

## R Woman 201

Chapter 201: Thank You Gift

Hearing the voice by his ear, Song Shiqin cracked a slight smile, his expression quickly reverting to normal, "No, Miss Chu's divination was very accurate. I wonder if Miss Chu has foreseen anything else? Please, do share with Song,"

His tone remained consistent, revealing no change.

He still didn't know who her mysterious backer was, so he couldn't afford to spook them.

"There's nothing else, I have only seen so much on the cards," Chu Jin shook her head slightly, but in her heart, she was puzzled. If her divination was so accurate, why hadn't she received the appropriate Faith Value?

Could it be that Song Shiqin had some other secret?

This was truly strange.

Just then, a couple, hand in hand with their young daughter, carrying bags and packages of gifts, made their way directly towards Chu Jin.

They saw a man of exceptional talent sitting in front of the stall.

The husband placed the bags and gifts aside, signaling for his wife and daughter to stand off to the side, and he himself cautiously approached and asked in a low voice, "Master Chu, are you busy?"

Master Chu?

Song Shiqin observed the middle-aged man with an imperceptible glance, a ripple passing through his eyes.

To gain his trust, this person had even arranged a child to act part of the scene.

It was clear that he was well-prepared, as if he knew for certain that Song would visit today.

But Song's visit was completely impromptu, how could she have known that he would come today?

At that, Chu Jin glanced at the newcomers and spoke indifferently, "Not busy, I've just finished divining for this gentleman. If you have any questions, feel free to ask."

Upon hearing this, the man excitedly pulled his wife and daughter forward, "Master Chu, do you remember our family of three?"

Looking at the family standing before her, Chu Jin thought for a long time, then a smile gradually formed at the corner of her mouth, "Is Li Li doing better?"

Li Li was the girl who had lost her spirit.

Song Shiqin's gaze was attracted to the dimples in her smile, momentarily lowering his guard.

That smile, though not as radiant and unguarded as those in the mobile phone gallery,

But it was clearly heartfelt, a very natural smile.

"Much better, much better!" the middle-aged man nodded hurriedly, "Li Li has fully recovered. We came here today to express our gratitude. If it weren't for your intervention, our family wouldn't be here today. You are our benefactor..."

"Master Chu, thank you!" The middle-aged man, along with his wife and daughter, bowed earnestly to Chu Jin.

Seeing this, Chu Jin quickly put the little girl down, rose hastily from her stool, "Uncle, aunty, there's no need for this. It's what I should do, and besides, I've already been compensated last time."

The middle-aged man picked up the gifts he had placed aside, setting them in front of Chu Jin, "Master Chu, I know you wouldn't take money, so please accept this small token from my wife and me. It's nothing valuable, but we hope you will accept it."

Four days earlier, if Master Chu hadn't come to the rescue, their daughter might already be lost.

They had wanted to come and thank her sooner, but their daughter had just recovered and was still weak, so they delayed their visit for a few days.

They knew these items probably meant little to Master Chu, and that she didn't lack for anything, but gratitude needed to be expressed. One should know how to repay a debt of gratitude.

They couldn't be comfortable with accepting Master Chu's help just because she didn't need these things.

After all, it was a life at stake.

Or perhaps three lives, for if something had happened to their daughter, the couple would not have been able to go on living either.

Observing the grateful expressions on the faces of the middle-aged couple, Song Shiqin furrowed his brow slightly.

They appeared genuinely moved, not as though they were acting. Could she really know some occult arts?

However, what agents are best at is disguise; perhaps they were temporary actors she found. He could not afford to be careless when national security was at stake.

"Alright, I'll accept the gifts," Chu Jin nodded slightly, bending down to place the presents by the table, and looked up at the family of three, "A great misfortune that one survives is often a prelude to future blessings. Li Li, study hard, and you will surely become a pillar of the nation."

She saw strands of auspicious energy in the little girl.

In the future, with just a bit more cultivation and a proper guide, they will certainly become quite accomplished.

"Then, thank you for your auspicious words, Master Chu," the middle-aged man said, pulling his daughter along, "Li Li, haven't you thanked Master Chu yet?"

"Thank you, Master Chu," the little girl bowed politely in gratitude.

Chu Jin's eyes immediately curved into crescent moons, warmth filling his gaze, twinkling like stars, as he reached out to touch the girl's head and smiled, "Li Li is so good. You must always listen to your mom and dad, and don't worry them, understand?"

The little girl nodded obediently, "Okay, I will definitely listen to Mom and Dad."

The middle-aged woman looked on at the scene before her eyes, filled with relief and gratitude.

Seeing the situation turning dire, the little loli quickly stepped forward to block in front of the little girl, raising her adorable little head and cooing, "Jin-ge, I've been good too..."

Chu Jin bent down to pinch the little loli's cheek, playing along, "Yes, yes, yes, Peng-ge is the best."

The little loli turned her head, pointing to her cheek, "Then Jin-ge, give me a kiss."

Chu Jin was amused by the little loli's antics, leaned in with his red lips and kissed the loli's cheek.

Song Shiqin watched the interaction between the young and the old, his guard slowly crumbling, as if a feather had lightly brushed over his heart.

After being kissed, the little loli walked satisfactorily to Chu Jin's side, sending a provocative look to the little girl opposite her.

The little girl gave the little loli a sweet smile and reached out her hand, "Hello, my name is Wang Li Li, can we be friends?"

The little loli took Wang Li Li's hand and said coolly, "Just call me Peng-ge."

Wang Li Li, being a well-behaved child, sweetly called out, "Hello, Peng-ge."

Being called brother felt pretty good. She found that this child wasn't as annoying as she had imagined.

The little loli nodded in satisfaction, hands clasped behind her back, speaking like a little leader, "Mhm, very good."

The little loli showed Wang Li Li the first smile of the evening, reaching out to pat her head, but realized that Wang Li Li was a lot taller than her; even on her tiptoes, she couldn't reach.

Ah, this is so embarrassing!

With no other choice, the little loli patted her on the shoulder instead, repeatedly saying, "Good brother, good brother."

The adults laughed at the children's behavior, and the middle-aged woman pointed at the little loli and asked, "Master Chu, is this your sister?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yes."

Meanwhile, the little loli had already hit it off with Wang Li Li and was taking her to the bread, "Let me introduce you, this is Bread, my best friend."

Faced with such a large dog, a hint of fear flashed in Wang Li Li's eyes, and she involuntarily stepped back a few paces, hiding behind the middle-aged woman.

"Sigh," the little loli sighed theatrically with resignation, "Look at your little ambition."

No wonder she was willing to obediently call her Peng-ge.

The couple thanked Chu Jin once again, and then they began to say goodbye.

"Master Chu, we won't keep you from your business any longer, goodbye."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Goodbye."

As he spoke, it was as if he remembered something, and he pulled out a white cord from his pocket, handing it to the middle-aged man, "Thank you for the gift, uncle. This is for Li Li, to keep her safe if worn on her wrist."

What's important is it has the power to lock souls and ward off evil.

The middle-aged man accepted the white cord solemnly, bowing slightly to Chu Jin, "Thank you, Master Chu."

"Don't mention it." Chu Jin stood up and walked them to the corner of the road.

As Chu Jin escorted the couple to the roadside, Song Shiqin was still sitting straight, showing no sign of leaving.

"Uncle," the little loli reached out to poke Song Shiqin's arm, reminding him, "It's getting dark. Aren't you going home for dinner?"

Hearing the soft, childish voice beside him, Song Shiqin quickly regained his composure, looked around, and as the sky gradually darkened, he said in a deep voice, "It is time to head back."

Chapter 202: Goddess or Loser

Hearing that the strange uncle was about to leave, the little Lolita's eyes lit up.

Great, finally no one to disturb her and Jin's time together.

Song Shiqin turned to look in the direction of Chu Jin, who was walking back from the side of the road. The gentle breeze stirred up her long hair, making her peach blossom eyes shimmer in the night, translucent and bright, impossible to ignore.

Chu Jin walked past Song Shiqin, took a seat on the stool at a leisurely pace, and casually said, "Mr. Song, you're leaving?"

Song Shiqin nodded slightly, "Yes, I won't disturb Miss Chu any longer, I take my leave." With those words, he stood and departed.

"Wait," Chu Jin called out to his retreating figure.

Hearing the clear voice behind him, Song Shiqin subconsciously halted, turned his head and asked, "Is there anything else, Miss Chu?"

With a bend in her lips and a flutter of long lashes, Chu Jin spoke with a brimming smile, "Has Mr. Song forgotten something?"

That smile momentarily stunned Song Shiqin, but he quickly realized what was happening. Studying Chu Jin closely, a hint of puzzlement crossed his eyes, "What would that be?"

Following the script, she should be making an advance now, inviting him to dine.

Only by doing so could she get closer to him and await the opportunity to steal intelligence and secrets from him.

The thought that she might be an agent sent by another country filled Song Shiqin's heart with a sense of loss and disappointment.

If she truly was an agent, and the evidence was incontrovertible, he would not hesitate to personally capture and send her to prison!

"Uncle, you forgot to pay!" The little Lolita strolled over to Song Shiqin, her crisp childlike voice breaking into his thoughts.

"Pay?" Listening to the little Lolita's words, Song Shiqin's mind went blank for a few seconds, as he failed to react.

Chu Jin's lips slightly curved, "The divination costs two thousand. If Mr. Song doesn't have cash, you can transfer it to my card later."

After speaking, the little Lolita cooperatively handed a piece of paper to Song Shiqin, "Uncle, here is Jin's card number, don't forget to make the transfer, okay? Jin works hard doing divinations for people."

Song Shiqin leaned forward to take the piece of paper from the little Lolita. Upon inspection, it was a string of forcefully penned numbers and characters.

Each stroke was meticulous, exhibiting a mastery that one could not attain without at least a decade of calligraphy practice.

You can know a person from his handwriting.

He was taken aback for a few seconds and then came back to his senses, casually placing the piece of paper in his pocket and said calmly, "Miss Chu, rest assured, as soon as I return, I will have someone transfer the money to your card."

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded slightly, not insisting any further, "Mr. Song, please take your leave, I won't see you out."

