

## R Woman 231

### Chapter 231: Zheng Chuyi's Transformation, Part One

With a creak, the two carved wooden doors were completely shut.

Zheng Chuyi quickly walked towards the dining room, knowing that at such a time, the Mo family should be dining there.

Along the way, many servants respectfully greeted Zheng Chuyi, who responded with a smile and a nod, appearing very amiable.

The closer she got to the dining room, the clearer the laughter inside became.

Zheng Chuyi's face paled, listening to the sound. Had that lowly commoner stayed over at the Mo family's house last night?

Unbelievably, the normally strict old Mrs. Mo had even allowed a stranger to stay the night.

A mere commoner. By what right could she replace her?

A commoner who only knew how to use underhanded tactics. By what right could she win old Mrs. Mo's favor?

Zheng Chuyi's steps halted in front of the dining room, her emotions extremely complex. Her hands clenched and then released, then clenched again.

She repeated this until fresh red blood traces appeared on her pale palms.

Zheng Chuyi took a deep breath, suppressing the sourness and pain in her heart, trying to calm herself before gently pushing open the banquet hall door.

With a creak, the ancient wooden door was immediately pushed open.

The laughter inside stopped abruptly, and everyone's gaze unconsciously turned towards Zheng Chuyi.

"What are you doing here?" Old Mrs. Mo asked coldly, her face full of disgust.

Zheng Chuyi sneered in her heart but still maintained a gentle expression. Once upon a time, in the Superpower World, she had been as close to old Mrs. Mo as a daughter. Now, things had come to this.

The number one beauty of the Superpower World, not even comparable to a contemptible commoner in her eyes.

Laughable, truly laughable.

"Aunt Mo, I've come to say goodbye," Zheng Chuyi slowly walked into the banquet hall, her beautiful face serene, revealing no other peculiar emotions.

Old Mrs. Mo slightly frowned, unable to see through Zheng Chuyi's ploy for the moment, and simply said, "You're leaving?"

"Yes," Zheng Chuyi nodded lightly, "Aunt Mo, I'm very sorry for troubling you for so long. Now that Xuan has found the True Destiny Maiden, I should leave."

Zheng Chuyi's voice was faint, gentle, and upon closer listen, one could sense a hint of reluctance.

Old Mrs. Mo replied somewhat expressionlessly, "Since you've decided to go, then leave sooner. This place is indeed not quite suitable for you."

Zheng Chuyi had never expected old Mrs. Mo to be so heartless towards her!

How tough must her heart be to say such words to her!

She had lost her mother at a young age, and though her brother, who was more than a decade older, did care for her, it was somewhat inconvenient as he was a man.

Thus, from a young age, she had been raised by old Mrs. Mo, who, though not related by blood, shared a bond as close as mother and daughter and understood each other's hearts.

And now, all that had been destroyed by a mere commoner.

Ironical, truly ironical.

Zheng Chuyi, despite feeling unwilling, did not show the slightest bit on her face.

She then said to old Mrs. Mo with great emotion, "Aunt Mo, I know you don't like me now, you even despise me, but rest assured, from now on, I won't appear before you to upset you. Please take good care of your health. I am very grateful for you having raised me. Without you, there wouldn't be the me of today. You treated me like your own daughter, and I hold all this in my heart. I'm afraid I will never have the opportunity to repay your kindness in this lifetime. As I am about to leave, please allow this unfilial daughter to bow before you..."

At the end of her speech, tears almost blurred Zheng Chuyi's eyes as she knelt straight down before old Mrs. Mo.

'Bang, bang, bang,' she knocked her head on the ground three times.

With each knock, she would say a phrase, "Chuyi is unfilial." Her voice was somewhat hoarse.

Even if the heart of the Mo family matriarch was tough, at this moment, witnessing Zheng Chuyi's display, she felt a stir of compassion, and her eyes reddened slightly.

After all, Zheng Chuyi was raised by her hands from a young age; even a stone would warm up over so many years, let alone a human heart.

As she repeated "Chuyi is unfilial," the Mo family matriarch would envision Zheng Chuyi's well-behaved appearance as a child.

Her heart ached slightly, and she found it somewhat difficult to breathe.

By the time Zheng Chuyi raised her head again, her fair forehead had turned into a bruised red, oozing a crimson trace of blood.

Paired with her tear-stained face, it was difficult for onlookers to remain unmoved, evoking sympathy.

The Mo family matriarch tried several times to rise from her chair and help her, but memories of Zheng Chuyi's past actions surfaced in her mind, and she forcibly held herself back.

Sensing the emotional shift in the Mo family matriarch, a glint of triumph flashed briefly in the downcast eyes of Zheng Chuyi.

It seemed her tactic was not misplaced.

For someone like the Mo family matriarch, the first step was to capture her heart, followed by playing the card of familial affection.

Even though the Mo family matriarch did not come to help her up, at least her objective was achieved.

Zheng Chuyi rose unhurriedly from the ground and turned her gaze towards Tong Zhi, her voice choked as she said, "And you, Auntie Tong, we part today, and I know not when I shall see you again, but I shall never forget your kindness towards me. You treated me just like your own niece; when I was a child, whatever was tasty or fun, you would think of me first. Thank you for your years of care for Chuyi; I am deeply grateful!"

After speaking, she bowed deeply to Auntie Tong, and as she bent over, she was overwhelmed with tears and sobbing unstopably.

Tong Zhi was not a heartless person, especially as she had watched Zheng Chuyi grow up. Seeing Zheng Chuyi like this also greatly upset her, feeling as if a heavy weight pressed on her, leaving her gasping for air.

"Enough, let's not bring up past matters anymore. If you knew this day would come, why did it happen in the first place?" Tong Zhi held back her tears but was visibly moved; she almost croaked out to Zheng Chuyi, "However, realizing your mistakes now is not too late. As long as you truly repent, I am still your Auntie Tong, and you are still that little girl who used to be so affectionate towards me..."

"Thank you, Auntie Tong," Zheng Chuyi embraced Auntie Tong, weeping profusely, "Thank you, Auntie Tong, for forgiving me."

The two embraced each other, creating an especially touching scene.

In the end, Auntie Tong could not hold back her tears either. Her voice hoarse, she said to Zheng Chuyi, "You're not young anymore; when you get home, get married if you find the right person. I think Jiang Mubai is a good choice; he has also waited for you for so many years. You should give him an answer. If you two can form a lasting union, remember to let me know. No matter where I am, I will be there to bless you as a family member."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi's expression froze for a moment, but she quickly recovered, returning to that pitiful and deeply touching demeanor.

Nodding to Tong Zhi, she wiped away her tears and replied, "Okay, Auntie Tong, do not worry; I will consider the important matters of life. But Mubai treats me just like a real sister; we only have fraternal affection for each other, and I'm afraid we might not be suitable."

Tong Zhi wiped away a tear from Zheng Chuyi's eye corner, saying through tears and laughter, "Silly child, you are just blinded by the situation. Mubai's feelings for you are sincere. Auntie Tong can see that he truly cares about you, and he has always been waiting for you. Over the years, his devotion to you has not escaped my notice; such good men are rare these days. Besides, both your families are well acquainted with each other; it would be a good marriage."

Although Tong Zhi had been out of the Superpower World for many years, she still maintained contact with Jiang Mubai. He was a good kid, very filial and well-mannered,

And above all, he truly liked Zheng Chuyi.

Jiang Mubai, ten years senior to Zheng Chuyi, remained unmarried to this day, all to protect Zheng Chuyi.

A person's heart is only so big; once it harbors one person, there is no room for a second.

At this moment, Zheng Chuyi genuinely repented, and Tong Zhi truly didn't want her to miss out on such a devoted man.

Zheng Chuyi could never have anticipated that Tong Zhi would say such words to her. She initially thought that Tong Zhi truly forgave her, sincerely wishing her well. Now it appeared that Tong Zhi, like her, was only performing, insincere and deceptive!

In her heart, Zheng Chuyi cynically thought that Tong Zhi's talent for acting was wasted and that not going into show business was a pity.

If Tong Zhi truly cared for her well-being, how could she push her towards Jiang Mubai!

Chapter 232: Zheng Chuyi's Transformation, Part Two

Given the status of the Jiang family in the Superpower World, isn't this asking her to marry beneath her?

She, the fateful daughter of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing and the most beautiful woman in the Superpower World, how could she possibly condescend to marry into the Jiang family, a household far less distinguished than the Zheng family!

Isn't this an indirect insult to her?

This Tong Zhi really thinks she's so naïve, so easy to deceive!

Does she truly believe that she's the only smart person in the entire world?

Considering everyone else a fool?

How ridiculous!

Even though she thought thus, Zheng Chuyi still nodded gratefully towards Tong Zhi, her face streaked with tears, "Alright, Aunt Tong, I understand, I will definitely consider your suggestion."

Tong Zhi also nodded in relief, reaching out to stroke Zheng Chuyi's head, "That's good, that's very good."

After saying these things, Zheng Chuyi turned her gaze to Mo Zhixuan.

The man under the lights, dressed in a white shirt with an overcoat of a high-end, handmade black suit, held a knife and fork, earnestly cutting the steak on his plate.

His expression was serious, his fingers clearly defined against the cold hardness of the knife and fork, all composing a strikingly beautiful sight.

A man like this was destined to look down upon the world and become a supreme ruler.

One day, when she stood beside him, she would make him notice her, fall in love with her.

To not vie openly is the real competition!

Zheng Chuyi watched him, her mind momentarily dazzled, before she slowly spoke, her vision blurred by tears, "Zhixuan, I was wrong to you before. I don't expect your forgiveness, only that you'd accept my apology. I shouldn't have clung to you when you were engaged, let alone forcibly moved into the Mo family residence and caused you trouble—I'm deeply sorry!"

Having said this, Zheng Chuyi bowed deeply to Mo Zhixuan, her sincerity evident.

Zheng Chuyi continued, "From now on, I will stay away from your world and will not cause you any more trouble, nor will I disturb you and Sister-in-law..." As she spoke the last word, it seemed as if she had made a great decision, and tears almost immediately welled up.

