

## **R Woman 301**

Chapter 301: I've noticed you for a long time

The lighting here was brighter than anywhere else, and the snow-white light shone on her body, emitting a gleaming and cold light like jade, making it somewhat difficult for onlookers to look away.

Song Shiqin's eyes were slightly narrowed, reflecting a cold glint at the bottom.

He suddenly found himself unable to clearly make out the girl before him. She said he was suspicious, but wasn't she just as full of doubts?

An 18-year-old girl, facing a bomb, could actually remain calm, not showing the slightest sign of panic or fear!

Even more so, she seemed more professional than some professional bomb-disarming experts!

If not for professional training, how else could all this be explained?

Chu Jin was squatting on the ground, focusing on disarming the bomb. Suddenly, her ears twitched, and she whispered, "Be careful! Someone's coming from the 6 o'clock direction clockwise!"

Her voice was very low, almost inaudible, but it still reached Song Shiqin's ears.

The footsteps of the other party were light; they must be a trained fighter.

Song Shiqin immediately snapped out of his daze, warily glanced around, took a few steps back, then leaped, using the momentum to scale the opposite wall, leaving several black footprints on the snow-white surface.

The black duckbill hat fell off due to his exaggerated movements, drawing a perfect arc in the air, revealing a face with distinct, handsome features, starry brows, sword-like eyes, and extremely sharp angles on his face.

It was slower to say it than it happened—in the blink of an eye!

Right when Chu Jin was cutting the second wire.

Song Shiqin's feet landed directly on the shoulders of a man in uniform. With a 'crack', he twisted the man's neck with his feet, then did a side somersault, performing a spinning kick.

'Bang bang—' Two muffled sounds appeared in the air.

By the time Song Shiqin landed again, his left hand was holding the collar of a thin, dark man, and the gun in his right hand was pressed against his temple.

Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed slightly, his deep and hard voice rising in the air, "Hanazawa Takaya, male, 48 years old, code name Y8, adept at disguise, one of the internationally renowned hackers, once masqueraded as a citizen of Hua Nation, repeatedly leaking major national secrets to R, didn't you know our military has been watching you for a long time?"

No sooner had his voice fallen.

Swipe—Swipe—Swipe.

Suddenly, more than a dozen fully-armed soldiers appeared out of nowhere in the previously empty basement, dozens of dark gun barrels pointing at Hanazawa Takaya.

And at the several subordinates behind Hanazawa Takaya.

Song Shiqin pulled the trigger, his face full of killing intent as he spoke, "Spill it, who's the mastermind behind you?"

Hanazawa Takaya looked up leisurely, his face not showing a trace of panic but instead a smug curve appeared at the corner of his mouth, "Song Shiqin, do you really think you can do anything to me?"

With those words, he clapped his hands.

"Clap clap clap," not more or less, exactly three times.

No sooner had the clapping ceased than a black man emerged from behind another wall, carrying a child on his shoulder.

The black man held a gun pointed at the child's head.

The child was lying on the man's shoulder, only his back visible and his facial features obscured, noiseless and untroubled, appearing to be asleep.

Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed slightly as he let out a soft chuckle, pressing the gun harder against Hanazawa Takaya's head, his voice cold and ruthless, "You think an unidentified child can threaten me?"

A soldier's blood runs hot, yet their blood is also cold!

In the face of national security, some things must be sacrificed when necessary!

To forsake the lesser home for the greater home, sometimes even sacrificing oneself is possible!

At such times, one certainly cannot joke with the safety of countless civilians.

This is the true nature of a soldier! The true nature of a warrior!

Hearing this, Chu Jin's frown deepened, knowing that as a soldier, Song Shiqin sometimes faced tough choices, but this seemed too cold-blooded. She quickly cut the last wire, put down the scissors, and walked towards Song Shiqin.

Seeing Chu Jin approaching, Hanazawa Takaya spoke in a relaxed tone, "Oh, Miss Chu, we meet again." He acted as if he had known Chu Jin for many years as an old friend.

At this, Song Shiqin gave Chu Jin a puzzled look.

Chu Jin, quite baffled, asked, "Do we know each other?"

Hanazawa Takaya smiled, "Commander Song might not care about that child's safety, but I think Miss Chu must care quite a bit." As he finished speaking, Hanazawa Takaya looked towards the direction of the black man.

Chu Jin's brow furrowed slightly, her gaze following Hanazawa Takaya's to the child, which caused her to freeze on the spot!

Her complexion turned deathly pale in an instant!

"Pengpeng!" she exclaimed almost instinctively!

Even though the child had his back to Chu Jin, she recognized at first glance that the child was little Pengpeng.

Song Shiqin's expression also shifted dramatically, evidently, he too hadn't expected the child to be Mo Pengpeng.

"Miss Chu, don't worry," Hanazawa Takaya began leisurely, "We haven't harmed a hair on the little girl's head. We've just given her a little something to help her sleep, that's all."

Chu Jin took a deep breath, trying hard to calm herself down as she looked at Hanazawa Takaya, "What do you want?"

Chapter 302: Making a Deal

"What do you want?"

When he heard those words, Hanazawa Takaya looked up at Chu Jin with a faint smile. "Don't you know what I want, Miss Chu?"

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, a cold light flashing in her clear depths, her long eyelashes casting a shallow shadow under the incandescent light, and no trace of emotion could be seen on her almost jade-like features, her lips pressed tightly together.

Under the light, the girl stood there, her delicate peach blossom eyes appearing uniquely enchanting.

At this moment, no one knew what was on her mind.

Nor did anyone know her next move.

She exuded an aura not to be underestimated.

Seeing Chu Jin's demeanor, Hanazawa Takaya brazenly met Song Shiqin's eyes, a sharp gleam passing through his cunning eyes. "Commander Song is a smart man, if you want that little girl to live, you know what you should do, right?"

Hanazawa Takaya's objective was clear; he wanted to use the little girl as leverage to escape.

At his words, a trace of ruthless coldness appeared on Song Shiqin's face as he declared coldly, "You're not in a position to negotiate with me! Your life is in my hands now!"

In such moments, one's stance must be firm.

One cannot let personal emotions derail important matters; if Hanazawa Takaya were to be released, the entire operation would fail, and their long-prepared plans would go to waste.

Moreover, with the secrets of H Country on Hanazawa Takaya's back, letting him go would destabilize the whole of H Country!

He couldn't risk the entire H Country for the sake of a child!

As a soldier, he must ensure the safety of the people.

Hanazawa Takaya narrowed his eyes, his face betraying no fear. "Does that mean you don't want to cooperate, Commander Song? Are you going to disregard the girl's life? Don't forget, you're a soldier, and it's your duty to protect the safety of the people. Are you really going to watch this clever little girl die in front of you? A butcher like you is not worthy to be a commander in H Country!"

As he spoke, Hanazawa Takaya's gaze shifted to Chu Jin, his lips curling into a strange arc.

Although Hanazawa Takaya was a Dongying person, he nevertheless spoke fluently.

A murderous intent surged in Song Shiqin's profound, jet-black eyes as he swiftly kicked at the back of Hanazawa Takaya's knee.

With a 'thud', Hanazawa Takaya knelt on the ground.

The sound alone was enough to convey pain, yet a smile remained on Hanazawa Takaya's lips.

"Is Commander Song losing his temper from embarrassment?"

Song Shiqin pulled the trigger harshly and pressed it against the back of Hanazawa Takaya's neck. "Shut up! Or I'll kill you on the spot!"

He may have lowered his voice, but it was evident that he was on the verge of rage.

Hanazawa Takaya laughed 'hehe' twice.

Chu Jin, observing the African man holding the little girl, narrowed her eyes as she calculated her next move.

She was not Song Shiqin, nor a cold-blooded soldier!

