

R Woman 401

Chapter 401: Can I ask you a favor? (3)

Chu Jin was sitting in the ninth-floor office, flipping through the project plans and recent advertising campaigns. She sat quietly at her desk, with her usual serene expression, as sunlight streamed through the window onto her, making her look peaceful and beautiful.

Qin Zhenglin was seated beside her, tapping away at his computer with a rapid-fire patter. He performed his work meticulously, seemingly unconcerned about Chu Jin finding any faults.

Chu Jin would occasionally whisper to him, pointing out some constructive suggestions, possessing the touch of adding finishing details that made everything complete.

How should one put it?

Although Chu Jin was only 18 years old, her image in his heart was towering. She didn't come to the company often, but occasionally, she would discuss these plans with him through video and voice calls.

During company's executive meetings, she sometimes participated through video-conferencing as well.

Apart from those employees in the cubicles who were unaware of her existence, all the other executives knew of this Miss Chu.

And no one treated her as just an eighteen-year-old girl.

She had conquered them with her capabilities.

"Jin, you truly are amazing," Qin Zhenglin said, admiringly looking at Chu Jin.

He indeed admired her greatly.

"You're also very impressive!" Chu Jin patted him on the shoulder. "In such a short time, you've developed theking far beyond my expectations!"

Unlike her, Qin Zhenglin had no past-life foundation. After all, in her previous life, she had dominated the business world for more than a decade. If she had no skills, how could she have supported two conglomerates? Qin Zhenglin had no prior experience and relied entirely on talent. He had really done very well!

With the current development of theking, going international was just a matter of time.

Qin Zhenglin scratched his head in embarrassment, "Jin, don't worry, I'll work even harder in the future."

Chu Jin nodded, "I believe in you." She then took a document folder out of her backpack and placed it on the table. "This is the contract signed with Advance Time Technology. Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, take the revised engine to their company."

At her words, shock filled Qin Zhenglin's eyes, "They signed the contract so quickly?"

Advance Time Technology was the hottest game company at the moment, unrivaled in China mainland.

Although he had been prepared for an eventual partnership between Advance Time and theking, actually having the contract signed still made Qin Zhenglin feel somewhat dazed, as if he was walking on air.

He had negotiated countless times with the person in charge of Advance Time, but he had never been able to finalize the contract. Now, in the time it took to have a sip of tea, Jin had easily secured the contract. That was the difference between people...

Compared to Qin Zhenglin's shock, Chu Jin calmly said, "The rest is up to you. I have to leave now, but contact me if you have any issues."

"I'll walk you out." Qin Zhenglin snapped out of his daze and hurried to follow her footsteps.

When Chu Jin arrived at Huagui Park, the night had already fallen quietly.

A white sedan, a common Volkswagen model, was parked in front of the villa. A frail-looking woman stood by the car door, dressed in a black dress that seemed ill-fitting. The wide hem hid her ankles and swayed in the night breeze, looking as if the wind could knock her over at any moment.

Her complexion was unusually pale, which, set against her dark clothing, created a stark contrast. A small white flower adorned her hair, appearing rather eerie against the night.

As Chu Jin looked at her, the woman was also looking at Chu Jin, seemingly trying to recognize something, "You... you are Master Chu?"

The woman's voice was soft, with a slight breathlessness to it.

Seeing that the woman might recognize her, Chu Jin stepped forward, smiling politely, "Yes, it's me. And you are?"

Upon hearing her, a glint of light flashed in the woman's dull eyes as she clutched Chu Jin's hand, "Master Chu, I'm Wen Ziyao. Do you remember me?"

Wen Ziyao.

The woman who kept two ghosts at the same time.

Because of a momentary foolishness, not only did she cause her best friend's reputation to be tarnished, but she also caused her to lie dead at the bottom of a lake, unable to find peace in death.

"Miss Wen, what brings you here so late at night?" Chu Jin had no particular fondness for Wen Ziyao, so her tone was somewhat cold.

Wen Ziyao looked at her and said, "Master Chu, I came to bid you farewell today. I've been dealing with some personal matters these days, which is why I haven't come to see you. I'm leaving for L Country soon and I might never return."

"I wish you a smooth journey," responded Chu Jin indifferently.

Wen Ziyao continued, "Master Chu, I've called off the wedding with my senior. I've told him all about what happened back then, and I've dissolved the companies under my name, donating the remaining funds to some disaster areas and the Hope Project."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "To recognize one's mistakes and correct them is the greatest virtue. I hope that on the road ahead, you continue to hold yourself to strict standards and find a new beginning, a fresh start."

"Thank you, Master Chu," Wen Ziyao slightly bowed to Chu Jin.

