

R Woman 351

Chapter 351:

Before anyone could react, a lofty figure pushed through the crowd, walked up to Chu Jin, scooped her up from the ground, and strode toward the exit of the cafeteria.

As he was leaving, he shot Li Mi a glance filled with murderous intent and fury.

After Song Shiqin carried Chu Jin away, two plain-clothed military officers walked in, flanked Li Mi, and took her away as well.

Intentional injury, with Song Shiqin's methods.

This time, Li Mi would likely not escape a stint in jail.

Miao Xinran collapsed onto a blue plastic chair with weak legs and began to cry softly with her head resting on the table.

The sudden turn of events had come too quickly.

Jin, where on earth are you?

"Miao Xinran, if you dare bother Chu Jin again, I, Wang Kai, will not let you off!" With that, Wang Kai left the cafeteria in a hurry as well.

Seeing that the show was over, the onlookers gradually dispersed, but not before jeering at Miao Xinran.

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On the mountain.

Chu Jin had been asleep on a bed of cold jade for over an hour and finally opened her eyes to a figure of noble coolness.

He sat beside her on a chair, holding an ancient tome with a blue cover in one hand and a white teacup in the other, while the warm yellow sunlight filtered through layers of gauze, casting an even halo across his figure, giving him the ethereal beauty of an ink painting.

The scene before her felt too surreal, like something out of a dream.

It was hard to believe that such a celestial being could exist in real life.

With a flutter of long eyelashes, Chu Jin pushed away the blankets and sat up, setting her bare feet on the ground.

Her memory of the recent events atop the mountain was a bit fuzzy; she vaguely remembered Dai Yu messing with something, releasing the White Tiger from its restraints, and then using Dai Yu's own tactics against her, knocking her unconscious...

And then what? And then she had passed out as well.

So, how had she returned here?

Just as Chu Jin got out of bed, a fluffy thing pounced at her feet, "Meow meow meow, Master, you've finally woken up." The voice was cute and soft, full of charm, and absolutely delightful.

Chu Jin's brows furrowed slightly as she came to a realization.

Cats... could talk now?

This was a bit horrifying.

It couldn't possibly have become a spirit, could it? Chu Jin disdainfully kicked it away.

Then it pounced again.

And then Chu Jin kicked it away again.

Back and forth, neither tiring of the game.

The scene was quite comical.

"Meow meow meow, Master, I can warm your bed, act cute, be affectionate, roll over, please don't disdain me..."

Hearing the commotion behind him, Mo Zhixuan put down the ancient tome and the teacup, turned around and looked up at her, "This is the White Tiger, from now on it will follow you."

"Hmm?" Chu Jin was still a bit slow to respond, "This is the White Tiger?"

"Meow meow meow, Master, I am that White Tiger, I still don't have a name, please give me one." The White Tiger gave a light hop and landed on Chu Jin's shoulder, extending its paw and instinctively began to lick it, only to freeze halfway through the act; damn it, as a dignified White Tiger, how could it indulge in such kitten-like behavior, and moreover, it hadn't washed its paws yet...

"It really is the White Tiger?" Chu Jin asked incredulously, looking toward Mo Zhixuan.

"Mm," Mo Zhixuan gave a slight nod.

The transformation from a fierce White Tiger into a soft and cute kitten was something Chu Jin found hard to accept.

If such a thing were said by anyone else, she would never have believed it, but it was Mo Zhixuan who spoke.

"So, it will follow me from now on?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Yes, are you hungry? Shall I go get you something to eat first?"

"Meow meow meow, Master, I will always protect you," the White Tiger affectionately nuzzled Chu Jin's neck.

Chapter 352: What Skill Is That?

The White Tiger had been sitting on Chu Jin's shoulder all along, being clingy and cute, showing none of the dignity expected of a White Tiger.

Mo Zhixuan had turned around and gone out to get some food for Chu Jin.

"Meow meow meow, master, you have to give me a name that sounds more impressive, something grand..."

"Hmm..." Chu Jin lowered her gaze to think, and then she decided on the name, "Let's call you Chu Xiaobai then."

Chu Xiaobai?!?

The tiny claws of the White Tiger stiffened, how did these two characters sound grand at all?

These two characters were just not fitting for the majestic and powerful image of a White Tiger!

"Meow meow meow, master, how about you give me another name, calling me Xiaobai is too low."

Chu Jin stroked her chin, "How about Leftovers? Eggy? Second Dog Son..."

"Meow meow meow, master master, actually I think Xiaobai is a pretty good name, pretty good, Xiaobai really likes it." Faced with Chu Jin's suggestions, Xiaobai immediately changed its tune.

"That's being a good boy." Chu Jin slightly narrowed her eyes and stroked Xiaobai's feline head.

Her voice was very pleasant, tinged with a mysterious power, each word resonating in the ear.

Clear, ethereal.

It was like an April breeze, accompanied by a gurgling stream, slowly passing through the heart, leaving one momentarily stunned.

Now was the time!

Cold light flashed in those slightly narrowed peach blossom eyes.

Chu Jin's fingertips paused for a moment, and a card soaked with the full force of her fingertips flew out.

Bang!

It collided with a triangular iron plate in mid-air, producing brilliant sparks!

Crack!

The iron plate fell to the ground with a crisp sound. Under the illumination of the light, it reflected a cold and icy glint.

As for the card, it transformed into a fleeting shadow, carrying immense force, it pierced through layer upon layer of gauze and directly nailed itself into the wooden door, embedding three inches deep.

She had suffered injuries, but her body's instincts were still present.

Hidden weapons and such couldn't injure her at all.

She had sensed something was off almost the moment someone had hidden outside the door.

At the same time, the hanging gauzes in the room, following the trajectory of the card, also floated gently down to the ground.

With the gauzes no longer concealing the view, the scene before her suddenly became clear and bright.

Sitting on her shoulder, Xiaobai widened its incredulous cat eyes even further!

Even as a highly skilled White Tiger, it hadn't detected anything out of the ordinary, yet this human had!

And furthermore, a simple card in her hand could exert such a strong deterrent force; what if it had been a blade instead?

Too terrifying!

Xiaobai, who had originally held a trace of contempt for its vanquished subordinate, had not expected to be met with such a huge surprise by her!

So then, why had it lost to her just now?

There must be some hidden details.

This person was far from being as simple as it had thought.

Now, Xiaobai dared not harbor a shred of disdain for Chu Jin anymore, it sat up straight and looked forward intently, not daring to speak out of turn.

It wanted to be an obedient and well-behaved pet.

It did not want to end up dying to a paper card one day.

"You've already come, don't have the courage to show yourself now?" A clear voice rang in the air, as Chu Jin stepped toward the door steadily.

The card nailed to the door still had a corner of plain-colored cloth caught in it, and following the cloth outside, one could see the person hidden just beyond the door.

The corner of the cloth twitched.

It seemed like the person on the other side gave it a forceful tug.

Alas, not enough force; the card nailed in the wooden door didn't even quiver.

Strangely, the cloth didn't tear either.

On the other end, the person had no intention of revealing themselves, maintaining a standoff behind the door.

Chu Jin, looking at the corner of the cloth, spoke in a cool tone, "Elder Xu Kong really knows how to teach his followers, one after another, all they can do is engage in underhand tactics from the shadows..."

Dai Yu was like this, and now there's another one.

Any respect she might have had for Elder Xu Kong, at this moment, had completely dissipated without a trace.

Lax teaching, the teacher's failing!

This matter couldn't be separated from Elder Xu Kong's teaching.

"Witch!" Hearing these words, the person hidden behind the door burst out angrily, "You have no right to speak about my master like that!"