"I hope you and Sister-in-law will be well, just as you tolerated my temper in the past, tolerate Sister-in-law, and I wish you both happiness."

It was only then that Mo Zhixuan leisurely put down his knife and fork and looked towards Zheng Chuyi. His sharp features almost expressionless, as calm as could be, as if he had not heard Zheng Chuyi's previous tearful and touching confession.

It was as though there was nothing left that could stir his emotions.

"I accept your good wishes, but there's no need for an apology."

His voice was still as deep and cold as ever, untainted by any other emotion.

"Zhixuan," Zheng Chuyi wiped the tears from her face, her countenance full of genuine remorse, "does this mean you don't accept my apology? Are you still mad at me?"

Mo Zhixuan swapped his plate of neatly cut steak with that of the person opposite him, then lifted his eyes to look at Zheng Chuyi, "You owe me nothing to begin with, so there's no need for you to apologize to me, nor do I harbor any blame towards you?"

Zheng Chuyi, seeing his action of swapping plates, felt it as an affront to her eyes!

These were surely the machinations of that lowly commoner, deliberately having Mo Zhixuan show such love and care for her in front of her.

Otherwise, knowing Mo Zhixuan's character, how could he possibly do such a thing for a woman!

How could such a prideful person be so attentive to a woman!

This lowly commoner, is she trying to taunt me?

Yet I refuse to be angered! I will not play into her hands!

A mere commoner dares to think she can surpass me? Utterly delusional!

One day, I will personally reclaim everything that belongs to me!

Zheng Chuyi suppressed the frustration, anger, and the acid rising in her heart, looking pitifully at Mo Zhixuan, "Zhixuan, I feel much better now that you said that. All I need is to know that you don't blame me. Will you still take care of me like you would a sister in the future?"

"Rest assured, I am always mindful of Zilong's entrustment," Mo Zhixuan continued, "If Jiang Mubai ever bullies you in the future, I will definitely join Sister-in-law to help you seek justice."

Hearing this, Zheng Chuyi's complexion grew even paler, her hands clenched tightly within her sleeves, her whole body trembling uncontrollably.

He clearly knew that what he wanted was not this answer, he clearly knew that there had never been anything between him and Jiang Mubai.

Yet why did he still reject himself in this way, even to the point of humiliation!

But it would have been acceptable if it were only Mo Zhixuan alone. However, to drag that lowly commoner in as well, wasn't this a veiled insult to himself?

Zheng Chuyi's heart ached even more, and his body shook even more violently, tears surging forth.

Others simply thought her tears were of regret and reluctance at parting, never delving deeper into her sentiments.

"Thank you, I am very happy to have a brother like you who always considers my well-being," Zheng Chuyi's voice was raspy, "Zhixuan, before you leave, I have a small request, and I hope you can grant it."

"Go ahead," Mo Zhixuan said succinctly.

"May I hug you?" Zheng Chuyi's lips formed a pale smile, then explained, "Don't worry, I have no ulterior motive, it's just a pure sibling embrace."

With that, Zheng Chuyi turned her gaze to Chu Jin and asked softly, "Chujin, I just want to simply hug my ninth brother, I believe you won't mind, right?"

Chu Jin was stuffing a piece of steak into her mouth when she heard this. She looked at Zheng Chuyi with some surprise, quickly swallowed the steak, and was about to speak when Mo Zhixuan's voice suddenly filled the air, "I mind, Chuyi. Your sister-in-law is jealous, and she's too embarrassed to say it herself. If you get your hug today, who knows what means she might use to torment me once we get back. Let's skip the hug."

Chu Jin turned her head hastily to look at Mo Zhixuan, her beautiful eyes flickering, thinking, MMP, as if you're the jealous one! Your whole family is jealous!

Mo Zhixuan, however, reached out to pick up a slice of steak and handed it to Chu Jin, cooing softly, "Come on, stop being petulant. There are guests present, save me some face."

The love and indulgence filled his deep, phoenix eyes.

Since Zheng Chuyi was going to leave, he had to completely sever the inappropriate thoughts in her heart.

Otherwise, it would be troublesome in the future.

Seeing them like this, Zheng Chuyi's lips curled into a bitter smile, "Alright, I understand."

Zheng Chuyi had never seen Mo Zhixuan like this before.

Such a strange Mo Zhixuan.

How could he deign to stoop to such levels for a lowly commoner!

It was painful for her to watch!

Collecting her thoughts, Zheng Chuyi then turned to Mo Qingyi with a very apologetic expression, sincerely apologizing, "Qingyi, I know you've always been prejudiced against me, didn't like me, but I'm leaving now. I hope you can let go of your prejudices and accept my apology. I was wrong before, I'm sorry!"

Zheng Chuyi gave a deep bow to Mo Qingyi, "I hope if we are fated to meet in the future, we can be great friends."

Mo Qingyi was, after all, just a teenager, and after hearing Zheng Chuyi's tearful confession, even if she didn't like Zheng Chuyi, she couldn't bring herself to coldly face her. She generously waved her hand at Zheng Chuyi, "It's nothing, nothing, 'The prime minister's belly can support a boat,' I forgive you. I hope in the future you will become a better person!"

Zheng Chuyi's face still showed guilt, her expression sincere, but inside she sneered disdainfully,

What a shameless lowly commoner!

To accept her, a girl blessed with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, so complacently!

Could she bear it?

Truly a vulgar person with no insight. A commoner is a commoner, they can never turn their life around, their vision is just that limited!

One day, she would make everyone regret their decisions today!

Zheng Chuyi faced Mo Qingyi with a very friendly, kind smile, "Thank you, Qingyi, I will remember this for a lifetime." A cold and venomous glint flickered briefly in her downcast eyes.

"You're welcome, really, I'm just promoting racial harmony and development," laughed Mo Qingyi.

Lastly, Zheng Chuyi turned her gaze to Chu Jin, "Chujin, I owe you an apology too. I shouldn't have spoken about you like that last night, I shouldn't have provoked you, nor should I have looked down on the inferior blood in your veins. And I especially shouldn't have let Jia Zhuo draft that Blood Covenant. Chujin, thank you for being able to forgive me in the end. I'm very grateful to you. You've given me a chance to start anew. If it wasn't for your kindness in not wanting to stoop to my level, I would probably be a slave for people to beat and scold by now. Chujin, your great kindness, I will remember for a lifetime! Thank you!"

At the end, Zheng Chuyi still gave a deep bow, her face filled with remorse, very moved.

Chapter 233: Spare Anyone from Heaven

By the end, Zheng Chuyi lifted her eyes to look at Chu Jin.

Her beautiful, delicate willow-leaf shaped eyes were completely red, the surrounding area swollen, tears streaked her face, and with that swollen, bruised wound on her forehead, she appeared utterly pitiable, invoking a sense of unwilling sympathy.

"Ninth Sister-in-law, can you forgive me?" Zheng Chuyi tried hard to squeeze out a smile towards Chu Jin, her gaze filled with expectation. Her typically gentle voice was now laced with hoarseness, as if her emotions might collapse at any second.

She, the unrivaled beauty of the Superpower World, had never before stooped so low.

The humiliation she suffered today would be claimed back in full measure one day.

As for Zheng Chuyi, Chu Jin harbored little fondness for her, the degree of which had even dipped into the negatives.

From their first meeting, to the second, and the third, Zheng Chuyi had been filled with animosity and hostility towards her.

If Chu Jin had truly been an ordinary person, she would have ceased to exist after their first encounter.

Even now, Zheng Chuyi's words were still loaded with hidden meanings.

Her tone might sound sincere and remorseful, but there were ulterior motives hidden beneath.

This kind of person, with a scheming heart and a beautifully deceptive shell, was internally poisonous to the extreme.

Not to be closely associated with.

But then again, one does not lash out at a smiling face.

So, in that moment, Chu Jin merely lifted her chin slightly, her crimson lips curving into a faint smile, dimples shallow, the cold light in her eyes intensifying as she spoke in a clear, distinct voice, "To acknowledge one's faults and to be willing to correct them is most commendable. I hope Miss Zheng's words today are truly heartfelt."

Her demeanor was somewhat flamboyant, with an air of extraordinary elegance, resembling that of an elder schooling a junior, carrying the aura of someone accustomed to a high-status position which did not feel out of place, as if it were her natural state.

Upon hearing this, the smile on Zheng Chuyi's lips stiffened for a moment.

The hands hidden in her sleeves clenched into fists, nails digging deep into her flesh, leaving traces of blood on her pale skin.

This lowly commoner dared to speak to her in such a way!

How dare she! It should have been Chu Jin's greatest honor that Zheng Chuyi had condescended to apologize to her; yet, Chu Jin still had the audacity to speak to her like this.

Hearing Chu Jin's words, the old Madame Mo also caught a flash of insight in her eyes.

To be awakened by a word from a dream, it had to be said that today's Zheng Chuyi was vastly different from her usual self.

Could a person really change so drastically overnight?

It wasn't just the old Madame Mo who thought this; Tong Zhi, who had been deeply moved and lost in past emotions, also lifted her eyes thoughtfully to look at Zheng Chuyi upon hearing those words.

Feeling the change in the gazes of those around her, Zheng Chuyi bit her lip resentfully, unable to believe that the sorrowful atmosphere she had worked so hard to create had been ruined by a single sentence from this commoner!

A heart full of envy felt as though it had been scorched by fire, both painful and sour, anger and agony reaching their peaks.

She absolutely could not allow herself to be defeated by this commoner, nor could she let all her prior efforts be in vain!

She had to regain control of the situation.

With that thought, Zheng Chuyi's expression of remorse grew even more fervent, and the tears that had stopped began to flow once more.

Her hoarse voice, now threaded with sobs, echoed in the air.

"Ninth Sister-in-law, rest assured, this time I truly realize my mistake. There is not a single falsehood in what I said today," Zheng Chuyi said as she held up three fingers and continued, "If there is even half a lie in my words today, then let me be struck by lightning, and may I never..."

