

R Woman 371

Chapter 371:

Could it be her dad?

After Chu Jin stopped speaking, silence fell on the other end of the line, with just a faint, "Chief"

The conversation abruptly ended there.

"Hello, may I ask, are you Pengpeng's father?" Chu Jin tentatively asked.

"It's me."

"I am Chu Jin, is it convenient to let Pengpeng take the phone?"

Hearing the clear voice coming from the phone, Mo Qianjue's lips slowly curved into an almost imperceptible smile.

That voice had appeared countless times by his ear.

It was her, no doubt.

Mo Qianjue slightly raised his hand, and the young man standing beside him immediately bent down respectfully and walked out the door.

"...You finally came back." After a good while, just as Chu Jin thought the other party had hung up, such a sentence came from the phone.

The tone was very familiar, like that of a long-time acquaintance.

Before Chu Jin could react, the other side continued, "Pengpeng misses you a lot."

"Where is she then? Please let her take the phone."

"She's not at home right now."

"Oh, then..." Before Chu Jin could finish her sentence, her entire body was tackled by a dark shadow, and she staggered several steps before steadying herself.

Two fluffy black paws draped over her shoulders just like that.

Dog and human, staring at each other, eye to eye.

"Bread!" Chu Jin exclaimed with joy.

"Woof woof!" Bread was equally excited.

Just as Bread was about to extend its tongue to lavishly lick Chu Jin's face, at the very moment its tongue came out, as if recalling something, it suddenly closed its mouth, uttering a low whine, and affectionately rubbed its dog head against Chu Jin's chin and neck.

Mo Qianjue, listening to the sounds on the other end of the phone, also knew what had happened.

He just maintained the action of holding the phone.

He didn't speak, nor did he hang up.

Chu Jin, seeing the darkened phone screen, thought the other side had already hung up, so she didn't pay it any more attention, casually putting it into her pocket.

"Huh," Chu Jin raised her hand to touch Bread's dog head, sounding somewhat puzzled, "Why did you come alone? Where's your brother Peng?"

This was too abnormal.

If this had been in the past, the little Lolita would have rushed out to hug her leg and demand kisses by now.

Why the anomaly today? After so much time, little Lolita hadn't yet come out.

Chu Jin subconsciously looked around, but didn't spot little Lolita anywhere.

As if understanding Chu Jin's words, Bread whined, first lifting its dog head to rub against Chu Jin's head.

Then its front paws quickly hit the ground, and it bit into Chu Jin's clothing hem, pulling her to one side.

Chu Jin followed Bread to one side.

They stopped in front of a thick tree, and Bread ceased its tugging.

Seeing the pink edge of clothing exposed by the tree, Chu Jin realized what was happening and her lips curled into a slight smile.

"Hm, let me guess which little friend is hiding behind the tree."

"Is it Little Ming?"

"..." No response from the other side.

"Is it Little Red?"

"..." Still no response from behind the tree, and moreover, the piece of pink clothing was carefully retracted.

Chu Jin, looking at little Lolita's actions, felt a bit confused.

Had her charm declined?

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, feigning surprise, "Aha! I've guessed it, it's Peng brother, right?"

Even after her words, the little Lolita still had no intention of coming out from behind the tree.

Ever since meeting Wang Xuxu at that intersection, little Lolita still came here every evening after school to continue waiting.

But unlike before, she wouldn't just sit there waiting; she'd hide behind a tree, quietly watching the situation across the street.

She was afraid of mistaking Jin brother again.

Seeing little Lolita still reluctant to come out, Chu Jin walked directly to the back of the tree, bent down, and opened her arms towards the little girl, smiling, "Peng brother, long time no see, I've missed you so much. Come let me give you a hug."

But little Lolita backed away several steps, watching Chu Jin very warily.

Is this person really Jin brother?

Little Lolita's eyes, sparkling and big, blinked as she stared directly at Chu Jin, not saying a word, her eyes filled with caution like a startled little deer.

Zi from the Purple Thunder space spoke faintly, "Jin brother, could it be that this child has become silly?"

Chu Jin: "..." She too wanted to know what exactly little Lolita had been through all this time she was away!

"Peng brother, what's up?" Chu Jin looked at the little girl, teasingly starting, "Haven't seen me for a few days and you've become shy? Don't recognize your Jin brother anymore?"

Little Lolita cautiously took a couple of steps forward, hesitating, "Are, are you really Jin brother?"

Hearing this, Chu Jin more or less understood the situation.

It was probably that Wang Xuxu stirring up mischief again.

It seemed her absence had allowed Wang Xuxu to cause quite a bit of trouble.

Chu Jin directly bent down and picked up the little girl, "If I'm not your Jin brother, then who could I be?"

And with that, she planted a firm kiss on the little girl's cheek.

The familiar scent enveloped her.

"Jin brother, it really is you..." The little girl wrapped her arms around Chu Jin's neck, crying out loud in excitement.

"There, there, don't cry now," Chu Jin soothed her, rubbing her head and speaking softly.

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"Jin, I really missed you so much, wuuu..."

"I thought you and Mommy didn't want me anymore..."

The little loli cried like an aggrieved kitten, ending with a hiccup from sobbing.

Hearing this, Chu Jin hugged the little loli even tighter, "Pengpeng is so good, so obedient, so cute, how could I not want you? In this world, my favorite person is Pengpeng."

"Jin, is everything you said true?" The little loli rubbed her eyes, stopped crying, and looked straight at Chu Jin.

"Of course it's true." Chu Jin bent her finger and scraped the little loli's cute and pert little nose.

The little loli wrapped her arms around her neck, "Then you won't ever leave Pengpeng, will you?"

"Yes." Chu Jin nodded.

"Then will you always like Pengpeng forever, will you?"

"Yes."

"Then will you buy Pengpeng lots and lots of yummy food, will you?"

"Yes."

Seeing that Chu Jin was so easy to talk to, a sly glint shone in the little loli's downcast eyes.

She lifted the corners of her mouth into a secretive smile and continued, "Then will you go to Pengpeng's parent-teacher conference in a few days, will you?"

"Yes."

Seeing that Jin really got fooled by her, the little loli hurried to strike while the iron was hot, "Then will you be Pengpeng's mommy, will you?"

