

## **R Woman 361**

Chapter 361:

Unfortunately...

Chu Jin sighed softly, and then headed toward the bathroom.

Song Shiqin watched her retreating figure, his eyes slightly darker.

Just then, a knocking sound came from outside the door.

Song Shiqin collected himself and strode over to open the door.

"Brother Chu," Qin Zhenglin said, standing outside with a bouquet of flowers. Upon seeing Song Shiqin, his smile froze, "You... Who are you?"

"I'm Miss Chu's friend. Are you looking for her?" Song Shiqin asked indifferently.

Qin Zhenglin saw an air of integrity about this man.

He immediately felt a sense of respect.

"Hello, I am her business partner. I have some matters to discuss with her."

"Come in," Song Shiqin said, stepping back.

Qin Zhenglin hadn't been able to catch her at the school gates the previous night, so he went to ask Teacher Wu about the situation and learned that she had been hospitalized.

He still couldn't understand how Brother Chu, someone so manly, could have been pushed and ended up in the hospital!

After all, Brother Chu was someone who could knock him to the ground in minutes.

Song Shiqin led Qin Zhenglin inside just as Chu Jin emerged from the bathroom.

"Brother Chu, are you alright now?" Qin Zhenglin put the flowers on the table and asked with concern.

Chu Jin smiled at him, "Why are you here?"

Qin Zhenglin was familiar to her. According to the information provided by Madam Jiu, Chu Jin currently had three companies under this Qin Zhenglin's management.

She had planned to stabilize herself before meeting Qin Zhenglin in a few days, but now he had come to her.

Qin Zhenglin glanced at Song Shiqin and then said hesitantly, "I came to discuss something with you."

Song Shiqin, being the astute person he was, immediately caught on to Qin Zhenglin's implication and found an excuse to leave.

"Go ahead," Chu Jin said, pulling up a chair to sit down.

Facing Qin Zhenglin, Chu Jin tried to keep the conversation as brief as possible, for the information indicated that this man was too shrewd.

She feared that a careless slip could reveal her true identity in front of Qin Zhenglin.

After all, Qin Zhenglin currently controlled three of Chu Jin's companies, and if he found out she was not the real Chu Jin, that could lead to significant trouble.

Fortunately, the effects of the Rejuvenation Pill that Madam Jiu had provided had not yet worn off.

There was no sign of flaw on her facial features.

As long as she could mimic the speech and mannerisms, it would suffice.

In fact, Qin Zhenglin had already noticed that today's Brother Chu was a bit different from usual, but the appearance was exactly like Brother Chu's, so Qin Zhenglin didn't think much of it.

This person wasn't Brother Chu?

Qin Zhenglin vaguely felt that his thoughts were absurd.

How could there be two people in the world who looked exactly the same?

Thinking this, Qin Zhenglin briefly explained the purpose of his visit today.

After listening to him, Chu Jin nodded, "I have agreed to the conditions of the CEO of Advance Time Technology. When shall we meet?"

If this had happened to Chu Jin, she would have definitely rejected outright.

But Chu Jin was different, having decided to take her place; she wouldn't pass up any opportunity to gain exposure.

She wanted to reclaim all the honor she had never enjoyed in the past eighteen years.

Chu Jin's life... was indeed rich.

Truly befitting of her name, embroidered with glory and splendor.

From then on, the embroidered life of glory would completely belong to her, her companies, her fiancé, her honors, all of it...

Thinking this, Chu Jin's lips curled into a slight smile.

Qin Zhenglin was surprised by how readily Brother Chu agreed, which was a bit unlike her style.

He had assumed she would refuse.

Things seemed to be going too smoothly.

Just then, Qin Zhenglin's phone rang; it was his company urging him to return for a meeting.

Without further thought, Qin Zhenglin hung up the phone, stood up, and said to Chu Jin, "Alright, Brother Chu, let's leave it at that for now. I'll head back to the company. I'll notify you of the specific time by phone later."

Chu Jin nodded lightly, "Alright, go ahead with your work."

Qin Zhenglin left the hospital room in a hurry. Chu Jin watched his receding figure, her lips curving up slightly.

Song Shiqin stood in the hospital corridor outside, watching Qin Zhenglin leave. He didn't immediately leave the room; instead, he pulled out a black cell phone from his pocket.

He pressed the power button.

As the screen lit up, Song Shiqin's lips turned up in a faint, almost imperceptible, smile.

The little girl had learned her lesson and set a password on the phone this time.

This was the only item she left him, and he had kept it close all these days, as though she was always by his side.

Song Shiqin tightly grasped the phone, holding it close to his heart.

This way, it was quite good.

She was still there.

Everything was still calm.

After breakfast, Chu Jin went downstairs alone to complete the discharge procedures and left some money with the nurses for Song Shiqin, then she stealthily left the hospital.

She was smart enough to know she couldn't cling too tightly to Song Shiqin at the moment.

Maintaining a deliberate distance from Song Shiqin would be beneficial for future developments.

Being pursued and actively pursuing were very different things.

Tomorrow was the day of the TV station interview, and she had to prepare herself well.

Chu Jin did have real talent and learning. What if those journalists asked her to recite the ten great classics tomorrow?

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Or should she recite that speech in front of everyone?

She must come up with a perfect solution.

Chu Jin walked slowly, pondering this issue all the way.

In this world, there is nothing that money cannot solve.

Moreover, she had just come into two million.

She believed this two million could solve many of her troubles.

Thinking of this, Chu Jin's eyes gradually brightened.

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In the blink of an eye, half a day had passed, and the sunlight became increasingly intense. The lone boat was still leisurely drifting on the river.

Like a piece of duckweed, adrift upon the open sea.

Chu Jin, looking at the boundless river, spoke helplessly, "How much longer will it take for us to reach the Capital City?"

Four to five hours had already passed, yet they were still meandering along this river.



The river seemed endless.

Mo Zhixuan unfurled an umbrella in a leisurely manner, sheltering her from the harsh sunlight and said, "Don't worry, once we cross this river, we will reach Capital City."

To reach Capital City just by crossing this river?

Is it really that magical?

