

R Woman 221

Chapter 221: Horses Galloping Away Can't Be Recalled

Upon hearing these words, aside from Mo Zhixuan, who still maintained an indifferent expression, everyone else's faces revealed looks of surprise.

Although Zheng Chuyi had not been able to elicit the "Dancing Dragon and Phoenix," she had indeed played the Konghou.

By saying such things now, wasn't Chu Jin indirectly slapping her own face?

What made her so certain that Zheng Chuyi could no longer play that Konghou?

Even the always composed Madam Mo showed a complex expression, wondering what kind of trick her future daughter-in-law was playing.

Gan Mingxie's eyes also showed a hint of amusement as he looked at the slender figure among the group, his lips curling up slightly and a deep inkiness flashing through his eyes.

Zheng Chuyi's smile grew even more smug.

Commoners are just commoners, not a brain among them.

They really think they're from the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, but without her, how could this commoner possibly play the Konghou and summon the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix!

She is the True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!

Commoners will always be nothing but lowly commoners.

A slave fit only to hold her shoes!

Zheng Chuyi looked up at Chu Jin, her lips curving into a very deep smile, "Miss Chu, are you sure?"

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, her clear and distinct face showing no excessive emotion, only replying in an indifferent tone, "A word once spoken cannot be taken back even by a team of four horses."

Her tone may have been indifferent, but her words resounded with weight.

"Brother Jin," Mo Qingyi said anxiously, tugging at Chu Jin's sleeve, "don't be rash..."

"Don't worry, she no longer has the ability to play this ancient Konghou," Chu Jin said, her voice not loud but reaching every ear in the banquet hall.

Her clear voice was very pleasant to others' ears.

Yet to Zheng Chuyi and Jia Zhuo, it sounded rather grating.

This lowly commoner is far too arrogant and conceited!

How dare she make such bold statements before one of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, a chosen maiden!

It was utterly ridiculous!

"Heh," Jia Zhuo scoffed, "Miss Chu, save yourself the embarrassment of deluding yourself and others. I'm embarrassed for you! You are merely basking in the reflected glory of Sister Chuyi. Without the low-level bloodline in your veins, you would never even dream of playing this ancient Konghou! I don't know where you got the nerve to make such a statement!"

In Jia Zhuo's view, Chu Jin's ability to play the ancient Konghou was simply by association with Zheng Chuyi.

Because she, along with Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi, had tried to play the Konghou before Zheng Chuyi did, only Chu Jin played it after Zheng Chuyi. Hence, the instrument merely retained some of Zheng Chuyi's spiritual energy of the True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, erroneously allowing Chu Jin to produce sound.

She was merely capitalizing on a mistake, otherwise, how could such an insignificant commoner possess such great capability?

That's laughable!

After all, there could never be a second True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in this world!

Therefore, Jia Zhuo was absolutely convinced of this.

"Actions speak louder than words," Chu Jin said indifferently, glancing at Jia Zhuo succinctly.

Jia Zhuo's eyes narrowed slightly, a frosty look in her beautiful eyes, "Then just wait and weep. This time, we will not let you off!"

Chu Jin's lips curved up slightly. Compared to the anger on Jia Zhuo's face, her demeanor was utterly composed. At her words, she calmly dropped four words, "Wait and see."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi first sneered, her eyes and brows full of disdain, "Then let's just wait and see. I still say the same thing, I hope by then, Miss Chu can rightly recognize herself and not contradict herself, behaving dishonorably!"

This time she was certain to win!

This commoner was destined to be her slave!

"The one who should not behave dishonorably is you!" Mo Qingyi glared at Zheng Chuyi and spoke out quietly, "I don't know who was crying and begging, not daring to sign just a moment ago!"

"You!" Zheng Chuyi bit her lip, glaring furiously at Mo Qingyi, her face full of anger.

Yet Mo Qingyi just made a face at her, taunting with a sing-song voice, "The dishonorable one! If you can't stand to gamble, don't make a bet. How shameful!"

Just as the conflict between the two seemed ready to escalate, Jia Zhuo hurriedly patted Zheng Chuyi's back, "Come on, Sister Chuyi, let's go play the konghou."

At a time like this, letting Zheng Chuyi offend Mo Qingyi would be no good for either Zheng Chuyi or for herself.

Given Ninth Brother's temperament, if he were to return to the Superpower World with them, he surely wouldn't leave Mo Qingyi behind.

Though this commoner's foundation is lacking, with Ninth Brother and Old Lady Mo's abilities, reversing her bloodline is not an impossible task.

If Ninth Brother became the Lord of Different Ability World, then Mo Qingyi's status would definitely rise along with the tide.

"Okay." Zheng Chuyi repressed the anger on her face and started walking towards the konghou. The situation was about to turn around anyway, so why should she get angry with a commoner at this time?

Just thinking about how she would soon be able to crush this arrogant commoner beneath her foot brought Zheng Chuyi immense satisfaction!

Zheng Chuyi settled in front of the konghou with ease, her ten fingers gently hovering over the strings, and a faint curve slowly formed at the corner of her mouth.

This time, she was determined to evoke the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix!

She wanted everyone to see her in a new light!

She would let everyone know that she was the one and only True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!

Without equal in the world!

Almost all eyes were focused on Zheng Chuyi, filled with anticipation.

Feeling everyone's gaze, the smug look in Zheng Chuyi's eyes grew even more intense.

As Zheng Chuyi made her move, Jia Zhuo's heart was gripped with tension. She stared unwaveringly at Zheng Chuyi, not daring to even blink, afraid she might miss something.

Although she knew that Zheng Chuyi would be able to play the konghou, she was still a bit nervous at the moment.

However, the thought of Zheng Chuyi achieving a grand victory soon, summoning the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix, and forcing that lowly commoner to bow and declare herself a slave made her heart swell with pleasure.

At that time, she would torture that despicable commoner thoroughly!

One second passed, then two seconds, then three.

But aside from the faint sound of people's breathing, there was no other sound in the air.

The smile on Zheng Chuyi's face was faltering, her heart turned cold, and panic set in. Her fingertips trembled slightly, and cold sweat broke out on her back almost instantly.

What on earth was happening?

Why were the strings, which had just been so supple and easily swayed by her, now rigid as a board?

She couldn't even make them quiver in the slightest!

Touching them felt like touching the edge of a knife, chilling to the bone, as if a bit more force would sever her flesh and break her bones.

What should she do now?

Zheng Chuyi's mind was cloudy and heavy, her heart was cold, seemingly grasped tightly by someone, as if it would stop beating the next second.

"Sister Chuyi," just then, Jia Zhuo's somewhat smug voice cut through the air, "Sister Chuyi, I know you are kind-hearted and don't want to argue with someone of an inferior bloodline, but at a time like this, you don't need to save her face. Hurry up and play the konghou, summon the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix. Otherwise, this Miss Chu will never realize how big the gap between you and her really is!"

In Jia Zhuo's mind, Zheng Chuyi's delay in playing the konghou was entirely out of kindness, unwilling to quarrel with a lowly commoner.

After all, Zheng Chuyi was famously kind-hearted in the Superpower World.

She even hesitated to step on an ant on the street.

Beautiful and kind-hearted, that's why Zheng Chuyi was so beloved by the people of the Superpower World.

Zheng Chuyi had nearly become the role model for all the women in the Superpower World.

In fact, some people, in order to imitate Zheng Chuyi, strove to emulate her and wore red clothes all year round.

"I think it's your Sister Chuyi who can no longer play the konghou, Miss Jia Zhuo," Mo Qingyi said gleefully, "you might as well stop your futile struggles; a dead duck's quack is the hardest to quell!"

Exposed by Mo Qingyi's words, Zheng Chuyi's complexion grew even paler, her whole body sweating, the chill creeping down her back, and an ominous premonition overwhelmed her.

She didn't even know how to recover from this.

Now, her fingers caressing the strings didn't dare to move rashly, maintaining their position, fearing that any odd behavior might give her away.

Chapter 222: Shameless

"Miss Mo, please do not talk nonsense!" Jia Zhuo's tone also grew unpleasant, "Chuyi is the unrivaled Bloodline of Fire Bathing! How could she possibly fail to play the Konghou!"

Jia Zhuo had full confidence in Zheng Chuyi.

As he spoke, he turned to Zheng Chuyi and said softly, "Chuyi, don't listen to Miss Mo's wild claims. Just calmly play your Konghou without any mental burden."

Hearing this, Zheng Chuyi hid the overwhelming panic in her heart and gave Jia Zhuo a composed nod.

Her fingertips moved slightly, and strands of red smoke began to twine around them.

She was trying to use Spiritual Power to stir the strings of the Konghou.

Seeing this, Jia Zhuo exclaimed excitedly, "Do you see that? Chuyi has already summoned auspicious energy! She will soon draw out the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix!"

Jia Zhuo mistook the strands of red light for the auspicious energy summoned by Zheng Chuyi, after all, just moments before the commoner had elicited a lot of red auspicious energy before drawing out the Dragon and Phoenix!

Thinking this, the smug look on Jia Zhuo's face grew even more intense.

This time, that commoner is truly doomed!

Not even considering her own status, she actually tried to compete with Zheng Chuyi!

Soon she wouldn't even know how she died.

Apart from Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, everyone else observing this scene also showed a look of surprise on their faces.

Chu Jin had played for a long time before she elicited the auspicious energy, so why did Zheng Chuyi manifest it as soon as she touched the Konghou strings?

Could it really be that Zheng Chuyi could bring forth the miraculous sight of the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix?

Everyone had different thoughts, but only Zheng Chuyi knew that this was not auspicious energy at all, but an illusion created with her Spiritual Power.

Why is this happening, she had almost exhausted all her Spiritual Power, yet the Konghou still showed no response!

Why is this happening! Zheng Chuyi bit her lip tightly, her face drained of all color.

No, it can't be like this, it's all an illusion, all an illusion, she had just been able to play the Konghou!

It must be all an illusion, she is the True Destiny Maiden, the only one in the world to possess the Bloodline of Fire Bathing.

