

R Woman 271

Chapter 271: No Comment

Li Mi scoffed coldly, her smile filled with self-importance, "Young lady, don't be so impetuous. It's better to be down-to-earth. Do you really think that knowing a bit of medical knowledge means you can practice medicine and save people? The only person who can cure Yaoyao's illness is me. You, who understand nothing, are nothing but an outsider and will only worsen Yaoyao's condition. If anything happens to Yaoyao under your care, can you bear the responsibility?"

Today, she was going to show this wild girl what true medical skills are!

What a true master is.

She had observed Wen Ziyao's symptoms. It was nothing more than hallucinations brought on by a nervous breakdown due to fright.

As long as she was properly treated and given the right medicine,

it really wasn't a big problem.

"You can cure Miss Wen?" Chu Jin's lips curled slightly, her dimples faintly visible, "I can make Miss Wen come to her senses within ten minutes. Can you?"

The arc of her lips was too radiant, too dazzling.

Li Mi clearly saw a hint of mockery in that curvature.

To make Wen Ziyao come to her senses within ten minutes?

How ignorant!

A wild girl of unknown origin dares to make such audacious claims in front of someone who has won countless trophies!

No one, either domestically or internationally, has ever dared to question her medical skills!

Since this wild girl was so confident in herself, then let her see how she would embarrass herself in front of Song Shiqin!

If something went wrong, causing Wen Ziyao's wrist artery to rupture and bleed uncontrollably, she would still have to come begging for help.

"Since you're so confident in yourself, then give it a try. But let me tell you in advance, Yaoyao is my good friend whom I've grown up with since we were children, and I won't let her be in any danger," said Li Mi, kindly reminding her, "If you encounter any problems during the treatment that you don't understand, you can ask me at any time. Don't force yourself. No one here will laugh at you. Pride at the expense of suffering is not only delaying Yaoyao but also yourself. I studied medicine abroad for ten years. Although I'm not exceptionally skilled, I can still cure this minor ailment of Yaoyao's."

Having said this, Li Mi handed the dagger to Chu Jin.

Her face was brimming with a self-assured smile.

Soon, this wild girl would be begging her for help.

Just thinking about it made her heart soar with satisfaction.

A wild girl of unknown origin wants to compete with her?

She really needs a lesson!

Song Shiqin and Zhang Zijun both remained silent, watching the two of them the entire time.

Feeling Song Shiqin's gaze on her, Li Mi's smile became even more affable, and her tone of voice softened considerably, "Little sister, you need to be careful. Be steady. If you come across any acupuncture points or professional issues you don't understand, just ask me. I'll be happy to help you. Don't keep it to yourself if you don't understand. This is a matter of life and death. You seem to be of age, and this could carry criminal responsibility, sentencing you to a lifetime in prison."

Li Mi seemed like a caring big sister.

Her tone sounded gentle, but in fact, every word was laced with a knife.

Because she was certain that Chu Jin knew nothing about medicine, she could afford to speak so confidently.

After all, with all her medical training, she had never seen a doctor save a life by cutting their wrist.

She also wondered if that dagger had been sterilized.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin was not annoyed. She took the dagger that Li Mi handed over, and with a slight smile replied, "Then thank you for your kindness, Miss Li."

The blade glinted with a cold light, carrying traces of blood.

Under the light, it gleamed eerily.

Chu Jin knelt down, taking Wen Ziyao's wrist in her hands again.

By this time, blood was no longer seeping from Wen Ziyao's wrist, as the flowing blood had clotted.

Chu Jin focused, holding the dagger, and made another cut on Wen Ziyao's wrist.

Although it was just a shallow cut, blood immediately started to emerge.

If one observed closely, they would notice that the color of the blood this time was much darker than before.

Chu Jin then took out a blue porcelain bottle from her pocket and poured out a black pill. Standing up, she gently opened Wen Ziyao's mouth and fed her the pill.

Shen Suhua immediately asked nervously, "Master Chu, the pill is so dry, don't you need to give Yaoyao some water to swallow it?"

Chu Jin shook her head gently, "No need, it melts upon contact with the mouth."

Before Shen Suhua could say anything more, Li Mi's voice arose again, "Little sister, what medicine did you just feed Yaoyao? Has it passed the quality inspection by the drug regulatory authority? What brand is it? Don't tell me it's some inferior counterfeit product. There are so many fake medicines of unknown origin out there. If something happens to Yaoyao's body, you can't bear that responsibility!"

Chu Jin looked up indifferently at Li Mi, her calm eyes betraying nearly no emotion, "An heirloom, nothing to disclose."

Though her tone was light, it carried a hint of chill.

Li Mi was at once rendered speechless, her face unchanged, but her heart seethed with rage!

She really couldn't understand what a wild girl had to be proud of.

What did she have to be so arrogant about compared to herself?

Just wait, the time will come when she begs me for help!

Originally, she had planned to spare some dignity for Chu Jin while instructing her, but now it seemed completely unnecessary!

People like her should be trampled underfoot, utterly crushed.

Otherwise, she will never understand the enormity of the gap between them!

Li Mi raised her eyes to Chu Jin, her lips curling into a slight arc, "Since you're so capable, make sure you don't ask for my help later!"

Chu Jin, holding Wen Ziyao's wrist, replied without even lifting her head, "Don't worry, that moment will never come."

Li Mi discreetly furrowed her brows.

At that moment, the cut on Wen Ziyao's wrist twitched slightly, as if something were about to burrow out from under her skin.

Apart from Li Mi, the others also noticed this anomaly, surprise etching their faces as they all thought they were hallucinating.

Could there really be parasites lurking beneath human skin?

Just the thought was enough to send shivers down their spines and make their scalps tingle.

Just when everyone thought their eyes were playing tricks on them, they saw a black worm slowly emerging from the bloody wound!

The black worm, though it crawled out from flesh, didn't have a single speck of blood on it.

Long and slender!

The scene was absolutely horrifying.

Almost everyone could hardly believe their eyes.

Who could have imagined that such disgusting creatures were living within human flesh!

Shen Suhua clutched her mouth tightly, trying her best not to cry out, as hot tears slid from her cheeks down to the back of her hand.

How much suffering had her daughter endured!

Li Mi's eyes widened as well; as a doctor, she had conducted all sorts of horrifying experiments.

But this was the first time she had seen worms crawling out of a living person.

Moreover, the appearance of these worms was too revolting.

Their twisted shapes were so grotesque that it was difficult to look directly at them, and goosebumps covered her body.

Song Shiqin and Zhang Zijun were somewhat unaffected. After all, they had seen battlefields and tasted blood on knife edges; shock was the only additional expression on their faces.

Of everyone present, Chu Jin remained the most composed.

Apparently finding the worm's progress too slow, Chu Jin stood up, took a pair of tweezers out of her backpack,

And clamped onto the worm's body, yanking it out of Wen Ziyao's wrist.

She didn't even frown throughout the process, her expression utterly indifferent.

The parasite was about 20 centimeters in length, and when it was fully extracted from Wen Ziyao's wrist, everyone gasped in shock.

It was unimaginable how such a long worm could navigate through human flesh on a daily basis!

The mere thought was chilling and made their scalps tingle.

"Master Chu, what is this thing? How did it get inside Yaoyao?" Shen Suhua's voice trembled, hardly daring to glance at the worm again.

Chu Jin took out a transparent plastic bag and placed the black worm inside it.

The black worm writhed and twisted ceaselessly in the plastic bag, its sharp tail and head seemingly about to pierce through the transparent barrier at any moment.

Li Mi felt so nauseous she wanted to throw up, but with Song Shiqin present, she forcefully suppressed the churning in her stomach.

Her complexion turned a shade paler as she stifled herself.

Chapter 272: Questioning

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly and placed the plastic bag on the table. Her clear voice barely held any ripples, "This is the Iron Threadworm, a kind of parasitic worm that lives in water. Once it resides in a human body, it feeds on the flesh and blood, using the skin and bones as its nest, causing unimaginable harm to the body. Miss Wen's neurological disorder and unclear consciousness are mostly due to this Iron Threadworm."

Faced with such a frightful Iron Threadworm, she remained indifferent from beginning to end.

Her composure didn't befit a mere teenager but rather resembled a hardened warrior.

Even Song Shiqin, a military man, couldn't help but feel shocked.

If it had been anyone else, they probably would have fainted from fear by now.

Yet she remained calm in the face of it all.

If one hadn't seen it with their own eyes, no one would believe that the person before them was truly only eighteen years old.

At first, Song Shiqin thought that Chu Jin was all for show.

But he hadn't expected that she really had some skill.

Suddenly, Song Shiqin remembered the words Zhang Zijun had said, "A swindler can only deceive one person, which swindler can deceive a crowd?"

The people outside had so much faith in her for a reason.

So, was she purposefully getting close to him?

And was her identity truly just that of the Chu family's daughter?

The girl he had investigated as the daughter of the Chu family seemed like a completely different person.

There were just too many doubtful points about her.

They made one want to believe, yet also hesitate to do so.

They made one want to get closer, yet also feel afraid to do so.

If he hadn't been the General of the Hua Nation, he wouldn't have had such deep reservations.

