

R Woman 391

Chapter 391:

As soon as she finished speaking, the phone in the storage compartment lit up again. Chu Jin picked up the phone and said without looking up, "A friend." Her pale fingertips flew over the screen.

Mo Zhixuan slightly furrowed his brows, his voice growing colder, "Male or female?"

Chu Jin glanced at the editor's profile picture and casually replied, "Female."

Two females can chat that happily? Mo Zhixuan covertly glanced at the phone screen and relaxed a little when he saw the cute girl avatar.

Since adding the editor on WeChat last night, the editor had started discussing publishing matters with her through WeChat and occasionally chatted about this and that. It was clear from their conversation that the editor was a very talkative and adorable girl.

Because the examination site was quite far from the Mo family's place, Mo Zhixuan had booked a hotel near the exam venue in advance. The car slowly stopped at the entrance of the hotel, and a parking attendant came forward. Mo Zhixuan handed him the keys and then led Chu Jin inside.

This was a five-star hotel with upscale facilities and courteous service, and despite its proximity to the exam venue, not many parents staying with their children were checking in.

Mo Zhixuan had booked a presidential suite with two bedrooms, a lounge, and a meeting room, all of which were incredibly luxurious.

Since the afternoon examination was scheduled from 3:00 to 5:00, Chu Jin went back to the room to sleep after eating lunch.

Meanwhile, Mo Zhixuan stood outside the living room with his phone and said coldly, "Make sure to deliver it on time to room 1618 at the Imperial Court International Hotel at 5:30 this evening, do you understand?"

His voice was so cold it seemed to penetrate the phone and freeze the person on the other end. The assistant stuttered, "Yes, Boss, I understand."

Even after the call ended, the assistant was still in a daze, as if the experience didn't quite feel real. If it weren't for the call log on the phone, she might have thought she had just hallucinated.

Mo Zhixuan had asked her to prepare two sets of women's clothing, including undergarments, specifying a 34C bra size and size M for the clothes. She could hardly believe that the usually abstinent, reserved, and reticent Boss would do such a thing. It was beyond her imagination, and she wondered which famous lady was so fortunate, feeling envious of her good fortune.

Even Mo Zhixuan hadn't anticipated that he would one day find himself in such a situation. Since meeting her, his life trajectory had completely changed. Things he had never thought of before were now happening to him.

When Chu Jin returned to the examination center, it was already 2:10 PM, and she was about to take a mathematics test.

Compared to other subjects, Chu Jin was most worried about mathematics, so she was particularly careful while answering the questions. She didn't turn in her test early and only left her seat when the bell rang.

This year's math test was extremely difficult, causing some students to break down and cry hysterically as soon as they stepped out the door.

Wang Kai looked at Chu Jin, who was walking behind, a bit concerned, but noticed that she still appeared composed as if the math problems hadn't troubled her at all.

She stood there smiling, speaking quietly to a girl next to her, as a round of fiery sunset cast a cascade of golden light evenly across the path. In that moment, all that seemed beautiful in his sight was her.

One more day, and once the college entrance exams were over, he would make a high-profile confession; Wang Kai firmly clenched his fist.

As a throng of students poured out of the school gate with various expressions, some happy and some anxious, Mo Zhixuan stared ahead, immediately spotting her in the crowd, as well as Wang Kai trailing behind her. His eyes darkened a bit, then he calmly opened the car door for her.

After getting into the car, Chu Jin couldn't help but ask as she saw his tense profile, "Aren't you busy with the company today?"

He had already spent an entire day by her side, and she didn't want him to miss an important meeting or put aside a billion-dollar deal just to keep her company.

After all, firms like the Mo Corporation couldn't afford to be without their Big Boss for even a minute.

Mo Zhixuan, with his hands on the steering wheel and gazing straight ahead, replied, "Not busy," and then turned his head to glance at her, "Do you not wish for me to wait here for you?" Suddenly, an image of a young and handsome face popped into his mind.

"No," Chu Jin replied as she placed her pencil case in the storage compartment, "I just don't want to delay your work."

Mo Zhixuan pursed his lips, staying silent with a deep, inky hue in his eyes, and his presence exuded a sharp, oppressive aura.

Was he angry?

As Chu Jin gazed at his stern profile, she habitually touched her nose, wondering somewhat whimsically what he could be angry about. Could it be that he was experiencing an early midlife crisis?

The thoughts of an older successful man, particularly one of his achievements, were unfathomable.

"Mo Zhixuan," Chu Jin turned to look at him, her eyes brimming with a playful smile.

"Hmm?" As he saw her smiling face, even Mo Zhixuan's icy brow softened a little.

"How old are you this year?" Chu Jin continued to ask.

Truth be told, the age of the head of the Mo family had always been a mystery. Rumors said he was over fifty, yet looking at that handsome face, he seemed to be in his early thirties, mature and poised, exuding an aristocratic demeanor. He didn't resemble a man past fifty at all. So, exactly how much older was he than her?

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How many years older are you?

Ten years? Twenty years?

Mo Zhixuan drove while speaking, "Just a few years older than you." His complexion seemed calm, but his fingers gripping the steering wheel unconsciously tightened.

In the past, his relationship with Zheng Chuyi was purely a family binding, so in terms of dating, he had no experience. He didn't know what kind of man a young girl like her would like, nor could he fathom the thoughts of a young girl. For the first time, this man, who was usually a master strategist in the business world, was thrown off balance.

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, "I'm only eighteen."

Mo Zhixuan pretended not to understand and freed one hand to ruffle her hair, "Hmm?"

Chu Jin looked at him, her eyes reflecting the twilight's afterglow, "Are you that young?" Just a few years older! Who would believe that?

A few decades older would be more like it.

At the red light ahead, Mo Zhixuan stopped the car and turned to look at her, his eyes a shade deeper

Seeing that he didn't want to reveal his age, Chu Jin dropped the topic and simply closed her eyes, resting her head against the back of the seat to recharge.