Hearing these detached words, Song Shiqin was taken aback again.

All of this was clearly not within his expectations.

Was she just letting him leave like this?

Shouldn't she be inviting him to have dinner together?

Why was she giving up such an excellent opportunity?

Was it to play the long game?

"Uncle, I won't see you off." Seeing Song Shiqin still frozen in place, the little Lolita waved her hand at him.

"Goodbye." Song Shiqin uttered the two words without emotion, and then briskly turned and walked away.

His towering figure soon disappeared into the night.

The little Lolita watched Song Shiqin's retreating silhouette and slowly exhaled, finally, daddy's love rival number one was gone!

It was already past 6 in the evening, and Chu Jin was also packing up the stall ready to leave.

"Jin, I don't want to part with you," the little Lolita said clinging to Chu Jin's arm, reluctant to let go.

Chu Jin reached out to pinch the little Lolita's cheek, whispering reassuringly, "There there, be good. I'll take you to the amusement park on Saturday. It's late now, you should head home early, you still have school tomorrow."

"Then give me a kiss first," the little Lolita pointed to her cheek.

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded and kissed the little Lolita's cheek.

"This side too," after being kissed, the little Lolita pointed to her other cheek.

"You little rascal." Chu Jin flicked the little Lolita's forehead and then leaned in to kiss her other cheek as well.

After the plan succeeded, the little Lolita immediately smiled happily.

The dog, Bread, whimpered and crawled out from under the table, stretched its fuzzy front paws onto Chu Jin's shoulder, and was about to give Chu Jin a face full of drool when it seemed to remember something, quickly closed its mouth, and nuzzled Chu Jin's face with dog hair instead.

"Go away, go away," the little Lolita disdainfully patted Bread's head, "Bread, how many times have I told you, you can't take advantage of Jin like that!"

Jin's own face hadn't even been nuzzled yet, so how could they let Bread go first.

Bread retracted its paws from Chu Jin's shoulders, looking wronged, and sat on the ground with its head drooping, appearing deeply hurt.

Chu Jin was amused by Bread's little expression and patted the dog's head, turning to the little Lolita, "Hurry up and go home with Bread."

"Okay," the little Lolita clambered onto Bread's back, bid farewell to Chu Jin, "Jin, then see you Saturday."

"See you Saturday," Chu Jin waved to the little Lolita.

Chu Jin watched the departing figures of the girl and dog, warmth gradually filling his eyes.

The sky grew darker, and soon, a fine drizzle began to fall from the sky.

With the rain getting heavier, the leisurely pedestrians started to run swiftly.

Chu Jin raised his hand to shield the fine raindrops from his forehead, the warm yellow light below casting a stark whiteness on the hand before his brow.

He pocketed the Tarot cards at a leisurely pace, and Chu Jin narrowed his eyes slightly, smiling at the rain as if it reminded him of something.

Chu Jin briskly walked to a sturdy paulownia tree and came back holding an antique Oil-paper Umbrella.

On the white canopy bloomed clusters of crimson plum blossoms, as if stepping on snow-laden red plums.

They seemed to merge with the person holding them, the background's glitzy lights now becoming mere scenery, making the individual seem as if they had stepped out of a painting, particularly eye-catching.

Chu Jin strolled along the roadside, his mood lightening under the rain's cleansing.

Under a newsstand on the roadside, three boys huddled together sheltering from the rain when suddenly, Li Erpang's eyes lit up. Without even wiping the rain off his face, he excitedly tugged at Wang Kai's sleeve and pointed toward the delicate figure on the roadside, "Kai, Kai, look who that is?"

"Who?" Wang Kai glanced at Li Erpang with some impatience, "Can you not be so overdramatic?"

"No, seriously," said Li Erpang, regaining his composure, "Look over there, doesn't that person look like the 'Ice Beauty' of our school?"

At that, both Wang Kai and Xiang Dong turned in the direction of the roadside. Upon seeing, they were both stunned.

The person in the rain walked leisurely, their jade-like face hidden under the umbrella, adding a mysterious charm, as striking as a painting.

"It really is her," whispered Wang Kai, "Do you guys think I should go over and say hello?"

Xiang Dong looked Wang Kai up and down, noting his disgraceful, rain-drenched appearance, then glanced at the elegant figure with the umbrella and tactfully suggested, "I think you'd better not go, my car should be here any minute now."

"I'm going!" Wang Kai smacked Xiang Dong's head hard, "What was that look just now!"

Li Erpang also added somberly, "Kai, I really think you in that state approaching her might not be quite appropriate."

Wang Kai slapped the back of Li Erpang's head, "Don't you dare look down on me!"

Li Erpang rubbed his head feeling wronged, "I meant well for you too, right? I was worried you'd embarrass yourself in front of the Ice Beauty,"

Wang Kai snorted, looking down at his soggy shoes and clothes, and thus abandoned the idea of going over to chat up the Ice Beauty.

Under the same sky, she was just someone with an umbrella, yet why was the difference so stark?

She was a goddess in the rain.

He was just a nobody sheltering in the pavilion.

Then Wang Kai asked, "By the way, Erpang, didn't I ask you to find out more about the Ice Beauty? Did you get any information?"

Knowledge is power after all.

If he had the information on the Ice Beauty, it would make pursuing her easier.

"I found out, I found out," Li Erpang said excitedly, "Kai, you'll never guess who that Ice Beauty is. You might have even heard of her famous name."

"I've heard of her?" Wang Kai stroked his chin, squinting his eyes, trying hard to search his memory.

Usually, the names he knew from school were those with some sort of fame, like the top student of the grade, the school beauty, the class beauty...

Chapter 203: Take you to a place

But that cold beauty didn't match any face from his memory.

However, it's strange, how could such a beautiful person not be on the school's popular figure list?

Could she be a transfer student?

Otherwise, how could he have never noticed such a beautiful person before?

As Xiang Dong watched her figure slowly disappearing from view, a hint of confusion also appeared in his eyes.

"Alright, stop beating around the bush, just tell me who she is," Wang Kai patted Er Pang's shoulder.

"It might startle you guys to hear this," Li Er Pang swallowed and tried to keep his tone as even as possible, "She is Chu Jin from class ten,"

After saying this, he added, "That's the young lady of the Chu Family, Chu Jin."

Silence hung in the air for a few seconds. Wang Kai felt as if his worldview had split open, or maybe his ears were hearing things.

Not just Wang Kai, but even the always composed Xiang Dong was stunned.

He never would have imagined that this cold beauty was actually that infamous—waste?

Supposedly, she was someone who couldn't even differentiate the 26 letters of the alphabet.

It took a good while before Wang Kai found his voice again, "You mean, she is that 'waste' from our school?"

Li Er Pang nodded, "Yes, that's her. Surprising, isn't it?"

With Li Er Pang's confirmation, Wang Kai stroked his chin, watching that figure almost disappearing into the curtain of rain and mused, "Interesting. I've set my sights on this girl."

Xiang Dong also watched that increasingly blurred figure, his gaze deep and distant.

The girl in the rain walked at a steady pace, neither hurried nor slow, leaving lotuses blooming with every step, creating an extraordinarily beautiful scene.

The neon lights on the roadside blinked erratically as the rain grew heavier, making her stand out against the rushing passersby.

The rain washed away the gloom that had weighed on her heart for many days, making her steps lighter. Suddenly feeling whimsical, she decided to catch a bus.

So her destination was the bus stop not far ahead.

The heavy rain fell on the umbrella but didn't make a 'shasha' sound, nor did it pool and slide off. Instead, it seemed to vanish upon touching the umbrella surface, as if evaporating into thin air.

A closer look would reveal that the Oil-paper Umbrella remained completely dry.

Mo Zhixuan spotted her almost immediately within the rain.

Even though she held an umbrella that concealed her jade-like features, blending with the other umbrella-carrying pedestrians, he noticed her at once.

In a flash, a luxury model Koenigsegg Agera parked right in front of the people waiting for the bus.

The sudden appearance of the luxury car immediately drew the curious gazes of the crowd, who all turned to see who would get into the car.

Among the crowd, a girl nudged another girl's shoulder with a tinge of envy, "Xiang Xiang, look, a Koenigsegg Agera, a luxury car. I wonder who it's picking up?"

Zuo Lingxiang eyed the Koenigsegg Agera before her with a bit of sourness, "Envy for what? Those who can afford such luxury cars are usually older men. Probably here to pick up a young mistress."

She despised those women who would sell their bodies for money.

The thought of an aging, lecherous man inside the car made Zuo Lingxiang's skin crawl.

Chu Jin stood quietly at the back of the crowd, paying no attention to the commotion up front, just peacefully waiting for the bus to arrive.

Seeing that she showed no reaction, Mo Zhixuan took out his phone from his pocket and dialed her number.

Holding the umbrella in one hand, Chu Jin took out her phone from her bag with the other. Seeing the caller ID, a faint dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth.

"Hello." Her clear voice carried through the phone into his ear.

"Come here," the man's voice was still as deep and magnetic as ever.

"Hm? What?" Chu Jin frowned slightly, not quite understanding the meaning of his words.

Mo Zhixuan let out a small sigh. Was this girl's reaction too slow? Almost everyone's attention was drawn away by the Koenigsegg Agera, only she could remain so calm.

"I'm in front of you, get in the car," Mo Zhixuan said helplessly.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin subconsciously looked past the crowd and sure enough, a Koenigsegg Agera was parked there.

She was curious. Why had he changed cars again? Didn't he always like to drive that Bugatti Veyron before?

"Wait for me," Chu Jin put away her phone and carefully made her way through the crowd, "Excuse me, please let me through."

Hearing the familiar voice, Zuo Lingxiang's eyes narrowed slightly, and she instinctively looked in the direction of the sound. As expected, she saw the face that made her incredibly jealous.

It was this bitch who made her get detained by the police for 24 hours for no reason!

This woman with such vile character was utterly unworthy of Mr. Mo!

She was determined to expose her true face to Mr. Mo.

Zuo Lingxiang watched Chu Jin's figure with cold eyes. Suddenly her pupils shrank sharply. Could this Koenigsegg Agera be here to pick up this bitch?