The umbrella could block the sunlight but not her jade-like complexion. With abundant Spiritual Energy in the mountains, her face did not show any signs of her recent injury. Instead, her complexion seemed more radiant, her lips red and teeth white.

In the South Country, there exists a beauty, glorious as the blossoms of peach and plum.

"How long is this river?" Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly.

Before Mo Zhixuan could speak, the old man rowing the boat said, "Young one, don't be impatient. Look at how beautiful the scenery on the river is. This river is called the River of the Other Shore; it stretches across three realms, vast and boundless. Capital City is just ahead, not far from the exit. If I estimate correctly, we should arrive by tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning?" Chu Jin looked up in surprise.

That's not far?

Where on earth is this?

Spanning three realms?

Could it be that this is no longer on Earth?

"Yes, youngster, if you are anxious, how about I sing a folk song to relieve your boredom?"

Chu Jin digested the news, then nodded slightly, "Sure."

Perhaps because he met a young person who didn't mind his singing, the old man happily started to sing a folk song, "Wandering in the clouds, strolling through the skies, laughter flows from the people in the paintings..."

The old man had a resonant voice filled with flavor, radiating the purest essence of the folk song, and his powerful voice instantly filled the entire river.

Indeed, a master hides among the common folk.

The old man's golden voice was not inferior to any singer.

In no time at all, the sun had set, the moon hung on the branches, and the sky was scattered with stars.

"Mr. Mo," Dai Yu lifted the gauze curtain of the boat awning and looked up at Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, "It's getting late, and the moisture is heavy on the river. Would you like to come inside with your sister? There's plenty of space inside, and if my sister doesn't want to sit with me, I can come out as well." She appeared quite pitiful.

And somewhat considerate.

In contrast, it made Chu Jin seem like the one who was being unreasonable.

Dai Yu's acting was spot-on, but unfortunately, there were no spectators here.

"No need," Mo Zhixuan's expression was somewhat cold as he looked down at Chu Jin, "Do you want to go in?"

Chu Jin had corrected Dai Yu many times, asking her not to call her 'sister' anymore, but she seemed not to hear and persisted just the same.

"I'm not going in either, it's quite nice outside."

Dai Yu bit her lip, her eyes turning reddish as she spoke softly, "...Sister, are you still angry with me?" Her voice was very small.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Sorry, I'm an only child at home."

Dai Yu gave Chu Jin a look, appearing a bit aggrieved, "Sister..."

Chu Jin had no interest in playing along with her act, she turned her head and rested on Mo Zhixuan's shoulder.

Sometimes, silence is the best counterattack.

For instance, Chu Jin's gesture right now.

A person with a mania for cleanliness actually tolerating someone leaning on him!

This scene was too glaring.

Dai Yu dropped the gauze curtain and sat back inside the awning.

One day, she would make Mr. Mo's mania for cleanliness ineffective against her.

The sun rose in the east.

When Chu Jin opened her eyes again, it was the next morning.

The sunrise over the river appeared more fiery than the blaze of flowers.

A fiery red sun slowly rose from the other side of the river, casting a fiery red reflection across the surface, creating a spectacular scene.

Her long lashes trembled as she supported herself on Mo Zhixuan's shoulder and stood up, rubbing her eyes. The scenery before her hadn't changed, they were still on the ancient boat, "Why haven't we arrived at Capital City yet?"

There was not the slightest hint of sleepiness on her face; she looked refreshed and comfortable to behold.

The golden sunlight evenly sprinkled over her, leaving only a slender and graceful silhouette, her elegance seemingly out of a painting, with everything around her forming the backdrop.

Mo Zhixuan looked at her profile, a warm sentiment appeared in his eyes.

The old man rowing the boat, seemingly never knowing fatigue, was still smiling, "Almost there, in another two hours we will be able to reach Capital City."

Two hours equate to two hours.

"What time is it now?" Chu Jin turned and looked at Mo Zhixuan.

Mo Zhixuan looked at her, his expression unchanged, his voice as deep as ever, "6:30 in the morning."

He didn't even glance at his phone, but merely with a quick sweep of the sun's position with his peripheral vision, he accurately stated the current time.

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"Mo Zhixuan." She looked at him, opening her mouth lightly, with a clear and melodious voice.

It was the first time she had called his name, and she was the first person who dared to address him by his full name.

She was also the first person to bring him warmth and hope.

And the first person to make his heart flutter.

All the firsts in his life nearly all belonged to the person before him.

Mo Zhixuan looked at the person in front of him, his gaze flickered, and then he spoke without changing his expression, his voice deep and steady, "I am here."

Although it was just a faint two words, they were forceful and resonant, each word imbued with a deterring power that crashed into her heart lake, causing ripples upon ripples, inexplicably comforting.

This one utterance, "I am here," surpassed all sweet nothings and grand vows.

Chu Jin looked at him, her lips curving into a shallow smile without speaking, her dimples growing deeper, her beautiful peach blossom eyes shaped like crescent moons, sparkling and reflecting the golden sunlight.

All sorts of emotions lay unspoken.

Dai Yu lifted the sheer curtain, looking at the scene before her, the pure smile freezing on her lips.

One day, she would shatter this façade with her own hands.

The barrier was just ahead; the boat slowly passed through the rippling screen of water, and in the blink of an eye, the surrounding scenery completely changed.

The boat docked at the pier.

"Youngsters, we're here," the old man called out.

Chu Jin's eyes hinted a smile, "Finally, we've arrived."

Mo Zhixuan stepped forward to take her hand with a low voice, "Let's go home."

Xiao Bai (Little White) dashed onto Chu Jin's shoulder, raised its paw, squinted its eyes in satisfaction, and licked its fur.

Dai Yu also walked out from the cabin, silently following the two.

"Mountains and rivers meet; farewell," the old man waved to the three with a kind face.

"Goodbye."

The simple wooden boat slowly disappeared from the surface of the water.

As soon as the three of them left the dock, the scene behind them changed, and the Long River Dock transformed into the hustle and bustle of the city.

The muddy ground beneath their feet turned into asphalt roads, returning to the noisy city life.

It was as if the boundless Long River, the kind old man, the simple wooden boat, were all but illusions.

On her first departure from the mountain, Dai Yu looked at everything before her with an uneasy expression on her face.