The car quickly reached the hotel.

No sooner had the two entered the suite than Mo Zhixuan received a phone call. After giving Chu Jin a few instructions, he hurried out the door.

It must be something important that he needed to deal with.

It was nighttime before Mo Zhixuan returned. As Chu Jin had to face college entrance exams the following day, she didn't wait up for him but went straight to sleep after her bath.

The moon climbed up the branches, and the girl lying in bed had already drifted into her slumber. Chu Jin slept exceptionally deeply, not even feeling the soft mattress dip beneath her.

Chu Jin was startled for a moment, then reached out to turn on the bedside lamp, casting a weak light on the man's body and creating a shadow on her face.

Chu Jin pushed him gently, "Mo Zhixuan, are you drunk?"

The man's chest was like a fortress wall; despite her best efforts, she couldn't budge him at all.

"I didn't drink any alcohol."

Even in this state, he still claimed he hadn't drunk?

Suddenly, Mo Zhixuan sighed, hugged her tightly, and closed his eyes, succumbing to exhaustion. Soon, he began to breathe evenly.

Has he finally fallen asleep?

Chu Jin slowly opened her eyes and saw the man's sleeping face, finally allowing herself to breathe a sigh of relief.

For that instant, she truly feared she'd end up compromised just like that.

A drunken man is too frightening!

Unable to fight him off or run away, fortunately, the effect of the alcohol came quickly and left just as fast.

After an unknown amount of time, Chu Jin could no longer resist the drowsiness and fell soundly asleep.

This night, some slept well, others remained awake.

The next morning.

When Chu Jin woke up, Mo Zhixuan was no longer beside her; only the faint scent of alcohol lingered on the blanket, rich and heady.

Staring at the ceiling, scenes from the previous night flooded her vision, her ears reddening. After a long while, she came back to her senses, swiftly got out of bed, locked the door, hurriedly changed her clothes, freshened up, and then headed out.

In the living room, Mo Zhixuan sat with his long legs crossed on the couch, reading a newspaper. His thin lips were slightly pursed, wearing a white shirt, its exquisite cufflinks reflecting a cold, hard light in the illumination. Despite his austere face being void of any superfluous expressions, he exuded a forbidding air of authority.

Seeing him so composed and immovable as Mount Tai, Chu Jin's mind involuntarily revisited the scene from last night...

If one hadn't experienced it firsthand, who would believe that the man before them, who never indulged in idle talk or frivolous behavior, could utter such words?

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The man before her, with just his silhouette, exuded the dignity of the Northern Star, an extraordinary presence.

Chu Jin gazed at him and, for a split second, was taken aback before hurriedly averting her gaze.

At the same time, Mo Zhixuan slightly lifted his eyes and looked at her calmly, "Breakfast is on the table; after you finish, I'll take you to the examination hall."

With those words, he lowered his eyes back to the newspaper he was reading intently.

He was very composed, as though last night's occurrence had merely been an illusion.

The breakfast was simple: soy milk with dough sticks, plain porridge, and a dish of pickles.

When Chu Jin stepped into the examination room again, it was just past eight in the morning.

The morning test was on comprehensive science or humanities, lasting two and a half hours.

Chu Jin felt little pressure and finished her paper with ease.

Aside from mathematics, she was stable in nearly every subject.

In the afternoon, when leaving the hotel, Mo Zhixuan also took care of the checkout.

English was Chu Jin's strong suit. With over 40 minutes left before the end of the exam, she handed her answer sheet to the proctor and left the room with a swagger.

All eyes were on her as she left, surprise evident in their stares, even the proctor was astonished.

This girl, she's so confident?

The proctor couldn't help but glance at the name on the answer card.

A handsome pair of characters.

Chu Jin.

The name seemed familiar, as if it had been seen somewhere before.

The proctor thought hard but ultimately could not figure out where it might have been seen.

Wang Kai watched her retreating figure and sighed softly. It seemed that his carefully planned confession was destined to fail again; he still had several major questions unanswered. At such a time, he obviously couldn't gamble with his future, especially since he had heard that she was aiming for Capital University.

He had to work doubly hard, in hopes of being accepted into the same university as her...

It was past four in the afternoon, the sunshine was not so harsh, a gentle breeze brought a touch of coolness that was refreshing and delightful.

The college entrance exam had ended.

Her life was also about to embark on a new journey.

In the Purple Spirit space, Zi, while munching on sunflower seeds, spoke up, "Jin, you've finished your exams."

"Yeah, it's done," Chu Jin said with a slight smile, feeling good.

"Then it's time for us to tackle the next quest," Zi stretched languidly, then stood up and opened the quest panel, which showed an incomplete task.

[Incomplete Purple Long-Term Quest: Find the Soul Resurrection Grass, cure Zhao Yan! Reward for completion: 288 Purple Spirit Points.]

If it hadn't been for Zi's reminder, Chu Jin would have almost forgotten about this task.

"Let's put this quest on hold for now, and I'll deal with it after I'm done with my current business," Chu Jin touched her nose.

It was a long-term task after all, which required gradual progress. There was no rush.

Moreover, the words 'Soul Resurrection Grass' sounded grand; it surely wouldn't be easy to find.

"Alright then," Zi said, a hint of disappointment flashing across her face, "but you have to hurry and finish your things, Jin."

"Don't worry, I will be quick," Chu Jin said, her eyebrows slightly raised.

While speaking, Chu Jin had already reached Mo Zhixuan's car. The man stood tall and straight beside it. Seeing her approach, the corners of his mouth curled into a faint smile. His voice was deep, "Are you finished?"

The dappled sunlight filtered through the tree leaves, casting light upon her, with her long lashes casting shallow shadows, fluttering like dense little fans, making his heart flutter. Her skin was like snow, hair like ink, lips like blood, eyes like stars; stunning as a carefully crafted ink painting.

