

R Woman 261

Chapter 261: Jin Ge's Little Fan Pack

What I care about has never been a ranking.

As Chu Jin finished speaking, the entire scene went quiet, with almost everyone's eyes converging on her.

The icy lenses snapped wildly at her, her backdrop a vast expanse of snowlight, lending a somewhat lonely and proud air to the scene.

The corner of her mouth curved slightly, her clear and handsome face showing little emotion, yet somehow commanding reverence and submission.

Such an aura was powerful enough.

Having said this, she was about to turn and leave.

Seeing her about to walk away, a foreign judge stood up and said in fluent Chinese, "Student Chu, we, the panel of judges, have discussed this and have decided that you will be today's speech competition first place winner..."

But before the foreign judge could finish, Lin Xiaoyue interrupted in a hurry, "Algernon, are you mistaken? I am today's first place winner!"

It was clear that she was today's first place in the speech competition. How could she let a nobody steal the spotlight that rightfully belonged to her?

She would definitely defend what was hers!

A nobody from a fallen household, under the charity of others, how dare they compete with her for first place?

She would need to hold this hefty trophy steady, wouldn't she?

Chu Jin smiled lightly, her dimples faintly visible. She lifted her chin gracefully, as delicate as jade, and her clear voice rose in the air, "Since Lin is so fond of this first place, I'll give it to her."

After all, it was something she didn't want. There was no need for her to compete with Lin Xiaoyue over it.

The smile spreading across her lips was three parts cold, seven parts devil-may-care.

The person before her seemed so distant, yet so close.

Unfathomable. Inscrutable.

She had never entered this competition for rank in the first place.

Lin Xiaoyue's complexion turned rapidly from green to white, and even her lips were a pale white, bloodless and trembling all over.

Without a doubt, Chu Jin's words had become the sharpest knife, plunging deep into her heart, exposing the rotten side of her innermost self for everyone to see, bloodied and raw!

These words also carried a double meaning.

It put Lin Xiaoyue in a situation where she couldn't step down, nor could she remain standing.

Not only did getting first place not give her any honor, but getting second place would be even more humiliating.

Having spoken, Chu Jin left with the students from Class Ten.

Leaving behind nothing but a proud silhouette.

The online comments changed to, "The boss is so dominant! 666666!"

"I can feel the slap through the screen!"

"Hey, where did that guy who was about to eat crap go? Time for a live broadcast."

"The boss's silhouette is so beautiful, so domineering!"

"Awesome! My boss!"

The principal on stage was also somewhat embarrassed. He had not expected Chu Jin to simply walk away like that.

This was the first place, after all!

Not only representative of the highest honor, but also coupled with a generous prize!

And she just gave it up?

The judges below shared looks of regret.

But since the person had left, the results had to be finalized as they were just announced.

Under the complex gazes of the judges, Lin Xiaoyue accepted the first-place trophy, feeling no joy of victory, only a burning discomfort in her hands and a sense of panic, as if she had stolen something from someone and was caught red-handed on the spot.

And when she accepted the trophy, the auditorium responded only with sporadic, mocking applause.

The audience's derisive looks constantly reminded her that the trophy she held was just something that the nobody had discarded.

Lin Xiaoyue bit her ruby lip, her lowered eyes seething with venom. As the beauty queen of South Bridge No.2 Middle School, when had she ever endured such humiliation?

But at this moment, she had no choice but to grin and bear it, pretending as if nothing had happened.

When she looked up again, she was once more the noble, aloof beauty queen.

There would be other days ahead, and one day, she vowed to return the humiliation that the nobody had inflicted upon her, twofold.

On the online live streaming platform, [tsk tsk tsk, this white lotus still has the audacity to accept the honor that belongs to the first place! Where's her shame?]

[Shameless! If I were her, I'd find a hole to crawl into!]

[She stole the honor that rightfully belonged to someone else! Truly shameless!]

[Her face doesn't want her anymore.]

[Boss, what a national beauty!]

[Boss V587!]

[So what if she got the trophy for first place? In our hearts, Chu will always be the number one!]

Meanwhile.

At the Mo family.

The little loli was sitting on the sofa watching TV, picking up the remote control to switch to a familiar local channel. Before long, this channel would broadcast her favorite TV series "Barara Little Fairy".

After switching to the channel, a familiar figure appeared on the screen.

She gasped and immediately stood up in disbelief, rubbed her eyes to make sure she wasn't seeing things, then scurried off the sofa with her little legs, running up to the TV. She started tapping the screen with her chubby little hands, asking excitedly, "Chu, Chu, how did you get on TV?"

Her voice was extremely excited and chirpy.

After asking the question, she realized, am I being silly?

With a screen between them, how could Chu possibly hear her?

So she picked up the remote control and pressed the pause button,

The image froze at the moment where Chu Jin was looking back, a faint smile on his lips, a sparkling glint in his eyes, and a light dimple on the left side of his face.

The little loli wanted to pucker up and plant a kiss on the face of the person on the screen, but alas, her height was a downside.

She had to huff and puff to drag a little stool over, then 'smack', left a slobbery imprint on the screen.

After kissing it, she darted off towards the inside of the house, shouting as she ran, "Bread, Bread, come out, quickly look, Chu is on TV..."

Her milky voice instantly spread throughout the living room.

While the little loli ran inside, Bread the dog came running in from outside. Seeing his foolish little master running the wrong way, Bread felt his whole dog life was going awry.

This little master was too inconsiderate, not even knowing where it had gone. Out of helplessness, Bread had to run to the little loli's side, open its mouth, and tug at the hem of her dress to pull her out.

"Bread, Bread," the little loli turned her head, patting Bread's head excitedly, and said, "Hurry and watch with me, Chu is on TV."

Bread seemed to understand her words and barked excitedly, then followed the little loli quickly back towards the living room.

In the living room, the little loli pointed at the screen and said, "Bread, look, isn't that Chu?"

Bread raised its head, saw the person on the screen, first whimpered softly, then excitedly raised its front paws, resting them on the TV screen.

Bread stuck out its pink tongue and began to frantically lick the screen.

No helping it, it also really loved Chu!

It was Chu's little fan Bread!

"Get off, get off," the little loli said with distaste as she grabbed Bread's tail and dragged him away from the TV, patting his head as she spoke, "Silly Bread, how many times have I told you, you're not allowed to kiss Chu just like that!"

Bread immediately assumed the role of a melodramatic drama queen, hanging its head low, and looking thoroughly unhappy, the round, pitiful eyes melting anyone's heart.

Its huge build, paired with that sorrowful expression, didn't seem out of place at all.

No sense of disharmony.

The little loli tapped Bread's head and said in a very grown-up tone, "Yo yo yo, look at you, aren't you embarrassed, dog? You get all sad after just a couple of words from me, I bet you'll never find a wife in your life."

Upon hearing this, Bread whimpered and hung its head even lower, suddenly feeling not so good as a dog.

So pitiful and endearing, it was hard not to laugh.

Just then, the butler passed by the living room and teased with a smile, "Miss, are you bullying Bread again?"

Bread promptly cooperated with a few 'woof woof woof' barks.

"Butler!" Upon seeing the newcomer, the little loli's eyes lit up, and she exclaimed excitedly, "You're here! I was just about to look for you."

The butler smiled and said, "What does Miss need from me?"

Before the little loli could speak, Bread excitedly stood up, wagging its tail at the butler and barking, "Woof woof woof woof woof!" Chu is on TV!

Chapter 262: Colorless

"Butler Grandpa," the little lolita immediately walked over to the butler, took his hand, and led him in front of the television, pointing at the screen, "Butler Grandpa, look, my mommy is on TV!"

The butler looked at the person on the television, his voice trembling with excitement, "Miss Little Little, am I hearing this right? Did you say that's who?"

"You heard right, that's my mommy, she's on TV! Butler Grandpa, don't you think my mommy is beautiful?" After speaking, the little lolita looked eagerly at the butler.

Although Chu Jin hadn't yet agreed to be her mommy, she believed that one day, Chu Jin would become her mommy.

The butler's old tears flowed freely with excitement, "After all these years, I finally see the young master with a companion, beautiful, beautiful, the lady of course is the most beautiful."

I never thought I'd live to hear this news in my lifetime.

Never expected that I would get to hear the miss calling someone 'Mommy' in my lifetime.

This was also the first time the butler had heard the word 'Mommy' from the lips of the little lolita.

For so many years, this mansion had always lacked a mistress, and it really was too lonely.

But now, it was good, a family of two was finally going to become a family of three.

He was truly very happy.

Happy from the bottom of his heart.

Hearing the butler praise Chu Jin for being beautiful, the little lolita immediately held her cute little head high, proudly declaring, "Of course my mommy is beautiful! Otherwise, how could she be my mommy?"

"That's right, Butler Grandpa, is Daddy at home?" asked the little lolita next.

Upon hearing this, the butler wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes and nodded, "Yes, yes, the young master is in the study."

As soon as his words fell, the little lolita ran off like the wind, calling out as she went, "Daddy, Daddy, Chu Jin is on TV..."

The little lolita was indeed too excited.

At this moment, she wished she could spread the news of Chu Jin being on TV to every single person.

To let everyone know that her Chu Jin, her future mommy is on TV.

After all, in the eyes of the children, being on TV even once was an incredibly magical thing.

It was also something worth letting everyone know about, a good thing indeed.

"Daddy," the little lolita, gasping for breath, pushed open the door to the study, so tired she could hardly breathe, her chubby little face now as red as an apple.

She looked so especially adorable that it made one unable to resist the urge to take a bite.

Upon hearing her, Mo Qianjue slowly raised his head from a pile of documents, his eyes smiling as he asked, "What's the matter? Why the rush?"

Then he reached out and playfully tapped the little lolita's cute nose, his eyes revealing profound affection.

"Daddy, come downstairs with me," the little lolita took Mo Qianjue's big hand and started walking out.