Before Zheng Chuyi could finish, Chu Jin swiftly interrupted, "There's no need for vows, Miss Zheng. As long as you can live with your conscience, that is enough. After all, the Heavenly Dao sees everything – what goes around, comes around. A smart person like Miss Zheng doesn't need further explanation. As long as you are clear within your heart, that's fine."

Listening to Chu Jin's words, Zheng Chuyi wished she could pounce on her and tear her to shreds. Just a commoner, yet how dared she speak to her like this! What gave her the right to adopt such a condescending tone!

One day, she would trample this lowly commoner beneath her feet and tread on her ruthlessly!

Although this was what she thought, Zheng Chuyi still maintained a regretful facade, "Rest assured, Ninth Sister-in-law, from now on I will turn over a new leaf. I won't disturb you and Ninth Brother's life again. I hope you both will be happy."

Having said this, she moved her feet lightly, stepping back twice, lifting her eyes to survey everyone in the room.

Only then did Zheng Chuyi slowly begin to speak, her eyes revealing a profound reluctance, "Ladies and gentlemen, Chuyi bids you farewell today. I do not know when we shall meet again, perhaps never in this lifetime. I hope you all live well. Goodbye."

With those words, she turned and left, the breeze lifting a swatch of her red dress.

Her tears-soaked gown trailed behind her, painting a melancholy picture.

As she turned away, the angle invisible to the others, Zheng Chuyi retracted the facade of remorse from her face, revealing spite, fury, and resentment that twisted her features.

The eyes shaped like willow leaves were cold as ice.

She hadn't expected that, at a time like this, not a single person would speak up to keep her from leaving.

Subconsciously, she slowed her pace, yet no words of reluctance or persuasion echoed in her ears.

She had thought that by initiating the departure herself, someone from the Mo family would at least try to keep her.

After all, she and the Mo family had shared so many years of emotional bond.

If only one person had tried to keep her, perhaps she wouldn't have needed to leave.

Alas, there was no one.

No matter how slowly she walked, not a soul spoke up in the end.

Not even a simple farewell blessing was offered.

The elderly Madam Mo watched the red figure and sighed softly.

After all, she was a child she had raised herself; she hoped that this time Chu Jin was truly repentant!

And not just paying lip service!

"Alright, that's enough," the elderly Madam Mo waved her chopsticks at the others, "It was just a small interlude, let's continue with our meal. Zhixuan, remember to take Qingyi and Jin to school after breakfast; Uncle Ming won't be driving them today."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Alright."

The air returned to calmness, occasionally broken by the clear sound of clinking dishes and cutlery.

This conversation was overheard by Zheng Chuyi without missing a single word, and the harshness in her eyes intensified.

Just a small interlude?

Heh, was that all she meant to the Mo family, merely a little side story?

One day, she vowed to make the elderly Madam Mo take back every word she said today!

To the Mo family, to Mo Zhixuan, she was never just a minor episode!

The night of extreme yin was approaching, and by then, it will be the elderly Madam Mo begging her earnestly!

Without her, how would Mo Zhixuan get through the night of extreme yin?

With that lowly commoner?

Thinking this, Zheng Chuyi's lips curved into a smug smile.

She looked forward to that day!

After breakfast, Mo Zhixuan picked up the car keys and drove them to school.

Mo Zhixuan was leading the way.

Mo Qingyi linked arms with Chu Jin as they walked behind him; young girls together always seemed to have endless topics to discuss.

Hearing the occasional laughter like silver bells coming from behind, Mo Zhixuan's mood inexplicably improved as well.

Once in the car, Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi sat in the back, continuously chatting and laughing together.

Mo Zhixuan suddenly understood the truth of 'three women make a drama.'

Just two girls were this chatty, let alone three women; they would likely blow the roof right off the car.

If it were any other day, such a noise in his ear would have him ruthlessly kicking the person out, but today, for some reason, he felt that this noise wasn't so bad.

"Hey, Jin, your shoelace is undone," Mo Qingyi's gaze suddenly dropped to Chu Jin's feet.

Chu Jin instinctively looked down and saw that the laces were indeed untied, so she immediately bent over to tie them.

The dress was round-necked; while not low cut, the neckline wasn't high either. The moment she bent over, Mo Qingyi was almost stupefied.

To think Chu Jin was so unassuming normally, looking like a weak puff of wind could knock her over, yet she was hiding such a secret! That had to be at least a C+ cup, right?

Looking down at her own flat chest, Mo Qingyi sighed softly—ah, the pain that could not be spoken! Chu Jin was a C+ while she was barely an A—.

Chapter 234: Taking medicine when sick

It turns out Chu Jin is the true winner in life.

"Chu Jin, why is there a red spot on your collarbone? Is it a birthmark?" As her gaze landed on the hint of red, Mo Qingyi asked with a hint of curiosity.

No sooner had she spoken than a subtle air of awkwardness descended upon them.

The man in the driver's seat shifted his Adam's apple without changing his expression.

Chu Jin's finger, which had been tying his shoelace, paused slightly, and images from the intimate night before involuntarily surfaced in his mind, causing his ears to redden almost instantly.

At that moment, she had no choice but to follow Mo Qingyi's line of questioning, "... Yeah, it is a birthmark."

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan subconsciously raised his eyes to the rearview mirror. By now, the girl had straightened up, her fair face tinted with a faint blush.

Her dimples were shallow, her eyelashes quivered gently, and every smile during her prime filled with jade-like beauty, made it difficult to look away.

His heart, once encased in ice, suddenly softened significantly.

"Chu Jin, are you feeling very hot?" Mo Qingyi asked offhandedly.

Chu Jin reflexively replied, "Not hot at all."

Mo Qingyi glanced at her with a touch of confusion, "If you're not hot, why is your face red?"

Chu Jin instinctively touched her cheek, feeling an abnormal warmth in her palm that was slightly burning, "Well, it is pretty hot, maybe because the skirt is too long."

"That's what I thought, I'm really warm too, the weather is too stuffy!" Mo Qingyi fanned herself with her hand, then looked up at Mo Zhixuan on the driver's seat, "Brother, can you turn down the air conditioning? I'm boiling here."

"Sure," Mr. Mo said succinctly, reaching for the air conditioning controls, and soon a burst of cold air filled the cabin.

The car moved quickly yet steadily, its speed causing no discomfort or dizziness even during sudden sharp turns or emergency braking.

Sitting on the right side of the back seat, Chu Jin's peripheral vision allowed her a clear view of the front.

The man driving wore a look of concentration, his chiseled profile bathed in the morning sunlight, glinting as though it had been gilded. His distinct, slender fingers tightly gripped the black steering wheel. He had a pair of beautiful hands, seemingly carved with care by the gods, long and well-proportioned, resting on the steering wheel—the stark contrast of black and white set against the wheel's dark hue with a hint of frost that sent a shiver down the spine, yet was irresistibly enthralling.

Fifteen minutes later, the black Bugatti Veyron came to a graceful stop outside the gate of South Bridge No.2 Middle School.

Mo Zhixuan got out of the car and elegantly opened the doors for the two passengers, looking quite striking with his delicate features and tall, elegant stature. His every move exuded an aura of authority, turning him into an enchanting figure amidst the school grounds.

Inducing frequent second glances from the passing teachers and students.

Grabbing her backpack from the seat, Mo Qingyi looped her arm with Chu Jin's and headed towards the school's main entrance, "Brother, we're off to school, goodbye."

"Goodbye," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly toward them.

Their figures gradually merged with the flow of students. The crowd was dense, and although her silhouette almost vanished amid the masses, one could distinguish which one was hers in the blink of an eye.

"Hey guys, look who's that?" Not far away, two boys of similar ages had witnessed everything. One of the heavier boys patted his bespectacled companion's shoulder, "Wen Junxi, doesn't the silhouette of that person resemble your ex-girlfriend?"

This was Wen Junxi's deskmate, Wang Zihan. He had watched Chu Jin chase after Wen Junxi persistently for months. Wang Zihan had even helped Chu Jin deliver love letters to Wen Junxi, so he was quite familiar with her.

"It's not her," Wen Junxi's expression turned slightly ugly, "You're seeing things."

Ever since he took a loss with Chu Jin last time, Wen Junxi still felt a trace of fear when Chu Jin's name was brought up.

He couldn't understand how a person could change so much in such a short amount of time.

"It looked a lot like her to me," Wang Zihan's face lit up with excitement, "Do you know what kind of car that was? A Bugatti Veyron, and not just any, but a limited-edition model worth nine figures! There're only three in the world, and even if you have the money, you might not be able to buy one! Someone who can afford to drive a car like that, even in Capital City, would be one of just a handful. I can't believe your ex-girlfriend was so mysterious and powerful! Imagine, you let go of a girlfriend with such an impressive background and instead got tangled up with Liu Yike. You really missed out big time!"

At this, Wen Junxi frowned slightly, "Are you sure what you're saying is true? Is that car really that amazing?"

Chu Jin's circumstances at South Bridge No.2 Middle School were hardly a secret. She was from a family that had fallen on hard times, and though she was living with her uncle, the Zhao family didn't treat her well.

Moreover, with the Zhao family's power and status in Capital City, they couldn't afford such a car.

Wen Junxi suddenly felt heartbroken. If he had known it would be like this, he never should have suggested breaking up in the first place.

Having such a girlfriend, he wouldn't need to struggle for the next few decades of his life!

He could just sit back and enjoy the success.

Liu Yike was just a principal's daughter, after all. What good could she bring him once he was out of this school?

A pampered young lady who couldn't do anything for herself and had everything handed to her on a silver platter!

In the end, he would have to support her!

What use was a girlfriend like that? She brought no benefits to him at all!

The reason Chu Jin was unwilling to be with him was because of Liu Yike's presence, wasn't it?

If he was willing to break up with Liu Yike, she would definitely return to his arms!

After all, she had once loved him so deeply she couldn't extricate herself!

Wang Zihan clapped his chest and said, "Of course it's true, as you know, my interests are few and far between, and when it comes to cars, I claim to be number one, no one dares to claim second..."

Wang Zihan hadn't finished his sentence when Wen Junxi, as if he had suddenly made up his mind, took off running toward that slender figure.