"Yes."

"Awesome!" The little loli immediately cheered happily, her chubby little hands cupping Chu Jin's cheeks, and she planted a big kiss on her face, "Jin, I love you!"

Chu Jin: "..." Hey! What's with this sudden declaration of love? What did I just promise the little loli?

Zi, while munching on sunflower seeds, said, "Jin, you've been played by this melon kid."

It was then that Chu Jin realized what had happened and extended a finger to poke the little loli's head, laughing, "You little rascal, daring to play tricks on me."

On the other end of the phone, Mo Qianjue's lips also curved into a light arc.

This feeling... wasn't bad.

The little loli, mimicking Chu Jin, extended a finger and poked her cheek, swaggering, "Since ancient times devotion could not retain, it's the art of the ruse that wins hearts! I don't care, anyway, Jin, you promised me, now you have to be my mommy."

While carrying the little loli back, Chu Jin said, "Unfortunately... Jin already has a fiancé now, and it's not right to behave so irresponsibly."

The little loli tilted her head, her round eyes spinning, then she asked, "Jin, how old are you this year?"

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, "Jin is forever eighteen."

The little loli continued, "I heard your fiancé is already over fifty years old this year! And he's also a widow-making, ugly old man!"

Ever since finding out Jin had a fiancé, the little loli had asked Sister Ai Na to investigate for her.

Jin's fiancé couldn't even compare to the tip of her daddy's pinky finger!

Old and ugly.

Her daddy was loved by everyone, flowers bloomed at his presence, and birds would stop to stare. Compared with her daddy, Jin's fiancé was just totally lame, okay?

Chu Jin couldn't help but smile, "Little one, do you have age discrimination? Don't you understand the need to be caring towards the elderly?"

Mr. Mo, old and ugly?

Heh...

The little loli flashed a mysterious smile, "Jin, my daddy's handsome and dashing, capable of making the moon shy and fish sink, with a stance tall like a handsome tree in the breeze, and a face that outshines that of a flower, loved by everyone, strikingly good-looking, in the prime of his life, and he also has a cute Pengpeng like me, a hundred times better! A thousand times! Won't you consider it?"

The little loli rattled off nearly breathlessly, using every idiom she had learned.

On the other end of the phone, Mo Qianjue: "..." Handsome and graceful, dignified like a noble tree, he admitted! Loved by everyone and nation-wrecking beauty were tolerable, for outside of the three realms, one couldn't find a second man with his beauty.

But to describe him with shaming the moon, sinking fish, floral face, and swaying flowers, were these idioms really appropriate?

It seemed he'd need to find time to properly teach the little loli how to use idioms correctly.

Listening to the little loli's babyish speech, Chu Jin laughed lightly, her delicate peach blossom eyes curving into crescents.

Her eyes shimmered with sparks of light, radiant with every glance.

Without careful attention, the little loli was dazzled by Jin's beauty, hugging Chu Jin's neck and kissing her at the corner of the eye, "Jin, you're so beautiful."

"Pengpeng is beautiful, too." Chu Jin also kissed the little loli's face.

The golden sunlight stretched the shadows of the big and the small figures very long.

The little loli's eyes darted around, and in her milk-like voice, she asked, "Jin, do you know why I'm cute and look so good?"

Zi swung her little short legs, munching on seeds while leisurely warning, "Jin, beware! Ahead lies a pit ten thousand meters deep!"

This melon kid was laying a trap for Jin again!

"Why is that?" Chu Jin asked with lifted eyebrows.

"Because my daddy has great genes," the little loli said proudly, lifting her adorable little head high, "Only my daddy's powerful genes could produce such an excellent and cute Pengpeng like me."

The little loli added, "If you marry that old and ugly grandpa, it'll directly influence the next generation!"

On the other end of the phone, Mo Qianjue proudly puffed out his chest.

Yes, that's the way!

That's the daughter he raised!

She got her cleverness and Spiritual Power from him.

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"Pfft," Chu Jin couldn't help but chuckle, pinching the little Lolita's chubby cheeks and smiling, "It's okay, Jin doesn't mind that he's an old and ugly grandpa."

"Huh?" The little Lolita widened her incredulous eyes and said very seriously, "Genes directly affect the next generation! I'm serious!"

"Jin, don't you want to have a little treasure that's as smart and cute as me, and good-looking too?"

"Jin, paternal and maternal genes are both very important. Don't you really consider my daddy?"

"Jin, my daddy is really not bad, there are so many aunties lining up to marry him!"

"..."

All along the way, the little Lolita was trying hard to sell Mo Qianjue to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin was all smiles and said nothing, and the little Lolita was not discouraged, not straying half a sentence from her daddy.

"Jin, aren't you doing fortune-telling today?" Seeing that Chu Jin was getting farther and farther away from the crossroads, the little Lolita asked curiously.

"Not doing it today, we'll talk about it after the college entrance exam is over."

"When is your college entrance exam then?" the little Lolita continued to ask.

"Ten days from now."

The little Lolita blinked her eyes, begging, "Jin, can I come home with you tonight? And sleep with you?"

As long as she cultivated a good relationship with Jin, naturally there would come a day when she could successfully lead Jin back to her home.

Sigh, for her disappointing daddy, she really was worried sick.

The little Lolita's adorable look made it impossible to refuse.

Chu Jin's heart melted in an instant, "Okay, then when we get home later, we'll call your dad."

"Jin, actually my daddy is really nice, and he's very handsome too, you should consider it," the little Lolita, hugging Chu Jin's neck, coaxed cutely.

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On the other side.

In a luxurious manor in Capital City.

"Master, the person has been settled," a young man bowed, speaking very respectfully to the man sitting in front of the sofa.

Even though it was the height of summer and the air was very dry and hot, the man still wore a black trench coat and a hat of the same color, casting a shadow over his face, making it difficult for others to see clearly.

One could only see the smooth and thin jawline, and the tightly pressed lips, all enveloped in an aura of frost, chilling to the bone.

Legs crossed casually, his posture was relaxed, yet he exuded a regal presence.

"Did you feed her the medicine?" the man in black slowly asked.

"Yes, she has had the medicine and is now passed out."