He was shouldering the safety and security of the entire Hua Nation.

Song Shiqin watched the figure under the light, his eyes slightly deepening.

Li Mi frowned slightly, somewhat aggrieved that an uncultivated girl had taken away everyone's attention.

She was, after all, the one with the ability, the talented doctor.

As far as she understood, the Iron Threadworm mostly lived in reptiles and simply couldn't survive within the human body.

Not to mention feeding on human flesh and bones, making them its nest—it was impossible!

In her many years of medical research, she had never encountered a case of Iron Threadworm infection in a human.

What are swindlers best at?

They excel at disguise techniques.

She presumed that Chu Jin used some trick to deceive everyone's eyes.

Even if she could fool others, she couldn't fool a professional doctor like her!

She was determined to expose the fraud's entire ruse.

A local swindler dared to pull tricks in front of someone who had studied abroad like her!

It was an overestimation of her own abilities.

"What nonsense are you spouting!" Li Mi slowly spoke up, "That worm was not extracted from Yaoyao at all. You brought it in yourself. There must be something fishy with your dagger—I suppose it has some kind of mechanism? As far as I know, the human body simply isn't suited for the survival of this kind of Iron Threadworm. Moreover, Yaoyao is just suffering from hallucinations due to extreme fright; she has nothing to do with that worm. Don't think your petty tricks will fool me! Why would a young person like you engage in such deceitful acts? I presume you're still a student, right? All those years of moral education have evidently gone to waste."

Li Mi believed that the problem lay with that dagger.

It was the only thing that had come into contact with Wen Ziyao's flesh.

She was certain that Chu Jin had hidden the Iron Threadworm in that dagger beforehand.

Upon this accusation, everyone but Shen Suhua had a subtly shifting expression on their faces, including Song Shiqin and Zhang Zijun.

They were very familiar with Li Mi's background; she had studied medicine abroad for many years and had won numerous international awards.

She also had a certain reputation in the medical field—in terms of medical expertise, many famous domestic doctors weren't as skilled as she was.

Therefore, her statements carried a certain authority.

It was indeed very simple to manipulate a dagger.

Could it be that they were all deceived by Chu Jin just now?

After all, when comparing the words of an eighteen-year-old girl with those of someone who had studied medicine for decades, it's obvious who has more credibility.

Besides, Chu Jin herself was a person with many doubts surrounding her.

"Mi Mi," Shen Suhua interjected before Chu Jin could respond, "I know you're concerned about Yaoyao, but I believe in Master Chu's abilities; she wouldn't deceive anyone."

After speaking, Shen Suhua raised her eyes to Chu Jin, "Master Chu, please don't take offense. Mi Mi is just saying this because of her concern for Yaoyao; she doesn't mean any harm."

Chu Jin smiled lightly, the dimples on her cheeks lightly appearing, "That's alright, actions speak louder than words. Miss Li can wait and see."

Clenching her fists, Li Mi raised her eyes to Chu Jin, her lips curving into a proper smile, "Since Master Chu is so confident, would you dare to let me examine your dagger?"

The term 'Master Chu' was uttered with a heavy emphasis, replete with sarcasm.

Chu Jin cast a sidelong glance at Li Mi, her crimson lips curling slightly, "Want to check my dagger? Are you sure you can catch it?"

"What's the matter?" Li Mi looked at Chu Jin, her gaze scornful, "Is the great Master Chu feeling guilty?"

"Just afraid you won't catch it securely." No sooner had the words left her mouth than a dagger gleaming with a cold light flew out from her palm, carrying an intimidating aura and full force towards Li Mi's vital points!

Such speed!

It was so fast that one simply couldn't dodge, and Li Mi froze in place.

Her face went completely pale!

At that moment, a lithe figure swiftly moved to Li Mi's side, becoming a blur, one hand wrapping around her waist, the other slightly raised.

He captured the cold-gleaming dagger effortlessly with his outstretched hand.

Li Mi felt her head spin, and before she knew it, she was cradled in his embrace, even able to smell the faint scent of tobacco on him, surrounded by a surge of cold, masculine energy.

She gazed at Song Shiqin, dumbstruck, momentarily forgetting to breathe.

But before she could come to her senses, Song Shiqin let her go.

With an aura of coldness, he walked towards Chu Jin.

Was he about to seek justice for her?

She knew it, Song Shiqin couldn't possibly resist her charm.

Moreover, given Song Shiqin's abilities, he surely saw through the problem with the dagger at a glance.

However, what Li Mi hadn't expected at all was Song Shiqin approaching Chu Jin, only to speak indifferently, "Here's your dagger back, and stop making such dangerous jokes in the future."

He knew, even if he had not intervened earlier, the dagger wouldn't have harmed Li Mi in the slightest.

She had simply wanted to scare Li Mi, nothing more.

The reason he had personally taken action was merely to find out if there was anything wrong with the dagger.

But the outcome was beyond his expectation.

The dagger had no issues at all.

Chu Jin took the dagger, her tone light, "Has Mr. Song finished examining it?"

She knew that Song Shiqin always harbored deep suspicions towards her.

Or rather, Song Shiqin had never truly trusted her.

But then again, she couldn't blame him, for a soldier by nature is overly suspicious, which is not unjustified.

After all, she had no intention of building a close relationship with Song Shiqin.

His doubts posed no trouble for her.

Song Shiqin nodded slightly, "The dagger is fine."

Listening to the exchange between Song Shiqin and Chu Jin, Li Mi's expression changed repeatedly. From their tone, they seemed like old acquaintances!

No wonder this wild girl dared treat her like this!

It turned out she had Song Shiqin's backing!

She truly believed that after exchanging a few more words with Song Shiqin, she could do whatever she wished!

And given Song Shiqin's reaction just now, he surely had feelings for her, or else he wouldn't have rushed to her rescue.

For a distinguished family like the Song's, which values lineage immensely, how ridiculous for a lowly peasant sparrow to dream of becoming a phoenix!

Sheer fantasy.

The position of Lady Song belongs to no one but her!

Li Mi's eyes seemed to be laced with poison as she glared.

But soon, she regained her poised and graceful demeanor.

Since Song Shiqin had declared the dagger posed no problem, it wasn't good for her to say anything further.

She wanted to see how this wild girl would handle the situation without her help!

Chu Jin then took out some gauze from her backpack and carefully dressed Wen Ziyao's wound.

Next, she fetched the Golden Needle from her acupuncture bag and began targeting various major acupoints on Wen Ziyao's body!

Her needle movements were fluid as flowing clouds and water.

From afar, they bore an almost spiritual charm of martial beauty.

Absurd! This was utterly preposterous!

To Li Mi, Chu Jin's actions were nothing but an eyesore!

How dare someone ignorant of the arts show off in front of her?

Ridiculous!

Li Mi hastily attempted to stop Chu Jin's needling, questioning, "Master Chu, how can you administer acupuncture to Yaoyao without any medicinal herbs? Every acupoint on the human body is crucial; a little carelessness could lead to a life-threatening situation! Do you even know what acupoint you just targeted? That's a lethal point, the Baihui Point! As a meeting point of the governing vessel, and the meeting of the three Yang meridians of the hand and foot, such needling will paralyze Yaoyao for life, leaving her comatose!"

Chapter 273: Teach you how to behave

Li Mi spoke these words slowly and articulately, at an even pace.

A faint smile remained on her face.

It was gentle, yet laced with a hint of irony.

Having studied medicine for decades, she was certain she couldn't have been mistaken—this wild girl had just targeted Wen Ziyao's Baihui Point.

And the Baihui Point was exactly one of the thirty-six fatal points.

Li Mi narrowed her eyes and looked at Chu Jin, continuing, "I already told you, Master Chu, don't pretend to understand what you don't. You could kill someone like this, do you know that? And, have those iron needles been sterilized? Do you know how many bacteria those iron needles carry? Yaoyao's constitution is particularly weak right now..."

"Miss Li studied Western medicine, right?" Chu Jin's lips curved slightly as she looked at Li Mi, her clear eyes shimmering with reflected light from the cold lamps, her dark pupils as pure and bright as moonlight, flawless.

The eyes of everyone in the room were almost entirely focused on the two of them.

Shen Suhua tried several times to say something but swallowed her words each time.

The Wen Family and the Li family were long-time friends, and with Song Shiqin present, she couldn't allow Li Mi to lose face.

Moreover, Li Mi was doing this for Wen Ziyao's sake.

If she spoke out in support of Chu Jin at a time like this, it would seem overly hurtful.

During this time, Zhang Zijun's phone rang.

He carefully pressed the mute button and tiptoed outside to the corridor to answer the call.

Li Mi didn't expect Chu Jin to suddenly ask such a question and replied subconsciously, "Yes, I have studied Western medicine. I specialized abroad for ten years, graduated from the Princeton University Medical Department, and was taken as a close disciple by the internationally renowned medical expert, Abbott. May I ask who was your master, Master Chu?" Her mouth twisted into a sardonic curve as she spoke the last sentence.

She was a graduate of a prestigious school, who had renowned teachers—how could she be compared with a quack who only knew how to bluff and deceive?

Didn't she know there was a whole galaxy of difference between them?

If this were any other time, she wouldn't deign to speak another word to such a wild girl!