She had seen Mr. Mo's car before, a black Bugatti Veyron, which meant that the person in the car was definitely not Mr. Mo.

What a flirtatious woman, having Mr. Mo and still flirting around outside.

Thinking this way, a smug smile curled up at Zuo Lingxiang's mouth. She handed the umbrella handle to the girl next to her, "Xiaoxiao, hold this for me."

Zhu Xiaoxiao took the umbrella handle passed by Zuo Lingxiang, looking curiously at Zuo Lingxiang's photographing gestures. "Lingxiang, why are you taking photos of luxury cars? Are you thinking of buying one too?"

Zuo Lingxiang was too occupied to care about Zhu Xiaoxiao's words. Seeing Chu Jin's hand touching the car door handle, she snapped several photos continuously.

The car door was opened, and Zuo Lingxiang could vaguely see a man sitting in the driver's seat, but strangely, the man's face was blurred, and even the photos she took were unclear concerning the man's features, showing only a vague outline.

Who cares who he is, as long as he's not Mr. Mo.

Zuo Lingxiang took several more snapshots with a bright and triumphant look in her eyes. Just wait, she would definitely show these photos to Mr. Mo and let him discover this woman's true face.

Then Mr. Mo would surely dump her harshly.

Just thinking about it made Zuo Lingxiang feel extremely elated.

The black Koenigsegg Agera gradually merged into the flow of traffic, blending in with the city lights.

Chu Jin got in the car and placed the Oil-paper Umbrella on the side shelf. Only then did she notice that despite the rain, the oil-paper umbrella remained dry. She was curious and couldn't help but touch the Oil-paper Umbrella a few more times, wondering what material the umbrella was made of to be water-resistant.

Mo Zhixuan also saw the umbrella and a ripple passed through his deep phoenix eyes. "This umbrella is quite unique. Where did you buy it?"

Chu Jin did not hide anything and replied directly, "It wasn't bought. It was given to me by an old lady during a fortune-telling session."

"Old lady?" Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly. "What kind of questions did she ask you?"

Chu Jin had a rather deep impression of the old lady and after a moment's thought, said, "She seemed to be looking for her daughter. Too bad her daughter doesn't seem to care about her."

Mo Zhixuan didn't continue on the topic and instead said, "The umbrella is quite nice, take good care of it."

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly. As her gaze swept past the unfamiliar scenery outside the window, she turned to ask, "Where are we going?"

As they were talking, the car stopped in front of a high-end clothing store.

The moment the car stopped, a valet came over and respectfully opened the car door. Mo Zhixuan threw the keys to the valet and pulled Chu Jin's wrist as they walked into the clothing store.

"Mr. Mo, welcome," a man who looked like the manager greeted them as they entered the store.

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly. "Is everything ready?"

Under the lighting, the man appeared particularly noble and aloof, radiating an air of dominance that made the manager almost unable to look him directly in the eye.

A person with a weaker mentality would probably tremble standing in front of him.

"It's ready," the manager bowed slightly, gesturing to someone behind him, and immediately someone handed over a beautifully packaged gift box.

Mo Zhixuan took the gift box and shoved it into Chu Jin's hands. "Go to the fitting room and change your clothes. I'll take you somewhere in a bit."

Chapter 204: Clever Pengpeng

Before Chu Jin could even respond, Mr. Mo was already leading her by the shoulders towards the fitting room, and then he closed the door, not giving Chu Jin any chance to speak.

Chu Jin looked at the closed door, let out a breath of resignation, and then opened the gift box to change into the dress inside. The size was surprisingly perfect.

It was form-fitting, as if it had been tailor-made for her.

This was a pure white waist-cinching dress, the hem just right above the knee, revealing her slender, fair legs with a beautiful curvature.

Her fair face bore not a trace of makeup; her hair was tied into a bun, exposing a section of her long, elegant neck. Delicate collarbones were slightly obscured beneath the white fabric, appearing tantalizingly half-concealed, sparking imagination.

A red cord necklace adorned her fair neck, with a tooth-shaped pendant hanging down. The clash of white and red, instead of looking abrupt, made her all the more eye-catching.

Her eyes were like stars, her lips as if painted, but what captured the attention most were those peach blossom eyes, sparkling with brightness. Seductive yet pure, she was at the tender age of eighteen and already possessed the power to disrupt one's composure.

Mo Zhixuan's gaze flickered, despite having mentally prepared for the effect of this dress on her. Still, he was taken aback by her stunning appearance.

"Not bad," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly.

The sales associates around them also showed looks of envy in their eyes. But that was just envy, for the girl before them was simply too radiant, making it difficult for others to harbor different thoughts.

After the two had left, the place buzzed with discussion, "Who was that girl just now? She actually got to wear a dress personally designed by Mr. Mo."

Another sales associate with a baby-face and starry eyes said, "If I were that girl, I'd definitely be over the moon!"

One of the more senior associates said, "What's the big deal about wearing a dress personally designed by Mr. Mo? Didn't you see that girl was brought by Young Master Mo himself? Have you ever seen Young Master Mo close to anyone of the opposite sex before?"

"I bet she's our future lady boss!"

"It looks like it!"

"Cough cough cough," While everyone was discussing, a stern voice from the supervisor cut through the air, "What are you gossiping about during working hours? Get back to what you should be doing! If you don't straighten up your attitude, watch out, I might dock your pay!"

Hearing this, everyone glanced at each other and then quickly returned to their respective areas, each wearing their professional smiles—quite a departure from the gossiping expressions they had just moments ago.

Seeing that everyone had left, the supervisor quickly ran over to the manager's side and started gossiping in an earnest tone, "Manager Yang, who was that girl with Mr. Mo? Is she really our future lady boss?"

Manager Yang glanced at the supervisor, put on a stern face, and said seriously, "It's working hours now!"

After finishing his words and sweeping a look around to make sure everyone appeared busy, Manager Yang casually put his arm around the supervisor's shoulder and whispered excitedly, "Let's talk over here."

Everyone: Surprise! We all saw that!

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The Mo family.

"Daddy, Daddy..." The little loli's first action upon returning home was to search for Mo Qianjue all over the house.

First, the little loli opened the balcony door, then the bathroom door.

Finally, the butler, who couldn't stand by and watch any longer, couldn't help but speak up to remind her, "Miss, Mr. Mo is in the study."

"Oh, thank you, Butler Grandpa," the little loli thanked the butler politely, then she quickened her short legs and dashed upstairs.

Following her, the bread-puppy also scampered after the little loli, its two long ears rhythmically flapping in the most adorable way.

"Daddy, Daddy," the little loli burst through the study door and ran inside quickly.

Inside the room, Mo Qianjue calmly placed the silver needle in his hand under an antique-looking blue book.

"What's going on?" Mo Qianjue scooped up the little loli with one arm, his face filled with affection, "Look at you running and sweating."

"Daddy, give me a kiss quickly." Saying this, the little loli wrapped her arms around Mo Qianjue's neck, bringing her cheek close to his face, and pointedly suggested, "You have to kiss here," pointing at a specific spot on her cheek.

Without suspicion, Mo Qianjue kissed her on the spot she indicated.

"And here too," after receiving the kiss, the little loli quickly turned her head and pointed to the other cheek saying, "Kiss this side too."

Mo Qianjue let out a helpless chuckle, playfully scraped her cute, upturned nose, and then kissed her on the other cheek as well.

"Okay, Daddy," after receiving the kisses, the little loli held Mo Qianjue's handsome face with both hands and said earnestly, "Daddy, you now belong to Brother Jin, so you can't go around flirting with others anymore, okay?"

Mo Qianjue's little heart trembled inexplicably. Why did he have the feeling that he had already been sold by his daughter?

Seeing Mo Qianjue silent, the little loli reached out and patted his cheek while saying, "Daddy, did you hear me?"

"What nonsense are you talking about, child!" Mo Qianjue was a bit confused. How had he become hers? Wasn't that getting things backward?

"What's the matter?" The little loli patted Mo Qianjue's handsome face again. "Daddy, are you not happy to become Chu Jin's man? Let me tell you the truth, Chu Jin might not even fancy you! Daddy, don't be so full of yourself!"

Mo Qianjue felt a bit dizzy from the little loli's slaps. "Look down on me?"

How could anyone not fancy him? He was the Unparalleled Son of Lawless City, and every beauty he met was eager to throw themselves at him!

Even the number one beauty of Superpower World was keen to throw herself at him. How could she not fancy him?

"Daddy, the Qing dynasty is long gone, and it's time for you to wake up from your dream. Get rid of your narcissistic habit soon, or else Chu Jin really won't fancy you!"

"You little brat," Mo Qianjue pinched the little loli's cheek, "how dare you talk about your father like this! Who taught you to speak this way?"

"No one taught me," the little loli pinched Mo Qianjue's cheek in return, "Daddy, I'm serious. You are now Chu Jin's man. You should be mindful of your image outside and not do anything unbecoming of a woman, and stop bringing those shady aunts home!"

Yeah, that's what they say on TV; it must be right.

Mo Qianjue narrowed his eyes slightly. "Why am I supposedly her man now?"

The little loli said earnestly, "Daddy, you and Chu Jin already share 'skinship', and you have been marked by him. So, you are Chu Jin's man now, and in life you belong to him, and in death, you will be his ghost. From now on, you can't do anything to betray Chu Jin!"

Mo Qianjue gently patted the little loli's cheek and said sternly, "Nonsense! When did I ever have 'skinship' with her? Tell me, what TV dramas have you been watching lately?"

"Daddy," the little loli's big eyes stared unwaveringly at Mo Qianjue, "you kissed me just now, didn't you?"

Mo Qianjue nodded slightly, "Yes, what's the problem?"

The little loli smiled mysteriously, "When you kissed me just now, I hadn't washed my face."

Mo Qianjue raised an eyebrow, "So?"

Not having washed her face wasn't important; he wouldn't mind his own daughter.

The little loli continued with a smile, "When I came back just now, Chu Jin also kissed me, and he kissed both cheeks! So, you tell me, do the two of you now count as having had 'skinship'?"