A young man, around 18 or 19 years old, dressed in a plain long robe, looked at Chu Jin with a face full of scorn.

In his eyes, there was undisguised hatred and hostility.

He appeared as though he was facing a foe with a deep and bitter grudge.

If it wasn't for that card restricting his movement, he probably would have already charged forward and torn Chu Jin in half by now.

"What's wrong?" Chu Jin slightly tilted her chin, her eyes shimmering with light, her tone even, "You dare to act this way, but you don't allow others to speak? I think Elder Xu Kong is just a renowned name for nothing, he actually taught disciples like you! To use hidden weapons like a coward, what kind of skill is that?"

If it weren't for her decent fighting abilities, she would probably be dead by this young man's concealed weapons by now!

His aim had been at her vital points!

Chu Jin's voice clearly carried no emotion, inexplicably causing one's heart to tremble.

Even though she was a girl of his age, the young man sensed from her an air of authority that didn't match her actual years.

Not out of place, as if, that was just the way she should be.

Such a pity!

Such a good appearance was unfortunately borne by a witch.

Chapter 353: You can go

"Demoness! Don't spout such crazed words! This matter has nothing to do with my master! Since I have already fallen into your hands, do what you will, whether to kill or to maim! A true man dares to act and face the consequences! I will never beg for mercy!"

Quite the backbone.

Chu Jin chuckled lightly and cast a calm glance at the youth through her sparkling peach blossom eyes. Her fingertips paused briefly, and a playing card whizzed out, imbued with a chilling momentum.

Whoosh!

It shot straight towards the young man's forehead.

The youth barely saw how she moved, nearly too late to hide; he watched helplessly as the card flew towards him.

Fear filled his eyes.

At that moment, all that was reflected in his eyes was the flipping image of the card.

Getting closer and closer—

The youth instinctively shut his eyes, silently bracing for the arrival of death!

Slap!

Just a few centimeters from the young man's forehead, the card suddenly veered, flying straight towards his head.

The card grazed his scalp and lodged into the wooden door behind him!

The youth slowly opened his eyes.

Simultaneously, his vision darkened, and clumps of hair fell from the top of his head.

A sun-kissed, handsome youth was instantly transformed into a sleazy, second-rate adolescent with a receding hairline.

The hairstyle ruined everything.

Even the little pet couldn't help but lift its little melon seeds and giggle behind its paws.

"Demoness! What have you done to me?" The youth looked up, glaring fiercely at Chu Jin.

He looked as if he wanted to eat her alive.

"Hmm," Chu Jin slowly curled her lips, a hint of devilish curvature playing at the corners of her mouth, her gaze slightly chilly, dimples showing shallow, "I just wanted to tell you that killing you is as easy as

lifting a hand! You'd better confess honestly—who sent you? Otherwise, in a moment, it won't be your hair that this card trims but your head! Understand?"

Her excessively clear-cut facial features showed not a hint of superfluous expression, and her eyes carried no trace of jest.

She was never a good person!

With someone who harbored killing intent towards her, she never showed mercy.

"Such a ruthless and vicious demoness like you deserve to be executed by everyone! There was no need for anyone's instigation; I came to avenge my junior sister! If it weren't for you, how could she have suffered such severe injuries? To think my master saved your life, yet you, this demoness, are ungrateful, repaying kindness with enmity! You used hidden weapons and injured my junior sister like that! Demoness, I will kill you!"

As he spoke, the youth became agitated, clenching his fists and burning with anger at Chu Jin.

It seemed as though he could break loose from the card's control at any moment.

His junior sister was the treasure in the palms of all their fellow disciples; seeing her so gravely wounded, how could he swallow this grievance!

How could he allow an outsider to injure his most cherished junior sister on his own turf!

He must avenge his junior sister.

With a dose of their own medicine!

And repay it twofold!

That's why he had been ruthless, for if that hidden weapon had hit Chu Jin, she would have undoubtedly died!

"I used a hidden weapon to injure her?" Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, her tone clear and melodious, "That's hilarious! Your junior sister lacks any other skill but is quite adept at distorting the truth! With my skills, do you think I need to use a hidden weapon to kill her?"

Her demeanor was flamboyant and radiant.

Although she appeared extremely arrogant, she naturally possessed an aura that made one want to look again.

Especially that last sentence, spoken with such an imposing manner.

"Demoness! Stop your sophistry! It was clearly you who injured my junior sister! Today, I admit that I am no match for you, having fallen into your hands! Go on, then!" By the end of his speech, the youth slowly closed his eyes, ready to be killed or maimed at her whim.

Another youth who had his head clouded by love!

It was clear he wasn't inherently bad; he just lacked wits.

Definitely a misguided youth.

Chu Jin walked over to the young man and gently lifted her hand—

Suddenly, a faint and refreshing fragrance accompanied her motion, hitting him head-on.

It was like plum, bamboo, or perhaps orchid...

It didn't smell like any kind of perfumed chemical.

It was fresher, subtler, and more natural, emanating from within, very pleasing and comforting to the senses.

The youth felt her hand approaching closer to his vital point!

Was she finally going to make her move?

The youth subconsciously shut his eyes even tighter.

One second, two seconds...

The youth never felt Chu Jin's strike; her hand seemed to change direction just as it was about to touch his vital point.

Was this demoness going to employ some vile method to torture him slowly?

Forget it!

It didn't matter what means she used; he was ready! Death was inevitable in life!

If nothing else, in eighteen years, he'd be a hero once more!

It was just too bad that he hadn't had the chance to benefit the people at the foot of the mountain yet.

To die so senselessly at the hands of a demoness.

Just as the youth kept his eyes shut, waiting for Chu Jin to act, a clear and melodious voice suddenly reached his ears, "You may leave. Next time don't be so foolish to be used as someone's pawn."

Chapter 354: Called Jin Ge

Chu Jin gently pulled away the card nailed to the corner of the young man's clothes.

It seemed effortless, but at the moment of removal, a wisp of smoke arose from the card, and a slit was cut into the young man's clothes.

"Witch, you're not killing me?" The young man looked at Chu Jin with disbelief. He had just tried to kill her, yet now, could this witch have the kindness to spare him?

Chu Jin glanced sideways, merely watching the youth, her lips curving into a faint, almost imperceptible smile, her tone slightly cold.

"The thing I hate the most is being wrongly accused! I'll let you go this time, but if there's a next time, I'll make sure you end up just like your little junior sister! Don't say I didn't warn you!"

Her eyes were crystal clear, like a tranquil lake, glimmering yet utterly transparent.

Completely different from Dai Yu's.

Dai Yu's eyes gave off the feeling that she needed to be protected and cherished.

But hers gave a subtle, pure, yet mystifying feeling.

Looking into such a pair of eyes, the word 'witch' that hovered on the youth's lips just couldn't make its way out.

The young man spoke hesitantly, "I... you, did you truly not harm my junior sister?"

Chu Jin lightly lifted her gaze, speaking in a tone that was indifferent but forceful, "She reaped what she sowed. Didn't your master tell you that she was poisoned by her own Linlang smoke?"

In other words, Dai Yu merely got what she deserved.

"Poisoned by her own Linlang smoke?" The young man finally grasped the meaning of her words.

He said in disbelief, "How is that possible! The Linlang smoke on me was given by my master for her self-defense; how could it possibly harm my junior sister!"

"Why not!" White Tiger's voice drifted eerily, "I clearly saw your junior sister attack my master first. My master grabbed the strand of poison smoke, not giving her any advantage! Your junior sister deserved to die for injuring others in secret."

Earlier, White Tiger wasn't sure who the young man was talking about, so it had kept silent.

