

## **R Woman 311**

Chapter 311: Smashing the Venue

She's back?

Song Shiqin could hardly believe his own ears!

His heart pounded furiously, fearing he had hallucinated.

He staggered several steps backward before steadying himself.

Zhang Zijun was also very happy, "Brother Song, you heard right, Miss Chu has returned, and she's already safe and sound."

It took quite a while for Song Shiqin to find his voice, "Where is she now?" His tone trembled slightly.

He was truly too excited.

He never thought that he would hear this news in his lifetime.

Now that she had returned, he would spend his life repaying what he owed her.

Zhang Zijun continued, "Miss Chu is at the usual crossroads where she conducts her divination."

No sooner had the words left his mouth than Song Shiqin's figure became a blur, darting out swiftly.

"Brother Song, wait for me." Zhang Zijun hurriedly chased after him.

Once in the car, Song Shiqin urged the driver, "Drive faster, even faster."

He couldn't wait another second.

"Commander, we're already at top speed," the driver responded somewhat helplessly.

In his mind, however, he was curious about what kind of beauty could make their commander so anxious.

She must certainly be an astonishing beauty, right?

Zhang Zijun laughed, "Brother Song, don't be anxious, Miss Chu is right at that crossroads, she can't run away."

The black Hummer raced down the highway, sprinted, breaking the speed limit, and after running through more than a dozen red lights, they finally reached the crossroads.

Eyes clear and bright, dressed in white, like a painting.

Yes, it was her.

It was her, alive.

Through the car window, Song Shiqin saw the white-clad figure sitting by the stall.

The scene of their first encounter flashed before Song Shiqin.

The girl with a strong sense of ethnic justice, that articulate girl, she too wore a dress like that.

At first glance, she was captivating, stunningly beautiful.

He thought, maybe from the first time he saw her, she had caught his eye.

The car was parked across the street for a long time, but Song Shiqin still showed no intention of getting out. Zhang Zijun couldn't help but remind him, "Brother Song, aren't you going to go and see Miss Chu?"

Song Shiqin's gaze remained firmly fixed on that white-clad figure, and after a long while, he finally spoke, "Wait a while longer." His voice shook slightly.

As if he might collapse emotionally the next second.

He wanted to look at her a bit longer.

"Okay, I'll wait with you," Zhang Zijun nodded.

It was now past 10 in the morning, and the sun had gradually become hotter. Chu Jin took out a foldable umbrella from her bag and opened it.

A pure white folding umbrella, the canopy was very clean, without any color other than white.

Knowing that Chu Jin preferred white, Chu Jin had prepared all her things in almost exclusively white.

Even her backpack was white.

Before long, the simple stall welcomed its third customer of the morning,

A young woman in her mid-twenties, with very delicate features, well-done makeup, and an undeniable presence walked over.

She wore a LO business attire and clicked her way over in a pair of ten-centimeter high heels, exuding competence—clearly a career woman.

Beautiful with a commanding presence, and very charismatic.

"Master Chu, I've long admired your reputation." As soon as the woman sat down, she uttered these words.

Chu Jin's eyebrows furrowed, sensing that the woman bode ill, "Who are you?"

Could it be someone Chu Jin had antagonized outside?

"Who am I?" The young woman smiled faintly, "I've heard Master Chu has extraordinary divination skills, capable of predicting the future, knowing everything under the sun. So, why doesn't Master Chu divine who I am?"

The woman's voice was very pleasant, different from the typical Capital City accent, with a soft touch of Wu dialect, sounding very comfortable to the ears.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, her tone neutral, "Miss, you flatter me. I'm just trying to make a living, I'm not as omniscient as you say."

The young woman leaned forward and sat opposite Chu Jin, her aura unmistakably overpowering Chu Jin's. She spoke indifferently, "So, the legendary Master Chu is only this much? You don't even know who I am?" Her eyes and brows carried a hint of ridicule.

Chu Jin glanced at her sideways and retorted, "I'm just a fortune-teller, not a census officer. Why should I know who you are?"

This face, she had never seen before in Capital City's circle of famous ladies. It probably wasn't someone from a prestigious family then.

So, who was she?

And why did she have a sense of hostility towards Chu Jin?

The young woman chuckled, "Master Chu really is quick-witted. Well, then, please do a reading for me, Master Chu. If you are right, this cheque is yours. But if you are wrong, today, I will smash everything here, including you and this stall!" She concluded, placing a cheque with a six-figure sum on the table.

There was no hint of jest in the young woman's eyes, and her final words carried extra force!

"Alright," Chu Jin accepted the young woman's challenge without hesitation.

She was still very confident in her divination skills.

As she spoke, she took out the Tarot cards and began to shuffle them quickly.

Song Shiqin in the car observed her shuffling, a flicker of confusion crossing his eyes.

The shuffling hands and movements of the person before him did not match the memory he had.

It seemed something was amiss...

## Chapter 312: Suspicion

Seeing the puzzled look in Song Shiqin's eyes, Zhang Zijun asked curiously, "Brother Song, what's wrong?"

He looked towards the figure in white shuffling the cards and didn't think anything seemed strange.

Why would Brother Song have such a strange expression?

Hearing the doubtful voice beside him, Song Shiqin snapped back to reality, his brows furrowed slightly as he said, "It's nothing, I just feel like she seems to have changed a bit from before."

Song Shiqin had grown up with Zhang Zijun from a young age, so he didn't intend to keep this from him.

"Different?" Zhang Zijun touched his chin thoughtfully and redirected his gaze back to the figure in white, "I didn't notice anything different, the only thing I feel is that Miss Chu seems to have lost more weight than before." Chu Jin had always been slim, but now she seemed even more frail, as if she had become all skin and bones.

Thinner to the point of looking unhealthy, disproportionate.

But then, after some thought, Zhang Zijun continued, "Given the severity of Miss Chu's injury this time, it's normal for her to have lost some weight, Brother Song, what do you think has changed about her?"

Zhang Zijun threw the question back to Song Shiqin.

Anyway, he hadn't noticed any change in Miss Chu.

Song Shiqin's eyes grew deeper, and as he stroked his chin, he voiced his doubt, "Her movements, her movements have changed like... they're not as coordinated as before."

Not just uncoordinated, her way of shuffling the cards was worlds apart.

Chu Jin had done a reading for Song Shiqin before, so he had seen her shuffle the cards up close.

Back then, her movements were much more agile than now, and she moved so smoothly it dazzled the eyes.

The Tarot cards in her hands were as if they had come to life, pleasing to the eye.

But what about now?

Her shuffling had become so stiff, even somewhat clumsy, not just clumsy, but her eyes were lacking something.

That was 'passion.'

Yes! It was passion.

When she looked at Tarot cards before, her eyes always held an unmistakable passion.

But now, that passion seemed to have disappeared all at once.

It could be said that now, Chu Jin seemed different to Song Shiqin in every way but her very similar appearance.

Moreover, the more he looked, the stranger it felt, the less she resembled the person he remembered.

Song Shiqin's frown deepened, and besides, could someone who had suffered such a serious gunshot wound recover so quickly?

She was shot in the chest area, so logically, someone who had just been shot should not be able to make such large movements now.

Listening to Song Shiqin's questioning words, Zhang Zijun added, "Brother Song, now that Miss Chu is freshly recovered from a serious injury, it's not surprising that her movements are a bit uncoordinated, after all, she has just been through a life and death situation." Zhang Zijun hadn't had much contact with Chu Jin, so he didn't see anything unusual at the moment.

And he didn't believe that there could be two people in the world who looked exactly alike; he had never even considered that possibility.

On hearing this, Song Shiqin's brows furrowed even more, and he expressed his second doubt, "If she was so seriously injured, how could she have completely recovered in just half a month's time?"