"Yes, I'm done," Chu Jin nodded slightly.

Mo Zhixuan's gaze flickered, then he discreetly opened the car door for her, "Let's go home."

Once in the car, looking at the scenery passing by outside the window, Chu Jin asked, "Aren't we waiting for Qingyi and Duanmu?"

Their examination venues were close to each other, just a turn away from where Mo Qingyi was.

"They know their way," was Mo Zhixuan's succinct reply.

After the two returned to the Mo family home that night at around 7 pm, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe also arrived shortly after.

Upon reaching home, Mo Qingyi excitedly pulled Chu Jin aside and asked, "Jin, how did you do on the exam?"

"Aside from math," Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "I think I did pretty well on the others. How about you?"

"I did okay too. There shouldn't be a problem getting into Capital University," Mo Qingyi then pursed her lips, leaned closer to Chu Jin, and whispered with an air of mystery, "Jin, I think I might be falling for someone..."

"Who?" Upon hearing this, Chu Jin instinctively looked towards Duanmu Zhe, only to find his expression slightly startled and his eyes shadowed and unclear.

After spending two days alone with Mo Qingyi, there had to have been some sparks between them, right?

"He's from the Second High School. We met in the examination room. He's super handsome, tall and slim, and he has a dimple on the left cheek when he smiles. Moreover, he's really warm..." As she spoke, the bright light in Mo Qingyi's eyes almost spilled out, her face slightly flushed.

Mo Qingyi said earnestly, "I've decided! I'm going to win over my prince charming!"

"Are you serious?" Chu Jin arched an eyebrow.

"Of course!" Mo Qingyi nodded.

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Seeing that Duanmu Zhe's face had turned pitch black, Chu Jin asked, "But you've only known each other for two days. Are you sure this is liking someone? Do you understand him?"

"Anyway, I just like him. Jin, you don't know; when he smiles at me, I feel like the whole world stands still..." Mo Qingyi hadn't finished her sentence when Duanmu Zhe sitting on the sofa 'snap' tossed the silver lighter onto the coffee table and then stood up, striding towards the door.

"Little Zhe, why are you leaving? Stay and have dinner with us," Mrs. Mo called out from the kitchen.

"No, thank you, Auntie," Duanmu Zhe turned around, politely said to Mrs. Mo, "I just remembered I have something to do at home." With that, he left.

Mrs. Mo immediately turned her gaze to Mo Qingyi, "Did you make Little Zhe angry again?" She had been in the kitchen and hadn't heard Mo Qingyi's earth-shattering words just now.

Mo Qingyi was also totally confused, "Who knows about him, his face was all gloomy in the car for no reason..."

A fish was still steaming in the pot. Mrs. Mo didn't speak further and hurriedly walked towards the kitchen.

Chu Jin glanced sideways and asked in a low voice, "Did you mention your male idol in the car just now?"

"Yeah," Mo Qingyi nodded and then looked at Chu Jin with a puzzled expression, "Jin, how did you know?"

Chu Jin lightly raised her delicate eyebrows, teasingly said, "Maybe Duanmu is jealous?"

Mo Qingyi glared at her, "What are you talking about, we're the best of buddies!"

Chu Jin just smiled, not saying another word.

Mo Qingyi, being oblivious, was lost in her own world, but Chu Jin as the bystander saw everything quite clearly. If Duanmu Zhe really saw Mo Qingyi as just a good buddy, he wouldn't have reacted the way he just did.

However, romance is a matter between two people, and it's not right for an outsider to intercede. Since even Duanmu Zhe himself hadn't broached the subject, she had no place to say much, stopping at a hint.

"Jin, I might really fall hard this time. The moment I close my eyes, my mind is full of his smiling face," Mo Qingyi hugged Chu Jin's arm, resting her head on her shoulder, staring at the ceiling with a smile. Her gaze was both passionate and tender.

The picture of a girl in the throes of a first love.

"Right!" Mo Qingyi suddenly sat upright, taking out her phone from her pocket, "I even took a photo of my male idol. Want to see if he's handsome?"

From the angle of the photo, it was clear it was taken sneakily. The boy was wearing a neat school uniform, standing amid a crowd, with a handsome and fair side profile, fresh, scholarly, and very distinctive, making the school uniform look exceptionally pleasing.

No wonder he had captured Mo Qingyi's heart secretly.

"How is it? Jin," Mo Qingyi looked at Chu Jin expectantly, "Isn't he handsome?"

Looking at the photo, Chu Jin nodded lightly, saying genuinely, "He is indeed quite handsome..."

A deep and magnetic voice came from overhead, "What are you looking at?"

Somewhat cold, yet familiar, Chu Jin's voice stopped abruptly, and she slightly lifted her gaze, falling into a pair of profound phoenix eyes.

Mo Qingyi always feared this brother of hers, and immediately shoved her phone into her pocket in a panic, "Nothing, nothing. I'll go to the kitchen to see if Mom needs any help." With that, she fled the living room like she was escaping.

"I'll go with you." Chu Jin had always felt that since the end of the college entrance exams, Mr. Mo's gaze at her had changed, becoming deeper and heavier, indescribably meaningful.

Chu Jin had just stood up when her wrist was grasped by him.

With a gentle pull, she found herself sitting on the long and strong legs of the man.

All his self-control and composure shattered in front of her.

Sensing his abnormal behavior, Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan incredulously, really... two-faced!

Chu Jin tried to push him away, but as soon as her feet touched the carpet, she was pulled back by him, one arm around her waist, the other holding a cigarette, his cool lips curving into an arc, "Running away? Sit down, I have something to ask you."

Chu Jin resigned herself to not struggle, reaching out to feel Mr. Mo's forehead, her lashes fluttering, "Do you have a fever?"

"Is he that handsome?" Mo Zhixuan's hand tightened subconsciously, his voice deep and revealing his displeasure.