Upon hearing Linlang smoke, it guessed who it might be. It had witnessed everything that happened in the forest!

"The cat... the cat is talking!" The young man took a few unsteady steps backward, rubbing his eyes, hardly believing the scene before him.

Outside the house, he had vaguely heard a conversation but had not realized that one of the voices came from a cat!

Was this still a cat? It was clearly a spirit that had cultivated into human form!

"What cat!" White Tiger immediately bared its teeth at him, "Open your eyes and see clearly! I am your White Tiger Grandpa!"

The cute voice, coupled with its fierce tone, felt surprisingly harmonious.

"Enough, White Tiger, don't scare him!" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly.

The boy was already foolish; don't frighten him until he fails to recognize even his own master.

"Oh, okay, master." White Tiger involuntarily shrank its neck; it had an inexplicable fear of Chu Jin now.

The young man swallowed with a sense of horror, his voice trembling, "It... it, it said you grabbed my junior sister's Linlang smoke?"

Compared to a cat speaking, the act of grabbing Linlang smoke with bare hands was more terrifying.

That was just smoke, a strand of gas alone.

And yet, there was someone able to grasp it.

Was this still human?

Chu Jin nodded slightly, uttering only one word, "Yes."

"I don't believe it!" As he said this, the young man flicked his fingertips, releasing a wisp of blue smoke that drifted straight toward Chu Jin.

He didn't believe Dai Yu would use the Linlang smoke to attack Chu Jin, even less that someone could grasp gas with their bare hands.

Chu Jin arched an eyebrow slightly, slowly raising her hand, and just like that, she held the thread of blue smoke in her hand.

"Do you believe it now?" Chu Jin blew gently, and the wisp of smoke disappeared into the air.

Her voice was soft.

Yet it inexplicably made the young man's heart tremble.

"I... believe you," the young man was almost petrified.

He felt like all the martial arts he had learned over the past decade were in vain.

Chu Jin lifted a strand of blue hair to the side of her ear, "You can go now, I need to rest. Use your brain more next time you do something."

"You're really not killing me?" The young man looked at her dumbfounded, the question coming full circle.

But his tone and expression had completely changed.

There was respect in his voice.

His expression was one of worship.

It was a complete transformation from how he looked before, as if one was heaven and the other earth.

When it came to Chu Jin, he truly admitted his admiration.

Virtue, conduct, martial prowess, and righteous— he openly acknowledged all.

It was genuine admiration.

Not a hint of falsehood.

Chu Jin raised her eyes slightly, her tone already growing impatient, "Let's go, if you keep babbling, I'm going to take action."

The young man took one glance at Chu Jin, said no more, and turned to leave.

Chu Jin also turned to return to her room.

After a few steps, the youth suddenly looked back and spoke up, "My name is Xiao Qingzhi."

Without turning her head, Chu Jin replied, "People in the world call me Brother Jin, you can call me that too."

The crisp voice traveled through the air and reached Xiao Qingzhi's ears without missing a word.

"All right, Brother Jin, when I come down the mountain in the future, I will definitely come to Capital City to find you," Xiao Qingzhi said with a very sunny smile, clutching the playing card in his hand, his gaze filled with resolute conviction.

Surrounded by a layer of golden sunlight, if his hairstyle weren't so melancholic, it indeed would have been a very pleasing sight.

Chu Jin didn't respond, and heading back into her room, she sat in front of the vanity mirror and started arranging her hair.

It was also time for a change of clothes.

Seeing that there was no one around, she took out a clean set of clothes from the Purple Sound Spirit Box.

These were what she had previously stored inside the Purple Sound Spirit Box.

Not only clothing was inside but other daily necessities as well.

Having quickly done her hair into a bun, Mo Zhixuan walked into the room, carrying a tray in his hands. The tray bore clear porridge and rice cakes, accompanied by a dish of attractively colored pickles. The aroma that wafted over was palate-stimulating.

Mo Zhixuan, seeing the unfamiliar clothes beside her, didn't reveal a hint of surprise in his eyes but as usual set the tray on the table, "Jin, it's time to eat."

He had long known she harbored many secrets unlike ordinary people.

So, at this moment, there was no need to ask more.

"Coming." Chu Jin put down her wooden comb and sat down at the table, "It smells delicious, you want to eat together?"

"I'm not hungry." His cultivation had long since reached the realm of Fasting, whether he ate or not held little significance for him.

"Have some." Chu Jin, using bowls and chopsticks, served him a half-bowl of porridge as well.

Watching her serve the porridge, the layers of frost in Mo Zhixuan's eyes gently melted away, replaced by a layer of warmth, and the fierce arch of his brows eased bit by bit.

"Fine," he picked up the wooden spoon and fed himself the white porridge.

A plainly simple gesture, yet it conveyed the grace of a noble dining on steak at a high-end Western restaurant.

This man was a born King, destined for higher places.

Chu Jin couldn't help thinking.

After they finished their meal, the evening sun began to set, and twilight descended. The gold of the sunset spread across the land, and the once azure sky was now replaced with crimson clouds, a scene of tranquility and peace.

"See that cloud there, doesn't it look like a little dog?" Chu Jin pointed at one of the clouds outside the window.

"It does." Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, his normally dark phoenix eyes reflecting a hint of gold.

Very few people had ever seen him like this.

His features softened, the cold sharpness around him completely dissipated, his chiseled profile's lines perfect like an ink painting; just sitting there quietly, an aura of nobility exuded from him.

"I want to take a bath first." Chu Jin cradled the clothes in her arms and looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

"Okay," Mo Zhixuan put down his porcelain bowl and stood up, "I'll take you."

"Great." Chu Jin nodded, following behind him.

The evening breeze was gently blowing, and the setting sun was infinitely beautiful. One walked behind the other; although Mo Zhixuan was tall and had long legs, towering well above Chu Jin, he walked at a pace that was neither fast nor slow, always mindful of her.

From a distance, the height difference between the two cast an adorable silhouette.

Following them was a chubby little kitten, bouncing along and occasionally pouncing on bees and butterflies in the herb garden, utterly playful.

The setting sun stretched their shadows out long, painting a picture of harmony and pleasantness.

Chapter 355: See you in the Capital City

This place is a lively hot spring vent, shrouded in white mist that curls upwards, and surrounded by light veils that give the illusion of stepping into a fairyland.

"This is the place, I'll wait for you outside." Stopping in front of the light veil, Mo Zhixuan ceased moving; beyond the veil lay the entrance to the hot spring.

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded gently, her eyes deepening with the hues of autumn, and the dimples at the corners of her lips growing more pronounced.

The rising white mist slightly blurred her peach blossom-like visage, adding a touch of ethereal beauty. Her red lips, hidden within the mist, were faintly visible, like jade, graceful and exquisite, like nothing of this world.

Mo Zhixuan's eyes suddenly conjured up the scene of him undressing her last time, his gaze deepening a shade, his Adam's apple rolling silently; the next second, his expression returned to normal, and he turned and walked outside. Just as he reached the door, it creaked shut automatically.

"Lord Nine Ye, the elder wants me to ask you to come over," a disciple approached Mo Zhixuan and said with great respect.

Mo Zhixuan glanced back at the bathroom, then at the small white creature guarding the door, and the concern in his eyes gradually faded. He spoke in a deep voice, "Lead the way."

The two figures gradually disappeared within the courtyard.

Inside the bathhouse.

Chu Jin lifted the light veil, slid off the shoes from her feet, and began to undo the first button at her collarbone. Suddenly, her brows furrowed slightly, her long fingers lightly twirled, and she fastened the button again.