That was the most incredible part.

He had been too excited when he first heard the news of her return, but on reflection, there were too many suspicious aspects to the situation.

Zhang Zijun, unconcerned, laughed and patted Song Shiqin's shoulder, "Brother Song, no wonder Miss Chu says you're overly suspicious. I think you really are quite suspicious. Consider this, Mo Zhixuan is an extremely capable person; what's an ordinary gunshot wound to him? I've been saying that Mo Zhixuan must have a way to save Miss Chu, and you didn't believe me!"

Zhang Zijun had a deep understanding of Mo Zhixuan, knowing his background was powerful and his abilities formidable.

Even the leader of China would give him three points of respect.

Song Shiqin's eyes grew thoughtful, as he gazed out of the window, his mood somewhat complicated.

Zhang Zijun narrowed his eyes, analyzing calmly.

"Brother Song, I don't know what you're doubting, but I can guarantee you, the person out there is Miss Chu. Think about it, if she's not Miss Chu, then who is she? Who would be so idle as to impersonate Miss Chu? And for what purpose would she pretend to be Miss Chu? How could there possibly be two people in this world who look so alike? You can't even find two identical leaves in this world, let alone people?"

Zhang Zijun paused and added, "Brother Song, you might as well let go of your doubts. If that's not Miss Chu, then who else could it be?"

In fact, Zhang Zijun's words were not without reason.

Who would impersonate her? How could there be two people in the world who look completely alike?



And since he already owed her, what right did he have to doubt her now?

The doubts in the depths of Song Shiqin's heart were gradually fading away.

"You're right; that is her," Song Shiqin said, looking firmly ahead, his tone low.

That had to be her.

He hadn't had the chance to repay his debt to her; how could she just disappear?

This time, he must seize the opportunity.

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Chapter 313: You're not Chu Jin at all!

Chu Jin shuffled the cards deliberately, slowly arranging them into a spread as Aaron had taught her.

The Time Flow Fortune Telling Method.

Faced with this spread, she was somewhat nervous.

After all, this was her first divination for someone since she became a fortune-teller, and furthermore, she encountered an old enemy of Chu Jin.

Just how many people had Chu Jin managed to provoke!

"What would you like to divine?" Chu Jin asked, looking up at the young woman after arranging the spread.

Her tone was slightly unfriendly.

Since the other party had no good intentions, there was no need for her to be so polite!

After all, she was Chu Jin now!

The young woman swept her hair behind her ear with a hand, the corner of her mouth curling into a proud arc, "Miss Chu is so powerful, divining fates as if by decree, can't you tell what I want to divine?"

It had to be said, the young woman's aura was compelling.

She easily overwhelmed Chu Jin.

Chu Jin chuckled, "I am just a fortune-teller, not the worm in your belly, how would I know what you want to divine? Besides, human hearts are fickle, constantly changing, how would I know if the question you thought of one second is the same as the next?"

Chu Jin quietly shifted the topic back to the young woman, and being immersed in the noble circles for many years had honed her craftiness—she was anything but shallow.

The young woman directly raised her delicate hand and applauded Chu Jin.

"Master Chu sure has a silver tongue," she said.

Chu Jin glanced at her with a warning look and dismissed her, "If Miss here isn't serious about divination, then please leave."

"Is Master Chu unsure about her own divination skills?" the young woman slightly raised an eyebrow, her gaze mocking.

Showing a hint of annoyance, Chu Jin pressed, "Then what exactly do you want to divine?"

Her expression clearly showed impatience.

The young woman smiled and then said, "Then I'll ask Master Chu to divine my fortune."

"First, draw three cards. Let's make it clear beforehand that sincerity brings revelation. You must clear your mind of distractions before drawing the cards. Otherwise, if it's not accurate, you can't blame me," Chu Jin stated.

These were also Aaron's teachings.

The diviner must be sincere in their faith in the Tarot cards, never with an attitude of just giving it a try.

Testing the cards was even more taboo.

Each deck of Tarot cards possesses its own soul.

Only the most devout Church Members can have their concerns divined.

What the Tarot cards absorb is the power of faith.

The young woman hooked her lips into a smile and drew three cards in a leisurely fashion.

The first card.

The upright position: The Emperor.

On the face of the card, an emperor of a nation wore a crown and military boots symbolizing strict discipline. He sat confidently on his throne, holding a Crystal Ball in his left hand and a scepter in his right.

There were four ram's head reliefs on the throne, emphasizing the astrological association of the card with Aries (Mars)—as the first of the zodiac signs, it connotes bravery, ambition, and confidence.

The second card.

The upright position: Three of Cups.

The card depicted three women surrounded by the fruits of victory, each holding a cup, with one even clutching a ripe grapevine. They were celebrating the harvest, with the Three of Cups signifying joy, sharing, or celebration, as well as success.

The third card.

The upright position: Queen of Cups.

The Queen on the card wore a red robe and a crown, sitting on her throne. Below her were the great lands of her kingdom and lush fruits everywhere; there was even a small wild rabbit in the lower left corner.

This card indicated a lady adept at socializing and strong in her work, competent and reliable in achieving material comfort from wealth. She loved her career as much as she loved her family.

Chu Jin looked at the three cards, her eyes reflecting sheer disbelief.

She could hardly believe someone could draw three upright cards in succession.

Moreover, to draw both the Emperor and The queen, both upright, was an incredibly small probability.

Or perhaps, it should never happen at all.

How could one's life be so smooth sailing?

Whether in the past, the future, or the present, how could it be so utterly without obstacle?

She couldn't interpret the cards; Aaron had never taught her to read such a hand.

Chu Jin scrambled the spread and said coldly, "Sorry, you are not sincere. I cannot read for you. Take your check and leave."

The young woman laughed, her beautiful eyes narrowing slightly, "You think a simple claim of insincerity is enough to dissuade me? Is it that easy?"

"What do you want then? Your lack of sincerity is your own issue; what does it have to do with me?" Chu Jin looked up at her, her tone frosty.

"You are not Chu Jin!" the young woman lifted her eyelids slightly, the scrutinizing look in her eyes becoming tangible, piercing her skin and stabbing deep into her heart, bloody and filthy as though she was being slowly tortured.

Chu Jin's expression remained unchanged, but her heart was already in turmoil!

How did she know she was not Chu Jin?

Who was she?

She had disguised herself so successfully, how did this woman see through her?

Who exactly was she?!

Chapter 314: Are you qualified?

Chu Jin suppressed the discomfort in her heart and feigned calmness as she said, "I don't understand what nonsense you're talking about!"

Anyway, Chu Jin had already disappeared, who could prove she wasn't Chu Jin?

"Nonsense?" The young woman's lips curled into a faint smile, "I think you're the one feeling guilty, aren't you?"

Upon hearing that Chu Jin was back, she couldn't wait to come and see, only to find a fake in the end!

With her many years of medical experience, it was clear to her that this woman had undergone surgery on her face!

Doctors are always meticulous, and even though the person's face was adorned with makeup to hide it, she could still tell at first glance.

Indeed, this woman was none other than Li Mi!

Chu Jin looked up at Li Mi with a somewhat cold gaze, "And who are you? What right do you have to say I am not Chu Jin!"

Li Mi looked intently at Chu Jin, her gaze mocking, "You think you can impersonate her? Are you even worthy? Do you really think that donning the dragon robe makes you the crown prince? Just by altering your face a bit you think you can pass as Chu Jin? A civet cat will always be a civet cat!"

She should take a good look at herself first!

The kind of orchid-like serene aura Chu Jin has is something no one can imitate.