With an indifferent tone, Chu Jin said, "You're welcome. The person you should really thank is Lin Xiaoman. If she hadn't been so forgiving, I wouldn't have saved you."

Lin Xiaoman was a kind-hearted girl; despite facing many unfair treatments, she still chose to let go.

Wen Ziyao sniffled, her voice choked, "Master Chu, before I leave, may I ask you for a favor?"

Chapter 402: Worldly matters are like a chess game, full of bizarre twists and turns

Wen Ziyao seeks her help?

Looking at her like this, she indeed seems to genuinely regret her past actions.

Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, "Let's talk inside." With that, she turned and walked toward the villa's front gate.

Wen Ziyao followed her steps.

Today was Aunt Zhang's day off, so there was no one inside the villa. The door was equipped with facial recognition, and all the appliances were smart devices. As soon as the front door opened, the crystal chandelier in the living room lit up, the blinding white light prompting Wen Ziyao to subconsciously shield her eyes.

"Have a seat." As the host, Chu Jin poured her a glass of water.

Wen Ziyao took the glass, sipped it lightly, and said, "Thank you, Master Chu."

Under the bright light, Wen Ziyao's already pale complexion looked even more deathly white, almost blending in with the white flower on her head.

Haggard, frail.

Her face extremely grayish, her eyes filled with melancholy.

Not at all like the Wen family's prestigious young mistress.

"Master Chu," Wen Ziyao set down the glass. "I want to see Little Man again."

"You want to see her?" Chu Jin was slightly surprised.

"Yes," Wen Ziyao nodded, her eyes moistening, "Master Chu, please let me see her. I'm about to go abroad, and if I don't see her now, I might never get the chance."

"Master Chu, I beg you, there are some things I want to say to her in person." Wen Ziyao knelt before Chu Jin with a 'plop'.

Chu Jin sighed softly, reached out to help Wen Ziyao stand up, "Asking me won't do any good, I need to ask Lin Xiaoman's opinion on this."

Lin Xiaoman's soul had been damaged, and the remaining part was harbored within Chu Jin's Life Umbrella. By now, she should have mostly recovered and would be able to leave the Life Umbrella in a few more days.

And after all, Wen Ziyao owed Lin Xiaoman an apology. Even though she was now merely a wispy soul, Chu Jin didn't feel it was appropriate to make such a decision for her without her consent.

"Thank you, Master Chu."

"Wait here for a while; I'll be right back," said Chu Jin as she turned to go upstairs.

Wen Ziyao nodded, "Alright, thank you for the trouble, Master Chu."

In the upstairs room, Chu Jin took out the Life Umbrella from the Zilei space, opened it, and as the plum blossoms on the umbrella's surface bloomed, a streak of golden light flashed through the air. Gradually, a figure began to take shape.

She was dressed in a red gauzy dress that fluttered gracefully, her face as fair as a peach blossom, adorned with a plum blossom on her forehead, and a faint smile played upon her lips. Wisps of white mist rose from her feet, not resembling a soul at all. There was no trace of Ghost Qi, rather she appeared like a plum fairy stepping through snow in search of blossoms.

"You are... Lin Xiaoman?" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow.

Lin Xiaoman spoke softly, "Yes, it's me, Master Chu. Do you need me for something?"

"Wen Ziyao wants to see you; she's downstairs," Chu Jin said succinctly.

Lin Xiaoman's smile froze, her eyes reddening slightly.

Chu Jin continued, "If you don't want to see her, I'll go down and decline for you."

Lin Xiaoman didn't say anything, her thoughts drifting off.

After a while, just when Chu Jin thought Lin Xiaoman would refuse, she spoke, "Let her come up."

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded.

Downstairs, upon learning that Lin Xiaoman was willing to meet her, Wen Ziyao was extremely joyful.

Chu Jin didn't intrude on their conversation but instead went into the next room, turned on the computer, and started revising her writing while responding to book reviews.

In fact, this book was already a refined edition and didn't need much alteration, but having lived through her experiences again, her mood and insights had changed, prompting her to make some minor edits.

The book was now nearing its end.

Some readers' comments expressed their reluctance to let it go.

[I really want to see the author herself. The book is about to end, and I really can't bear it. As the book says: We are all on our own journeys. I look forward to meeting you, where an ending is also a new beginning.]

[I heard that Sister Guiren's book is going to be published? Congratulations! Will there be a readers' meet-and-greet at the bookstore?]

[With a stroke of the pen, she writes of vast rivers and mountains, of meetings and partings, and the myriad forms of life. Not striving for flamboyance but enjoying the beauty of simplicity, a tranquil existence. — To "The Return of the Past."]

[Writing of the mortal world with Zen, and preaching life with Buddhist philosophy.]