The kind of people you surround yourself with reflects who you are.

Talking to a wild girl with unknown origins would only lower her own status.

She couldn't understand what Song Shiqin was thinking, associating with such a person!

Wasn't he afraid of degrading his own level?

Chu Jin's eyelashes trembled lightly as she chuckled, then said, "So Miss Li studied Western medicine. No wonder you've completely forgotten about the heritage of our ancestors from the China mainland. It's true that the spot I targeted with the needle is a fatal point, but aren't life and death about the interchanging of yin and yang? Miss Li, I wonder if your teacher Abbott has ever taught you about what the Yin and Yang Nine Needles are? What about Renewal of Dead Bones?"

Her voice was neither loud nor soft, but just loud enough to be heard clearly.

Her clear voice rang in their ears, like a refreshing breeze after rain, lingering around their hearts, difficult to dissipate.

By sound—one recognizes a beauty.

As a highly qualified doctor, Li Mi had never been questioned like this; her almond-shaped eyes widened in shock, and her elegant brows knitted together. "Nonsense! What Yin and Yang Nine Needles, what Renewal of Dead Bones? These are just your wild imaginations! I advise you, young lady, to be more down-to-earth and stop daydreaming. When it comes to medical skills, Western medicine is more advanced and developed. People like you will never understand the intricacies of Western culture. You spend all day defending outdated beliefs, spouting flowery talk, deceiving and swindling..."

Traditional Chinese medicine is the traditional medicine of Hua Nation; it has thousands of years of history from its origin to its maturity. Ancient great doctors like Hua Tuo, Li Shizhen, and the renowned "Medicine King" Sun Simiao have left medical classics that have benefited countless generations.

Of course, it's not to say that Western medicine doesn't have its nuances, but Li Mi's thinking is too extreme. Merely after ten years abroad, she has already forgotten her roots.

Worshiping everything foreign.

After living abroad for ten years, she had been thoroughly brainwashed by Western culture.

Everything in Hua Nation was corrupt to her, and even the air in the West was deemed sweet.

Simply from her phrase 'defending outdated beliefs,' one could judge what kind of person she was.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, leisurely taking out a Golden Needle from her acupuncture bag. The gleaming needle against her fair, delicate fingers seemed translucent as jade, her skin as white as the stem of a scallion.

The golden light reflected in her pitch-black pupils, a flash of cold light emanating from within, interwoven with the golden glow, making it hard for onlookers to maintain eye contact.

Li Mi was still rambling on—talking about how Western medicine was the moon in the sky, all good, and how Chinese medicine was like dog excrement on the ground, to be discarded by everyone.

The more Li Mi spoke, the worse her words sounded in Chu Jin's ears. With a slight frown, Chu Jin looked up at the incessantly talking Li Mi and a mischievous arc spread across her lips.

This Li Mi was too noisy!

And way too arrogant, really thinking that a few years of Western education meant she could abandon her ancestors?

Under the lamplight, those smiling peach blossom eyes glinted with a piercing cold light.

Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed, and his brow 'thuddled' twice.

'Whoosh—' in an instant.

Her body almost turned into an afterimage with the swiftness of lightning.

The next second, she appeared beside Li Mi.

"Guarding something so decayed like you..." Li Mi only felt a prick on her neck, and the words she had been saying were cut off halfway, stuck in her throat as if someone had seized it, preventing even half a syllable from coming out. Her face turned red with urgency, sweat beading on her nose almost instantly.

How could she suddenly become unable to speak?

A sense of fear spread throughout her body.

The world finally went quiet.

Chu Jin withdrew the Golden Needle with satisfaction and looked at Li Mi with a smile, "Miss Li, has anyone ever told you that you're noisier than five hundred ducks?"

It must be her!

She must have done something to me!

Li Mi immediately glared at Chu Jin with fierce eyes, her mouth opening and closing, but she couldn't make a sound.

It was as if her vocal cords had vanished all of a sudden.

Not even a simple 'ah' could be uttered.

"Miss Li, are you trying to ask me what I just did to you?" Chu Jin spoke up.

Li Mi nodded frantically, her gaze filled with urgency. This was too unscientific—how could she suddenly lose her voice?

Chu Jin's lips curled up slightly, "Actually, it's not much, just a lesson in humanity."

"I just accidentally used a needle technique passed down by our ancestors and sealed your mute point. You pride yourself on your medical skills, thinking Western medicine is broad and profound, don't you? Then try and see if the broad and profound Western medicine can solve what our ancestors have left behind."

Let her look down upon what our ancestors have left for us!

Today, I will use what our ancestors have left to properly cure her bad habit of worshipping foreign things!

Let her be so contemptuous again!

To denigrate the culture of Hua Nation again.

"By the way," Chu Jin raised the Golden Needle in her hand and continued, "to correct you, this is not an iron needle, this is a Golden Needle!"

Li Mi's face changed expressions repeatedly, never having imagined that Chu Jin would actually seal her mute point outright.

And to do so in front of so many people!

If she couldn't unseal this mute point today, how would she ever stand in this circle?

This damn wild girl!

Without delay, Li Mi had no choice but to quietly sit down on the sofa behind her, pondering in her mind how to unseal this mute point.

To her knowledge, the mute point was located 2 points in front of the neck, between the Renying Point and the Shuitu Point.

But she had never learned how to unseal the mute point.

Thereupon, she could only hold her phone and start asking in a doctors' exchange group.

Hoping someone would know how to unseal this mute point, otherwise she would really be unable to face leaving the scene.

With Li Mi out of the way, the surroundings became much quieter.

Chu Jin sat back down beside the bed, and Shen Suhua immediately asked with some worry, "Master Chu, Yaoyao is all right, isn't she?"

"She's fine, rest assured, I know my limits," Chu Jin replied lightly.

Her faint voice carried a magical power that could soothe the heart, and Shen Suhua did not speak further, calmly nodding her head in assurance.

Chu Jin, holding the Golden Needle, began to puncture the major points on Wen Ziyao's body once more.

In less than a few minutes, Wen Ziyao, who had been pale, gradually regained some color in her face, and her dry lips turned rosy again.

Sweat beaded on her forehead, and her previously faint breath became steady.

Chapter 274: Are You Ashamed?

Wen Ziyao's changes were all seen by Shen Suhua, who watched her daughter with such nervousness that she barely dared to blink, afraid she might miss something.

At this moment, Zhang Zijun also finished his phone call and walked in from outside the house. He was just about to speak but was silenced by a look from Song Shiqin.

The air in the room was still, and nearly everyone's attention was on Wen Ziyao except for Li Mi, who sat on the sofa.

Finally, under everyone's gaze, Wen Ziyao's fingers twitched, and a drop of clear liquid fell from the corner of her eyes, sliding through her black hair.

Then, she slowly opened her eyes, her lips trembling as she spoke, "Mom..."

Her voice was very weak, as thin as a mosquito's, and carried a hint of hoarseness.

The muddiness in her eyes was slowly clearing up, it was evident that her consciousness had fully awakened.

"Yaoyao!" Shen Suhua hugged Wen Ziyao excitedly, crying out loud.

This was the first time in two months of Wen Ziyao's confused state that she called out for her mom so earnestly.

No one could understand her emotions.

"Mom, don't cry. I'm fine, I've worried you," Wen Ziyao gently patted Shen Suhua's back.

Li Mi, sitting on the sofa, looked over incredulously.

She hadn't expected that wild girl to have some real skill.

She had actually managed to awaken Wen Ziyao's consciousness.

Could it be that Western medicine is not as good as Chinese medicine?

Could it be that decades of medical study were inferior to an eighteen-year-old girl?

Li Mi fell into deep thought.

She did not snap out of it for quite a while.

Song Shiqin and Zhang Zijun, on the other hand, were startled to realize that Chu Jin had not been bragging earlier.

She had truly found a way to cure Wen Ziyao.

Zhang Zijun was taken aback for a moment before he remembered the content of the phone call he just had and whispered a few sentences into Song Shiqin's ear.

Song Shiqin frowned slightly, a fierce coldness flashing in his eyes and vanished in an instant before he nodded slightly to indicate he understood.

"Auntie," Song Shiqin lifted his gaze towards Shen Suhua and slowly said, "Shiqin and I have something urgent to attend to, so we won't disturb you anymore. We'll visit Yaoyao another day."

Shen Suhua nodded, "Go ahead, official business is important."

Song Shiqin nodded slightly, "Farewell."

Zhang Zijun also bid farewell to Shen Suhua, "Auntie, goodbye."

With that, the two men turned and left.

After the two left, the spacious room was left with only Chu Jin, Li Mi, and Shen Suhua and Wen Ziyao, the mother and daughter.

Wen Ziyao was sobbing quietly in Shen Suhua's arms, the entire ordeal through these days making her shiver all over, "Mom... what do we do, I saw Little Man, she has come back for me, she said it's too cold underground and wants to take me with her, but I don't want to die, mom, please find a way to save me."

The room was quiet, so quiet that only Wen Ziyao's crying could be heard.

And although her voice was filled with sobs, it carried an inexplicable chill.

It sent a shiver down one's spine.