However, the surgery on the face was indeed very successful; if she wasn't a doctor herself, she wouldn't have noticed the surgical changes to her face at all.

Chu Jin had never imagined that this young woman would actually be acquainted with Chu Jin!

But she had never seen this person in Chu Jin's network of relationships!

Could it be that the relational map Mrs. Wen had prepared for her was inaccurate?

At that moment, Chu Jin had no choice but to pretend she knew nothing, adopting an innocent expression as she said, "I don't understand what you're talking about!"

Li Mi stood up abruptly, "Don't you find yourself disgusting? Parading around draped in someone else's honors, tell me, what is your purpose in impersonating Chu Jin!"

Li Mi had long considered Chu Jin a friend, and was infuriated to see someone impersonating her.

It's just too shameless! There are actually people like this!

"Are you sick or something?" Chu Jin bit her lip, pointing down the road, "You're not welcome here, please leave!"

Sweat in Chu Jin's palms nearly burst out in an instant.

But she still had to maintain her composure; at this time, she couldn't afford to lose her footing!

"Feeling guilty? Tell me, who are you, exactly?" Li Mi narrowed her eyes, she had a vague sense that there was more to this situation than met the eye.

Why would Chu Jin suddenly disappear?

And why would an impostor appear at this time?

Could it be that all of this was someone's premeditated plan?

With that thought, Li Mi's eyebrows twitched.

Chu Jin's expression was unchanged, her tone grave, "I am Chu Jin!"

She was originally Chu Jin.

Li Mi sneered, "Stop pretending, your face is just too fake! It's not even one ten-thousandth like Chu Jin's, tell me, who are you?"

Chu Jin snorted coldly, "Unreasonable," and then she stopped talking.

She knew that the more she said at this time, the more flaws she would reveal, and she hadn't expected that someone would actually see through her.

"Fine, not talking then?" Li Mi glanced at her, then abruptly lifted her hand and overturned Chu Jin's table.

With a 'bang,' the table flipped over, scattering the Tarot cards everywhere.

Chu Jin's expression changed, and she demanded, "You crazy woman! What do you think you're doing?"

"That's what I should be asking you, right? What are you trying to do by impersonating Chu Jin? Tell me, or I'll smash both the table and you together! Let me tell you, as long as I'm here, don't even think about staying in Capital City!" Her last words were especially forceful, sending a shiver down one's spine!

Song Shiqin and Zhang Zijun in the car also had a change of expression.

They were too far away and the day was noisy, so they couldn't make out the actual conversation between the two women.



"Brother Song, Miss Chu has just recovered from a serious injury; she might not be a match for that woman. Shall we go help her?"

No sooner had Zhang Zijun finished his words than Song Shiqin pushed open the car door, got out, and walked briskly toward the two women.

At this moment, he simply could not bear to see Chu Jin wronged.

Just as Li Mi was about to slap Chu Jin, someone grabbed her wrist.

Song Shiqin firmly seized Li Mi's wrist, with the sleeves of his shirt casually rolled up a few times, revealing half an arm of strong, tanned muscle.

From Chu Jin's perspective, he was easily more than a dozen centimeters taller than herself, his well-defined jawline extraordinarily cold and rigid. His facial features were sharp and angular, and his handsome visage appeared as perfectly sculpted.

An untamed wildness emanated from his entire being!

It evoked a desire to conquer him.

Chu Jin was so dumbstruck that she couldn't snap back to reality, her gaze fixed on him.

She knew this man; he had appeared in Chu Jin's social network as well.

The Commander-in-Chief of Hua Nation!

Song Shiqin!

A man of high authority, evidently, his true appearance was far more captivating than any photograph could depict.

Li Mi was also stunned, apparently not expecting Song Shiqin to suddenly show up. His grip was so strong that it caused Li Mi to cry out in pain, "Song Shiqin! What are you doing? Let go at once!"

Although she had a favorable impression of Song Shiqin before, these days she had been deeply immersed in the essence of Eastern and Western medicine, almost forgetting his existence.

Unexpectedly, he had reemerged at this time.

"Miss Li, please do not push things too far!" Song Shiqin spoke coldly, his presence exuding a dangerous aura.

At that moment, Li Mi almost thought she was hallucinating.

She couldn't tell whether Song Shiqin knew this impostor or knew Chu Jin.

Yet, at the Wen Family's event last time, the interaction between these two was almost non-existent—it didn't seem like they knew each other at all.

So, whom exactly was he protecting?

Li Mi narrowed her eyes slightly, "Song Shiqin, do you even know who she is? And you're protecting her?"

Song Shiqin frowned and said, "No matter who she is, it's not your place to bully her, Miss Li. Out of respect for the longstanding friendship between our families, I won't hold it against you today. Please leave! If it happens again, don't blame me for not showing mercy."

Song Shiqin had no good impression of Li Mi.

During the last event at the Wen Family's residence, she targeted Chu Jin at every turn, treating her as an enemy!

It was no surprise that she would come to bully Chu Jin today.

Li Mi spoke irritably, "Song Shiqin! Open your eyes; the person standing next to you isn't Chu Jin at all! She's just an excessively surgically altered impostor!"

Chu Jin stood to the side, never uttering a word.

Even when hearing Li Mi accused her of being an impostor, her face showed no flaw, instead conveying a resigned expression.

As if she were an understanding older sister facing her own unreasonable younger sibling.

A trace of anger was emerging on Song Shiqin's face as he turned to Zhang Zijun and said, "Take Miss Li away."

"Understood." Zhang Zijun was tall and burly. He said to Li Mi, "My apologies," and promptly carried her away on his shoulder.

Throughout, Li Mi struggled continuously, "Song Shiqin, that's really not Chu Jin, don't be fooled by her..."

Song Shiqin's voice dropped to three firm words, "Gag her mouth."

Although it was just a short directive of three words, it was imbued with an irresistible authority, effectively silencing Li Mi.

Chu Jin quickly assessed the situation before her and then sighed softly, about to right the table, but the man in front of her pulled her into his embrace.

"You've finally returned."

Chu Jin was taken aback, momentarily at a loss for how to react.

According to the information from Lady Jiu, Song Shiqin should have harbored animosity toward Chu Jin, always suspecting her.

But what was happening now?

The man's strength was overwhelming, threatening to break her waist.

Song Shiqin held her tightly, regardless of who she was; this time, he did not want to miss out again.

He owed her too much, and he was determined to pay her back slowly.

"What are you doing?" Chu Jin frowned, attempting to push Song Shiqin away, but given his immense strength, she could not budge him in the slightest.

Chu Jin gritted her teeth, "Mr. Song! Please show some decency!"

Truth be told, she relished these moments; the man before her was the Commander-in-Chief of Hua Nation—with both looks and status, many high-ranking ladies dreamed of establishing a connection with him.

And how many people tried everything in their power to curry his favor?

Chapter 315: Desolation and Loneliness

If she hadn't seen it wrong, just now, that second young mistress from the Li family also had feelings for Song Shiqin.

But Song Shiqin hadn't even spared her a glance.

Seeing no reaction from Song Shiqin, Chu Jin nudged him again, her tone slightly irritated as she said, "Mr. Song, please let go of me!"

Although Chu Jin was immensely infatuated with his strong, masculine embrace, at this moment, she had to muster all her strength to push him away.

The second young mistress from the Li family was already suspicious of her; if she showed any weakness in front of Song Shiqin now, she would truly be done for.

The immediate priority was to gain the trust of this military commander! With his protection, no one in Capital City would be a threat to her anymore.

At this moment, Song Shiqin had completely lost his rationality, his mind preoccupied with thoughts of how he should repay her in the future, how to protect her. He hadn't realized that the person before him had changed completely, from the inside out.