Parked by the roadside were two luxury cars, and beside them stood a young man with sunglasses. Upon seeing the three, the young man hurried over, bowing respectfully, "President Mo."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Take Miss Dai back to rest."

"Yes," replied the young man respectfully, then turned to Dai Yu, "Miss Dai, please follow me."

Dai Yu looked at Mo Zhixuan with frightened eyes, like a startled kitten, "Mr. Mo... I'm scared."

Mo Zhixuan no longer looked at her, taking Chu Jin to the other car.

The black Bugatti Veyron soon disappeared from sight.

Dai Yu bit her lip, reluctantly following the young man into the other car.

Returning to Capital City, Chu Jin felt as though she was experiencing a surreal separation from another lifetime.

It was as if she had been reborn.

Mo Zhixuan drove directly to Huagui Park, where Aunt Zhang had, as if she knew they would return today, prepared a big table of dishes.

After washing up, Chu Jin joined Mo Zhixuan for the meal.

It was already past ten in the morning.

Zi from the Purple Thunder Space stretched leisurely, yawning, "I slept so comfortably..."

"Jin bro! Are we back in Capital City?" Feeling the change in the surrounding magnetic fields, Zi asked excitedly.

Chu Jin, nibbling on a bun, communicated with Zi telepathically, "Yes, we've been here for a while now, just realized?"

Zi laughed sheepishly, "I was asleep, okay? Since we're already in Capital City, I'll go check Weibo."

Saying so, Zi picked up the iPad from the stone table, flipping through Weibo with a satisfied look.

"Chu the Beauty?!" Zi stared blankly at the video on the web page, and after a three-second pause, she finally reacted, "Jin bro, Jin bro, you've gone viral!"

Chu Jin, puzzled, asked, "What do you mean by viral?"

Zi didn't elaborate further, her small hand waved, and immediately a transparent screen appeared in the air, displaying a video clip.

The short title of the video read, "Chu the Beauty, we've all been waiting for your return home."

"You eat; I'll be back from the restroom," Chu Jin said to Mo Zhixuan as she put down her utensils.

"Okay," Mo Zhixuan responded with a nod.'

Chu Jin hurried to the restroom, locked the door behind her, and started watching the video.

A ten-minute video brought a slight redness to her eyes.



She realized that there were so many people in this world who still cared about her.

For the first time, Chu Jin felt a sense of belonging to a class.

"Oh my!" It wasn't clear what Zi encountered next, but she exclaimed so loudly that the iPad fell to the ground.

Was she seeing things?

What was this about Chu the Beauty coming home?

Zi took a deep breath, picking up the iPad from the ground, rubbing her eyes, but the sight before her remained the same, she exclaimed, "Holy moly!"

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow, "Seeing ghosts? Why are you making such a fuss?"

"No! It's even scarier than seeing ghosts! Jin bro, brace yourself."

With that, Zi waved her short hand, and another Weibo post instantly appeared on the transparent screen ahead.

[Finally waiting for you, glad I didn't give up, Chu the Beauty, welcome back.] A photo was attached.

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The woman in the picture, with facial features identical to Chu Jin's, smiles as she looks ahead.

If the person, time, and place had been right, even Chu Jin would almost believe it was herself.

"This picture... is it photoshopped by a master?" Looking at the photo, Chu Jin frowned slightly.

After all, some people would do anything for fame these days.

The blogger gained over 100,000 followers with just this post.

"It's not photoshopped," Zi corrected her expression, "It's plastic surgery. This person has clearly gone under the knife to mimic your appearance, then took advantage of the situation to try and replace you, and it looks like she has deceived quite a few people already."

"Take a look at this video," Zi waved her little hand, and a video automatically began to play on the screen.

The place was very familiar.

The third canteen of South Bridge No.2 Middle School.

Watching the video, the coldness in Chu Jin's eyes grew denser, and her hands clenched tighter.

A sense of oppression enveloped the air.

Zi was extremely angry, "Fake, all fake! Can't you see it? How can Song Shiqin be so stupid? He's supposed to be a monarch for three lives, but I think he's just a dumbass!"

She looked as if she wished she could leap through the screen and give Song Shiqin a good thrashing to relieve her anger.

After watching the video, Chu Jin spoke unhurriedly, "Look into this woman's real background for me."

Her clear voice lacked strong emotion, yet chillingly, it inexplicably gave people the shivers.

Zi subconsciously shrank her neck, "Right away."

Someone was about to be in big trouble!

Of all people to mess with, they had to mess with Brother Jin.

Chu Jin opened the door and walked out. Her steps seemed unhurried, but each one carried the wind.

She was a person who deeply valued friendship and couldn't stand her friends being wronged because of her.

Similarly, she was fiercely protective.

No matter who this woman was, Chu Jin was determined to make her pay the price!

I'm sorry—

It's been days since we've seen each other, and you've been wronged in my absence.

I'm not strong enough to protect the people around me.

But at the same time, I'm grateful to have gained so many true friends in this life.

"What's wrong?" Sensing her emotional shift, Mo Zhixuan stood up, his expression unchanged.

Chu Jin didn't elaborate much, just said directly, "I need to go to the school immediately."

She didn't want Mo Zhixuan to deal with this issue; she wanted to resolve it herself.

"I'll take you," Mo Zhixuan said as he picked up the car keys and advanced toward the door.

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South Bridge No.2 Middle School.

Today was the school's centennial celebration, and to welcome the inspection by high-level officials and interviews by TV stations, many plants and flowers had been specially arranged at the school's entrance.

All the students were also dressed uniformly in white school uniforms.

At this moment, they had gathered in the grand auditorium. Chu Jin, in a well-fitting school uniform, stood at the highest point on stage, being interviewed by a TV station.

Behind her stood the principal and her class teacher, Mr. Wu.

All students and faculty were congregated in this auditorium, and the scene was quite spectacular, with numerous cameras flashing at Chu Jin.

Confidence radiated from Chu Jin's face, alongside a smile that showed no stage fright, though her palms were already covered in a layer of sweat.

"Here, I want to thank my teachers, my family, my friends. Without them, I would never have won this award..."