Li Mi, sitting on the sofa, swallowed hard. As a steadfast atheist, she surprisingly found the scene somewhat terrifying.

Moreover, she kept feeling like someone was blowing cold air on the back of her neck.

Grim and eerie.

Together with Wen Ziyao's words, Li Mi felt increasingly that the room was filled with a creepy atmosphere.

Could there really be ghosts?

Li Mi was startled by this thought and began to frantically pat her chest in a panic.

Shen Suhua held Wen Ziyao, patting her back rhythmically, and softly comforted, "Yaoyao, don't be afraid, mom's here, nobody will hurt you, you must have seen it wrong, Little Man has already died, how could she possibly come for you? It must be a mistake..."

These words did not comfort Wen Ziyao.

She shivered, her face turning instantly pale, her eyes void of any vitality, "Mom, I didn't see it wrong, Little Man might be dead, but she really has come back! Mom, do you remember? Little Man loved red, every piece of clothing in her wardrobe was red, just like the one I'm wearing, Little Man has always been here, the arrangement here is all her doing..."

Towards the end, Wen Ziyao clutched Shen Suhua's neck and burst into a loud wail.

No one could know the terror in her heart.

Listening to Wen Ziyao's words, Shen Suhua's face also turned somewhat pale.

She had originally thought that her daughter had simply changed her tastes, suddenly taking a liking to the color red, but she never expected...

A fear that made it impossible to breathe instantly spread throughout the entire room.

Mothers are strong!

Shen Suhua struggled to calm herself down, "Yaoyao, don't cry, mom has sought out an expert for you; she will definitely be able to save you."

Hearing this, Wen Ziyao immediately stopped crying, staring blankly at Shen Suhua, "Mom, are you telling the truth?"

She had had enough of these days.

Memories that she had thought forgotten were reappearing before her eyes.

Moreover, she had no idea when Lin Xiaoman would appear.

Maybe it would be upon waking, or perhaps in a midnight reverie.

All the time.

Living in endless fear every day.

Suffering from relentless mental torment.

"Of course," Shen Suhua nodded, wiping the tears from her face, and looked up at Chu Jin, "Yaoyao, this is Master Chu, she is the one who brought you to your senses, she definitely has a way to save you."

Wen Ziyao quickly lifted her gaze towards Chu Jin, and seeing that the other party was a girl even younger than herself, she didn't show any surprise, but nodded politely at her, then spoke with a husky voice, "Master Chu, can you help me?"

At this moment, Chu Jin was her only hope and lifeline.

"Do you feel guilty?" Chu Jin slowly began, with a faint expression on her face, the thick lashes casting shadows under the light, making it hard to discern the emotions in her eyes.

But her voice was tinged with a chill, piercing straight to the depths of the soul.

Wen Ziyao bit her lip and kept her head down, remaining silent.

"Those who are guilt-free cannot possibly attract those things, nor will they harbor fear," Chu Jin lifted her gaze to Wen Ziyao, her originally clear peach-blossom eyes seemed to be covered with a layer of frost, piercingly sharp, making Wen Ziyao feel even more guilty.

It made her unable to meet Chu Jin's gaze directly.

Li Mi was also sitting on the sofa nearby, watching the activity here.

Hearing what Chu Jin said, her tense emotions relaxed a bit; she admitted that, at times, she might lose control of her emotions and act too proudly, but she never did anything bad.

She was guiltless in her heart, so naturally, she wasn't afraid of those nonsensical things.

A girl in the face of such a situation could still remain composed.

Could her courage really be less than that of a young girl?

Although she thought this, Li Mi still silently clutched the cross pendant hanging in front of her chest in her hand.

With the cross in hand, a hundred ghosts dare not invade!

As Chu Jin finished speaking, a cool breeze began to blow within the room.

The curtains swayed from side to side, and the crystal light ornaments clinked.

Carrying a chilling Ghost Qi, seeping into the flesh and bones, a shiver overcame the heart.

In this room, the door was closed, the windows too, and an inexplicable gust of wind arose.

It caused everyone's hearts to tense immediately.

All at once, Wen Ziyao clutched Shen Suhua's arm, trembling all over, and a crying voice was heard, "...She, she's here, Little Man is here, she's come to take me away...."

The air was very still, eerily still.

So still you could only hear breathing.

"Master Chu!" Shen Suhua's knees hit the floor with a 'thump' as she knelt down before Chu Jin, "Please, save Yaoyao, I am willing to give my life for hers..."

Chu Jin sighed softly, bent down to try to lift Shen Suhua up, but Shen Suhua refused to get up, "Master Chu, I beg you, please save Yaoyao, or else I won't get up." Shen Suhua's attitude was very firm.

Seeing this, Wen Ziyao couldn't care less about her fear and hurriedly threw off the covers, without even bothering to put on her shoes, she knelt straight down before Chu Jin.

'Knock, knock, knock,' she knocked her head on the ground three times.

She knew that Master Chu must possess some ability; otherwise, Lin Xiaoman would have appeared by now.

Instead of employing tricks like summoning a ghostly breeze, she must be wary of Master Chu.

"Master Chu, please save me, please save me, I don't want to die yet, I'm willing to pay any amount of money if you will save me."

Chapter 275: Touching!

The mother and daughter knelt on the ground together, crying in a heap.

The scene was extremely touching.

It would soften the heart of anyone who witnessed it.

Li Mi's eyes were also slightly red at the edges.

Although she usually carried herself with an air of superiority, her heart wasn't made of stone.

Seeing the mother and daughter like this, she couldn't bother with releasing the mute acupoint anymore, her attention fixed on the situation before her, feeling somewhat sentimental inside.

At the same time, her perception of this wild girl had changed.

Chu Jin furrowed her brows slightly, looking at the kneeling pair, let out a soft sigh, then turned her gaze to Wen Ziyao's face, staring straight into her eyes as she asked, "Do you want to live?"

Her eyes were too pure and too clean, yet they carried a sharp, piercing quality.

That sharpness seemed capable of penetrating one's eyes, striking directly at the depths of the soul, revealing the dark side hidden within.

Chu Jin did feel guilty about Lin Xiaoman's death.

Wen Ziyao subconsciously lowered her gaze to hide the guilt in her eyes and said, "I want to survive, please, Master Chu, help me."

"Get up and then we'll talk," Chu Jin spoke, her red lips parting slightly, her eyes half-closed, obscuring the expression within.

Her voice was somewhat cold.

Upon hearing this, the mother and daughter exchanged glances, then helped each other up from the ground.

Wen Ziyao's body was still very weak.

She adjusted her breathing, then looked at Chu Jin, "Master Chu, I want to live. Please save me."

Shen Suhua also looked hopefully at Chu Jin, "Master Chu, please, save Yaoyao."

"The one who can save you has never been me," Chu Jin said.

Wen Ziyao was startled and looked up in surprise, "What?"

Chu Jin looked at Wen Ziyao and said word by word, "The only one who can save you now is yourself."

"I don't understand what you mean, Master Chu," Wen Ziyao quickly diverted her gaze, looking elsewhere.

"This place is supposed to be an abode of righteousness where no evil spirits can step foot. How did you manage to summon Lin Xiaoman's spirit back?" A person who's been dead for four years, yet their spirit still lingers on earth, unwilling to move on to the netherworld—how profound must their resentment be?

And this issue with Wen Ziyao only started two months ago, which means that for the other four years, everyone was unharmed.

How, then, did the spirit of Lin Xiaoman suddenly appear in the house?

There must be more to the story.

"I..." Wen Ziyao stammered, "I played a game."

"What game?" Chu Jin asked indifferently.

The room was quiet yet eerie.

It felt as if unseen eyes were watching your every move.

It sent shivers down your spine and made your flesh crawl.

Li Mi, feeling the oddness in the air, subconsciously grasped the crucifix in her hand tightly.

Everyone was waiting for Wen Ziyao's response.

After a long hesitation, Wen Ziyao began to speak, her voice trembling, "It's called... the Four Corners Game."

As soon as the words were spoken, an eerie silence fell once again.

Shen Suhua immediately frowned, "You child, why would you play with such a thing? Isn't that just asking for trouble?"

The Four Corners Game.

It's a terrifying game...

Playing it could allow you to see spirits.

But simply playing that game shouldn't have caused a spirit to follow someone home directly.

"The Four-Corner Game?" Chu Jin glanced at Wen Ziyao, his eyes narrowing slightly, "I'm afraid things aren't that simple, are they? At this point, I advise you to tell the truth, otherwise, no one can save you."

Large teardrops streamed out from Wen Ziyao's eyes.

If she had known that things would turn out like this, she never would have taken such a risk.

"I really just played the Four-Corner Game out of curiosity, I didn't expect to summon Lin Xiaoman, I really didn't think it would be her..."

"Why on earth did you play the Four-Corner Game? It can't be just curiosity, right? I'm giving you another chance, you'd better tell the truth, or I'll be powerless too." Chu Jin's voice was somewhat cold, and his expression was very serious, with not the slightest hint of jesting.

If Wen Ziyao was really just curious, how could she have possibly brought this ghost into her home?

It's clear that she had some kind of purpose.

"I..." Wen Ziyao bit her lips tightly, not speaking, blood marks appearing on her lips from the biting, yet she still showed no intention of speaking.