Mo Qianjue touched the little loli's head helplessly, "Silly child." That wasn't 'skinship' at all; at most, it was an indirect kiss.

But seeing the little loli's state, and that she didn't seem different today, Mo Qianjue's worried heart gradually settled.

An indirect kiss?

Thinking of those five words, Mo Qianjue's ears felt a bit hot.

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Today, the Mo family was bustling with activity.

Everywhere was festooned with lights and decorations, full of festivity.

Even the normally reclusive Mo family's senior matriarch was fussing in the front hall, constantly bustling about. She was directing people to clean here and there, as if expecting a guest of great importance.

Mo Qingyi curiously asked while looking at the busy crowd, "Mom, who is the important guest visiting our home today that warrants such a grand reception?"

The senior matriarch played coy, "You don't need to worry about that. Go to the front and see if your aunt Tong has arrived yet."

Hearing this, Mo Qingyi was somewhat surprised, "Aunt Tong is also coming today?"

It must be a very important guest if even Aunt Tong was personally visiting.

The senior matriarch smiled and nodded her head, "Yes, your Aunt Tong is coming too. Go on, hurry to the front and see if your Aunt Tong has arrived."

"All right, I'm on my way." After speaking, Mo Qingyi trotted out toward the door. It had been quite some time since she last saw Aunt Tong.

The senior matriarch watched Mo Qingyi's retreating figure with a satisfied expression in her eyes.

Behind the door, a flash of red clothing passed by.

#### Chapter 205: Bribing

Zheng Chuyi quickly made her way to her room. No sooner had she stepped inside and her fingers touched the strings of her instrument when a servant arrived with a message, "Miss Zheng, the Old Madam asks that you get ready to dine in the banquet hall this evening."

Dine in the banquet hall this evening?

Zheng Chuyi was momentarily stunned, putting together what she had just overheard in the front hall. She gently looked up and smiled warmly at the servant, "Alright, I understand. Thank you, Auntie Lan, for making the trip."

The visitor was Auntie Lan, who had served the Old Lady Mo for many years and was considered one of her most intimate attendants.

Auntie Lan glanced at Zheng Chuyi, "Miss Zheng, it's my duty, after all. If there's nothing else, I will take my leave now."

Miss Zheng hadn't been in the Mo family long but was exceptionally kind to everyone. She lacked the haughtiness typical of young ladies of status. Moreover, her beauty made her quite popular among the servants.

Auntie Lan was no exception.

"Wait a moment, Auntie Lan," Zheng Chuyi called to the retreating figure of Auntie Lan. She stood up, grabbed a pair of red jade earrings from her dressing table, and gently placed them in Auntie Lan's hands. "I haven't been in the Mo family long and I am grateful for everyone's care. These earrings, which I brought from my old home, aren't worth much. I hope Auntie Lan won't find them too modest."

Under normal circumstances, Zheng Chuyi would not have spared a glance for a lowly servant like Auntie Lan.

Such a lowly commoner wouldn't even have the privilege to carry her shoes in the Superpower World.

But at this moment, she needed to win the favor of everyone in the Mo family, high and low, to get closer to that position.

Moreover, she currently needed Auntie Lan's help, so she had to condescend to curry favor with her.

"Miss Zheng, these earrings are too valuable; I can't accept them," Auntie Lan quickly refused.

The red jade was obviously expensive, and she couldn't possibly accept such a precious gift from Zheng Chuyi for no reason.

Although Auntie Lan was a servant, she had worked in the Mo family long enough to know the value of things - she could recognize quality at a glance.

The red jade earrings given by Zheng Chuyi were worth at least a five-figure sum.

"Auntie Lan, these really aren't anything precious. In my eyes, they are just stones. My room is full of such things; please, keep them, it's alright," Zheng Chuyi insisted, pressing them into Auntie Lan's hands.

Seeing Zheng Chuyi's firm attitude, and recognizing the earrings' quality, Auntie Lan's resolve began to falter. She didn't have the heart to resist any longer, and with feigned reluctance, she accepted, smiling obsequiously, "Then I thank you, Miss Zheng, and if there's anything you ever need, just tell me."

She hadn't missed the implication in Zheng Chuyi's words that, to her, such quality red jade was no more than a stone, and that she had plenty more in her room.

Unwarranted generosity meant Zheng Chuyi must be seeking a favor, thus signaling that as long as Auntie Lan pleased her, there would be more opportunities to receive such "stones."

Auntie Lan was no fool; she'd been immersed in a wealthy household for years and understood these twists and turns all too well.

Plus, Zheng Chuyi had always treated them fairly well, and now there were benefits to reap, so Auntie Lan was more than willing to help.

"You're too polite, Auntie Lan; it's nothing much," Zheng Chuyi said as she escorted Auntie Lan to the door, casually asking, "By the way, the front hall seemed rather lively. Are we expecting any important guests?"

"I'm not quite sure. The Old Madam didn't mention any important guests," whispered Auntie Lan, "but I did hear the Old Madam tell the young lady that Madam Tong is coming, and it seems there will be an important announcement tonight. Oh, right, didn't the Old Madam send me to notify you? I guess this might be related to you."

Auntie Lan had been with the Mo family for many years and knew their rules well, understanding that Mo family's family banquets were never open to outsiders. Now that Zheng Chuyi was invited, she was evidently not considered an outsider, and why else would the Old Madam shelter a stranger if not to view her as a prospective daughter-in-law?

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi smiled slightly, "Okay, I got it. Please tell Madam Mo that I will certainly be on time for the banquet this evening."

Auntie Lan nodded, "Alright, Miss Zheng, then I'll leave you now."

Zheng Chuyi nodded slightly, "Okay, Auntie Lan, take care."

Watching Aunt Lan's receding figure and thinking about the conversation she'd overheard, Zheng Chuyi's lips curled into a smug smile.

It seemed that the old Madam Mo had finally recognized her importance and was preparing to properly introduce her to others.

The old Madam Mo indeed valued her. To legitimize her status, she even invited Tong Zhi.

She just knew, how could the old Madam Mo ever fancy a commoner with inferior blood?

After all, she was many times more outstanding than others.

She was the chosen one, the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, after all.

How could there be a second person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in this mundane world!

Tonight, she must perform well; she couldn't let Mo Zhixuan down.

With that thought, Zheng Chuyi's beautiful eyes sparkled brighter as she abruptly closed her room door, headed to the dressing room, and began to diligently select the outfit she would wear tonight.

Most of Zheng Chuyi's clothes were red, but ever since she saw Mo Zhixuan in a white shirt last time, she'd gradually taken a liking to white and had purchased many white garments from high-end stores.

For him, she could change everything about herself, her interests, her hobbies.

Since Mo Zhixuan was proficient at playing the zither, thus, in her spare time, burning incense and playing the zither had become her only hobby.

She could change everything about herself for Mo Zhixuan, even forget herself.

Thinking that Mo Zhixuan would surely wear a white shirt again tonight, Zheng Chuyi's cheeks flushed slightly, and her fingers involuntarily brushed over a white one-shoulder evening gown.

A smile softened her features, and she could almost envision standing next to Mo Zhixuan, looking like the perfect pair.

After picking out the gown, Zheng Chuyi meticulously chose a pair of Crystal Shoes and a set of exquisite jewelry.

Tonight, she would be the one to command all the attention.

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The black Koenigsegg Agera sped through the bustling city and onto the Mountain Highway. Looking out at the somewhat familiar scenery, Chu Jin paused for a moment and instinctively turned her head to look at Mo Zhixuan.

The man was very focused, looking straight ahead without a glance aside. His tall and lean stature, along with his naturally commanding demeanor, dominated the atmosphere inside the car.

The warm lighting evenly lit up his profile, his cool lips almost pressed into a line, his sharply defined contours showing no hint of expression, his handsome features as if veiled in a sheet of thin ice, making him seem all the more unapproachable and nobly cold.

This road, she recognized—it led to Phoenix Manor. The Qin family's old residence was nearby but not inside Phoenix Manor. Phoenix Manor was not only an ancient relic of Capital City but also a gathering place for the powerful. Anyone who owned a manor there was worth over a hundred billion.

As a child, she was mischievous and had sneaked up to the outer perimeter of Phoenix Manor to peek; the security there was extremely tight, guards at the gate stood with real guns and live ammunition, and the entrance was under strict control—not even a fly could get in on a normal day.

The car continued on, passing by an inconspicuous villa district in a flash, but Chu Jin's heart clenched painfully.

Years had gone by, and she thought she would never be here again, yet today, she found herself passing by this place.

The car drove steadily, rounding a bend, and suddenly the view opened up. Before her lay the majestic gates of the manor, flanked by two colorful phoenixes—so grand and awe-inspiring it rendered people reverent. The vehicle smoothly made its way inside the manor.

The manors they passed were each more lavish and extravagant than the last, with world-class luxury cars parked in front of them.

Chu Jin followed Mo Zhixuan out of the car. Everywhere they went was opulent and magnificent, with pavilions and towers, high-flying eaves and pillars, and dragons carved in relief, all highlighting the imposing aura of Phoenix Manor.

#### Chapter 206: Contest

The two soon arrived at the gate of the Mo family's ancestral home.

Chu Jin looked up at the ancient and imposing building before her, momentarily taken aback. Even though she had been accustomed to grand scenes in her previous life, standing in front of this solemn estate, she couldn't help but marvel at its grandeur.

"Come in with me," seeing her slight daze, Mo Zhixuan took the initiative to hold her hand, introducing as he did, "This is the Mo family ancestral home, I presume my mother and Aunt Tong have been waiting for quite a while."

"Aunt Tong is here too?" At his words, Chu Jin looked up at him, her palm sweaty, "Is today some important day?"

Out of the blue, why had he brought her to the Mo family ancestral home?

This was the rhythm of meeting the parents!

At the thought, Chu Jin's ear tips turned slightly red.

Hey!

When did they progress to the stage of meeting parents?

Feeling the unusual sensation in her palm, Mo Zhixuan comforted her in a low voice, "It's not an important day; I just wanted to bring you back for a visit. There aren't any strangers at home, no need to be nervous, just stay by my side."