He left a befuddled Wang Zihan standing disheveled in the wind.

"Chu Jin, wait a minute, I have something to tell you," Wen Junxi said as he quickly ran up to the two, out of breath.

Mo Qingyi glanced at the Wen Junxi before her and whispered, "Who is this guy?"

"An idiot, don't mind him, let's go," Chu Jin said, prepared to walk past Wen Junxi with Mo Qingyi in tow.

Different from her usual white-shirt-and-black-pants attire, Chu Jin wore a tender yellow dress today that was a tight-fitting waist-cinched style, outlining her delicate figure. That waist, already slender, seemed even more so now.

With her rosy lips and pearly teeth, her beautiful features were so perfect they seemed as if she had stepped out of a painting.

Wen Junxi was almost completely stunned.

"Wait a moment, I really have something very important to tell you," Wen Junxi regained his senses and stepped in front of them to block their way.

Suppressing the urge to get physical, Chu Jin took a deep breath and said, "Spit it out!"

It was time for school, and there were many students coming and going. Many of them slowed down as they passed by, their eyes moving over the group and revealing gossipy expressions.

High school life was dull enough as it was, so naturally, they wouldn't pass up such an entertainment.

Moreover, all three of them were very good-looking, creating a rather pleasing scene for the onlookers.

Wen Junxi took a deep breath as if making a significant decision, "Chu Jin, I've thought it over. I'll break up with Liu Yike immediately and get back with you! How does that sound, are you happy?"

Having said that, Wen Junxi looked at Chu Jin expectantly.

He had thought that Chu Jin's face would show some sign of joy, but unfortunately, there was not the slightest fluctuation on her distinct features.

Chu Jin never knew a person's face could be this thick!

"You're sick, take medicine," Chu Jin stated calmly, ignoring Wen Junxi, then walked toward the academic building with Mo Qingyi.

"Junxi, what's your relationship with that guy just now?" Mo Qingyi asked curiously, her face alight with the gleam of gossip.

As per her years of experience consuming romance novels, the relationship between Junxi and that man was definitely not a simply pure school relationship.

They must have shared a past unknown to others.

"It's nothing. I was just too young and didn't know better when I met the wrong person..." Chu Jin hadn't finished her sentence when her wrist was suddenly grasped by someone.

## Chapter 235: Flirting, Saving the Beauty

Turning his head, he locked eyes with Wen Junxi's deeply affectionate face, "Chu Jin, I know you still like me. I can meet your demands, break up with Liu Yike immediately, and make you my girlfriend. I can promise that, in this life, I'll only like you. So, stop being angry, everything in the past was my fault..."

Chu Jin waved off Wen Junxi's hand with a look of disgust, her tone icy, "Wen Junxi, when I consider you a person, could you at least act the part a little better? Don't force me to get physical with you!" She then quickened her pace, pulling Mo Qingyi to leave.

"Chu Jin, do you really have to be so heartless? Have you forgotten all about our past?" Wen Junxi, not ready to give up, tried to follow Chu Jin but was blocked by a tall figure standing in his way.

"How can this four-eyed ghost have such a thick face! Since Chu doesn't fancy you, recognize the situation and scram! Don't embarrass yourself here!"

Wen Junxi looked up and finally saw the face of the person before him.

The newcomer was Wang Kai, agreed by all as the most handsome boy at South Bridge No.2 Middle School. He was a prominent figure there, good-looking, with an unclear family background yet very mysterious. Nobody knew his true identity. Usually flamboyant in school, scarcely anyone dared to provoke him; even teachers and the principal had to nod and bow when they saw him, treating him with extra respect.

"What's it to you?" Wen Junxi, although very disapproving of people like Wang Kai, did not dare truly offend him and attempted to bypass him to catch up with Chu Jin.

However, Wang Kai didn't give him the chance. He reached out, took off the glasses on Wen Junxi's face, threw them on the ground, and crushed them underfoot.

His demeanor was extremely arrogant, like a bully picking on a weak scholar.

Wang Kai was much taller than Wen Junxi, over a head taller, so removing his glasses was effortless.

Moreover, he was used to acting arrogantly. To him, someone insignificant like Wen Junxi was not even worth noticing.

Many students passed by, but not one dared to come to the aid.

A dangerous smile formed on Wang Kai's lips, "I'm warning you here today, stop harassing Chu Jin from now on, or this will be the fate of your glasses!"

The glasses thrown on the ground had turned into a pile of glass fragments.

Without the protection of his glasses, Wen Junxi squinted a bit awkwardly, his tone firm but clearly lacking confidence, "You wouldn't dare! This is between her and me, none of your business!"

"If you dare, keep pestering her and see if I wouldn't!" With a threatening remark, Wang Kai turned and left.

Wen Junxi watched the slightly blurry figure leave, his facial features twisted in a grimace, his fists clenched in humiliation.

"Hey, classmate, are you okay?" Wang Kai caught up to Chu Jin with a jog, flashing a very sunny and charming smile, "Don't worry, I've dealt with that four-eyed ghost. He won't dare to pester you anymore!"

"I'm fine," Chu Jin shook her head, her tone indifferent, "Thank you."

"I know you, you're Wang Kai, right?" Mo Qingyi spoke with some excitement.

Wang Kai, a sensation throughout the school and school hunk to boot, was instantly recognized by Mo Qingyi.

Keeping pace with the two, Wang Kai nodded and said warmly, "Yes, I'm Wang Kai from Class 8. It's a pleasure to meet both of you."

"Hi, school hunk, I'm Mo Qingyi, from Class 9." Mo Qingyi, an absolute sucker for handsome faces, almost had stars in her eyes.

In contrast to Mo Qingyi's excitement, Chu Jin's expression could only be described as indifferent.

"And you? What class are you in?" Wang Kai asked, turning his attention to Chu Jin, knowing full well.

"Chu Jin, Class 10," she replied unemotionally.

Wang Kai acted surprised, "Look at that, the three of us make a consecutive 8, 9, 10. That must be fate!" Then he added, "Considering this big campus, it's quite a coincidence for the three of us to meet. This must be the legendary destiny. How about we exchange contact information and if you're free this Sunday, I could treat you to a meal?"

Chu Jin stopped walking, giving him a cool glance, her eyes devoid of any ripples, reminding him, "The Yifu building is here."

With 20 classes in the high school division, the classrooms for Class 8 were in a building just in front of the Yifu building.

Chu Jin didn't spell it out, but her meaning was clear.

Without looking at Wang Kai's reaction, she pulled Mo Qingyi and quickly walked towards the teaching building ahead.

Wang Kai prided himself as an expert at flirting, with his tall stature and good looks, greatly admired by the girls. But in front of Chu Jin, all his usual tactics were inadequate. From start to finish, she did not pick up any of his hints, her words exceedingly detached, showing no apparent interest in making friends.

Even the adorable girl by her side was excited on the surface but soon lost interest after a couple of sentences.

"Sigh..." Watching the two figures walk away, Wang Kai let out a long sigh looking up at the sky.

Only after the duo had completely disappeared did two figures—one fat and one thin—lazily emerge from the nearby camphor forest.

"Kai, how did it go? Did you get her contact info?" Li Erpang eagerly laid a hand on Wang Kai's shoulder and asked.

At his side, Xiang Dong curled his lips into a meaningful smirk, "Is that even a question? Just look at his face, and you'll know the ice queen definitely didn't give him the time of day."

"Scram, scram, scram!" Wang Kai kicked at each of them, clearly annoyed, "Your lordship has to attend class, don't bother your lordship!"

This was the first time Wang Kai had been rejected, and by two girls at the same time no less.

This was something that had never happened before, so his current mood was very bad.

He even started to doubt his own abilities.

Xiang Dong, in a great mood, clapped a hand on Li Erpang's shoulder, "Erpang, looks like someone's got a lock on next month's stinky socks."

Wang Kai paused in his tracks and glanced at the two, "There's still a week left, isn't there? What's the rush?"

In a week's time, no matter how cold the beauty, he had his ways of handling her!

\*\*

After leaving the Mo family, Zheng Chuyi didn't return to the Superpower World.

Instead, she went to Jiang Mubai's residence.

Jiang Mubai had a grandiose status in the mortal world, as the owner of a famous luxury brand company.

Therefore, Jiang Mubai's living quarters were also located in an area of Capital City where every inch of land was worth its weight in gold.

A standalone villa's ground floor, with the front door tightly closed.

Zheng Chuyi walked up to the door, took a deep breath, then reached out to knock.

Soon the door opened.

But the person who answered wasn't Jiang Mubai; instead, it was a nanny-looking woman who showed a flash of astonishment when she saw Zheng Chuyi, then politely inquired, "Hello miss, may I ask who you're looking for?"

Zheng Chuyi smiled softly and said in a gentle voice, "I'm here for Mubai, is he home?"

Her gentle voice carried a bit of huskiness, but it wasn't unpleasant. Instead, it was particularly touching.

"He's in," the nanny nodded, "Please, come with me."

The nanny led Zheng Chuyi up to the second-floor study, where Jiang Mubai was immersed in reviewing documents.

Hearing the noise at the door, he looked up instinctively, and seeing the figure in red, his eyes filled with joy. He quickly put down the documents in his hands and rushed over to Zheng Chuyi, "Chuyi, what brings you here?"

"Mubai..." Seeing Jiang Mubai standing in front of her, Zheng Chuyi immediately reached out to hug him, then buried herself in his embrace and began to cry.

Seeing her like this made Jiang Mubai's heart ache intensely. He gently patted her back, "Chuyi, what's wrong? Why are you crying all of a sudden? Who's bullied you? Was it Jiu Ge or that mortal? Tell me, and I'll get justice for you."

Zheng Chuyi didn't speak, only crying on her own.

Her tears dampened the fabric of Jiang Mubai's clothes, and they soaked his heart as well.

Since coming to this mortal world, Jiang Mubai couldn't remember how many times Zheng Chuyi had cried.

And each time, it was because of that man.

"Chuyi, there, there, stop crying, tell me who has bullied you..." Jiang Mubai continued to coax her softly.