"Yaoyao, it's already come to this, just tell Master Chu the truth!" Shen Suhua also urged.

"If Miss Wen is unwilling to cooperate, then I can only leave, take care of yourself." With that, Chu Jin turned to leave.

Wen Ziyao hurriedly got up and caught the hem of Chu Jin's clothes, pleading, "Master Chu, I'll tell, I'll tell you everything, please don't go."

Chu Jin turned around slowly and said, "Speak."

Under Chu Jin's gaze, Wen Ziyao slowly began, "I... I did it to cultivate a ghost."

Upon hearing this, Shen Suhua immediately stood up, shouting sharply, "Yaoyao! Have you gone mad? How dare you cultivate such a thing!"

Li Mi swallowed nervously, finding that her view of the world had been turned upside down by today's events.

First, she was outdone in medical skills by someone younger than her.

Then, although she had always disbelieved in ghosts and spirits, today she had come to believe in the existence of ghosts.

Moreover, she had heard of people raising cats and dogs, but this was the first time she heard of someone raising a ghost!

No wonder the ghost had latched onto her; it was clearly her own doing.

Chu Jin's eyes narrowed slightly, and he asked, "You played the Four-Corner Game and met a ghost just to cultivate it?"

Wen Ziyao nodded, "But I didn't expect that in the end, I would summon Lin Xiaoman, I really didn't know..."

"Your purpose?"

"What purpose?" Wen Ziyao looked up, a blank look in her eyes as she stared at Chu Jin.

Chu Jin slightly arched his brows, "Your purpose in cultivating the ghost?"

Wen Ziyao closed her eyes, as if very reluctant to answer the question.

But Shen Suhua was urging from the side, "Yaoyao, speak up quickly! Don't keep Master Chu waiting."

Wen Ziyao let out a deep sigh, then slowly opened her eyes, her voice filled with fear, "I heard from someone that if you capture a ghost and worship it every day for forty-nine days, a total of seven weeks, you can make your wishes come true." But she hadn't expected that getting rid of a ghost would be so difficult, let alone that she had summoned Lin Xiaoman.

In the end, it was all for her own obsession.

Chu Jin sighed softly, "So you're saying that you didn't provoke it during your trip two months ago?"

Wen Ziyao shook her head gently, "No."

Everyone thought she had encountered something unclean while traveling.

But that wasn't the case.

"How long have you been cultivating this ghost?" Chu Jin asked calmly.

Wen Ziyao lowered her head, somewhat afraid to look directly at Chu Jin, "...Three years."

Upon hearing this, both Shen Suhua and Li Mi gasped in shock.

No one expected Wen Ziyao to be so bold!

To cultivate such a thing, and for three whole years at that.

Shen Suhua said with a pained face, "Yaoyao oh Yaoyao! How could you be so foolish! All your life, whatever you asked for, your father and I tried our best to fulfill it! We never refused you anything, how, how could you still raise such a thing? If you wanted something, couldn't you have just asked me?"

Upon hearing this, Wen Ziyao became agitated, "What's the use of telling you? Can you make Tairan like me if I tell you? Can you arrange an engagement between Tairan and me if I tell you? Do you think my father's health improved on its own? It was all me!"

Chapter 276: Mirror

It had been three years, and Wen Ziyao had asked the entity for countless things, almost always receiving an affirmative response.

In these three years, Wen Ziyao had nearly lost the ability to do anything herself.

No matter what it was, all she needed to do was move her lips.

Two years ago, Wen Yaohui had fallen critically ill, and at that time, doctors both domestic and foreign were at a loss, issuing two critical condition notices in just one day.

Just when everyone thought Wen Yaohui was sure to die, he miraculously recovered, astonishing the entire medical community.

It was originally thought to be due to Wen Yaohui's will to live, but unexpectedly, all credit went to his daughter.

Shen Suhua gritted her teeth, "Even so, you can't be doing this kind of thing!"

"I had no choice, Mom, I didn't know the thing I summoned would be Lin Xiaoman," Wen Ziyao said through her tears, "I just wanted to be with Tairan, I like him so much, I can't live without him. And what about Dad, do you really want to watch him leave us?"

As she spoke the name 'Tairan,' a woman's sobbing suddenly filled the air, laced with a sinister laugh.

It started off faint, but within moments, the crying grew louder and more piercing, increasingly ominous.

It seemed to come from far away, yet also as if someone was sobbing right next to your ear.

It was filled with strong resentment.

It felt as if the next second, the source would appear right before your eyes.

This eerie and tragic wail reverberated in everyone's ears.

Wen Ziyao huddled into a ball, holding onto Shen Suhua's arm, trembling violently, not even daring to breathe too loudly.

Shen Suhua was also extremely nervous, having never encountered something like this in her decades of life, but she had to calm herself in front of her daughter.

If she were to break down, whom could her daughter rely on?

Li Mi was scared out of her wits, clutching the crucifix in her hands and repeatedly reciting the bible in her heart.

The atmosphere in the room had reached the pinnacle of horror.

"You're lying," Chu Jin said in the midst of this eerie atmosphere, looking slowly at Wen Ziyao, "In fact, you knew all along that the thing was Lin Xiaoman, didn't you?"

As soon as Chu Jin finished speaking, the air fell silent again, and the previous crying vanished suddenly.

It stopped abruptly as if something had suddenly covered its mouth.

Wen Ziyao did not speak, her body shaking nonstop, not knowing whether it was out of guilt or fear.

"I don't know, I didn't know it was Lin Xiaoman, Little Man was my best friend when she was alive..."

The so-called Raising Ghost Technique involved using a locust tree as a container, summoning the spirit of the deceased into it, confining them there, endlessly offering incense and worship. With this, one could seek wealth, power, and achieve anything, gratifying all human greed.

However, this inflicted great harm on the ghosts, preventing them from being reincarnated, forever locked within the locust tree, unable to move freely, controlled by humans, suffering torment until their souls disintegrated.

It was an extremely sinister practice.

Chu Jin sneered coldly, "If she was your best friend, why did you let her soul disperse? She was already dead, and you couldn't even spare her lingering spirit. What exactly happened between you to harbour such resentment towards her?"

Having her innermost thoughts exposed by Chu Jin made Wen Ziyao even more guilty, her face instantly turning ashen, biting her lip tightly, and not saying a word.

Listening to the exchange between the two and seeing Wen Ziyao's reaction, Shen Suhua seemed to remember something, the color draining from her face, opening her mouth several times as if wanting to say something, but in the end, she didn't utter a word.

"Where did you put the thing?" Chu Jin's face was expressionless, her voice indifferent, yet this very demeanor made Wen Ziyao neither dare to look at her nor answer her question.

The air was once again filled with silence.

It was a deathly silence, sending chills through one's spine.

An ominous and terrifying aura spread to every corner of the room.

No one knew what would happen or what might appear the next second.

Chu Jin's expression was becoming impatient, and she said in a slightly cold tone, "Where is it exactly?"

Her voice was not loud, but it carried an inexplicable pressure, making it difficult for others to breathe.

Wen Ziyao, looking down, stuttered, "It's... it's inside the mirror."

Upon hearing this, everyone's gaze instinctively focused on the standing mirror.

Under the light, the mirror reflected the figures and the scene inside the room, its surface casting a chilling gleam as if it wasn't just a mirror but a monster with jaws agape.

Li Mi couldn't help but shudder, quickly averting her gaze, not daring to look at the mirror again.

Chu Jin turned and slowly walked toward the mirror, her steps measured.

'Tap, tap, tap—'

Each step deeply tugged at everyone's hearts.

She approached the mirror, reached out to grip its edge, and with a forceful twist...

'Crack,' the large mirror was abruptly pulled down, and Chu Jin pushed the mirror to one side.

The item hidden behind it was now fully exposed to everyone's eyes.

Shen Suhua and Li Mi both showed looks of terror on their faces.

A moment later, Shen Suhua came to her senses, pointing at Wen Ziyao and shouting, "Yaoyao! Have you gone mad? How could you put such a thing in the mirror!"

Chapter 277: Not Simple

In the space behind the mirror, there stood a woman in a red dress!

Her complexion was deathly pale, like a sheet of paper, while her lips were a strikingly abnormal red, as though they might bleed at any second.

Her eyes were bulging, as if she was staring right at you, with the corner of her lips curled up into a chilling arc.

Her facial expression was very stiff and extremely discordant.

The light reflected off her body, casting a sinister gleam.

This was clearly a paper effigy!

In front of the paper effigy was an altar with two half-burned incense sticks, one long and the other short.

One stick of incense is to venerate the deceased, two sticks are to venerate ghosts, and three sticks are to venerate heaven, earth, and humanity.

The different lengths of the incense also represented omens of good or bad fortune.

This was a sign that Lin Xiaoman's soul had transformed into a malevolent spirit.

Surrounded by an intense ghostly aura.

The resentment was too overwhelming.

In front of the two incense sticks, there were also two candles, one red and one white, likewise one longer than the other.

The candles were placed with the white on the left and the red on the right, symbolizing Yin on the left and Yang on the right. The candle on the right had almost burnt out, leaving but a tiny stub. Now, the room was filled with only a cold Yin energy. If this continued, within no more than 10 days, Wen Ziyao's Yang energy would be completely drained, and she would die in terror.