Seeing her like this, Mo Qianjue did not ask what was happening but followed her downstairs.

The little lolita took a few hasty breaths, then said, "Daddy, Chu Jin is on TV, right there in the living room downstairs, I'll take you to see."

On TV?

A hint of confusion flickered in Mo Qianjue's eyes.

Usually, being on TV only meant one of two things: one could have entered the entertainment industry or participated in some kind of talent show.

The other possibility was that one had encountered some trouble and ended up in the news.

Knowing her as he did, the chance of the first possibility was very small, and the second was also not large.

Because she neither seemed like the kind to enter show business nor the sort to stir up trouble and make the news.

So why was she on TV?

Intrigue filled Mo Qianjue's heart.

While he pondered, father and daughter had already reached downstairs.

What caught his eye was a smiling profile, so captivating that Mo Qianjue's heart skipped a few beats.

If one had to describe the person on the screen in a single sentence.

It would be—

Her smile could bloom a hundred charms and eclipse the majesty of any palace.

Her skin was like white jade, her lips painted crimson.

She was wearing a uniform so simple it couldn't be any simpler, yet she exuded an astonishing charm, with a vast expanse of snowlight behind her.

Even separated by a screen, nothing could dampen her powerful aura.

"Daddy," the little lolita tugged on Mo Qianjue's finger, then said, "Isn't my Chu Jin beautiful, so much that you're stunned?"

Pulled back to reality by her milky voice, Mo Qianjue looked down, pinched the little lolita's cheek, and then slowly said, "No matter how beautiful, she's not as good-looking as your daddy."

"Tsk tsk tsk," the little loli shook her head and said, "Daddy, you're way too narcissistic!"

The bread sitting there immediately cooperated with a 'woof.'

The old butler silently thought to himself, the young master is so handsome, and so is the lady.

The child they will have in the future would definitely be even more good-looking!

With that in mind, the old butler couldn't help but ask, "Young master, when do you plan to let the lady move in here to live with you?"

"Lady?" Mo Qianjue slightly furrowed his brows, looking very puzzled at the butler, "What lady?"

The old butler looked baffled as he faced Mo Qianjue: "..."

Could it be that the young master is the type who doesn't acknowledge what he's done once he's put his pants back on?

But the young master doesn't seem to be that kind of person, either!

Nor does the young miss seem like someone who would talk nonsense.

The young miss has already started calling her 'Mommy,' which shows that she has recognized this girl.

Why does the young master look like he knows nothing about it now?

Seeing the two like this, the little loli quickly climbed up from the sofa, stretched out her plump little hands to pinch Mo Qianjue's cheeks, and said in a milky voice, "Daddy, you're so dumb! The lady Grandpa Butler is talking about is Chu Jin!"

After finishing, she turned to the old butler and said, "Butler Grandpa, don't blame my daddy for not knowing, who made him still unable to win over Chu Jin. Chu Jin said she's not into Daddy, so whether Daddy can win over Chu Jin or not is still uncertain."

At these words, the old butler's eyes widened even more, and he incredulously turned his head to look at the person on the screen.

My gosh! This is big!

How high must this girl's standards be if she doesn't even fancy their young master!

So many women are throwing themselves at their young master.

It's the first time I've heard that someone doesn't fancy their young master.

It's truly rare.

"Uncle Fu, don't listen to Pengpeng's nonsense," Mo Qianjue said with a bit of a headache as he massaged his temples, then added, "I have nothing to do with that girl."

The little loli glanced at Mo Qianjue and said solemnly, "Daddy, don't bother explaining! An explanation is just a cover-up, with the way you are, I don't think you can win over Chu Jin. My Chu Jin is so good-looking, and she said she already has a fiancé, so it's likely you'll never win her over in this lifetime."

As she spoke, the little loli stealthily observed Mo Qianjue's reaction.

A pair of large, clearly-defined black and white eyes kept rolling around nonstop.

Hmm, it's called—reverse psychology, as I saw on TV.

Little Blue Sister used it before, and it was super effective.

At these words, Mo Qianjue's eyebrows creased slightly, "She already has a fiancé?"

The little loli nodded, "Right, my Chu Jin is someone who makes people fall in love and flowers bloom at first sight, birds in awe, so it's pretty normal for her to have a fiancé."

The old butler was frozen in place.

When it comes to the young master's troubled love life!

It's been tough enough to fancy a girl, and it turns out she's already spoken for.

"Young master," the old butler collected himself and then comforted, "You don't have to worry, as long as she's not married, there's still hope."

The little loli looked up at Mo Qianjue, "Even if she gets married, it's okay, Daddy. Don't you always say that people who are married can still get divorced?"

Bread chimed in: "Woof!" Right!

The little loli immediately smiled happily and said, "Daddy, see, even Bread agrees with you."

Mo Qianjue looked at Bread, "It doesn't understand anything."

"Bread totally understands! If you don't believe me, I'll prove it to you." The little loli turned her head to look at Bread, "Bread, call me Peng Brother."

Bread immediately barked at the little loli: "Woof woof," Peng Brother.

"Call Daddy a big dummy."

Bread fearlessly barked at Mo Qianjue: "Woof woof woof!" Big dummy!

Mo Qianjue shot a fierce glance over, and Bread immediately lowered its dog head, cowering into a ball.

"Don't be scared, Bread," the little loli patted Bread's head, then said, "I've got your back, call Butler Grandpa."

Hearing that, Bread perked up again, barking at the old butler: "Woof woof woof woof!"

The old butler touched and nodded, "Bread is really well-behaved."

"So Daddy, even Bread is supporting you to chase after Chu Jin," the little loli shook Mo Qianjue's shoulders and continued, "when are you going to chase after Chu Jin?"

If Daddy doesn't take action, when will Chu Jin become her mommy?

Chapter 263: Payment and Return

"Kids shouldn't meddle in adults' affairs." Mo Qianjue lifted his hand to ruffle the little girl's head before picking up the remote and pressing the play button.

The person who had been frozen on the screen slowly lifted their chin, eyes glittering with light, and their clear voice carried through the screen into everyone's ears.

"Since Miss Lin likes the first place so much, I might as well give it to her."

That demeanor was proud enough, and cold enough.

After speaking, they turned and walked away.

Seeing that there was no more footage of her on the TV, Mo Qianjue also stood up from the couch and walked towards the upstairs.

The little girl immediately called out to Mo Qianjue's departing figure, "Daddy, are you still going to chase after Brother Jin or not? If you don't chase him soon, he's going to become someone else's wife."

Mo Qianjue didn't speak, the ink color in his delicate phoenix eyes growing deeper.

Step by step, he walked upstairs.

The plain white robe outlined his tall and upright figure, like a jade tree.

His silhouette, perfect as if it were from a celestial being descended from the heavens.

But just one silhouette could make people daydream for half a day.

The title of Unparalleled Son wasn't for nothing.

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In Class Ten's classroom.

"Alright, everyone quiet down," the homeroom teacher, Miss Wu, walked to the front of the class, habitually tapping the chalk against the desk, and said with a smile in her eyes, "Next, I have a piece of good news to announce."

For the first time, people felt that Miss Wu was so adorable, smiling so kindly.

Ever since Miss Wu stood up for Chu Jin, they had recognized her in their hearts as not just a teacher, but more like a loving head of the family!

With this head of the family present, they feared nothing and did not worry about suffering any grievances.

Upon hearing that there was good news, everyone was very excited to speak up.

Even the students who usually spoke the least opened their mouths.

"Teacher, what's the good news?"

"Ah! Teacher, does it mean we don't have to write the English test tonight? And we don't have to do Exercise Five Three either?"

"Teacher, are we getting ten days off?"

"Teacher, does it mean morning runs are canceled from now on?"

"Stop dreaming, all that is impossible!" Miss Wu mercilessly shattered their dreams, "What the teacher wants to say is, later the teacher will treat everyone, and lead you all to have hot pot. How about we have a class dinner gathering?"

After this incident, Miss Wu also grew increasingly fond of this group of almost-grown children.

She had witnessed the growth of these children with her own eyes.

At this moment, she was not just a mentor in their lives, but also their guide and family member.

Miss Wu had guided several graduating classes before, but this was the first time she felt such a strong sense of belonging to a class.

"Great."

The students almost unanimously cheered, the scene somewhat out of control, their smiles on their faces unrestrained, this was the flavor of youth.

Watching the children from above, Miss Wu nodded in satisfaction, "Since everyone agrees, let's set off."

The class of more than fifty people wasn't too many, but it wasn't a few either.

More than fifty people walking together on the road, laughing and talking, all wearing uniform clothing, caused passersby to turn heads and look.

A black military Humvee raced past them, kicking up a cloud of dust.

Glancing at the rapidly passing scenery from the window, the man sitting in the backseat slightly lifted his sharply defined jaw, a flicker of light flashing across his originally calm eyes, looking back out the window for a long time before slowly withdrawing his gaze.

In the crowd, he almost immediately spotted her figure.

A student, a fortune-teller, how many more sides of her were there that he did not know about?

Seeing the man's reaction from the rearview mirror, the driver subconsciously slowed down the vehicle and asked respectfully, "Commander, did you see an acquaintance? Should I stop the car?"

These people were all observant and attentive, constantly aware of minor details to gain their leader's favor and promotion.

After all, who wanted to be just a driver forever?

Song Shiqin's face showed little emotion, and upon hearing the question, he simply lifted his eyelids and said indifferently, "No need, keep driving."

The tone was light, yet tinged with an air of authority.

This was the kind of authority seen only in soldiers, as well as a kind of wildness.

A wildness that was proud and untamed, difficult to subdue.

"Yes." The driver resumed his earlier speed.

Chu Jin and his tenth class companions walked by the entrance of the Capital City Welfare Lottery Prize Claim Center, all their gazes drawn to the banner hanging at the door.

On the red banner read: 'Congratulations to our station for winning the jackpot prize of 18.889 million in the Double Color Ball lottery!'