Before she could finish her sentence, someone from below walked up, snatched the microphone from the reporter's hand, and turned to address the crowd, "I am Mo Qingyi from class eight, Chu Jin's best friend and future sister-in-law. Today, I want to announce something to everyone here."

At this point, Mo Qingyi turned her gaze to Chu Jin, raised her hand, and pointed at her, "This person, she is not Chu Jin! Nor is she the beautiful Chu! She's just a plastic surgery addict posing as someone else! I hope everyone won't be fooled by her!"

This sudden development stunned everyone.

Including Chu Jin.

"Mo Qingyi, what nonsense are you spouting here? Get down immediately..." The principal was the first to regain composure.

With so many reporters and leaders watching, a lax teacher invites negligence. Mo Qingyi's actions were making it difficult for him to save face as principal.

"Principal, I'm not talking nonsense, I've got evidence! I can prove directly that she is not Chu Jin!"

Big news, this felt like big news.

More eye-catching and newsworthy than 'Chu the beauty,' the reporters' eyes lit up with excitement as they immediately latched onto the topic, bombarding Miao Xinran with a flurry of photos, "This student, do you have any evidence to prove she's not Chu Jin?"

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin's face turned slightly pale, but she steadied herself and smiled at Mo Qingyi, "Qingyi, stop joking, if I'm not Chu Jin, then who am I?"

Mo Qingyi looked up sharply at Chu Jin, her eyes piercing, "Naturally, someone who can't stand the light of day! Draped in someone else's glory, you stand here bluffing and deceiving, do you have no shame?"

"Qingyi, how have I offended you that you're targeting me like this? And to defame me this way. I know you're close to Xinran..." At this, Chu Jin's eyes began to tear up.

At these words, the crowd was in an uproar.

The whole school more or less knew about yesterday's incident, and everyone had seen the video.

The weak always gain trust and sympathy at any time.

So when she said this, everyone turned their suspicions towards Mo Qingyi.

They believed Mo Qingyi was deliberately suppressing and seeking revenge against Chu Jin.

"What nonsense are you spouting?" Mo Qingyi's expression turned cold, "Aren't you tired of pretending? Don't you find your actions disgusting?"

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Chu Jin never expected Mo Qingyi to spot her flaw so quickly.

As far as she knew, Mo Qingyi was the sister of Mo Zhixuan.

She had impersonated Chu Jin perfectly, so how did Mo Qingyi realize she wasn't the real Chu Jin?

Now that Mo Qingyi had uncovered the truth, wouldn't her plans with the Mo family patriarch be ruined?

What should she do now to resolve this crisis?

The sudden change in Mo Qingyi's attitude wasn't part of her plan at all.

Well, even without the Mo family patriarch, wasn't there still Song Shiqin?

After all, Song Shiqin wasn't a bad option either.

As long as Song Shiqin hadn't found out she was the fake one, that would be fine.

With this thought, Chu Jin felt a little better. Looking at Mo Qingyi, her eyes began to well up with tears, teetering on the edge of spilling over. "Qingyi, how could you say such things about me? Did I do something wrong that made you angry? If so, I apologize to you, I'm sorry, and I hope you can forgive me."

She looked utterly innocent.

Like an oppressed young lady of a respectable family.

In contrast, Mo Qingyi seemed like a relentless bully.

Countless flashbulbs burst into action, relentlessly snapping pictures of the two.

The murmurs from the crowd below grew louder, leaning toward sympathizing with Chu Jin.

"You're really shameless, as thick-faced as a dead pig is to scalding water!" Mo Qingyi snorted coldly, then continued, "Our beloved Chu can practice medicine, knows martial arts, speaks four languages, can recite ten famous classics, and is brimming with talent. What can you do? Apart from your face, what do you have to show for yourself? And even that face is artificially crafted; tell me, isn't that nauseating?"

Faced with Mo Qingyi's barrage of questions, Chu Jin's face didn't reveal the slightest sign of panic.

In reality, her heart was starting to panic.

After all, she wasn't the real Chu Jin; none of the things Miao Xinran mentioned were within her capabilities.

She felt a chill down her spine.

It was clear that Mo Qingyi was someone with brains.

Every word she spoke hit the nail on the head.

Just as Chu Jin was worried about how to respond to Mo Qingyi's remark, a reporter at her side spoke up, "That's right, Miss Chu, after watching your last speech, I was profoundly moved. May I have the opportunity to hear you recite a passage from 'Wuthering Heights' right now?"

Reporters always loved stirring the pot; after all, the bigger the news, the better the story.

The fire at the scene was already fierce; it just needed an extra splash of fuel.

"Miss Reporter, do you also not believe I am Chu Jin?" Chu Jin looked up at the reporter, her eyes filled with an interrogative light.

"Don't misunderstand, Miss Chu, I simply admire your talent, that's all. If you're as knowledgeable as they say, why would you fear reciting 'Wuthering Heights'?"

Some students below also began whispering among themselves.

Last time when Chu Jin recited the ten famous classics, everyone had witnessed it, so why was she having trouble now?

Could it be that she really wasn't Chu Jin?

Chu Jin was aiming for precisely this effect—to first let everyone doubt her and then to make a stunning counterattack.

She wanted to make them feel guilty for how they had cornered a good student into such a dire situation.

When it came to martial arts or medicine, indeed, she knew none of it.



But the ten classics? She had prepared for this and could recite them with ease.

"Does everyone really not believe me?" Chu Jin held on to the microphone, her voice choking up.

There was some quiet in the crowd.

No one spoke.

"Stop pretending. Have you no shame? Lacking any real ability and yet you dare to impersonate our beautiful Chu. Don't you know that even if a cat puts on the emperor's robe, it can't become the crown prince? Get off the stage with your tail between your legs now! You're nauseating to look at! A civet cat is still a civet cat and can never assume the role of a prince!"

Mo Qingyi's words left Chu Jin no dignity.

They were piercing and candid.

Anyone with even a slightly weaker mental fortitude might not be able to withstand it.

But who was Chu Jin?

A person whose face was thicker than the walls of a city's corner.

Besides, she had already been prepared.

"Do you all have to push me this far?" Chu Jin staggered a few steps back, looking pained. "I hate being doubted the most. Why won't you believe me? Qingyi, in vain I treated you as my best sister; is this how you repay me?"