If anyone were there, they would realize that the young man speaking was one of the police officers who had kidnapped Wang Xuxu.

"Get the Great Witch to fix her face within three days. After three days, I want to inspect the results," the man in black ordered.

"Yes," the young man straightened his posture.

"You may go," the man in black gestured.

After the young man left, a graceful young woman slowly emerged from the inner room.

Her features were plain, but she carried an air of extraordinary elegance and grace.

"I thought you would just kill her," the woman said as she lifted her skirt and slowly sat down in front of the sofa.

Her voice was clear and pleasant, a very sweet timbre.

"Kill?" The man in black curled his lips slightly, countering, "Why kill?"

Not kill?

The woman narrowed her eyes slightly, unable to guess his intentions.

He always protected Jun Huang, so how could he tolerate someone else demeaning Jun Huang?

Moreover, this life's Jun Huang was the closest to her original self.

Seeing that face identical to Jun Huang's, didn't it disgust him?

The woman frowned, "What do you mean by this?"

"Naturally, I mean not to kill," the man in black's voice was without a ripple, "and you are not to touch her!"

The last sentence was clearly a warning, sending a shiver down one's spine.

The woman tentatively asked, "You mean... to keep her?"

To keep the person with the same features as Jun Huang?

Could it be that he's gone mad?

The man in black did not speak, but nodded slightly, confirming.

"Keep her?" The woman was puzzled.

By his usual behavior, he should be throwing that person directly into a beast cage to be content.

Why now... was he keeping her instead?

The man in black picked up a cup of tea, "I won't just keep her; I will repair her face and let her live in the sunshine, giving her a new life."

Ling Que's eyes widened in disbelief, "To live in the sunshine with Jun Huang's face? What exactly are you planning to do?"

"Ling Que, as a smart person, you should know what I am planning to do," the man in black continued.

Upon hearing this, Ling Que's brow twitched, and then she asked in a calm tone, "Can I see her?"

The man in black denied her directly, "Not now. After three days, I'll go with you in three days."

Ling Que had already faintly guessed his true purpose.

"Shang Chen," Ling Que lifted her eyes to meet his, "is what you're doing... really worth it?"

She had asked him this question more than once.

But every time, the answer was the same.

After a while, the man finally spoke slowly, "This is what I owe her."

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"You have owed her nothing for a long time!" Ling Que stood up excitedly, "A thousand years ago, there was already no connection between you two, so why can't you let go? Xuanyuan Shangchen! This will kill you! Do you understand?"

The one who has always been by his side was herself!

Yet he fails to see her!

Never to see her.

She accompanied him through countless harsh winters and scorching summers; however, in his heart, there was only Jun Huang.

That woman with the cool brows but who stood above the rest!

Elegance unmatched in her generation.

He was only aware of what he owed Jun Huang, yet he was blind to everything she had sacrificed for him!

Over the years, she had repeatedly given her life force to him.

But he...

Xuanyuan Shangchen's lips curved into a slight smile, "My life was originally given by her," his voice somewhat ethereal.

Ling Que bit her lip. "No! I won't allow you to do this!"

"No one can stop me," Xuanyuan Shangchen spoke softly yet with an air of irrefutable authority.

"Shangchen..." Ling Que's voice already carried a sob.

Xuanyuan Shangchen heaved a weary sigh and said with a hint of helplessness, "Don't worry, I'll be fine."

Ling Que softened her voice, "No one can defy Heavenly Dao, and no one can lift the curse on Jun Huang. Give up."

Xuanyuan Shangchen did not directly respond to her and rose from the couch, "I should go back."

Once he made up his mind, no one could ever stop him.

As he turned around, Ling Que voiced the words that had weighed on her heart for many years, "Is what you're doing fair to me?"

Xuanyuan Shangchen paused in his steps, "Ling Que, I have never given you false hope. We will always be best friends."

With those words, he turned and left with long strides.

Ling Que collapsed onto the couch, lost in despair, a mocking smile touching her lips, yes, he had never given her any false hope.

It was all just her wishful thinking.

His life began with Jun Huang and will end with Jun Huang.

In this life, he was destined to live only for Jun Huang.

Ling Que closed her eyes in agony, a tear slowly tracing down her cheek.

Fine, to love someone is to wish for their happiness.

If he is happy, how does it matter even if it means sacrificing herself?

Ling Que slowly opened her eyes, determination clear in her gaze.

Jun Huang, I hope you won't miss him again in this lifetime.

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Chu Jin directly brought the little lolita back to Huagui Park.

As soon as they entered, a white shadow leapt onto Chu Jin's shoulder. Little Xiaobai affectionately nuzzled Chu Jin's head and meowed incessantly.

Because Chu Jin had instructed before that you shouldn't speak casually in front of others, Xiaobai was now just an ordinary cat.

I hear humans are very clever these days, even able to reach the skies on their own.

They've practically forced Chang'e from the Moon Palace to move out.

Xiaobai did not wish to someday be caught by humans and dissected for cat experiments.

When the little lolita saw Xiaobai, stars sparkled in her eyes as she exclaimed, "Wow, what a cute little kitty! Jin, can I hold it?"

"Of course you can," Chu Jin lifted Xiaobai's front paws, shooting it a warning glance, then handed it to the little lolita.

The little lolita carefully cradled Xiaobai in her arms, "Jin, what's its name?"

"Chu Xiaobai."

"Xiaobai, Xiaobai," the little lolita endlessly fussed over Xiaobai's head, "That's a really nice name."

Bread at the side let out a dissatisfied whine.

"Woof woof woof!" Is Bread about to lose favor?

"Meow meow meow!" You stupid dog! Are you as white as me?

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A cat and a dog, the sounds of communication between two different species grew louder and louder.

Don't be fooled by Bread's naive and honest dog appearance, when it starts barking, its voice is louder than anyone's.

"Woof woof woof!" You sly moggie!

"Meow meow meow!" You silly, dark-furred dog!

As the battle escalated, the little girl slapped Bread's head, "Bread! Don't bully Xiao Bai (Little White)!"

"Woof..." Bread looked wronged, hanging its head low.

"Meow meow meow." Xiao Bai rubbed against the girl's head in triumph.