Those passing by the prize claim center's entrance all revealed envious expressions.

18.89 million, for the average person, meant they might not need to struggle for their entire lives.

Chu Jin looked at the banner, his lips curving into a slight arc.

This banner had been hung up three days ago; by now, that middle-aged woman brimming with good deeds must have already claimed her prize.

Good is rewarded with good; heaven never seals off all exits.

This was truly good.

Mrs. Wu was discussing with the students whether pies really do fall from the sky, just as their eyes caught sight of the banner.

Seeing the banner, a male student immediately pointed at it, saying, "Teacher, look, isn't this a typical example of a pie falling from the sky?"

Mrs. Wu laughed and gently patted the student's head. "Jiang Chen, you're getting better at finding shortcuts."

Jiang Chen touched his head, his voice somewhat innocent, "Teacher, did I say something wrong? Some people might not earn this much money in their entire lives, while others easily get their hands on it. This is the unfair reality..."

Towards the end, he even sighed in a seemingly profound manner.

Mrs. Wu closed her eyes and stayed silent; after all, what Jiang Chen said wasn't entirely unreasonable.

Hearing this, Chu Jin raised his eyebrows slightly, then spoke slowly, "I always believe that you get what you put in. Often, with those who outwardly appear bright and beautiful, you never know the sacrifices and sorrows they've endured behind the scenes. Take this winner of the eighteen million, for instance. Maybe she's a hardworking laborer from the lower strata, or a giver who asks for nothing in return. Everything she's won might just be the due reward for a giver and a laborer."

Listening to Chu Jin's words, a look of admiration appeared in Mrs. Wu's eyes. "What Chu said is correct. Didn't the famous educator Xu Teli once say, anyone who expects happiness without any cost is living a myth?"

Hearing Mrs. Wu's words, everyone nodded thoughtfully.

As they chatted, Mrs. Wu led the group to a famous hotpot restaurant and stopped in front of it.

Upon entering the restaurant, a refreshing cool breeze blew over them, relaxing every cell in their bodies, bringing about a refreshing feeling.

Because it was summer, there weren't many people eating hotpot.

Thus, the group sat down, joining tables together in the first-floor hall.

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Elsewhere, a black military Hummer drove through the bustling downtown area and arrived at the tranquil outskirts.

Turning from the wide asphalt road onto the bumpy cement path.

The black Hummer jostled rhythmically over the uneven terrain.

They were headed for the abandoned warehouse not far ahead.

When they were a few hundred meters away from the warehouse, a clamor of barking dogs could be heard.

The closer they got, the clearer the barking became.

At first, it was just a few dogs' barks, but soon it escalated to dozens; seemingly, they had sensed the presence of strangers and had become restless.

The vehicle slowly came to a stop beside the warehouse.

The driver was the first to get out, respectfully opening the door for Song Shiqin. As soon as the door opened, the air was filled with a strong, rank odor that assaulted the nostrils.

Song Shiqin involuntarily frowned, scanning his surroundings.

The warehouse sat among wild grasses, with a two-story building on each side. There were no villages in front or shops behind. It stood alone in the wasteland, appearing somewhat desolate.

Song Shiqin retracted his gaze, stepped towards the warehouse's main gate, and the driver instinctively followed. Song Shiqin, however, gestured with his hand and said, "No need to follow, just wait for me in the car."

The driver nodded respectfully in agreement.

The warehouse's large iron doors were closed, and the blue paint, eroded by rainwater, displayed rust stains.

'Bang—Bang—Bang,'

Upon hearing the knocking from outside, the middle-aged woman feeding the dogs inside showed a puzzled look on her face. She put down what was in her hands, untied her apron, and hurried toward the door.

Chapter 264: Good Person

Upon opening the door, there stood a man of impressive presence and tall stature. Song Shiqin offered a polite smile to the middle-aged woman, "Hello, may I ask if you are Mrs. Zhou Ru?"

Although the man in front of her was dressed plainly, his demeanor and speech betrayed an air of nobility. It was clear to any discerning eye that he was no ordinary person.

The aura he exuded was not something an ordinary person could possess.

Zhou Ru, somewhat ill at ease, said, "I am Zhou Ru. May I ask who you are?"

"My surname is Song. I know you've adopted many stray dogs, so I wanted to ask if I could come and adopt one."

Song Shiqin had recently conducted a thorough investigation of Chu Jin, as well as researched Master Chu's background, but had found nothing unusual about either of them.

However, what was strange was that all those who had contact with Master Chu spoke highly of her, and they firmly believed in her divination.

In fact, in the accounts of many people, Chu Jin was not a swindler to be scorned, but a benevolent person respected by everyone.

Just like the family of three before, who were full of gratitude towards Chu Jin.

Zhou Ru was one of them. According to records, Zhou Ru, because she adopted a large number of stray dogs, fell out with her family and once had suicidal tendencies. However, after consulting Chu Jin for

divination, she abandoned the idea of taking her life lightly. Moreover, just a few days ago, she won the first prize in the welfare lottery, amounting to over eighteen million.

Each of these people had their own stories; they didn't seem like actors brought in on short notice.

Therefore, Song Shiqin wanted to make an on-site investigation to see if these individuals were as documented.

After all, it wasn't impossible for a senior special agent to forge documents.

Seeing is believing.

He tended to trust what he saw with his own eyes more.

Hearing that Song Shiqin wanted to adopt, Zhou Ru immediately became excited, "Of course, Mr. Song, you are truly a kind person. May I know if you would like to adopt a large breed or a puppy?"

Zhou Ru had been adopting stray dogs for many years and occasionally people would come to adopt some.

However, those individuals were few and there might be only one such request a month.

After all, stray dogs did not have a good breed appearance; they were either purebred Chinese rural dogs or mixed breeds of different varieties.

Nowadays, people preferred noble-bred, branded dogs.

Song Shiqin spoke slowly, "A puppy, please. Could you lead me to see them first?"

"Ah, sure," said the middle-aged woman as she nodded and led Song Shiqin inside, adding, "Perfect timing, Blackie gave birth to a litter a month ago. I'll take you to see them."

As Song Shiqin walked further inside, he discreetly surveyed the warehouse.

The warehouse had two floors, both housing dogs. As strangers arrived in the yard, the dogs curiously poked their heads out; a few disobedient ones barked twice but were scolded by Zhou Ru into silence and wagged their tails towards her.

It was evident that Zhou Ru had indeed spent a long time with these stray dogs.

If paper documents could be falsified, these interactions couldn't be faked at all.

Zhou Ru was indeed an altruistic do-gooder seeking no reward.

Although the air was thick with the odd smell of dog feces and urine, the environment was tidy, not dirty and disordered. Even inside the kennels, it was very clean.

About 2-3 dogs were confined in each kennel.

Each dog's coat shone brightly, they were very energetic, and upon seeing Zhou Ru, they jumped excitedly.

It seemed, then, the information that Zhou Ru had exhausted her family fortune on stray dogs was also true.

If all the people who had contact with Master Chu were normal individuals, then by what means did she gain their trust?

This was becoming quite perplexing.

Turning a corner, Zhou Ru stopped in front of a kennel, and standing in front of a half-person-high iron gate, she introduced to Song Shiqin, "Mr. Song, this is Blackie. She gave birth to six puppies, but sadly

one died during delivery, and two were adopted a few days ago. There are three left, please come and see which one you'd like."

At the sound of Zhou Ru's voice, two furry paws and a shiny black, though simple and adorable, dog head immediately appeared above the gate.

"Woof!" Blackie barked at Zhou Ru.

Zhou Ru immediately reached out to pet Blackie on the head, a look of tenderness almost spilling from her eyes.

Seeing Song Shiqin standing at a distance, Zhou Ru thought he might be afraid of dogs, so she said, "Mr. Song, you don't have to worry, Blackie is gentle and won't bite without reason."

With that, she patted Blackie on the head, "Be good, go down now, don't bump into the honorable guest."

Song Shiqin walked up to the kennel and stopped; unlike the others he had seen, this was a separate dog house, with a large black dog and several chubby puppies inside.

It was evident that the owner was a meticulous and warm person.

"Ms. Zhou must have been adopting stray dogs for many years, haven't you?" Song Shiqin casually remarked.

"Yes, it's been three years now," Zhou Ru said, her face filling with mixed emotions as she looked back on her dog-raising journey over the past few years.

During these years, she had experienced so much.

She had tasted all the vicissitudes of life, the good and the bad.

Fortunately, things had finally turned around for the better.

Song Shiqin subtly observed the middle-aged woman's expression, then pointed to one of the three little puppies and said, "That one."

Zhou Ru smiled and nodded, "Alright, Mr. Song, I'll catch it for you right now."

As she said this, she pushed open the iron gate and walked into the kennel.

Song Shiqin nodded and then asked, "I guess, from Ms. Zhou's accent, that you are a local of Capital City, right?"

Zhou Ru, carrying the plump little puppy, said with a light smile, "I'm not a local from Capital City, I come from Hangzhou, but I've been living in Capital City for over twenty years now, so it's like my second hometown."

Song Shiqin nodded again, "Since you've been in Capital City for so many years, you must be quite familiar with it, right?"

"Yes, I'm more familiar with Capital City than with Hangzhou," Zhou Ru replied with a smile, carrying the puppy outside.

According to the information Song Shiqin had gathered, Zhou Ru indeed moved from Hangzhou 23 years ago.

Since she wasn't lying, Song Shiqin continued, "In that case, may I inquire about someone with you?"

"Sure, let's go talk inside the house. I'll find something to put this one in," Zhou Ru said, gently patting the puppy in her arms, her smile full of gentleness.

Song Shiqin gave a slight nod, "Alright," and turned to follow Zhou Ru.

Once inside the house, Zhou Ru found a cardboard box to put the puppy in.

Then she took a clean glass and poured Song Shiqin a cup of hot water, "Please have a seat, Mr. Song, and have some water first."