"Miss Chu, I believe you!" From the crowd, Wang Kai stood up.

In such a moment, Wang Kai bravely stood up for her. He liked her, so he trusted her without question.

And besides, at a time like this, she needed his belief.

Unlike last time, not a single person from Class Ten stood up.

Because this Chu Jin before them was so far removed from their image of Chu, the Divine Doctor, that they felt they could find nothing similar to the real Chu Jin in her except for her face.

The Chu Jin they remembered would never easily shed tears to garner sympathy from everyone no matter how dire the situation.

Even when she was mistakenly accused of plagiarism by the principal and the faculty during a speech in front of the entire school, she hadn't shed a single tear.

She would only prove herself with her abilities.

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The person on the stage was crying her eyes out, already positioning herself firmly on the side of the disadvantaged.

It didn't fit Chu Jin's style of doing things at all.

Because the strong never believe in tears!

Plus, with the things Miao Xinran said and the photos she posted in the class group chat last night, they couldn't help but question Chu Jin at this moment.

"Wang Kai, thank you for believing in me," Chu Jin bowed 90 degrees to Wang Kai.

Besides Wang Kai, a few other students who usually didn't know Chu Jin well but liked the beautiful Chu Jin also stood up.

The number wasn't large.

Only about a dozen or so.

"Thank you all for believing in me," Chu Jin bowed again.

Mo Qingyi raised her eyes to look at the crowd below, "Wang Kai, calm down a bit and think clearly, how could someone who can't even recite 'Wuthering Heights' possibly be Chu Jin? Don't be fooled by this..."

"Who says I can't recite it?" Mo Qingyi hadn't finished speaking when Chu Jin interrupted her.

"Heh," Mo Qingyi scoffed, "Impostor, then recite it for me, will you?"

Memorizing the top ten classic novels isn't something one can do overnight.

"Qingyi," Chu Jin bit her lip, "don't go too far!"

Mo Qingyi narrowed her eyes, "I'm going too far? It's clearly you, the impostor, who is deceiving yourself! Do you really think I'm that easy to fool?"

"In that case, I shall make a fool of myself," Chu Jin bowed to everyone and then, supporting the microphone, she slowly began to speak.

One hand held the microphone, while the other hung down, lightly clenched into a fist.

Soon enough, fluent English spilled forth from the microphone.

"It is a matter of God to punish the wicked, and we should learn to forgive..."

The sound was pleasing to the ear, like a gentle breeze and drizzling rain, softly lingering in everyone's ears.

This voice, at first glance, didn't seem like much, but upon closer listening, you'd find it a bit rigid, not quite as smooth.

Moreover, Chu Jin's lips were very close to the microphone.

She slowly 'recited' a segment.

This was a little device she had bought yesterday for over a hundred thousand yuan in the Technology City. Rumor had it that it featured the latest foreign advanced nanotechnology not yet available on the domestic market.

It could mimic human speech.

It had been bought for an emergency like today, and as it turned out, it really came in handy.

Although she couldn't recite the top ten classic novels, she had brains.

After she finished reciting one segment, applause broke out from the audience.

Since they had already witnessed Chu Jin reciting the top ten classic novels before, the applause wasn't as sensational as before.

"Qingyi," Chu Jin looked up at Mo Qingyi, her eyes slightly red, "Are you satisfied now?"

The flashbulbs burst into a frenzy of photographs.

Her seemingly aggrieved and appeasing manner made many people feel indignant for her.

They stirred restlessly, wishing they could give Mo Qingyi a harsh lesson.

Mo Qingyi hadn't expected that she would really recite 'Wuthering Heights', and her face turned a bit ugly in the moment.

But it didn't matter, she had other evidence.

'Clap clap clap—'

Mo Qingyi clapped for her directly, "Impostor, with such good acting skills, why don't you go into the entertainment industry? Otherwise, the Oscars would surely award you a little gold man."

Chu Jin's voice was a bit hoarse, pitiful yet feigning strength, "Qingyi, you might not like me, but please don't insult me!"

Mo Qingyi shook her head coldly, "It seems without some solid evidence, you won't give up."

"Qingyi, why must you insist on opposing me?" Chu Jin looked towards Mo Qingyi with a pained expression, "You're the daughter of a wealthy family, so you think you can trample on other people's dignity at will. Before, I firmly believed this world was fair! That everyone was equal, but I overlooked two words, 'power and influence'! You are a powerful and influential young lady, I'm just a wastrel, good-for-nothing, and an orphan reliant on others in Capital City, ha,"

At this point, Chu Jin laughed mockingly at herself, "What do I have to compare with you? Alright, I'll propose an annulment to your brother right away, and from now on, there'll be no more ties between us."

Her speech was heart-wrenching, each word bleeding tears, each sentence deeply cutting, her face streaming with tears, stirring pity and igniting the audience's sense of injustice.

It was touching to behold.

"Principal, teachers, and all my fellow students, I'm truly sorry for letting you all down. I apologize—today, I won't be able to participate in the interview, and I can't study with you all on the same campus anymore. Starting today, I will officially withdraw from school."

At these words, the crowd was in uproar—Chu Jin was their idol.

Now Mo Qingyi had driven their idol to the point of withdrawing from school, and of course, they couldn't just stand by.

So what if someone is rich?

Does having money mean one can drive a good student to such an extent?

It has to be said, Chu Jin was really quite cunning.

She easily made a group of onlookers who were just there for the drama take her side and feel indignation on her behalf.

Suddenly, one of the students stood up, "Chu! It's not you who should be apologizing, nor is it you who should leave!"

Chapter 367:

"Right! The person who should be leaving is Mo Qingyi!"

"Mo Qingyi, apologize!"

"Chu Jin, don't be afraid, justice will never be absent, we stand with you."

"We stand with you."

"We strongly demand that Mo Qingyi be expelled. We disdain sharing a school with such a rich princess!"

More and more people sided with Chu Jin, their words vehement and crass, not even bothering to understand the true circumstances.

They were simply incited by Chu Jin's rhetoric.

Mo Qingyi's face grew paler and paler, the taste of being misunderstood was truly unbearable.

Even with her strong mental fortitude, she was still just a teenager, and facing the accusations of so many, she couldn't help but lose her composure.