With that thought, the look on Zheng Chuyi's face eased a little, and images of Chu Jin playing the Konghou came to mind. Following her example, she also slowly closed her eyes and swiftly began to pluck the strings.

Pluck, wipe, hook, strike.

The movements were smooth to the extreme, yet still no sound poured from her fingers, only a bone-chilling pain kept surging from the tips, and soon, her white hands turned into a bloody mess, too gruesome to behold.

Yet the tight strings of the Konghou didn't even tremble, remaining rigid, the proud Konghou had now become a mute instrument.

But Zheng Chuyi was still unwilling to give up, her fingers continually moving on the strings, the bright red blood staining the pale yellow strings, yet the air remained deadly silent.

Almost no one had anticipated such an outcome.

They had nearly all prepared themselves for Zheng Chuyi to conjure the miraculous sight of Dancing Dragon and Phoenix.

To think that in the end, Zheng Chuyi no longer even had the ability to make the Konghou sing.

Disappointment appeared on everyone's faces.

Jia Zhuo stood there dumbfounded, her face which had begun to flush, now turned as white as paper, as if her soul had been drawn out.

She could hardly believe what she was seeing!

Just a moment ago, Zheng Chuyi had summoned the auspicious energy, but why couldn't she play the Konghou?

Feeling the excruciating pain from her fingertips, Zheng Chuyi abruptly opened her eyes, stood up from the stool, and with features contorted, bellowed at Chu Jin, "You sorceress! What have you done to my Konghou? Why has it become a mute instrument now? Give me back my Konghou!"

The last person to play the Konghou was Chu Jin; it must have been her who tampered with it!

Otherwise, why couldn't even she, the Maiden of Destiny with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, make the Konghou sing?

It had to be her!

Upon hearing this, Jia Zhuo also snapped back to reality, right, it must have been the commoner who meddled with the Konghou!

Otherwise, with Zheng Chuyi's bloodline, this kind of thing would never have happened.

Maybe, Mo Zhixuan was helping behind the scenes, otherwise, how could a mere commoner like her have such ability!

"Yes! You must have sabotaged it secretly!" Jia Zhuo also turned the spearhead towards Chu Jin, "You must be jealous of Chuyi sister's bloodline and status, that's why you framed her! You are too malicious! Quickly restore the Konghou to its original state, or we won't let you off!"

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin slowly turned her head, her crimson lips curling slightly, and her bottomless black pupils looked towards Jia Zhuo and Zheng Chuyi, bringing with them a chilling cold light.

Like a queen, she lifted her chin slightly, "Do you think, I need to be jealous of her?"

Every word, laden with an icy breath.

Suddenly, an invisible aura erupted from her.

And effectively subdued everyone present.

Not a single person dared to question the meaning behind her words.

This was the aura of someone who had long been accustomed to authority.

From Gan Mingxie's perspective, this person didn't seem like a teenage girl at all.

But more like a seasoned warlord!

Jia Zhuo was also shaken by this aura, she swallowed nervously, then said, "If, if it wasn't you, then why has this ancient Konghou turned into a mute instrument?"

The confidence was already noticeably lacking.

A mere commoner, with no Brother Nine, she was nothing!

Nothing to be afraid of!

Jia Zhuo comforted herself inwardly.

"Who says it's turned into a mute instrument," Chu Jin walked leisurely to the Konghou, lightly lifted her hand and casually stroked the strings, and immediately ethereal music poured out from between her fingers.

The music spiraled around the beams, and the last sliver of hope in Jia Zhuo's eyes also vanished completely.

Zheng Chuyi staggered backwards several steps, leaning on the column behind her. She looked down at her own hands, blurred with flesh and blood, then at Chu Jin's slender, fair hands, filled with resentment and anger in the blink of an eye.

"Miss Jia Zhuo, you and your sister Chuyi shouldn't struggle in vain," Mo Qingyi glanced at Zheng Chuyi and Jia Zhuo with endless mockery in her eyes, "Don't you understand such simple logic? Obviously, because your sister Chuyi's bloodline isn't high-level enough, the ancient Konghou has already recognized my sister-in-law as its master. You've lost, and if you can't stand to lose, you shouldn't have played in the first place!"

Mo Qingyi continued.

"The wager was initiated by Zheng Chuyi, and she set the terms herself. Oh, now that you realize you've lost, you start biting back? Isn't that a bit too shameless? After all, there are so many of us watching! Just now, who was the one who repeatedly said that the loser should not go back on their word and act dishonorably? Now, does your face hurt? It doesn't hurt you, but I feel the pain for you!"

"Qingyi is right, this ancient Konghou possesses great Spiritual Power, has a proud nature, and once it recognizes a master, no matter the person's bloodline, they cannot forcefully play it. All this is fate," the Mo family's matriarch, sitting in the main seat, spoke at this moment, "And moreover, a person should keep their word, honor bets, Zhixuan, that contract, let Chuyi sign it sooner rather than later."

The most excited and exhilarated person tonight was undoubtedly the Mo family's matriarch.

She didn't expect her favorite daughter-in-law to also possess the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, which meant that the Mo family truly had hope!

She could rejoice at the thought of embracing a chubby grandchild sooner rather than later.

It seems this mundane world is really a good place, able to nurture a person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing.

It seems, Zhixuan's choice was the right one.

The Mo family's matriarch was the most authoritative person in the Mo family, so her words also carried a definite authority.

Her statement undoubtedly sent Zheng Chuyi plunging into the abyss of hell.

A cold sweat even broke out on Jia Zhuo.

Neither of them had anticipated such an outcome in the end.

"No! Aunt Mo, you can't do this to me! I am the True Destiny Maiden with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing! You can't be so unfair..."

Towards the end, Zheng Chuyi's voice had already taken on a sobbing tone.

Jia Zhuo's pupils also started to dilate, it was clear from the Mo family's matriarch's words that she had given up on Zheng Chuyi.

Without any consideration for the special Bloodline of Fire Bathing she possessed.

Chapter 223: She's not someone you can afford to mess with

Mo Zhixuan walked over to Zheng Chuyi with furrowed brows, handed her the sheet of paper, his face extremely tense, and his cool lips parted slightly, "Sign it."

"No!" Zheng Chuyi swiped Mo Zhixuan's hand away, "Zhixuan, you can't do this to me, I am the true Destiny Maiden, she's an impostor! She's nothing but a lowly commoner, what skills does she have to play the Konghou, she's only basking in my light; you can't be deceived by her like this!"

"Exactly," Jia Zhuo also stepped in front of Zheng Chuyi, subconsciously protecting her, "Ninth Brother, how can you treat Sister Chuyi this way, after all the years of affection between you two, how can you make her a slave to a lowly commoner!"

Zheng Chuyi is a pearl held high in the Superpower World, adored by thousands of people.

How could she possibly become a slave to a commoner?

Isn't this slapping the face of everyone in the Superpower World?

This isn't just about defending Zheng Chuyi as an individual, but about defending the honor of the Superpower World.

Especially in the presence of the Prince of the Underworld.

If this were to spread to the other two realms, it would cause the entire Superpower World to lose face.

This Ninth Brother's actions are utterly disproportionate!

"And you," Jia Zhuo's gaze shifted to Chu Jin, "Miss Chu, I don't know what trick you used to make the ancient Konghou acknowledge you as its master, but there's something I must warn you about, never covet the position that belongs to Sister Chuyi, put away your little schemes, she's not someone you can afford to provoke."

In Jia Zhuo's subconscious, the only reason the Konghou would acknowledge Chu Jin as its master was because she must have tampered with the strings.

Otherwise, how could she, a lowly commoner, possibly be capable of playing the Konghou, let alone summoning the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix!

Perhaps, everything that just happened was an illusion!

"How coincidental," Chu Jin chuckled lightly, her gaze coldly turning toward Jia Zhuo and Zheng Chuyi, "I'd like to return that same piece of advice to you and Zheng Chuyi, never attempt to covet what belongs to another, and, I, am not someone you can afford to provoke either!"

By the last sentence, her lips curled up into a casual smile.

A bit excessively wicked and cruel.

"My Jin Brother is so cool!" Hearing this, Mo Qingyi clapped his thigh excitedly.

"She's cool, but why are you hitting my thigh?" Duanmu Zhe's voice sounded faintly from the side.

That slap just now really hurt.

"So what if I hit you? Hitting you is giving you face," Mo Qingyi rolled his eyes at Duanmu Zhe, "Didn't you look down on my Jin Brother just now? Now that my Jin Brother has turned the situation around, does your face hurt?" As he spoke, Mo Qingyi naturally reached out and pinched Duanmu Zhe's cheek, then twisted it hard.

Just like when they were little.

Duanmu Zhe's face turned red in an instant, whether from the pinch or...

Chu Jin slowly approached Mo Zhixuan, took the paper from his hand, her eyes brimming with a cold light, the dimples at the corners of her mouth growing deeper, "Hm, plain as black and white, does Miss Zheng intend to renege on her word?"

If it hadn't been for Zheng Chuyi aiming to put her to death right from the start, she wouldn't have pressed so hard.

She's never been the good type, and certainly wouldn't let go of an enemy at every turn.

"Prideful for what! You commoner, what right do you have to be prideful?" Although Zheng Chuyi slumped weakly against a column behind her, her eyes were still fixed on Chu Jin, her gaze filled with chilly venom, as if she wanted to dismember Chu Jin then and there, "If it weren't for Zhixuan, what would you count for? What right do you have to swagger before me!"

"Not convinced?" Chu Jin glanced sideways at Zheng Chuyi, her tone light, "Wanna fight one-on-one?"

Zheng Chuyi was immediately speechless.

Having clashed with this commoner twice, and both times she had been at a disadvantage, naturally she wasn't foolish enough to challenge her to a duel at this moment.

"Since you don't want a one-on-one, then sign this Master-Servant Blood Covenant," Chu Jin simply bypassed Jia Zhuo and pushed the paper into Zheng Chuyi's hands, "Don't worry, I'm not a difficult master, even if you truly became my slave, I wouldn't deliberately bully you."