The gate was open, and as the two entered, a man resembling a butler came to greet them, "Young Master Nine, you've returned."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Uncle Wang."

Uncle Wang had worked for the Mo family for many years, a kind-faced old man, who always had a smile when looking at others. However, it was quite clear that when he looked at Chu Jin, there was a hint of appraisal in his eyes.

During his many years with the Mo family, he had never seen the ninth young master bring another woman home, and now that the ninth young master had brought such a delicate and lovely girl by his side, curiosity inevitably stirred in his heart.

The young girl was pretty, as if painted from an illustration, albeit a bit young, but she did seem well-matched with the young master.

If the two really were in a romantic relationship, then it was the young master who had the better of it. Uncle Wang remembered the young master looking the same as he did fifteen years ago when he first met him. Now his own hair had gone white, but the young master still maintained his appearance from that time; not a single trace of the years could be seen on his face, as if his features were frozen in time.

But, if this young girl really was involved with the young master in that way, then what was the matter with that Miss Zheng living in the house?

A young unmarried woman, to just move into the Mo residence without cause—although Miss Zheng was indeed cordial and modest in her interactions on a daily basis, Uncle Wang didn't particularly like her. After so many years immersed in a wealthy family, he had seen all kinds of people and immediately saw through Zheng Chuyi's little schemes. On the surface she appeared gentle and understanding, yet there was an unmistakable arrogance hiding in the depths of her eyes.

It was as though everyone was beneath her status.

Compared to the current young girl, the difference was truly stark. At least, the girl before him had clear eyes, free from any impurities, and when she made eye contact, there was no deliberate attempt to ingratiate herself.

She truly had a likable appearance.

The butler appraised Chu Jin discreetly, while she met his gaze with openness and confidence...

After all, one could lose anything but must not lose their presence.

To cower and cringe would be too revealing of a lesser breeding.

It was at that moment that Mo Zhixuan gently squeezed her hand, reminding her, "Greet him."

Chu Jin quickly responded, giving the butler a polite smile, her dimples shallow, "Uncle Wang."

Uncle Wang smiled and nodded in return.

Mo Zhixuan, with Chu Jin in his arms, took it upon himself to introduce her, "Uncle Wang, this is my fiancée, the young Miss of the Chu family, Chu Jin."

At this, Uncle Wang was momentarily stunned, as he had heard some rumors about the young Miss of the Chu family but the girl before him was nothing like them.

Originally, when Uncle Wang heard that the ninth young master's fiancée was the young Miss of the Chu family, he had secretly felt sorry for the young master.

He had thought the young master wouldn't acknowledge this marriage, but now it seemed that the young master had completely taken this young girl to heart.

But Uncle Wang, after all, had seen much of the world and quickly came back to his senses, nodding slightly at Chu Jin, "Miss Chu."

Then, looking up at Mo Zhixuan, he said, "Young Master Nine, the Lady and Mrs. Tong have been waiting inside for a long time, please come in quickly."

The Mo family's estate was vast, filled with pavilions, towers, artificial mountains, and waterside pavilions amidst the sounds of birds and fragrances of flowers—a classical representation of extravagant luxury.

Even in the sweltering heat of June, a cool breeze continually swept through, carrying with it a faint sweetness that penetrated the heart and spleen, delighting the senses.

Passing through a winding corridor, the sound of laughter could soon be heard from not too far away.

"Elder Madam, Lady Tong, the ninth young master has arrived," announced the butler, stepping forward.

Upon entering, Chu Jin saw a full living room of people, with Elder Madam Mo and Lady Tong seated in the main seats, Zhou Xunian and a young woman to the left, and a mysteriously dignified man occupying a seat alone. To the right were Duanmu Zhe and...

"Jin! How did you get here?" Mo Qingyi got up excitedly, her face full of shock, "Jin, why are you with my brother? You two..."

Mo Qingyi eyed the pair with some suspicion, then her gaze shifted to their clasped hands, a mischievous smile curling at the corner of her mouth.

Ah, hey!

What was the deal between her brother and Jin?

Could Jin be... that short-lived sister-in-law of hers?

With this thought, the smile froze on her face.

Chu Jin felt unnerved under Mo Qingyi's mischievous smile and subconsciously tried to pull away from Mr. Mo's grip, but to no avail, as he did not give her the chance.

Moreover, Chu Jin clearly felt two pairs of eyes sizing her up.

One gaze was intensely hot, as if wishing to burn her to ashes, and carrying a thick sense of hostility.

The other seemed indifferent at a glance, but concealed a scrutinizing look mixed with a bit of intimidation, as if testing her true strength.

Following the gaze, Chu Jin saw a woman dressed in blue, her features striking and bold, with a blue peach blossom ornament dotted at her brow. Her long hair was tied up high, and her entire demeanor was neat and tidy. A dark aura enveloped her, clearly indicating she was no ordinary person.

As Chu Jin looked her way, the woman in blue disdainfully curled her lips towards Chu Jin, with an air of arrogant hostility.

When her eyes flitted past the woman in blue, she saw a young man dressed in black, handsome as a jade carving, his obsidian-like pupils shining with mystery. His outwardly calm gaze hid a piercing insight, exuding a mysterious royal grace that evoked the image of a wild beast pouncing on its prey in the primitive forest—filled with danger.

Noticing Chu Jin's indifferent look towards him, the man in black subtly raised his eyebrows, intensifying the veiled threat in his gaze.

Suddenly, an overwhelming pressure bore down on Chu Jin like a crush from all directions, she subtly curled her lips and without flinching, sent the pressure rebounding back towards the man.

Watching the purple lightning that cleaved towards him, the man in black's pupils constricted slightly, and his fingers curved gently, catching all the lightning into the palm of his hand.

Looking at Chu Jin, his eyes clearly showed a touch of astonishment and wonder.

It was then that Chu Jin withdrew her gaze from them in a leisurely manner, paying them no further attention.

Coming back to her senses from her brief daze, Mo Qingyi swallowed hard and stuttered, "Jin Jin Jin, Jin, you and my brother?"

"Call her sister-in-law," Mo Zhixuan said as he looked at Mo Qingyi.

His tone deep, and his presence enveloped by a powerful aura, even Mo Qingyi, his sister, felt somewhat intimidated by him.

"Sister-in-law," Mo Qingyi said, compelled by Mr. Mo's powerful presence.

This was too strange, how had Jin suddenly become her sister-in-law?

"Brother Nine," the woman in blue who had been sitting by Zhou Xunian got up and stood next to Mo Zhixuan. She glanced at Chu Jin with a snort of disdain, then said to Mo Zhixuan, "Brother Nine, the Elder has a message for you; let's find a place to talk."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly at the woman in blue, "That's fine, let's talk in the study then."

With that, he released Chu Jin's hand, telling her, "I'll be back quickly," and left with the woman in blue.

"Qingyi, hurry up and bring your sister-in-law over here to sit," Elder Madam Mo said with a pleasant smile at just the right moment.

"Sister, wasn't I right? Doesn't the little girl look appealing?" Aunt Tong handed Elder Madam Mo a peeled tangerine and, seizing the opportunity, whispered softly.

Chapter 207: What has it got to do with me?

The elderly Madame Mo looked at the young girl approaching and, with a pair of profound, kind eyes, scrutinized Chu Jin from head to toe.

The girl before her had black hair like ink, and features like a painting. This obedient appearance of hers was truly too precious.

Then, her gaze fell upon the Blood Jade Bracelet on her wrist, and she nodded in satisfaction, the tender color in her eyes almost spilling over.

"Jin," Aunt Tong stood up and took Chu Jin's hand, "come, let's sit here,"

Aunt Tong directly pressed Chu Jin to sit beside the elderly Madame Mo.

"So you're Jin," Madame Mo cheerily took Chu Jin's hand, her face full of affection, "Zhixuan has finally brought you back. Look at this tender face, it could almost be pinched and yield water..."

Chu Jin's face turned slightly red; she had to admit, this elderly Madame Mo was nothing like what she had imagined.

In her impression, the matrons of such distinguished households were both rigid and serious—how come Madame Mo's demeanor was somewhat... off track?

Aunt Tong quickly peeled an imperial tangerine and handed it to Chu Jin, "Jin, don't be reserved. Pretend this is your own home; we are all family here."

"Thank you, Aunt Tong," Chu Jin took the tangerine, peeled half into her mouth, and thanked her politely.

"This child, no need to be so polite with Aunt Tong," Aunt Tong said with mild reproach.

"Qingyi," Madame Mo glanced at Mo Qingyi, "don't just stand there foolishly, quickly pour a cup of water for your sister-in-law.

"Oh, alright, Mom." Mo Qingyi's expression still looked somewhat gloomy, not having fully recovered from the shocking news of Jin transitioning from brother to sister-in-law.

Sister-in-law equals curse plus short life.

She didn't want Jin to become someone with a short life... Ahh...

In fact, pouring water was a task that could have been delegated to a servant, but Madame Mo had Mo Qingyi do it solely as a show for the others in the room.

She wanted everyone to know that she was very fond of this daughter-in-law; it was another way to announce Chu Jin's identity to everyone present.

Indeed, as soon as these words fell, the other servants in the room looked at Chu Jin with more respect and bent their heads even lower.

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In the study.

"Ninth Brother, the Clan Leader wants you to return and take charge of the big picture sooner," Jia Zhuo glanced at Mo Zhixuan and continued, "Ever since you left, both the Ancient Martial Arts World and the Underworld have been eyeing our Superpower World rapaciously, they could invade us at any moment..."

Moreover, she had just seen the Underworld's Prince, Gan Mingxie, in the Mo family's living room, which was not a good omen.

In normal circumstances, why would Gan Mingxie appear at the Mo family?

Jia Zhuo gave a slight chuckle, then seemingly offhandedly said, "Ninth Brother, I just saw Gan Mingxie in the living room. What did he come to see you for?"

They weren't concerned about either the Ancient Martial Arts World or the Underworld on their own, but if these two joined forces, then when the time came, with impending war and two powers combined into one force,

the consequences would be unimaginable.

"I'm an old acquaintance of his, why do you ask?"