In death, she would only enter the path of beasts, coming and going, suffering the torments of incessant reincarnation.

The others did not recognize the likeness of the paper effigy, but Shen Suhua did.

It was clearly made to resemble Lin Xiaoman in life.

The features were rendered with delicate finesse; at a glance, it looked as though it were a living person.

Upon seeing the paper effigy clearly, Shen Suhua's breath became unstable, and she stumbled back two steps, falling directly to the ground, her body collapsing into a heap of mush.

Wen Ziyao, on the other hand, hugged her arms, sobbing quietly and shivering violently.

Chu Jin also noticed that under the feet of the paper effigy there was a transparent glass container.

Inside the container floated the corpse of an infant, clearly showing human features; it appeared to be at least four months old.

It turned out that Wen Ziyao had not only raised a ghost but also a little ghost.

However, the presence of the little ghost could no longer be felt in the room; it seemed to have dissipated into nothing.

This person was truly insane!

It was evident that Wen Ziyao's true target was Lin Xiaoman, with the little ghost being only incidental.

Four living people.

One paper effigy.

The body of an infant.

The room was brightly lit, and the paper effigy standing behind the mirror seemed as if it had come to life, silently staring and surveying each person in the room with her eyes.

The air was permeated with a cold, rotten, damp, and bloody scent that was nauseating.

Clearly, this time, everyone smelled it.

Li Mi frowned deeply; it was too strange. How could there be such an odd smell in the air all of a sudden?

The look in the paper effigy's eyes was too eerie.

Chilly drafts swept through the room, causing the curtains to sway from side to side. The wind chimes hanging by the window clattered and crossed paths, ringing discordantly, like the presence of chaotic ghostly shadows in a horrifying and spine-chilling scene.

Everyone's hearts nearly got stuck in their throats, almost too scared to breathe loudly. The atmosphere was so quiet that only the sound of heartbeats remained.

An eerily cold and strange presence suddenly spread throughout the air.

It was as if, the next second, the paper doll would walk out from behind the mirror.

Chu Jin stared at the paper doll for a few seconds before slowly opening his mouth, "It's Lin Xiaoman, isn't it?"

The clear voice poured into the air, tinged with Spiritual Power, slowly wrapping around the hearts of those present, and the previously eerie and terrifying air also gradually disappeared into the atmosphere with her words.

Her voice was like a ray of golden sunlight in the darkness, illuminating the earth.

It gave people a glimpse of life and hope.

It dispelled the fear in their hearts.

Even so, Li Mi and Shen Suhua still dared not lift their eyes to look at that paper doll.

Because it was too terrifying, no matter from which angle you looked at the paper doll, it seemed to be staring back at you.

As if it weren't a paper doll, but a living person, a living person whose face was covered with white powder, horrifying to the extreme.

It made one's scalp tingle and one's flesh creep.

One really couldn't fathom what Wen Ziyao was thinking, to actually hide such a sinister, terrifying and evil thing inside the mirror.

And to place it in the bedroom, right in front of the bed!

The mere thought of something staring at her from the foot of the bed while she slept sent shivers down Li Mi's spine.

She had only been abroad for ten years; how could Wen Ziyao have changed so much.

Her courage had soared to the heavens!

Li Mi's hand, holding the crucifix, was clammy with sweat, and she involuntarily murmured a verse from the Bible, "He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

In such a moment, all she could think of was the Lord and the Bible.

Wen Ziyao also knew she could no longer hide the truth and buried her head deep in her arms, her voice rising with a sob, "...Yes, it is Lin Xiaoman."

"Tell me, why did you use such a malicious scheme, to scatter Lin Xiaoman's soul, to tear it apart? Even though she's already dead, why can't you even let go of a wisp of her soul?" Chu Jin's eyelashes trembled lightly, a cold light flashed in her eyes as she looked at Wen Ziyao, her mouth curling into a cold arc.

By now, Wen Ziyao's intent had become very clear.

She was playing this game of four corners to summon back Lin Xiaoman's soul. She not only wanted to satisfy her various desires through Lin Xiaoman but also to scatter her soul so that she could never reincarnate.

"It's not that I can't let her go! It's that she wouldn't let go of me first!" Wen Ziyao's emotions suddenly broke free, and she lifted her head sharply, her eyes empty and lifeless, her face still streaked with tears, "She's already dead, yet she keeps haunting me. I only thought of this method out of desperation. Isn't a living person better than a dead one?"

Chu Jin's lips still bore a trace of that icy curve, her peach-blossom eyes shimmering with a light like clear water, pure and flawless like a child's, yet with an entrancing charm. The two aspects coexisted without clashing, and she looked at Wen Ziyao, her red lips parting slightly.

"Does that include satisfying your various cravings for her? To use her and then scatter her soul?" Chu Jin's voice grew colder, "Miss Wen, you really know how to use things to their fullest."

"I originally only wanted her to vanish from this world, to stop haunting me, but then I heard that by raising a ghost one could achieve one's heart's desires, so I just..." Wen Ziyao said through her tears, "Master Chu, I really realize my mistake now, I shouldn't have done this to Little Man, but it wasn't only my fault. If she hadn't clung to me, I would never have done such a thing. Her death has nothing to do with me, why should she haunt me! She committed suicide!"

Chu Jin frowned slightly, "If it has nothing to do with you, then why would she haunt you? Every effect has its cause."

"No!" Wen Ziyao clasped her head with both hands, shaking violently, her emotions once again out of control, "She committed suicide! She committed suicide!"

Chu Jin placed a hand on Wen Ziyao's shoulder and spoke softly, "Tell me the story between you two, why she committed suicide, and why you feel guilty." Her voice was light as a feather, yet tinged with magic, miraculously calming Wen Ziyao's emotions.

Wen Ziyao looked up at Chu Jin, her mind seemingly bewitched, and began to speak slowly, "Little Man and I were very close friends before, during our sophomore year..."

The story, roughly, was like this.

Wen Ziyao had indeed been very close friends with Lin Xiaoman; they shared a dorm room and were inseparable every day.

They were as close as blood sisters.

In their sophomore year, at a social event, both fell in love with a senior at first sight.

Latterly, in matters of the heart, both were quite rational and proposed a fair competition, pursuing the senior without interfering with each other, allowing him to make his own choice.

In the end, the senior chose Lin Xiaoman.

But the friendship between Wen Ziyao and Lin Xiaoman did not sour because of the senior's choice; their relationship remained the same as before, eating together, watching movies, wearing the same clothes, like a pair of twins.

The only difference was that what was once a twosome had become a threesome.

Chapter 278: Not So Simple

But the good times did not last long. One evening after a class reunion, on their way back to school, it was already past midnight. Because their senior had something to do that day, he did not come to pick them up, so the two had to walk together. To save time, they chose a usually deserted alleyway.

Unexpectedly, out of the blue, five or six hooligans sprang out of the alley.

Not only did they rob both of all their money, but they also took turns assaulting them.

They were also photographed naked and threatened not to report to the police.

Speaking of this, Wen Ziyao's face was streaked with tears, "I really didn't know things would turn out this way, I didn't know those people would not keep their word and would actually go through with it! I am a victim too, I originally just wanted those people to scare Little Man, and then I would sacrifice myself to save her... I didn't expect, those people would actually..."

Wen Ziyao had a beautiful plan: have a few thugs rob them, and then have one hold a knife to Lin Xiaoman, at which point she would step forward and take the knife for Lin Xiaoman—after that, Lin Xiaoman would surely be grateful and give the senior to her. Who knew those people would take the fake play for real.

And, and they violated both women, Wen Ziyao would never forget the scene that night.

She and Lin Xiaoman cried their hearts out, but no one came to their rescue.

Four or five men pounced on her and Lin Xiaoman at the same time, ranging in age.

With their corpulent bodies, ugly faces, they kept rolling over and over on their bodies.

Looking back now, it's still nauseating, that experience, it tore her apart.

The absurd behavior lasted for more than two hours.

During those two hours, it felt like an eternity, an unbearable torment.

Afterwards, they were also photographed in various indecent poses by these men.

Both came from wealthy and influential families.

Reputation was more valuable than life, and with naked photos in those people's possession, neither dared to speak out about what had happened.

They could only swallow their anger as if nothing had happened.

Neither they nor their parents could afford to lose face.

A stain on the family honor!

Hearing this, Shen Suhua's face was full of shock, heartache, and anger!

She never knew her daughter had experienced such a thing!

In her eyes, Wen Ziyao had always been the obedient and adorable, kind girl.

If she hadn't heard it with her own ears, she would never have believed that her once innocent and kind daughter could have done such a terrible thing.

With a slap, a heavy slap landed on Wen Ziyao's face.

It turned her head sharply aside.

On her extremely pale face now were five bright red finger marks, and blood trickled from the corner of her mouth.

Already in an utterly pathetic state, Wen Ziyao now appeared even more disheveled.

"You wicked girl! How could you commit such foolish acts? Have all the manners you were taught gone to the dogs?"

After hitting her, Shen Suhua shivered all over, really wanting to give Wen Ziyao another slap.