Though her tone was mild, there was not the slightest hint of jest.

Clutching the paper in her hand, Zheng Chuyi felt as if all her strength had been instantly drained, leaving her entire body chillingly cold.

She never dreamed that she would face such a day.

A True Destiny Maiden of the Superpower World, trampled underfoot by a mere mortal.

Now, only one person could save her from this dire situation. Thinking of this, Zheng Chuyi immediately looked up at Mo Zhixuan, her tears nearly cascading down in an instant.

Like beads off a broken string, they surged forth.

"Zhixuan, you can't treat me this way. Have you forgotten our past? We grew up together since we were little. You promised to protect me for a lifetime. Doesn't our years of friendship mean more to you than some outsider..."

Amid sobs and tears, her white chest was even stained with red bloodstains, which made her look exceedingly pitiful.

Any man who saw her would feel a twinge of pity, stirring up a protective desire.

"Just sign it. A bet is a bet, and that's an unchanging rule," Mo Zhixuan didn't even glance at Zheng Chuyi as he continued, "Besides, she's not an outsider. She's my fiancée. This bet was between you and her, and I have no right to interfere."

Ever since Zheng Chuyi came up with the Blood Covenant, she hadn't planned on letting Chu Jin go. Naturally, he wouldn't take Zheng Chuyi's side at this time either.

Fiancée?

At these words, Zheng Chuyi felt like she was falling apart. "You say she's your fiancée, then what am I? What does my many years of waiting count for? Mo Zhixuan, have you forgotten how my brother died? For whom did he die? When my brother died, what did you promise? You promised to protect me for a lifetime. And now, you want me to be a slave to a mere mortal. Mo Zhixuan, is this how you honor my brother's memory?"

Listening to Zheng Chuyi's words, Mo Zhixuan's face remained expressionless, his deep-set features as if covered with a layer of impenetrable thin ice.

"If Zilong were here, he would certainly respect my choice," Mo Zhixuan continued, "After all, you brought this upon yourself."

"Ninth Brother!" Jia Zhuo couldn't help but rebuke, "How can you say such things! Do you have no conscience left? Look carefully at who stands before you! This is Sister Chuyi! If Brother Zilong were still here, he would never let Sister Chuyi suffer such an injustice! How can you justify this to Brother Zilong? Have you forgotten that year..."

Jia Zhuo hadn't finished speaking.

Suddenly, a crisp sound filled the air, sending a jolt through everyone present!

In an instant, an overpowering aura from all directions rushed towards Jia Zhuo.

"Enough! Jia Zhuo!" The Matriarch of the Mo family rose from her seat, her face stern as she shouted, "This is none of your business! Shut your mouth right now!"

Jia Zhuo immediately fell silent, beads of cold sweat breaking out on his pale forehead as he stepped back.

It was as if he had become a different person in an instant.

At this moment, Jia Zhuo's body was enduring a pain unimaginable to ordinary people.

"Aunt Mo!" Zheng Chuyi staggered, rushing to kneel beside the old lady, "Aunt Mo, please save me. Tell them to stop pressuring me. I cannot possibly become a slave to a mortal. Only you can save me now."

The Matriarch of the Mo family coldly glanced at Zheng Chuyi, "To serve as a slave for the future daughter-in-law of my Mo family is not something shameful. Besides, her bloodline ranks several levels above yours; consider it a stroke of fortune for you."

"Aunt Mo, Aunt Mo," Zheng Chuyi tugged at the hem of the elderly lady's clothes, her voice hoarse, "have you forgotten why I came to the Mo family? It was all for Zhixuan. Think about it, the Night of Extreme Yin is nearly upon us. Without me, how will Zhixuan get through it safely?"

This matter concerned Mo Zhixuan's safety, and she was certain the Matriarch of the Mo family would relent.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have allowed Zheng Chuyi to stay in the first place.

With the Night of Extreme Yin fast approaching, the Matriarch of the Mo family surely wouldn't make an error in judgment.

Now that she knew her own future daughter-in-law also belonged to the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, Zheng Chuyi was of no use to the Mo family anymore.

The Matriarch of the Mo family had tolerated Zheng Chuyi for a long time now, "This Blood Covenant was your own doing, and it was you who signed it in black and white. I, an old woman, cannot be bothered with such trivial matters. You'd best fend for yourself."

Grasping the true intent behind the Matriarch's words, Zheng Chuyi's face turned as pale as paper, her limbs chilled, her pupils dilating. The Matriarch was truly giving up on her.

Chapter 224: Stay

She abandoned the real True Destiny Maiden!

She, a person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!

The Konghou was stolen, Lady Mo had given up on her, Mo Zhixuan didn't want her anymore, she was thoroughly defeated by a commoner!

A commoner she had never looked at properly before!

A lowly commoner not even fit to carry her shoes!

And in front of so many people at that!

Such a wretched defeat! A tremendous disgrace! She lost all her dignity!

With a subconscious glance, Zheng Chuyi swept her gaze across the crowd, and when her eyes met Gan Mingxie's playful hawk-like gaze, her pupils shrank violently.

She even thought she was hallucinating.

Gan Mingxie, as someone who had once liked her, how could he look at her with such a gaze?

The moment Zheng Chuyi saw that look in Gan Mingxie's eyes, she knew, today she was truly finished.

Her dignity had been severely trampled on the ground by a commoner!

Upon realizing this,

'Puh--' Zheng Chuyi vomited a mouthful of blood from the core of her heart, her vision darkened, and she fainted to the ground.

"Sister Chuyi!" On seeing this, Jia Zhuo endured her own pain, quickly lifted Zheng Chuyi, and wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth, "Sister Chuyi, are you alright? Don't scare me..."

Jia Zhuo's voice also carried a cry, her tone filled with sadness and urgency.

Unfortunately, Zheng Chuyi was like she couldn't hear her calls at all, her eyes tightly closed, her face terrifyingly pale, and she was extremely weak

It was hard to see any signs of life in her.

Even those with the coldest hearts, upon seeing such a scene, would feel a twinge of compassion.

"What exactly do you all want!" Ignoring the pain in her body, Jia Zhuo held Zheng Chuyi tightly, her tear-choked voice of questioning resonated throughout the entire banquet hall, "You've all driven Sister

Chuyi to this state! Isn't this enough? Do you really want Sister Chuyi dead? Murder should have a limit, what exactly do you want..."

The voice of Jia Zhuo was sad and chilling, heartbreakingly poignant, moving all who saw and saddening all who heard.

Jia Zhuo's mind was filled with the scene of the snow-covered Everpeace street from those years.

The scene where the little girl, delicate as a doll in a red dress, reached out her hand to her with a smile.

That smile, like a warm fire in the cold winter, lit up her entire life from then on.

Without Zheng Chuyi from back then, there would be no her today.

Back then, she was a high and mighty young miss of the Zheng family from the Superpower World.

Back then, she was just a little beggar on Everpeace street who was about to freeze to death.

It was Zheng Chuyi who gave her the chance for a new life, so in times like this, she could not just abandon Zheng Chuyi.

You must have a conscience and know how to be grateful and reciprocate kindness.

Seeing this, Chu Jin let out a soft sigh and slowly approached Jia Zhuo, "Take her down to heal, let's forget about the contract, and try to keep a low profile in the future."

She too had died once and naturally understood the preciousness of life; at this moment, seeing such a scene, she couldn't help but feel pity.

Besides, she was never a person with a heart of stone.

On hearing this, Jia Zhuo gave Chu Jin a cold glance, "Move aside! Sister Chuyi and I don't appreciate your feigned kindness!"

With those words, she lifted Zheng Chuyi and quickly left the banquet hall.

"Jin brother," Mo Qingyi approached Chu Jin and affectionately took hold of her wrist, somewhat unwillingly said, "You're just going to let her go like that?"

"What else?" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, "Do you really want her to become my slave? Wake up, silly girl, we no longer live in a slave society, human trafficking is illegal," while speaking, Chu Jin even reached out a fair finger to tap on Mo Qingyi's forehead.

At Chu Jin's words, Gan Mingxie couldn't help but let out a soft chuckle.

He knew that with regard to that Blood Covenant, Zheng Chuyi was serious; if the one who had lost today were Chu Jin, then Zheng Chuyi certainly would not have let her off so easily.

Silly girl? The 'silly girl' she was referring to in her mouth should be herself.

All of a sudden, Gan Mingxie's ears twitched slightly, and then he stood up, courteously addressing the elder Mrs. Mo, "Elder Madam, thank you for your generous hospitality today. It's getting late, so I should be going back."

The elder Mrs. Mo chuckled, "Mr. Gan, you're being too formal. You and Zhixuan have been friends for many years; treat this like your own home."

Gan Mingxie bowed towards the elder Mrs. Mo, "Elder Madam is too courteous, I will take my leave now."

"Take care," the elder Mrs. Mo nodded slightly.

"Zhixuan, little sister-in-law, I'll be taking my leave first." Turning around, Gan Mingxie said goodbye to Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

Mo Zhixuan, with his hand lightly on Chu Jin's shoulder, gave a slight nod to Gan Mingxie, "Be careful on the way back."

As Gan Mingxie left, other guests also began to say their farewells in succession.

In the blink of an eye, only Chu Jin and Tong Zhi remained in the vast banquet hall.

"Aunt, Aunt Tong, I should be going back too; I have school tomorrow." Chu Jin glanced up slightly at the elder Mrs. Mo and Tong Zhi.

The elder Mrs. Mo first looked at Mo Zhixuan, then slowly started speaking, "Ah Jin, I heard you and Qingyi are at the same school. Why don't you stay over tonight and go to school with Qingyi in the morning?"

At her words, Mo Qingyi became excited and quickly chimed in, "Yes, yes, yes, Mom, you're absolutely right. It's perfect for me and Jin, and my sister-in-law to go to school together tomorrow."

"Then it's settled. I had someone prepare your room; just stay with peace of mind." The elder Mrs. Mo's words were casual, but they seemed well-prepared in advance.

Hearing this, Mo Qingyi pouted slightly dissatisfied, "Mom, there's no need to go through the trouble of preparing a room. Why doesn't Brother Jin just sleep with me?"