Looking at Mo Qingyi, Chu Jin's face, though streaked with tears, betrayed a hint of smugness in her eyes.

This battle, she had won again.

And she had won handsomely.

"Thank you for your support and love, my friends. It is you who have restored my faith that this world is just and fair. Shakespeare once said, no matter how long the night, the day will eventually dawn—" saying this, Chu Jin bowed deeply.

The phrase "the day will eventually dawn" ignited the atmosphere on the scene, lifting everyone's emotions to a new climax.

It resonated with many.

Apart from the students of class ten, everyone was ecstatic.

Applauding with passion.

Their action was a stand for justice, a defense for the weak, a sense of achievement, abounding.

"Fellow students, don't be deceived by her disgusting act, this imposter is not Chu Jin! I stake my reputation on it, please believe me!" Mo Qingyi's explanation was weak and pale.

Moreover, the situation was now out of control, and people, in their heightened emotions, simply wouldn't listen to any reasoning.

"Mo Qingyi, we at South Bridge do not welcome people like you, get off the stage now."

"Get off the stage."

"..."

Chu Jin's expression grew more and more triumphant.

As the frenzy intensified, the principal pushed up his glasses and approached Chu Jin, apologizing profusely, "Chu Jin, I'm terribly sorry you had to endure this. Rest assured, the school will severely reprimand Mo Qingyi for her deplorable behavior and will note a major demerit in her record. If it happens again, we will expel her immediately."

The principal was a man who knew how to handle situations well. He was aware that Chu Jin was no longer the person she used to be, having been criticized by the leadership for the plagiarism incident previously, this time he wouldn't make the same mistake that could incite public outrage.



Chu Jin, deeply touched, said, "Thank you for believing in me, Principal. However, I am willing to forgive Qingyi, after all, she's just a child. Please revoke her punishment."

The principal patted her shoulder with relief, "Chu Jin, you truly are a role model for South Bridge No.2 Middle School! Very good, this spirit is something we all should learn from."

Cameras and flashing lights captured the moment, moving tirelessly between the stage and the audience below.

The whispers of the crowd grew louder.

Reporters struck while the iron was hot, bringing the microphone to her lips, "Chu Jin, please face the camera and introduce yourself to the viewers watching on TV. Talk about your true feelings at this moment, being wrongfully accused must be hard to endure, why would you choose to easily forgive?"

"Hello, everyone," Chu Jin began with a confident smile facing the camera, "I am Chu Jin, enchanting as in 'enchanting beauty', splendid and glorious as in 'splendid silk'..."

It had to be said, the name Chu Jin was indeed well chosen.

Not only enchanting in beauty and lovely in appearance but also rich and prosperous for life.

However, all this was now going to belong entirely to herself.

The look in Chu Jin's eyes became brighter, and it was at this moment—

She hadn't even finished her sentence,

When suddenly, with a creak,

The door to the auditorium was pushed open.

In the somewhat silent space, it seemed particularly jarring.

A slender and lean figure began to walk in, silhouetted against the backdrop of bright sunlight, rendering her face somewhat indistinct, but the commanding presence she exuded was unmistakable.

Almost instantly, all eyes converged on her.

As the person stepped forward, the gaze of the crowd followed each of her movements.

The air grew still,

So quiet that one could hear the breaths taken, as her presence effortlessly overshadowed the aura of hundreds present.

Commanding reverence.

Such a person, born for the stage, meant for the highest place.

Up close, the crowd gasped in awe.

My god, how could there be two Chu Jins?

She, she has come...

She's actually alive...

Chu Jin swayed slightly, the words sticking in her throat, unable to speak.

This time, she was genuinely scared.

But at such a moment, she couldn't panic. She had the same appearance as her...

She had to seize this opportunity to rid herself of Chu Jin forever.

Chu Jin swallowed hard, forcing herself to calm down, she had to stay composed.

That was just a worthless nobody...

Nothing to be afraid of.

Chapter 368:

A journalist glanced at the Chu Jin beside them, then at the Chu Jin approaching from the front, and dumbfoundedly asked, "Who, who are you?"

These two people looked too alike.

Just like twin sisters.

Chu Jin slightly curled her lips upward, snatched the microphone from the journalist's hand, and with a pair of very calm eyes, she looked towards the people below the stage, bringing up a chilling light, "I am Chu Jin, the Chu from Chu River and Han Border, the Jin from magnificent mountains and rivers."

words, resounding powerfully.

Her crisp voice, through the microphone, clearly reached everyone's ears; each word was tinged with an intimidating force, echoing throughout the entire auditorium, long lingering.

Domineering!

She was like a queen, easily able to command the entire room.

No need for tears, no need for sympathy.

Just with the innate aura of a superior!

Beneath the stage, it was very quiet.

Nearly everyone's eyes were fixed on her.

Chu Jin?!

If she is Chu Jin, then who is that tear-streaked person beside her?

As she finished speaking, she turned her gaze towards Mo Qingyi, "Qingyi, I'm sorry, I came back late." I have let you all suffer.

This was her.

This really was her.

Mo Qingyi almost recognized her at first glance.

"Chu Jin!" Mo Qingyi's eyes reddened in an instant, as she tightly hugged Chu Jin, choking up, "You've finally come back..."

Chu Jin gently patted her back, "I'm back."

Nobody expected such a reversal in the situation.

Two identical faces, exposed under the cameras.

The true and false were already clear.

Her style, her demeanor, no one could replicate it!

Yet still, there were people who failed to see the whole picture. Chu Jin straightened her chest, looked at Chu Jin, and righteously said, "Who are you? What nefarious purpose do you have in impersonating me?"

Chu Jin slightly lifted her chin, the corners of her mouth curving up with a trace of mockery, a cold light flashing in her eyes, her tone cold, "That face you're using, are you finding it comfortable?"

Overtly haughty.

Her voice, light and faint, somehow sent shivers through everyone present.

In the face of Chu Jin, Chu Jin became a flustered mess, "Nonsense! I am Chu Jin!"

Chu Jin flicked her hair, her crimson lips slightly curved upward, her brows and eyes somewhat cold under the light, "Wang Xuxu, long time no see,"

That's right! The person who looked exactly like her was none other than Wang Xuxu.