Any man, upon hearing his fiancée say another man is very handsome, would feel uncomfortable, even Mo Zhixuan was no exception.

His little girl, how could she think of another man beside him.

"..." Stunned for a moment, Chu Jin realized that Mr. Mo must have seen that photo, "Youth is indeed an asset."

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Older men generally are quite sensitive about their age.

Chu Jin's words undoubtedly hit Mr. Mo's sore spot.

Mo Zhixuan's dark eyes deepened as he took a drag from his cigarette, casually flicking the butt into the ashtray. With one hand, he imprisoned Chu Jin's waist; with the other, he lifted her chin. The smoke from his mouth hadn't fully dissipated when he leaned down and kissed her red lips.

Her lips pried apart, the endless stream of smoke passed from his mouth to hers. The wisps of smoke twined between their tongues. Caught off guard, Chu Jin began to cough violently, but Mo Zhixuan did not seem to care; instead, he supported her head, skilfully opened her teeth, his cool tongue probing, delving ever deeper, their tongues entwined, dancing with the smoke.

A wisp of smoke escaped from the tightly pressed corners of their mouths, creating a hazy and seductive scene. The temperature in the room rose sharply, sensuous and enchanting, as if spring had returned to the earth, and henceforth, North Country wouldn't only know winter.

The dry tinder ignited, burning brighter and hotter.

But at that moment.

In the silence, the sound of a door being pushed open suddenly echoed.

Then came the sound of footsteps.

When the old Mrs. Mo walked in, Chu Jin was sitting decently on the sofa watching TV, her complexion normal, save for her lips, which were as enticingly red as poppy flowers, while Mo Zhixuan turned his back to the old Mrs. Mo, walking coldly upstairs.

Old Mrs. Mo called out to his receding figure, "Xuan'er, it's time to eat."

"You go ahead," his voice was as deep and cold as ever.

"Where are you going? Won't you eat together?" she continued.

Mr. Mo paused his steps, slowly uttered two words, "Taking a bath." With that, his figure disappeared around the corner of the stairs.

Chu Jin's heart, which had just settled, began to beat rapidly again at the mention of 'taking a bath'.

Her ears were red and hot.

"This child, why take a bath when it's time to eat?" the old Mrs. Mo chided, then she turned to Chu Jin with a smile, "Jin, if he's not eating, let's go eat."

Mr. Mo's bath took a bit longer than usual, and it wasn't until after the meal that he descended the stairs, eyes downcast, fastening his cufflinks.

Tall and graceful, the exquisite cufflinks reflected a cold glint in the light, much like himself: solemn, old-fashioned, and not given to smiles.

In the living room.

Three women had gathered for a card game, now sitting at the table in the midst of an intense match, the air thick with enthusiasm, and neatly stacked coins lay before each player.

Old Mrs. Mo had no hobbies except for card games; whether mahjong or poker, she played them all.

After a round, Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi both found their faces stickered with notes, while a small mountain of coins accumulated before the old Mrs. Mo.

Chu Jin considered herself skilled at cards, but had not expected to meet a master stronger than herself.

The old are indeed crafty.

Mo Zhixuan stood at the top of the stairs, looking at the trio, the corners of his mouth lifting in an imperceptible smile.

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After spending a night at the Mo family home, Chu Jin went back home the following morning.

She was driven back by the Mo family's chauffeur, as Mo Zhixuan had some business and had disappeared early in the morning.

Today was Saturday, and Aunt Zhang was off, leaving the empty villa somewhat quiet.

Once Chu Jin reached the upstairs, she pushed open the door to her bedroom and a white shape leaped onto her shoulder, "Master, welcome back."

Little White rubbed against her head continuously.

Chu Jin arrived at her desk, turned on the computer, logged into a familiar website, and spent some time replying to book reviews. Before she knew it, it was already 1 p.m.

Suddenly remembering, she realized today was her meeting with the CEO of Advance Time Technology. She closed her computer, changed her clothes, and hurried out the door.

Following the address given by Qin Zhenglin, Chu Jin arrived in front of an upscale, membership-only teahouse and stopped.

—Zen Palace.

The character 'Zen' denoting the sovereigns of the heavens, the pivot of the skies.

To give a teahouse such a name, one could surmise that the owner behind the scenes was no ordinary person.

As soon as Chu Jin stepped inside the teahouse, a waiter greeted her politely, displaying the standard professional smile, "Hello, are you Miss Chu?"

"That's me," Chu Jin nodded slightly.

"The person in charge from Advance Time Technology has been waiting for you inside for quite a long time. Please follow me," the waiter offered to lead the way.

Chu Jin followed behind.

Zen Palace was nine stories high, each floor featuring a different style, but they all shared one common trait: opulence and grandeur.

The waiters within all wore classical, plain robes, their demeanors dignified, as if they had stepped right out of ancient portraits, well-trained.

There were no male waiters.

It gave off the illusion of an emperor's harem, as if one possessed the beauty of three thousand concubines.

The higher one ascended, the more luxurious the decor became, and Chu Jin noticed that even the paintings hanging casually on the walls were the work of famous artists, each valued at six figures or more.

She was finally led to the top floor and, after a turn, the waiter stopped before 'Hall of Worship.'

"Miss Chu, we are here." The waiter bowed slightly, then stepped back a few paces before turning to leave.

The air was still.

Standing before the door, Chu Jin felt a sense of the ages changing within her. It was strange, as if, on the other side of this door, lay another world.

After a long while, she reached out to push the door open.

'Creak' went the door as it opened, its sound particularly jarring in the quiet space.

Behind the door...

Chapter 396: Life and Death Chess Game

Behind the door, layers of plain gauze fluttered.

One couldn't see clearly behind the gauze, but the scent of ambergris wafting through the air was faintly discernible.

A light breeze blew, causing the gauze to billow gently.

It was as if, by passing through this gauze, one could traverse a thousand years.