"Thank you," Song Shiqin accepted the glass and expressed his gratitude politely.

The furniture in the house was very simple, a table, four chairs, and a few large bags of dog food piled in the corner of the wall.

It was very clean, and judging by the household items, one could not tell that the owner had recently won a multimillion-dollar lottery.

Zhou Ru pulled out a chair and sat opposite Song Shiqin, then asked, "May I know who Mr. Song is seeking information about?"

Song Shiqin took out his phone from his pocket, quickly found a photo, and placed it in front of Zhou Ru, speaking calmly, "Ms. Zhou, do you recognize this person?"

On the phone screen was a picture of a young girl, youthful and vibrant, with a flower-like smile. Zhou Ru recognized her at once and eagerly said, "I do, of course, I do. Isn't this Master Chu? Mr. Song, are you seeking Master Chu for some matter?"

When mentioning Master Chu, Zhou Ru's tone was filled with respect, as if she was not talking about a mere teenager but an elder worthy of veneration.

"Master Chu?" Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed slightly, "So, Ms. Zhou is quite familiar with the person in the photo?"

"Not exactly familiar; it was just a few days ago that I received some advice and kindness from Master Chu. Master Chu is a very good person; if it weren't for her..."

At this point, Zhou Ru abruptly stopped, quickly shifting the subject, "Mr. Song, if you are looking for Master Chu, I can take you to her, and I also want to thank her in person."

Chapter 265: Reunion

Zhou Ru's face clearly showed her gratitude.

It did not seem feigned.

Song Shiqin, having been in the military for many years, was especially skilled at reading people's expressions and words. He could tell that the gratitude on Zhou Ru's face was genuine.

"Oh, so she's Master Chu," Song Shiqin nodded thoughtfully, a hint of doubt in his voice, "I've heard people say that Master Chu's prophecies are incredibly accurate, and she can predict life and death. But looking at this young girl, who's only seventeen or eighteen, can she really have such great abilities?"

"Yes, of course. Mr. Song, don't be fooled by Master Chu's young age—she has real talent. Not only is she accurate in her prophecies, but she's also kindhearted; she's a rare good person." Zhou Ru absolutely trusted Chu Jin.

If not for Chu Jin, she would have already been an unclaimed corpse by now.

Moreover, the night she returned from her divination, someone anonymously sent her over a dozen bags of dog food, along with other daily necessities like grain and rice.

Although the gifts were sent anonymously, she knew they must have come from Master Chu.

At that time, apart from Master Chu, nobody else knew about her plight.

Song Shiqin frowned slightly, not quite understanding why Zhou Ru trusted Chu Jin so deeply.

Could she really have some sort of prophetic ability?

"Mr. Song, don't be skeptical. I'm an old person and wouldn't deceive you. Master Chu really does have a gift," Zhou Ru saw through Song Shiqin's thoughts and continued, "I know you young people don't believe in these things and advocate science, but there are things that just because you don't believe in them doesn't mean they don't exist..."

Before Zhou Ru could finish her sentence, a young woman's voice rang through the air, "Mom?"

The voice was clear and gentle, imbued with warmth and confusion.

"You are?... Xinci!" Zhou Ru stood up excitedly, looking towards the newcomer, her face filled with disbelief. At that moment, she even thought she was hallucinating.

Even after more than a decade, Zhou Ru recognized the girl in front of her at first glance.

Her heart was filled with joy, yet also with sorrow.

"Mom!" Chen Xinci's eyes reddened in an instant. She took three steps in two and rushed forward to embrace Zhou Ru, choking out, "Mom, I've finally found you."

Her voice was tinged with tears, but more than that, it was filled with the excitement of a long-awaited reunion.

The mother and daughter held each other and wept.

They had clearly forgotten that there was another person present.

Reunion scenes are always touching, but Song Shiqin's stern face showed no excess emotion. His mind kept echoing that phrase, "...The world is vast and mysterious, things that cannot be explained by science are even more numerous, I hope Mr. Song doesn't hold any prejudice against certain professions."

Her voice was clear and contained a certain special magic, the graceful sound flowing like spring water.

It lingered in his mind, refusing to dissipate.

Could it be that, as she said, there are mysterious forces in the mysterious world?

And that sentence from Zhou Ru just now, "But some things don't cease to exist just because you don't believe in them."

Song Shiqin stared blankly at the cup of water in front of him, his thoughts drifting far away.

After a while, the mother and daughter's emotions gradually settled.

Zhou Ru looked her daughter over from head to toe, and finally sighed with emotion, "It's been more than a decade, our Xinci has grown tall and become beautiful..." The slight redness in her eyes shimmered with relief.

"Mom, you've aged." Chen Xinci gently brushed the stray hairs behind Zhou Ru's ear, her tone full of heartache.

She didn't know what had happened in these past years to turn a once capable and beautiful woman into her current visage.

In her memory, her mother was always the most beautiful.

But now, her beautiful mother's back had become bent, the wrinkles on her face had deepened, and though she was just in her forties, her hair had already begun to gray.

Her face was filled with the hardships and trials of time.

No matter what she had become, her mother was still the one she loved most.

Zhou Ru smiled gently, "Silly child, you've all grown up, how could mom not age? Stop standing there like a fool, come sit down."

With that, Zhou Ru pulled Chen Xinci down to sit on the chair.

Chen Xinci only then noticed the tall figure sitting at the edge of the table.

Although he just sat there, doing nothing, not even casting her a glance, Chen Xinci still faintly felt an invisible pressure.

This man had an incredibly powerful presence.

Chen Xinci turned her gaze to Song Shiqin, "Mom, who is this?"

"Oh," Zhou Ru hurriedly responded, "This is Mr. Song, a distinguished guest of your mother's."

Song Shiqin also snapped back to the present and nodded politely towards Chen Xinci, "Hello."

Chen Xinci's features were exceptionally striking, her skin smooth as porcelain, with fine brows and red lips, and a pair of eyes like jewels—dark and bright. Her nose was high and prominent. She was a classic beauty, and the rare kind at that. Most people seeing her for the first time would invariably show a hint of awe in their eyes.

But this man was an exception; his gaze calmly moved over her without a flicker of emotion in his deep, dark eyes.

Chen Xinci also smiled politely, "Hello."

That was the end of their conversation. The two exchanged no further words, and soon after, Song Shiqin stood up and bid farewell to Zhou Ru, "Thank you for your hospitality today, Madam Zhou. I won't disturb you and your daughter's reunion any longer, goodbye."

Zhou Ru picked up a paper box from the side and followed him out, "It was just a cup of water, Mr. Song. You're too kind."

Song Shiqin took the paper box and strode toward the door.

Just as Song Shiqin reached the door, he brushed past a young woman, her strong perfume scent causing him to frown slightly.

Inside the house.

Chen Xinci took the glass of water Zhou Ru handed her and asked, "Mom, how did you move here? After I returned home, I found our old place and learned that it had been demolished. It took me a long time to find your new address. By the way, where are dad, brother, and sister? Why haven't I seen them?"

Upon hearing this, Chen Xinci looked around the room.

Zhou Ru let out a wry laugh, "That's a long story. I'll tell you everything when we have time."

"Alright," knowing Zhou Ru might have her difficulties, Chen Xinci thoughtfully squeezed her hand.

"Mom, I've come to see you."

The voice arrived before the person did.

At the sound, both mother and daughter instinctively looked towards the door, only to see a woman with heavy makeup and a green dress walking in.

Her makeup was thick, and her hair was styled in the most fashionable big wavy curls, dyed a bright yellow from its original black. The mature style made it difficult to ascertain her actual age.

Zhou Ru excitedly stood up, somewhat surprised, "Qi Qi, what brings you here?"

It had been more than half a year since she had fallen out with her family and last seen her daughter.

She thought her daughter would never forgive her, but unexpectedly, one day she came to visit.

Sun Qi Qi placed her bags on the floor and laughed, "Look at what you're saying. I'm your own daughter; I missed you, so I came to see you. Don't tell me you're not happy to see me?"

Zhou Ru immediately embraced Sun Qi Qi, "You've lost weight, Qi Qi, you've lost weight. How are your dad, your brother, and your sister-in-law doing? I heard your sister-in-law is pregnant, is that true?"

Hearing this, Chen Xinci involuntarily frowned.

Sun Qi Qi patted Zhou Ru's back, "Don't worry, they are all fine. My sister-in-law is indeed pregnant, three months along now. She's at home resting. She was supposed to come with me today, but thinking of all the dogs here, it wouldn't be good for the baby, so she didn't come."

Sun Qi Qi glanced at Chen Xinci and continued, "Hey, Mom, who is she?"

"Sister, long time no see." Chen Xinci took the initiative to greet Sun Qi Qi.

Sun Qi Qi frowned slightly, her tone less than friendly, "You're Chen Xinci? When did you come back?"

Chen Xinci smiled faintly, "Yes, it's me. You've changed a lot over the years, sister."

"Who's your sister?" Sun Qi Qi gave Chen Xinci a look filled with hostility, "I only have one brother, since when do I have a sister!"

Why did Chen Xinci choose to return just when her mother won the lottery?

It was clear she was after her mother's money.

Such an unscrupulous person!

Chapter 266: So-called Family Ties

"Qi Qi," Zhou Ru scolded Sun Qi Qi with a stern look, "How do you speak to your sister? Apologize to her right now!"

"What I said is the truth, her last name is Chen and mine is Sun, we have nothing to do with each other, why should I apologize?" Sun Qi Qi said with a sarcastic tone, "Who knows what intentions she has for coming back!"

Zhou Ru didn't expect that in just half a year away from home, her daughter would become like this. She frowned and said in a cold voice, "Qi Qi! Don't talk about your sister like that! Apologize to her immediately!"

Sun Qi Qi snorted coldly, "Mom, please see clearly, I am your biological daughter! Some people left and didn't come back for over a decade, never even visiting you once in all those years. And now they return at this time, who knows what they're plotting. Mom, you need to be careful, don't be deceived!"