"You little girl!" Aunt Tong immediately stretched out her hand to poke Mo Qingyi's head, "Have you forgotten your Aunt Tong so quickly? Didn't we agree to sleep together tonight? How long has it been since we last saw each other?"

Mo Qingyi touched her head somewhat confused, "...When did I make such an agreement with you?"

These people, one saying this, the other saying that, didn't give Chu Jin a chance to refuse.

"This doesn't seem right," Chu Jin lowered his voice to consult with Mo Zhixuan, "Or maybe you can take me back, wouldn't that be too abrupt?"

Mo Zhixuan lowered his gaze, speaking in a low voice, "My mother is old and likes the house to be lively, with a bit of vitality. See, even Aunt Tong is staying, isn't she? There's nothing wrong; I will get up early to take you and Qingyi to school tomorrow. It's just for one night, and nobody home is going to eat you up; what's there to be afraid of?"

Being said so by him, Chu Jin found even fewer excuses to refuse, lifting his hand to touch his nose, "Well...okay then."

At these words, the corners of Mo Zhixuan's mouth turned up almost imperceptibly.

On the other side, in Zheng Chuyi's room.

At this moment, Zheng Chuyi was lying pale on the memory foam bed, eyes tightly closed.

Next to her, Jia Zhuo was pacing anxiously in front of the bed, muttering under his breath, "What to do, what to do, Chuyi, you mustn't have any trouble!"

Suddenly, as if struck by an idea, a glint flashed through Jia Zhuo's beautiful eyes. She stopped pacing and took out a small blue-and-white porcelain vial from her pocket, then poured out two elixirs and fed them into Zheng Chuyi's mouth.

Shortly after the elixir entered her mouth, Zheng Chuyi's complexion began to slowly become rosy, and her originally pale lips regained their natural color.

Moments later, she slowly opened her eyes, but still looked frail.

"Chuyi! You've woken up! You've finally woken up; you really scared me back there," Jia Zhuo said excitedly, gripping Zheng Chuyi's hand.

"I..." Zheng Chuyi looked around, "Where am I?"

Her weak voice was slightly hoarse.

"Chuyi, this is your room. You're fine now, just focus on recuperating and don't think too much."

Zheng Chuyi furrowed her brow slightly, recalling the events before she fainted, "And the Blood Covenant? Did I sign it?"

If she had become the slave of a lowly commoner, then she would rather die!

Jia Zhuo hurriedly shook her head, "No, no, the contract has been nullified; you can rest assured."

"That's good," Zheng Chuyi looked around instinctively, asking nervously, "And my ancient Konghou? Where is my Konghou?"

"The Konghou was taken by that commoner, but don't worry, one day, I will help you take revenge..." Regret appeared on Jia Zhuo's face, "I'm sorry, Chuyi, I couldn't protect the Konghou."

Zheng Chuyi closed her eyes bitterly, clutching the blanket beneath her tightly. Due to her forceful grip, her veins bulged, and her knuckles turned white.

Chapter 225: To Goryeo Nation

It took Zheng Chuyi quite a while to speak, "It's okay, it's not your fault! Jia Zhuo, I know you've done your best. If anyone's to blame, it's that mortal. If it hadn't been for her, how could I have ended up like this? Don't cry, I really don't blame you."

The more Zheng Chuyi said this, the stronger the guilt on Jia Zhuo's face became, "Sister Chuyi, I'm sorry, it's my fault for not being strong enough and causing you to be wronged. Rest assured, I will avenge you for sure."

As she spoke, Jia Zhuo's voice also began to grow hoarse.

"I really don't blame you," said Zheng Chuyi as she reached out and grasped Jia Zhuo's hand, trying to be strong and comforting her, "We've been the best of sisters since we were young. Talking like this is too formal. I have to thank you today. If it weren't for you, I might have..." The rest of the words seemed to get stuck in Zheng Chuyi's throat, unable to be voiced.

"Sister Chuyi," upon hearing this, Jia Zhuo suddenly burst into tears. She hugged Zheng Chuyi tightly and sobbed, "I'm sorry, Sister Chuyi, I'm sorry."

Zheng Chuyi had always been a standout in the Superpower World, never subject to such humiliation before.

Moreover, she was humiliated in such a way by a lowly mortal who had schemed against her.

Jia Zhuo felt extreme injustice and pain on behalf of Zheng Chuyi.

This further strengthened Jia Zhuo's determination to seek revenge for Zheng Chuyi.

"It's okay, it's okay," although she said it was okay, Zheng Chuyi's tears also suddenly welled up, but hidden behind those tears were a sinister ferocity and towering hatred.

One day, she would make that despicable mortal suffer total defeat and disgrace!

To be spurned by everyone.

To live a fate worse than death!

To descend to the Eighteen Layers of Hell!

"Jia Zhuo, when you came to the mortal realm, did you bring any Spiritual Medicine prepared by the Elder?" Zheng Chuyi asked casually.

Her low voice clearly carried a sobbing tone, leaving one unguarded.

Upon hearing this, Jia Zhuo stopped crying, looking puzzled, "I did. Sister Chuyi, why do you ask?"

Zheng Chuyi smiled faintly, accentuating the tear at the corner of her eye, and then asked, "Do you have any medicine that can heal wounds quickly?"

"Medicine for rapid wound healing?" Jia Zhuo thought for a moment, then said, "I brought Ice Dew, just in case."

As she spoke, Jia Zhuo took out a blue transparent porcelain bottle from her pocket.

The small bottle radiated a faint Spiritual Energy.

A black pill lay quietly inside the bottle.

"Why is there only one?" Zheng Chuyi frowned slightly.

Hearing this, Jia Zhuo scratched her head and said somewhat embarrassedly, "On my way here, I saw two fellow junior brothers being bullied by outsiders, so I used a few Ice Dew on them. Sister Chuyi, what do you need this for? Are you injured somewhere?"

At the last question, a look of concern appeared on Jia Zhuo's face.

"I see." Zheng Chuyi nodded thoughtfully, "Okay, I understand. I'm fine, but could you give me the last Ice Dew? I have another use for it."

Having at least one is better than none. One Ice Dew should be able to reduce a three-month recovery period to just one month. This way, she wouldn't have to wait an additional three months.

"Of course, it's not anything special." With that, Jia Zhuo handed the Ice Dew in her hand to Zheng Chuyi.

Taking the porcelain bottle from Jia Zhuo, a flash of an indiscernible emotion passed through Zheng Chuyi's eyes, her tone soft, "The Elder's Ice Dew is indeed a rare and precious thing,"

Her ultra-gentle tone, in stark contrast to the fierce expression on her face, seemed chilling at first glance.

It sent shivers down one's spine.

Even Jia Zhuo had never seen Zheng Chuyi with such an expression before.

Jia Zhuo's brows furrowed slightly, feeling a numbness in her heart.

Unsure of what Zheng Chuyi was contemplating.

Although Jia Zhuo looked down on the people of the mortal realm deep down, she was not inherently bad.

"Jia Zhuo," Zheng Chuyi dropped the fierce look from her face, her eyes softening as she looked at Jia Zhuo, as if the venomous person from before wasn't her at all, still speaking in an ultra-soft voice, "Do me a favor."

Looking at the harmless and benevolent Zheng Chuyi in front of her, Jia Zhuo almost thought she had just had an illusion.

Yes, it must have been an illusion.

The kind-hearted number one beauty of the Superpower World, how could she show such an expression?

"Sister Chuyi, you say it. As long as it's something I can do, Jia Zhuo will go through fire and water," Jia Zhuo said, looking steadfastly at Zheng Chuyi.

She owed Sister Chuyi and would spend this life repaying it.

Even if it meant climbing a mountain of swords or descending into a sea of flames.

She would never forget the girl in red, stunning as fire, on Everpeace street.

Nor would she forget the smile that had warmed her entire winter and would now light up her entire future.

"Can you take this Ice Dew and make a trip to Goryeo Nation tomorrow?" Zheng Chuyi's gaze was deep, making it hard to discern her true emotions.

Her complexion was still as pale as paper, looking a bit pitiful and helpless. Such an appearance invariably evoked pity in others.

No one could see just how dark or how gloomy her heart was.

"Goryeo Nation?" Jia Zhuo was a bit puzzled, frowning slightly in confusion, "Chuyi sister, what are we going to do there?"

Zheng Chuyi's lips curved slightly, her clear voice carrying a touch of hoarseness that made it sound particularly eerie.

"There's a very important task to be done," Zheng Chuyi's eyes narrowed slightly, coldness filling her pitch-black pupils.

Fortunately, she had been prepared and had a backup plan, or else she really wouldn't have been able to resolve the crisis at hand.

Seeing Zheng Chuyi like that, Jia Zhuo grew even more confused, "Chuyi sister, what is this very important task?"

What task was so important that it required a personal visit?

"Jia Zhuo, go back and prepare. And then you must make a trip to Goryeo Nation tomorrow. Once there, find a Beauty Plastic Surgery Hospital and in the inpatient department find a woman named Shen Minjie and give her the Ice Dew. She'll know what to do with it," Zheng Chuyi instructed in an orderly fashion.

Her beautiful eyes flickered with shades of chill and cunning.

Though Jia Zhuo didn't understand, she didn't ask for specifics, simply nodding and saying, "All right, Chuyi sister, I understand. If I go tomorrow, can you manage on your own?"

Jia Zhuo was still a bit worried about Zheng Chuyi's current physical condition.

"I'll be fine," Zheng Chuyi patted Jia Zhuo's hand, "Don't worry about me."

Zheng Chuyi's smile was light, and aside from her pale face, she seemed to have no other issues.

"Also," Zheng Chuyi added, "after you find her, just say you were sent by Madame Nine."

"Don't worry about me handling things, Chuyi sister," Jia Zhuo nodded with firm determination.

"Jia Zhuo," Zheng Chuyi clutched Jia Zhuo's hand, warmth visible in her eyes, "Thank you for your trouble."