It took a while before Song Shiqin released her, his expression steady as he looked at her and asked in a deep tone, "Does the wound still hurt?" His delicate, pitch-black eyes could not hide his concern.

What wound?

That single question baffled Chu Jin.

Chu Jin didn't answer, she pursed her lips and cast her eyes down, not daring to meet Song Shiqin's gaze directly.

The imposing aura emanating from the man was truly overwhelming.

And his gaze, sharp as a sword, seemed able to pierce through the eyes and see directly into the depths of one's soul.

In order not to reveal any flaws, Chu Jin had no choice but to remain silent with her lips sealed and not to look at Song Shiqin. She simply brushed off his hand from her shoulder coldly and turned to crouch down to clean up the mess on the floor.

Song Shiqin sighed, looking down at the white figure crouching on the ground as his rationale slowly began to return.

Although he knew there were many suspicious things about her, for some reason, whenever he faced her charming, just-smiling face, an intense sense of guilt arose in his heart, and immediately, all his doubts seemed to vanish without a trace.

He owed her his life.

At this time, what right did he have to question her?

He dared not question her further; she had finally reappeared, and he couldn't let his distrust cause her to disappear once again.

No matter who she was.

Just based on her identical appearance alone, he couldn't bring himself to do anything that would hurt her.

Seeing that she remained silent, Song Shiqin also kept quiet, silently helping her pick up the chairs and tables.

They shared a silent communion.

After everything was tidied, Chu Jin sat on a chair and said coldly, "Mr. Song, please leave."

She hadn't expected such a major slip up the first time she pretended to be Chu Jin. Currently, she couldn't afford any more mistakes.

After returning home tonight, she would have to study Chu Jin's social relationships thoroughly.

Song Shiqin sighed with his eyes cast down; it was hard to discern what he was thinking, "Then I'll come to see you again tomorrow. Don't mind what Li Mi said. I know she has always been hostile towards you, but don't worry, with me here, she wouldn't dare do anything to you."

With that, he turned and left.

The sunlight stretched his figure long on the ground, casting a kind of ineffable desolation and loneliness.

It was unclear whether it was disappointment or melancholy.

Chu Jin watched his retreating figure and let out a slight sigh of relief. It seemed that he hadn't grown suspicious of her.

But Li Mi was a big problem—she had managed to see through the issue with her face at just a glance.

Listening to Song Shiqin's words, Li Mi must have had a falling out with Chu Jin before. If that was the case, why would Li Mi defend Chu Jin? The matter was getting more complicated.

She had thought usurping Chu Jin's place would be simple, but she hadn't expected Chu Jin's life to be so complex.

It seemed that just imitating her looks was not enough to replace her successfully.

A sense of foreboding began to rise in Chu Jin's heart; she needed to work even harder.

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Inside the café.

Zhang Zijun and Li Mi were sitting across from each other.

Li Mi appeared somewhat agitated, "Zhang Zijun, believe me, that person is not Chu Jin! Her face has clearly been operated on. Maybe Chu Jin's disappearance was orchestrated by her! Don't be deceived by her!"

The more Li Mi thought about it, the more she felt that Chu Jin's inexplicable disappearance had to be closely related to that imposter.

Why else would she appear just when Chu Jin disappeared?

As Zhang Zijun leisurely sipped his coffee, the corners of his mouth curled into a smile, "I know you fancy Brother Song, but matters of the heart require mutual consent, and pestering Miss Chu is pointless!"

Ever since their last encounter at the Wen Family, Zhang Zijun had noticed Li Mi's malice towards Chu Jin, deliberately making things difficult for her several times. Therefore, he didn't take her words to heart now.

To say the person just now wasn't Chu Jin was something he couldn't believe.

Hearing this, Li Mi's eyes widened in disbelief, looking at Zhang Zijun, "What do you mean? Do you think I'm jealous of her? Zhang Zijun, is this how you see me? Think about it, why would Chu Jin disappear for no reason? Why would that imposter appear at such a time? It's clearly her meticulous plot! It was all premeditated by her. I have studied medicine abroad for ten years, I knew at a glance that she had surgery on her face!"

Why Chu Jin disappeared was unclear to others, but Zhang Zijun understood it better than anyone else.

The incident was just an accident; how could it have been premeditated by someone else?



So, he was even more convinced that Li Mi was spouting nonsense.

Moreover, Li Mi had always been fond of Song Shiqin; it was not impossible for her to defame Chu Jin in order to win him over.

Zhang Zijun chuckled lightly, his voice low as he said, "Miss Li, pardon my bluntness, but Brother Song would never take an interest in a woman like you. It would be wise for you to rein in your scheming before it backfires." The last sentence was a warning.

Li Mi could be driven mad by Zhang Zijun.

Even though he was a military man, how could his perception be so poor!

Anyone with clear eyesight could spot the difference between Chu Jin and the imposter at a glance!

Even she couldn't hold a candle to that imposter's aura, let alone to Chu Jin's.

#### Chapter 316: Just Can't Stand It

Li Mi could only explain helplessly, "Yes! I admit, I did have a little bit of a crush on Song Shiqin before, but now, I no longer have any feelings towards him at all! Chu Jin is my friend, and I won't allow anyone..."

Li Mi hadn't finished her sentence when Zhang Zijun hastily interrupted her, "Miss Li, if I'm not mistaken, the last time at the Wen Family, you were making things difficult for Miss Chu at every turn. Since when did you become good friends with her? Miss Li, I advise you not to go looking for trouble with Miss Chu anymore, and not to spout nonsense here. Otherwise, Brother Song won't let you off easily."

Zhang Zijun had served in the army for many years and was not one for scheming, so he spoke rather bluntly.

Moreover, he didn't have a good impression of Li Mi.

How could Li Mi, who was so hostile towards Chu Jin last time, suddenly have such a big change of heart?

There must be some conspiracy behind this.

Daughters of wealthy families like her are always calculating!

Unlike Miss Chu, who is open and upright, transparent and generous in her dealings.

Li Mi took a long breath, struggling to suppress the rage in her heart, "Zhang Zijun, I swear on my integrity, I'm not spouting any nonsense. If you don't believe me, you can take that imposter to the hospital for identification, and then you'll know if I'm lying! Besides, do I need to joke about this kind of thing?" After speaking, she took a sip of her coffee.

Zhang Zijun seemed not to have taken her words to heart, taking out two hundred-yuan bills from his wallet and placing them on the table, as he stood up, "Miss Li, I have other matters to attend to and must leave now. Please take to heart what I said today, and don't provoke Brother Song's wrath or cause trouble for Miss Chu, otherwise, no one will be able to protect you."

With that, he turned and left, leaving Li Mi with the sight of his tall retreating figure.

Li Mi was nearly infuriated to death by that idiot Zhang Zijun!

No! She must expose the true face of that imposter!

Chu Jin, such a pure and beautiful person, how could she let an imposter sully her!

This was simply intolerable!

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In the ancient residence,

Mo Zhixuan just stayed by Chu Jin's side.

Suddenly, with a 'creak,' the sound of the heavy wooden door being pushed open was heard.

A woman of gorgeous appearance and delicate features walked in. She was dressed in a simple patterned long dress made of coarse cloth, carrying a wooden tray in her hands, her bright eyes shining, her eyebrows and lips painted like flying swallows and swimming dragons, radiating a pleasant aura. Though dressed in plain and even coarse clothes, she was naturally beautiful, causing one's breath to catch.

"Mr. Mo," the beauty said as she slowly walked in with the wooden tray, a slight smile on her lips, "I can take care of Miss Chu; you go and rest."

Her voice was also clear and melodious, pleasing to the ear.