Without a breeze, the light veil stirred on its own, and a black shadow swiftly passed through the veils.

Leaving behind only a gust of wind.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Three Golden Needles flew out from between her fingers.

The Golden Needles seemed to vanish into thin air, silent and traceless.

The air returned to tranquility.

Outside, in the woods.

A man in black, holding three Golden Needles, slowly lifted the corners of his perfect lips that were hidden under the brim of his hat. His voice, cold to the bone as if coming from the depths of hell, was shocking yet carried a mix of indulgence and a hint of amusement, satisfaction.

It was an exceedingly familiar tone, like that of long-acquainted lovers.

"My Feng'er, your skills are still as sharp as ever."

With those words, he slowly placed the Golden Needles into his chest, as if they were some delicate treasure to be handled with care.

"Lord Ghost, are we just leaving like this?" A young woman following behind him asked, her voice tinged with confusion.

It seemed that she didn't understand why Lord Ghost had taken such a roundabout way just to test her abilities.

The young woman was also dressed in black, wearing a fierce and terrifying mask that concealed her face, revealing only her graceful and elongated figure.

"Let's go. As long as I'm sure she's alright, I can rest easy."

This journey was merely to confirm that her injuries were not serious. Now that she appeared to be back to normal, there was no reason for him to stay any longer.

This place was never meant for a prolonged stay.

Before taking a step away, the man in black slowly turned and slightly lifted his sleek, thin jaw, looking towards the wooden house. The scenery under the hat's brim was also revealed.

Under the half mask, one could only see a pair of deep black eyes, sharp and vibrant, captivating enough to sink into, gleaming in the twilight.

They were like, the black Manjushage flowers.

He slightly curved his lips up, his gaze lingering, his voice slow and gentle, "Feng'er, see you in Capital City."

The setting sun cast a soft glow around him, blending him into the light of the slanting sun.

——See you again in Capital City.

Inside the wooden house, Chu Jin carefully checked the doors and windows to make sure there was no one else inside. Then, she slowly took off her dress and gently slid into the warm springs, lazily leaning between the stone platforms. The warm water obscured the spring scenery, and the look in her eyes was somber.

She could feel that the mysterious person lurking in the shadows just now held no malice towards her.

But who exactly was he?

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Elsewhere, Elder Xu Kong and Mo Zhixuan were still in conversation.

"Dai Yu is still young, with inevitable imperfections in her temperament. I hope that in the future, Lord Nine Ye and Miss Chu will be more forgiving," sighed Elder Xu Kong.

He made no mention of Dai Yu's injury, his composure as if the event had never happened.

"Youth is no excuse for misbehavior. If such an incident recurs, I will not be lenient!" Mo Zhixuan's expression was slightly cold.

His voice, cool and heavy, carried an authoritative force, silencing all around.

Elder Xu Kong felt a jolt in his heart.

He knew that this lord was not one to be provoked, but he had no choice but to indulge his beloved disciple.

The condition Elder Xu Kong had previously agreed upon to save Chu Jin was: when descending the mountain in the future, he must also bring Dai Yu along.

In other words, it was tantamount to entrusting Dai Yu to Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

Having previously made a promise to Xu Kong, Mo Zhixuan naturally had no reason to refuse now.

A so-called gentleman's agreement.

Elder Xu Kong wiped the faux sweat from his forehead, smiling obsequiously, "Nine Ye, rest assured, today's incident was merely a misunderstanding. Moreover, my young disciple has received due punishment and knows her mistake. I hope Nine Ye can be magnanimous and not stoop to a child's level."

The words Elder Xu Kong spoke were very eloquent, a double entendre that not only subtly elevated Mo Zhixuan's status but also indirectly pointed out Dai Yu's youthful ignorance.

If an influential figure were to squabble with a child, wouldn't that lack grace?

Mo Zhixuan's expression was taut, and upon hearing those words, he remained silent, his body emitting a dangerous aura.

Somewhat cold.

His sharp features seemed to be shrouded in a layer of ice that could not be penetrated.

Making it somewhat difficult to breathe.

Even for Elder Xu Kong, an important figure accustomed to all sorts of trials and tribulations, his bravado diminished significantly in his presence.

His silence was the best response. Elder Xu Kong let out the breath he was holding and continued, "Nine Ye, I've heard that you and Miss Chu plan to descend the mountain tomorrow?"

"Yes." Mo Zhixuan answered succinctly.

"Isn't this a bit hasty? Moreover, Miss Chu's injuries have not yet fully healed." Mainly, Dai Yu's injuries had not yet fully recovered, having sustained severe internal injuries, and it was not suitable for her to travel back and forth at this time.

"Elder Xu Kong needn't worry about this; I have my own discretion," Mo Zhixuan said slowly as he stood up, facing Xu Kong, "I take my leave."

Elder Xu Kong hurriedly got up to see him off, "Nine Ye, please take care."

Watching the tall and upright figure disappear into the night, Elder Xu Kong heaved a long sigh.

The look in his eyes deepened.

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In Dai Yu's room.

At the moment, she was leaning against the headboard, sipping the herbal medicine fed to her by Changyi.

"Junior Sister, have you really decided to descend the mountain with Miss Chu and the others?" Changyi's expression was somber.

"Mhm." Dai Yu nodded lightly, her complexion somewhat pale, "Yes, Senior Brother, I've made up my mind."

Changyi stopped talking and continued to gently feed her the medicine.

After finishing the bowl of medicine, Dai Yu's face showed signs of exhaustion, "Senior Brother, you go back. I'm tired and want to sleep."

"Alright, Junior Sister, rest well," Changyi said tenderly as he tucked her in before turning to leave.

After sending Changyi away, Dai Yu sat up from the bed, her lips curling into a curve of innocence unlike any other day, with a hint of scorn flashing in her eyes.

She got out of bed, locked the wooden door from the inside, walked over to the bookshelf, and gently twisted the vase on the shelf.

Whoosh—

The bookshelf, which had been closed up, slowly parted with the sound of grinding stone, revealing a different world behind.

Dai Yu clapped her hands and slowly walked behind the bookshelf, looking forward with a pitying gaze.

One could see in the small space, there was a wooden chair, and upon that chair sat a young woman.

To say she was sitting there would be better described as being bound there.

The woman was dressed in plain white clothes, her long hair reaching down to her waist, her large eyes staring straight at Dai Yu, filled with hatred.

She wished she could tear Dai Yu limb from limb and devour her flesh.

Due to being imprisoned in this closed space for years, the woman's complexion was abnormally pale compared to a normal person's.

But most terrifying was her face.

It was exactly identical to Dai Yu's, even the tear mole near the eye was in the same position.

Two people, one face.

"Dai Yu, I have good news for you," Dai Yu walked in front of her, lifted her chin with a finger, a hint of a smile on her lips, "I'm going to descend the mountain with Mr. Mo tomorrow."

Dai Yu was Dai Yu, yet she was not Dai Yu.

The one sitting on the chair was truly Elder Xu Kong's disciple.

The one who had been appearing in front of everyone these past days was someone else.

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Because she couldn't speak, the girl could only glare fiercely at Dai Yu, her eyes filled with a venomous aura.

If possible, she really wanted to tear the imposter before her to pieces!

The girl waited for the fragile sounds to emerge from Dai Yu's mouth.

It sounded like cursing, somewhat indistinct to the listener.

Looking down from her superior position, Dai Yu's gaze towards the girl was as if she were looking at a pitiful creature, and with a derisive snort, she said, "Look at you, so pitiful you can't even talk."

As she finished speaking, she lightly tapped the girl's neck.