[During the days when I was blind, it was my sister who read Sister Guiren's book to me every night, helping me get through those tough times. As I listened, my heart became calm, just like that line in the book: Life is like a chess game filled with marvels and oddities, and amidst the confusion, a day will come when everything becomes clear.]

[As the mountains are high and rivers long, meeting is no trouble. I admire your literary grace, your multifaceted elegance.]

[My favorite line is: Life is like a cup of midnight coffee, so clear are fatigue, weariness, exhaustion, and sleepiness until it's finished, and then you're left awake, unable to sleep.]

[Simple tea and plain rice are all one needs for life. I envy your free and easy nature, but dwelling on it reveals a hint of sadness. It's indescribable and indefinable. Sister, may you be well all your life.]

Chu Jin is here responding to these readers' comments.

Meanwhile, Lu Yan had also found some manuscripts left by Qin Jie at the Shen family villa over the past few days.

"Ling Tian, come here quick!" Seeing the manuscript saved on the notebook, Lu Yan was beaming with excitement.

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Lu Yan had been living in the Shen family villa for quite some time. Only today did she find this magnificent creation.

She originally thought that such an important thing as Qin Jie's manuscript would be left behind in hard copy, but unexpectedly, Qin Jie had saved everything in computer documents.

With this great work, her path to fame was indeed not far away.

She no longer wished to be labeled a "vase."

"What's wrong?" Shen Lingtian, wearing a bathrobe, walked out of the bathroom while drying his hair and sat down beside Lu Yan, wrapping his arm around her waist and pulling her into his embrace.

"Look, isn't this that bitch's piece of work?" Lu Yan scrolled the mouse, flipping through a couple of pages of the document.

"Yes, this is it. She mentioned it to me before, over four hundred thousand words and all meticulously edited. Baby," Shen Lingtian lowered his head and nibbled on Lu Yan's earlobe, his voice husky, "how are you planning to thank me now?"

Lu Yan turned her head with seductive eyes and looked at Shen Lingtian, "How do you want me to thank you?"

Recently, Shen Lingtian was full of energy. Over the past few days, they had left their marks in various places.

Office, hotel, villa...

Whether Shen Clan's stocks dropped by 3 percentage points, or an unknown small company snatched a cooperation deal, he didn't care at all. The moment he closed his eyes, all he could think about was Lu Yan's alluring body.

Shen Lingtian's hand, adorned with Buddha beads, carefully caressed every inch of Lu Yan's skin, his eyes ablaze with passion, quickly filling the air with a decaying scent.

Huagui Park.

Chu Jin replied to a book review, then headed downstairs.

At the same time, Wen Ziyao emerged from the next room. She had clearly been crying, her eyes were red, but the color of defeat on her face had vanished, and her aura had changed. The gloomy air that had previously shrouded her also disappeared, as if she had been reborn.

Before leaving, she handed Chu Jin a check, "Master Chu, please be sure to accept this."

"Mrs. Wen, you have already transferred the fee to my card," Chu Jin returned the check to Wen Ziyao, "I cannot accept this anymore. May you be safe, happy, and true to your original aspirations for the rest of your life."

"Master Chu, thank you." Standing outside in the night in her black clothes, Wen Ziyao's pale face revealed a smile, "Goodbye."

Chu Jin saw her out, "Goodbye." The scattered light refracted through the window onto her face, obscuring her exquisitely chiseled features, revealing only a perfect silhouette like an ink painting, attracting countless gazes. She exuded a serene and ethereal charm, her presence unworldly and peaceful, and one that commanded respect.

Wen Ziyao stared at her dumbfounded for a long while before getting into her car and driving away, leaving a trail of dust.

Chu Jin also turned and went back inside. With Aunt Zhang absent, she had to cook for herself. She boiled plain water, added noodles, cracked an egg into it, and then sprinkled it with chopped green onions and coriander; a dish of fragrant plain noodles was ready.

Seeing her eat with satisfaction, Zi swallowed a mouthful of saliva, "Brother Jin, is it good?"

"Want some?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Yes!" Zi hastened to nod her head.

As the two were talking, Lin Xiaoman floated down from upstairs. However, Chu Jin was conversing with Zi through consciousness, so to outsiders, she was merely sitting there, quietly eating her noodles with

grace that did not include the "slurp" sounds that common people make when eating noodles. Every gesture was a beautiful sight to behold.

It was apparent that she had received a good upbringing from a young age, likely a child who came from a prestigious family.

"Master Chu, I've got a favor to ask of you," Lin Xiaoman floated to the opposite side and slowly spoke, her voice somewhat ethereal, as if insubstantial.

Chu Jin pulled out a piece of tissue to wipe her mouth, "What is it, you tell me."