Jia Zhuo chided, "Chuyi sister, this is what I should do; you make me feel like an outsider by saying that."

"Jia Zhuo, don't you want to ask why I'm sending you to Goryeo Nation?" Zheng Chuyi continued.

"Chuyi sister," Jia Zhuo showed a very sincere smile towards Zheng Chuyi, "I trust your character, so there's no need to ask."

Besides, Ice Dew was a Spiritual Medicine meant for healing wounds; she really didn't need to worry about anything.

She had known Zheng Chuyi for so many years, and she knew very well the kind of person Zheng Chuyi was.

How could someone who couldn't bear to step on an ant be capable of doing something harmful or outrageous?

Therefore, she didn't need to know the reason.

Nor did she need to ask why.

Like Jiang Mubai, she trusted Zheng Chuyi absolutely, without any guard.

"Jia Zhuo," Zheng Chuyi's eyes, glistening with tears, looked at Jia Zhuo, "Thank you."

That thank you carried too many emotions.

It made both of them embrace and cry.

Only, one was heartfelt and genuinely moved.

The other harbored ulterior motives, feigning sentiment and compassion.

**

In a corner of Capital City.

Under a silent starry sky.

A young man and woman stood beneath a sturdy sycamore tree, both gazing up at the heavens.

"The mundane world is better after all," said the woman standing next to the man softly, with a sigh, "to see such beautiful stars, to taste so many delicious foods, to see so many interesting people. Staying in the chilly Underworld all the time, I'm nearly suffocated to death. I wish I could stay here forever, breathing the wonderful air."

Chapter 226: Stirring Things Up Pace

This young woman is none other than the Little Princess of the Underworld, Gan Yuying.

Dressed in a light purple gown, her figure was exquisite, with very distinct facial features, fair and beautiful skin, and an aristocratic presence, reminiscent of a lotus emerging from the water – a true lady of the manor.

And the man by her side was the great Prince of the Underworld, Gan Mingxie.

"Father sent you to find me," said Gan Mingxie as he also lifted his eyes to gaze at the starry sky, his voice deep and questioning.

Gan Mingxie was a man of hidden depths; even his sister, Gan Yuying, couldn't fully discern the true feelings in her older brother's heart.

However, the siblings shared an exceptionally close bond, with Gan Mingxie displaying a slight overprotective tendency towards his sister.

Moreover, Gan Yuying, being the youngest princess of the Underworld, had always been the apple of everyone's eye.

"Yes, Big Brother, otherwise, do you think I could have snuck out of the Underworld?" Gan Yuying playfully stuck her tongue out at Gan Mingxie.

Gan Mingxie, somewhat helplessly, reached out to pat Gan Yuying's head, his eyes filled with a faint indulgence that was not immediately apparent, "As for you, you're not to cause mischief in the Mortal World and disrupt its order, do you hear me?"

"Mhm, I know," Gan Yuying nodded vigorously, "I understand, Big Brother. I'm not a child anymore. Oh right, Father wants you to return early; he has something very important he needs you to take care of."

It was then that Gan Yuying revealed the crux of the matter.

At her words, Gan Mingxie slightly furrowed his brows, "Something important? Did Father mention what this important matter is?"

Right now, he also had more pressing matters to attend to and was curious what other important tasks awaited him upon his return at such a moment.

"Eh," Gan Yuying just realized and looked at Gan Mingxie with some confusion, "Big Brother, why are you not at all surprised that Father woke up today?"

After all, the King of Hades had been asleep for nearly a thousand years.

For him to wake up at this time and for Gan Mingxie to show no surprise was peculiar.

Gan Mingxie chuckled lightly, his handsome brows arching slightly, "What's there to be surprised about? Didn't the Great Witch already predict that Father would wake up today? By the way, did Father say why he summoned me back this time, whether there's any important matter he needs to address?"

"Father didn't say anything," Gan Yuying touched her nose, recalling the King's reactions upon awakening, "However, Father acted very strangely. As soon as he woke up, he performed a thrice-kneeling and nine-kowtow salute toward the east, murmuring something like 'May my sovereign be safe.' After saying that, he sent me to find you, claiming he had important tasks for you. But, from his expression, it seemed very solemn; it must be something of utmost importance..."

Gan Yuying earnestly recounted the scene as it had unfolded, not leaving out a single detail for Gan Mingxie.

The King of Hades, lord of the Underworld and a sovereign amongst mortals, performing such a grand salute towards another being was indeed curious.

What stature and status must that person possess to warrant such a gesture from the King of Hades?

Hearing this, Gan Mingxie's pupils contracted slightly, startled, as the vision of the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix appeared before him.

Today marked the day of the King of Hades' awakening.

It was also the day of the extraordinary phenomenon, the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix.

Moreover, just as the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix emerged, the King of Hades had something important for him. There must be a critical connection between the two.

Bearing this in mind, Gan Mingxie quickly turned his head, "Yuying, then I shall make a trip back. After you've had enough fun, return early as well, so as not to worry Father."

"Okay, don't worry, Big Brother," Gan Yuying obediently nodded.

A sly glint passed through her lovely almond-shaped eyes.

Go back? Certainly!

But return early? No way!

The people of the Underworld always had a keen sense of smell, and she had detected that person's scent in this Mortal World. At this moment, how could she so easily return?

Not only had she caught the scent of that person, but she seemed to have also detected the fragrance of the Superpower World's most beautiful person.

With the first beauty involved, the situation was bound to be exciting.

She had been following that person for so many years. Now, whether through persistence or playing hard to get, it was time for a resolution.

As Gan Mingxie's figure grew increasingly distant, the smile on Gan Yuying's lips grew ever higher.

Tomorrow, might she finally get to see the person she's been longing for?

**

The Mo family's old residence.

Mo Zhixuan was dragged by the elderly Mrs. Mo into the study for a talk.

In the living room, only Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, and Chu Jin remained.

The three of them sat together, chatting warmly with a harmonious atmosphere.

Every so often, silvery laughter would echo through the air.

"Auntie Tong, you're too funny; you're killing me..." Mo Qingyi patted Tong Zhi's back as she laughed until tears came out.

Although Tong Zhi was much older than the two girls, her mental age was quite young, and she seemed very happy conversing with the younger generation,

The three of them didn't feel like there was a generational gap, but rather they were like close friends who could talk about anything freely and comfortably.

They got along very well.

"Ah right, you guys have your university entrance exams coming up, Jin, which university do you plan to apply to?" Tong Zhi turned her gaze toward Chu Jin.

Chu Jin's face still bore two shallow dimples, looking incredibly innocent. Hearing the question, she slowly responded, "Well, I suppose Beijing University. It still depends on fate; if I don't perform well, no one can say for sure."

In fact, with her abilities, getting into Beijing University wouldn't be a problem.

But plans can't keep up with changes, who knows what unexpected issues might arise then.

The speaker was unintentional, but the listener read into it.

"Beijing University is good," Tong Zhi nodded, clearly satisfied and looked at Chu Jin with eyes full of relief, "Beijing University is local, not far from home, so Zhixuan won't have to travel back and forth either, not bad at all."

Chu Jin gave an embarrassingly polite laugh, "...I also think Beijing University is pretty good." Hey, wait—was Auntie Tong implying something? Did she misunderstand something?

She couldn't possibly think I chose Beijing University because of Mo Zhixuan, could she?

This is really giving me a headache!

"Auntie Tong!" On the side, Mo Qingyi pouted slightly, pretending to be upset, "You don't care about me anymore..."

"You ungrateful little girl," Tong Zhi reached out and poked Mo Qingyi's head, laughing, "tell me, how have I not cared for you?"

"Ah," Mo Qingyi heaved a sigh, putting on an act, "If you cared about me, why wouldn't you ask where I plan to apply? You're always after the new and forgetting the old; I'm so disappointed in you!"

"Oh my! My dear niece is jealous!" Tong Zhi said teasingly, "Then do tell Auntie Tong, where do you want to go for university?"

Mo Qingyi flashed a mysterious smile at Tong Zhi, then hugged Chu Jin's arm and said, "I, of course, want to follow Brother Jin to Beijing University!"

She was determined to follow Brother Jin!

The three of them chatted and laughed together, time ticking by second by second, and before long it was 10 o'clock at night.

Tong Zhi glanced at the ancient clock and stood up at the appropriate time, "Jin, it's getting late, I'll take you to your room to rest. You still have school tomorrow."

Chu Jin nodded and got up to follow Tong Zhi, "Okay, Auntie Tong."

Seeing this, Mo Qingyi wanted to follow, but Tong Zhi stopped her, "Qingyi, it's late, you should go wash up and go to bed too; you have to get up early for school tomorrow."

"Oh." Mo Qingyi nodded reluctantly, stopping in her tracks.

Watching as Tong Zhi led Chu Jin away, a sly glint passed through her eyes.

The direction Auntie Tong was taking Brother Jin—

And not allowing me to follow—

Mo Qingyi stroked her chin thoughtfully, a mischievous smile spreading across her face.

She quickly came to a nine-word conclusion.

—Auntie Tong is up to something!

Thinking this way, Mo Qingyi's smile became even more brilliant, and he even let out a "hehehe..."

Chu Jin followed Aunt Tong upstairs and stopped in front of a bedroom door on the third floor, where Aunt Tong directly pushed open the door, and a faint minty cool fragrance immediately wafted from inside.

The scent that filled one's nostrils was refreshing and exceptionally pleasant.

This room faced the sunrise and was very spacious, yet had an extremely simple layout that was entirely visible at a glance, featuring a black and white color scheme that gave off a sense of cool austerity.

It didn't look like a guest room that had been hastily prepared, but rather like a room that someone had lived in for a long time.

Despite its simplicity, every item was incredibly luxurious and perfect to an extreme.

Tong Zhi turned her head and said with a chuckle, "Jin, I didn't know you were coming previously, so the preparations aren't very thorough. The room is quite plain, so I hope you don't mind."

Chu Jin looked around and replied, "Aunt Tong, you're being too formal. I think this room is very nice, and I really like it."