Mo Zhixuan slowly lifted his eyes, showing a hint of fatigue, "No need." His voice was still as cold as always and not softened even by the presence of a beautiful woman.

Fortunately, the beauty was already accustomed to his manner and was not angry. She placed the wooden tray on a table to one side, her eyes brimming with smiles, "Master prescribed a medicinal bath for Miss Chu. It requires soaking for three hours. You should take this time to rest. I will accompany Miss Chu to the flower room for her bath, and you can come and watch over her after she is done.

It is still somewhat improper for a man to stay by a woman's side during her bath.

This woman was the only female disciple of Elder Xu Kong, Dai Yu.

Dai Yu had grown up on the mountain under the guidance of Elder Xu Kong since childhood, and this was her first time seeing someone other than her master and senior brothers.

Perhaps because she was isolated from the world since childhood, Dai Yu possessed an ethereal and pleasant quality that unavoidably drew extra glances.

"Where is the flower room?" Mo Zhixuan looked at Dai Yu for the first time, "I can take her there by myself."

Those exquisite phoenix eyes were deep and profound.

They were unfathomable.

The fine, pursed lips, the noble bridge of the nose, and that cold light flickering within his slightly upturned phoenix eyes composed his exquisitely carved features along with an icy aura that was piercingly intense.

Aristocratic and aloof.

To Dai Yu, this was undoubtedly the most handsome and refined man she had ever seen.

She thought he resembled the high and exalted emperors described in ancient books.

Dai Yu calmly recovered from her brief daze, a blush creeping onto her face as she smiled faintly. "Mr. Mo, Miss Chu is a young lady after all. Let me handle this..."

Mo Zhixuan no longer looked at her but bent down to lift Chu Jin in his arms, his tone cold as he uttered four words, "Lead the way ahead."

His pride was habitual; even now, facing a delicate beauty, he was utterly unyielding.

Dai Yu was startled for a moment before picking up the tray again and stepping forward, "Oh, okay. Mr. Mo, please follow me this way."

The flower room was not far, it was a small wooden house with a thatched roof, built in a medic herb garden.

In the garden, the peonies were in full bloom, red and white against each other, particularly eye-catching.

There were also various unknown medicinal herbs, creating a pleasing scene, undoubtedly a haven from the outside world.

A breeze carried the scent of herbs, which was not at all pungent.

Following the winding stone path, they arrived at the flower room.

Dai Yu led the way, pushing open the door only to be met with a strong, pungent odor of medicine.

The flower room was small, and the interior was very simple, mostly furnished with wooden and bamboo items.

Dai Yu lifted the white gauze curtain, pointing to the wooden bed hidden behind it, "Mr. Mo, place Miss Chu on the bed, and I will take care of the rest."

Chapter 317: Only peonies are the true color of the nation

The bed in the flower room was also covered with white gauze.

It looked very clean.

Although it was the heat of summer, there was a cool breeze in the flower room, not at all stuffy and hot, as if air conditioning had been switched on, extremely refreshing.

Mo Zhixuan pursed his lips and strode forward, carefully laying Chu Jin onto the wooden bed.

A gentle breeze passed by, messing up her black hair. Mo Zhixuan lifted his hand to brush her hair behind her ear. His usually stern brows softened remarkably with tenderness, as gentle as if handling a treasure without equal in the world. In his deep, phoenix-like eyes was an undeniable doting.

Dai Yu felt ripples in her heart.

The woman lying on the bed seemed to be sleeping, her breathing even. Her skin was pale, her lips red, and she possessed a complexion as exquisite as jade. This was the first time Dai Yu had taken a proper look at Chu Jin.

She couldn't help but sigh, realizing that such a woman indeed existed in the world.

She seemed as if she had stepped out of an ancient painting of court ladies, perfect in every way. Although she was just lying there, she still gave off an aura of being out of this world, captivating and impossible to look away from.

These lines of poetry involuntarily sprang to Dai Yu's mind.

The peony in the courtyard doesn't need other flowers for grace; on the pond, the lotus is pure but lacks sentiment.

Only the peony is the true beauty of the nation, stirring Capital City when it blooms.

Although this was a poem meant to describe the lotus, it wasn't the least bit excessive when applied to the woman before her.

She just lay there, doing nothing, yet still managed to draw everyone's gaze.

This indeed was what one called a national beauty.

Even a beauty like Dai Yu could not help but admire her grace and appearance.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan remaining by the bed, Dai Yu couldn't help reminding him, "Mr. Mo, I have prepared the bath..."

What she meant was that Mo Zhixuan could leave now.

A woman bathing, what was a man doing by staying on the side?

Ancient books stated, for a woman not yet betrothed, her reputation was of utmost importance.

"Hmm," Mo Zhixuan let out lightly from deep in his throat, then lifted his gaze and said, "Remember to close the door when you leave."

His presence was commanding, casually uttering a phrase like a sovereign from ancient times giving an edict, causing a jolt in one's soul and an unconscious surrender at his feet.

"Mr. Mo?" Dai Yu lifted her gaze in disbelief, and then reminded him, "It is time for Miss Chu's bath."

Could Mr. Mo not understand the implication of her words?

After a moment's thought, Dai Yu continued, "Mr. Mo, I know you are concerned about Miss Chu, but after all, men and women are different. It would be more proper for me to bathe Miss Chu. Isn't it inappropriate for you to be present?"

Mo Zhixuan then turned his head to look at Dai Yu, his distinct features shadowed under the light, adding a touch of mystery, his lips parting slightly, "I will bathe her, you may leave."

His voice was deep and magnetic, with a cold edge, very pleasant to the ear, causing Dai Yu's breath to catch slightly and her heart to race.

The feeling was strange, yet also novel.

Dai Yu had perused many ancient texts from a young age, but none of those books had ever described such an odd sensation.

After a pause, Dai Yu came back to her senses.

"Mr. Mo, it is you who would bathe Miss Chu... this seems somewhat improper, right? Miss Chu and I are both women, it would be better if I did it."

Dai Yu instinctively didn't want Mo Zhixuan to see Chu Jin's naked body.

It had nothing to do with reputation.

Ancient books say that men and women should not touch, and after a girl comes of age, only her husband may see her naked body.

If Mo Zhixuan were to see Chu Jin's naked body, wouldn't he have to take responsibility for her?

This was somewhat unacceptable to Dai Yu.

"I am bathing my fiancée, is there a problem?" Mo Zhixuan's expression turned slightly cold, every word as if dipped in ice.

What!?

Fiancée?

Dai Yu almost thought she was hallucinating.

She's actually his fiancée?



This Miss Chu is truly envied for her good fortune.

Actually being able to have someone like Mr. Mo as her fiancé.

It took quite a while for Dai Yu to digest this significant news, a smile spreading across her lips as she looked up and said, "Of course, there's no problem."

The master once said that she looked her best when smiling, like a plum blossom blooming in the midst of snow, or like a clear spring flowing through the woods, capable of making one forget all worries.

Therefore, she wanted to show Mr. Mo her most beautiful self.

Dai Yu calmly brought the wooden tray over to Mo Zhixuan's side, "Mr. Mo, these are the clothes I have prepared for Miss Chu to change into. The bottle on the side contains the unique pills made by the master. Remember to dissolve three pills in the bath later."

Mo Zhixuan took the tray and said, "Thank you."

"Mr. Mo, you're too polite," Dai Yu continued, "Then I'll leave first, I'll be outside the door. If you need anything, feel free to call for me."

Dai Yu behaved in an easy-going manner, as intimate as the girl next door.

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly without a word.

He was accustomed to being aloof, and he seldom spoke much to those who didn't matter much to him.

Dai Yu didn't care, glanced at him once, then gracefully walked out and even closed the door behind her softly.