Chu Jin raised her hand to lift the gauze, and suddenly the scene in front of her cleared up. The room was spacious with ancient-styled décor. Wisps of tea smoke curled upwards, and a Senior Tea Artist, kneeling on a cushion, was skilfully washing, infusing, brewing, and pouring the tea. Her movements were as fluid as drifting clouds and flowing water, exuding elegance to the utmost.

The man sitting at the other end of the tea table, with his sharp and pronounced facial features, was none other than—

Song Shiqin!

Chu Jin could hardly believe her eyes.

Could the waiter have led her astray?

The person she was supposed to meet was the CEO of Advance Time Technology.

What did he have to do with Song Shiqin?

Anyway, every encounter with Song Shiqin had never brought anything good; the last time she had almost lost her life. Chu Jin stepped back a few paces, ready to leave, when the voice of a man rose in the air, "Miss Chu, you are now ten minutes late."

The meeting with the CEO of Advance Time Technology was scheduled precisely for 14:00, and by now it was just past that time; she indeed had been delayed by ten minutes.

But how did Song Shiqin know about it?

Chu Jin frowned slightly, "Are you the CEO of Advance Time Technology?"

Song Shiqin took a sip of tea, "Indeed, I am."

Chu Jin had never imagined that he was the CEO of Advance Time Technology.

This General has truly many roles to play.

However, this busy General, managing both state affairs and company matters, could he really cope with it all?

Now that it was confirmed that Song Shiqin was the CEO of Advance Time Technology, there was no need for Chu Jin to leave.

After all, theking had just started, and a collaboration with Advance Time was truly needed.

She slowly walked to the opposite side and sat down before Song Shiqin. Before she could say a word, Song Shiqin held up a teacup, his expression solemn, "Miss Chu, I will never forget the life-saving grace you gave me." His words were measured and firm as if taking an oath.

"In the future, no matter when and where, as long as you speak up, I will stand behind you, come rain or shine."

Chu Jin smiled, taking a polite sip from her teacup, her tone light, "Mr. Song, you take it too seriously, the matter is already in the past, there's no need to dwell on it."

She had saved him as part of a task.

Moreover, she had gained the corresponding Faith Value so Song Shiqin didn't owe her anything.

In her view, they were merely in a cooperative relationship, each seeking what they needed.

Song Shiqin raised his eyes to look at the girl sitting opposite him. His dark eyes brooded deeply. She sat there quietly in her simple T-shirt and jeans, her eyes clear as autumn waters, shimmering. Though she was but in her youthful twenties, she exuded an air of being untouched by the world.

"A life-saving grace deserves a spring-like repayment, rest assured Miss Chu, I am not one to be ungrateful," Song Shiqin said gently. Unbeknownst to them, the Tea Artist had already left the room, leaving only Chu Jin and Song Shiqin in the silent space.

"Mr. Song, let's talk about our cooperation," Chu Jin said, diving straight to the point.

Her visit today was for the cooperation between their companies; anything else was superfluous.

Song Shiqin didn't respond but stood up to retrieve a chessboard and two boxes of chess pieces from the bookshelf behind him, then he pushed the tea set aside and neatly arranged the chessboard.

"Miss Chu, before we discuss cooperation, let's have a game of chess first."

Though posed as a question, it had the tone of a statement.

Life is like a game of chess; observing the game can reveal a person's heart.

Whether Song Shiqin had a test in mind, a hidden agenda, or merely wanted to play a simple game of chess, was unknown.

After all, Song Shiqin had always harbored suspicions about her.

As her thoughts wandered, Song Shiqin had already set up the chessboard.

At first glance, it was just an ordinary game of chess with black and white pieces arrayed against each other. Black controlled the board, its advance relentless, pressing the white pieces into a retreat that seemed impossible to resist. Yet, in reality, both sides were caught in a dilemma, akin to two armies locked in battle, their strengths matched, full of intricacies, making every move heart-stopping. A single step back brought life, a step forward meant death. Every move was made on thin ice, intricately interlinked, mysterious upon mysterious.

This showed that the one who had devised the chess game must be a person capable of strategic thinking, winning battles from a thousand miles away.

Song Shiqin spoke lightly, "This is the game of life and death. Legend has it that it was created by an extraordinary person a thousand years ago, and has been passed down to this day. In all these years, no one has ever solved it. In this match, if you survive five moves without dying, you can turn the tides. If Miss Chu wins, I will agree to a collaboration between Advance Time and theking."

Chu Jin, a lover of chess herself, felt a surge of interest upon hearing this. Her gaze fell on the chessboard, sparkling with brilliance.

"Really?" she looked up at Song Shiqin.

"Of course," Song Shiqin nodded.

"Good," Chu Jin's lips curled slightly. As she finished, she reached out to move a white piece on the board, immediately bringing the white's position into a new precarious situation.

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The two faced each other, seated in opposition. Seeing how quickly Chu Jin moved the white piece, a look of surprise emerged in the depths of Song Shiqin's eyes, "Miss Chu, are you sure you want to move the white piece?"

Considering the situation on the chessboard, the white pieces were clearly at a disadvantage, yet without even guessing, she chose the white pieces without a second thought—could it be that she didn't understand the ways of chess?

Anyone with a bit of skill in chess would not choose the white pieces under such dire circumstances.

Looking at the chessboard, the white pieces were already at an impasse. How could there be a chance to turn the situation around?

Previously, Song Shiqin also had other people play this life-and-death chess game with him. Before playing, they would choose the black pieces without hesitation, and moreover, they would argue over who gets black and who gets white for quite a while, since nobody wanted to lose.

The person who ended up choosing the black pieces would be complacent, while the one with white would be downcast. Unfortunately, within five moves, no one could unravel the chess game.

Both sides met with disastrous defeat.

Chu Jin took a gentle sip of tea, and instantly, a clear and refreshing tea aroma spread through her mouth, uplifting her spirit. She spoke softly, stating four words, "A move without regret."