After crying for a while, Zheng Chuyi's emotions stabilized slightly, and she shook her head, "No one bullied me, I just... I miss home, that's all. Mubai, I've thought it through, I won't like Shen Xuan anymore, loving someone is just too exhausting. I've given so much for him, but he doesn't see it. In his eyes, I'm even less than a commoner, he doesn't love me anymore."

Chapter 236: Ordinary Person?

Jiang Mubai let out a gentle sigh, caressing Zheng Chuyi's head, "Stop talking nonsense. With the years of affection between you and Ninth Brother, how could he possibly stop loving you? He's just temporarily dazzled by the wildflowers outside, that's all. Sooner or later, he will realize how good you are."

"Mubai," upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi immediately looked up at Jiang Mubai, "Is what you're saying true? Does Zhi Xuan really still have me in his heart?"

Her originally bright and beautiful eyes were now red and swollen, which made Jiang Mubai feel very sorry for her.

He reached out to wipe the tears from Zheng Chuyi's face, comforting her in a soft voice, "Silly, of course, it's true. Who in the Superpower World doesn't know that you and Ninth Brother are the most compatible couple?"

Jiang Mubai's pupils suddenly contracted sharply when his gaze fell on Zheng Chuyi's bruised forehead, and he said anxiously, "Chuyi, what happened to your forehead?"

"It's, it's nothing," Zheng Chuyi's eyes dodged a little, "I just accidentally bumped into a door, it's not a big deal."

"Bumped into a door," Jiang Mubai narrowed his eyes slightly, a cold light flashing in the depth of them, "How could you be so careless! Come on, let me put some medicine on that."

Although Zheng Chuyi said so, Jiang Mubai didn't believe her. The excuse was too feeble. Clearly, Zheng Chuyi had been wronged in the Mo family, but she was too kind-hearted to hold a grudge against them.

Zheng Chuyi was good in every way, but her heart was just too soft, and her love too persistent. Apart from him, her eyes hardly admitted anyone else.

"No need," Zheng Chuyi continued, "It's just a minor injury. It'll heal in a while. Don't bother, Mubai. I came today to ask you for a favor."

"I'll agree to anything you ask!" Jiang Mubai assured her, "But right now, you must come with me and let me apply some medicine to your wound. If a scar is left on a girl's forehead, it wouldn't look good."

"Okay," Zheng Chuyi nodded lightly and followed Jiang Mubai into the study.

Jiang Mubai applied the medicine very gently, and his gaze was full of indulgence, as if he were treating a priceless treasure.

"Mubai, I've already left the Mo family now, but I don't want to go back to the Superpower World, so, I was wondering if I could stay here with you for a while?" Zheng Chuyi asked in a low voice.

"You left the Mo family?" Jiang Mubai paused in his actions, almost in disbelief, "Chuyi, why would you leave the Mo family? Did Aunt Mo and Ninth Brother drive you out?"

"No," Zheng Chuyi gently shook her head, "I left on my own, it has nothing to do with them. I just don't want to get involved in the relationship between Zhi Xuan and that commoner. It's clear that Zhi Xuan really likes that commoner now. Since they like each other, why should I stubbornly cling to Zhi Xuan? It's better to let go early and bless them."

"Chuyi, you..."

Jiang Mubai couldn't stand to see Zheng Chuyi in this state, always putting others first and accommodating their needs.

"Mubai, I'm fine," Zheng Chuyi managed to squeeze a smile from the corner of her mouth, "You don't have to worry about me. I stepped back willingly, and I won't disturb Zhi Xuan and that commoner anymore."

The look in the depths of Jiang Mubai's eyes was very apparent, and his actions became even gentler, "Chuyi, rest assured, one day Ninth Brother will regret it."

"Let's not talk about this anymore," Zheng Chuyi said in a lighter tone, "You haven't answered me yet, can I stay here with you for a while?"

"Of course, you can. The room has been prepared for you for a long time. I'll take you up there in a bit." From the moment he bought this villa, Jiang Mubai had specially reserved the biggest and best room for Zheng Chuyi, and the furnishings inside were arranged according to the layout of Zheng Chuyi's room in the Superpower World.

He once thought that Zheng Chuyi would never see all that he had done for her in this lifetime. Fortunately, heaven was watching.

"Thank you, Mubai." Zheng Chuyi wrapped her arms around Jiang Mubai's waist, pressing her face against his chest in sincere thanks.

Jiang Mubai's heart skipped several beats.

If he could, he truly wished time would stand still at this moment.

"So you're not going back to the Superpower World?" Jiang Mubai finally asked after a while.

Zheng Chuyi's words did not quite match her feelings, "I won't return for now. I've found that the secular world isn't as bad as I imagined. I quite like it here. I'll go back when I've had my fill of fun."

Jiang Mubai nodded gently.

\*\*

In a military compound in Capital City.

"Song Brother, here is the information of the family of three you asked me to investigate." Zhang Zijun handed over a stack of documents to Song Shiqin with great respect.

He was somewhat puzzled, wondering why Song Shiqin would bother to investigate an ordinary family of three.

Could this family of three have some connection with Song Shiqin?

Song Shiqin received the information and quickly skimmed through it, his eyes flashing with confusion. Somewhat puzzled, he looked up at Zhang Zijun, "This is all you found?"

"Yeah, just this," Zhang Zijun nodded.

Song Shiqin rubbed his temples, weary.

He had thought long and hard the night before and always felt that Chu Jin's true identity was not as simple as what he had seen.

"Didn't you pay attention to whether this family of three had any dealings with any credible foreign individuals lately?" Song Shiqin continued to ask.

"No," Zhang Zijun shook his head, "This family of three are native and very authentic Capital City people. Their network of relationships is also very simple on ordinary days, and both spouses work in well-known state-owned enterprises. I haven't found anything unusual."

Song Shiqin's brow furrowed slightly; it seemed the matter was becoming more complicated.

Originally, he thought this family of three were either temporary actors found by Chu Jin, or immigrants from somewhere else.

But to his surprise, this family was authentically from the Capital City and they all worked at state-owned enterprises.

Seeing Song Shiqin's slightly furrowed brow, Zhang Zijun continued, "If you say there's something unusual, there really is one thing."

"Speak," Song Shiqin immediately perked up, looking at Zhang Zijun.

Zhang Zijun touched his chin, then spoke seriously, "About twelve days ago, the only daughter of this couple, Wang Li Li, suddenly contracted a strange illness. She was as weak as a wisp, sleeping deeply without waking. They visited many famous hospitals in the Capital City, but all the test results came back normal. So, everyone started saying the child was possessed by evil spirits. During that time, it caused panic among the entire building, even the whole community. The couple both took a half-month leave from their jobs. In that time, they brought a variety of witches and wizards, but none could cure Wang Li Li, until five days ago when a man called Master Chu cured her. It was said she had 'Soul departure syndrome'. At that moment, of the original seven souls and three spirits, only one soul and three spirits remained, on the brink of death. Fortunately, this Master Chu was powerful and pulled the girl back from the Gates of Hell. Now the whole community is abuzz with the story..."

With curiosity, Zhang Zijun said, "Hey, Brother Song, do you think this Master Chu is really that remarkable?"

Listening to Zhang Zijun's words, Song Shiqin found them utterly absurd!

Without a doubt, this Master Chu referred to Chu Jin.

There were too many mysteries surrounding Chu Jin.

But her background seemed clean, like a blank sheet of paper.

Those who had interacted with her came from very ordinary backgrounds; nothing stood out.

It was precisely because it was too clean, too ordinary, that suspicions arose.

If she weren't a spy sent by another country, how did she come to know her own past?

If she weren't a spy sent by another country, why would she make a deliberate effort to get close to him?

Moreover, Chu Jin had previously been labelled a waste by outsiders. How could a waste, a good-for-nothing, undergo such a drastic change in such a short period?

Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed slightly, a spark of insight flashing through his mind.

The only possibility for a waste turning into a genius overnight was if there had been a switch. In fact, the real Chu family's heiress, Chu Jin, had long disappeared from this world, and the current Chu Jin was someone else entirely.

That's why her background appeared so clean, beyond doubt, and impossible to investigate.

"Brother Song?" Seeing Song Shiqin entranced, Zhang Zijun couldn't help but wave his hand in front of him.

At that thought, Song Shiqin suddenly looked up at Zhang Zijun, "Go check when Chu Jin underwent a drastic change in character."

"Chu Jin?" Zhang Zijun narrowed his eyes, excitement shining in them, "You mean the Chu family's young miss?"

"Yes, her," Song Shiqin nodded slightly.

"Why on earth are you investigating that girl? Could it be you've taken a fancy to her?" Zhang Zijun said with a teasing smile.

Song Shiqin gave Zhang Zijun a look and said sternly, "Just go do it, why all the questions!"

#### Chapter 237: Mysterious Tycoon

Zhang Zijun stroked his chin and continued, "Alright, alright, you relax, I'll definitely dig up everything about Miss Chu's ancestors for you."

Speaking of which, this was the first time Song Shi Qin had taken an interest in a woman.

At this moment, he certainly couldn't let Song Shi Qin down.

Unexpectedly, Song Shi Qin, who usually appeared to be a strict military officer disinterested in women, actually liked girls almost a generation younger than himself.

At his age, couldn't he practically be their uncle?

"By the way, Brother Song," Zhang Zijun continued, "how come you've suddenly taken an interest in an ordinary family of three?"

It was one thing to be interested in Miss Chu, but why had Song Shi Qin suddenly asked him to investigate an ordinary family of three?

Song Shi Qin spoke slowly, "I have my reasons,"

Mentioning the family of three, Zhang Zijun showed a keen interest, "Also, do you think that Master Chu is really that amazing? You don't know, the people outside are now treating Master Chu like a god. If I get a chance, I must meet this Master Chu. It's too incredible, they even say he can snatch people from the hands of Yama."

Currently, Zhang Zijun was more interested in the seemingly incredible Master Chu.

If Master Chu didn't truly have some skills, how could he have been made out to be so legendary?