As she had said, she truly stayed outside the flower hall, her hands supporting her chin, gazing at the garden, her thoughts drifting far away.

Whatever she was thinking about, the brightness in her eyes grew stronger, and the curve of her lips deepened.

Inside, Mo Zhixuan carried Chu Jin through layers of gauzy curtains to the inner bathing area.

It wasn't clear what kind of herbs had been put into the water, as it seemed quite pungent. The round wooden tub was also covered with layers of peony petals.

Next to the bathing tub was a soft couch.

Mo Zhixuan gently placed the person in his arms onto the couch.

The clothes she was wearing were likely also Dai Yu's, a white button-up dress, simple in design and very elegant. Just undo the vintage-style buttons, and the clothing could be easily removed.

Mo Zhixuan slowly knelt down, his fair, slender fingertips slowly touching the first button, then the second, the third...

Soon, her exquisitely beautiful collarbone was revealed.

Her skin was fair, soft, and delicate, like smooth milk, turning red at the slightest press, leaving a mark.

With the buttons undone, and the sash loosened, the spring scenery was partially concealed, inspiring imagination yet arousing no wanton thoughts.

Looking at the person lying on the couch, Mo Zhixuan's eyes deepened a shade, then immediately, without changing his expression, he slipped off her dress and carried her into the bath. The peony petals floating on the water quickly covered the spring sights of the bath.

Mist rose like a dream, shrouding her jade-like features in obscurity, extinguishing all worldly desires.

Her hair cascaded like a waterfall, spreading over the back of the tub. Mo Zhixuan looked at the scene before him and, as if inspired by a thought, stepped over, pushed aside the white gauze, and went to the outer room. He picked up a wooden comb and a white ribbon from the window sill and walked slowly back to the inner room.

Her hair was exceptionally soft, tangling round his hand, giving a feel akin to expensive silk, still carrying a hint of coolness, shining like black jade.

Liking someone meant liking everything about them, even her strands of hair seemed different to him from everyone else's.

This was the first time Mo Zhixuan had combed a girl's hair; his actions were unfamiliar yet deft.

The icy depths of his eyes were slowly thawing, revealing a warm tenderness.

Both decide to trim their hair, he too divides his silken tresses. In a private place, they tie a lover's knot, pledging their hearts as one.

Dai Yu was still guarding outside, where time had barely passed, and the sun was no longer as intense. A cool breeze filled the air.

And with it came the figure of a young lad, "Junior sister, so you were here! No wonder I couldn't find you anywhere."

The lad looked around eighteen or nineteen, handsome with a pleasant smile, emanating an inexplicable affinity.

"What do you want with me?" Dai Yu glanced at him indifferently, her interest seemingly lacking.

Although the lad called Dai Yu 'junior sister', he was about her age. They had grown up together and could be considered childhood friends.

However, while the childhood friend harbored affection, she remained oblivious.

The lad's eyes were attractive, warm, as if filled with a myriad of twinkling stars. He looked at Dai Yu with his hands behind his back, mysteriously hinting, "Junior sister, guess what nice thing I've brought for you?"

"What nice thing?" Dai Yu blinked, puzzled, raising her eyes to him.

#### Chapter 318: On Both Sides

When she focused on him, her beauty was especially striking, her lovely face a dazzling sight. The young man shifted his gaze uneasily, hesitated, and then said, "Guess."

Seeing him like this, Dai Yu grew even more curious. She coquettishly said, "What is it? Come on, Elder Brother, tell me. Stop keeping me in suspense."

She had grown up spoiled by her master and senior brothers, so acting coquettishly came naturally to her.

Moreover, when she pouted, she resembled an adorable kitten, impossible to resist.

The young man reached out a hand and tapped her forehead, smiling helplessly, "There's really no way to handle you."

Although he was about the same age as Dai Yu, he was more mature, and his eyes softened with tolerance and indulgence whenever he looked at her.

Dai Yu grabbed his hand that had tapped her forehead and gently shook it, "What is it? Show me quickly..."

The young man's eyes twinkled with mirth as he magically produced a fluffy little white rabbit from behind his back.

The rabbit was fat and round like a snowball. Dai Yu immediately took it with delight, hugging it close and stroking it without cease, "Such a cute little rabbit."

Any girl would find it hard to resist such a furry, chubby, and adorable creature.

The young man watched the girl holding the rabbit, as if seeing a delicate fairy descended from the Moon Palace. He found himself asking involuntarily, "Do you like it?"

Dai Yu nodded eagerly, "I love it."

Her eyes were only for the rabbit, while his gaze was fixed solely on her.

Unfortunately, she saw none of it.

But that was all right; as long as she was happy, that was enough.

Seeing her smile was more than enough for him.

The young man gently said, "As long as Junior Sister likes it, that's all that matters."

The rabbit was so cute; surely its meat must be delicious too. Dai Yu looked at the young man, then added after some thought, "Yes, Elder Brother, make stewed rabbit meat for dinner tonight. Master prefers light flavors, so maybe make half into soup and half sautéed."

Most girls might find it impossible to say something so cruel in the presence of such a cute rabbit.

But Dai Yu did just that, and she maintained an innocent expression while saying those words.

It was hard to believe these words came from her.

The young man nodded, "Alright, I'll do as Junior Sister wishes."

Dai Yu gently stroked the rabbit's head, her tone tender, "Little rabbit, little rabbit, what's the use of being so cute? In the end, you'll just end up in my stomach. It's only by eating you that you can truly belong to me, belong only to me."

As she spoke that last sentence, a strange gleam appeared in her eyes.

It was difficult to discern just what that look meant.

The young man saw nothing wrong with her words, patted her head, then asked, "What are you doing sitting here at the entrance of the greenhouse?"

"Mr. Mo is inside giving Miss Chu a medicinal bath, so I'm keeping watch outside, just in case they need anything," Dai Yu scooted over on the step and patted the space beside her, "Come sit, Elder Brother. I want to talk with you."

"Alright," the young man sat down next to Dai Yu, "What does Junior Sister want to talk about?"

Dai Yu looked into the distance, her beautiful eyes shimmering, and asked, "Have you seen Miss Chu, Elder Brother?"

The young man nodded, "I saw her once when I was delivering medicine to Mr. Mo."

"Do you think Miss Chu is beautiful?" Dai Yu continued.

The young man artfully responded with two lines of poetry, "Radiant as the bloom of spring, bright as the autumn moon."

Upon hearing this, Dai Yu turned her head, her expression earnest as she looked at the young man, "And me?"

She appeared like a child awaiting praise from an adult.

The young man said with a smile, "Unadorned you stand with grace, your innocence shines through the plainest face."

There could be no better two lines of poetry to describe Dai Yu.

Dai Yu glanced up at him, "Then, Elder Brother, who do you think is prettier, Miss Chu or me?"

"In my eyes, Junior Sister is always the prettiest," the young man slightly squinted his eyes and continued, "Among all the women under the heavens, none can compare to even one ten-thousandth of Junior Sister."

Even though Miss Chu was as picturesque as a painting, in his eyes, Junior Sister was the fairest girl in the world.

"All under heaven," Dai Yu murmured. She made up her mind, "Elder Brother, I've decided. I want to leave the mountain. I want to see just how big this world under heaven really is."

Having said that, she thrust the rabbit into the young man's arms, "I'll go talk to Master about it now, and don't forget to make me braised rabbit meat for dinner."

She left the young man with a diminishing figure.

The young man watched Dai Yu's retreating back, his eyes conveying an indistinct emotion, somewhat obscure and hard to read.

It seems, ever since Mr. Mo arrived, Junior Sister has become increasingly strange.

Hopefully, it's just his imagination.