The girl immediately let out a light cough, her voice hoarse and weak, "Bitch! Who are you? What is your purpose in impersonating me and staying by Mr. Mo's side?"

Dai Yu laughed lightly, her gaze filled with ridicule as she countered, "What do you think?"

The girl glared furiously at Dai Yu, "Bitch, let me go at once, or else my master and senior brother will not let you off!"

"No, you're mistaken." Dai Yu extended a finger and waved it, "They are now my master and senior brother, and you have absolutely no connection to them anymore, from now on, I will be Dai Yu."

The girl's eyes reddened as she said, "Bitch! I'll kill you!"

Dai Yu slowly exhaled, resting her hand on the girl's shoulder, "Don't worry, before I leave, I will make sure to settle you properly."

At the last sentence, a sinister look flashed in Dai Yu's eyes.

Endless dark energy gathered from her palm into the girl's body, her features twisting in agony, and the overwhelming pain rushed in like a tide. Quickly, she emitted painful groans.

Accompanied by Dai Yu's hearty laughter, it echoed in the small room, exceptionally eerie.

When Mo Zhixuan arrived at the bathhouse, Chu Jin had just finished bathing and was stepping out.

Their eyes met, as if time had frozen in that second.

She stood quietly in the sunset, her black hair tied up in a bun, revealing her beautifully curved, fair, and delicate neck, with a few strands casually framing her forehead. Dressed in white tops and black pants, she didn't look old-fashioned but rather exuded a youthful and lively charm.

The peach blossom eyes shimmered captivatingly, inadvertently enchanting the soul.

Mo Zhixuan's gaze flickered, then calmly he said, "We're leaving the mountain tomorrow; while there's still time, let me take you around for a bit."

Actually, the scenery on the mountain was quite nice, it could be called a heavenly wonderland.

"Okay." Chu Jin nodded lightly and stepped toward Mo Zhixuan.

"Meow meow meow, Master, I want to go with you too!" Xiao Bai leapt up and landed on Chu Jin's shoulder. A glance from Mo Zhixuan immediately made Xiao Bai shrink into a ball, squeaking weakly, "...Master, I won't go."

It's better to quietly be a cat, chasing butterflies, catching insects or such, after all, its little life is precious.

The setting sun is endlessly beautiful, but it heralds the approach of dusk.

Sitting at the mountain's peak to watch the river and sunset was an exceptionally pleasant and beautiful experience, the two sat at the highest point of the mountain, with a deep cliff at their feet and a stunning view of the evening glow and sinking sun before them.

The setting sun gradually withdrew its light, disappearing into the other side of the sky.

Tomorrow was an end, but also a beginning, and equally, a hope.

Chu Jin hadn't felt this relaxed in a long time; she never realized that the sunset could be so beautiful.

Mo Zhixuan felt the same.

Though neither of them were speaking, the atmosphere was not awkward in the slightest. His hand slowly rested on her shoulder as the sun dipped below the horizon, their silhouettes gradually melding into the twilight.

**

Capital City.

In the VIP ward of a city hospital.

Chu Jin, dressed in a blue hospital gown, lay on the hospital bed, her face lacking color. In fact, she had long been awake, but she kept her eyes closed.

An IV dripped into her hand.

Besides her, there was no one else in the room.

It was so quiet the only sound was the 'drip, drip, drip' of the IV fluids.

Outside the ward, Song Shiqin was conversing with the doctor.

"Miss Chu doesn't have any major issues, just some malnutrition and a slight concussion, and anemia. She should pay more attention to her diet and rest for a few days. It's normal for a girl to pursue beauty, but she shouldn't overdo it with dieting..." The doctor was explaining Chu Jin's condition to Song Shiqin.

Malnutrition? Anemia? Dieting?

As these words caught his attention,

Song Shiqin frowned subtly and then politely smiled at the doctor, "Okay, Dr. Tang, I've got it."

"If there's nothing else, Commander Song, I'll be going. Call me if you need anything."

Song Shiqin nodded slightly and watched as Dr. Tang left. He stood straight for a long time without stirring as he kept recalling the image of her taking a bullet for him.

Her bright red blood soaked her white blouse and stained his eyes red.

He wanted to face the truth but feared losing her.

Confronted with that timeless and unmatched visage, he really...

Song Shiqin slowly closed his eyes, looking weary. He massaged his temples before finally pushing open the door and entering the ward.

The person on the bed was still asleep, cold light illuminating her face, giving her features a hazy appearance.

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Song Shiqin walked to the bedside and sat down, looking at the familiar face and let out a gentle sigh. He took Chu Jin's hand and said in a heavy tone, "...what am I to do with you?"

These days, he had been completely unable to find any news about her.

He had utilized all of his connections, yet came up with nothing.

It was as if she had evaporated from the world, vanishing without a trace.

They say no news is good news, but at the same time, isn't no news also the worst news?

Still, he didn't want to face the facts, nor was he willing to do so.

He did not want to be indebted to her for a lifetime either.

So, even though he knew the person in front of him was not the one in his heart, he still preferred to live in this illusion.

At least—

She had a face, similar to hers.

At least—

She could make his life a little less regretful.

With that, it was enough.

Song Shiqin had always presented himself with the tough image of a military man, leading a life of danger and violence, never showing such expressions even when faced with death on the battlefield. But now, he was truly scared.

"Where am I?" Chu Jin slowly opened her eyes, her voice somewhat weak.

This was not an act; she indeed felt weak. Having dieted excessively and having eaten little at noon, she felt limp all over.

Without strength, dizzy and vision blurred, even her lips had started to peel from dryness.

Pitiful and endearing.

It was easy to stir the protective instincts of men.

Seeing her awake, Song Shiqin's eyes brightened, and he asked somewhat nervously, "You're awake, this is the hospital. Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere?"

"Mr. Song..." Chu Jin withdrew her hand, and with a hint of confusion, asked, "Why are you here?"

"I know about everything. Don't worry, I will definitely help you get justice," Song Shiqin's voice was somewhat somber.

"Thank you," Chu Jin said softly.

On the surface, she appeared normal, but inside, she was extremely agitated.

Her plan had succeeded.

Now, Song Shiqin was completely unguarded against her.

"Hungry? I'll go buy you something to eat." Song Shiqin suddenly remembered the doctor's words, anemia, malnutrition...

Chu Jin did not refuse but simply said, "That would be trouble for you."

She was indeed hungry.

"There's no need for politeness with me." Song Shiqin couldn't help but reach out and touch her cheek; the face overlapped with the one in his memory, as if, she really had come back.

Good, she was still here.

Chu Jin instinctively turned her head away, her tone cold, revealing rejection, "Mr. Song, show some respect."

With men, it's always best to keep them wanting more.

What you can't have always stirs desire.

Otherwise, once the novelty wears off, they won't take you seriously.

Chu Jin was very clear about this.

Moreover, with the head of the Mo family setting a precedent, as for Song Shiqin...

Keeping him on the hook for play was not bad either.

She quite liked her life now. In the past, a man like Song Shiqin was beyond her wildest dreams.

The Chief Commander of Hua Nation!

A man with high status and power, several ranks above her father's.

If her father knew that even the Chief Commander was circling around her, he would definitely regret his decision back then.

He would probably be green with regret.

His own daughter certainly couldn't bring him this glory!

Now, to her, what was the Chief Commander?

The Chief Commander was just a man she had rejected and didn't want.

Just thinking about it was incredibly satisfying.

Song Shiqin's hand stiffened, then he withdrew it somewhat unnaturally, "I'll be back soon, wait here for me."

"Okay," Chu Jin uttered softly.

Almost as soon as Song Shiqin had left, Chu Jin's phone rang.