She couldn't ignore the little girl's safety! Since Pengpeng was in her care, it was her duty to bring the child back safely.

Song Shiqin, who was beside her, discerned her intent and handed his gun to an officer beside him, then grasped her hand.

Without any hesitation, he took hold of her hand.

Song Shiqin's palms were thick with calluses from years of holding guns for missions.

Her hands, by contrast, were exceptionally soft, as if without bone.

Delicately smooth.

The contrast between these sensations was stark, as addictive as opium, making it impossible to let go.

Chu Jin turned her head to look at him, her peach blossom eyes filled with coldness, reflecting a sweep of snowlight.

Song Shiqin might disregard the little girl's safety! But she couldn't!

Chu Jin pressed her lips together, remained silent, and casually withdrew her hand.

Her gaze had already given him the answer.

A complex expression flickered in Song Shiqin's eyes.

If he was not mistaken, the African man was a top international assassin, codenamed "Devourer," with agile skill and a talent for close combat!

Wanted internationally by all nations, the bounty on his head had risen to 200 million!

His strength was even greater than the world fugitive, Dick.

By herself, she was no match for him!

She was being too impulsive!

Was it really worth taking such a risk for a child with no blood relation to her?

At this moment, Song Shiqin had completely let down his guard towards Chu Jin.

Chu Jin took a couple of steps toward the African man, her delicate peach blossom eyes filled with endless coldness.

"Let's make a deal," her gaze went beyond the African man to someone behind him, and she slowly began, "Pengpeng is just a child. I'll be your hostage instead. The child is innocent. Let her go."

Her voice was very light and indifferent, reaching everyone's ears through the air.

The air was silent.

No one spoke.

All eyes were fixed on her slender figure.



The armed African man glanced at Chu Jin, his eyes carrying a tinge of disdain, as if he could hardly believe someone would volunteer to die.

### Chapter 303: Protection

Suddenly, the expression of the black man changed.

Clearly, someone had given him a command through a miniature communicator.

The black man's face grew somber, "Fine, you come over, I'll release the kid, but you are not allowed to bring any weapons on you!"

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded lightly, tossing the scissors from his pocket while walking towards the black man.

"Stop!" the black man barked coldly.

Chu Jin immediately halted, looking at him with some confusion, "What's wrong?"

The black man narrowed his eyes slightly, questioning, "Is that pair of scissors all you had in your pocket?"

Chu Jin did not say much, simply turned his pockets inside out. Seeing that indeed there were no other items, the black man temporarily lowered his guard, "Come here, but tell them to all stay back."

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin glanced over at Song Shiqin, her eyes were clear but also resolute.

The things she decided on, no one ever could stop.

Song Shiqin's gaze met hers; he let out a soft sigh, then lifted his hand with a somewhat ugly expression, "Everyone, take two steps back."

Hearing this, the group of soldiers dressed in military uniform uniformly stepped back two steps.

Chu Jin turned back, looking at the black man with a calm tone, "Now, may I come over?" Her clear and beautiful face showed not even a hint of panic.

Her entire demeanor was calm not like a girl in her teens.

More like she had been through trials and tribulations, composed and cool-headed.

Nobody knew that the hands under her sleeves, palms already damp with sweat.

For someone like the black man who lived on the edge, trust was a nonexistent concept; she feared that when the time came, the man might harm the little girl.

It was okay if she got hurt, but if something happened to the little girl today, then she would truly be at fault.

If something really did happen to the little girl, how would she explain to her father?

She also didn't know how Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were getting along now?

They shouldn't have come to this amusement park today!

When Zhang Zijun arrived, he saw such a scene; the atmosphere was tense, Song Shiqin's face was tightly drawn, Hanazawa Takaya knelt on the ground, while the figure in white was stepping forward step by step.

Zhang Zijun quietly asked an officer beside him, "Vice Officer Luo, what's happening here?"

He knew Song Shiqin as always decisive and swift in action; when had he ever seen him show such hesitation and uncertainty?

Worry even flickered through his eyes.

What was he worried about?

Vice Officer Luo explained the situation succinctly, and Zhang Zijun nodded, indicating that he understood.

Zhang Zijun walked up to Song Shiqin, patted his shoulder, and comforted in a low voice, "Brother Song, don't worry, Miss Chu will be alright."

He had witnessed Chu Jin's capabilities during the capture of Dick.

Such a calm and collected person wouldn't act rashly without being absolutely certain.

Moreover, her skills were truly excellent.

Some professionally trained servicewomen couldn't coordinate with Song Shiqin, yet she did!

Moreover, their coordination was so in sync.

Song Shiqin didn't speak, just watched that figure, the turbulent darkness swirling in his deep eyes, the hostility was profound.

Chu Jin walked step by step towards the black man, her footsteps steady yet light. As she drew closer to the black man, everyone's hearts also lifted with her steps.

The air was so still that only faint breaths could be heard.

Two steps away from the black man, Chu Jin stopped, looking up at him, "I'm here, let the child go."

The black man squinted, a fierce look flashing in his eyes, pressing his gun against the little girl's head, "Take one more step closer."

Chu Jin did as told and stepped forward, "Now, is it okay?" Her tone remained calm.

The black man looked at Chu Jin, a glint crossing the depths of his eyes. The east wind had arrived, now was the moment!

He stepped forward, clutching the little girl and harshly throwing her into the air, then turned his hand into a claw, grabbing Chu Jin's neck, with his gun directly against her head.

The speed of an international top assassin is, to say the least, incredibly fast!

Watching the little lolita being thrown over, Song Shi Qin's brow twitched, and he immediately leaped up and caught her with the utmost speed!

Thank goodness!

Seeing Song Shi Qin's movement, Chu Jin quietly breathed a sigh of relief.

As long as the little lolita was fine, everything was okay.

At that moment.

'Woof!' A dark shadow charged straight towards them. The dog first circled rapidly around Song Shi Qin's feet, checking that the little lolita was safe. Then it suddenly raised its front paws and lunged in the direction of the African-American and Chu Jin.

Nobody present, including the black-clad man, had expected a dog to suddenly rush out.

Just then, Zi's voice suddenly appeared in his mind, "Jin, I suddenly think that this Bread isn't so annoying after all."

Chu Jin's expression remained unchanged, "Zi, you're back?"

Zi nodded, "There was a problem with the magnetic field just now, it blocked my signal, but now it's back to normal. However, my Spiritual Power has not fully recovered yet, so I probably won't be able to help you. Jin, you have to be careful."

At this moment, Bread bared its sharp teeth and launched itself straight at the African-American's vital spot. The African-American, almost on reflex, took the pistol resting on Chu Jin's head and fired at the lunging Bread!

Seizing the opportunity, Chu Jin gathered all the lightning in his body into his left hand, and with a forceful elbow strike backward, he slammed viciously into the African-American's chest, sending fierce purple thunder crashing down upon it!

At the same time, Bread managed to dodge the incoming bullet and pounced on the African-American! With its gaping maw, it went straight for a bite on the man's body!

Despite Bread's large build, it was incredibly agile and possessed formidable fighting strength!

The two men and one dog were locked in intense combat!

Song Shi Qin handed the little lolita over to the female officer beside him and joined the fight.

Zhang Zijun followed closely behind them!

With both Song Shi Qin and Zhang Zijun being top-notch experts in combat, their help allowed Chu Jin to relax significantly.

The outcome was soon clear.

The African-American was obviously at a disadvantage, beaten back at every turn, all defense and no offense.

A 'Woof!' of a growl!

A 'Thud!' as something heavy hit the ground.

The African-American was thus toppled by Bread!

Song Shi Qin pressed the advantage, his long leg transformed into a blade of ice, carrying a full load of power as it came stomping down on the African-American's chest.