"I just think that, at this time, for you, Ninth Brother, to associate with people from the Underworld is not wise," Jia Zhuo continued, "Ninth Brother, I hope you can come back to the Superpower World with me now."

Mo Zhixuan, while picking up a brush from the desk and practicing calligraphy, didn't lift his head and said, "You came... just for this?"

His low voice betrayed no particular emotion.

Neither annoyance nor anger, not a trace could be found.

His voice was as tranquil as a placid, ripple-free lake.

"Yes," Jia Zhuo was undeterred by Mo Zhixuan's demeanor and persisted, "Ninth Brother, I hope you can come back with me this time, to assume your rightful place at the succession ceremony, to ascend to the throne!"

The most supreme position in the Superpower World was probably unattainable by anyone other than the man before him.

Only with him firmly in that position would the lesser realms dare not transgress lightly.

As long as he was absent from the Superpower World, the hearts of its people would not be at peace.

Within Mo Zhixuan's downcast phoenix eyes, there still was no disturbance as he wrote and drew on the rice paper with great focus, "Jia Zhuo, do you really think I will return?"

If he had wanted to go back, he would have returned with Zhou Xunian when he came.

There was no need to delay until today.

That position might be supremely exalted in the eyes of others, but to him, it was completely worthless.

"Ninth Brother," Jia Zhuo looked at Mo Zhixuan with a pained expression, "are you truly going to be so heartless? Will you really disregard the life and death of the Superpower World?"

As soon as Jia Zhuo's words fell, as if it were timed, Mo Zhixuan had just finished writing and lifted his gaze to look at Jia Zhuo, his tone icy and heartless, "What does the life and death of the Superpower World have to do with me?"

On the originally pristine rice paper, there now appeared a character for 'calm', grand and majestic, as if a dragon soaring through the skies.

His calligraphy was hearty and bold, with the flourish of a dragon or snake, ink spreading with a proud posture, the strokes strong and unrestrained, bound by nothing, even completing each line in a single stroke, carrying a hint of a cool aura.

Just like his entire being, noble and detached, born with the aura of a ruler.

Hearing this, Jia Zhuo uncontrollably stepped back two paces, her complexion turning somewhat pale, "Ninth Brother, after all, the Superpower World is your homeland, you can't just watch, with your eyes wide open, as it gets divided by other forces!"

The corners of Mo Zhixuan's mouth curled up with an arc devoid of warmth as he looked at Jia Zhuo and slowly articulated, "Why can't I?"

His deep, phoenix-like eyes held not even a trace of warmth.

The features on his face seemed to be cloaked in a layer of deep frost, sending shivers down one's spine, making it hard to breathe.

"Ninth Brother, you..." Jia Zhuo looked at the Mo Zhixuan before her, feeling her blood run cold, her disbelief evident, "Ninth Brother, you're joking, right?"

The Ninth Brother she remembered wasn't such a cold-hearted person.

The Ninth Brother she remembered would give up everything for the Superpower World!

The Ninth Brother she remembered, for the sake of the Superpower World, once slaughtered an entire city by himself!

Ninth Brother is the faith in the hearts of everyone in the Superpower World!

Now, this faith has completely given up on the Superpower World. What path should they take from now on?

"A joke?" Mo Zhixuan's mouth lifted in a mocking curve, "Do you think, the event that happened seventeen years ago was a joke as well?"

"The event that happened seventeen years ago?" Jia Zhuo, as if grasping some pivotal point, looked up at Mo Zhixuan, "Ninth Brother, can't you be magnanimous and forget about that incident? Moreover, I had no knowledge of that incident at the time. If I had..."

"It's precisely because you were unaware," Mo Zhixuan interrupted her directly, "that you can stand before me now unharmed. The Clan Leader is indeed smart, knowing to push you younger ones to the forefront."

Mo Zhixuan's stance was very firm.

It seemed there was no longer room for turning things around.

However, Jia Zhuo hadn't completely given up; she understood Ninth Brother very well, knowing that in his bones he carried a proud blood that couldn't tolerate betrayal or defamation from anyone.

For the Superpower World that had raised him, he surely wouldn't give up on it so easily.

This matter required patience, and she believed that, one day, Ninth Brother would follow her back to the Superpower World.

"Ninth Brother, I've heard, is Sister Chuyi also here with you?" When persuasion proved ineffectual, Jia Zhuo could only steer the conversation towards Zheng Chuyi.

After all, Zheng Chuyi was someone who had once been engaged to Ninth Brother and had deeply loved him.

Perhaps, by leveraging Zheng Chuyi, she could convince Ninth Brother to return to the Superpower World.

She never took that lowly commoner she had just met seriously; a person of such lowly bloodline was utterly unworthy of Ninth Brother.

Even if Ninth Brother was momentarily muddled and married that commoner in this ordinary world, she couldn't be brought back to the Superpower World.

In the Superpower World, only the destined girl possessing the Bloodline of Fire Bathing is worthy of Ninth Brother.

How could the Superpower World tolerate a mere commoner becoming the mother of an entire world?

"Yes, she's here. Since you've come, when you return, take her back to the Superpower World as well," Mo Zhixuan's tone was indifferent, as if speaking of an irrelevant person.

Were it not for the sake of Zheng Zilong, Zheng Chuyi would have been expelled from the Mo family long ago.

If it wasn't for that, how could Zheng Chuyi have stayed unharmed in the Mo family until today?

As long as Zheng Chuyi stayed in this ordinary world for a day, he had the obligation to ensure her safety.

It was a duty.

A duty owed to someone who had passed away.

"No," Jia Zhuo shook her head, "I can't go back yet."

Without completing the mission tasked by the Clan Leader, she couldn't return.

"Right," Jia Zhuo continued, "Ninth Brother, what's the deal with that commoner just now?"

Jia Zhuo asked knowing the answer.

"Oh, I forgot to introduce her to you. She is my fiancée and your future sister-in-law," Mo Zhixuan said matter-of-factly, without a hint of jest in his words.

"Sister-in-law?" Jia Zhuo frowned slightly, "Ninth Brother, you must be confused. How can a mere commoner bear the title of my sister-in-law? Moreover, Sister Chuyi is living here now. Aren't you afraid of hurting Sister Chuyi's feelings by bringing this commoner home so openly? What place does this leave for Sister Chuyi?"

Chapter 208: I Make the Decisions

"The address 'ninth sister' is exclusive to Zheng Chuyi."

"How can we let a commoner sully it?"

"A lowly commoner, how can they possibly be compared to Zheng Chuyi?"

"We people of the Superpower World are born superior, those in the secular world are but fit to serve as our slaves and maids, we never intermarry with those of inferior bloodlines."

"Commoner?" Mo Zhixuan slightly curled his lips, emitting a dangerous aura from his entire being, speaking coldly, "Jia Zhuo, have you forgotten your own roots? Have you also forgotten the roots of the Superpower World?"

Feeling an endless oppressive force engulfing him, Jia Zhuo turned pale, offering a somewhat powerless explanation, "Ninth brother, that's not what I mean..."

Jia Zhuo's face looked extremely bad, bearing a pain unimaginable to ordinary people, as if uttering another word would tear him apart.

"Jia Zhuo, you're a smart man, let's not have this kind of talk in the future." Mo Zhixuan relaxed his brows, slowly retracting the overwhelming pressure.

Feeling the pain receding like the tide, Jia Zhuo let out a sigh of relief, simultaneously feeling fortunate that the ninth brother was still the same ninth brother from before, his cultivation had not only not been wasted but had advanced by several levels.

"Ninth brother, I just think that commoner, that girl, she's not worthy of you."

Mo Zhixuan looked up at Jia Zhuo, speaking slowly, "Whether she's worthy or not, I'll be the judge."

Those nine icy words fell with a finality.

"What about sister Chuyi? Ninth brother, you're being unfair to sister Chuyi, she has waited for you for so many years, and she even came to the secular world personally for you, she's made so many compromises, can't you forgive her?"

Jia Zhuo reflexively felt injustice on behalf of Zheng Chuyi.

Zheng Chuyi was such a proud person, she used to disdain giving the secular world a second glance, but now for Mo Zhixuan, she actually came to this world in person, she has made such a big sacrifice.

The beauty number one of the Superpower World has done so much, could she really not compare to a commoner with inferior bloodline?

"My relationship with her ended back in the Superpower World, the only reason I can accept her staying here is out of consideration for Zilong's feelings, my relationship with her is purely fraternal, nothing more, Jia Zhuo, I hope you understand this,"

"But..."

Jia Zhuo was about to say more but was hastily interrupted by Mo Zhixuan, "That's enough, some things are better left unsaid, Jia Zhuo, you're a clever person, you should understand."

With that, Mo Zhixuan turned and strode away.

Jia Zhuo had no choice but to follow behind, silent.

At this moment, the guests in the living room had already moved to the banquet hall.

This place is where the Mo family entertains honored guests.

The Old Madame of the Mo family and Aunt Tong took their places at the head of the room.

The seat to the right hand of Chu Jin was empty, to her left was Mo Qingyi, and next to Mo Qingyi sat Duanmu Zhe, and then Zhou Xunian.

The Old Madame of the Mo family glanced over the people sitting around the table and turned to Aunt Lan beside her, "Aunt Lan, why isn't Miss Zheng here? Didn't you inform her?"

"I went to inform her first thing in the morning," Aunt Lan replied, "Perhaps Miss Zheng is held up by something, let me go call her again."

The Old Madame of the Mo family nodded, "Go ahead."

How could they miss Zheng Chuyi on such an important occasion?

Doesn't she pride herself as the number one beauty of the Superpower World, of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing?

To think she believed that Xuan'er truly could not live without her!

Today, she will let her know that there are people a thousand times better than her in this world!

An array of delicate dishes were served at the table, instantly diffusing a tempting aroma that whetted the appetite.

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Elsewhere, in the room of Zheng Chuyi, a melodious tune occasionally poured from her fingertips, enchanting to the ear.

Aunt Lan approached the door, knocking very politely, "Miss Zheng, are you in there?"

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi's fingers paused on the strings of her instrument, her expression lighting up with joy, "I am."

"Miss Zheng, the banquet in the front hall is about to begin, the Old Madame sent me to invite you over."