Although from the perspective of the board, the white pieces were already shattered and sure to lose, in reality, the two sides were evenly matched in strength!

Clearly, the creator of the game intended to craft a false image of the white pieces being in decline, to visually impose a psychological suggestion.

A flicker of realization crossed Song Shiqin's eyes, and without changing his expression, he moved a black piece on the board. In an instant, he maneuvered the white pieces into a precarious position, cornered and with no easy way out.

This Song Shiqin was indeed a nation's military leader. With just one piece, he cornered her into such a desperate situation.

As the saying goes: a thousand cups of wine bore one who meets a true friend; and finding a worthy opponent in chess is one of the great pleasures in life.

Chu Jin slightly arched her eyebrow, her fingers, as white and tender as green onions, picked up a white piece and placed it on the 'High Eye' spot.

Song Shiqin's expression remained the same, he slowly moved another piece, pressuring step by step, leaving the white pieces with no way to retreat.

Two pieces had been placed, and the current situation was that the black pieces had taken the lead, while the white pieces were running out of options.

Song Shiqin subconsciously looked up at Chu Jin, only to see her still with a calm demeanor, her eyes clear and defined, her face showing not a trace of panic, and even, in her eyes, there was a hint of a smile—light, cool, and capable of drawing one's soul in.

Chu Jin moved another white piece unhurriedly, but still could not escape danger, instead putting herself into a new predicament.

Song Shiqin continued to press on step by step, placing a piece, and spoke slowly, "Miss Chu, you have lost."

On the chessboard, the white pieces were doomed.

"According to the rules, the outcome is decided in five moves. It's too early for Mr. Song to declare that," Chu Jin said with a calm expression, the picture of composure as she moved another white piece.

Song Shiqin's handsome eyebrows slightly raised as he shifted a black piece. Immediately, a gap appeared on the life-and-death chessboard, which required two pieces to fill—but Chu Jin had only one left.

As victory and defeat became clear, not a hint of excitement showed in the depths of Song Shiqin's eyes, instead, they flashed with disappointment.

Chu Jin gently curved her lips upwards, then slowly placed a piece—not in the gap, but 'outside the eye.' In an instant, the fortunes of the black and white pieces were reversed, turning the outcome on its head.

Song Shiqin gazed at the chessboard, his face flashing with shock as he realized he had been fooled by her disguise technique. He had been complacent from the start due to the white pieces being in an apparent disadvantage. Her moves seemed random, yet she was strategically laying a trap, and with just one piece, she broke the momentum of the black pieces. The seemingly doomed white pieces had turned defeat into victory!

It proved the saying, "In the conflict of the world, it's all about strategy!"

"Mr. Song, your concession is appreciated," Chu Jin arched an eyebrow at him.

"It is Song who is inferior in skill," Song Shiqin replied, his exterior calm but his mind a turbulent sea.

Still somewhat in disbelief, the life-and-death chess game had been unraveled by her.

"Since the chess game is resolved, Mr. Song, shouldn't you fulfill your promise now?" Chu Jin took out a printed contract from her backpack.

"Of course." Song Shiqin took the contract, didn't even look at it, and immediately signed his name.

A gentle breeze swept by, causing the light gauze to flutter. The scent of ambergris grew stronger, mixed with the faint aroma of tea, refreshing and intoxicating, yet also making one drowsy. Chu Jin raised her

hand to press on her temple but her eyelids became heavier, as if glued shut, impossible to open. Three seconds later, she slumped limply over the table.

Seeing this, Song Shiqin was startled, "Miss Chu, what's wrong..." Before he could finish, he too slumped over the table and fell into a deep sleep.

The room fell into silence.

Then, just in time, two figures emerged from the inner room, passing through the layers of light gauze, and stood over the two, looking down from above.

The two shadows, one tall and one short, were none other than Xuanyuan Shangchen and Ling Que.

Neither of them spoke. Ling Que took the initiative to lift up Song Shiqin's arm, circled around his waist, and led him toward the inner room. Song Shiqin was a soldier with a remarkable build, yet Ling Que seemed to lead him away effortlessly, without expending much energy at all.

Upon reaching the door of the inner room, she paused, glancing back over her shoulder. Through the layers of gauze, it was impossible to discern the expression in her eyes. One could faintly hear what sounded like a soft sigh.

Chapter 398:

Xuanyuan Shangchen seated himself on the floor, looking at Chu Jin's sleeping face with a faint arc forming at the corner of his mouth. The wide brim of his hat cast a shadow over his face, concealing his features and giving him a mysterious aura.

"Feng'er," Xuanyuan Shangchen spoke softly, his voice deep and subdued, yet filled with indulgence, acceptance, and a tender entanglement.

No one on the opposite side responded.

After a long while, Xuanyuan Shangchen withdrew his gaze, looked down at the chessboard with a smile lingering on his lips for a very long time, unmoving. Suddenly, he swept his hand across the table with a loud crash, the teaware and chessboard falling to the ground, creating a mess.

At this moment, he resembled an infuriated lion, ready to deliver a fatal strike at any moment!

Xuanyuan Shangchen got up and held Chu Jin in his arms, placing her on his lap. He supported her shoulder with one hand and cradled her face with the other, tracing her features, her eyebrows, and her eyes gently, inch by inch, with deep affection.

"Feng'er, I'm sorry, so sorry..." he murmured, his voice no longer as cold as before, but filled with profound regret and self-reproach.

A single tear fell silently onto her red lips, emitting a dazzling light.

"Feng'er, how good it would have been if we had never met." If only all of this were merely a dream, you would have never seen me, and I would have never failed you. Alas, we were both born in troubled times.

As soon as he finished speaking, he slowly lowered his head and pressed his lips to hers.

A gentle, lingering kiss.

He leisurely traced the shape of her lips, engulfing the tear upon them, swallowing it into his belly.