'Puh', the African-American spit out a mouthful of blood, incredulously looking at Song Shi Qin whose long leg was planted on his body.

It seemed he hadn't expected to be subdued just like that!

He was, after all, an international top assassin!

"Heh, three against one," Hanazawa Takaya said with a sinister glint in his eyes, filled with disdain, "You Hua Nation people really are gentlemen!"

Zhang Zijun kicked him outright, "Yo, kiddo, struggling even at death's door, are you?"

Although the African-American was subdued, Chu Jin never let her guard down, because she hadn't heard the system's notification tone.

If the mission wasn't completed, it meant that some kind of crisis was still hidden from their view.

Sure enough, at that moment, a slender infrared beam swept across their field, a very fine light that human eyes simply couldn't detect.

Chu Jin slightly narrowed her eyes, and if she hadn't misseen, the target of that red light was Song Shi Qin!

'Whoosh!' A playing card became a blur, imbued with full strength, swiftly flying from her fingertips and deflecting the bullet's original trajectory.

While everyone still hadn't recovered from the shock, 'whoosh whoosh whoosh!' several more bullets flew out of the shadows, all aimed at Song Shi Qin.

At that moment, 'click!' Every light in the basement went out.

The surroundings plunged into darkness.

All the military officers immediately entered a state of high alert! Fortunately, these were battle-hardened warriors who did not show any sign of panic in the situation.

The gun hidden in the darkness aimed precisely at Song Shi Qin's heart.

A look of terror suddenly flooded Zi's face, "Jin, their real target is Song Shi Qin, you must protect him at all costs, otherwise, we're both done for today!"

Chapter 304: Return to the Country

His life was bound to his host's.

Should the host perish, the system perishes too!

Chu Jin slightly lifted her eyes and spoke very calmly, "Understood."

Her gaze was sharp as a razor, locking directly onto the hidden assassin, and with a slight motion of her hand, a tiny golden needle flew out from her palm, flickering with a chilling light in the darkness.

Meanwhile, Song Shiqin also dodged the bullets flying his way. 'Bang bang—' Two shots, and two assassins were taken care of.

However, it was far from over.

In the darkness, upon seeing that bullet tainted with a murderous aura, Chu Jin's pupils suddenly constricted!

She knew, no matter what, Song Shiqin could not dodge this time. The bullet was enchanted with spiritual power, a Phantom Bullet, destined to stop only upon drawing blood!

"Be careful!" Chu Jin squinted slightly, aiming at the chest of the person in the dark, sending a golden needle their way, and then, without any hesitation, she swiftly moved in front of Song Shiqin, taking the bullet straight into her chest.

Blood immediately stained her snow-white shirt red.

Pain that felt like it could drill through bones spread throughout her entire body.

"Jin!" Zi's face went ashen, devoid of all color.

In that instant, Chu Jin's mind went blank. The only thought she had was whether she was truly going to die like this.

It hurt, a piercing pain, more unbearable than being burned alive.



All strength seemed to have been drained from her body in an instant, and her consciousness was slowly dissipating. Other than pain, she felt nothing else, and her body, like a kite without a string, fell straight toward the ground.

"Chu Jin!" In the midst of the chaos, Song Shiqin quickly regained his composure, reached out to wrap his arms around her waist, and caught her in his arms.

He could never have imagined that Chu Jin would step in front of him to take the bullet!

Inside, his mind was in complete disarray.

Even the fingers that held Chu Jin were trembling ever so slightly.

In the last moment of Chu Jin's fading consciousness, the system's voice echoed in her mind, "Ding! Mission complete, reward: 98% Faith Value!"

Hearing the system's voice, Chu Jin slowly closed her eyes, and her consciousness vanished entirely.

At the same time, with a 'click,' the lights in the entire basement came on.

'Swish swish swish—' A troop of soldiers instantly surrounded the area, "Commander-in-chief, all suspects have been eradicated. Please give your orders!"

In that moment, Song Shiqin could barely hear the outside world. Panic, regret, and fear took over all of his senses.

"Chu Jin, hold on! I won't let you die," he said, his voice filled with both sorrow and urgency.

Blood kept flowing out from her chest, saturating the air with the smell of blood and nothing else.

Nobody noticed that the red Blood Jade Bracelet that had been on her wrist was slowly fading in color, and finally, it turned translucent.

"Chu Jin, believe me, I won't let anything happen to you," Song Shiqin, carrying Chu Jin, stumbled forward. His dark eyes were gloomy, raging with killing intent yet filled with panic.

His voice shook uncontrollably and was hoarse. This man, who had always made decisive kills on the battlefield, was showing panic for the first time.

Everyone present had almost never seen Song Shiqin like this.

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In the country of M, two o'clock in the morning.

Under the night sky, a mysterious and solemn castle was engulfed in silence.

"Jin!" The man who was in deep sleep suddenly sat up with a start from the large bed.

Cold sweat almost instantly broke out on his forehead.

His sharply defined features hidden in the dim light, he exuded a dangerous aura. The ring on his index finger emitted a strange red glow.

The Blood Jade Bracelet was blood-linked to him. Now, something must have happened to her.

Otherwise, he wouldn't be feeling this palpitation, with nothing but a crimson hue before his eyes.

Mo Zhixuan pressed his hand to his forehead and immediately got out of bed, not even bothering to turn on the light, he pulled open the wardrobe, grabbed some clothes to put on.

As he picked up his phone, he hastened out the door, "Sean, arrange a flight right away, I have to return home overnight!"

Sean, who received the call, was utterly baffled. He rubbed his sleepy eyes, asking with some disbelief, "Nine Ye?"

"It's me! Arrange the flight immediately, I have to return home tonight!" The voice from the other side was so cold it could almost drop ice shards, sending a chill down Sean's spine even through the phone.

Return home? In the middle of the night, had he heard wrong?

The plans here had only reached halfway; if Nine Ye were to leave now, all previous arrangements would be for naught.

"Nine Ye, going home?" Sean asked again, a little confused.

The voice on the other end was already tinged with impatience, as if teetering on the edge of rage, "Yes, going home! Do I need to repeat myself a fourth time?"

Sean shuddered, "Yes! I'll arrange it right away."

A private jet traced a beautiful curve across the sky.

By the time the plane landed again, it was 9 o'clock in the evening.

Chapter 305: Tried my best

As the evening lights began to glow, the night in Capital City seemed especially peaceful and serene, indistinguishable from any other night.

After deplaning, Mo Zhixuan hurried towards Huagui Park.

"Sir, you're back." Upon seeing Mo Zhixuan return, Aunt Zhang was momentarily taken aback.

Mo Zhixuan's face was extremely grim, his features as if veiled by an impenetrable layer of thin ice, "Is Jin at home?"

Aunt Zhang respectfully replied, "Miss left early in the morning and has not yet returned."

Mo Zhixuan pressed his fingers to his temples, a sense of foreboding flooding his being. At this moment, he could no longer sense her presence, as if she had suddenly vanished from existence!

"Did she mention where she was going today?" Mo Zhixuan asked, struggling to contain the raging emotions in his heart.

Aunt Zhang thought for a moment, then added, "Miss mentioned this morning that she had to go to the hospital."

No sooner had she finished her sentence, by the time Aunt Zhang looked up again, the man who had stood before her had vanished into thin air.

As if he had never been there.

Mo Zhixuan rushed to the hospital, only to be told by a nurse that Chu Jin left the hospital at 12 noon.

Where could she be?

Why could he no longer feel even a trace of her presence?

In his desperation, Mo Zhixuan, as though seized by a sudden thought, pulled out his phone from his pocket and dialed a familiar number.

No matter how calm and wise a man may be, faced with such a situation, he would lose his reason.

Mo Zhixuan had never felt as helpless as he did now.