There was no hint of perfunctory in her light tone; she truly liked the room—its lack of excessive decoration, its simplicity, and its comfort.

It was the bedroom of her dreams.

"Then I'm relieved," Tong Zhi said with a relieved smile. She then led Chu Jin to a door and introduced, "This is the bathroom. I've prepared new toiletries for you. Go take a bath first. I'll go downstairs and see if the clothes I had someone prepare for you have arrived."

Chu Jin nodded, "Okay, then I'll trouble you, Aunt Tong."

"It's no trouble at all, you silly child, there's no need for politeness." Tong Zhi smiled very cordially and even patted Chu Jin's shoulder. "Go take your bath, I'll be back soon; it's also getting late."

After speaking, Tong Zhi left the room with a smile, closing the door behind her.

Watching Aunt Tong's departing figure, Chu Jin touched her nose with a hint of confusion.

Why did she feel that Aunt Tong was acting a bit odd tonight?

Could it be an illusion?

The sound of Aunt Tong's footsteps grew increasingly distant, and Chu Jin slowly withdrew her gaze.

She turned and entered the bathroom, drew a hot bath, slipped out of her white dress, and lay in the tub, bathing in comfort.

In the summer, she always had the habit of washing her hair every evening, so after bathing, she wrapped a towel around herself and washed her hair as well.

The bathroom was filled with thick steam and the sound of flowing water echoed from time to time.

After washing her hair, Chu Jin pulled open the bathroom door and stepped out while drying her hair with a towel.

At the same time, footsteps sounded from outside the door.

'Dada da—'

The footsteps were very clear, reaching her ears through the air as Chu Jin was wiping her wet hair facing the mirror.

Without giving it much thought, she assumed it was Aunt Tong bringing her clothes.

The next second.

'Click—'

The sound of the doorknob turning, followed by the sound of the door closing, and footsteps approaching from afar. However, halfway through, the person's footsteps suddenly halted.

As Chu Jin was busy with her hair, she spoke without turning her head, "Aunt Tong, you're back so soon. Just leave the clothes over there; I'll come and get them in a moment."

Having said that, Chu Jin put down the towel and turned around.

She froze upon seeing the visitor.

With eyes locked, the only sound in the air was the erratic breathing.

Both of them were stunned.

There stood Chu Jin, with a red string around her neck that stood out strikingly against her pale skin—the contrast of white and red was heart-stoppingly beautiful and particularly eye-catching, yet not out of place.

Mo Zhixuan looked at Chu Jin before him, his heartbeat skipping several beats, almost convinced he was hallucinating.

As the recent words of the old Madam Mo echoed in his ears, he came to an understanding.

"How did you get in here?" Chu Jin was the first to speak, breaking the somewhat delicate atmosphere.

Hearing the girl's clear voice, Mo Zhixuan quickly came back to his senses and coughed lightly with his fist to his lips, "This is my room."

Was it strange for him to return to his own room?

At these words, Chu Jin looked at him with some astonishment, "This is your room?"

Wasn't it agreed that this room was prepared for her?

How did it suddenly become Mo Zhixuan's?

Ah, hey! What about the trust between people?

No wonder Aunt Tong's behavior was so odd just now.

...Awkward! So damned awkward!

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly. Though his heart was tumultuous, his expression remained as calm as ever, his demeanor very tense. He began to reassure her, "Don't be nervous, just stay here for tonight at ease, I'll go out immediately."

Beneath the light, the man wore a clean, dust-free white shirt, with the second button undone, revealing a seductive Adam's apple. His sleeves were neatly rolled up, exposing a stretch of lean and pale arms and a discreet wristwatch, and his cool lips almost pursed into a line.

The bright light illuminated his profile, making him appear noble and aloof.

He exuded an aura of a supreme overlord from head to toe.

Chu Jin stared at the man before her, momentarily taken aback.

Before she could react, Mo Zhixuan took steps toward the direction of the door.

Chu Jin watched his retreating figure, finally letting out a sigh of relief.

The man had just reached the door when his brows raised slightly. He reached for the doorknob, and as expected, it was just as he had anticipated.

The entire door, from the inside out, was reinforced with Spiritual Power, making it utterly unmovable, let alone allowing for an exit.

Without a doubt, this was the handiwork of Aunt Tong and the old Madam Mo.

Unable to open the door, Mo Zhixuan could only walk back into the room, the corner of his cool lips imperceptibly turning up.

Although they had taken it upon themselves to lock him and her in this room, he didn't seem to be as angry as he had imagined.

In fact, there was even a thread of anticipation.

"You, why have you come back?" Seeing the man who had returned, Chu Jin's heart, which had begun to calm, was once again unsettled. She instinctively wrapped the towel tighter around herself, vigilantly watching the man approaching, "It's late, I need to go to sleep, why aren't you going back to your room to sleep?"

Mo Zhixuan glanced at the girl before him, suppressing the odd feeling in his heart, spoke in a bland tone, "The door lock is broken, I can't get out."

"The lock is broken?" Chu Jin frowned slightly, how could a perfectly good lock be broken? With Mr. Mo's abilities, a mere door lock couldn't possibly stymie him.

Could there be some other trickery at play?

Thinking so, Chu Jin hurriedly walked toward the door.

Mr. Mo watched the girl's departing figure and remained leisurely seated on the couch, without stirring an inch.

Chu Jin reached the door, laid her hand on the knob, and just as Mr. Mo had said, the lock was broken and wouldn't budge. Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, her fingertips moved, and instantly, purple lightning wreathed around her fingertips and the doorknob, but sadly, the heavy wooden door remained immovable as ever.

Chu Jin sighed lightly, then took a Tarot card from the space of purple lightning and slipped it into the door crack, hoping to jostle the lock, but alas, the wooden door had no response.

After many attempts, still unable to open the lock, Chu Jin had no choice but to walk back into the room.

Watching the girl come in, Mo Zhixuan raised his eyes slightly, feigning ignorance, "How is it? Can the door be opened?"

"It can't be opened," Chu Jin responded with a hint of defeat shaking her head, "What do we do now? Why don't you call someone to fix it?"

Mo Zhixuan held back the urge to smoke, his gaze deepening a bit, "My phone isn't with me, how about you make the call?"

Chu Jin subconsciously touched her nose, looking a bit embarrassed, "... I don't have my phone on me either."

The two sharing a room was bound to be a bit awkward...

Chapter 227: This is my room

Tong Zhi turned her head, chuckling, "Jin, I didn't know you were coming, so the room isn't fully prepared—it's a bit rudimentary. I hope you won't mind."

Chu Jin looked around and said, "Aunt Tong, you're being too formal. I think this room is very nice, I like it a lot."

Her tone was sincere, without any hint of insincerity. She truly liked the room—its simplicity, lack of clutter, and comfort.

It was her ideal bedroom.

"Then I'm relieved," Tong Zhi said with a relieved smile, then led Chu Jin to a door, and introduced, "This is the bathroom. I've prepared some new toiletries for you. Go ahead and take a bath. I'll go downstairs and see if the clothes prepared for you have been brought up."

Chu Jin nodded, "Alright, I'll trouble you then, Aunt Tong."

"It's no trouble at all, silly child. Don't be so polite with me." Tong Zhi smiled warmly, patting Chu Jin's shoulder, "Go take your bath, I'll be right back. It's getting late."

After speaking, Tong Zhi left the room with a smile, even thoughtfully closing the door behind her.

Watching Tong Zhi's retreating figure, Chu Jin touched her nose with some confusion.

Why did she feel like Aunt Tong was acting a bit strangely tonight?

Could it be her imagination?

The sound of Aunt Tong's footsteps faded, and Chu Jin slowly withdrew her gaze.

She turned and entered the bathroom, ran the hot water, slipped out of her white dress, and lay in the bathtub, soaking comfortably.

In the summer, she always washed her hair every evening, so after her bath, wrapped in a bath towel, she washed her hair as well.

The bathroom was hazy with steam, the sound of running water occasional breaking the silence.

After washing her hair, Chu Jin opened the bathroom door, drying her hair as she stepped out.

At the same time, footsteps sounded outside the door.

'Tap tap tap—'

The sound was crisp, entering her ears clearly as Chu Jin dried her hair in front of the mirror.

She didn't think much of it, assuming Aunt Tong had brought her clothes.

The next second.

'Click—'

The sound of the doorknob turning, followed by the door closing, footfalls approaching but suddenly pausing halfway.

Busy with her hair and without turning around, Chu Jin said, "Aunt Tong, you're back so soon? Just put the clothes there, I'll come and get them in a moment."

Having said that, Chu Jin put down the towel and turned around.

And then, she froze upon seeing the visitor.

They locked eyes in the silence, where only the sound of uneven breathing could be heard.

They both seemed stunned.

Chu Jin just stood there, the red string around her neck contrasting against her pale skin—not jarring in the slightest, yet strikingly eye-catching amidst the white.

Mo Zhixuan looked at the Chu Jin before him, his heart skipping several beats, almost convincing himself he was hallucinating.

The words of Mrs. Mo still echoed in his ears, bringing a sense of clarity to his heart.

"How did you get in here?" Chu Jin was the first to speak, breaking the slightly awkward silence.

Hearing the girl's clear voice, Mo Zhixuan quickly came to his senses, covering his mouth with his fist to cough lightly, "This is my room."

Was it so strange for him to return to his own room?

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin looked up at him, startled. "Is this your room?"

Wasn't it agreed that this room was prepared for her?

How did it become Mo Zhixuan's?

Hey! What about the trust between people?

No wonder Aunt Tong's behavior was so strange just now, and she kept urging her to take a bath.

...Awkward! So damn awkward!

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly. Although his heart was tumultuous, his face remained as calm as ever, his expression tight. He reassured her, "You don't need to be nervous, just feel safe to stay here tonight, I'll leave right away."

In the light, the man wore a clean, dust-free white shirt, its second button undone, revealing a sexy Adam's apple. His sleeves were neatly rolled up, showing off a portion of strong, pale forearms and a low-key wristwatch, his thin lips almost pressed into a straight line.

The bright light cast on his side profile made him look noble and cool.