Could she not see through Chen Xinci's petty tricks?

The money that belonged to her mom, aside from her, no outsider would get even a penny!

"The more you talk, the less sense you make!" Zhou Ru said coldly, "Apologize to your sister now!"

"No need, Mom," Chen Xinci said indifferently, "I don't blame her for speaking without thinking. By the way, I have an evening shift at 4 PM, so I should head back first. I'll come visit you another day."

Chen Xinci couldn't figure out why Sun Qi Qi suddenly had so much resentment towards her.

Clearly, when they were younger, they got along very well.

Moreover, from the way Sun Qi Qi spoke, it seemed as if she had ulterior motives in getting close to Zhou Ru.

She had to find out what was going on as soon as possible.

What exactly happened during the years she was gone?

Zhou Ru, reluctant to let her go, held her hand, "Ah, you're leaving already?"

Chen Xinci nodded, "Yes, I have to go to work this afternoon. But don't worry, once I'm off, I will definitely come to see you."

"Let her go!" Sun Qi Qi pulled Zhou Ru's hand away, "I'm here with you today, and tonight Dad and my brother will also come to visit you."

"Goodbye, Mom. Goodbye, Sis," Chen Xinci waved to the two of them.

Zhou Ru had a look of reluctance, while Sun Qi Qi had a look of disdain.

After Chen Xinci left, Zhou Ru finally said, "You, girl, how can you talk about Xinci like that, after all, I raised her with my own hands."

Sun Qi Qi snorted lightly, "That Chen Xinci, you can tell she's up to no good just by looking at her! Think about it, she could have returned anytime but chose to do so when you won the lottery, she's definitely after your money. Don't let her fool you and secretly give her money!"

Zhou Ru frowned slightly, "Qi Qi, how did you learn about this?"

She didn't have time yet to inform her family about her lottery win; how did Sun Qi Qi know?

Sun Qi Qi smiled mysteriously, "Never mind how I know. Just tell me, is it true? I heard you won over eighteen million, right?"

Zhou Ru nodded; she hadn't intended to keep it a secret from her family anyway.

Although she already knew the news was accurate, Sun Qi Qi was still excited and her eyes sparkled, "Mom, you're really amazing, our family is now a multi-millionaire household!"

"Mom, now that you have so much money, do you have any plans? Speaking of which, I've had my eye on a car for a long time, could you help me buy it? The house we currently live in is also a bit too small, don't you think it's time to get a bigger one? Also, now that you have all this money, how much do you plan to give me and my brother? You have to be fair, you can't favor boys over girls on matters like this..."

Listening to her daughter's words, the light in Zhou Ru's eyes was turning darker bit by bit.

Is this... what family is?

**

In the car.

The man was reclining in his seat, resting with his eyes closed. At his feet was a small cardboard box from which muffled sobs occasionally emanated.

Suddenly, the silence of the car was broken by the urgent ring of a cell phone.

The man slowly opened his eyes and took out his phone from his pocket, holding it to his ear, "Hello."

His voice was still laced with a trace of sleepy hoarseness.

The voice of Zhang Zijun came from the phone, "Brother Song, where are you right now?"

Song Shiqin looked out the window and replied, "On the road."

"Brother Song, are you going back to the compound later?" Zhang Zijun continued to ask.

Song Shiqin was concise, "What's the matter? Speak."

"Weren't you always curious about Master Chu? She will be at the compound around two o'clock to treat Wen Ziyao's illness, do you want to come with me to have a look?"

Song Shiqin was silent for a moment before he said, "Alright."

He indeed wanted to see with his own eyes what methods she used to deceive people!

What kind of disguise technique she employed to convince others beyond doubt.

"Alright, I'll wait for you at your place."

After hanging up, Song Shiqin instructed the driver, "Go back to the compound first."

**

Inside the hotpot restaurant.

The boiling pot base stood in stark contrast to the unrestrained laughter of youth.

Almost every customer who came in threw curious glances their way.

It was already 1:30 in the afternoon.

Glancing up at the wall clock, Chu Jin remembered the two o'clock appointment with that middle-aged woman.

With only half an hour left until two o'clock, Chu Jin quickly stood up from his chair, greeted the teacher and classmates from Class Ten, and then headed toward the crossroads.

It was the hottest time of day, with the scorching sun baking the earth, and there were hardly any pedestrians or taxis on the road.

Chu Jin looked up at the sky and frowned slightly. The sun was just too ferocious.

If he kept walking under it, he would surely peel a layer of skin.

So, he ducked behind a tree, and when he re-emerged, he suddenly had a red and white oil-paper umbrella in hand.

Outside the umbrella, there was a sweltering heat.

Inside the umbrella, there was a refreshing coolness.

Inside and outside the umbrella, it was like two different worlds.

This oil-paper umbrella was quite magical, not only providing shelter from wind and rain, but also automatically cooling the air.

Walking all the way, Chu Jin didn't even break out in a bead of sweat.

His entire body felt refreshingly cool.

Across the street, a man and a woman walked leisurely.

In such scorching weather, they neither wore hats nor held any sun-shielding tools and were still strolling leisurely.

Just like taking a walk.

They did not fear the strong sunlight at all, and upon closer inspection, one could see that not a single bead of sweat was on their foreheads.

They were composed.

When they passed Chu Jin, the man's pupils suddenly contracted, and he subconsciously slowed his pace.

The woman at his side noticed something was off and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Qiuse," the man hesitated and then said, "I think... I saw the 'Life Umbrella'."

"The 'Life Umbrella'?" Qiuse narrowed her eyes slightly. "Are you sure you didn't see it wrong?"

Having spent so many years in the Superpower World, Qiuse, of course, knew what the 'Life Umbrella' signified.

The man paused in his step, quickly turned his head back, and his gaze locked tightly onto the slender figure holding the umbrella.

His elongated eyes narrowed slightly as he spoke slowly, "That is the 'Life Umbrella'." His tone was very certain.

Seeing his reaction, Qiuse followed his gaze, but she didn't notice anything unusual.

To her, that umbrella didn't look any different from the others.

"You must be mistaken, that umbrella doesn't have even a trace of Spiritual Energy, and the person holding the umbrella is just an ordinary person from the secular world. Could an ordinary person handle the 'Life Umbrella'?" Qiuse's tone was full of disdain.

Hearing this, the man thought about it and agreed. She was just an ordinary person from the secular world, and even if she had the 'Life Umbrella,' she wouldn't be able to open it.

She would be counterattacked by its Spiritual Power.

But that umbrella felt too familiar to him, almost identical to the 'Life Umbrella.'

Moreover, when he had just brushed past that ordinary person, he had distinctly felt a cool breath.

Could it be an illusion?

"Alright, alright, let's go," Qiuse tugged on the man's sleeve and continued, "We still need to find Chuyi. Don't daydream here. Don't forget the task the Elder gave us."

Qiuse thought it was very simple. A commoner so much lower than themselves couldn't possibly possess the 'Life Umbrella.'

The man withdrew his gaze, somewhat puzzled, "Maybe... I was mistaken."

At the same time.

At Jiang Mubai's villa.

In the backyard, Zheng Chuyi was leaning against the railing, lost in thought as she gazed at the pond full of lotus leaves.

Occasionally, a breeze would pass by, bringing the fragrance of lotus leaves.

Wafting with a slight scent of lotus.

"Miss, your phone." The servant hurried over, handing a black cellphone to Zheng Chuyi.

Chapter 267: Placement of Pieces

The screen displayed a string of very strange numbers.

It was long.

The area shown was unknown.

Zheng Chuyi took the cell phone and said to the servant, "Thank you," before pressing the answer button and placing the phone to her ear.

A deep and rich male voice came from the other end of the phone, "Chuchu."

The voice was very pleasant to the ear, with a hint of magnetism.

Zheng Chuyi's lips slowly curved into a smile, and she spoke in a gentle tone, "Aaron."

A light laugh came from the other side, "Sure enough, Chuchu knows me the best. Even though my voice has changed to this, you can still recognize it. We haven't seen each other for such a long time, do you miss me?"

"What do you think?" Zheng Chuyi retorted.

"I think you definitely do, and it's a longing day and night," the man's voice was low and husky, irresistibly seductive, "But, I want to hear you say those words to me in person, Chuchu. I really love you, heaven knows how happy I was the moment you contacted me. Can we be together forever?"

"Wait until you've dealt with all those concubines of yours before coming to talk to me about this. For now, you don't deserve it." By the end, Zheng Chuyi's eyes revealed a strong disdain.

"Chuchu, don't be so heartless. They don't hinder my love for you. For me, they are just tools for warming the bed. Only you are the one I truly love."

Zheng Chuyi snorted coldly, "Aaron, you're not qualified to talk to me about this now because you don't deserve it, and it disgusts me."

Upon hearing this, the person on the other end of the phone laughed rather than got angry, "Chuchu, you're still so straightforward and genuine."

Zheng Chuyi closed her eyes, her voice somewhat chilly, "Did you call just to talk this nonsense with me?"

"Chuchu, how can you say that? These are all my true feelings..."

"Enough," Zheng Chuyi directly interrupted Aaron, "Stop with the nonsense. How is she doing with the Tarot cards?"

"Pretty good. Compared with ordinary people, her talents are quite high," the man continued. "Also, about the ordinary person you asked me to check out, she has a simple background, and her bloodline is very common. Going back three generations in her family, they are all ordinary people, nothing to be afraid of."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi silently breathed a sigh of relief.

She knew it, how could a mere ordinary person possess the Bloodline of Fire Bathing?

The reason that ordinary person could play the Konghou was merely because she had been touched by her own light!

In this world, she was the only one who possessed the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!

The man went on.

"However, I've discovered that recently, the military chief of Hua Nation is also investigating her. The chief's background is quite mysterious; even I cannot find out his true background."