Panic-stricken, agitated, uneasy.

But the only thing that greeted him on the other end of the line was the cold, electronic voice, "Sorry, the number you have dialed is not answering. Please try again later."

Mo Zhixuan took a deep breath, trying his best to calm himself, and cut the call. He then redialed a different number.

This time, the call was quickly connected, "Get me all of Chu Jin's whereabouts today, immediately."

Even if he had to turn Capital City upside down, he would find her!

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At Capital City Military General Hospital, the lights in the emergency room were still on.

Two tall, upright men stood outside the emergency room.

The lights in the emergency room had been on for over six hours now.

Zhang Zijun patted Song Shiqin's shoulder, offering comfort, "Brother Song, don't worry, Miss Chu has her own good fortune, she'll be alright."

Song Shiqin just stood there, gravely composed, immobile as a statue. He had maintained this stance for over six hours, not responding to anything Zhang Zijun said, as if he hadn't heard at all.

"Brother Song, don't be like this, sit down and rest for a bit." Song Shiqin had been awake for two whole days and nights for this operation, and now, with this situation on his hands, his nerves had been taut throughout. Zhang Zijun genuinely feared he wouldn't be able to hold up much longer.

Finally!

Snap—

The operating room lights went off.

Both men nearly held their breath as the 'squeak' of the operating room door opening was heard. A doctor emerged, dressed in sterile surgical attire.

"Doctor Li, how is Chu Jin?" Song Shiqin quickly regained his composure and hurried over, his voice tense with concern.

Doctor Li removed his mask, sighed, his voice weary and hoarse, "Though the bullet has been removed, the patient is not yet out of danger. She's gravely injured; the bullet hit her heart directly. Whether she wakes up now depends on her will to live."

Hearing this, Song Shiqin's face changed, "What are you trying to say, Doctor Li?"

Doctor Li shook his head in regret, "I've done all I could."

As a doctor, he had grown used to life and death, so at that moment, aside from regret, his face did not betray much emotion.

Done all he could?

At those words, Song Shiqin's emotions instantly collapsed, and he blacked out, falling backward.

"Brother Song..." Zhang Zijun reacted swiftly to catch him.

"Song Shiqin!" Just then, a deep, chilling voice resounded in the air. Mo Zhixuan grabbed Song Shiqin by the collar, his gaze bloodthirsty, "What have you done to Jin?"

Zhang Zijun tried to pull Mo Zhixuan away, "Mr. Mo, please calm down. Brother Song is also in a lot of pain right now."

Mo Zhixuan turned to Zhang Zijun, his voice icy as he spat out one word, "Out!"

The force of his presence was overwhelming; even military man Zhang Zijun couldn't help but break out in a cold sweat. He felt as if an oppressive force was bearing down on him.

Sweat formed bead after bead on his forehead, and his throat seemed incapable of producing a single word.

"Don't worry," Song Shiqin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, his dark eyes murky, his expression somber, "She was injured because of me; I will take responsibility for her."

Mo Zhixuan shoved Song Shiqin hard, his deep eyes dark as abysses, "She doesn't need your responsibility! Just stay away from her from now on!"

Each word, cold as ice, sent chills down the spine.

Just then, a nurse wheeled a patient bed out of the operating room.

## Chapter 306: Replace

The person lying on the hospital bed had their eyes tightly closed, their face deathly pale, devoid of any signs of life.

At this moment, Mo Zhixuan truly felt like killing someone. He fiercely pushed Song Shiqin aside, strode to the bedside, removed the oxygen mask from her face, and directly carried her horizontally into his arms, walking coldly towards the door.

His actions were so swift that the nurses hadn't even reacted before he had already swept her into his arms.

Song Shiqin clumsily got up from the ground and chased after his retreating figure, "Mo Zhixuan, where are you taking her?"

His voice had already lost control.

"Brother Song," Zhang Zijun also hurriedly followed Song Shiqin.

Mo Zhixuan's silhouette quickly blended into the night, and the two of them ultimately failed to catch up to him.

Zhang Zijun sighed softly, "Brother Song, don't worry. Mo Zhixuan has immense abilities. He will definitely find a way to save Miss Chu."

"What makes you think Mo Zhixuan will save her?" Song Shiqin's voice was already somewhat hoarse as the dim light concealed the expression on his face.

"Brother Song, there's something I've been meaning to tell you," Zhang Zijun paused before continuing, "Actually, Miss Chu is Mo Zhixuan's fiancée."

The Chu and Mo families' marriage alliance hadn't been announced publicly, and Zhang Zijun had found out about this news by chance. He hadn't had the opportunity to tell Song Shiqin before this incident occurred.

"Is that so..." Song Shiqin's lips curved into a bitter smile.



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In the blink of an eye, half a month had passed.

During these half-month, Chu Jin had vanished like steam, without a trace, and no one knew where she had gone.

Only half a month remained until the high school exams.

Her sudden disappearance touched the hearts of everyone in Class Ten.

Aside from class time, almost all of her classmates were looking for her.

Every day at lunch, Miao Xinran would habitually get a portion of food for her.

Sometimes, habit can be a terrifying thing.

Miao Xinran, looking at the unused plate opposite her, showed a faint smile while big teardrops began to overflow.

Tears mixed with rice, swallowed down the throat.

It was exceedingly bitter, like chewing wax.

The students of Class Ten even made a video tribute for Chu Jin and posted it online, which featured her giving injections to save people, feeding stray dogs, speaking on stage, standing up to injustice, diligently doing her homework, and laughing and cheering with everybody from Class Ten...

The video concluded with a segment of text.

——Chu, the beauty, we're all waiting for you to come home.

——Waiting for you to take the high school exams together.

——Waiting for you to study together.

——We all know you haven't really disappeared; you're just playing a joke on us, right?

Simple and unadorned words that moved people to tears.

Once the video was uploaded online, some observant netizens recognized that this "Chu, the beauty" was the same girl who had tamed a wild horse beautifully the other time.

It instantly sparked a mass of comments and shares from netizens.

Countless people were praying for her.

Her disappearance had touched the hearts of innumerable people.

Even a TV station broadcasted this news during prime time.

**\*Mysterious Disappearance of a Young Girl in Her Flowering Years!\***

Even the elders in the city soon learned of her disappearance through the television.

It didn't take long for someone to recognize her—the girl was none other than Chu, the diviner who read fortunes at the street corner.

The streets and alleys of Capital City were plastered with missing person notices.

Ever since she vanished, the little girl brought bread to the intersection every day after school.

She believed that one day, she would wait here and Jin would come back.

Not only was the little girl waiting, but also those who came for divinations, as well as those who had been graced by Chu Jin's kindness.

"Bread, do you think Brother Jin will come today?" As night fell, it was now after 7 PM. The little girl stroked the dog, Bread, on the head with one hand and rested her chin on the other, her eyes that were once sparkling now dimmed with a gray haze.

Her eyes no longer held the luster of past days.

She had already waited here for half a month, through wind and rain.

She would wait all day on Saturdays and Sundays.

Watching from a distance, Mo Qianjue sighed softly. Ever since her disappearance, he had nearly exhausted all his power, but still found not a trace of her.

It was as if she had truly evaporated from this world.

Mo Qianjue slowly approached the little girl, and before he could speak, she looked up with delight, "Brother Jin!"

Brother Jin had returned!

But as she clearly saw the face of the person approaching, the light in her eyes faded instantly, and she spoke with difficulty, "...Daddy, why are you here."

Mo Qianjue reached out to lift the little girl, caressing her head, "It's getting dark, come home with daddy."

"I won't go home!" The little girl struggled to get down. "I need to wait here for Brother Jin! What if he comes back and can't find me? He would be worried."