The high official's daughter who had provoked Chu Jin at the gathering.

"Who is this madwoman! I don't know you! Please leave immediately!" Wang Xuxu then turned to the principal, speaking very calmly, "Principal, please have security escort this unidentified person out at once!"

At this moment, she mustn't lose her composure!

She must stand firm!

Chu Jin looked at her, her gaze light yet containing a cold brightness, as if she was looking at an object devoid of life.

The principal was immediately stunned and didn't know whom to trust, standing there somewhat at a loss.

After all, these two people had identical features, and moreover, both knew the top ten famous books of the world by heart.

In such a situation, offending either one would not lead to a good outcome.

Chu Jin walked unhurriedly towards the computer that was connected to the projector.

"Principal," Wang Xuxu anxiously looked at the principal, raising her voice, "Please expel this person immediately!"

Chu Jin leaned slightly, reaching out to touch the keyboard, and then took out a USB drive from her pocket and plugged it into the socket, the sound of typing clicked rapidly.

The light from the screen reflected on her face, lustrous as jade, her features cool and sharp.

Wang Xuxu looked at Chu Jin, loudly demanded, "What exactly are you trying to do?"

Chu Jin looked up slightly, smiling shallowly, "Nothing much, just helping you recall the first half of your life."

No sooner had her words fallen.

Than a slideshow began to play automatically on the screen.

It contained Wang Xuxu's personal details, records of round-trip plane tickets to and from the Goryeo Nation.

Photos of her being pushed into the operating room.

Photos during the surgery.

Photos after the surgery.

Photos of the bandages being removed...

All the photographic evidence was comprehensive.

All of this was obtained by Zi helping her with the search.

With Zi's abilities, breaching the hospital's firewall to access this encrypted data was a piece of cake.

Seeing these scenes unfold before her, Wang Xuxu's back was immediately coated in cold sweat.

The crowd was agitated, their expressions rich with intrigue.

Especially those who had just stood up to support Wang Xuxu, demanding Qingyi to get off the stage.

On their faces, the pain was severe.

Now, Wang Xuxu looked like a court jester...

Moreover, a grasshopper after autumn.

How did Chu Jin know all this?

Wang Xuxu felt many uncertain looks being cast her way, mocking, sarcastic, pitying, everyone was watching her, as if watching a grand play.

These knife-like gazes sliced at her, leaving her bloody and skinless.

Weren't there so many people supporting her just now? How could they now...

They shifted sides too quickly.

She clearly had the same features as Chu Jin, so why couldn't they just see her as Chu Jin?

As long as she appeared more pitiable, acted more aggrieved, perhaps they would start believing in her again.

Yes, that must work.

With this thought, Wang Xuxu felt a bit more at ease in her heart.

Chapter 369:

She immediately put on a very grievous expression, "What Wang Xuxu? I have never been to Goryeo Nation, and the person in the photo is not me at all, these are all fabrications you made! I am the real Chu Jin! How much money did Mo Qingyi give you? To set me up like this, the saying that money can make the Devil push the millstone really is true! Are you not afraid of being struck by lightning for doing this..."



Wang Xuxu's words, in Chu Jin's view, were nothing but a desperate struggle.

The corners of Chu Jin's mouth curled up into a bright arc as she slowly walked over to Wang Xuxu and directly reached to clamp her chin.

A look of sheer panic filled Wang Xuxu's eyes.

Her hands slapped frantically at Chu Jin's wrists, "What, what do you want? Murder is against the law!"

"Kill you?" Chu Jin slowly increased the pressure in her grip, the nephrite-like inferiority within her clear eyes, "Wouldn't that be letting you off too easily?"

"You..."

'Click-crack' a sound.

It was the crisp sound of bones breaking.

Wang Xuxu's speech also came to an abrupt halt.

Chu Jin leisurely withdrew her hand, and then, Wang Xuxu's chin was visibly skewed...

The prosthetic that had been padding her chin had slid to the vicinity of her ear, as if it might fall off at any moment.

Her entire facial features collapsed towards the left side.

A most shocking sight!

Pain piercing to the bone caused Wang Xuxu's eyes to redden in an instant.

She quickly raised her hands to cover her chin.

Stumbling, she took a few steps back.

The reporters and teachers watching were all taken aback, inhaling sharply.

This face was horrifying!

Even the experienced reporters had never encountered such a thing before.

Chu Jin pressed on, "Miss Wang, next time you choose a cosmetic surgery hospital, remember to pick a more reputable one. The quality of this face of yours doesn't hold up, I just touched it lightly, and your chin skewed. I wonder if your nose is just as fragile?"

At that moment, her smile was evident, but Wang Xuxu could not detect a trace of warmth in it.

Only a profound chill.

She was like a devil crawling out from the depths of hell.

"Ah!" Wang Xuxu let out a scream!

Her life was ruined!

She was indignant!

Why!? Why did fate sever her retreat time after time?

Why couldn't she just live peacefully?

Why did this wretch reappear at this moment?

Why did they all have to make her life difficult?

This wretch had been gone for half a month, why couldn't she just disappear from this world forever?

It was unfair!

"Shh," Chu Jin raised a finger to her lips, signaling silence, "Don't scream, this is just the beginning, I'll settle our scores with you slowly..."

Wang Xuxu's back was against the wall, her body trembling slightly.

The person before her was too frightening.

It was then that a group of police officers burst through the doors, entering directly.

Ignoring the reporters, the principal, the teachers...

They walked straight to the stage with unsmiling faces.

Several officers swiftly confiscated the reporters' cameras and voice recorders, cutting off the power to their equipment.

Their attitude was arrogant and rough.

This sudden change left everyone stunned.

One of them, flashing his police badge, went up to Principal Liu, "We received a report from the public, suspecting your student, Chu Jin, is related to the recent Capital City disappearances and the airport bombing. We ask the suspect to come with us for questioning, and we hope Principal Liu cooperates."

"Yes, yes, we will cooperate!" Principal Liu hastily nodded after seeing the police badge.

An explosion case?

A disappearance case?

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, she hadn't misheard?

