jin had no special feelings whatsoever for her brother.

"What kind of goddess wouldn't be into your brother? I'm not bragging, but just look at your brother's prospects—put him out there, and who knows how many girls would throw themselves at him! There's no one your brother can't marry if he wants to."

Old Master Song always had an unexplainable confidence in his son!

Indeed, Song Yuan wasn't boasting; the number of people who wanted to throw themselves at Song Shiqin was not small, given his outstanding qualifications.

Unfortunately, he had met Chu Jin.

"Hehe," Song Yu scoffed, "Dad, stop boasting on behalf of my brother. It'd be bad if you threw your back out. Do you think modern girls are so shallow and materialistic?"

"I'm boasting?" Song Yuan huffed lightly, "Just wait and see. If the third child really likes her, within three days, he could definitely bring her home."

His son was so outstanding, easily becoming an army chief at such a young age—wooing a girl was a simple task for him.

Song Yuan thought to himself with bliss.

Meanwhile, Song Yu just helplessly shook her head.

**

At the crossroads.

Song Shiqin drew two tarot cards in succession.

The first card was the Blank Card.

The Blank Card, as the name suggests, is completely blank, with no images at all and therefore no upright or reversed meanings.

The second card showed the Lovers in reverse.

On the Lovers card, with the Garden of Eden as the background and using the story of Adam and Eve, the true essence of love is expounded.

In the card's imagery, Adam and Eve stand on either side, feeling the romance and warmth of love under the blessings of an angel.

Behind Adam and Eve is a tree, around which a serpent is coiled.

On the branches are four fruits.

The first card represents the past.

The second card signifies current events.

Chu Jin looked at the Blank Card and furrowed her brow slightly, wondering how he had managed to draw a blank card.

Seeing her frown, Song Shiqin mistook it for her being unable to continue with the reading and teasingly said, "Miss Chu, is my fate so special that it's beyond simple reading? Or has Miss Chu foreseen a bloody disaster for me in the near future?"

Aren't these the usual tricks of fortune tellers?

He had hoped that this young girl would bring some novelty to his life.

Turns out... she wasn't much different from other fortune-tellers.

"That's not exactly true," Chu Jin's attention was entirely captured by the blank card, she didn't catch the jest in Song Shiqin's tone, and spoke softly, "I'm just a bit puzzled, how someone's past could be a complete blank..."

Upon hearing this, Song Shiqin's expression changed slightly, but he quickly regained his composure; it was probably just a wild guess.

That's the usual spiel of fortune-tellers, no need to take it seriously.

Chu Jin looked at the blank card somewhat puzzledly, then glanced at the lovers' card beside it.

Her pupils contracted slightly, and fragments of images flashed before her eyes.

She curled her lips slightly, and quickly understood the meaning of the cards, looking up at Song Shiqin, "Four years ago, Mr. Song suffered a severe head injury while executing a mission. Fortunately, you were rescued in time, and there were no serious consequences. However, you lost 25 years of memories due to that accident, so your past 25 years are a blank to you."

The girl's voice was clear and light.

There were no waves, no fluctuations.

Her tone was as plain as if she was discussing what to have for breakfast the next morning, but Song Shiqin's heart shook intensely.

About the incident 25 years ago, Chu Jin was spot on.

Yet at the time, the incident wasn't publicized, all the records were encrypted, and aside from the military medics and nurses, and the old patriarch at home, almost no one else knew about it.

Even Song Yu didn't know about it; how did this person, how did she come to know?

Had she investigated him beforehand?

Or perhaps, was she actually a spy sent by another country?

With these thoughts in mind, Song Shiqin's gaze at Chu Jin became full of wariness and defense.

Come to think of it, her sudden appearance was also suspicious.

At that time, he had just been capturing Dick, and she conveniently showed up at the club, and furthermore, fortuitously spotted Dick—who had disguised himself in a way even Song Shiqin hadn't detected.

How could an 18-year-old girl have noticed something was amiss?

Moreover, facing the fierce and ferocious Dick, she showed no hint of fear, remaining extremely calm. In such a critical situation, she still knew to send a distress signal to them.

She even managed to escape from Dick's clutches and ultimately helped him subdue Dick.

How could a mere 18-year-old girl have such skills?

From these events, she seemed more like an experienced special agent!

Not like an 18-year-old child at all.

The chance meeting at the milk tea shop, the encounter at the night market, all of it appeared more like a plotted approach.

First, she created a favorable impression at the milk tea shop, then used the capture of Dick as an opportunity for close contact with him...

The thought was terrifying!

Song Shiqin looked at Chu Jin, his eyes narrowing slightly, his voice taking on a deeper tone, "I wonder what else Miss Chu has discerned?"

Chu Jin pointed to the blank card, "This card represents your past,"

As she spoke she pointed to the lovers' card, "This card represents your present, hmm, the reversed lovers. I think it must be that Mr. Song's marriage stars are in movement. If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Song probably had a date with a lovely lady today? However, Mr. Song, you didn't keep the appointment. It's not very gentleman-like to keep a girl waiting."

Song Shiqin was stunned for a moment. He hadn't expected Chu Jin to have investigated such a minor detail so thoroughly.

This could no longer be described as terrifying!

How powerful must the force behind her be to uncover such information!

As a General, much of his personal information was doubly encrypted; it wasn't something that could be easily accessed.

Unless, there had been an inside man.

An inside man working in cahoots with her.

Seeing his solemn expression, Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "What is it? Mr. Song, am I wrong?"