Tears are bitter, yet also sweet.

Layers of gauze blurred the silhouettes of the two, nestled together.

Chu Jin felt as if she had been in a very long dream, but upon awakening, she no longer remembered its content.

Was it sorrow? Was it joy? There was no way to know.

"Miss Chu, you're awake." Seeing her open her eyes, a waiter immediately came over with a basin of water.

Chu Jin then realized that she was still inside that teahouse, with the surroundings unchanged and the chess game and signed contract still on the table next to her. She must have been leaning on the table for too long; her arms felt numb.

How had she fallen asleep? She remembered that right before she dozed off, Song Shiqin had been sitting opposite her.

Perhaps sensing Chu Jin's confusion, the waiter set the water on the table and explained, "Miss Chu, Mr. Song had to leave for some urgent matters. He told us not to wake you. Please wash your face."

"No need, thank you." Chu Jin packed the contract into her backpack, passed through the layers of gauze, and stepped outside.

Zen Palace had no elevator, so she made her way downstairs on foot.

Just as she reached the glittering first floor, her path was blocked by a figure emanating a faint scent of lotus, quite pleasant to smell.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes to see who it was: a person wearing a bright red dress, with delicate features and eyes full of charm that could topple cities, smiling in a kind and friendly manner, a far cry from her previous haughty demeanor.

It was—

Zheng Chuyi.

"Miss Chu, what a coincidence to meet you here," Zheng Chuyi said with a gentle voice and a smile.

Chu Jin gave a slight nod, "It is quite the coincidence." She didn't have much affection for Zheng Chuyi.

However, since the other party had now decided to turn over a new leaf, there was no need for her to hold a grudge.

"It's been a long time; how have you been lately?" Zheng Chuyi affectionately took Chu Jin's hand, displaying a sisterly closeness.

To those unaware, it might appear that the two were old friends reunited after a long time.

Chu Jin responded politely, "Quite well, and you?"

Zheng Chuyi tossed her long hair to the side, "I'm not doing too badly either. By the way, how are Aunt Mo and Qingqing? How are they doing?"

Chapter 399: Mysterious Man

It wasn't by accident that I met Chu Jin here at the right time.

These past few days had been especially frustrating for Zheng Chuyi. For some reason, Chu Jin hadn't shown her face for over ten days, her whereabouts unknown. At home, there was now Shangguan Xiaoxiao, who opposed her at every turn.

Jiang Mubai didn't care about her as much as he used to.

Mo Zhixuan was even more indifferent to her. She had thought that after leaving the Mo family that day, the Mo family's matriarch would find the clothes she left behind in the cabinet, be moved by the reminder, and feel guilty. She hoped she would then suggest Chuyi's return to the Mo family.

After all, an extremely vital night was approaching, and it was assumed that even Mo Feixue's appearance wouldn't soften the matriarch's stance.

It seemed that her only option was to start with Chu Jin.

The Mo family was a place she must return to.

With this in mind, a smile deepened at the corner of Zheng Chuyi's lips, "Miss Chu, we haven't seen each other for a long time. How about we find a place to catch up?"

"I'm sorry," Chu Jin replied with a slight curve of her lips, gently brushing away Zheng Chuyi's hand, "I have things to do, so I won't keep you company."

She had never had much fondness for Zheng Chuyi, and she wasn't in the mood to engage with her now.

The smile at the corner of Zheng Chuyi's mouth stiffened for a moment but quickly returned to its natural state, "Alright then, make sure to send my regards to Aunt Mo and Qingqing."

Chu Jin nodded lightly, "Certainly." Having said that, she strode away from the tea house.

Watching her departure, Zheng Chuyi's eyes narrowed slightly with a dark glint flickering in their depths.

Just as Chu Jin stepped out of the door, a tall and slender figure emerged from the staircase.

He was dressed in a long black trench coat, and a hat sat low on his head, casting a shadow over his face that hid his brows and eyes. All that could be seen were his well-defined and gaunt jaw and perfect lips.

Mysterious and powerful—those were the first impressions Zheng Chuyi had of him.

Though his true face was hidden, just the exquisite perfection of his jawline was enough to reveal that beneath the hat was surely a face of extraordinary craftsmanship.

He walked against the light, with each step stirring a chilling breeze, exuding an imposing aura, surrounded by a glow reminiscent of snowflakes, that sent shivers down one's spine.

Like a black Higanbana, wherever he went, he brought with him an air of oppression, making it difficult to breathe.

Even Zheng Chuyi, a person endowed with special abilities, had beads of sweat form on her forehead.

This was definitely no ordinary man—this was Chuyi's second impression of him.

A beautiful woman, upon seeing an outstanding man, always feels a surge of conquest within her.

What one cannot have, forever stirs restless desire.

Everyone likes to be held in high regard.

Zheng Chuyi was no exception, and more so because she was not just ordinarily beautiful.

She was the most beautiful woman of the Superpower World, unmatched in all three worlds.

Even Nie Qingzi from the Ancient Martial Arts World could not compare to her.

She loved red, not because it suited her, but because it was the most eye-catching and brilliant of colors.

Wherever she was, eyes would always be drawn to her first.

Moreover, her face was even more dazzling than red, relegating the color to merely a backdrop.

Zheng Chuyi always had a deep understanding of herself.

She knew her strengths.

Watching the mysterious man approach, Zheng Chuyi casually ran her fingers through her hair, then turned and walked in another direction. In the moment of turning, a red object fell from her.

It landed on the ground, emitting a dazzling red light.

Based on past experiences, the man would pick up the object and call out to her, then drown in her beauty, unable to extricate himself, resolved to marry no one but her.

One step, two steps, three steps...

Zheng Chuyi frowned slightly; there was no expected call. Had he not seen the item that fell to the ground? Her lips curled into a smile as she glanced back—

And that gentle curve froze on her lips.