Hearing this, Song Shi Qin said with a slightly cold demeanor, "What master or not, it's all just a scam to deceive people. Snatching people from Yama, you believe such nonsense?"

"Nonsense? Brother Song, you'd better not disbelieve!" Zhang Zijun looked up at Song Shi Qin with a mysterious expression and said, "Do you remember Wen Ziyao, who grew up with us since childhood? She's gotten into trouble now. My mom told me, it seems like some evil spirit is haunting her. Now she's delirious, doesn't even recognize her own parents, and keeps mumbling the name of someone dead. She's been tormented so badly, probably doesn't have many days left to live. Ah, what a shame, such a pretty girl, how could she run into something like this?"

By the end, Zhang Zijun sounded wistful.

"Right," Zhang Zijun suddenly brightened up, "since Master Chu is so miraculous, maybe he can help Wen Ziyao. Yes, when I get back I'll talk to my mom about it and have the Wen family invite Master Chu to take a look."

Wen Ziyao was the daughter of a high-ranking military officer from the military district compound.

Since they all lived in the same compound, it wasn't exactly a secret.

Of course, as a family with an impeccable military background, they would never admit publicly that their daughter was haunted by a ghost.

Because the Zhang family had a close relationship with the Wen family, Zhang Zijun was so well informed.

"Haunt by an evil spirit?" Song Shi Qin scoffed, "Come on, you're a lieutenant colonel, act like one. What does it look like for a lieutenant colonel to spread feudal superstition in the military? Where in this world is there any talk of ghosts and spirits? All these so-called masters are nothing but swindlers. If she's sick, just take her to a hospital, don't always believe in those tall tales."

Zhang Zijun shook his head slightly, "Brother Song, it's not right to say that. Even though we're soldiers and should believe in science, the universe is vast and there are so many mysteries beyond our knowledge, sight, and capabilities. Moreover, you call them swindlers, but if they really were swindlers, cheating one person is plausible, have you ever seen a swindler deceive a whole group of people? The eyes of the masses are sharp!"

In the course of investigating the family of three, Zhang Zijun had inquired about Master Chu indirectly.

He found many people from various social strata who had benefited from Master Chu, each facing different kinds of trouble.

Just a few days ago, Master Chu helped a scavenger smoothly return home.

Therefore, in Zhang Zijun's eyes, Master Chu was not just a master, but a benevolent person.

If he really was a swindler, why would he extend his hand to help those unrelated to him?

With those words, Zhang Zijun seemed to give Song Shi Qin a hint.

If nothing abnormal could be found by looking into Chu Jin's identity, then he could start with the identity of Master Chu.

"Let's do this," Song Shi Qin looked up at Zhang Zijun again, "while you're at it, prepare me a file on Master Chu as well, including all the people she has been in contact with these days."

If she's a fox, her tail will eventually show.

"Seriously, Brother Song, why have you suddenly taken an interest in Master Chu?" Zhang Zijun was quite puzzled, "Didn't we agree to investigate Miss Chu?"

Song Shi Qin's gaze was profound, and the corners of his firm mouth curved slightly, "I want to investigate both."

Before the nation's security was at stake, he could not afford to relax in the slightest.

Although he had his doubts about why Song Shiqin suddenly became interested in both these people at the same time, Zhang Zijun still nodded, "Okay, I understand."

"By the way," Zhang Zijun said as if something had just occurred to him, "Song Brother, have you been watching the news these past few days?"

Song Shiqin nodded, "I have, what about it?"

"I'm not talking about military news!" Zhang Zijun said as he brought his phone in front of Song Shiqin, "Have you seen this hot topic news?"

Song Shiqin looked down and saw the following news on the phone screen.

\*Shocking! A mysterious tycoon makes an anonymous donation of 60 million to support poverty-stricken mountain areas without leaving a name!\*

The anonymous donation event was already several days old, but the heat had not yet subsided, with comments under the trending topic reaching over 6 million.

Close to two hundred million shares.

A glance through the topic revealed nothing but pure positive energy.

As well as a stirring sense of excitement.

The over 6 million comments were mostly speculations about who this mysterious tycoon could be.

After a brief glance, Song Shiqin withdrew his gaze and asked, "Is this mysterious tycoon a relative of yours?"

Zhang Zijun stroked his chin, "I'm not related to this tycoon, but the head of the relief station in this impoverished mountain area is my college classmate. He knows I'm working for the army now and wants to use my connections to find this mysterious tycoon and personally thank him by presenting an award banner, after all, sixty million is not a small sum."

The corners of Song Shiqin's mouth curled slightly, revealing a look of admiration, "If rich, be benevolent, and not pursue fame and fortune, this mysterious individual is indeed a true philanthropist."

Zhang Zijun continued, "Exactly, a whole sixty million has thrilled my classmate, the station head. Song Brother, you're a network expert, could you help me track down the other party's IP address and find this mysterious person?"

"Am I that idle?" Song Shiqin looked at Zhang Zijun, "Can't you just leave this kind of trivial matter to the staff below? Otherwise, what's the point of having a team if they're just freeloading?"

Zhang Zijun sighed, "Song Brother, you don't understand, the other party is also a network expert with strong computer skills and counter-surveillance capabilities. A-Fei tried several times but was blocked back by the firewall the other side had set. You know, as a full colonel, if I can't handle this kind of thing, wouldn't it be a joke to my classmates? So, Song Brother, could you please help out?"

Song Shiqin slightly raised his eyes, a trace of ink flashing within them, "I'll try."

Seeing Song Shiqin agree, Zhang Zijun immediately smiled, "Thank you, Song Brother."

Besides being a soldier, Song Shiqin was also an exceptionally skilled network expert and held a place on China's hacker rankings. Now that he had agreed to the task, it was as good as half done.

After Zhang Zijun left, Song Shiqin seemed to remember something, and took a piece of paper out of his pocket.

Looking at the meticulously written characters on the paper, complex emotions swirled in his pitch-black eyes.

After looking for a while, Song Shiqin picked up the phone by his side and, following the account number and bank name on the paper, transferred 2000 yuan.

No matter what purposes Chu Jin had in approaching him, he would not allow her to succeed!

\*\*

Zhao family.

Zhao Yiling and Li Ruyu also got up early, looking very proper and pretty today.

Her face was radiant, and she smiled brightly.

"Mom, have you packed everything? When do we leave?" Zhao Yiling asked gently, linking arms with Li Ruyu.

Today was the day to break off the engagement with the Mo family.

That was why Zhao Yiling was so happy. Just the thought of that little wretch having no relation with the head of the Mo family made Zhao Yiling extraordinarily pleased.

#### Chapter 238: Delivering Medicine

After all, she was about to become the fiancée of the Mo family's patriarch.

Compared to the Mo family, what counted the life-saving benefactor of Mo Qianjue?

Li Ruyu nodded with a smile in her eyes and said, "Alright, alright, let's go now. Old Sun has been waiting outside."

"Old Sun, to Phoenix Manor." Once they were in the car, Li Ruyu instructed the driver.

Phoenix Manor.

A well-known gathering place for the powerful in Capital City, those who lived there were people who could hold up half the sky in Capital City.

Just thinking about how she would soon be living at Phoenix Manor long-term made Zhao Yiling's heart race uncontrollably.

By then, she would be the envy of all the famous young ladies in Capital City!

The car was fast and, after about twenty minutes, the black Mercedes stopped at the grand entrance of Phoenix Manor.

Gazing at the majestic gates of the manor, Zhao Yiling took a deep breath, and her recently calmed heart began to flutter again.

"Mom, can you check if my makeup has smeared or if my hairdo is messed up?" Zhao Yiling looked nervously at Li Ruyu.

After all, she was about to meet her future mother-in-law, so Zhao Yiling was, naturally, a bit anxious.

Li Ruyu shook her head with great affection, "No, no, my daughter is the most beautiful."

Mother and daughter, both smiling, walked towards the interior of Phoenix Manor, but as they approached the gate, they were stopped by two imposing guards.

"Excuse me, ladies, please present your passes!"

"Passes?" Li Ruyu frowned slightly. "What passes?"

"Without a pass, no one is allowed inside!"

"What a joke!" Li Ruyu snorted coldly, lifting her chin in arrogance, "Do you know who I am? I am the prospective in-law of Old Master Mo! This is my daughter, the future daughter-in-law of the Mo family. You must be blind as dogs, not even recognizing who you're dealing with! Be careful I don't make you lose your jobs!"

One guard, with a stone-faced expression, repeated, "Without a pass, no one is allowed inside!"

Facing such resolute guards, Li Ruyu's face turned red with anger!

She, a noblewoman from a prominent family, had never suffered such humiliation.

A mere gatekeeper daring to stop her! It was simply ridiculous!

Zhao Yiling patted Li Ruyu's hand, then looked up at the guards with a soft voice, "Could you give us a little leeway? We really are important guests of Old Master Mo's wife. Please let us through."

"No, can't do," the guard shook his head, "Without a pass, no one can enter. It's our duty. We hope you understand."

"What if we insist on going in!"

As she said this, Li Ruyu attempted to barge in with Zhao Yiling in tow.

Only when two cold guns were positioned in front of them did the expressions of both Li Ruyu and Zhao Yiling change as they quickly retreated several meters.

"Mom, think of something," Zhao Yiling said, a bit frantic, "Maybe you can call Old Master Mo's wife to come out and get us."

Li Ruyu sighed, "I don't have Old Master Mo's wife's contact information."

Both times, it had been Old Master Mo's wife who had come to her of her own accord. Apart from knowing that the Mo family's old residence was in Phoenix Manor, she knew nothing else about the Mo family.

She had thought that as long as they could get into Phoenix Manor smoothly, that would be enough. She had not anticipated the guards here to be so strict.

Even a gatekeeper could carry a gun!

The Mo family was truly formidable!

"So, what do we do now?" Zhao Yiling hadn't expected this outcome. Her heart, filled with excitement upon arriving, was now faced with the realization that they couldn't even get through the gates of Phoenix Manor. "Did we come here for nothing today?"

"Ling'er," Li Ruyu glanced at Zhao Yiling, "Let's go back for now. I'll think of a way to contact Old Master Mo's wife when we get home."