You fool of a dog, with that silly look of yours, you still dare to compete with His Majesty for affection!

Reluctant to accept defeat, Bread whimpered, then raised its head and rubbed against the little girl's head, trying to take Xiao Bai's place.

But the girl swatted him away with disgust, "Go away, go play by yourself."

Bread then walked over to Chu Jin and rubbed her hand. Chu Jin lifted her eyes from a pile of homework, "Good Bread, go play on your own."

Bread: No one here loves me anymore!

In the spacious living room, Chu Jin sat at the table reviewing her homework, the little girl played with Xiao Bai, and Bread lay on the carpet pondering the meaning of a dog's life; everything looked so peaceful and harmonious.

In the days that followed, Chu Jin spent every day either eating, going to school, or reviewing her lessons, entering a state of intense study.

During this period, besides studying, she was almost oblivious to everything else happening outside.

She had to get into Capital University.

Before she knew it, it was June 6th, the day before the national college entrance examination.

'Ding-ling-ling—'

When the school bell rang at that moment, no one left; they all sat upright in their seats in an atmosphere that was very quiet, yet somewhat oppressive.

The last class of the day happened to be taught by their homeroom teacher, Teacher Wu.

She stood on the podium, looking at the countdown on the bulletin board, which had changed from the initial 30 to only 1, filled with a multitude of emotions.

After leading so many graduating classes, this one was the hardest for her to part with. Although she often said, "You are the worst class I've ever taught," in her heart, these kids were always the most adorable.

They had left her with too many wonderful memories, as if everything happened just yesterday. Yet, in the blink of an eye, it was time for them to say goodbye.

After this farewell, some may never see each other again for the rest of their lives.

Almost the entire building was filled with high school seniors. Usually at this time, it would already be buzzing with noise, but today was exceptionally quiet, as if by a silent accord, no one left.

Although everyone usually couldn't wait to graduate and escape the hardships of school, it's only on the day itself that one realizes they're not ready to leave this place at all.

Whether it's the top-tier Diamond class or the ordinary Bronze class, they all had their collectives, their stories, their youth.

With joy, or anger.

Teacher Wu's eyes swept over each familiar face, then she slowly began to speak, "Students, please allow the teacher to hold class one last time, you have another look at your books, and I have another look at you..."

The previously calm emotions crumbled in the moment she spoke.

You have another look at your books, and I have another look at you.

A simple sentence that made noses tingle. Nearly everyone's eyes were red.

Three years, not too long, not too short.

The most precious three years of life were spent in this small classroom, all the joys, angers, sorrows, and pleasures seemed just like yesterday.

"Students, the outcome isn't the most important thing; what matters is that you've tried," Teacher Wu tried to keep her emotions in check, but her slightly hoarse voice betrayed her emotions, "In the road of life ahead, there is one more thing that teacher wants to share with you."

With that, Teacher Wu picked up the chalk and wrote twelve characters on the blackboard.

—How can one satisfy everyone? Just strive to have no regrets in your heart.

Simple words containing deep life philosophy. If you ponder with your heart, you would find this to be the best graduation gift.

Almost as soon as Teacher Wu finished writing, the students began to read the words out loud together.

A unified voice, without a whisper of noise.

"How can one satisfy everyone? Just strive to have no regrets in your heart."

As powerful as swallowing rivers and mountains! Deafening! Blood boiling!

Perhaps, this is youth.

Everyone's eyes were red, some even began to sob quietly.

"Let's sing the class song together one last time before we dismiss," Teacher Wu suggested, clicking the mouse in front of the podium, and music immediately filled the air.

The familiar music echoed in everyone's ears.

Snippets of days passed flashed before everyone's eyes.

"I want to fly to the sky, shoulder to shoulder with the sun..." The voices of everyone grew from soft to loud, gradually overtaking the original music, "I believe in who I am, I believe in tomorrow, I believe youth has no horizon, I, do, believe..."

The sight was somewhat staggering, the spirit immense!

Youth never fades.

"The teacher believes in you too. Now I announce, class is over, everyone please go home early."

The last class of high school ended just like that, and Chu Jin sat in her seat flooded with emotions, feeling as if this was all a dream.

Although she had only spent a short two months with the students of class ten, the moments they shared with her were endlessly touching and memorable.

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Life is but a dream, clouds majestically transforming as dogs bound across the sky.

He didn't know if it was the mood that affected him or what, but inexplicably, Chu Jin felt a wave of melancholy and sighed deeply.

"Jin, don't be sad. After all, we're both in Capital City, we'll have plenty of time to meet," Miao Xinran hugged Chu Jin.

"Divine Doctor, I really can't bear to part with you..."

"Chu, after this, we might not all be in the same place, remember to stay in touch..."

Before anyone knew it, everyone had gathered around Chu Jin and started their reluctant goodbyes.

"Alright, we'll keep in touch. Do your best tomorrow!"

"Do your best."

"..."

They laughed and laughed, and by the end, they were crying.

In the end, they all left the classroom together. When they stepped out of the classroom door, a flurry of shredded paper rained down from above like snowflakes.

These paper scraps were from various mock exams and the despised textbooks of the five-three courses.

Accompanied by cheers, the scene was somewhat shocking; it was also a means to relieve the pressure before the exams.

Senior year was an end, but it also marked a beginning.

Just as Chu Jin and Miao Xinran reached the school gate, Mo Qingyi approached them, "Jin, Xinran, which exam rooms are you two in tomorrow?"

"I'm at No. 1 High School," Chu Jin said.

Miao Xinran's expression was somewhat gloomy, "...I'm at our own school, how about you?"

Mo Qingyi's mouth twitched, "So the three of us are separated into three different exam halls! I'm at Qing Middle School!"

"That's better than me. I'm actually taking the exam at our own school... sigh," Miao Xinran sighed deeply at the end.

The black car outside had been waiting for a long time. Mo Qingyi took Chu Jin's wrist and waved her claw at Miao Xinran, "Then Jin and I will leave first, do your best tomorrow."

"Do your best." Miao Xinran also waved to them and walked in another direction.

"Jin, you're coming home with me tonight," Mo Qingyi said as they walked.

About this matter, Mr. Mo had already spoken to her over the phone last night, so Chu Jin was not surprised.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Okay."