"Military chief?" Zheng Chuyi narrowed her eyes slightly, a hint of confusion flashing in her gaze, "What's his name?"

"The Chief of Hua Nation, Song Shiqin."

"Okay, I got it. Thank you, Aaron. It's been tough on you with the matters in Goryeo Nation recently."

"Hmm, rather than thanks, I think I need more practical action."

"What do you want then?" Zheng Chuyi asked.

Aaron counter-questioned, "If I say it, would you be able to give it to me?"

Zheng Chuyi didn't directly respond to Aaron's words, but instead said, "Find out the background of that Chief for me."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Zheng Chuyi stared at the cell phone screen for a long time.

Intuition told her that the Song Shiqin Aaron mentioned was not that simple.

More importantly, he was also interested in that lowly ordinary person.

Did this mean she could make good use of him when the time came?

Her chess game was still missing a few clever pieces.

At the crossroads.

When Chu Jin arrived, the middle-aged woman was already waiting there.

She was still clad in a dark-colored qipao, and holding an oil-paper umbrella, exuding a gentle demeanor.

Upon seeing Chu Jin approach, the middle-aged woman eagerly greeted her, "Master Chu, you've arrived."

Chu Jin closed her umbrella, apologizing, "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

It seemed that the middle-aged woman had been waiting for a while.

She was already sweating profusely, though her complexion was still somewhat pale.

"It was I who arrived early, Master Chu, shall we get in the car?"

While she spoke, a white sedan had already pulled up in front of the two.

The driver got out and respectfully opened the doors for both of them.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Okay."

The two leaned in and sat in the back seat.

Chu Jin casually placed the Oil-paper Umbrella on the back seat, and a flicker of curiosity crossed the middle-aged woman's eyes as she asked, "Master Chu, that's a really nice umbrella, where did you buy it?"

"Thank you, it was a gift from an elder."

"Oh," the middle-aged woman nodded, then continued, "Master Chu, I see you're wearing the uniform of South Bridge No.2 Middle School, are you also a student at South Bridge?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yes, I just started my senior year."

With the exact answer, a look of surprise appeared on the middle-aged woman's face.

She had originally thought Master Chu was a professional fortune-teller, but to her surprise, she was still a student at school.

And a high school senior at that.

If it weren't witnessed with one's own eyes, who would believe a high school senior could possess the ability to foresee the future?

"My daughter also graduated from South Bridge; thinking about it, you could be considered school alumni."

Through the conversation on the road, Chu Jin learned that the middle-aged woman's surname was Shen, full name Shen Suhua.

Her husband, Wen Yaohui, was a high-ranking official in Capital City.

The one in trouble was their daughter, Wen Ziyao, 25 years old this year, at the age where marriage was being discussed. She had just set her wedding date three months ago, originally planning to get married on the 10th of this month, only for such a thing to happen unexpectedly.

When speaking of her daughter, Shen Suhua, who had been relatively stable in her emotions, suddenly had her eyes turn red, and large tears began to roll down.

A sobbing voice echoed in the car, "Master Chu, you must save my daughter, she's still so young..."

For the past two months, she had almost lost all hope.

Whether it was hospitals or various masters, all had essentially given her daughter a death sentence.

Now, Master Chu was her daughter's only hope.

Chu Jin held Shen Suhua's hand and comforted her, "Don't worry, I'll do my best."

"Thank you, Master Chu, I feel much more at ease hearing you say that."

The driver drove quickly, and in no time, they arrived at a mysterious and well-known military district estate in Capital City.

This place was mysterious and imposing, the entrance strictly guarded by soldiers, and the surrounding walls covered layer upon layer with electric fences.

Those who lived here were the big names famous in the official circles, influential internationally.

That's why the security was so tight.

The car entered the military district estate without any obstruction, marking Chu Jin's first time entering such a place.

The path they took was lined with stand-alone villas, nearly every one of them guarded by soldiers in military attire.

The car turned a corner and then stopped in front of a villa, and almost as soon as the car stopped, someone came over to open the door.

This villa was located at the westernmost part of the estate. Ordinarily, the homes of military personnel and high-ranking officials should be surrounded by upright energy, impenetrable by any evil presence, yet the villa in front of them was emitting a kind of black aura invisible to the naked eye.

This was quite strange. Chu Jin frowned slightly and glanced around, noticing that the magnetic fields of the surrounding areas were normal. The site selection for the military district was excellent, with purple qi coming from the east and fortune at the door.

"Master Chu, please follow me," Shen Suhua stepped forward to lead the way.

Chu Jin snapped out of her brief daze and followed behind Shen Suhua.

The closer they got to the villa, the more a bone-chilling cold confronted them, penetrating to the core and sending shivers down one's spine.

Upon entering the living room, this coldness became even more evident.

Additionally, a heavy damp smell could be detected in the air, mixed with a tinge of foulness, akin to something rotting under water.

It was extremely unpleasant.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, yet the other people inside behaved as if nothing was amiss.

As if they didn't smell anything out of the ordinary.

This was even stranger.

Could it be that their sense of smell had all failed them?

Shen Suhua beckoned for Chu Jin to come and sit down in the drawing-room.

Seeing Chu Jin's expression, Shen Suhua looked up and asked, "Is there something wrong, Master Chu? Is it the decorations in the room that are causing an offense?"

"It's not that," Chu Jin shook her head slightly, took the cup of water a servant handed her, took a light sip, and then asked, "Don't you smell anything strange?"

The water was quite ordinary, with a hint of sweetness, and no other odd smell.

Shen Suhua sniffed lightly, "No, I don't."

Chapter 268: Peculiar Taste

"It's nothing," Chu Jin smiled, "I might have just misheard. Please, lead me to your daughter's room first."

"Okay." Shen Suhua nodded gently.

As they got up to leave, the air was suddenly filled with the respectful voice of a servant.

"Madam, Miss Li has arrived."

Then, a beautiful woman with flowing long hair and bright eyes and white teeth walked in from the doorway.

"Auntie."

Seeing the newcomer, Shen Suhua greeted her with some joy, "Mi Mi? When did you get back?"

Li Mi replied with a warm smile, her voice graceful, "I just returned from abroad a few days ago..."

Before she could finish her sentence, two tall figures walked in from the doorway.

Chu Jin's pupils contracted slightly as she saw the two figures entering.

She recognized these two people.

Shen Suhua spoke with some surprise, "Shi Qin? Zijun, what brings you two here as well? Did you arrange to meet with Mi Mi?"

The three individuals who were usually nowhere to be seen unexpectedly showed up at her home on the same day.

This was indeed strange.

At these words, a flicker of light passed through Li Mi's eyes, her heart rate erratic for a moment. She might have been facing away from Song Shiqin, but she could still feel his powerful presence.

It made her breathe a bit faster.

Coming to the Wen Family was a spur-of-the-moment decision, and she hadn't expected to encounter Song Shiqin.

Sweat formed in the palm of her hands almost instantly. Today, she had to make Song Shiqin take a fresh look at her.

Zhang Zijun was the first to speak up, "Auntie, I came with Brother Song to see Yaoyao. Is she feeling any better now?"

Shen Suhua sighed lightly, her face full of worry, "Still the same."

Hearing this, Li Mi steadied her emotions and spoke with a calm tone.

"Auntie, don't worry. I've heard about Yaoyao's situation. I studied medicine in M Country and have researched many complex cases abroad. Perhaps today, I might be able to help Yaoyao."

Shen Suhua nodded gently and then invited everyone to sit down. Soon, a servant brought over tea.

After everyone sat down, Zhang Zijun noticed the familiar face sitting next to Shen Suhua. After staring at Chu Jin for a few seconds, he spoke with some surprise, "Isn't that Miss Chu?"

Chu Jin gave Zhang Zijun a polite nod and said with a light smile, "Yes, it's me."

Meanwhile, Song Shiqin had been silent all along, not joining the conversation and not giving Chu Jin an extra glance, as if the two were complete strangers.

Seeing their interaction, Shen Suhua was also surprised, "Zijun, you know Master Chu as well?"

"Yes, I do. Last time, Miss Chu was a big help to me and Brother Song..." Mid-sentence, Zhang Zijun suddenly stopped as if the realization struck him. He looked at Shen Suhua with incredulity, "Wait! Auntie, what did you just call her?"

Master Chu?

He hadn't misheard, had he?

Although both had the surname Chu, Zhang Zijun had never connected Chu Jin to Master Chu!

He had never even considered it.

From his investigations, Chu Jin was just a high school student. How had she become Master Chu?

"Master Chu, yes, what about it?" Shen Suhua looked at Zhang Zijun, puzzled.

Zhang Zijun swallowed and asked, "Are you saying that Miss Chu is the Master Chu you invited to treat Yaoyao?"

Shen Suhua nodded, "Yes, that's right."

At this, Zhang Zijun was completely taken aback. He could have never dreamed that Chu Jin was Master Chu.

The revelation was too much for him to process all at once.

Li Mi also gave Chu Jin a thoughtful look.

She of course knew what the title of 'master' signified.

A student who hadn't even taken off her school uniform daring to call herself a master.

How laughable.

She too had heard about Wen Ziyao's condition, but she didn't believe in superstitions. Part of her reason for visiting the Wen Family today was precisely because of Wen Ziyao.

Having studied medicine abroad for many years with vast clinical experience, participating in several internationally renowned medical experiments, and winning many awards,

If she could cure Wen Ziyao's illness today, surely her name would resound throughout this circle in the future.

She never lacked confidence in herself.

"Aunt Shen, why don't you two have a chat, and I'll go and check on Miss Wen," Chu Jin spoke up at an appropriate time.

"Sure, I'll take you upstairs," Shen Suhua rose from the sofa and said to the other three, "You three young people keep chatting, I'll take Master Chu to see Yaoyao."

"Auntie, I'll go with you," Li Mi stood up.

"Auntie, Song and I will also come to have a look. Do you mind?" Zhang Zijun, pulling Shi Qin with him, also stood up.