Although she didn't want to just go back like this, there was nothing else they could do at the moment other than returning.

Reluctant to leave just yet, Zhao Yiling suggested, "Mom, let's wait in the car for a while. Maybe Old Master Mo's wife will come out later."

Seeing her daughter like this, Li Ruyu couldn't bear to refuse and nodded, "Alright, let's wait in the car then."

The mother and daughter got into the car, but unfortunately, they waited for a long time without seeing the Mo family matriarch come out.

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Goryeo Nation.

A well-known cosmetic surgery hospital.

Inside a VIP ward.

A middle-aged woman was feeding porridge to a young woman whose face was wrapped in gauze.

"Nannan, the Ninth Madame called today."

Hearing this, the young woman quickly swallowed the porridge, "Mom, what did the Ninth Madame say?"

The Ninth Madame's initiative in calling must surely mean there was some new situation to inform them about.

The middle-aged woman spoke slowly, "The Ninth Madame has found a medicine that can rapidly heal wounds, reducing your recovery period from three months to one month. Someone will deliver it today."

"Cutting down from three months to one month?" The young woman expressed her apprehension, "But won't such a shortcut medicine have any side effects on the human body?"

The full-body modification surgery was already impactful on the human body and might even shorten one's lifespan. Now she worried her body couldn't handle taking such shortcut medicine.

"What are you afraid of?" The middle-aged woman glanced at her, her tone somewhat harsh, "Could the Ninth Madame harm you? Don't you want to recover sooner, return to Capital City earlier, and complete the task the Ninth Madame has given you?"

"Mom, don't be angry," the young woman clasped her mother's hand, "I just said it casually without any other meaning. When the Ninth Madame sends the medicine, I'll take it."

"That's more like it." The middle-aged woman nodded, satisfied, and spoke with a heavy heart, "Nannan, Mom is doing this for your own good. If it were anyone else, Mom wouldn't even spare them a second glance. I've already arranged with Doctor Zhao, once you've taken the medicine the Ninth Madame sends, we'll proceed with the leg-lengthening surgery. Let's aim to leave the hospital next month."

"So soon?" The young woman asked in surprise, "Didn't you say we have to wait for the gauze to be removed before doing the leg-lengthening surgery?"

The middle-aged woman smiled, "Isn't the Ninth Madame's Miracle Drug here? As long as you take the Miracle Drug the Ninth Madame sends over, maybe you can remove the gauze this afternoon."

Just the thought of her daughter recovering two months earlier filled the middle-aged woman's eyes with a bright light.

The young woman nodded, "Okay, Mom, I understand."

While they were talking,

'Knock, knock, knock' a rhythmic knocking broke the relative silence of the ward.

The middle-aged woman immediately got up to open the door and saw a young woman in a blue dress standing there. The visitor's eyes showed a flicker of confusion when looking at the middle-aged woman, but she soon spoke quite politely, "Hello, may I speak to Miss Shen Minjie?"

"Yes, yes, that's me," the middle-aged woman answered eagerly, nodding, "Are you the one sent by the Ninth Madame?"

Jia Zhuo gave a slight nod and handed over the porcelain bottle she was holding, "Right, the Ninth Madame asked me to deliver this to you."

This middle-aged woman was obviously a mundane person of extreme ordinariness; how could Chuyi be involved with a commoner? And why the urgency to send medicine over such a great distance?

Although Jia Zhuo was puzzled, her expression betrayed none of her thoughts.

"It's been a long journey for you, Miss," Shen Minjie said as she took the porcelain bottle happily, then continued, "May I ask if the Ninth Madame had any other messages for me?"

Jia Zhuo shook her head, "No, that's all." After saying that, she turned and left.

Watching Jia Zhuo's receding figure, Shen Minjie couldn't help but inwardly remark with admiration, the people following the Ninth Madame were indeed of the finest mettle in appearance and demeanor.

"Mom, has the Ninth Madame arrived?" Hearing Shen Minjie's footsteps, the young woman inquired.

Shen Minjie's lips curved slightly, "Such a person of the Ninth Madame's status? How could she possibly come to a place like this herself? It was one of her subordinates."

Saying that, Shen Minjie unscrewed the cap of the porcelain bottle, poured out a black pill, and brought it to the young woman's lips, "Come on, open your mouth and take the medicine."

The young woman hesitated for a moment and then gently opened her mouth, allowing the black pill to quickly dissolve in her mouth.

It wasn't as bitter as imagined; in fact, it tasted quite sweet.

#### Chapter 239: Divine Doctor Overwhelming the City

Shen Minjie reached again for a glass of water and handed it to the young woman. "Take a sip of water, swallow the medicine, and then get a good night's sleep. When you wake up, the height-increasing surgery will be done."

"Okay," the young woman nodded lightly.

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South Bridge No.2 Middle School.

In the office.

The English teacher, with a benevolent look on her face, watched the girl standing before her. "The English speech competition starts tomorrow. Is your speech ready?"

Chu Jin nodded. "Don't worry, it's all prepared. This is the original script, please have a look."

The English teacher took the speech and her calm gaze turned to shock.

It was a speech centered around the theme of life.

The article used many grammatical structures not yet taught in the senior year, with emphatic expressions, seemingly simple sentences that provoke deep thought, possessing a philosophical tinge that was refreshing to listen to, rich and exciting content that captivated the audience—in short, it did not seem the work of a senior high school student.

Her understanding of life was indeed profound.

Even after teaching English for more than a decade, she doubted she had this level of skill.

She had seen the changes in Chu Jin these past days, as her homeroom teacher.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, it would be hard to imagine that the student once dismissed as incompetent had transformed so greatly.

With her excitement under control, the English teacher patted Chu Jin's shoulder and offered her generous praise, "Chu Jin! You've really done well!"

Chu Jin smiled slightly. "Thank you, teacher."

The English teacher placed the speech on the desk and looked up to ask, "Have you memorized it completely?"

"Yes, I've memorized it all," Chu Jin confirmed with a nod.

Pleased, the English teacher nodded and tapped her fingers on the desk. "Then recite it to me, please."

"Okay," Chu Jin responded softly.

"It's my honor to speak..." Words of English flowed from her mouth, each phrase crisply reaching the ear. Her expression was serene, her voice clear and melodic, with perfect pronunciation and fluent, aristocratic intonation that was highly engaging.

It was a very pleasing voice.

The English teacher was near entranced by it.

She even wondered if Chu Jin had lived abroad for a long time or if, perhaps, she was a mixed-race child.

The 8-minute speech ended too quickly for the English teacher, who was still immersed in her voice, reluctant to let it go.

"Chu Jin," after a moment, the English teacher looked up at Chu Jin, "your spoken English truly is outstanding! Don't be nervous tomorrow on stage, and don't feel pressured. Just maintain today's standard."

Chu Jin nodded slightly. "Okay, teacher. I understand. Is there anything else?"

The English teacher patted Chu Jin's shoulder, filled with gratification. "No, that's all. You can go back to your classroom."

Chu Jin turned and headed back to the classroom.

"Jin, Jin," just as she sat down, Miao Xinran put down her pen and leaned in to ask, "What did Ms. Wu call you for just now?"

Without hurry, Chu Jin opened her mathematics textbook to Chapter 53. "It was for the English speech competition tomorrow. She had me recite the speech for her."

Miao Xinran had read the speech, so she excitedly said, "How was it? Did Ms. Wu get so excited that she cried?"

"It wasn't as exaggerated as you're making it out to be!" Chu Jin's voice was calm. "She just told me not to be nervous tomorrow, not to feel pressured, and to maintain a normal level."

"Divine Doctor, Divine Doctor!" While they were speaking, a chubbier male classmate approached, looking very anxious. "Divine Doctor, what's wrong with the back of my neck? There's a patch of tiny bumps. Is it serious? Am I okay? Am I going to die?"

Speaking, the male student squatted down, pulled open his collar, and exposed his neck for the two to see.

His fair nape was covered in dense, shiny pimples; packed tightly together with some showing white tips. It was a bit distressing to look at.

Xinran immediately averted her gaze.

Ever since Jin had saved Wang Han during PE class with acupuncture, her classmates stopped calling her Chu Jin and instead jokingly called her "Divine Doctor."

Jin had corrected them many times, but to no effect, so she eventually let them be.

After all, it wasn't anything harmful.

Jin glanced over and then slowly said, "It's okay, when you go back just pay attention to your diet and avoid spicy and greasy food. Make sure to sleep on time and get at least eight hours of sleep a day. It's not a big issue, don't worry."

"Really, it's nothing?" the male student expressed his doubt, "Not only do I have a lot of bumps on my neck, but I'm also losing a lot of hair. Divine Doctor, why don't you give me a needle too?"

Jin let out a light laugh, "No need, just keep your mood up and pay attention to your diet and sleep. Within half a month, these symptoms will slowly disappear."

"Really no need for a needle? Then what sickness do I have? Why did I suddenly start getting bumps and losing hair?"

Jin gently shook her head, "Really no need, it's not a big problem; it's just irregular living habits and long-term consumption of fried and spicy food which have disrupted your hormone balance. Just follow my advice, go back, and take good care of yourself."

Listening to Jin's words, the male student touched his head, "Or maybe you should just give me a needle, otherwise I won't feel at ease."

"Acupuncture is useless for hormone imbalances," Jin continued, "this needs internal treatment."

The student was still not convinced, "Really no need for a needle? I feel like my condition is quite serious, it doesn't seem like a normal hormone imbalance. Why don't you take a closer look?"

Before Jin could speak, Xinran, standing nearby, grabbed an English textbook from the table and called out to the boy by whacking him with it, "Fatty! Will you ever be done? They said you're fine, and you're still here asking for it, whining like a woman. Isn't it annoying?"

"Alright, alright." Jin took the book from Xinran's hand, then pulled out a transparent little bottle from under the desk and handed it to the male student. The clear bottle contained colorful granules. "If you're not reassured, you can take these pills. This is our family's ancestral Miracle Drug; it's really effective."

The male student took the small bottle, thanked Jin, "Thank you, Divine Doctor," and left satisfied.