A flicker of heartache crossed Mo Qianjue's eyes, "Be good, listen to daddy, let's go home. It's dark, she won't come now, we'll come back to wait tomorrow."

Upon hearing this, the little girl burst into cries.

In this half month, she hadn't shed a single tear, because Brother Jin had said that strong children don't cry.

But today, she couldn't help it.

She had suppressed her feelings for far too long.

The little girl sobbed, "Daddy, has Brother Jin abandoned me just like mom did? Is she never coming back...?"

Mo Qianjue rubbed the little girl's head more roughly, his voice hoarse with comfort, "She hasn't abandoned you. Trust daddy, she'll come back."

The little girl wrapped her arms around Mo Qianjue's neck, her tears quickly soaking his clothes, "Brother Jin, Pengpeng misses you so much. Please come back. I won't go to the amusement park anymore, I'll listen to you and won't be naughty again. Please come back, will you..."

The news of Chu Jin's disappearance quickly spread throughout the entire Capital City.

When she heard the entire message, Zheng Chuyi was probably the happiest person.

However, she didn't believe that Chu Jin had truly vanished from the world.

She had the Life Disk from the Superpower World in her possession and knew that Chu Jin wasn't dead at all, just temporarily gone.

Yet, this provided her with a great opportunity.

An opportunity for Chu Jin to take her place.

"Call Miss Chu over," Zheng Chuyi instructed a servant at her side, her lips curving into a smug arc.

#### Chapter 307: Don't Let Me Down

Chu Jin's disappearance undoubtedly provided Zheng Chuyi with an excellent opportunity.

She had been fretting about not having a chance to bring Chu Jin to the public eye.

With this development, some things became much more convenient to implement.

Chu Jin's residence wasn't far from here, so she arrived here quite quickly.

Zheng Chuyi saw Chu Jin through a red gauze bead curtain.

She sat in the inner room, vaguely seeing an graceful figure but unable to discern a clear face, the air was filled with a faint lotus leaf fragrance—not too strong but quite pleasant and refreshing.

"Ninth Lady, you were looking for me," Chu Jin stopped before the red gauze bead curtain, her demeanor extremely respectful.

She had been discharged from the hospital half a month ago, and by now, all the scars on her face had completely healed. It had to be said that her surgery was very successful.

Eyebrows, eyes, nose, mouth—she resembled Chu Jin strikingly, and with the addition of makeup, it was hard to find any flaws without a close inspection. To the unknowing, it would seem as if Chu Jin had come back.

Her attire was identical to Chu Jin's as well.

She was dressed in a white shirt with a pair of black pencil pants below, and simple athletic shoes on her feet.

However, painting the skin of a tiger is easier than capturing its bones. A copy, after all, is still a copy, and on closer inspection, the differences between the two would become evident.

Chu Jin's gaze was crystal clear, untainted by a speck of worldly dust, pure to the extreme and alluring to the extreme.

But Chu Jin's eyes were different. Her eyes were fake to begin with, not to mention the expressions beneath them.

All one could see in her eyes was endless greed and desire.

And then there was the issue of their figures.

Chu Jin had managed to obtain a slender figure through dieting and liposuction, but it still couldn't compare to Chu Jin's.

But who would notice these things without paying close attention?

Overall, the transformation of Chu Jin was very successful.

At the very least, upon a glance, one would think she was Chu Jin.

From behind the red gauze bead curtain, Zheng Chuyi looked at her work and her mouth curved into a very satisfied smile, "Sit, Roy, serve Miss Chu some tea."

The plastic surgery in Goryeo Nation was truly masterful.

It had transformed two completely different-looking people into duplicates of one another.

Good, it was really too good.

This brought her one step closer to her perfect plan.

Thinking that the plebeian would soon be under her control, Zheng Chuyi felt incredibly delighted.

The smile at the corner of her mouth grew deeper.

The servant named Roy quickly lifted the red gauze bead curtain and served Chu Jin a cup of fresh tea, "Miss Chu, please enjoy."

Chu Jin nodded politely in thanks, "Thank you."

But the smile on her lips was unnatural and even stiff.

Upon closer observation, one would notice that not only the smile but all the features on her face seemed stiff and discordant.

Roy, curious, took a closer look at her and felt that this person seemed familiar, as if she had seen her somewhere before.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up, and she addressed Chu Jin with great joy, "I remember now, you are that famous Chu Beauty from the internet, aren't you?"

Roy wasn't much older, about 20 years old, and she liked to surf the internet, so she almost instantly recognized the 'Chu Beauty'.

Chu Jin had just returned to the country, been busy with various 'rules' arranged by Zheng Chuyi, and hadn't found the time to go online, so she was unaware of the news about her on the internet.

Therefore, at the moment, she looked somewhat bewildered at Roy, "What?"

Zheng Chuyi laughed softly, "That's enough, Roy. Miss Chu has just returned to the country; don't frighten her."

If people mistook her for someone else, it meant that Chu Jin's transformation was very perfect indeed.

At these words, Roy became even more excited. She never imagined that one day she would see the famous Chu Beauty in person.

It was truly great that Chu Beauty was fine.

Like countless netizens these past days, she too was looking forward to Chu Beauty's return.

Although she had never received Chu Jin's kindness, nor had she ever met her, these days she had seen a lot about Chu Jin's deeds through the internet.

She liked Chu Jin very much and admired her greatly; she felt that Chu Jin was a person filled with positive energy.

Like many netizens, she had long since become a 'Chu fan'.



"Chu Jin, I really like you, can we take a picture together?" Roy then asked.

Being liked by a young girl, who even addressed her as a beautiful person, Chu Jin was very happy.

She and Zheng Chuyi alike possessed a very strong sense of vanity.

And this address of 'Chu Jin' satisfactorily fed her vanity and sense of superiority, which at least proved that her choice was the right one, didn't it?

Moreover, she was well aware that this appearance brought her benefits far beyond these.

Faced with Roy's expectant and adoring expression, Chu Jin was just about to nod when Zheng Chuyi's voice came through the air, "Roy, please go out for a moment, I still have something to discuss with Miss Chu."

The hostess had spoken; it was only right for Roy to leave.

In Roy's heart, Zheng Chuyi was the mistress of this villa, even though she did not live with Jiang Mubai.

But from the look in Jiang Mubai's eyes, it was clear that he truly liked her.

Moreover, it was evident from Zheng Chuyi's actions that she had long considered herself the mistress of the place.

After Roy left, the air fell into a mysterious silence.

Zheng Chuyi did not speak; naturally, Chu Jin did not feel it was proper to speak first, so she could only sit there and wait quietly for Zheng Chuyi to break the silence.

After a long time, the tea that had been steaming hot had cooled down completely, and Zheng Chuyi still showed no intention of speaking.

Chu Jin felt uneasy and somewhat couldn't understand the real intention of Mrs. Jiufu, hesitating several times to speak.

In fact, the reason why Zheng Chuyi did not speak was very simple: she wanted to give Chu Jin a lesson in humility.

To let her know that she was the one who controlled her fate.

After a while, Zheng Chuyi finally spoke slowly, "How well have you learned the rules these days?" Her tone was somewhat gentle, but not without authority; it was comfortable to listen to and made one wonder what kind of stunning beauty lay hidden behind the red beaded curtain.

Even with such a gentle voice, one could tell that the speaker was a great beauty of devastating charm.

Chu Jin certainly knew what 'rules' Zheng Chuyi referred to and replied very respectfully, "Mrs. Jiufu, I have learned them quite well."

"Very good," Zheng Chuyi nodded in satisfaction upon hearing this, "Then do you know why I had you learn these things?"

Chu Jin shook her head, "I don't know."

These days, Mrs. Jiufu had her learn many complex 'rules', and even had her memorize "Woman's Bible."