As soon as they left the school gate, the man leaning against the car door whistled flirtatiously at them.

"Duanmu Xiaosi, over here."

Today, Duanmu Zhe was dressed in a black shirt; his tall, lean figure and fair, handsome features gave him an air of maturity that wasn't present before, accompanied by a newfound masculine charm.

He was a year older than Mo Qingyi and had just started his first year of college.

"Duanmu Xiaosi, why are you the one picking us up? Where's my brother?" Mo Qingyi kicked at the car door, expressing her dissatisfaction.

"Brother Nine had something to do," Duanmu Zhe rested his elbow casually on Mo Qingyi's shoulder, and his warm breath sprayed along her neck, "What, you're not happy that a handsome guy like me came to pick you up?"

Duanmu Zhe was a whole head taller than Mo Qingyi—resting his elbow on her shoulder came easily to him. But whenever Mo Qingyi spoke to him, she had to look up. The moment she did, she saw the youthful side profile of the young man and felt the scent of male hormones emanating from him, crisp and refreshing.

Mo Qingyi was momentarily taken aback, then flatly remarked, "Handsome my ass!"

Duanmu Zhe wasn't bothered by her tone and gallantly opened the car doors for them, "Please, my two beauties, come inside."

The car drove very fast, almost racing through the streets.

In about 30 minutes, they arrived at Phoenix Manor.

"Jin!" Before Chu Jin could enter the house, someone enveloped her in an embrace, "I've missed you so much, Tong Auntie, you never come to see me."

Tong Zhi had a very fragrant perfume on her that, though strong, wasn't overpowering and carried an ancient and enduring scent. Her face was delicately made up, no different from when they first met. She was wearing a light green cheongsam that outlined her shapely figure, making her age hard to guess.

It was clear that Tong Auntie cared for her deeply. Chu Jin felt a warmth in her heart and responded softly, "Auntie Tong, I missed you too."

Miffed, Mo Qingyi hummed on the side, "Auntie Tong, don't you miss me? If you're like this, I might get jealous..."

"Miss, miss, I miss everyone," Auntie Tong took their wrists and led them inside, "You must be hungry, your mother cooked today, we can eat in a while."

Upon hearing this, Mo Qingyi incredulously said, "My mother cooked?"

Madam Mo had always been that dignified and graceful lady who wouldn't even touch spring water, a true high lady. Her cooking in the kitchen, a place filled with the smell of oil fumes and dealing with condiments, was unprecedented. As long as Mo Qingyi could remember, she'd never seen Madam Mo enter the kitchen.

Could her cooking even be edible?

Mo Qingyi couldn't help but be skeptical.

Chu Jin, however, was struck by the words "your mother," feeling dazed with an unreal sensation.

The three of them entered the living room and Tong Zhi added, "Qingyi, you and Jin have some fruit to tide you over, I'll go see if the kitchen needs help."

With that, she hurried into the kitchen to help with the dinner preparations alongside Madam Mo.

Mo Qingyi sprawled on the sofa in a slouched position, peeling an orange, and said, "Jin, you'd better eat some fruit while you can. With Mom's cooking skills, it might just be fatal!"

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After ten days of frayed nerves, Chu Jin now leaned back in her chair, quite lazily, half closing her eyes, "Is it really that exaggerated?"

"Anyway, in all the years I've lived, I've never seen her set foot in the kitchen," Mo Qingyi glanced in the direction of the kitchen, lowered her voice, and whispered, "She probably can't even tell salt from MSG! We'd better just pray for mercy later..."

While they were talking, Duanmu Zhe, who had parked outside, also came in. As soon as he arrived, he immediately switched into 'frenemy mode' with Mo Qingyi, with neither willing to back down as they took shots at each other.

Mo Qingyi put her hands on her hips, huffed, and said, "Duanmu Third Wheel, you're seriously lacking in manners! Don't you know men should give way to women?"

"Wom..." Duanmu Zhe dragged out the last syllable, sizing up Mo Qingyi from head to toe, finally resting his gaze on her flat chest, "Man? Are you sure you are one?"

A man could be killed but not humiliated!

Mo Qingyi immediately grabbed a cushion and threw it hard at Duanmu Zhe, "This chest may not be flat, but how else would I pacify the world? What do you know, you! Superficial! Ignorant!"

Duanmu Zhe easily caught the pillow thrown his way, grinned and said, "Without a substantial bust, how can one win people's hearts?"

Asking for a beating! This guy was definitely asking for a beating!

Mo Qingyi rolled up her sleeves and charged towards Duanmu Zhe with fury, "Three days without a beating and you're up on the roof tearing off tiles! I'm going to set you straight today!"

With her tiny arms and legs, Mo Qingyi was no match for Duanmu Zhe, but he was happy to play along and indulge her.

The two of them chased each other around the living room, creating a scene far more entertaining than any TV show.

Chu Jin was cracking sunflower seeds and watching their play-fight with a smile, her eyes curved, dimples lightly showing.

Days like these were actually quite pleasant, devoid of any pre-exam tension.

Somehow, in the midst of their commotion, Mo Qingyi ended up pinned by Duanmu Zhe on the couch.

Him on top of her, the position was suggestive.

"Duanmu Third Wheel, get off me now!" Mo Qingyi realized for the first time just how hard Duanmu Zhe's chest was—it felt like steel, impossible to push away.

The atmosphere turned delicate, and Chu Jin quickly averted her eyes, pretending to be seriously watching TV, acting as if she had seen nothing.

Duanmu Zhe involuntarily swallowed, his gaze intense, "Qingyi, do you still remember the promise we made when we were kids?"

His voice was husky.

Boom—

It was as if something had exploded right next to her ear.

Mo Qingyi's ears turned red in an instant, blazing hot.

That promise—

Summoning strength from who knows where, Mo Qingyi forcefully shoved Duanmu Zhe away, "What promise? I've long forgotten!" When her eyes met his dark pupils, she hastily turned away.

"I was just joking with you, why the blushing?" Duanmu Zhe returned to his usual playful demeanor, casually draping his arm over Mo Qingyi's shoulder. "I wasn't really asking you to marry me. Besides, someone like you, I wouldn't even take a second glance! Do you think my taste is that bad?" As he spoke, his gaze drifted again, teasingly, towards her chest.