"Jin, was that really your family's ancestral Miracle Drug?" Xinran asked somewhat indignantly, "Did you just give it away to that fatty that easily?"

Jin's lips slightly curled up and she whispered, "Where's the ancestral Miracle Drug? It's just some ordinary candy beans, purely for peace of mind."

"Damn! You're so bad," Xinran laughed, "Jin, oh Jin, I didn't expect you to be like this."

Jin coughed lightly and chuckled, "That's why everyone calls me 'Brother Jin,' right?"

The day's lessons ended quickly.

When school was out in the evening, Qingyi was already waiting for her at the school gate.

"Brother Jin, Brother Jin!" Qingyi waved excitedly when she saw Jin approaching.

Jin walked quickly over and greeted her, "Qingyi."

Qingyi looped her arm through Jin's and walked towards a parked black sedan outside the school gates, "Brother Jin, I've been waiting for you for a while. Let's go, my driver will drop you off on the way home."

"Okay," Jin nodded lightly, "then I'll have to trouble your family's driver."

"Who are we to each other? Don't mention trouble!" Qingyi laughed, "Besides, my mom told me to do this; you're now my mom's prized darling."

Looking at the familiar scenery outside the window, Jin spoke softly, "You can stop here."

"Brother Jin, why are we stopping here?" Qingyi looked around with a puzzled expression.

Jin's lips formed a sly smile, "Well, I moved; my new house is nearby. Walking back from here is a good chance to exercise. You must visit when you have time, okay?"

Qingyi nodded and said with a mischievous smile, "Definitely. I'm so bored at home with no one to keep me company. I plan to practically move into your house after the college entrance exams; you won't mind, will you?"

Jin arched an eyebrow, "Of course not. Who are we to each other?"

As they talked, the car came to a steady stop.

Jin opened the car door, stepped out, and waved goodbye to Qingyi, "See you tomorrow."

Chapter 240: You are Master Chu

The black sedan became more distant as it drove away.

Chu Jin lifted her foot and headed in the direction of the crossroads.

She had just set up her stall and the seat wasn't even warm yet when a white Mercedes 'swooshed' to a stop right in front of her.

Following that, the car door opened, and a young man with a handsome appearance and dressed in a suit stepped out, holding a fresh bouquet of yellow tulips in his hand.

The man walked up to Chu Jin, bowed slightly with utmost respect, and said, "Hello, are you Miss Chu?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yes, that's me."

Upon hearing her response, the young man discreetly scrutinized the girl before him, a clear flash of amazement passing through his eyes.

The person before him had skin white as snow, lips red as though coated, a visage fair as jade, a demeanor pure as an orchid, and features so delicate they seemed carved; she looked like a celestial being stepping out of a painting, far surpassing any actress he had ever seen.

However, she seemed to be quite young, quite a few years younger than their chief, right?

It was no wonder their CEO had to cajole her so earnestly.

"Miss Chu, these are the flowers for you. Please sign for them," the young man said as he placed the flowers on the table. As his gaze caught the words on the tablecloth, the corners of his mouth twitched lightly.

'Ancestral Fortune-Telling, forecast the future, understand the forthcoming, dispel evil spirits; sincerity ensures efficacy.'

Why on earth would their future chief mistress be a fortune-teller?

Ah, ah, ah!

His worldview was on the verge of collapse!

How could such a beautiful person become a soothsayer?

What are soothsayers best at?

They are best at bluffing!

Could it be that their chief had been charmed by this girl?

Imagine their chief's renowned name, his imposing presence, when had he ever personally apologized to a woman?

And now he was actually apologizing to a soothsayer...

It seemed this girl's skills were not shallow.

She had even managed to charm their chief!

Looking at the vivid and luscious tulips on the table, Chu Jin voiced her confusion, "I didn't order any flowers. Could you have mistaken the recipient?"

Hearing the clear and melodious voice, the young man quickly snapped back to reality and explained, "Miss Chu, these flowers are from our CEO. They were air-freighted from a farm in Holland just eighteen minutes ago."

As he spoke, the young man took out a form from his pocket, "Miss Chu, just sign here, and that'll be all."

Chu Jin furrowed her brows slightly, "Who is your CEO?" she asked. Why on earth would he send her flowers out of the blue?

Could it be Mo Zhixuan?

But considering his cold demeanor, he didn't seem like the type to send flowers, and besides, the flowers he sent were yellow tulips.

Tulips signify 'I'm sorry.'

Who would send her such flowers?

Chu Jin was at a loss.

Upon hearing this, the young man looked at Chu Jin with some disbelief, "Miss Chu, you don't know who our CEO is?"

Could it be that the chief hadn't actually won over the lady?

The young man was stunned.

Chu Jin shook her head lightly, "I really don't know. Who is he?"

Her expression was earnest, not as if she was joking.

The young man swallowed hard and then said, "Our CEO is Mo Qianjue of Jun Ao Group."

"Oh," Chu Jin laughed lightly, "I see, it's him. Sorry, but I cannot accept the flowers."

After saying that, she took the flowers from the table and stuffed them into the young man's arms.

Someone had actually refused the chief's flowers!

The young man felt like his perspectives were being refreshed yet again!

Was this girl really not interested in the chief's flowers, or was she playing hard to get with the chief?

Flowers from the chief—what many women longed for but could never have.

He never dreamt there would come a day when the Chief would face rejection.

Suppressing the shock in his heart, the young man once again placed the flowers on the desk, looking somewhat troubled as he said, "Miss Chu, I am just an assistant, and our president has stated that these flowers must be personally signed for by you. Otherwise, I can't return to my job..."

"I understand your work," Chu Jin lifted her eyes to glance at him, "but I really can't accept these flowers. Just report back to your president truthfully."

The refusal on her face was evident and devoid of any pretense; it was clear she genuinely did not want the flowers.

Even less did she want to have any involvement with someone as complex as Mo Qianjue.

If she wasn't mistaken, Mo Qianjue's true identity was probably not as simple as just being the president of Jun Ao Group.

Hearing this, the young man's expression looked almost tearful, "Miss Chu, please have mercy and accept them. I have elders to take care of and a family to feed. I really can't afford to lose this job! If you don't accept them today, our president will fire me tomorrow."

Elders to take care of and a family to feed?

Hearing this, Chu Jin lifted her eyes to look at the young man before speaking lightly.

"Sir, your high forehead indicates a broad perspective, and your moist lips and heavy brows signify wealth. Your facial features suggest you haven't stirred up any romantic connections yet and likely indicate a late marriage." Here, Chu Jin paused for a moment before continuing, "However, your broad forehead and full, erect nose bridge, along with the excellent shape of your children's palace on your face, indeed point to a future with many children."

Chu Jin's words were casual, but the young man's heart was deeply shaken.

Just one glance, and she knew so much?

She even knew whether or not he was married?

He had simply exaggerated his predicament for sympathy, not expecting that she would see through him so easily.

This was utterly incredible.

It seemed this young lady truly had some skills.

Right then, the young man didn't dare to speak carelessly anymore, "Miss Chu, even though I don't have children, I do have elders to support. I really can't afford to lose this job. Could you please not make it difficult for me? For you, this is merely a trivial act of kindness..."

Chu Jin sighed softly and then picked up the pen from beside her desk to sign her name on the paper.

Seeing Chu Jin sign, the young man immediately beamed with joy, "Thank you, Miss Chu, you really are a good person."

"Don't mention it," Chu Jin's tone was indifferent.

"Then, goodbye Miss Chu." Having successfully obtained the receipt, the young man said his farewells to Chu Jin very politely.

Chu Jin nodded slightly in response.

After the young man left, Chu Jin welcomed her first client of the day.

"Hello, are you Master Chu?" A middle-aged woman, after hesitating for a long time, finally approached Chu Jin.

The middle-aged woman wore a dark-colored cheongsam and carried a handbag of the same color. She had a gentle demeanor and didn't seem like a local resident of Capital City; she appeared to be from the Jiangnan region instead.

Her complexion was somewhat pale, with heavy dark circles under her eyes, and she looked exhausted, likely troubled by some vexing problems.

"Yes, I am," Chu Jin nodded slightly and then pointed to the stool in front of her, "Please, have a seat."

"Thank you," the middle-aged woman measured Chu Jin with a glance before sitting down across from her.

Chu Jin took the Tarot cards out from the drawer and placed them on the table, inquiring, "May I know what you'd like to inquire about?"

The middle-aged woman didn't respond directly to Chu Jin's question but continued to ask, "Master Chu, do you read faces?"

Chu Jin nodded gently, "I have a bit of knowledge. Would you like a face reading then?"

The middle-aged woman smiled, "Not for me, for my husband. However, he isn't here, is it alright if I show you a photo?"

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Of course, have you brought the photo?"

"Yes, yes," the middle-aged woman immediately nodded and then took out a color photo from her handbag.

The man in the photo looked wealthy and about fifty years old. Smiling towards the distance, his kind eyes suggested an affable personality—it was clear he was a very approachable man.

Chu Jin glanced at the photo and then slowly said, "This gentleman has a square chin, and his nose is high and robust. He's spent his life doing good deeds and will have blessings to come. However, I see a strand of darkness looming in his vital energy, indicating an affliction with the elements; I recommend he avoids traveling north within the next seven days, or he may encounter a bloody calamity."

"Is it that serious?" The middle-aged woman's eyes narrowed slightly.

She thought she was going to meet the legendary Master Chu Jin, only to discover she was nothing special after all!

It seemed her trip had been in vain.

A look of disappointment crept onto the middle-aged woman's face; she knew it—a young girl couldn't amount to much!

Sigh...

Chu Jin observed all the expressions on the middle-aged woman's face and lightly arched her brow before continuing, "Madam, don't disbelieve me, my predictions are very accurate. Please be sure to inform your elder brother not to travel north for the time being, otherwise, there will be no Regret Medicine available when it's too late."

"What did you say?" The middle-aged woman's gaze snapped to Chu Jin, her pale face showing surprise.

Chu Jin gave a slight smile, her tone indifferent, "I said, he is your brother, not your husband."