It was a call from Teacher Wu.

The general message was to inform Chu Jin that she could rest for a day tomorrow, but she must come to school the day after as it was both the school's centennial celebration and the day the television station would interview her.

She was advised to use the rest time at home to prepare for how to respond to the journalists' questions.

By taking the opportunity of the centennial celebration, the school was promoting itself through the interview.

The principal's intention was also very clear; to label South Bridge No.2 Middle School as a century-old prestigious school.

To make South Bridge No.2 Middle School famous throughout the China mainland.

When Song Shiqin took her from the school, he had an officer inform Teacher Wu, so she was aware of Chu Jin's hospitalization.

After hanging up the phone, Chu Jin's lips curved into a pleased smile.

The day after tomorrow.

As long as she got through tomorrow, she would not be far from becoming famous throughout the China mainland.

Three television stations would come to interview her.

And they were all high-rating major networks.

Being on TV for the first time in her life, she couldn't help but feel excited.

Song Shiqin left the hospital building and drove to a well-known restaurant, where he stood at the bar and ordered some dishes rich in iron and protein.

Just after he finished ordering, his phone rang. Frowning, he answered the call, "Hello, it's me."

The low voice carried a deep sense of authority, making the cashier at the bar instinctively shrink back.

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This man, his presence was too imposing.

His features were also very distinct, with a rugged style that left the contemporary pretty boys streets behind.

The bartender girl couldn't help but sneak a few more glances at him, her face slightly flushed.

Hearing the words on the other end of the phone, Song Shiqin's expression darkened, "Are you here to plead for her?"

The bartender girl's eyes nearly sparkled with stars.

My God, this man's anger was so attractive!

Who knows who will be lucky enough to catch his eye in the future?

Being with a man like that, one would probably wake up laughing from a dream, right?

Song Shiqin's frown deepened, and the cold light in his eyes nearly solidified and dripped down, "Intentional injury, provocation and disturbing the peace, plus defamation. Put together these three charges, how many years do you think she should be sentenced?"

His voice was cold and serious, pressing down a surge of anger along with an aura of authority.

He exuded an aura of deterrence that belonged to someone of high status.

"Do you really need to ask this of me? Do you believe..."

Song Shiqin hadn't finished his sentence.

With a 'snap'—

The phone was knocked to the ground by the force of an impact.

At the same time, a figure swiftly ran past him, at a speed so fast, like a gust of wind.

Just at that moment.

A uniformed waiter also hurried over, "Linna, call the police quickly, a thief just stole a customer's wallet." Her speech was rapid; nearly as soon as she finished her sentence, she had already run out of the store.

"Xinci, where are you going?" Linna couldn't care less about the presence of customers, calling out loudly.

"To catch a thief—" Chen Xinci's voice came from outside, and through the window, one could see she was also moving fast, her agile form weaving through the crowd.

Song Shiqin slightly squinted his eyes, and with the sharpness of a military man, he almost instantly locked onto the thief in the crowd. He said to the girl at the front desk, "I'll come back later for the order," and then he too took off running out the door.

As a righteous military man encountering such a situation, of course he wouldn't just stand by. He, a full-grown man, couldn't let a girl chase after a thief unarmed and do the fighting herself.

Chen Xinci ran rapidly, with excellent physical strength and fitness. She had been a long-distance running champion in school and was an amateur sharpshooting expert, so catching a thief was nothing to her.

The thief in black darted back and forth among the bustling crowd. She steadied herself, squinted her eyes, slipped off her high-heeled shoes, aimed carefully, and threw one directly at the thief's head.

With a 'thud' — it hit dead on.

Now was the moment. Chen Xinci decided not to bother with the other shoe either and dashed toward the thief like a gust of wind, taking a leaping stride forward. With a 'clang,' the thief in black fell to the ground.

This sudden turn of events stunned the surrounding bystanders. Chen Xinci was about to restrain the thief's hands when the man, after all still a man, fiercely grabbed her wrist, swept her leg with a roundhouse kick, and she fell to the ground in pain, letting out a muffled groan.

Unwilling to let the thief just get away, she bore the pain in her body, quickly got up from the ground—

Just then, a silhouette brushed past her, moving really fast, with thundering speed; his body almost turned into an afterimage, blending into the night.

With a 'clang,' the thief was kicked firmly to the ground.

By the time Chen Xinci reacted, the thief was already being pressed down hard by him, unable to move; it looked like he had taken a nasty fall.

"Thank you for helping me catch the thief." Chen Xinci paused momentarily, then quickly walked over to him, expressing her gratitude.

Song Shiqin replied indifferently, "No need to be polite, just doing my duty."

His features, sharp and smooth under the streetlights, radiated a commanding aura.

Only then did Chen Xinci recognize him, and with some surprise, said, "You are Mr. Song?"

Hearing this, Song Shiqin looked up, somewhat puzzled, "I'm sorry, but who are you?" He really couldn't remember who the girl in front of him was.

He was a military officer, facing all sorts of people daily; it was impossible to remember every single one.

Moreover, someone he'd only met once.

For Chen Xinci, Song Shiqin was the most unique man she had ever met, which is why he made such a deep impression on her.

Seeing Song Shiqin like this, she wasn't annoyed; she smiled slightly and said, "I'm Chen Xinci. We met last time at my mom's house."

After saying this, she added, "My mom is Zhou Ru, the one who adopted a lot of stray dogs."

With that reminder, Song Shiqin remembered and nodded slightly toward Chen Xinci, "Miss Chen."

He couldn't help but take another look at Chen Xinci. Nowadays, there really weren't many people with such a sense of justice.

Especially a young woman.

The fall she just took looked quite severe; for a girl, she truly was impressive.

Song Shiqin couldn't help but feel an increased sense of admiration for her.

The pickpocket pinned under Song Shiqin's foot: Hey man, could you consider my feelings while you're chatting with the beauty?

The police arrived quickly, and as an eyewitness, Chen Xinci got into the police car with them, while Song Shiqin returned to the restaurant.

A turn of the body, two different paths.

After picking up his meal from the restaurant, Song Shiqin drove back to the hospital.

Mo Qingyi also heard about the incident that had taken place at the school during the day, as they usually didn't eat in the same cafeteria, so she missed it.

Inside the milk tea shop, Mo Qingyi carried over two cups of milk tea, handing one to Miao Xinran before sitting opposite her, "Xinran, what in the world is going on? How could you say that Brother Jin is an impostor?"

Miao Xinran, looking somewhat distracted, grabbed Mo Qingyi's hand with resolve, "Qingyi, you have to believe me, that person is not the Jin we know; she... she just looks a lot like Jin."

Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi had known each other for many years, having met back in elementary school, and they were very close.

So now, she desperately needed Mo Qingyi's trust; she didn't want even Mo Qingyi to be deceived by that Chu Jin.

"Xinran, don't panic," Mo Qingyi held Miao Xinran's hand in return, "Take it slow."

Although students at the school were saying that Miao Xinran was slandering Chu Jin out of jealousy,

Mo Qingyi felt that Miao Xinran was not that kind of person. They had known each other for eight or nine years, from elementary school to high school. Mo Qingyi knew perfectly well what kind of person Miao Xinran was.

But to say that the Jin who returned was fake, she also found it hard to accept!

They had awaited his return with such difficulty, and now to say that he was an impostor was something no one could easily accept.

"Although I don't know exactly who she is, she's definitely not Jin, and moreover, she admitted herself that she isn't Jin. She even said that Jin might have died out there..."

Saying this, Miao Xinran began to cry.

Chu Jin had been out of contact for so many days; could it really be that...

The consequences, she really didn't dare to imagine.