He emitted an aura of a ruler who looked down upon the world.

Chu Jin stared at the man in front of her, momentarily lost.

Before she could react, Mo Zhixuan began to walk toward the door.

Watching his retreating figure, Chu Jin breathed a slight sigh of relief.

The man had just reached the door when his brows lifted slightly. He stretched out his hand to the doorknob, and as expected, it was within his anticipation.

Spiritual Power had been used to reinforce the door from the inside out, making it utterly immovable, let alone leaving.

Without thinking, he knew this was the handiwork of Aunt Tong and Old Madam Mo.

Unable to open the door, Mo Zhixuan had no choice but to walk back into the room. The corners of his cool lips barely lifted.

Although they took it upon themselves to lock him and her in this room, he didn't seem to be as angry as he had imagined.

In fact, there was even a hint of anticipation.

"You, why have you come back?" Seeing the man walk back in, Chu Jin's heart, which had slowly calmed down, picked up again. She subconsciously wrapped the towel tighter around herself, watching the approaching man with vigilance, "It's getting late, I'm going to sleep, why aren't you going back to your room to sleep?"

Mo Zhixuan glanced at the girl in front of him, suppressed the strange feeling in his heart, and said indifferently, "The door lock is broken, I can't get out."

"The lock is broken?" Chu Jin frowned slightly. How could a perfectly good lock be broken? With Mr. Mo's abilities, an ordinary door lock couldn't possibly trouble him.

Could there be another trick at play here?

Thinking this, Chu Jin quickly walked toward the door.

Watching the girl's departing figure, Mr. Mo remained leisurely seated on the sofa, not moving a muscle.

Chu Jin reached the door, placed her hand on the doorknob, and just as Mr. Mo had said, the lock was broken, completely immovable. Narrowing her eyes slightly, she flicked her fingertips, and instantly, purple electricity coiled around her fingers and the doorknob, to no avail—the sturdy wooden door remained unaffected.

Chu Jin sighed lightly, then pulled out a Tarot card from the space of purple lightning and inserted it into the door gap, trying to manipulate the lock. Unfortunately, the wooden door still showed no response.

After trying many methods without success, Chu Jin had no choice but to retire back into the room.

Watching the girl come in, Mo Zhixuan slightly raised his gaze, asking knowingly, "How is it? Could you open the door?"

"I couldn't open it," Chu Jin responded, somewhat defeated, "What do we do now? Maybe you could call someone to fix it?"

Mo Zhixuan struggled to resist the urge to smoke, his eyes darkening slightly, "My phone isn't with me, how about you try calling?"

Chu Jin instinctively touched her nose, saying with some embarrassment, "...My phone isn't with me either."

With both of them in the same room, it was inevitably a bit awkward...

Chapter 228: Good Night

Mo Zhixuan rolled his Adam's apple without changing his expression, "Go to sleep, it's getting late, you still have school tomorrow."

His voice was as low and cold as ever.

"Sleep?!" Chu Jin's voice was somewhat surprised, her mind went blank for a few seconds before she followed up, "And what about you?"

Sure enough, as soon as she uttered those words, Chu Jin regretted them, hoping Mr. Mo wouldn't misunderstand her!

She really didn't have any other thoughts, it was just an impulsive question.

"I'm going to take a shower first, you sleep on the bed tonight, I'll sleep on the sofa." Saying so, Mr. Mo got up from the sofa.

Hearing this, Chu Jin sat on the bed with a sense of relief, burrowed into the covers, pulled the duvet over her head, and covered her entire head like an ostrich.

The duvet still retained the coolness of mint, coupled with a faint smell of tobacco, which was quite pleasant...

Mo Zhixuan paused in his steps, his stern brows softening a bit.

He was a person with a penchant for cleanliness, but for some reason, seeing her bare feet on the floor before climbing onto the bed didn't incite any anger in him.

Instead, he worried more about whether her feet would catch cold.

Seeing her in bed now, he quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

He stepped over, picked up the hairdryer from the side, and gently lifted the duvet.

The abrupt brightness made Chu Jin instinctively raise her hand to shield her forehead, squinting at the man standing by the bed, "Do you need something?"

Mo Zhixuan replied in his usual tone, "It's bad for your health to sleep with wet hair, get up, let me dry it for you."

Chu Jin slowly sat up in bed, looking up at Mo Zhixuan, "That's okay, I can dry it myself. You don't have to trouble yourself, you should go back to sleep."

As she spoke, she reached out to take the hairdryer from Mr. Mo's hand, but he didn't give her the chance.

"Let me help you," came the deep voice from above her.

No sooner had he spoken than his hand with distinctly articulated knuckles rested on her head, his long, well-proportioned fingers passing through her hair, turned on the hairdryer switch, and he began to dry her hair earnestly.

The tress in his hand was soft and silky, even softer and smoother than the feel of precious top-grade satin, a delicate and warm sensation that was almost too tempting to let go of.

The jet-black hair against her fair skin created a strikingly beautiful visual impact.

This was probably Mr. Mo's first time actually drying a girl's hair; his actions weren't very skilled, but they were incredibly gentle.

The sound of the hairdryer gradually dwindled, its residual hum slowly fading into the air.

The cool breath steadily flowed through his fingertips into her scalp.

Mr. Mo paused for a few seconds, then withdrew his hand, now free from her hair, placed the hairdryer to one side and said in a low voice, "Your hair is dry now, go to sleep, goodnight."

His low voice retained a bit of its cold edge, still as calm as before.

"Goodnight." Chu Jin glanced up at him, then pulled up the duvet and slipped back into the cocoon of her covers.

Fu Lanshen tenderly tucked her in, "Have a good sleep, goodnight, I'll wake you up in the morning."

Chu Jin nodded, "Goodnight."

Just when Chu Jin thought Mo Zhixuan was about to leave, he stopped, leaned down, and gently kissed her.

Chu Jin immediately pulled up the duvet, covering her head too, feeling somewhat too bashful to look at him directly.

Until, the sound of footsteps faded away.

Chapter 229: Dissatisfied

The atmosphere was truly too subtle.

Chu Jin, hidden within the covers, now had everything above her neck turn a deep shade of red.

In the silent space, it seemed like her own heartbeat was the only sound.

Yet mingled within the covers was a scent uniquely his, causing Chu Jin's ears to redden further, and she didn't dare to even let out a breath while hiding in the covers.

Mr. Mo, looking down from above, observed the bulge in the covers and his thin lips curled into an almost imperceptible smile, "What's there to be afraid of? You're usually so bold. Besides, I don't bite."

Mr. Mo's expression was as usual, his delicate lips pressed tightly together, and the slightly stern arch of his eyebrows softened somewhat, yet it was not very clear to see; it was really hard to associate him with the emotionally out-of-control man from just a moment ago.

The one who could stabilize heaven and earth with a stroke of the pen and who could determine the universe on horseback.

That phrase couldn't be more fitting to describe him.

The moment he spoke, Chu Jin's face turned even redder. Her heart raced uncontrollably, and the taste of him still lingered in her mouth. She shrank into the covers without responding.

"...I fell asleep," Chu Jin finally blurted out after a long while, and immediately after, she wished she could bite off her own tongue.

Heh, what a silly, adorable girl.

At her words, Mr. Mo's lips curved up slightly, a teasing glint flashing through his deep-set phoenix eyes. Without continuing the conversation, he turned to the wardrobe, took out a white bathrobe, and headed toward the bathroom.

Soon, the sound of running water came from the bathroom. The chilling water quickly engulfed his whole body, the cold mist around his pale skin blurring the handsome features of the man.

Zi had always prided himself on being beyond desires and needs, never expecting there would come a day when he could be controlled.

After the bath, Mr. Mo put on the bathrobe beside him, then tied the belt around his waist leisurely with an elegant posture, exuding a charming royal demeanor in every graceful movement.

Once he finished dressing, he didn't rush to leave but instead opened the bathroom window, taking a box of cigarettes and a lighter from the shelf.

'Click,' a pale blue flame sprang forth from the cold body of the lighter. The subtle scent of tobacco immediately permeated the bathroom as he slowly placed a cigarette between his lips, took a sharp drag, then half-closed his phoenix eyes, and slowly exhaled a plume of smoke.

The smoke blurred his clearly defined, stern features.

He was not someone with a heavy addiction to smoking, but ever since he met her, he found himself increasingly unable to control himself.

His gaze passed through the hazy smoke, landing on the white chiffon dress in the laundry basket. His eyes, which had slowly regained clarity, suddenly darkened again, deep as ink.

The sexy Adam's apple involuntarily rolled twice.

The water sound, once diminished, now began to echo once again in his ears. Chu Jin frowned slightly, wondering what kind of quirk was this, needing to bathe twice?

The trickling sound of water lingered long in her ears, and Chu Jin couldn't fall asleep while lying on her side in the bed. Fortunately, with closed eyes, her consciousness entered the Space of Purple Lightning.

The space maintained the scene from just before Zi's upgrade, with a pile of sunflower seeds and shells on the stone table, and the IQAD set aside, its black screen now covered with a thin layer of dust.

Come to think of it, it had been several days since she last saw Zi. She hadn't felt anything when he was around, but now that he was suddenly gone, she felt an emptiness in her heart, as if something were missing.

She wondered how Zi was doing.

Counting the days, it wasn't many until the ten-day limit, and she really anticipated the day she would meet him.

She wondered if Zi would transform from an adorable little kid into a graceful, handsome young man after the upgrade.

Chu Jin leisurely strolled around the space before sitting down to meditate and practice her mental technique.

By the time Mr. Mo came out of the bathroom, the girl on the bed was already breathing evenly, seemingly fast asleep.

There was a simple mini bar outside the bedroom, with a high-end mahogany liquor cabinet filled with rows of precious and rare wines.

Mr. Mo lengthened his stride toward the bar outside. His pale, slender fingers effortlessly pulled open the door of the liquor cabinet and took out a bottle of 1907 Heidsieck & Co. Monopole "Silent Ship" champagne.

As soon as the cork was free from the bottleneck, a rich, lingering, and intoxicating aroma of wine immediately filled the room.