But seeing her in such a feeble state now, she pinched her own palm and ultimately didn't have the heart to go through with it.

For a long while, only then did she deeply sigh, "Our family's misfortune! How could I have given birth to such a heartless wretch like you!"

Li Mi didn't expect the truth behind the matter to be like this either.

She silently sighed; Wen Ziyao was too foolish, actually plotting against her best friend over a guy.

Alas, her scheming not only failed miserably but also backfired, entangling her as well.

Wen Ziyao was too naive, actually believing the words of some thugs; besides, love is supposed to be mutual.

Even if her plan had worked, and Lin Xiaoman, out of gratitude for saving her life, had given up the senior to her,

it's not like the senior would necessarily have followed Lin Xiaoman's arrangement, right?

In the end, Wen Ziyao was too inexperienced and overly naïve.

How can one force matters of the heart?

However, the matter did not end there.

After this incident, both of them developed severe depression, crying all day, and Lin Xiaoman felt that she had been desecrated and was unworthy of such a wonderful senior, so she took the initiative to break up with him.

A month later, both of their bodies began to exhibit some abnormalities; they were experiencing nausea and vomiting.

As expected, after a trip to the hospital, both of them were pregnant.

For the two of them, who had just started their second year of university, this news was like a bolt from the blue.

It felt like life had already come to an end.

Both already suffered from depression, and this event undoubtedly became the last straw that broke the camel's back.

That very night, each left behind a tear-stained suicide note, sorted out some affairs, and then agreed to jump into the lake and drown themselves.

They had a pact, not necessarily to have been born on the same day, but to die on the same day, and to remain best friends in the afterlife.

The suicide notes didn't mention the events of that night, because even in death, they wanted to protect their families' honor.

They couldn't let their families suffer because of them.

Those who had passed away were gone, and those who were alive had to go on.

Two young figures fell into the icy cold waters of the lake.

The freezing water kept pouring into their ears, mouths, and noses as they struggled on the surface, their hands desperately slapping at the water.

Both were bent on dying, so it didn't take long before they stopped moving.

Lin Xiaoman sank straight to the bottom, destined to rest there with the lakebed.

Wen Ziyao, on the other hand, was luckier. She didn't sink immediately but drifted with the flowing water to the shore, and when she woke up, she was already lying in a hospital.

The two close friends were thus forever parted, and a young life just faded away like this.

By the time Wen Ziyao woke up, Lin Xiaoman's funeral was already over.

It was said that the lake's currents were too strong that day, and her family couldn't retrieve her body, so they erected a cenotaph for her.

As for Wen Ziyao, she went on to live a normal life, but, for some reason, she had forgotten the memory of her attempted suicide.

She forgot about her pact with Lin Xiaoman and the existence of the suicide note.

It seemed as if everything had simply vanished without a trace.

Even though she had forgotten about her past attempt to end her life, she always felt guilty towards Lin Xiaoman. If it weren't for her, Lin Xiaoman wouldn't have met with such a fate.

Therefore, she didn't even have the courage to visit Lin Xiaoman's grave.

And so, a year passed, and just when Wen Ziyao was about to forget that part of her past, the supposedly dead Lin Xiaoman came back.

At first, she only appeared in Wen Ziyao's dreams. Later, Lin Xiaoman's shadow seemed to be everywhere.

Day and night, she haunted Wen Ziyao, demanding a life for a life. Wen Ziyao lived each day in terror, and every night she was plagued by nightmares.

She could only live in an endless state of fear, guilt, and self-reproach.

Wen Ziyao slowly raised her head, one side of her face pale while the other was swollen and red with streaks of tears, creating a pitiful sight, "She haunts me every day, every day, and I had no other choice but to come up with this plan. I've paid the price for what happened, I've suffered the same pain as she did. If I could choose again, I would never let that happen. Why won't she let me go?"

Having heard the entire story, Shen Suhua also broke down in tears. It turned out that the incident from that year was so complicated.

It seemed that Wen Ziyao could indeed be considered a victim of the incident.

But at the same time, she was also a participant and had to bear half the responsibility for the events. If it weren't for her extreme jealousy, things would never have escalated to that point.

They say ghosts are frightening, but in fact, the human heart is the most terrifying of all.

The heart that beats beneath flesh and skin, you can never truly know whether it's red or black.

The ways of the world are cold, human hearts colder still.

Even a ghost knows the distinction between just and unjust claims, but what about humans?

Once the heart turns cruel, it can be ten times more frightening than ghosts!

At that moment, Li Mi felt indignant for Lin Xiaoman, whom she had never met.

If it weren't for befriending the wrong person, she wouldn't have ... fallen like this.

Four years ago, she was just a girl in her twenties, right?

Sigh ... such a pity.

Chu Jin remained as indifferent as ever, her eyelashes fluttering slightly, covering the emotions in her eyes, her lips slightly pursed as she looked at Wen Ziyao and spoke.

"The situation is probably not that simple, is it? Haven't you left out something?"

Chapter 279: Presenting Yourself

The situation wasn't as simple as Wen Ziyao had said, previously, Wen Ziyao insisted that she only wanted Lin Xiaoman to disappear from this world and knew nothing about the binding of ghost raising.

But the little ghost offered in the glass jar was clearly raised in front of Lin Xiaoman.

This is probably why Lin Xiaoman managed to break free from Wen Ziyao's control, by absorbing the spirit of the little ghost.

Thus, turned into a fierce ghost.

"That's how it is," Wen Ziyao looked at Chu Jin, her voice somewhat strained, "Master Chu, I have told you everything I can, please save me, I really know I was wrong..."

At these words, Chu Jin's elegant eyebrows slightly furrowed; she didn't speak but instead paced over to the paper effigy.

She didn't seem to fear the paper effigy at all, and under the gaze of everyone present, she leaned over and cradled a glass jar from within.

Except Wen Ziyao's gaze was somewhat evasive.

Shen Suhua and Li Mi's faces showed a hint of confusion, because the glass jar had been placed underneath the paper effigy, with a ceremonial table in front, masking it from view, so they hadn't noticed the glass jar before.

As Chu Jin approached, both of them inhaled sharply!

Inside the glass jar was a baby's corpse!

The baby was curled up inside the jar, maintaining the same position as when in the mother's body, its skin completely white.

It looked exactly like the one on the paper effigy.

Utterly horrifying, it was hard to dare to look directly at it.

Chu Jin held the glass jar with ease, walking step by step towards the people present, exuding an air of authority, her jade-like facial features appearing even colder under the light, emanating an aura of someone who belongs at the top. If not for the South Bridge school uniform she wore, no one would believe she was just a high school senior.

It was as if what she held was not a dreaded baby's corpse, but a delicately crafted Luminous Pearl.

"Now that everything has been made clear, then what is this?" Chu Jin casually placed the glass jar onto the bed in front of Wen Ziyao.

Her tone was cool, tinged with a hint of chill.

Wen Ziyao first trembled slightly, then looked with cold eyes at the glass jar, her facial features somewhat twisted, "It is that bastard child!" she said, her voice filled with hatred.

Upon hearing this, Shen Suhua was so frightened that she immediately stepped back two steps!

Paper effigies were one thing, but Wen Ziyao had actually kept a corpse in her bedroom.

And that corpse was her own flesh and blood.

What was she really trying to do?

Chu Jin looked at Wen Ziyao and spoke in an indifferent tone.

"No matter what, this little life was innocent. If you had quietly gone to the hospital to have it aborted, it could have been reborn peacefully, but you chose to wait until the fetus was fully formed before bringing it out. It didn't even have a chance to see the world before being subjected to such torment, unable to be reincarnated!"

"It deserved it!" Wen Ziyao stared at the glass jar, her expression complex and contorted, she said fiercely, "This bastard child didn't deserve to come into this world at all! I wanted to torture it, I really wanted to torture it! I wanted it to never find peace, not in this lifetime nor any other!"

Hatred filled her face, and her eyes seemed to be laced with poison, her gaze cold and sinister, wishing she could tear this little thing to shreds.

It was the source of all evil!

If it weren't for it, how could she have become what she was now!

Shen Suhua was almost disbelieving of the person in front of her, was this really her obedient and kind daughter?

How did her daughter end up like this?

It was too alien!

Chu Jin shook her head slightly and said coldly, "You kept this child in a jar for worship, then you used its power to make Lin Xiaoman's boyfriend be with you, didn't you?"

Wen Ziyao nodded, her emotions gradually stabilizing, "...Yes."

Chu Jin's lips slightly curled, "So, your initial plan was to take control of Lin Xiaoman so that after she had fulfilled your selfish desires, she would be scattered to the winds."

Wen Ziyao bit her lip tightly and did not speak.

Shen Suhua covered her heart and stepped back, her breath quickening. Over these three years, Wen Ziyao had only had one boyfriend, who was now her fiancé—Xu Tai Ran.

Could it be?

At this thought, Shen Suhua suddenly looked up at Wen Ziyao and asked in disbelief, "Yaoyao! Tell Mom, was Lin Xiaoman's boyfriend Xu Tai Ran?"

Wen Ziyao nodded again, "Yes, but she had already broken up with him before she died. He was just Lin Xiaoman's ex-boyfriend. What's wrong with me loving Tai Ran and being with him?"