Inside the room, sheer gauze danced in the air, white smoke lazily curled, shrouding the chamber in a hazy mist.

With a 'splash'.

Mo Zhixuan lifted the girl out of the bathtub, droplets of water from her body quickly soaking the front of his clothes.

Their skin made contact, and Mo Zhixuan could distinctly feel a continuous warmth seeping through the thin fabric, penetrating his skin and spreading to every part of his body.

The girl's body was soft, and he almost didn't dare to lower his gaze to the beautiful sight against his chest.

A delicate beauty in his arms.

It was hard not to have a wandering mind.

He was no moral paragon.

The white smoke swirled, blurring their figures as he placed her onto the soft couch, picking up a white towel and carefully drying every inch of her skin.

His girl, truly beautiful.

Irresistibly tempting to steal a kiss.



What was he thinking at a time like this?

Mo Zhixuan suppressed the fanciful thoughts in his heart, dressing her in the clothes Dai Yu had prepared.

A light blue robe with disc buttons, adorned with blossoming red plum flowers, the color of the buttons matching the crimson of the plums.

On her, it looked unexpectedly appropriate.

This style of clothing usually was picky about its wearer, but on her, it seemed to make the clothes themselves look dull.

When Dai Yu returned to the greenhouse, Mo Zhixuan was carrying Chu Jin out.

"Mr. Mo," Dai Yu greeted politely, then followed behind Mo Zhixuan, her gaze falling on Chu Jin, with a flicker of light in her eyes.

Her hair...

Unexpectedly, someone like Mr. Mo would personally dress a lady's hair.

In ancient times, men only did this for the women they cherished.

The act of dressing hair held deep significance.

Did Mr. Mo understand the meaning behind it?

And that outfit, she had gone to great lengths to find one like it. Yet, once on Miss Chu, it didn't seem picky at all!

It seemed, that outfit couldn't be kept any longer.

What use was a garment without a master?

"Mr. Mo, are you hungry? Should I go to the kitchen and get you something to eat?" Dai Yu continued to ask.

"Not needed," Mo Zhixuan uttered, his voice cool.

"What about Miss Chu?" Dai Yu smiled, "The master said we can now feed Miss Chu some liquid food. What did she like to eat before? I can make it for her. Is white porridge okay?"

Mo Zhixuan glanced at her, his tone indifferent, "That will do, thank you."

That was the most he had spoken to her in one go on this journey.

His voice was really pleasant to the ear.

Even though it was cold and impersonal, it still made her breathing a bit erratic.

Dai Yu, a bit excited, said, "Then I'll go now. Mr. Mo, wait for me." With that, she ran toward the kitchen.

In the kitchen, a young man was preparing to butcher the rabbit.

Facing the adorable rabbit, the young man obviously hesitated to proceed.

The rabbit was nibbling on a carrot, its tiny whiskers trembling cutely, endearing and irresistible, melting one's heart.

Looking at the rabbit, Dai Yu's lips curled slightly, she grabbed the cleaver, took hold of the rabbit's ears, and brought the blade fiercely across its throat. Her swift action showed not a hint of hesitation.

Blood promptly gushed out, staining the rabbit's white fur red.

The once lively and adorable rabbit was now bleeding from its neck, lying in a pool of blood, its legs twitching, on the verge of death, which made one inevitably feel a pang of compassion and reluctance to look directly.

Chapter 319:

"Tsk," she said while looking at the pitiful little rabbit, her eyes sparkling with a bright light, and a delicate flower bloomed on the corners of her mouth, her tone gentle, her voice melodious, "It's really cute the way it's struggling in death." It looked even cuter when it died than when it was alive.

There was not a hint of pity in her expression.

Instead, her eyes shimmered with excitement.

The color of the blood was truly beautiful.

The young man standing beside her was smiling, his gaze indulgent as he watched her, not finding anything inappropriate about her behavior.

It wasn't long before the rabbit kicked and gave up the ghost.

"So boring, it died so quickly." Dai Yu said, somewhat disinterested, as she kicked the rabbit's carcass with her foot.

Her pristine white shoes were immediately stained with fresh red blood.

The young man beside her frowned slightly, pulled Dai Yu aside, and said in a low voice, "Junior sister, that blood is dirty, don't get your shoes dirty."

"It's alright," Dai Yu winked playfully at the young man, "After all, if they get dirty, you'll wash them for me."

The girl in front of him was dressed in simple clothes, her smile innocent and pure. Her eyes, bright and slightly twinkling, gave her an exceptionally clean demeanor like a blank sheet of paper.

The young man stared blankly at her face, his gaze infatuated, forgetting the time for a long while before he came back to his senses and spoke.

"Junior sister, why did you come to the kitchen? This isn't a place for you. Listen to me, go back quickly. Don't get yourself smelling of cooking fumes."

In his eyes, Dai Yu was a fairy untainted by the mundane world; how could she set foot in a place like the kitchen?

There was a faint smile on Dai Yu's delicate face, and she said in a pleasant tone, "Master said that Miss Chu can now have some liquid food, so I came to cook porridge for her."

Upon hearing this, the young man put his arm around Dai Yu's shoulders and started to push her towards the door, "I can do that for you. You go back, and once it's ready, you can come to get it."

"Then thank you, senior brother, I'll go back first." Dai Yu looked back, giving the young man a sweet smile, looking pure and even more like an innocent fairy.

She had been isolated from the world from a young age, and her innate purity was indeed incomparable to ordinary people's. She would stand out in a crowd at first glance.

The young man stood dumbfounded, watching Dai Yu's departing figure with a lovesick expression, not coming back to his senses for a long while before heading towards the kitchen.

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At the crossroads, it was already four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Charlatan! What nonsense are you spouting? You dare call yourself a master with your Jianghu shaman tricks! To say such things, I won't let your stand last the day, for cheating people here, and for slandering my husband!" A sharp-tongued, slim woman could not help but slam her hand down and threw the Tarot cards fiercely at Chu Jin's face!

The woman, about 30 years old, had a slightly sallow complexion, giving off an unhealthy and sickly vibe, but her anger was truly terrifying.

It was clear that she was really angry, her whole body trembling slightly.

Being publicly humiliated, even someone as well-mannered as Chu Jin couldn't hold back anymore!

Chu Jin stood up, fury in her voice, "Madam, may I ask where I was wrong? You and your husband have been married for 8 years, living as strangers in the same bed. Your relationship has deteriorated so far that he has not only cheated on you but also subjected you to physical abuse. Why do you still cover for such a man? I suggest you divorce him as soon as possible!"

The woman had asked about her marriage, and the cards drawn were the Emperor in reversed position and the Grim Reaper.

A reversed Emperor represents the symbol of male authority, and although the Grim Reaper is in the upright position, it also signifies an irreparable situation, indicating that their marriage had reached its end.

Moreover, the woman's weak physique and sallow complexion, her dim eyes without light, it was apparent she had no status at home and often suffered grievances.

Already at her age, when sitting down, she did not inquire about good fortune or family but specifically about her marriage. It was evident that there must be problems in her marital life.

Although the Tarot cards revealed some information, Aaron had said that during divination, one must observe the querent carefully. Some insights can be seen more clearly through the querent than through the cards.

Divination is like psychology, seeing the essence through the phenomenon.

"You liar! My husband has been dead for 3 years, and you still insult him. I'll see to it that your stand is destroyed today, to prevent you from deceiving others here!" With that, the woman made to flip the table and smash the stall.

She was exceptionally agitated.

She and her husband had been married for 8 years, with a loving and respectful relationship. An accident three years ago had left her widowed. She had not managed to move past the grief of losing her husband in those three years, and her health had declined even more.