The lamps were unlit in the outer room, and the cool moonlight fell evenly on the man's figure, casting a lustrous, cold light upon his sharp, distinct profile.

He appeared even more noble and aloof.

The man walked slowly to the sofa and sat down, holding a wine glass in his hand, which he gently swirled twice, causing the amber liquid to ripple in circles.

In the end, it was unclear whether the person was intoxicated by the alcohol, or the alcohol was intoxicated by the person.

**

In another room, the Mo family's matriarch's quarters.

"Sister, do you think what we're doing will succeed?" Tong Zhi looked towards the Mo family's matriarch with a mysterious smile tugging at her lips.

Upon hearing this, the matriarch put down her Buddha Beads, "You are well aware of Mo Zhixuan's character; those two will definitely not have any substantial physical relationship. Regardless, this can help foster the affection between the young couple."

"That's not necessarily true," Tong Zhi said, her smile undimmed, "Sister, think about it, there's only one bed in Zhixuan's room. When you have a man and a woman alone together, it's perfectly normal for sparks to fly, isn't it?"

After all, there was only one bed, and someone as proud as Mo Zhixuan couldn't possibly sleep on the floor, right?

Besides, she hadn't left any extra blankets for them.

"Don't get carried away," the matriarch glanced at Tong Zhi and promptly shattered her fantasy, "Before they're married, Zhixuan won't lay a finger on Jin."

The matriarch was all too aware of her son's disposition; at times like these, he would neither force himself nor take advantage of vulnerability.

Moreover, the girl was still in high school.

"Sister, that's where you're mistaken. Young people nowadays are quite open," Tong Zhi said with a knowing air, "It's not like back in our day, when we hadn't even seen our partner's face before we married and had children. Besides, Zhixuan and Jin are both so young and sharing the same bed, with a beautiful woman in his arms. I refuse to believe Zhixuan can control himself."

Although the matriarch too wished her son would develop a substantial relationship with his future bride, she knew all too well it was impossible.

"Who says they will definitely sleep on the same bed?" The matriarch looked up at Tong Zhi, "If you don't believe it, go and see for yourself. Zhixuan is certainly lying on the couch right now."

Upon hearing this, Tong Zhi stood up excitedly, slapping her head in annoyance, "How could I forget that! If only I had arranged for someone to remove the sofa from Zhixuan's room earlier! Ah..."

The matriarch laughed softly, "Alright, alright, we should let the young people handle their own affairs. As elders, we shouldn't interfere too much. The ship will straighten itself when it reaches the bridge. From what I can see, Zhixuan has truly taken a liking to her. Besides, Jin is destined to be a daughter-in-law of the Mo family; she won't be able to escape."

She had never seen Mo Zhixuan that earnest about any other woman before. It seemed this time he had made a good choice.

The contentment was evident in the matriarch's smile.

She would be able to see her son find a companion in her lifetime.

"Sister," Tong Zhi continued, "there's something I want to ask you about."

Mrs. Tong became unusually serious.

"Yes, go ahead," the matriarch encouraged, her demeanor equally solemn.

"Sister," Tong Zhi spoke cautiously, "given that Jin can play the Konghou and invoke the mystical 'Dancing Dragon and Phoenix,' does that not mean that the prophecy once spread across the three realms is true?"

At those words, the matriarch frowned slightly, clearly reminded of the ancient prophecy that had circulated throughout the three realms.

When the mystical sight emerges, the dragon and phoenix dance.

The phoenix reigns over all, uniting the three realms.

"If that's the case, then the fewer people who know about what happened tonight, the better," the matriarch said, looking earnestly at Tong Zhi.

Tong Zhi nodded in agreement, "That's true, but the tricky part is, Gan Mingxie was there tonight too. Even if we could keep it from the other two realms, the Underworld would certainly know."

Chapter 230: Prophecy True or False

Old Madam Mo chuckled lightly, "Even if we can't hide it, what of it? Our Mo family withdrew from the Superpower World many years ago, and I refuse to believe that the King of Hades can snatch someone from my hands!"

"That's true," said Tong Zhi with a worried look gradually appearing in her eyes, "but I'm just worried about Jin, she's still so young..."

Seeing Tong Zhi's concern, Old Madam Mo gently patted her hand, "Tong Zhi, don't worry, my judgment of people is always on point. Though the girl is young, she is certainly not the type to chase after fame and fortune, so you really don't need to worry about this matter. Besides, who knows if that prophecy is true or false?"

Assured by Old Madam Mo's words, Tong Zhi let go of her worries and smiled, "You're right, sister. I was being overly anxious."

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The next day.

The golden sunlight streamed through the window, spreading evenly across the bed.

It was another serene and peaceful morning.

The girl lying in bed seemed somewhat unaccustomed to the sunlight shining on her, her long eyelashes trembling slightly before she slowly opened her eyes.

Her alluring peach blossom eyes sparkled without a hint of the bleary disorientation typical of one just awakened.

She looked around in a daze, taking in the very unfamiliar surroundings, before remembering that she had stayed overnight at the Mo family's home.

After figuring out the situation, Chu Jin quickly threw off the covers, ready to get out of bed.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Wasn't the door broken?

Although Chu Jin was puzzled, she still quickly walked to the outer room, her fair and slender fingers touching the doorknob, which, surprisingly—

The heavy wooden door that was usually hard to budge now opened with ease.

Tong Zhi stood outside the door with a smile, "Jin, I've brought you some clothes. Did I wake you up?"

Though Tong Zhi addressed Chu Jin, her eyes kept darting into the room.

Chu Jin took the clothes and smiled, "No, I had just woken up. You've taken the trouble to come here, Aunt Tong."

Not finding the person she was looking for in the room, Tong Zhi's gaze dimmed, only to return to Chu Jin.

Upon a closer look, and seeing Chu Jin, Tong Zhi's eyes brightened again, the smile on her face deepening as she grabbed Chu Jin's hand and said earnestly, "Jin, you really went through a lot last night!"

Her eyes skimmed over Chu Jin, unintentionally or not, as her smile grew even more affectionate.

Tsk tsk tsk, she just knew something must have happened between the two of them!

It was as if she could already see a chubby little child waving at her.

That smile made Chu Jin's scalp tingle, and she slowly withdrew her hand, "It was no trouble, no trouble at all, Aunt Tong. I'm going to change my clothes now. Would you like to come in and sit down?"

"I won't intrude on you two," said Tong Zhi, once again taking Chu Jin's hand, and added seemingly offhandedly, "By the way, where's Zhixuan?"

"He's in the bathroom," Chu Jin replied honestly.

"Oh," Tong Zhi nodded thoughtfully, showing an 'I understand everything' expression, "Okay, then you go ahead, I'll head downstairs first."

Busy? Busy with what?

Watching Tong Zhi leave, Chu Jin finally realized the meaning behind Auntie Tong's words.

Mr. Mo had just come out of the bathroom, a half-smoked cigarette between his long fingers. Seeing Chu Jin enter, he quickly extinguished the cigarette and asked in a low voice, "Did someone just come by?"

Without looking up, Chu Jin replied, "It was Auntie Tong, bringing me some clothes."

Having said that, she swiftly entered the bathroom.

The pale yellow body-hugging dress that Auntie Tong had prepared for her was very conservative. The size was perfect, as if tailor-made. The neckline was neither too high nor too low, just enough to cover the plum blossom tattoo on her collarbone. The length of the dress reached her ankles and, paired with a pair of white canvas shoes, she looked youthful and vibrant.

When Chu Jin finished washing up and came out of the bathroom, Mr. Mo was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window making a phone call, "...Okay, I know. Just have Agent Li follow up with LP's case. Pay more attention to Luo Tian's movements in the coming days."

His tall and upright figure was completely enveloped in golden sunlight. The man's voice was both stern and chilly, methodically issuing work-related instructions, exuding an air of authority befitting someone of high status.

Hearing footsteps behind him, he instinctively turned his head, his gaze flickered, and then he said, "Let's leave it at that," and hung up the phone.

It must be said, the girl in front of him could pull off any color or style of clothing. The pale yellow cinched-waist dress she wore was extremely fitting, making her fair skin look even more pale and delicate.

Red lips, white teeth, a figure graceful as jade.

"Let's go downstairs for breakfast, and then I'll take you to school," he said.

Chu Jin nodded and hummed in agreement, then followed Mr. Mo.

The Mo family home was vast. Mr. Mo led her around for a while before they finally arrived at the dining room on the first floor.

Seeing the two approaching, Mo Qingyi got up excitedly and took Chu Jin's arm, "Come on, Jin, sit here with me."

"Good morning, Aunt Mo, Auntie Tong," Chu Jin greeted the two women politely.

"Good, good, sit down and have breakfast. We don't really stand on ceremony here. Do whatever makes you happy; you don't have to be so formal," Mrs. Mo said with a hearty laugh.

Tong Zhi instructed a servant at her side, "Go and bring over the nourishing soup we prepared for Miss Chu."

Hearing this, Mrs. Mo quickly agreed, "Yes, yes, bring over the nourishing soup quickly. It won't be as effective if it cools down."

"Jin," Mrs. Mo said, looking at Chu Jin with a kind expression, "you must drink more of that soup when it comes. Look how thin you are."

Almost everyone at the table showered Chu Jin with warm concern.

As the biological son, Mr. Mo had become an outsider.

Zheng Chuyi had also gotten up early. Today, she had shed her usual haughty demeanor; her brows were tender, her face a bit pale, but her lips still a vivid red. Dressed in a bright red dress, her already stunning features appeared unparalleled.

She swept a quick glance across the room's decor, a mix of reluctance and indignation in her eyes. The room had been restored to the way it was when she first arrived.

She hadn't left behind anything that belonged to her, nor had she taken anything that did not.

Zheng Chuyi slowly closed the door. Her final gaze rested on the cabinet in the room, the corners of her eyes slightly moist.

She had intentionally left a red dress in the cabinet, perhaps Mo Zhixuan would see it, perhaps not. But regardless, it at least served as a proof that she had been there.