She thought Mrs. Jiufu probably wanted to use these 'rules' to admonish her, to remind her not to overstep her bounds and to always remember who gave her a new lease on life.

So, right now, saying she didn't know was the perfect answer.

Two people with deep schemes, when they met, were bound to put on a big show.

And now, the curtain was just about to rise on this show.

"Don't know?" The corners of Zheng Chuyi's mouth curled into a slow arch, and looking toward Chu Jin through the red beaded curtain, her tone betrayed no anomaly, "Since you don't know, aren't you going to ask?"

Chu Jin shook her head and smiled lightly, "There's nothing to ask. Mrs. Jiufu, you have given me a second lease on life; no matter what you ask me to do, I will do it, so I have no questions."

"Even if it's climbing a mountain of swords or descending into a sea of flames?" Zheng Chuyi continued to ask, her eyes fixed intently on Chu Jin, as if her piercing gaze had turned tangible.

It made Chu Jin feel somewhat breathless.

Even separated by two layers of red beads, the chill emanating from her could not be blocked.

Chu Jin's complexion remained unchanged; she looked up firmly at the person behind the red beads and said with determination, "As long as it is your command, Mrs. Jiufu, even if it is climbing a mountain of swords or descending into a sea of flames, I am willing to do it."

Actually, her answer was not against her true feelings.

She was truly grateful to Mrs. Jiufu; without her, there would not have been her today.

Clearly, Zheng Chuyi was very satisfied with Chu Jin's response; what she wanted was a compliant creation.

A creation that would obey absolutely, one that she could mold at her will.

"Very good," Zheng Chuyi spoke at last, soothingly, "You are smart, I hope you will not disappoint me in the future."

## Chapter 308: Encounter

"Rest assured, Madam Nine, I will not disappoint you," Chu Jin's tone was very gentle.

Zheng Chuyi continued, "Good, as long as you obediently listen and seriously complete the task I have given you, I will grant you a life of glory and a magnificent future."

To Zheng Chuyi, Chu Jin was nothing more than a pawn, one that would be cast aside once her usefulness was exhausted.

A life of glory and a magnificent future were nothing but empty promises.

Once Chu Jin disappeared, Zheng Chuyi naturally would not keep someone with the same face as Chu Jin in the world, wouldn't that be like discomfoting herself?

Hearing this, Chu Jin gratefully said, "Thank you, Madam Nine, I will definitely complete the mission you have given me."

In fact, Chu Jin was even more curious about what kind of task Madam Nine would arrange for her.

Successfully replacing Chu Jin didn't seem so easy.

I wonder what kind of brilliant plan Madam Nine will give me?

Zheng Chuyi sipped her tea lightly before speaking, "I have arranged a place for you to stay at Wancheng Villa; you and your mother should move there tonight." With that, a key flew directly across the bead curtain and landed on the table in front of Chu Jin.

This key was thrown by Madam Nine?

Chu Jin could hardly believe her eyes.

Madam Nine was truly impressive!

In that moment, Chu Jin was again intimidated by Zheng Chuyi, filled with reverence in her heart, and cautiously replied, "Yes, Madam Nine, I understand."

"Moreover," Zheng Chuyi continued, "in these days, how well have you come to understand Chu Jin's personal situation? Do you now recognize all the people she is acquainted with?"

Chu Jin nodded, "Please rest assured, Madam Nine, I have thoroughly figured it all out."

"That's good," Zheng Chuyi nodded with satisfaction, "Alright, you can go now. I've had someone tidy up the house at Wancheng Villa for you; you can just move in there."

Chu Jin stood up, taking the key in hand, "Madam Nine, thank you for your concern; I won't disturb you any longer." With that, she turned and left.

Before turning around, Chu Jin couldn't help but look up curiously at the red gauze bead curtain in front of her.

Having known Madam Nine for many days, she had yet to see Madam Nine's true face.

Madam Nine had always been very mysterious, showing herself only with her face covered.

Only after losing sight of Chu Jin did Zheng Chuyi lift the bead curtain and step out slowly from the inner room.

She was still dressed in her bright red gown, looking in the direction where Chu Jin disappeared, her lips curving into a shallow smile.

Whether it's Chu Jin or Chu Jin, in the end, both will fall into her hands!

\*\*

The 16th day since Chu Jin's disappearance.

The military district.

At this point, Song Shiqin had been working nonstop for three days without sleep.

For three whole days, he had not closed his eyes once, constantly shuttling between the training field and the office.

He was numbing himself with endless work.

As soon as he stopped, the words "I've done my best," from Doctor Li would echo in his ears.

As soon as he closed his eyes, the image of that white shirt stained with blood would surface before his eyes.

The debt he owed her, he feared, would never be repaid in this lifetime.

The originally handsome and stern soldier had become a disheveled uncle.

It was heart-wrenching and sorrowful to see.

"Shiqin, you can't keep on like this; take a rest, your body won't be able to take it!" Zhang Zijun tried to take the gun from Song Shiqin's hand.

But Song Shiqin did not give him the opportunity, his face void of expression as he spat out four words, "Mind your own business."

His voice was also exceptionally hoarse, his dark eyes filled with red blood vessels.

Zhang Zijun sighed softly, "Shiqin, believe me, with Mo Zhixuan there, Miss Chu won't have any problems."

Ever since that day, Song Shiqin had become a different person. The Song Shiqin who was once composed, calm, and decisive seemed to have disappeared all at once.

Song Shiqin did not speak, mechanically loading bullets into the firearm.

Zhang Zijun sighed before continuing, "Brother Song, you can't go on like this. Miss Chu sacrificed her life to save you, not so you could ruin yourself like this! Look at yourself now, what have you become? Are you still the Song Shiqin I used to know? You've really let me down! And you've greatly disappointed Miss Chu too!" Towards the end, Zhang Zijun's voice carried a hint of anger.

Hearing this, Song Shiqin suddenly raised his eyes, his bloodshot gaze fixed piercingly on Zhang Zijun, and then he clenched his fist and violently smashed it into Zhang Zijun's left cheek!

With a 'bang'.

The sound of bone colliding with flesh was particularly grating in the quiet of the night.

Zhang Zijun's whole body staggered back several steps before he steadied himself.

He looked at Song Shiqin, raised his hand to wipe the blood from the corner of his mouth, and provocatively said, "Brother Song, when did your strength become so weak?"

He understood that for the past 16 days, Song Shiqin had been bottling up all his emotions, in need of a way to vent.

Upon hearing this, Song Shiqin immediately dropped the rifle in his hand, got up, and with both fists clenched, charged towards Zhang Zijun.

Zhang Zijun promptly took a fighting stance, "Brother Song, it's been a long time since we've practiced together. Let's have a go today,"

Song Shiqin didn't speak, but instead answered him with actions, his long legs swept out, he threw a punch, followed by a spinning kick!

Zhang Zijun swiftly dodged, easily avoiding the attack.

After that, Song Shiqin kept on attacking, each move infused with rage, while Zhang Zijun was purely defensive, constantly dodging!

Thus the two men exchanged blows back and forth, fighting fiercely for a full two hours before they stopped.

At last, both men lay side by side on the training ground, heads touching, looking up at the star-filled sky, panting heavily.

The air was filled with the incessant buzzing of mosquitoes.

"Brother Song, how long has it been since we had a satisfying fight like we did today?" Zhang Zijun was the first to break the silence.

Song Shiqin looked at the sky and replied, "About two years, I guess." His emotions had stabilized quite a bit.

"Time flies so fast," Zhang Zijun mused.

Song Shiqin let out a long sigh, "Yeah..." His voice was tinged with sadness, and a single hot tear slowly rolled down from the corner of his eye to the grass.



Some emotions, just like this teardrop, are best released.