Having received benefits from Zheng Chuyi in the past, Aunt Lan's attitude towards her at this moment was one of utmost respect and reverence.

"Aunt Lan," Zheng Chuyi frowned slightly, "Did you come by yourself?"

Although puzzled by Zheng Chuyi's question, Aunt Lan answered very politely, "Yes, Miss Zheng, it's just me."

After speaking, Aunt Lan added, "Miss Zheng, are you prepared? We shouldn't keep the Old Madame waiting."

Upon hearing this, the joy in Zheng Chuyi's brows began to fade bit by bit.

Why did only Aunt Lan come here?

She had been ready a long time ago, she was intentionally delaying to avoid going to the banquet hall, with the intention of making the Mo family's old madam send someone to fetch her.

After all, only in this way could she highlight her importance.

She had thought that at the very least, the Mo family's old madam would send Mo Zhixuan himself to fetch her, but unexpectedly, the old madam had just sent a minor servant.

Do they really think she's so easy to send away?

In any case, she is of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, the woman of destiny, without her, Mo Zhixuan wouldn't be able to survive.

It seems that the Mo family's old madam has really become senile!

Seeing that there was still no movement inside, Aunt Lan couldn't help but ask again, "Miss Zheng, are you ready? Otherwise, the old madam might get angry."

Angry, angry!

Now, the one who should be angry is me!

This old hag from the Mo family, when she wants to kick me out, she kicks me out, when she wants me back, she just calls me back!

Do they really think I'm made of clay?

That they can manipulate me as they wish?

I am the protagonist of today's banquet, and she dares to slight me like this!

Then I just won't go!

Let's see how this banquet fares without its protagonist, without the future lady master of the Mo family, the old hag will have to see who can hold the fort!

"Oh, Aunt Lan, you go back first, I'm suddenly feeling a little unwell, so I won't accompany you," she said.

"Not feeling well? Miss Zheng, do you need me to get Doctor Li to come and take a look?" Aunt Lan asked.

"No need," Zheng Chuyi said with a slight curl of her lips and a soft voice, "Aunt Lan, just tell Aunt Mo I'm not feeling well, that's enough."

"Alright, Miss Zheng, then I'll be going, take care of yourself."

Zheng Chuyi listened to the footsteps receding into the distance, her fingertips lightly plucking, and instantly, heavenly music reverberated from her fingers.

She just didn't believe that the old hag wouldn't come to invite her personally!

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The banquet hall.

After hearing Aunt Lan's report, the old Mo family madam slightly frowned, "Not feeling well?"

"Yes, Miss Zheng said she is not feeling well, so she won't be coming, old madam, do you want me to check on Miss Zheng again in a while to see if she is feeling better?"

The old Mo family madam snorted coldly, "Never mind, no need, let's start the feast when Zhixuan and the others arrive." Either way, she's someone who can't be shown in public, a nuisance if present, better if not here.

"Alright, then should we have Doctor Li go take a look at Miss Zheng?" Aunt Lan continued.

The old Mo family madam waved her hand, "No trouble, she won't die."

Upon hearing this, Aunt Lan respectfully bowed and withdrew.

But she was puzzled, wondering why the old madam suddenly had such a change of heart towards Miss Zheng.

"Sister, who were you just talking about?" Aunt Tong curiously asked.

The old Mo family madam spat out three words with disgust, "Zheng Chuyi."

"Her?" Aunt Tong was visibly surprised, "She came as well? Is she living here now?"

The old Mo family madam nodded.

"Sister, you've really become senile," Aunt Tong said discontentedly, "Have you forgotten the events of the past? How could you let such a person move into the Mo family's home!"

The old Mo family madam lowered her voice, "Now is not the time to talk about this, I'll explain it to you after the banquet."

"Fine," Aunt Tong nodded slightly, dropping the subject and instead turned her attention to Chu Jin, speaking with affection, "Ah Jin, my sister's chef is really skilled, you must eat a lot later, look how thin you are, do you even weigh 90 pounds?"

The old Mo family madam also nodded in agreement, "You really should eat more, see how slight you are, nowhere near as sturdy as Qingyi."

An undeserved target, Mo Qingyi looked at the old Mo family madam with some displeasure, "Mom, is that how you talk about your own daughter? When did she become sturdy?"

Is it really proper to describe a girl as sturdy? Has her mother lost her mind?

Sitting beside her, Duanmu Zhe gently patted her on the shoulder and whispered teasingly in her ear, "You're not sturdy... you're just a bit like a little pig, that's all."

#### Chapter 209: Family Banquet

Feeling the warm breath spray on her neck, Mo Qingyi's ears turned red unconsciously and then she reached out and twisted Duanmu Zhe's thigh harshly.

Somewhat grinding her teeth, she said, "Little, pig, say, who?"

With each word she uttered, the strength in her hand increased.

Duanmu Zhe might look slender, but actually, there was plenty of flesh on his legs, hmm, and the feel wasn't bad either.

So she applied even more force with her hand, daring to call her a little pig, truly seeking trouble.

The pain contorted Duanmu Zhe's facial expression, and he repeatedly begged for mercy from Mo Qingyi, "Heroine, I was wrong, I was wrong, I'll never dare again, please spare me your mercy."

Mo Qingyi looked coldly at Duanmu Zhe, "Will you dare to talk nonsense in the future?"

"I dare not, I dare not," Duanmu Zhe pleaded with his hands clasped together, "Heroine, it's my fault, I was blind, I'll never dare to talk nonsense again, I beg you for your great kindness, spare me this once..."

"That's more like it," Mo Qingyi smiled satisfied, relaxing the strength in her hands, just about to retract her hand from Duanmu Zhe's leg, but at that moment, her hand was captured by Duanmu Zhe.

Their hands held together, the warm contact sparked as if electrified, a delicate sentiment spread in the air.

Mo Qingyi's ear tips, hidden beneath her long hair, turned a slight shade of red.

What's wrong with this Duanmu Xiaosi, why is he so keen on touching?

Doesn't he know the difference between men and women? He still thinks it's like when we were kids!

"Let, go, of, me!" Mo Qingyi ground her teeth, nearly ready to bite someone.

Duanmu Zhe slightly leaned in closer to Mo Qingyi and said in a low voice, with a depth that had just the right hint of huskiness, "Hasn't anyone told you, a man's thigh is off-limits?"

Duanmu Zhe was very strong, Mo Qingyi couldn't break free at all, and since all the small gestures were done under the table, no one noticed anything unusual.

"You pervert, who touched you? Have you no shame?" Mo Qingyi was nearly frantic, and then said, somewhat unnaturally, "Moreover, to say that someone like you qualifies as a man? What a joke!"

The corner of Duanmu Zhe's mouth curved into a wicked arc as he said, word by word, "Whether I count as a man, why don't you try and see?"

"Damn it! Try your big ghost head, you shameless thing," Mo Qingyi blushed from the neck up when she caught the implied meaning of his words, "You pervert!"

"Tsk," seeing how she couldn't take the teasing, Duanmu Zhe scoffed lightly, suppressing the wild thoughts in his heart, and teased, "What happened to the heroine, who can't even take a joke?"

For someone like Mo Qingyi, who claimed not to 'eat the grass by her own nest,' she had to be wooed slowly, without rushing too much.

"Excuse me," Mo Qingyi gave him a look, "Duanmu Xiaosi, this heroine doesn't want to talk to an idiot right now!"

Duanmu Zhe smiled helplessly, "Yes, yes, my heroine, please have some fruit juice now."

Saying this, he poured her a glass of juice and presented it to Mo Qingyi's mouth with both hands.

"This is much better!" Mo Qingyi took a sip with her head down.

As they were speaking, Mo Zhixuan entered the banquet hall with Jia Zhuo.

"Xuan'er is here," when the Mo family matriarch saw him, her eyes lit up, "Take a seat, we were just waiting for you and Jia Zhuo."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, then naturally sat down beside Chu Jin.

Jia Zhuo took a seat beside Zhou Xunian.

"Have you been waiting long?" Mo Zhixuan moved his chair closer to Chu Jin, and immediately a faint scent of tobacco filled his nostrils.

Within the light tobacco smell was a hint of cool mint, which was quite pleasant.

Chu Jin touched her nose and looked down to say, "Not too long, Auntie and Aunt Tong were very welcoming..." She couldn't finish her sentence fast enough, let alone pay attention to how long the person had been gone.

Mo Zhixuan looked at her long, beautiful neck and those lustrous, fair earlobes, his eyes darkening a bit with the urge to pinch her pale earlobes. Halfway through reaching out, the girl suddenly turned her head and asked with some confusion, "What's wrong?"

Mo Zhixuan coughed softly and spoke in a low voice, "Your hair is a mess."

He then reached out to tuck the stray hair by her ear behind it, his expression softening, his deep eyes filled with barely perceptible fondness.

His slightly rough fingertips gently caressed the soft, delicate skin, entwining and causing a tickling sensation...

The two were very close, Mo Zhixuan could even see her thick, long eyelashes tremble lightly.

It was as if a feather brushed gently across the bottom of their hearts, sending ripples through layer after layer.

Everyone saw the interaction between the two.

Gan Mingxie slightly narrowed his eyes, his gaze nonchalantly swept over the two individuals and then swiftly retracted.

He had known Mo Zhixuan for many years but had never seen Mo Zhixuan show such tenderness as at this moment. Had he not witnessed it with his own eyes, he would never have believed that the person before him was the same hegemon soaked in blood, who slaughtered an entire city single-handedly!

Could it be that this young girl really possessed some extraordinary qualities?

However, from the little probe just now, this young girl was no ordinary person either.

His strength was one of the top in the Underworld. It was unexpected that the young girl had just now treated his imposing presence as nothing and had even bounced it back at him so effortlessly.

And if he hadn't seen it incorrectly, the spiritual power emanating from her was the terrifyingly natural lightning superpower!

Someone who possessed natural superpowers should have a place on the Superpower World ranking.

But strangely, whether in the Superpower World, the Underworld, or the Ancient Martial Arts World, he had never seen this person's face.

Even stranger was that the aura enveloping her was clearly no different from an ordinary person's.