"Xinran, don't cry yet, let's think of a solution together. From where did you realize she wasn't Brother Jin?" Mo Qingyi handed a tissue to Miao Xinran to wipe away the tears at the corners of her eyes, as the words of Madam Mo echoed suddenly in her mind.

That day, Madam Mo's first reaction upon seeing that Weibo post was that Chu Jin seemed to have changed.

Could it be that person really not Chu Jin?

"So many things! Jin used to be allergic to carrots, but today in the cafeteria, she really liked eating carrots, and her handwriting too..." While speaking, Miao Xinran took out two workbooks from her bag and placed them in front of Mo Qingyi, "Look, this is Jin's handwriting from before, this is what she wrote this morning."

Miao Xinran had also seen Chu Jin's handwriting before. Now, comparing the two styles of handwriting, her expression became serious as she immediately recognized the gravity of the situation.

These two styles of handwriting were completely different.

How could one person's handwriting change so dramatically in just half a month?

Miao Xinran's words resonated in her ears.

Mo Qingyi felt more and more that there was something complex about this situation.

Besides, Miao Xinran had absolutely no reason to lie to her.

Most importantly, Chu Jin had excellent fighting skills; how could she have been easily pushed down and end up in the hospital?

No matter how you looked at it, it was impossible.

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"Xinran, I believe you!" Mo Qingyi closed the exercise book, her expression serious, "I heard our homeroom teacher say that the day after tomorrow afternoon our school will be hosting a celebration, and there will be a TV station coming to interview. Why don't we use this opportunity to expose her true face?"

Miao Xinran wore a troubled look, "But right now, no one is willing to believe us..."

Mo Qingyi narrowed her eyes, a glint of light passing through them as a plan formed in her heart, "Daring to impersonate my brother Jin, I won't let her get away with it! Let's go collect evidence right now, then expose her lies publicly." With those words, she stood up directly.

Hearing Mo Qingyi speak like this, Miao Xinran immediately found her backbone, "Okay, Qingyi, I'll follow your lead." She got up and followed behind Mo Qingyi.

The two of them left the milk tea shop together, their figures disappearing into the twilight.

As the lights started to come on, the night in Capital City seemed exceptionally peaceful.

The next morning.

Because she had to return to Capital City today, Chu Jin got up early, freshened up, and then walked out of the house.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Dai Yu kneeling outside.

Dai Yu was still wearing that plain long robe, her head bowing to the ground, carrying a bunch of thorns on her back, the fresh red blood having already stained the plain robe.

—Offering a token of penance?

Chu Jin's lips curled coldly, and without paying her any attention, walked around her and headed outside.

"Sister, I know I was wrong, please forgive me," Dai Yu clutched at Chu Jin's legs, tears streaming down her face, looking somewhat pale.

Chu Jin chuckled lightly, her gaze cold as she looked down at Dai Yu, "Stop calling me sister. It makes you a hypocrite, and it sickens me to hear it. Considering that you once saved my life, I'll let bygones be bygones for what happened last time. From now on, we're even."

There was no need to show any courtesy to someone like Dai Yu, who was outwardly pure but inwardly malicious.

Dai Yu and Lu Yan were of the same ilk, the type that could deceive you out of everything, even your life, if you weren't careful.

In her past life, she had been foolish once; in this life, she would not make the same mistake again.

A look of genuine repentance on her face, Dai Yu, with tears streaking down, pleaded, "Sister, I really know I was wrong. If you don't forgive me, I'll kneel here and won't get up until you do."

"Then you might as well kneel here for the rest of your life," replied Chu Jin indifferently.

Her clear voice was devoid of any emotion, slightly cold.

At those words, Dai Yu cried even harder, her pitiful look of 'a beauty in distress' would have evoked pity from anyone who saw her.

"Sister, I'm truly sorry. Please forgive me for being young..." Dai Yu continued to beg desperately.

Young?

Does being young mean you can get away with murder without facing the law?

"Sorry," said Chu Jin coldly as she pulled back her leg, turned around, and without looking back, said, "I don't have time to play your games right now. Do as you wish."

"Sister..." Dai Yu crawled a few steps forward while kneeling, looking forlorn.

Her demeanour was as low as dust, yet Chu Jin's figure grew farther and farther away, her back straight, showing no signs of softening at all.

In Dai Yu's downcast eyes, a vicious glint flashed.

She had thought that by admitting her faults proactively, given Chu Jin's seemingly gentle and gullible nature, she would be forgiven quickly.

She hadn't expected Chu Jin to be so unforgiving.

It seemed that she had underestimated her opponent.

Dai Yu narrowed her eyes slightly, wiped the tears from her face, and stood up, heading in another direction.

Since she had already seen through her, there was no point in continuing the act.

After all, there was plenty of time in the future.

Chu Jin hadn't gone far when she was approached by a young man with a shaved head, a smile on his face, and a familiar tone, "Brother Jin."

Is this... Xiao Qingzhi?

Chu Jin was taken aback for a moment before she realized that the shaved head young man before her was Xiao Qingzhi.

In the golden morning light, his shiny bald head was particularly striking.

This look made Xiao Qingzhi appear even more sunny and handsome.

A bald head really was the only standard to test a handsome man.

Feeling Chu Jin's examining gaze, Xiao Qingzhi scratched his head somewhat sheepishly, "Brother Jin, do I look ugly like this?"

"It's fine," Chu Jin replied indifferently, withdrawing her gaze before continuing, "Do you need me for something?"

Relieved by Chu Jin's response, Xiao Qingzhi said, "Mr. Mo and your master are already waiting for you in the front hall. They sent me to fetch you."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Alright, lead the way."

"Brother Jin, follow me this way," Xiao Qingzhi turned and walked ahead.

The two of them chatted intermittently along the way.

Through this conversation, Chu Jin learned that Xiao Qingzhi was only 17 years old this year. Having been an orphan since childhood, he was begging on the streets at the age of eight when he was taken in by Elder Xu Kong, who was traveling through the human realm. He grew up on the mountain and, it seemed, longed for the outside world.

Elder Xu Kong had a rule: all disciples could only leave the mountain after turning 18 and were not to have contact with the outside world before then.

"So you are a year younger than Dai Yu?" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly.

If he was younger than Dai Yu, then why did he call her "junior sister"?

Understanding the implication of her words, Xiao Qingzhi explained, "Because all the brothers on the mountain call her 'little junior sister', and besides, she's the only girl up here, so we all dote on her quite a bit."

Chu Jin nodded gently.

Dai Yu was lucky, yet also unlucky.

Too much indulgence could lead to arrogance; the extreme of anything is bound to provoke a contrary reaction.

The two of them proceeded to the front hall, one following the other. Mo Zhixuan and Elder Xu Kong were seated in the main seat, whispering something to each other.

When Chu Jin arrived, Elder Xu Kong stopped talking and quickly got up, expressing his concern, "Miss Chu is here. How are you feeling? Have you recovered?"

In these past days, he had realized that instead of trying to please the thousand-year-old iceberg that was Mo Zhixuan, it was better to take a shortcut and try to win Chu Jin's favor.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, her voice clear and melodious, "Thank you for your concern, Elder Xu Kong. I am feeling much better."

She didn't have a good impression of Elder Xu Kong at this point.

Perhaps her amnesia was related to him, after all, someone had forcefully stripped her of her memories.

"That's good to hear, that's good to hear. By the way, why didn't Dai Yu come with you?" Elder Xu Kong seemed puzzled.

Apologizing with a branch in hand was a suggestion he had made to Dai Yu.