Seeing that his emotions had gradually stabilized, Zhang Zijun spoke up again, "Brother Song, pull yourself together. You should be in your best state to welcome Miss Chu's return."

"Will she be able to return?" Song Shiqin's voice was very calm.

Doctor Li was the best doctor in the military district, also the best in China, and even he was powerless. Who else could snatch her back from the hands of the Grim Reaper?

"She will," Zhang Zijun said earnestly. "Brother Song, trust me, Miss Chu is such a kind person, she definitely won't have any trouble."

Song Shiqin continued, never taking his eyes off the starry sky, "Really? If she's truly fine, why hasn't there been any news at all?"

"Brother Song, you should know that no news is good news. Who knows, maybe tomorrow you'll see her at the crossroads. She loves fortune-telling so much..."

Zhang Zijun hadn't finished his sentence when Song Shiqin suddenly sat up from the grass and strode away.

"Brother Song, where are you going?" Zhang Zijun also got up and, watching his retreating figure, asked.

"Home," came the brief response.

Zhang Zijun looked at his back and smiled with satisfaction, showing his white teeth; this was the Song Shiqin he knew!

\*\*

Chu Jin really did move into Wancheng Villa with Shen Minjie overnight.

Wancheng Villa is a well-known wealthy neighborhood in Capital City; those living here have assets worth over a hundred million.

There was a time when Shen Minjie herself was a lady of high society, constantly visiting various upscale venues, so the moment she stepped into Wancheng Villa, she said with emotion, "This place really is impressive! It's much more high-class than where we used to live!"

Chu Jin got out of the car behind her and didn't reply; her mother has always been superficial.

Whether by intention or coincidence, the villa Zheng Chuyi arranged for Chu Jin happened to be next to the Zhao family's villa.

Only two or three hundred meters separated the two villas. Standing on the balcony of the Zhao family villa, one could see everything here clearly.

Just as Chu Jin was pushing the door open to enter the villa, a black Mercedes slowly drove past the property.

The beautifully dressed woman inside the car narrowed her eyes and quickly shouted to the driver in the front, "Old Li, stop the car!"

"What's wrong, Linger?" Li Ruyu turned her head, puzzled.

### Chapter 309: Critical Step

Zhao Yiling's beautiful eyes were like venom steeped in ice, and she spoke in an icy tone, "Mom, I think I saw that little slut Chu Jin!"

Li Ruyu also frowned slightly, "Yiling, did you see it wrong? How could it be her? Didn't the internet say she's gone missing?"

After Chu Jin's disappearance, the happiest people besides Zheng Chuyi were the mother and daughter, Li Ruyu and Zhao Yiling.

Upon hearing the news, the two had even opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate.

Having celebrated, they decided to visit the Mo family that very night, after all, now that Chu Jin had vanished, there was only Zhao Yiling left as the girl associated with the Dark Yin.

At this point, even if the engagement was not called off, the Mo family had no choice but to choose Zhao Yiling anyway.

So they had to strike while the iron was hot and settle matters early.

Zhao Yiling bit her lip, gazed at the figure disappearing through the gate, and said with a cold tone, "I wasn't wrong, it's her! That little slut, I'd recognize her ashes anywhere!"

She hated Chu Jin fiercely. If not for Chu Jin, how could she have ended up like this today!

If it weren't for Chu Jin, how could the Zhao Group have become what it is today?

Seeing Zhao Yiling like this, Li Ruyu knew she had not made a mistake, and her face also wore an extremely unsightly expression, "What do we do now? Yiling, are we still going to the Mo family?"

Just now, they were still celebrating the fact that this little slut had finally died out there! But unexpectedly, she had returned at this time!

A heart swelling with excitement was instantly extinguished by a bucket of ice-cold water.

Zhao Yiling looked at the gate with icy eyes and a slight smile on her lips. Her voice was soft yet eerily unsettling, "Since she has already returned, then I, as her sister, should properly prepare a welcome gift for her."

As long as they knew Chu Jin was staying here, in the future, she would have plenty of ways to deal with her!

Knowing her daughter better than anyone else, Li Ruyu of course understood what Zhao Yiling was plotting. She patted Zhao Yiling's hand and whispered, "Yiling, Mom supports you." With her words falling, she turned to the driver in front and instructed, "Old Li, we're not going to Phoenix Manor anymore, turn around ahead and go back."

The black Mercedes slowly disappeared into the night.

\*\*

The Mo family.

In the 16 days that Chu Jin had disappeared, Mo Zhixuan also hadn't shown himself for 16 days.

Nobody knew where Mo Zhixuan had gone; even less where Chu Jin had gone.

'Dong dong,' the sound of beating a wooden fish intermittently came from the Buddhist hall.

The Mo family matriarch knelt devoutly in front of the Buddha statue, counting her Buddha Beads with one hand and striking the wooden fish with the other, chanting the sutras over and over again.

She wasn't worried about Mo Zhixuan; it was Chu Jin that concerned her. These days, she had almost searched the entire Capital City without finding any news of Chu Jin, and she could no longer feel the slightest hint of life from her.

Although she hadn't had much contact with Chu Jin, she truly liked her and had long considered her a part of the Mo family.

And besides, the girl was indeed charming.

With such an incident occurring, her heart ached more than anyone's.

Tong Zhi sighed gently as she watched the matriarch's back, "Sister."

Upon hearing this, the Mo family matriarch put down her mallet and slowly opened her eyes to look at Tong Zhi, "Xiao Zhi, what brings you here?"

"Sister, I know about Jin's situation," Tong Zhi continued, "Don't worry, that child is blessed by the Heavenly Dao, and nothing will happen to her."

Tong Zhi was still dressed in a fitted cheongsam, her face painted with delicate makeup, looking no different from usual. She quickly stepped forward and helped the matriarch up from the cushion.

The Mo family matriarch sighed, wearing a weary expression, "I hope she's alright, too."

Tong Zhi poured a cup of tea for the matriarch and added, "Sister, rest assured, nothing will happen to Jin."

Now, other than comfort, there was only comfort left to give.

Mo Qingyi had grown noticeably thinner; she regretted not being by Jin's side that day more than once. Perhaps if she had been, these things wouldn't have happened.

Duanmu Zhe tried every possible way to cheer up Mo Qingyi.

He had never seen Mo Qingyi like this before, and it pained his heart to see her this way.

"Mo Xiaosan, can I tell you a joke? One day, a little pig, a little rabbit, a little dog, and a little chicken met each other. The rabbit said, 'I was raised by Mama Rabbit!' The pig said, 'I was raised by Mama Pig!' The chicken said, 'I was raised by Mama Chicken!' The dog said, 'You guys chat, I'm taking off!'"

After finishing the joke, Duanmu Zhe burst into an exaggerated laugh, "Mo Xiaosan, don't you think it's hilarious..."

Before Duanmu Zhe could finish his sentence, he was embraced around the neck by Mo Qingyi, who buried her head into the crook of his neck and started to sob quietly, "It's not funny at all, your joke isn't funny one bit..." By the end of her words, her voice had become hoarse.

Duanmu Zhe rubbed Mo Qingyi's head, his eyes full of sympathy as he consoled her, "Silly girl, stop crying. Perhaps your sister-in-law will return tomorrow. Don't let your mind wander."

This night was destined to be long, with some finding sleep easy, while others lay awake.

\*\*

In an ancient and desolate estate.

This place was situated at the pinnacle of a mountain, with the entire estate enveloped by a layer of pale blue barrier above.

Inside the house, the lights were as bright as day.

A gentle breeze blew, causing the white gauze hanging in the room to sway from side to side. Behind the layers of gauze was an enormous cold jade bed.

The cold jade bed radiated layer upon layer of chill, making one feel a cold intrusion to their very bones with just a look.