It was a relief he was only joking. She had always seen Duanmu Zhe as her best 'bro,' never harboring any other thoughts. The idea of living with Duanmu Zhe was awkward just to think about.

"Superficial!" Mo Qingyi gave him a disdainful look, her demeanor back to normal, "However, out of my generous nature, I won't stoop to the level of a troublemaker like you!"

Duanmu Zhe touched his chin, articulating each word, "The Princess of Peace!"

Ugh! So infuriating!

But how could she beat him? What to do?

Just endure it a bit longer!

Just as they were immersed in their thoughts, the door, which had been tightly shut, was pushed open.

Sunlight streamed in, and a tall and straight figure appeared before the group.

He didn't immediately enter the room, but instead used his hand to block the door, allowing the person behind him to go in first.

Against the light, one couldn't make out the newcomer's face, but could only discern a graceful silhouette.

Tall and slender, with wavy hair cascading down to the waist.

The beautiful woman walked ahead, her gaze subtly taking in the surroundings, her tone gentle, "Zhixuan, are you and little aunt living here now?"

"Hmm," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly.

"Brother, do we have guests over?" Mo Qingyi stood up from the sofa.

"Who is this?" The elegant woman paused, looking at Mo Zhixuan with some confusion.

"This is my sister, Mo Qingyi," Mo Zhixuan turned to Mo Qingyi, "and this is our uncle's daughter, by seniority you should call her 'sister'."

The uncle's daughter?

Mo Qingyi was baffled; she had always thought that aside from Aunt Tong, there were no other relatives in this world.

Unexpectedly, a sister had now suddenly appeared.

"Greet her." Seeing Mo Qingyi silent, Mo Zhixuan spoke again.

Upon hearing this, Mo Qingyi immediately snapped back to her senses and sweetly said, "Hello, sister."

The beautiful woman nodded politely without speaking, exuding an air of cool detachment.

She seemed to emanate a chill that suggested she could ascend to immortality at any moment.

"This is Duanmu Zhe." Mo Zhixuan continued the introduction.

"From the Duanmu Family?" the woman turned her gaze to Mo Zhixuan, her voice filled with disbelief, as if seeking confirmation from Mo Zhixuan.

"Yes," replied Mo Zhixuan with an indifferent expression.

At this, the beautiful woman's eyes finally showed a hint of a smile. She extended her hand towards Duanmu Zhe, "Hello, Mo Feixue."

Duanmu Zhe stretched out his hand lazily and shook hands with her.

Glancing around the room and not seeing anyone, Mo Zhixuan looked up at Mo Qingyi and asked, "Where's Jin?"

"She's gone to help in the kitchen," replied Mo Qingyi, scratching her head.

Chu Jin was at that moment in the kitchen, engaging in pleasant conversation with Old Madame Mo and Tong Zhi. When Mo Zhixuan arrived, he saw her with a beaming smile, her cheeks adorned with shallow dimples, seemingly drawing people in.

She originally planned to help out, but upon reaching the kitchen, both Old Madame Mo and Aunt Tong refused to let her lift a finger.

So she stood there, chatting with them.

Mo Zhixuan paused for a moment, then took her hand and led her through the kitchen to the living room, to the side of an aristocratic and icy woman, "This is the daughter of my uncle, Mo Feixue."

"Feixue, this is my fiancée," Mo Zhixuan paused, "Chu Jin."

Chapter 378: Born to be King

The woman before her appeared to be around twenty-three or twenty-four years old.

She had delicate features, with a graceful forehead and arched eyebrows, and her hair was a mass of black curls, resembling seaweed.

However, a cold aura emanated from her eyes and brows; while she seemed approachable, she was rather difficult to get close to.

Without a doubt, she was proud, her haughty manner intrinsic to her very being.

Prideful.

"Miss Chu, hello," Mo Feixue extended her hand toward Chu Jin, her lips curving into a smile.

A single 'Miss Chu' established the distance between her and Chu Jin.

It wasn't that she looked down on those from the ordinary world, but rather, the ordinary world could not aspire to reach the heights of the Mo family.

In the Superpower World, the Mo family stood as a dominant clan, and it would be a laughingstock if outsiders knew that the Mo family had intermarried with someone from the ordinary world.

Though Mo Zhixuan had withdrawn from the Superpower World, he was bound to return one day.

Upon his return, he would ascend to a high position.

By then, the Mo family's standing in the Superpower World would be substantially enhanced.

If Mo Zhixuan were to choose an ordinary person as his partner at such a time, it would be a very unwise decision.

Detrimental both to him and the Mo family.

She couldn't stand idly by and watch Mo Zhixuan make a foolish decision.

And miss his chance for a high position.

"Hello," Chu Jin extended her hand politely and shook hands with Mo Feixue.

It was clear to see, from the way Mo Feixue looked at her, there was scrutiny in her gaze.

She didn't like her.

"Jin, call her 'sister,'" Mo Zhixuan prompted.

His words seemed directed at Chu Jin, but in fact, they served as a reminder to Mo Feixue.

"Sister," Chu Jin offered a slight smile to Mo Feixue.

Mo Feixue nodded slightly and spoke softly, "I came in a rush this time and didn't bring you a gift, but I will definitely make it up to you next time."

Chu Jin responded with a light smile, "You're too polite."

"Zhixuan, come out with me for a moment, I have something to tell you," Mo Feixue raised her gaze to Mo Zhixuan, her expression a bit cold.

If one looked carefully, one could spot a resemblance between her features and those of Mo Zhixuan, albeit not very obvious.

Mo Zhixuan responded indifferently, "Sister, whatever you have to say, you can say it here."

With her chin lifted, Mo Feixue glanced around the room and then coldly stated, "There are outsiders here, it's not convenient."

It was unclear whether the 'outsider' she referred to was Duanmu Zhe, Chu Jin, or Mo Qingyi.

The room became very quiet and somber.

It seemed to fall silent all at once.

Accustomed to acting swiftly and decisively, Mo Feixue paid no heed to the reactions of others after speaking, striding toward the door.

Her walk was commanding, akin to a natural-born leader, exuding an unattainable aura.