Her best friend had died because of her, yet she was with her best friend's boyfriend without any qualms.

No one would forgive her for what she did.

It's no wonder Lin Xiaoman haunted her.

It must be said that Wen Ziyao was indeed far too selfish.

"Do you admit you were wrong!" Shen Suhua gave Wen Ziyao another slap, "Was a man worth all this? Was he worth your friend's tragic death, letting your own child never find peace, and now leaving yourself in this inhuman, ghostly state without a hint of remorse?"

Her best friend had died a gruesome death, and then her own child was condemned never to be reborn.

Now, she had made herself into this wretched state, no longer human nor a ghost!

And yet, she showed no signs of repentance!

The fiery pain spread across her face, and her mouth was filled with the taste of blood. Biting her lip, Wen Ziyao was suddenly overwhelmed by a tide of regret. It seemed that slap had truly woken her up.

Crying, she said, "Mom, I know I was wrong. I let Little Man down, it was all my fault! I let her down, and if I could, I wish I could die in her stead..."

Scenes from the past flashed before her eyes.

This time, she genuinely acknowledged her mistakes.

Wen Ziyao raised her hand to wipe away the tears on her face and then looked at Chu Jin earnestly, "Master Chu, I want to see Little Man. Can you help me?"

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow, his tone serious, "You want to see her? She has now turned into a vengeful ghost. Aren't you afraid she will come for your life?"

"I'm not afraid," Wen Ziyao shook her head, her gaze steely, "No matter what Little Man has become, I am not afraid anymore. I owe her my life..."

She truly wanted to see Lin Xiaoman.

To confess to her in person.

Whether she would forgive her or not.

She would always owe Lin Xiaoman an apology.

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded and then took out a stick of Rhinoceros Horn Incense from his backpack and lit it.

As the saying goes: One should not lightly burn the horn of a living rhinoceros, for its burning releases a unique fragrance, that, clinging to one's clothes, enables communication with the spirits.

The "Book of Jin: Biography of Wen Qiao" records that Wen Qiao had traveled to Wuchang. Reaching Niuzhu Cliff where the waters were unfathomably deep and said to house strange creatures, Qiao lit rhinoceros horn to illuminate the depths. Moments later, aquatic clan members emerged in bizarre and astonishing forms.

Therefore, once the Rhinoceros Horn Incense was lit, everyone in the room would be able to see the ghost of Lin Xiaoman.

Some matters indeed needed to be communicated face to face by the two involved.

After all, Wen Ziyao was indebted to her.

The light green smoke from the incense slowly drifted into every corner of the room.

The room remained the same, but the green smoke turned into wisps of chilly white Ghost Qi.

As if coming from hell itself, even the room's lights dimmed a few shades. The Ghost Qi grew denser and denser, translucent even in its thickness, as if something was about to emerge from the smoky white at any moment.

The air around grew colder, and a chill pervaded the body, seeping into the bones, as if one were in an ice cellar.

Li Mi swallowed nervously, her face pale white. She never thought she'd experience a scene straight out of a horror movie in real life.

The sensation was truly terrifying.

It was both horrifying and curious. Although she wished she could just faint, her curiosity prevailed. After all, this was her first-time seeing a ghost.

And she hadn't done anything wrong, so why fear the ghost?

She had a cross for protection!

Not afraid! Not afraid!

Seconds ticked by.

Finally, within the white Ghost Qi, a figure of a woman appeared, wearing a red dress, her long hair loose and wet, dripping water from its ends. Her face was ghastly pale, even paler than a paper effigy.

Her face was stiff, her eyes wide open, revealing a stark white underneath, shockingly devoid of black pupils, only a sheer membrane.

From those hollow white pits, two streams of bloody tears flowed, stark against her pallid face, eerily unsettling.

So terrifying that one could not bear to look directly at her.

The visual impact was ten times more horrifying than any horror movie!

She slowly drifted towards Wen Ziyao, her red dress trailing on the ground, leaving long, watery streaks.

Chapter 280: Agreed

Looking at the long water stain.

Shen Suhua's pupils contracted sharply as she suddenly remembered the strange phenomena she had seen in the living room these past few days.

So, this was how the water stain had come to be.

So their family had been living with a ghost all this time.

Even though the surrounding air was chilly, Shen Suhua's palms were still drenched with sweat.

Wen Ziyao looked at the ghostly shadow drifting toward her, and her eyes moistened. At this moment, she was no longer afraid.

It was more a feeling of guilt.

She recalled the scene when she first met Lin Xiaoman.

Back then, Lin Xiaoman was just as she was now, wearing a red dress. Her features were delicate, her eyes bright and teeth white, and the smile at the corner of her mouth was extremely charming.

"Hello, classmate, my name is Lin Xiaoman, 'Lin' as in forest, 'Xiao' as in small, 'Man' as in Zhang Manyu. I come from Hangzhou, and I'm very glad to meet you. We'll be roommates from now on, please take good care of me."

"Hello, my name is Wen Ziyao, I'm a local from the Capital City. Lin Xiaoman, your name sounds so nice. Can I call you Manman from now on?"

"Of course, then I'll call you Yaoyao."

"Manman, you're really pretty. Your child will definitely be just as beautiful as you."

"Yaoyao, when you get married, can I be your bridesmaid?"

"Of course, and when you get married, I want to be your bridesmaid too, and I'll also be your son's godmother!"

"That's great, if you have a girl in the future and I have a boy, let's become in-laws, shall we?"

When your wedding gown touches the ground, I shall match it with a short skirt.

When your black hair reaches your shoulders, I shall match it with delicate brows.

How beautiful the promises of the past were, echoing in my ears, as if they had happened only yesterday.

But looking back now, everything has changed.

My best friend from the past had turned into a handful of yellow soil because of my mistake.

I regret it.

Regret it to the extreme!

If it hadn't been for me, Lin Xiaoman would surely be living a happy life.

Wen Ziyao's tears almost burst forth, her voice becoming choked up, "Manman, I'm sorry..."

"You don't deserve to call me by that name! Wen Ziyao! How could I have treated you as my best sister! This is how you repay me! You let someone ruin my innocence, ruin everything about me! Do you know how cold it is at the bottom of the water? Do you? All the fish and shrimp are gnawing at my body! Do you know how much it hurts? Didn't we agree to die together? Have you forgotten our pact? Why are you still living well now? Why? From the very beginning, you were scheming against me! I will make you suffer the Eighteen Layers of Hell!"

Lin Xiaoman suddenly became enraged, her facial features twisted into a gruesome visage, and her black hair, which had been draped over her chest, now stood on end due to this overwhelming resentment.

She had completely gone mad!

"Ah!" With a shriek full of rage, all items placed in the room shook and collided with one another.

It was as if an earthquake had suddenly struck.

The ghost qi filled the sky.

"Wen Ziyao! I want you to pay with your life!" The blood-red sharp nails seemed to burst out from Lin Xiaoman's fingertips instantly.

They brought with them a chilling coldness, like a clutch of swords lunging directly at Wen Ziyao.

And Wen Ziyao did not dodge or hide.

"Manman, if killing me can appease the hatred in your heart, then come," Wen Ziyao said as she slowly closed her eyes.

Li Mi and Shen Suhua both turned deathly pale with fear.

Was Yaoyao really going to die just like that? Shen Suhua knew she couldn't shrink back at this time. She threw herself in front of Lin Xiaoman and knelt at her feet, "Xiaoman, Xiaoman, please let Yaoyao go. Auntie is willing to die in Yaoyao's place, please spare her!"

"Spare her?" Lin Xiaoman laughed bitterly twice, her voice filled with misery, "Who spared me then? If it wasn't for her, I would still be alive and well now! She tricked me into dying, yet she's alive and well in this world! Why? Didn't we agree to die together? Why didn't she die? Why didn't she jump into the lake? She broke her promise!"

Some pain, when shared by two people, Lin Xiaoman did not want to dwell on the past anymore.

In fact, Lin Xiaoman's biggest regret was the promise they made before her death.

They had clearly agreed to die together, yet Wen Ziyao broke the pledge, clinging to life, and even ended up with Xu Tairan!

She died, and not even intact.

But Wen Ziyao was alive and well, why?

"This is all Auntie's fault, it has nothing to do with Yaoyao," Shen Suhua recalled the incident from the past, "Back then, Yaoyao indeed jumped into Liuyang Lake with you, but afterward, she was swept to the shore by the lake waters, found by people, and taken to the hospital. When I arrived at the school and found the suicide note you left behind, knowing about the pact between you two, I was afraid Yaoyao, upon waking up, would become depressed and continue seeking death, so I hid the suicide note secretly and even arranged for Yaoyao to undergo hypnotherapy, causing her to forget the suicide altogether as well as the pact between you two. So, this has nothing to do with Yaoyao, it was all Auntie's doing."

Listening to Shen Suhua's words, Lin Xiaoman stopped her assault, blood-tears streaming ceaselessly from her eyes.

Shen Suhua lay prostrate at her feet, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Xiaoman, you can direct all your hatred at Auntie, it's Auntie who failed to raise her daughter properly, I'm willing to die in Yaoyao's place..."