The man in black simply stepped on the red earring, his figure exuding a cold and harsh aura.

His action trampled not just the object but her dignity as well.

The man in black disappeared from view quickly, and the earring, which had shone so brilliantly, now lay quietly on the ground, like a star that suddenly lost its light, dim and indistinct.

This man was indeed different from others she had encountered in the past.

Zheng Chuyi's frown deepened, now filled with curiosity and a desire to conquer regarding the man in black. Suddenly, a breeze brought a whiff of fragrance. She sniffed lightly; the scent was of orchids, plums, and bamboo, lingering at the tip of her nose, accompanied by a unique coolness.

This fragrance was exactly like the one she had just smelled on Chu Jin. How could this man have the same scent on him?

If they were not intimate with one another, how could one's scent cling to another?

Could it be...

Zheng Chuyi's lips curved into a smirk, and she turned towards the bar area of the tea house. She was determined to find out what all of this was about!

What was the relation between the man in black and Chu Jin?

Why did they both appear here at the same time?

And furthermore, they left the tea house one after another. Were they avoiding suspicion?

Chapter 400: Behind The Scenes Mystery Boss

There's definitely some kind of relationship between these two that they don't want others to see!

And how can a mere mortal have a special ability, let alone one with Spiritual Power surpassing hers?

All of these are dubious points!

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It was already past 5 in the afternoon.

After leaving the teahouse, Chu Jin took a ride to TheKing Internet Technology Company.

When she arrived, Qin Zhenglin was already waiting for her downstairs. Standing with his back to the sunlight, he walked towards her slowly; everything else around him became the backdrop. With his

brows and eyes painted across his face like art, and pupils like stars, bathed in the sun, he exhibited a grace akin to an elegant orchid in a secluded valley.

It seemed that every time she saw Brother Jin, she gave her a different feeling, especially that aura beyond her years, demanding attention.

This woman, no matter where she went, would be the one under the spotlight. Such a woman could not be confined by a mere small attic room.

Although she was much older than Brother Jin, in her presence, it felt as if she were the younger one.

In need of her guidance and advice.

She was his light, his faith.

If it weren't for her, he might still be trapped in those dark, narrow alleys, living a life worse than death.

The life he currently enjoyed was something he had never dared to dream of before.

"Brother Jin, on such a hot day, it's really hard on you to have to run back and forth," Qin Zhenglin paused for a while, then approached her.

Chu Jin gave him a slight smile, "That's nothing. If we're talking about hard work, it's you who has it tough, being busy with the company's affairs every day and also helping to look after Yan Yuzhai."

"Not hard at all, all of this is what I should be doing. It's hot down here, let's go upstairs to talk," Qin Zhenglin scratched his head and then led Chu Jin upstairs.

The King spanned nine floors, divided into the R&D department, technical department, customer service department, marketing department, and so on...

Although it was just an emerging industry and not large in scale, unable to compete with other well-known conglomerates, it was fully functional despite its size. Under the leadership of Qin Zhenglin, and due to the good location chosen for the company's office, the company gradually got onto the right track.

Moreover, the software products released by TheKing were unique in the market, innovative, challenging, matched the consumption concept of contemporary people, and catered to the modern lifestyle, thus, they were quite popular among the youth.

As she followed Qin Zhenglin, everyone engrossed in their work cast curious glances at her. Their first impression was that this girl looked familiar, as though they had seen her somewhere. The second impression was astonishment—the face was more exquisite than any movie star's.

Since Chu Jin had given instructions beforehand, Qin Zhenglin did not introduce her to everyone.

This was the first time Qin Zhenglin had brought a woman to the company, and his attitude was so respectful that after the two of them left, a group of people in the cubicles started to gossip.

"Hey, who do you think was that person following behind President Qin just now? A new colleague?"

"A new colleague? Are you stupid?" One of them went to the water dispenser to get water, "Didn't you see how President Qin was almost bowing in her presence? Which one of us enjoyed that kind of treatment when we joined the company?"

"Right, could it be that she's a high-level leader parachuted from above to inspect our work?" A young man working on code pushed up his glasses.

One of them interjected, "A high-level leader? I don't think so! That girl looked to be at most eighteen or nineteen, probably hasn't even graduated from college, right?"

"Maybe she hasn't even finished high school," another one joked.

"I bet she's definitely the daughter of the big boss, bored at home, and just came to the company for a visit..."

Upon this remark, someone immediately asked curiously, "Speaking of which, have any of you ever seen the big boss in person?"

"Never seen him, Sister Xiangrong, you've been at the company the longest, have you ever seen him?" The bespectacled young man threw the question to another woman who was typing away furiously at her keyboard.

Chen Xiangrong lifted her head, "I haven't seen him either."

She was just an obscure little hacker, and because her education was not high, not many companies were willing to hire her until she met Qin Zhenglin. He told her about the mysterious big boss behind the scenes.

She approached Qin Zhenglin with a just-give-it-a-try attitude, never expecting the big boss to directly let her join the company and even let her take the position of an A-level programmer.

"Sister Xiangrong, you're so close to President Qin, and even you haven't seen the big boss?"

Chen Xiangrong shook her head.

She was also very curious about who this mysterious backer of the company was, someone who managed to develop TheKing so well in such a short period.

"I bet the big boss must be a man in his forties."

"I think our big boss must be around thirty, unmarried, a prime bachelor! About six feet tall, with everything below the arms being legs, having a six-pack, and looking like Tony Leung..." another female employee said, full of admiration.

Another person brutally brought her back to reality, "Ha, thirty? Unmarried? Stop dreaming. Didn't you see his daughter is already that grown up?"

"With the daughter's looks being so great, she definitely inherited her parents' excellent genes..."

"It's not for certain that girl is the big boss's daughter."

"I heard our big boss didn't even show up on the day the company opened."

"That mysterious, huh?"

"..."

For a time, the topic in the cubicle area revolved around the big boss.