"This..." Shen Suhua looked at Chu Jin with some difficulty.

She knew some masters were not accustomed to having others present during rituals.

Chu Jin shook her head slightly, "It's fine, I don't mind."

The group hurried upstairs. The higher they went, the stronger the damp and rotten stench became.

That smell was so overpowering it was hardly possible to breathe.

Everyone else appeared normal, but only Shi Qin frowned slightly, glancing around as if searching for something.

Seeing this, Zhang Zijun asked curiously, "Shi Qin, what are you looking for?"

Shi Qin lowered his voice, "Do you smell anything strange?"

Li Mi, who was walking beside them, looked a bit uncomfortable upon hearing this.

Among all those present, she was the one wearing some perfume, a famous brand from F Country, with a light scent that was pleasant and not overwhelming.

Besides this faint perfume scent, there was no other odor in the air.

Was Shi Qin taking this opportunity to say she smelled bad?

"No," Zhang Zijun sniffed doubtfully, "... I only smell a fragrance."

Shi Qin's frown deepened. With such a strong odor, Zhang Zijun had no reason not to smell it.

Could there be something wrong with his own nose?

Chu Jin and Shen Suhua were walking ahead, and since Shi Qin was speaking in a lowered voice, Shen Suhua didn't hear his conversation with Zhang Zijun.

Chu Jin's ears twitched slightly; she didn't expect that there would be a second person who could smell this strange odor.

The entire third floor was very quiet, without even a servant in sight, silent except for the sound of their steps.

Wen Ziyao's room was at the end of the third-floor corridor. Shen Suhua knocked gently on the door several times and, getting no response, turned the handle and pushed the door open.

No sooner had the door opened than a chilling draft hit them in the face, disheveling their hair and sending a shiver through their bodies.

Then came an overwhelmingly strong rancid scent, filling the air!

It was as if there were a dozen rotting corpses piled up inside the room.

Extremely eerie.

Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brow and glanced back at Shi Qin reflexively, seeing the same confusion in his eyes.

It seemed that Shi Qin also detected the abnormality in this room.

Yet, of those present, aside from Chu Jin and Shi Qin, no third person noticed anything unusual.

Although it was daytime, the room was very dark with particularly dim lighting, as heavy curtains were drawn over both windows, blocking out the sunlight.

With a 'click', the lights came on.

Only then could Chu Jin clearly see the arrangement of the room.

The room was large and warmly furnished, indicating that the room's owner was a very meticulous person.

The stench of decay was still very intense, pervading every corner of the room.

Shen Suhua led them further in. The deeper they went into the room, the stronger the smell became. Despite the lights, the room felt incredibly sinister, as if a pair of eyes were staring at you from the shadows.

At the same time, a chilling sensation spread throughout their bodies, making them shudder.

This room was filled with such a heavy pall of death, there was not a trace of vitality to be found.

It was hard to imagine that a living person still resided here.

Upon reaching the inner area, what caught their eyes was a large red bed with red sheets, red covers, and even a pair of red slippers at its side.

The color was so unnaturally red that it felt disturbing.

The middle of the bed was slightly raised, as if someone were curled up there.

Directly opposite the head of the bed was a large floor mirror, which captured the entire scene on the bed within its reflection.

"Yaoyao, wake up. Shi Qin, Zijun, and Mi Mi have come to see you," Shen Suhua sat at the edge of the bed and pulled back the cover.

As the cover was lifted, the person curled up on the bed became exposed to the air.

She, too, was dressed in a bright red nightgown, almost merging into one with the red bedsheet.

Chapter 269: Not Recognizing Real Value

Wen Ziyao curled up on the bed, her body wrapped in a long red nightgown.

Her body had already merged with the red bedsheet, only her head sticking out.

It appeared strikingly abrupt.

It was as if her head had been severed and placed on the bed.

It made one's scalp tingle and breathing rapid.

The deathly pale face contrasted with the vivid red of the bedsheet, notably shocking to the eye.

The large floor-length mirror opposite the foot of the bed reflected everyone in the room.

"Yaoyao, wake up," Shen Suhua tapped Wen Ziyao on the shoulder, trying to awaken her.

But Wen Ziyao's eyes remained tightly closed, her eyebrows locked together as if she were having a nightmare.

Beads of sweat sprouted on her forehead almost instantly.

Chu Jin observed the layout of the room without a word, narrowing her eyes slightly. Apart from the floor-length mirror, everything else in the room seemed in order.

Red signifies fire, and having a mirror directly facing the head of the bed is a serious Feng Shui taboo.

In Feng Shui, mirrors are mainly used to deflect incoming negative energy, reflecting it away and sparing the person from its impact.

Similarly, mirrors have a reflective function as well as an absorptive property. When facing the bed and during the wee hours when a person's yang energy is weakest, it will seize the opportunity to absorb yang energy.

The reflection of a mirror is a type of harmful radiation, the mirror facing the bed.

At night, while absorbing the body's yang energy, it will also reflect the yin and evil energy accumulated during the day back into the body. When the body's yin energy is excessive, it can lead to easy contact with spiritual entities, and incidents such as sleep paralysis and possession become common.

Moreover, the rotting smell in this room was too strong; it was clear that this was the source of the strange odors.

Chu Jin slowly moved her gaze away from the mirror, looked up at Shen Suhua, and spoke lightly, "Auntie Shen, do you mind if I take a look around?"

Shen Suhua nodded, "Of course, you can."

Chu Jin moved not too slowly from the inner room to the outer room, then went to the restroom, her brows slightly furrowed, finding nothing out of the ordinary.

Furthermore, the damp, rotting smell became stronger the closer she got to Wen Ziyao.

It was as if the smell was emanating from Wen Ziyao herself.

At that moment, a sharp scream of 'Ah!' suddenly pierced the air.

An extremely fearful voice!

It was enough to make one's scalp tingle.

Upon hearing it, Chu Jin hurriedly walked to the inner room, only to see that Wen Ziyao, who had been curled up on the bed, was now awake. At this moment, she was clutching tightly to Shen Suhua, trembling all over, her hollow eyes filled with terror.

"Don't come over... don't come over... Lin Xiaoman! Mom, Lin Xiaoman's coming for me, she's coming for me, her death has nothing to do with me, she killed herself, go away, go away!"

Wen Ziyao babbled incoherently with a strange tone. By the end, she pushed Shen Suhua away, grabbed the blanket, and shrank towards the head of the bed, warily watching every person in the room.

Her expression was full of panic.

At that moment, Wen Ziyao bore no resemblance to the Wen Family's young miss. Her face was pale, her lips colorless and cracked with dead skin, her hair lusterless, her temples deeply hollowed, gaunt to the bone, and utterly disheveled.

Shen Suhua wiped her tears with heartache, reaching out to touch Wen Ziyao's head. Seeing the hand reaching towards her, Wen Ziyao's eyes widened as if she saw something horrifying, and her body shook like a sieve.

As if she were in the abyss of hell.

"Lin Xiaoman, leave me, leave me, don't come looking for me..."

Shen Suhua sighed deeply and retracted her hand, crying to everyone, "Since the incident, Yaoyao has been like this, not recognizing anyone..."

Li Mi's brows furrowed slightly as she stepped forward, sat beside the bed, and gave Wen Ziyao a very friendly smile, "Yaoyao, do you remember me? I'm Li Mi. We were best friends as kids. You said that when we grow up, we would travel the world together. Now that I'm back, will you fulfill that promise?"

The bright-eyed and pearly-toothed Li Mi, in Wen Ziyao's eyes, had transformed into a different person.

It was her!

It was Lin Xiaoman!

She smiled and said, "Yaoyao, I'm back. How is your life now? Do you remember our promise?"

Before her, Li Mi turned into a disheveled ghost, crawling out from the 18th layer of hell, lunging straight towards her.

Lin Xiaoman had returned, Lin Xiaoman had come to fulfill their promise.

Looking at Li Mi, Wen Ziyao was so frightened that her body trembled, her breathing ragged, and she felt a chill all over. With a final scream, her eyes rolled back, and she fainted outright.

"Auntie... What's this?" Li Mi looked helplessly towards Shen Suhua.

She doesn't look that terrifying, does she?

How did she manage to faint straight away?

Shen Suhua's eyes were very red, and her voice was hoarse, "Mi Mi, this has nothing to do with you."

"Master Chu, is there any hope for Yaoyao?" Shen Suhua raised her eyes to look at Chu Jin.

Chu Jin took out a dagger from her backpack, and under the light, its sharp edge flashed with a chilling brilliance.

"Let me try first," she said.

Upon hearing this, Li Mi's face turned a shade uglier, as Shen Suhua actually ignored a famous doctor who had studied abroad and instead asked a wild girl without even a high school diploma.

Truly, they had eyes but couldn't see the gold inlaid jade.

Confusing fish eyes for pearls.

She had clearly told Shen Suhua that she was confident in curing Wen Ziyao's illness. In front of Song Shiqin, wasn't this deliberately making it impossible for her to save face?

Was she, a doctor with foreign credentials, really inferior to a wild girl?

She wanted to see what kind of ability a wild girl could have!

To think a wild girl could cure Wen Ziyao?

What a joke!

Setting the dagger aside, Chu Jin then took out paper and pen from her backpack.

With one hand holding the pen and the other pressing down on the paper, she bent down and lowered her gaze, writing something on the paper.

Her expression was very serious and solemn.

Zhang Zijun, curious, leaned over to take a look and couldn't help but remark, "Miss Chu's calligraphy is truly beautiful; it must have taken many years to practice."

"Mhm, about ten years or so," Chu Jin spoke in a light tone.

"No wonder," Zhang Zijun stroked his chin and continued, "Aside from Brother Song, you're the second person I've seen whose writing is so beautiful."

Not only was her writing beautiful, but it also had personality.

It was understated yet bold, delicate but not lacking in vigor, and between the strokes, there was an air of grandeur.