She'd heard that there was a Chu Master at the crossroads known for being divinely eloquent, and she had come in hopes that the master could guide her out of her predicament. But to her surprise, this master turned out to be nothing but a fraud!

Not only was she spouting nonsense, but she also slandered someone who had passed on—how could this not agitate her?

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin's complexion turned somewhat pale.

She had not expected that the woman's husband had already been dead for three years.

She had always been very confident in her divination and deduction skills, yet she had not foreseen this miscalculation.

Just as Chu Jin was uncertain of what to do, a large black dog suddenly charged out from the end of the street. With a 'woof,' it pounced directly in front of the emotionally agitated woman.

Chu Jin and the young woman both took a few steps back in fright.

The woman was even scared off by the big black dog.

"Jin ge! You're finally back!" The little loli took hurried steps with her short legs and ran over, throwing herself onto Chu Jin's thigh.

This sudden force nearly caused Chu Jin to lose her balance and fall to the ground.

Who on earth was this inexplicable child?

Chu Jin's brow furrowed deeply!

What kind of disreputable people was Chu Jin attracting?

"Jin ge, I really missed you. I thought you were never coming back..." As she spoke, the little loli's nose soured, and she started crying.

With a mix of snot and tears, she smeared it all over Chu Jin's clothes.

These days, she had missed Jin ge terribly.

Summer clothes are already thin, and feeling the odd sensation from her clothing, Chu Jin frowned in disgust.

Already a clean freak, dealing with saliva and snot and tears was utterly revolting to her.

Pulling the little loli away, Chu Jin retreated several steps to keep her distance and spoke with some anger, "Can you stop crying? Isn't it annoying? You've made a mess with your snot all over me, it's filthy!"

It was only a child, posing no real threat to her and she had no intention of dealing with it.

Moreover, she had never seen this child in Chu Jin's social circle; she probably wasn't someone important.

The child's clothing was very ordinary, too, without even a label on it—likely cheap street market fare.

Whose wild child was this?

"Woof!" Blackie sat down next to the little loli, growled at Chu Jin, and then nuzzled the little girl's head, as if comforting her or conveying some message.

The little loli stared at Chu Jin, her tears nearly overflowing, and said hoarsely, "Jin ge, what's wrong? Don't you recognize Pengpeng anymore...?"

Jin ge loved her so much; how could he treat her this way?

Could it be that Jin ge had other Little treasures outside?

And no longer liked her?

No! It couldn't be! Jin ge was not like that.

"Jin ge, you're joking with me, right?" The little loli wiped away the tears on her face, squeezed out a slight smile, opened her chubby little arms, and ran towards Chu Jin, wanting to hug her again.

If she kissed Jin ge, he would surely remember her.



Jin ge said her little face smelled so sweet.

Watching the little loli fling herself towards her, Chu Jin's brows furrowed even more, and she quickly moved her feet to dodge the child.

She did not want to be made filthy by this wild child again!

Seeing her react this way, the little loli's steps halted, she pouted her lips, and large tears fell down.

"Woof, woof, woof!" Blackie barked angrily at Chu Jin several times, then whimpered as if trying to communicate something, and, biting the little loli's clothing, pulled her towards the side of the road.

Dogs have the keenest sense of smell; it had long since detected that the person before it was not Chu Jin at all.

Chapter 320: Jin Ge, do you not want me anymore?

The person in front of her was not Jin Ge at all!

Seeing how heartbroken the little mistress was, the bread dog felt a sense of urgency but couldn't speak, and could only drag the little loli to the side of the road.

Chu Jin was also somewhat annoyed. She had never expected that her first day of setting up a stall would encounter so many upsetting incidents. Now, pulling out her cell phone from her pocket, she dialed a number with a cold tone, "Hey, come to the crossroads right now and take me back."

She really couldn't stay here for another minute. Aside from being exhausted and hot all day, she had met so many crazies!

The little loli rubbed her eyes, crying as she walked towards Chu Jin, "...Jin Ge, are you going back? You really don't want me anymore? I'm Pengpeng. Didn't you always say we would be best buddies for life? I'll be obedient from now on. Please don't leave me, Jin Ge..."

The little loli never expected that after waiting so long, this would be the outcome.

Heaven knows how happy she was when she first saw Jin Ge!

She thought she would never see Jin Ge again in her life.

Thankfully, she never gave up.

But why did Jin Ge seem like he didn't recognize her at all?

As the little loli moved forward, Chu Jin stepped back, a strong look of disdain in her eyes. She pointed at the loli, "Stop coming closer! Don't come looking for me ever again! I don't want you anymore. Have you even looked at yourself? You're filthy! Now take that mangy dog and leave!"

Upon hearing this, the little loli felt even more wronged. How could Jin Ge say she was dirty? How could he call Bread a wild dog?

Jin Ge used to like her so much, and he liked Bread too.

This must be a dream!

Yes, it must be a dream. When she woke up, Jin Ge would be back to the way he was before.

Thinking this, the little loli pinched her thigh hard, leaving a purple mark on her fair skin. It hurt a lot, but the dream didn't end.

Bread kept biting the hem of the little loli's clothes, trying to pull her back to her senses, but she still stubbornly moved towards Chu Jin.

She didn't believe that Jin Ge really didn't want her anymore.

She kept seeing scenes when she first met Jin Ge, and times when they ate crayfish at the night market, or when she quietly watched Jin Ge fortune-telling for others, even when he protected her...

She didn't even know what she had done wrong for Jin Ge to treat her this way.

"Jin Ge, I was wrong. I'll be good from now on. Please don't reject me, okay? I'm so scared..." The little loli's voice had become increasingly hoarse.

Mo Qianjue felt the little loli's distress and immediately left his work to drive toward the crossroads.

As soon as he arrived at the crossroads, Mo Qianjue noticed that figure in white.

Mo Qianjue's heart thumped violently. No wonder the little loli was so emotionally unstable; she had returned?

Finding a place to park the car, Mo Qianjue quickly walked toward the two people.

"Jin Ge...look at me, okay? I'm Pengpeng..." The little loli's crying reached his ears, and Mo Qianjue's brows furrowed slightly.

"I'm telling you one more time! From now on, I have nothing to do with you! I don't want you. Take your mangy dog and go back to wherever you came from! Don't get in the way here!"

Mo Qianjue paused, his delicate phoenix eyes narrowing as he looked across the street.

The person was still clad in white, her features clear and handsome. It was undoubtedly her.

But why did her face show a look of disgust?

She used to adore the little loli; how could she, all of a sudden, become so cold and say such harsh words to her?

Is this still her?

Could it be that she changed like this because she discovered that she was the little loli's father?

But from his understanding of her, she didn't seem like that kind of person.

Besides, her features seemed somehow strange.

The orchid-like aura that used to surround her had vanished in an instant.

At this moment, she was like a dazzling star that had lost its brilliance.

Dull and obscure.

Her face was still the same, but her entire presence had changed.

If one looked closely, it almost seemed like her face was not the same at all, extremely bizarre.

What was going on?

How could a person change so much in just a few short days?

What had she experienced?

Mo Qianjue steadied his emotions, cast a spell to conceal his features, reigned in his imposing presence, and crossed the road inconspicuously.

He had to find out what was really happening!

As she realized that Jin Ge truly didn't want her anymore, the little loli's heart ached unbearably, her small face crying into a blotchy mess. Just then, a familiar voice rang out beside her, "Pengpeng."

The little loli slowly lifted her head, her gaze hollow as she looked toward the source of the voice. Her vision darkened from insufficient blood supply, and she swayed unsteadily.

Mo Qianjue immediately embraced her with heartache, "Be good, Pengpeng, don't cry. Tell daddy, what happened?"