Hearing this, a glimmer of hope flashed in Wang Xuxu's eyes. As expected, the wretch had her own misfortune to contend with!

She had not expected Chu Jin to have such a day!

Chu Jin turned her head, those delicate, peach blossom eyes gazing towards them, her tone cool, "Do you have evidence?"

The officer, holding handcuffs, approached Chu Jin menacingly, "Are you looking for personal testimony or physical evidence?"

Chu Jin frowned slightly, about to say something, when the officer bypassed her and went straight to Wang Xuxu.

'Clack.'

By the time Wang Xuxu realized, the cold handcuffs were already clasped on her wrists.

Wang Xuxu's heart sank, she shouted anxiously, "Why are you arresting me? She's Chu Jin, right? What gives you the right to arrest me?"

Two officers held her shoulders firmly, their eyes stern, "Chu Jin, I'd advise you to behave yourself! Cooperate with our work!"

Struggling fiercely, Wang Xuxu protested, "I really am not Chu Jin! You've got the wrong person! My name is Chu Jin, not the Chu Jin you're after!"

"Who you are isn't up to you to decide!" One of the leading officers narrowed his eyes menacingly and gestured behind him, "Take her away!"

He was cold and domineering.

In that momentous glance back, his peripheral vision lightly skimmed over Chu Jin.

Her features were ordinary, but those eyes were dark and profound, possessing penetrative power.

The face and those eyes, they didn't match.

Those eyes gave her a sense of déjà vu, as if she had seen them somewhere before.

A thousand years ago?

The phrase suddenly popped into her mind, startling Chu Jin with a jolt.

Chapter 370:

These pitch-black eyes were truly too familiar.

They were giving her a sense of vast antiquity, as if spanning across lifetimes.

But soon, he brushed past her, his turning seemingly indifferent, yet it brought a chilly breeze with it.

Her black hair danced, and a faint scent wafted from her locks.

Sweeping over his dark police uniform.

His expression remained unchanged, he didn't even spare Chu Jin a glance.

From beginning to end, his demeanor screamed 'strictly business.'

Chu Jin thought for a long time but still couldn't figure out who he was.

Whether before her rebirth or after, she did not know this person.

This unfamiliar familiarity probably was just an illusion.

A group of people arrived swiftly and left just as quickly.

However, when they left, they deleted all the content of the journalists' interviews from today.

Their actions were very practiced; one could tell that they were accustomed to doing such things.

A school celebration meant to bolster reputation was thus ended abruptly.

Some reporters were not satisfied and proposed to re-interview Chu Jin, but she politely declined.

She had no intention of fame, and those police officers had solved a considerable problem for her.

"Chu Jin, welcome back," Teacher Wu embraced Chu Jin tightly.

Chu Jin hugged Teacher Wu back, "Thank you, Teacher."

After this incident, Teacher Wu felt more than ever that Chu Jin was not an ordinary person.

She was far from being as simple as she appeared.

She was like an uncut gemstone, capable of surprising people at any moment.

Teacher Wu felt fortunate to have such an outstanding student.

The whole class ten was cheering and jumping with joy.

Chu Jin slowly made her way to the stage front, standing against the light. Her delicate features didn't display much emotion, but her presence felt incredibly solemn as she looked at her classmates from class ten, "I am grateful for everyone's concern during these days."

As she finished speaking, she bowed deeply, her casual indifference from previous days nowhere in sight.

"Ah, Chu the Beauty, you are our class's precious, of course," someone said.

"Divine Doctor, we've missed you so much while you were gone."

"Divine Doctor, I've been having a poor appetite recently, I can't eat anything, and I even want to vomit—do you think I caught some serious illness?"

"Gu Xiaopang, don't tell me you're pregnant?" came a merciless taunt.

"Your sister! I'm a pure man!"

"..."

Chu Jin walked directly to Miao Xinran, "Xinran, thank you."

Miao Xinran tapped Chu Jin's shoulder, "Good buddy, no need for thanks! It's good that you're back."

As if by unspoken agreement, no one asked Chu Jin why she had disappeared for so long.

Nobody even asked where she went.

When school was over in the evening, Mo Qingyi proposed that the three of them should get together to celebrate Chu Jin's safe return.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Why don't we wait until after the college entrance exam? You two can come to my place. How about an outdoor barbecue?"

With only ten days left until the college entrance exam, it was a time of intense study. Gathering for a meal at this point was clearly not wise.

Especially since the three had an agreement to attend the same university.

Capital University.

This was a crucial moment when relaxation was not an option.

"That sounds good, the college entrance exam is just a few days away anyway," Mo Qingyi nodded.



Miao Xinran was even more excited, "Yes, yes, there won't be any pressure after the exam, and we can enjoy ourselves. I agree."

After separating from the two of them, Chu Jin leisurely walked towards Huagui Park.

When she reached the gate of the villa, she saw an old man walking his dog.

A very fat black dog, quite docile.

Chu Jin paused in her steps, turned around, and quickly walked in another direction.

Having been away for so many days, she didn't know whether the little girl had come looking for her.

Had she lost weight?

Or gained some?

Thinking this, Chu Jin quickened her pace.

The crossroads were still the same crossroads.

Everything seemed unchanged.

Unfortunately, at the crossroads, she did not see that little figure or the lovable big creature.

The ungrateful little thing, in just a few short days, she couldn't have forgotten her already, could she?

Chu Jin lifted an eyebrow slightly and finally decided to call the little girl.

Thankfully, she had a photographic memory.

She took out a black cell phone from her pocket, dialed a series of numbers from her memory, and quickly pressed send.

The phone belonged to Mo Zhixuan.

The phone rang for a long time before someone on the other end picked up.

"Hello, guess who I am?" Chu Jin deliberately softened her voice, her tone varying greatly from her usual speech.

There was a pause on the other end, "...Who are you?"

"Hey, you ungrateful little thing, you've forgotten your Jin Bro so quickly..." Her voice returned to normal, but mid-sentence, Chu Jin suddenly realized that the voice on the phone seemed to be a lazy... male voice.

Lazy yet a bit hazy, as if it were the voice of jade, so fresh and mystifying, very pleasing to the ear.

Her memory was always accurate; this was the number the little girl had entered into her phone last time!

Why was a man answering the call?