Clack, clack, clack—

The crisp sound of her high heels echoed through the entire living room.

Seeing Mo Feixue getting farther away, Mo Zhixuan had no choice but to follow.

Watching as the two had walked outside, Mo Qingyi finally voiced her dissatisfaction, "So proud, like a peacock. What's there to be so proud of? Aren't we all little princesses?"

"Yes, yes, yes, my princess highness! Here, have an orange." Chu Jin handed a peeled orange to her.

Accepting the orange indignantly, Mo Qingyi stood up from the sofa, chin raised, mimicking Mo Feixue's earlier tone, "There are outsiders here, it's inconvenient... Really, who is the outsider here? Pah! To dare to point fingers on my territory!"

One had to admit, Mo Qingyi was truly talented at performing; her exaggerated gestures and coquettish voice amused both Chu Jin and Duanmu Zhe into laughter.

Outside.

Mo Zhixuan and Mo Feixue strolled alongside the man-made lake within the estate, a breeze rustling the willows, and the setting sun casting a soft glow, with a few people jogging around the riverbank.

As they walked, neither spoke, until Mo Feixue couldn't help but break the silence, "Zhixuan, what are you really thinking?"

"Sister, just say what you want to say," Mo Zhixuan furrowed his brow slightly.

Mo Zhixuan always held respect for his sister, who was eight years his senior, the eldest in the family.

A sister like a mother, though not siblings by the same mother, their bond was deep.

Deeper than that of blood-related siblings.

Mo Feixue turned her head and questioned, "Brother, why would you, all of a sudden, get involved with an ordinary person? And even bring her home? Does our aunt know about this?"

"Jin is not an ordinary person; she's my fiancée," Mo Zhixuan said earnestly, "My mom and Aunt Tong both like her very much."

The residual sunlight cloaked him in a faint golden light, creating an ethereal aura, as if he was otherworldly.

Mo Feixue had thought that after so many years in the ordinary world, Mo Zhixuan might have picked up a hint of its mundane essence, but to her surprise, he was still as proud and aloof as the day he had left the Superpower World, his kinglike aura unstoppable.

Moreover, his cultivation had increased significantly; it appeared that over the years, he had never forgotten the responsibilities he bore.

Such a person, a born king, was certainly not to be matched by a mere commoner.

Chapter 379: Only if you marry her

Mo Feixue sighed, "Your aunt and Aunt Tong are both getting on in years, and sometimes they inevitably make some muddled decisions, but you can't afford to be confused along with them! Tell me honestly, did you bring this little girl here just to deliberately provoke Chuyi?"

Tong Zhi: Am I old? Am I getting on in years? The queue of people chasing after me has already reached Mars, okay? Do young people even know how to speak?

"It has nothing to do with Zheng Chuyi," Mo Zhixuan began slowly, "My mother isn't muddled, and neither is Aunt Tong. Sister, you don't need to worry about this. I know my own limits. Jin..."

Mo Feixue seemed to suddenly remember something, cutting off Mo Zhixuan's words, "Wait, what's the name of your fiancée again?"

"Jin." When he spoke these two characters, the coldness in Mo Zhixuan's eyes slowly began to fade.

Unconsciously, this name had already pierced through his entire heart.

"I'm talking about her full name," Mo Feixue pressed.

"Chu Jin."

Mo Feixue looked at him with a meaningful gaze, "Chuyi, Chu Jin, Zhixuan, won't you explain a bit?"

These two names together, anyone with clear eyes could see what was going on.

Claiming Mo Zhixuan brought out a fiancée, not purposely to anger Zheng Chuyi, who would believe it?

Mo Zhixuan's eyes grew slightly cold, "Explain what?"

Mo Feixue's lips curved into a faint smile, "Zhixuan, I know you still have feelings for Chuyi in your heart. Since you still like her, why don't you bring her back? I've heard from the Elder that for your sake, Chuyi has come down to the secular world herself. She has gone this far for you, why can't you take a step forward?"

Zheng Chuyi is the first beauty of the Superpower World and the fated woman, born into a prominent family.

Undoubtedly, she is the right match for Mo Zhixuan.

Only she is worthy of Mo Zhixuan, her noble bloodline and her impending role as the Saintess of the Superpower World. As long as she is with Mo Zhixuan, the Mo family's position in the Superpower World will be unshakable.

The position of the Saintess holds significant weight in the Superpower World, and its influence is not even less than that of the highest authority.

A powerful union would ensure that the Mo family's name would be honored for centuries in the Superpower World, recorded in history, and praised by future generations.

At such a time, if they were to miss out on the Saintess, it would be tantamount to giving away half of the Superpower World to someone else.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan remained silent, Mo Feixue continued, "Zhixuan, just listen to your sister this once, bring Chuyi back for yourself, for the Mo family, and for the entire Superpower World."

"Sister, you don't need to waste your words," Mo Zhixuan stopped in his tracks and looked at Mo Feixue with deliberate pace, "In this life, I will marry no one but Chu Jin."

He was clearly not joking.

Her brother had always been very assertive since he was young, somber in temperament, and so much more mature than his peers.

But at this moment, she must sever his unrealistic thoughts!

As a member of the Mo family, how could he not consider the future and honor of the Mo family?

Mo Feixue's face fell instantly, and she said sternly, "Ridiculous! Have you thought about the consequences of what you're saying?"

"Sister," Mo Zhixuan looked at her, "I am serious!"

Mo Feixue grew so angered that her breathing became labored, her chest heaving violently, "Zhixuan, do you realize what you are doing? You have always been a person with strong convictions, able to make rational decisions about everything and everyone! I hope that this time you can also make the right choice, guiding our Mo family to new heights, not stagnating as you are now!"

Compared to the agitated Mo Feixue, Mo Zhixuan could only be described as calm and collected.

Mo Zhixuan spoke slowly, "I am very clear about what I am doing, and I trust my choices."

While his tone was indifferent, every word carried an undeniable authority.

"You're really going to be the death of me!" Mo Feixue could barely contain her anger, "Do you know that Chuyi is about to take on the position of Saintess?"

Mo Zhixuan said coldly, "What does that have to do with me?"