Yet inside her body lay a rare natural superpower.

At that moment, Gan Mingxie was filled with curiosity about the young girl in white.

And then there was the old Madame Mo, looking at the two of them, her eyes almost narrowed to slits. She had never seen her son display such behavior towards any female.

The current Mo Zhixuan clearly carried more of a mundane air than before.

His presence also seemed more human.

What a pity that Zheng Chuyi could not see her son's transformation, which would have been quite satisfying.

The old Madame Mo was quite pleased as she swept her eyes over the guests at the table, then beckoned to Aunt Lan at the side.

Seeing this, Aunt Lan immediately leaned in, "Old Madame, what are your orders?"

With an indifferent expression, the old Madame Mo commanded, "Everyone has arrived, let's start the meal."

"Very well," Aunt Lan nodded and then signaled the surrounding servants with her eyes to distribute the utensils to the guests.

The Mo family was large and had many rules.

The servants were all strictly trained, so at this moment, at Aunt Lan's glance, they efficiently sprang into action.

Raising her chopsticks, the old Madame Mo announced, "Tonight's meal is a family banquet, everyone seated here is not an outsider. Please feel free to eat and drink, and don't be reserved."

Following this statement from old Madame Mo, the banquet officially began.

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On the other side, Zheng Chuyi had been waiting in her room for a long time and neither the old Madame Mo nor Mo Zhixuan had come to fetch her personally, not even a servant had been sent.

Now Zheng Chuyi became somewhat restless, and with a 'clang,' the sound of the string beneath her fingertip abruptly stopped.

She stood up and looked outside the door, her gaze anxious, but there was no sign of the old Madame Mo nor Mo Zhixuan outside the door.

What was the old Madame Mo thinking, not coming over to fetch her yet!

Just then, a young servant approached from a distance. A glimmer of hope flashed in Zheng Chuyi's eyes as she took the initiative to speak, "Did Madame Mo send you to fetch me?"

The servant looked at Zheng Chuyi, paused for a moment, and said, "Miss Zheng, good day. Are you looking for the old Madame? She's already dining in the banquet hall up front."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi's eyes darkened, and her smile stiffened at the corners of her mouth.

How could they begin dining without the protagonist herself?

Weren't they neglecting proper protocol?

Moreover, she didn't even think of coming to fetch me personally!

Doesn't she know I am angry?

"Miss Zheng? Is there anything else you require? If not, I'll take my leave."

Zheng Chuyi immediately snapped back to reality, gave the servant a gentle smile, "No, that's all, you may go."

After the servant left, Zheng Chuyi's expression contorted somewhat.

At that moment, she was torn between going back into her room and attending the banquet, reluctant to just show up.

Chapter 210: Just So-So

However, since this old woman finally wanted to give herself a legitimate identity, she couldn't just miss this opportunity, could she?

After pondering, Zheng Chuyi still lifted her feet and walked in the direction of the banquet hall.

Forget it, she wouldn't hold a grudge against that old woman this time.

If she didn't go now, the banquet would probably be over.

If she had known things would turn out this way, she should have accompanied Aunt Lan when she came to invite her.

Being invited and going there by oneself made a big difference!

Different from other days, today Zheng Chuyi wore a white one-shoulder dress, a silver diamond necklace around her neck; she wasn't as radiant as usual, like a pearl that had lost its luster, a bit too plain and bland, making her stunning features seem unremarkable.

The extraordinary aura she usually carried had vanished without a trace along with the white dress.

If the red-dressed Zheng Chuyi was akin to a fairy of unmatched beauty, then the current white-clothed Zheng Chuyi was nothing more than an ordinary person among the masses.

It had to be said, she was better suited to fiery red.

Zheng Chuyi walked elegantly toward the banquet hall, a dignified smile on her face. Along the way, many servants nodded at her repeatedly, the peculiarity in their eyes was clearly visible.

Having been at the Mo family for so long, this was the first time they saw Miss Zheng wearing clothes other than red.

In the past, they thought Miss Zheng had the looks of a celestial being; now she seemed but so-so.

A true beauty should be able to pull off any color.

This white garment on Miss Zheng was beautiful, indeed, but soulless.

Moreover, it even seemed a bit petty.

The closer she got to the banquet hall doors, the more nervous Zheng Chuyi became.

Today was the day the Mo family matriarch would give her a proper identity; she presumed there must be many important figures present in the banquet hall by now.

The closer she got, the clearer the laughter from inside the banquet hall became.

Zheng Chuyi slightly frowned, wondering what there was to laugh about when the main character wasn't even present.

What was so funny?

She had expected the Mo family matriarch and Mo Zhixuan to personally come to fetch her, but it turned out none of them had come; arriving by herself was somewhat embarrassing.

But since she was here, she couldn't lose the presence she ought to have.

She was the number one beauty of the Superpower World!

A woman of destiny from high above, one with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!

Zheng Chuyi looked at the bronze door within arm's reach, took a deep breath, and then pushed it open...

With a 'creak,' the ancient wooden door immediately let out a muffled sound.

All eyes at the table were drawn over.

Sensing the scrutinizing gazes of the crowd, Zheng Chuyi slightly tilted her chin up, advancing with grace, making her way inside step by step, transforming the mere meters to the banquet hall into a feeling of crossing the galaxy.

Tonight, she was destined to be the center of attention.

Jia Zhuo looked at the white-clothed woman entering through the door, squinting slightly. His features seemed somewhat familiar.

"Chuyi?" Jia Zhuo said, looking at the figure in white, somewhat surprised.

It had to be said, having come to the mundane world, the changes in Zheng Chuyi were truly vast!

If one didn't look carefully, who would know that the person before them was that exceptional beauty who caught the gaze of millions!

The mundane world really wasn't a good place; in just a few days, it had transformed Zheng Chuyi into this state.

No wonder Zheng Chuyi always scorned the mention of the mundane world.

So, was this the reason?

However, Jia Zhuo was still puzzled, why after so many years in the mundane world, his Ninth Brother remained unchanged, commanding an even stronger presence than before.

And Zheng Chuyi had only been here for a few days, yet already lacking the radiance of a stunning beauty.

"Jia Zhuo?" Zheng Chuyi was also somewhat surprised; her gaze was completely drawn by Jia Zhuo and the great Prince of the Underworld, Gan Mingxie, who were by his side.

She hadn't expected that the Mo family matriarch, in order to legitimize her identity, would even invite Jia Zhuo and the great Prince of the Underworld, Gan Mingxie.

This really was too much of a surprise for her.

It seemed that her choice had not been a mistake; otherwise, she would have missed such a great opportunity tonight.

"Chuyi sister, is it really you! I thought I had seen the wrong person," Jia Zhuo said excitedly as he took Zheng Chuyi's hand.

"It's me," Zheng Chuyi also squeezed Jia Zhuo's hand, then nodded politely towards Gan Mingxie beside Jia Zhuo, "Mr. Gan."

Gan Mingxie also tugged at the corner of his lips, his eyes revealing no other emotion as he said indifferently, "Miss Zheng, long time no see."

He had seen this Zheng Chuyi once before in the Superpower World, where her red dress had dazzled everyone and particularly caught his eye.

But tonight, compared to that time in the Superpower World, she was quite different.

If the previous Zheng Chuyi filled him with a desire to challenge, then tonight's Zheng Chuyi left him disinterested.

The number one beauty of the Superpower World was no more than this.

He wondered what kind of medicine the Mo family matriarch was selling in her gourd, inviting Zheng Chuyi at this time; wasn't it obvious she was looking to stir trouble?

With the former fiancée and the current fiancée on the same stage, it looked like the Mo family was destined for a drama tonight.

Zheng Chuyi's gaze swept gently around the table, finally landing on Mo Zhixuan, her lips curving into a shy smile.

Mo Zhixuan was earnestly peeling a large shrimp, wearing a clean, spotless white shirt, his sharply defined features slightly obscured under the crystal lights, exuding mystery and a hazy elegance, making the action of peeling shrimp look flawlessly perfect.

It was as if what he held in his hand was not a greasy shrimp, but a piece of supreme, impeccable jade.

Zheng Chuyi's heart beat faster, thinking how wonderful it would be if he were peeling that shrimp for her.

But soon, she believed, just after tonight, she would receive that treatment.

However, the next second, reality dealt Zheng Chuyi the most fatal blow.

Her smile froze on her face.

She saw—

Mo Zhixuan placed the peeled shrimp directly into the bowl of the person beside him.

His gaze was dotting, his expression tender, an expression Zheng Chuyi had never seen on his face.

Following the bowl upwards, Zheng Chuyi caught sight of a set of picturesque features; it was that lowly, vulgar person she found revolting.

Chu Jin!

How could she be here!

How could someone of such lowly bloodline be here?

Especially when tonight, the Mo family matriarch was supposed to officially acknowledge her own status, why was this lowly commoner also present?

And she was also wearing a white dress, a dress Zheng Chuyi recognized.

This dress was from a famous luxury boutique owned by the Mo family, with an eight-digit price tag. She had her eye on this particular style and had intended to buy it, only to be told that the design was a one-off by the president himself and not for sale—a discontinued rarity.

She had thought to ask Mo Zhixuan for it after some time, it was just a dress after all, would he refuse her?

But now, it was worn by this person far beneath her standing!

This dress was Mo Zhixuan's own design!

How was she worthy? How was this commoner worthy?

For a moment, Zheng Chuyi felt a mix of emotions—painful anguish—but, in the presence of so many, she could not make a scene and had to swallow her grievances.

At this time, she must not lose her composure to that commoner.

Could it be that the true intention of the Mo family matriarch in calling both of them was to see who was more suitable for the position of the Mo family's mistress?

This old lady really was senile, to actually make her compare herself with a commoner.

Wasn't this an indirect insult to her?

Just with her lowly status, this commoner dared to compete for that position with her, how laughable!

Zheng Chuyi swallowed all her resentment, anger, and jealousy, making them vanish into the ether.

She raised the corners of her mouth in a dignified smile, looking up at the Mo family matriarch as if nothing had happened, and said softly, "Aunt Mo, I felt a bit unwell just now and arrived late."