Despite this, a woman in white still lay on the bed, her face deathly pale, eyes tightly shut, breathing faint, without much sign of life throughout her entire body.

She lay there still, like a sleeping beauty.

By the bed sat a man in a black shirt, holding the woman's hand against his lips, his voice incredibly hoarse, "Jin, would you wake up and talk to me?"

The hands that once brought him warmth now only transmitted endless cold.

All of a sudden, Mo Zhixuan bent over, his hands cradling her cheeks, his cool thin lips covered hers, and a continuous stream of spiritual power poured out from his lips into her body, turning her lips redder and seductively flush.

While his own lips turned increasingly pale, pale to a terrifying extent.

At that moment, a long sigh echoed through the air, the voice somewhat aged, "Why put yourself through this? She does not exist within the cycle of five reincarnations; even if you exhaust all your spiritual power, it's futile. Why not let her rest in peace sooner?"

An elderly man with white hair and youthful features walked in from outside. A bamboo flute was tucked at his waist, making him look every bit the part of a sage.

"Not within the cycle of five reincarnations?" Mo Zhixuan suddenly looked up at the Elder, "Elder Xu Kong, what do you mean by this?"

As a result of excessive spiritual power consumption, Mo Zhixuan was extremely weak at the moment, his face frighteningly pale, yet, it did not affect his innate aura of power.

Elder Xu Kong exhaled deeply, then continued, "She is someone who goes against the laws of nature, not acknowledged by the Heavenly Dao. So, whatever you do is in vain."

Mo Zhixuan regarded Elder Xu Kong, the pitch-black depths of his profound phoenix eyes were calm as he stated, "I know you must have a way to save her. What are your conditions?"

"You'd agree to any condition?" Elder Xu Kong stroked his beard, his eyes revealing wisdom and shrewdness.

Mo Zhixuan was succinct, "Yes." As long as it could save her, he would agree to any condition.

Elder Xu Kong smiled, then inquired, "No regrets?"

Mo Zhixuan spoke slowly, "No regrets." Although it was just a brief three-word reply, it was stated with such conviction that it resonated deeply with those who heard.

"Ah... another man of deep affection! Very well, three days from now I will have her awake," Elder Xu Kong left this declaration behind before turning and walking away.

\*\*

The next day.

In accordance with Chu Jin's daily routine, Chu Jin went out for a run early in the morning.

Due to undergoing height-increasing surgery, she could not engage in intense physical activity, so she could only jog slowly around the villa.

From the second-floor balcony of the Zhao family villa, Zhao Yiling watched the jogging figure, the corners of her mouth curling into an indiscernible arc, her beautiful eyes cold.

Chu Jin had barely completed half of her run when she received a text message from Zheng Chuyi.

Reading the text on the screen, a faint smile appeared on Chu Jin's lips, and she stopped running. Her steps light and brisk, she walked back toward the villa.

This was the first mission Lady Nine had given her.



It was also the most crucial step in her successful replacement of Chu Jin.

#### Chapter 310: Miss Chu Comes Back

Seeing Chu Jin return, Shen Minjie asked with some surprise, "Jin Jin, how come you're back so soon? Weren't you going for a run?"

"No more running. Lady Zhou Ru has arranged a more important task for me." Chu Jin headed upstairs without looking back, "Mom, please tell the driver to get ready. I need to leave immediately."

"Okay." Although Shen Minjie was puzzled, she agreed.

After all, the matters arranged by Lady Zhou Ru were more important.

By the time Chu Jin came downstairs again, she had changed into a pure white dress, her black hair adorned with a matching crystal hairpin, and her face made up with very delicate makeup, making her look innocent yet seductive, attracting attention at a glance.

The bracelet on her wrist was so red that it was eye-catching.

The driver uncle was already waiting for her in the living room, and as soon as he saw her coming downstairs, he said very respectfully, "Miss Chu, I have everything prepared. Shall we leave now?"

Chu Jin nodded and stepped forward with small strides, "Let's go."

The driver immediately followed behind her.

About ten minutes later.

A black Cayenne stopped at the intersection.

Chu Jin leaned out of the car, and the driver opened the trunk, taking out a table and chairs and quickly setting them up in the usual spot where Chu Jin did her fortunetelling.

That's right, this was Zheng Chuyi's first step in her plan, starting with taking over the identity of Master Chu.

Zheng Chuyi had thought everything through thoroughly, down to the tables, chairs, and tablecloths being identical to those of Chu Jin's.

The golden sun slowly rose from the east, and not ten minutes after Chu Jin sat down, an astonished and puzzled voice rang out in the air.

"Master Chu?"

Chu Jin looked up in confusion to see a plainly dressed middle-aged woman with greying hair at the temples and somewhat dark skin, clearly someone living at the bottom of society.

The woman was Zhou Ru, the middle-aged woman who went broke feeding stray dogs.

Ever since she heard of Chu Jin's incident, she came to the intersection daily to check, never expecting to actually see Master Chu today.

"Master Chu! It really is you, you've finally come back." Upon seeing Chu Jin's face clearly, Zhou Ru's voice choked up as she excitedly grasped Chu Jin's hand.

Zhou Ru always carried a faint odd smell because of her constant dealings with a large number of stray dogs.

It smells terrible!

Chu Jin unconsciously frowned and gently withdrew her hand, suppressing the discomfort in her heart, "It's me. What can I do for you?"

Zhou Ru didn't notice Chu Jin's gesture, wiped away her tears, and said, "Master Chu, it's really great that you're back..."

"Do you want your fortune told?" Chu Jin interrupted impatiently.

Zhou Ru was taken aback, only then noticing that today's Master Chu seemed a bit different from usual. The face was still the same, but the whole person had a very strange feeling.

She couldn't quite put her finger on what was odd.

Maybe she hadn't seen Master Chu for too long and was having an illusion.

Thinking this, Zhou Ru wiped the tears off her face and took out a check from her pocket to put on the table, "Master Chu, I didn't have any other business today, just wanted to come thank you. If it weren't for you, I would've been turned into dust by now. Please accept this check, it's not much, just a little something from me."

Master Chu had helped her so much, and apart from money, she had nothing else to give in return.

Chu Jin glanced at the check amount out of the corner of her eye, a trace of surprise appearing at the bottom of her eyes.

She didn't expect this plainly dressed woman to be so generous!

If she saw it correctly, the amount written on the check was two million!

How could an ordinary person just casually come up with two million? This woman must be some wealthy lady in disguise, trying to test her.

She hadn't expected her first day replacing Chu Jin would bring such a big windfall.

A whole two million.

A slight smile immediately appeared on Chu Jin's face as she pushed the check back towards Zhou Ru and spoke in a soft voice, "Madam, you are too kind. This is something I should do; please take back your check. I can't accept it."

"No!" Zhou Ru pushed the check back toward Chu Jin, "Master Chu, please take this money. Otherwise, I won't feel at peace."

Manna from heaven, why wouldn't anyone accept?

Chu Jin feigned reluctance for a while but eventually accepted the check.

"Take care." Chu Jin stood up to see off Zhou Ru, her eyes and brows no longer showing the disgust from before, replaced instead with a pleasing smile.

In a military compound in Capital City.

"Brother Song, Brother Song, I have great news." Zhang Zijun rushed excitedly towards Song Shiqin's study.

Song Shiqin looked up in confusion, his tone low, "What's the good news?"

Zhang Zijun, catching his breath with excitement, said, "Brother Song, Miss Chu is back!"

Almost as soon as Chu Jin had arrived at the intersection, Zhang Zijun received the news.

With a 'bang', the ceramic cup in Song Shiqin's hand fell to the ground.

Song Shiqin steadied his emotions and tried to keep his tone as calm as possible, "What did you say?"