"Once Chuyi takes that position, she will be dividing the power of the Superpower World. Only if you marry her will you be able to truly ascend to the highest place, leading our Mo family to the pinnacle." By then, the Superpower World will truly belong to the Mo family.

The Mo name will also be adorned with the honor of a national title.

That is true glory.

The honor belonging to the entire Mo family.

Mo Zhixuan was concise, "I am not interested in that position, nor will I marry her."

"Zhixuan! Come to your senses, the Superpower World is your home! What can an ordinary person bring to you other than holding you back? What can she bring to the Mo family? She'll only bring endless mockery and disdain to the Mo family."

"I am very clear-headed now, sister, there's no need for further words. It's time for dinner, let's head back." With that, Mo Zhixuan began to walk back, his expression gradually cooling. If the person before him wasn't Mo Feixue, perhaps by now he would've turned into a mound of yellow soil.

Mo Feixue took a deep breath and then said, "Fine, let's leave this matter aside for now. Let's talk about your sister, what's going on with her?"

Mo Zhixuan was serious, "She is my sister."

Chapter 380: Sister, this is for your own good

A foster daughter, by virtue of what merits and abilities could she become Mo Zhixuan's sister?

"Zhixuan, heed your sister's words and send her away early," said someone with ordinary bloodlines, who had no right to bear the Mo family name.

Mo Feixue continued, "Sister is doing this for your own good, and for the good of our Mo clan! Sister doesn't want to go out one day and be pointed at, with people saying our Mo family's bloodline isn't pure!"

As the current acting patriarch of the Superpower World's Mo family, Mo Feixue was used to autocracy. Everything she did was greatly related to the Mo family.

She wouldn't allow anyone to taint the Mo family's reputation.

Although Mo Qingyi was raised by the old lady of the family, she was, after all, just an ordinary person.

And since the inheritance of the Mo family, there had never been an ordinary person among them.

The progeny of the Mo family were all exceptional beings.

Her actions were all for the greater good.

By that time, Mo Zhixuan's expression had gone completely cold. "Eighteen years ago, I already had nothing to do with the Superpower World's Mo family!"

As soon as his words fell, he had already disappeared into thin air.

Mo Feixue's fingertips trembled with rage, "Zhixuan, a true man should stand between heaven and earth, performing deeds befitting a seven-foot-tall man. How can you be trapped by sentiments, confused by emotions, a walking corpse in this world!?"

Her only answer was the gentle rustle of the wind.

Mo Zhixuan had never spoken to her in such a tone before.

He had never defied her wishes either.

She hadn't expected that after spending more than a decade in this secular world, he would change like this.

Beauty leads one astray!

For the future development of the Mo family, she absolutely couldn't stand idly by!

Mo Feixue clenched her fists and quickly walked in the direction of the Mo family's residence.

A second before he entered the door, Mo Zhixuan hid the frost that could freeze a person to death from his face and walked into the house with a faint expression as if nothing had happened.

Inside the house, the old lady of the Mo family and Tong Zhi were already busy arranging the dishes on the table.

Today, the old lady of the Mo family was in a good mood, so she gave the house staff a day off.

"Xuan'er, come and eat," said the old lady as soon as she saw Mo Zhixuan come in.

Mo Zhixuan sat down unhurriedly next to Chu Jin.

When Mo Qingyi came over and saw the full table of dishes, she was utterly astonished.

She thought her mother would produce a pile of burnt stuff, but the appearance of these dishes was unexpectedly good, the color was even ... and there was also a tempting fragrance floating in the air.

Mo Qingyi wrapped her arms around herself and couldn't help exclaiming, "Mom, you really are more than meets the eye! Look at these dishes, they look even better than what chefs at five-star hotels can make, and they smell so good, too. From now on, we might not even need to hire a chef."

The old lady laughed and said, "Alright, alright, stop prattling, come sit down and eat."

Just as everyone was about to start eating, Mo Feixue walked in with a frigid face.

"I could smell the aroma from afar, I assume today Auntie herself cooked?"

On hearing this, the old lady looked up in surprise, "Fei Xue? When did you arrive?"

Mo Feixue greeted Tong Zhi and the old lady with politeness, "Auntie, Aunt Tong, I arrived this afternoon. It was Zhixuan who came to pick me up."

Tong Zhi seemed not to like Mo Feixue very much, her expression remained indifferent, and after Mo Feixue sat down, she didn't even glance at her properly.

The old lady's culinary skills were indeed remarkable, matching and even surpassing Tong Zhi's.

Chu Jin had always had no resistance to delicious food.

"Want some crab?" asked Mo Zhixuan softly as he picked up a crab and placed it into her bowl.

Chu Jin replied unreservedly, "Hm, if you don't mind, just leave the crab roe for me."

Although Chu Jin didn't remember Mo Zhixuan at all, their relationship had soared in quality through the days they've spent together, becoming very natural and harmonious, as if they had known each other for many years.

Chu Jin even had the illusion that Mister Mo was raising her like a daughter, attending to everything personally.

Even the last parent-teacher meeting before the college entrance exam was attended by Mister Mo.

Mo Zhixuan smiled helplessly, swiftly separating the crab meat and roe into her bowl and then devotedly started peeling shrimp for her.

The sight was extremely grating to Mo Feixue, who felt that Chu Jin was too spoiled and arrogant!

As a woman, she should follow the proper virtues; how could she let a man serve her at the table?

Wasn't this inverted?

Moreover, she had never seen Mo Zhixuan with such a gentle expression before. Back in the Superpower World, whether in public or private, his face was always tightly drawn, like a perpetual iceberg, extremely cold. His words were icy, making it impossible to fathom his thoughts, and though he wasn't old, he exuded an awe-inspiring presence, his actions decisive, his means intimidating – a King in every sense.

Who would have thought such a deep and cold King would be so attentive and caring towards a young girl?

And this girl was merely an ordinary person.

Even towards his own sister, he had never shown a smile.

She had even begun to suspect that Mo Zhixuan was facially paralysed.

But she hadn't expected...

He wasn't incapable of smiling; his smile just wasn't for her.

Mo Feixue frowned imperceptibly, "Miss Chu, let me peel the shrimp for you and let Zhixuan eat as well."