After all, once Dai Yu left the mountain, she would need the support of Mo Zhixuan and others; it was always better to turn hostility into friendship.

"Master, I'm here," Dai Yu walked in with a smile brimming across her face, just as Elder Xu Kong finished speaking.

She had changed into a clean robe, and her smile was still as innocent as ever as she turned to Chu Jin, "Sister, you left so quickly, I almost didn't catch up with you." Her tone was familiar, her demeanor natural, as if nothing had happened.

Chu Jin's lips curved slightly, but the coldness in her eyes intensified, and the dimple at the corner of her mouth deepened, "I told you, don't call me 'sister' anymore. It makes me sick to hear it."

Her voice was not loud, but not soft either, perfectly audible to everyone in the room.

The air became very still and somewhat awkward.

Normally, the two of them were expected to display a deep sisterly bond, but contrary to expectations, Chu Jin bluntly returned with such a remark.

The smile on Dai Yu's face instantly froze, then quickly returned to normal; her eyes reddened slightly as she bit her lip, looking pitifully towards Elder Xu Kong for help.

Elder Xu Kong could not ignore his disciple's distress; he cleared his throat, stood up, took Dai Yu by the wrist, and approached Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, "Miss Chu, Mr. Mo, now that Dai Yu will be leaving the mountain, I entrust her to your care. She is young and may have some character flaws; please be indulgent with her in the future."

Mo Zhixuan had already discussed taking Dai Yu down the mountain with her the previous night, so Chu Jin showed no surprise.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, her tone somewhat cool, "Please rest assured, Elder Xu Kong. I always distinguish clearly between kindness and grudge. As long as Miss Dai behaves herself, I assure you I will not trouble her unnecessarily."

A gentleman does not make promises lightly, but once he does, he does not go back on his word.

After all, Elder Xu Kong had once saved her life.

But if Dai Yu's nature remained unchanged in the future, Chu Jin would not show leniency either.

Elder Xu Kong also detected the meaning in Chu Jin's words and said with a bow, "Rest assured, Miss Chu. Although Dai Yu can be a little mischievous, her nature is really good."

Chu Jin's expression was indifferent, "I hope so."

After bidding farewell to Elder Xu Kong, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan left the mountain peak with Dai Yu.

At the foot of the mountain lay a long river; to leave this place, they would need to take a boat.

Fortunately, Elder Xu Kong was prepared, and as soon as the three of them descended, there was a ferryman waiting for them.

It was a very simple wooden boat; the ferryman was also dressed plainly, looking as if truly severed from the world.

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This river, wide and vast, stretched beyond the horizon.

In the early morning sky, before the sun had risen, wisps of white mist hovered over the river surface, with red flowers and green grass adorning the banks. Occasionally, a few egrets flew by, their crisp calls echoing in the ears, imparting a sense of an earthly paradise.

One's spirit felt so carefree that it seemed possible to forget all troubles.

The wind was slightly cool.

Little White obediently sat on Chu Jin's shoulder, while Mo Zhixuan sat by her side. Feeling the chill emanating from him, Little White shrank its neck and hopped down to the stern, silently staring at its reflection in the water, lost in thought.

Looking at its reflection, its face was filled with sorrow.

Dammit! It was once a mighty White Tiger, yet now lived the life of a cat.

If this were to spread to the other nine Divine Beasts.

Would it have any face left?

Dai Yu sat inside the canopy, watching those two sitting at the bow through the veil, a dark light flashing in her eyes.

At a time like this, she certainly could not go forward and embarrass herself seeking attention.

The fortress that is Mo Zhixuan, she would take her time to conquer.

Not only did she have to complete the task given to her by Lord Ghost exceptionally well, but she also had to make Chu Jin disappear without a trace.

—There's plenty of time in the future.

The ferryman was an old man with a white beard, dressed in plain clothing and wearing a conical hat, his arms exposed outside his sleeves tanned pitch black.

Despite his advanced age, his eyes sparkled brightly, and he was very warm-hearted.

The old man paddled and asked, "Young man, you don't look like a local. Are you visiting here with your wife and friend?"

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Yes, elder."

His tone seemed not as cold as usual, and his eyes and brows softened considerably.

Chu Jin hadn't expected that someone as proud and aloof as Mr. Mo would actually be so polite to a ferryman.

Yet he was so cold even to Elder Xu Kong.

Like a piece of ice.

The old man continued, "Then you must have a good time. Our Peace City has beautiful mountains and rivers, most suitable for honeymooners..."

Honeymooners?

Chu Jin's cheeks reddened at these words.

The corners of Mo Zhixuan's mouth curved up so subtly they were almost imperceptible.

"Have you seen my cellphone?" Chu Jin suddenly remembered the pressing matter and looked up to ask.

Since she had decided to return today, it was necessary to contact Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi...

Having not shown up for so many days, they must be very worried.

And she hadn't been in contact with the outside world for many days either.

When Mo Zhixuan had first seen Chu Jin, she had just come out of the operating room, so he had not seen her cellphone.

Presumably, her phone should still be with Song Shiqin.

"Use mine," Mo Zhixuan took out his cellphone from his pocket, "although we might not have a signal here."

Chu Jin took the phone and turned it on, only to find indeed, there was no signal.

But his phone did have a single-player survival game that didn't require an internet connection.

That someone like him would play games was quite surprising.

Chu Jin had played this game too.

It was quite a test of one's intelligence.

Since she felt idle now anyway, Chu Jin opened the game and started playing, looking down at the screen.

The sun gradually rose from the east, golden sunlight piercing through the clouds, shining upon everything on earth, causing the river surface to sparkle with countless rays.

The ancient wooden boat, facing the light, slowly moved towards the direction of the sun.

Before long, it merged into the sunlight.

On the mountain peak across the river stood a figure in black, gazing at the direction in which the wooden boat disappeared, unable to snap out of it for a long time.

"Is it worth it?" A young woman in a blue plain dress walked out slowly behind the figure in black.

Although the woman's features were plain, the aristocratic air around her could not be overlooked.

With every gesture, there was a distinct grace, the poise of a noble family.

And the more one looked at her face, the more it seemed to bear scrutiny.

"If I think it's worth it, then it is," the man in black spoke slowly, his gaze still fixed in the direction where the wooden boat had gone.

The woman's expression was calm as she said, "Which life is this already? Do you think Jun Huang can really escape the Heavenly Dao's watchful eye this time?"

The man in black did not speak, the wide brim of his hat concealing his facial expression, but not the solitude that clung to him.

"Heavenly Dao?" After a long while, the man in black slowly curved his lips, "Then I will go against the Heavenly Dao!"

The woman sighed.

After a long time, she finally spoke, "What's the point? The new life that you worked so hard to get for her, has she ever remembered you..."

The woman's voice grew quieter, realizing it was futile to speak more, her eyes brimming with sorrow.

After so many years, she should have gotten used to it.

The only thing she could do was to keep seeking opportunities for him.

She sought life for him, he sought life for her.

Thus they cycled through reincarnations.

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In Capital City.

After spending a night in the hospital, Chu Jin had regained some color in her face.

Song Shiqin did not go home for the night, instead, he spent the night sleeping on the genuine leather sofa.

When Chu Jin woke up, Song Shiqin had just returned with breakfast.

"You're awake? Brush your teeth and have breakfast quickly," said Song Shiqin, placing the breakfast on the table at the side.

In only a night, the man's clean-shaven chin had sprouted light-blue stubble, but it did not make him look tired; on the contrary, it added a touch of charm and sexiness.

Chu Jin stared at the man standing by the window for a moment, caught off guard.

He and the head of the Mo family were completely different types of people.

Each had their merits.

It would be nice if she could have them both.