Just like her entire being, very distinctive.

Impossible to replicate.

Hearing these words.

Li Mi's complexion turned slightly pale; she was always the shining star wherever she went.

How could she be completely overlooked today?

It was as if these people were blind to her existence, especially Song Shiqin. After all, she was supposed to be his match for marriage, the one to accompany him for life, yet he was blatantly disregarding her, treating her like air!

Li Mi involuntarily looked up at Song Shiqin, but saw that his gaze was fixed on the wild girl who was writing with her head lowered.

Was she less attractive than a wild girl?

Li Mi silently adjusted her breathing, striving to calm herself down.

Today, she must make Song Shiqin utterly remember her!

No man had ever dared to ignore her existence.

After finishing the writing, Chu Jin handed the paper to Shen Suhua, "Please ask someone to help me prepare these things, Auntie Shen."

Shen Suhua took the paper and nodded lightly, "Alright, I'll go now."

At that moment, Li Mi stood up and said softly, "Auntie, let me prepare it. You can stay here with Yaoyao."

Shen Suhua refused, "You're a guest; how could I let you do that?"

"What guest, Auntie? I've grown up with Yaoyao since childhood, like sisters. Seeing her like this, I'm very sad. Please let me go," Li Mi said as she gently snatched the paper from Shen Suhua's hand, glanced at it briefly, and saw that the handwriting wasn't as good as Zhang Zijun had described it.

After ten years of practice, this was all she could do? What was there to show off?

If it weren't for spending ten years studying abroad, her writing would surely be better than hers!

Seeing Li Mi so insistent, Shen Suhua said, "Then I'll trouble you, Mi Mi. Just hand it to the servant downstairs when you go, and someone will bring it up later."

Li Mi nodded lightly, "Alright, Auntie," and turned to leave.

Chapter 270: Swinging a big saber in front of Guan Gong

Watching Li Mi leave, Shen Suhua couldn't help but comment, "Mi Mi is really a good girl, Shi Qin, what do you think?"

These words reached Li Mi's ears, and the corners of her mouth lifted into a faint curve.

The anger that had been hidden in her heart instantly dissipated by a large margin.

Song Shiqin, caught off guard by Shen Suhua's sudden inquiry, responded politely, "Quite good."

His voice was very deep, a truly charming timbre.

Each word settled into Li Mi's heart.

This man, Song Shiqin, she had set her sights on him!

Chu Jin, holding a dagger, slowly made her way to the side of the bed and sat down, placing her hand on Wen Ziyao's pulse and gently closing her eyes.

She was channeling a continuous stream of Spiritual Power into Wen Ziyao's meridians.

Thin beads of sweat quickly appeared on the tip of her nose.

To outsiders, she appeared to be merely taking the pulse.

Nearly every pair of eyes was fixated on her.

Perhaps they hadn't expected her to be able to take a pulse.

Under the light, the girl sat there quietly, her white clothes as pristine as snow, her perfect features resembling finely-sculpted jade. Suddenly, she opened her eyes, and in that instant, all else lost its color, and the sun and moon dimmed.

Her dark hair and black pupils seemed as though drawn in an illustration.

Song Shiqin's breathing became slightly labored, his heartbeat losing its rhythm. He steadied his mind and, without a trace, shifted his gaze away.

Luckily, both Shen Suhua and Zhang Zijun were focused on the person before them and no one noticed his disturbance.

"Master Chu, how is it, can Yaoyao be saved?" Seeing her open her eyes, Shen Suhua asked eagerly.

"I do not yet know how Miss Wen managed to encounter this affliction. Let's wait until she wakes up and explains the situation clearly," Chu Jin responded.

A military family compound like this, with its integrity, should not have allowed malevolent forces to enter.

Unless, someone had brought them in deliberately.

Shen Suhua said with some difficulty, "But, but Yaoyao is already delirious..."

How could a person who was out of their mind explain the situation clearly?

Chu Jin looked up at Shen Suhua and said, "I have my ways to make her lucid."

Upon hearing this, both Song Shiqin and Zhang Zijun looked at her as well.

The skepticism in their eyes was quite apparent.

For her to claim she could bring Wen Ziyao back to consciousness was an outrageous statement!

Although the other two were skeptical of Chu Jin's words,

Shen Suhua was overjoyed, "Really? That's wonderful."

Having witnessed Chu Jin's capabilities, Shen Suhua knew she wouldn't speak rashly without being certain.

It could be said that she had absolute trust in Chu Jin now.

Chu Jin nodded and then asked, "Who is Lin Xiaoman?"

Since Wen Ziyao, even in her delirious state, could still call out Lin Xiaoman's name, then this matter must be related to Lin Xiaoman somehow.

Upon hearing the name Lin Xiaoman, Shen Suhua's expression changed and she let out a deep sigh, "Speaking of Little Man, she too is a child fated for hardships. She was university classmates with Yaoyao and also her roommate. They were very close, and the girl visited our home twice, looking bright and courteous, but tragically, during Yaoyao's sophomore year, Little Man committed suicide by jumping into a river and couldn't be saved. So young, and gone just like that."

Committed suicide by jumping into a river?

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly and then asked, "How many years has it been since her death?"

After pondering, Shen Suhua replied, "This year marks the fourth."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, saying nothing more. She picked up the nearby dagger, grabbed Wen Ziyao's arm, and turned to Shen Suhua, "Please, bring me a glass."

No sooner had she finished speaking than Zhang Zijun immediately passed a glass to her, now very curious to see what Chu Jin would do next.

Since she had previously boasted about bringing Wen Ziyao back to consciousness, she certainly would have some interesting moves up her sleeve.

Song Shiqin was equally curious.

Placing the glass on the ground, Chu Jin held Wen Ziyao's wrist, her eyes narrowed slightly, and without any hesitation, she slid the blade across Wen Ziyao's wrist.

Her action was swift, the blade falling as soon as her hand moved, not even a furrow in her brow.

The other three present had not anticipated such an action.

Everyone's eyes flashed with surprise.

The room was so quiet that only faint breathing could be heard.

Bright red blood almost instantly emerged from Wen Ziyao's wrist.

All attention was on Wen Ziyao and Chu Jin; nobody noticed that in the floor-to-ceiling mirror at the foot of the bed, the reflection of a sixth person appeared—a figure not amongst those present.

Clad in a red dress, the figure was ghostly, with long black hair that covered her entire head, making it difficult to discern whether she was facing towards you or away from you.

It looked extraordinarily terrifying.

As if at any moment, she would crawl out of the mirror.

A chill breeze blew through the room, leaving a cold shiver down everyone's spine.

Blood drop by drop fell into the glass on the floor.

Chu Jin slightly concentrated, grasped the dagger again, and moved towards Wen Ziyao's arm, but just as she raised her hand before it fell, the dagger in her grasp was snatched away by someone.

With great force.

An angry voice rang out in the air, "What are you doing? Do you want to kill Yaoyao? Don't you know there's a major artery on the wrist, which if cut, will cause unstoppable bleeding!"

The newcomer was Li Mi, who looked down on Chu Jin, her eyes and brows not hiding her arrogance.

"Of course, I know," Chu Jin looked up slightly, her tone calm, "Miss Li can rest assured, my family has practiced medicine for generations, and I have some medical knowledge, so I understand this common sense. I will avoid the major artery and will not cause unstoppable bleeding."

"Generations of doctors?" Li Mi looked at her with mocking eyes, scoffed, and said, "May I ask how old you are? Do you have enough clinical experience? Do you have a medical qualification certificate? Do you know how many acupoints are in the human body? Where are the lethal acupoints? I don't know what trick you used to deceive Auntie, but as long as I am here, you will not hurt Yaoyao even the slightest bit!"

She had disliked Chu Jin for a long time.

Who knows where this wild girl came from, enchanting Master Shen Suhua into calling her Master!

It was one thing for Shen Suhua to be deceived; the problem was that Song Shiqin's attention had also been drawn to her.

She didn't even measure her own worth, yet she dared say she could avoid the major artery!

After all, she was a real doctor.

This wild girl knew nothing, yet she rushed to treat Wen Ziyao—it was absurd.

She didn't even take a look at herself! Yet she claimed to know medical skills!

It was simply an insult to the term 'medical skills.'

Chu Jin chuckled, her clear voice resonating, "The human body has 409 acupoints, including 361 on the 14 meridians and 48 extraordinary points. Among them, 36 major acupoints are known as lethal points, and these are Baihui, Yintang, Jingming... Sanyinjiao, Yongquan."

Her voice was unpretentious, just like her demeanor, which seemed perfect without the slightest flaw.

It had the fluidity of gushing spring water, extremely lively.

Very pleasing to the ear.

Nobody expected her to answer Li Mi's questions with such composure.

Song Shiqin's eyes revealed a look of surprise.

Li Mi was indeed a person with a strong aura, having studied abroad for ten years—most girls would disappear in her presence.

But in front of Chu Jin, even brightly dressed Li Mi seemed to lose her luster.

The impression she gave was one of composure and assurance, emanating an aura that seemed at odds with her actual age.

As if nothing could perturb her any longer.

Having spoken, Chu Jin turned her head to look at Li Mi, her delicate jaw lifted slightly, the corners of her lips tilted up, "Miss Li, am I correct?"

Though she was smiling, Li Mi failed to see a trace of warmth in her eyes.

Li Mi subconsciously felt that this wild girl was not easy to handle!

Perhaps she came specifically for Song Shiqin.

After all, Song Shiqin's status was evident, and many coveted the position of Mrs. Song.

But she didn't reflect upon her own status—how could someone like her think she can cling to Song Shiqin?

That was laughable.

Did she really think knowing a bit of medical knowledge would make Song Shiqin take notice of her?

Didn't she know that I've studied abroad? In terms of medical skills, no one in the country could compare to me!

With her trifling medical skills, she wanted to show off in front of me?

That was like playing the lute to a cow.