"In three hours, I need to report to the underworld. I want to see my parents one last time before I leave. Can you help me?" As someone who had taken her own life, she hadn't seen her parents for one last time before dying and hadn't been home during the hazy time before her suicide. Being an only daughter, thinking back, she felt she had let down the parents who brought her into this world. She wondered how they were doing now, after so many years, and whether they had moved on from the pain of losing their daughter?

Only seeing her parents doing well could she depart with peace of mind.

Chu Jin slightly lifted her eyes, "Follow me." Then she got up and walked upstairs.

Lin Xiaoman followed.

In the room on the second floor, Chu Jin first prepared a basin of clear water on the table, then arranged items like the incense burner, glutinous rice, candles, and such. She then spread a piece of yellow paper on the table, took up a writing brush, dipped it in cinnabar, and looked up at Lin Xiaoman, "What are the birthdates and horoscopes of your honorable parents?"

Lin Xiaoman, a filial daughter, quickly recited her parents' birth details.

After drawing the talisman, Chu Jin lit three sticks of incense and inserted them into the burner, then scattered some glutinous rice on the table.

Having done all that, Chu Jin tossed the drawn talisman paper into the basin of water. As soon as the talisman touched the water, it burst into flames and turned to ash, sinking to the bottom.

Suddenly, an unbelievable scene appeared on the water's surface.

Lin Xiaoman's eyes widened in shock as she covered her mouth tightly, "Dad, Mom..."

She saw an image of a middle-aged couple walking out of a hospital, embracing each other. Both had greying temples, and the years had left plenty of marks on them. Four years had passed and the couple no longer bore the traces of losing a daughter.

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And from his wife's swollen figure, it could be seen that inside her belly, a new little life was being nurtured.

The arrival of the child saved this gray, childless family.

The scene shifted, instantly transitioning to another.

Within the graveyard, the couple was holding their 5-month-old son, visiting the grave of their departed daughter.

"Little Man, this is your little brother. Your dad and I brought him to see you. Your brother, he looks just like you did when you were little, just as smart and cute. Sometimes I think, maybe our Little Man has come back to us..."

The Lin Xiaoman on this side had already broken down into tears.

Meanwhile, Mother Lin's voice was also hoarse and rough.

The sun peeked out from behind the clouds, casting a layer of golden light over the earth.

Where there is sunlight, there is hope.

The couple held the child, slowly walking out of the graveyard, and the scene upon the water likewise faded away.

For Lin Xiaoman, this was already the perfect ending. She watched her parents' retreating figures with a trace of relieved smile on her face. With her final wish fulfilled, her body's color grew lighter and lighter, until at last, she transformed into a plum blossom imprinted on the oil-paper umbrella.

That plum blossom was vivid, charming, and more eye-catching than any other on the umbrella's surface.

At the same time, the air was filled with a faint fragrance of plum blossoms, lingering around the nostrils, very pleasant to the sense.

"Master Chu, thank you." A clear female voice resounded in every corner of the room.

[Ding! Faith Value increased by 5%.] Simultaneously, the sound from the system echoed inside her mind.

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Another week went by in a blink, and these past days, Chu Jin had been cooped up at home preparing for publishing matters. The book's title remained unchanged, "Blooms like Brocade." The publisher was very efficient, quickly sending over a sample copy.

The light blue cover was adorned with scattered leaves, with the four bold characters "Blooms like Brocade" written in a flowing and flamboyant script, grand yet concise.

Chu Jin took out her phone to snap a photo and sent it to the editor, "I really like it, thank you."

The editor replied instantly, "I'm glad you like it, I'll confirm with the publisher then."

"Thank you for the trouble," Chu Jin replied with those four words and then turned off her phone. She got up, looked out the window, a gentle curve appeared at the corner of her mouth, her dimples shallow, her eyes reflecting the soft daylight, eyelashes quivering lightly, her beauty picturesque.

The storm was finally about to arrive...

After spending a few days with Lu Yan, Shen Lingtian finally noticed something off about the Shen Clan.

In the conference room, he stood at the head of the table, fuming with rage, his face grim as he slammed the documents in his hands onto the table, "What's going on? Wasn't Wang Group supposed to collaborate with us? How could a small company snatch the deal away? You useless bunch!"

Everyone seated below lowered their heads, not daring to speak a word.

After a long silence, a senior executive wiped the sweat from his brow and began to speak, "President Shen, you may not be aware, but although the king is a newcomer to the industry, their software releases are unprecedented on the market..."

His sentence was cut short as Shen Lingtian interrupted hastily, "Our Shen Clan is a century-old conglomerate. Are we really inferior to some unknown small company? All of you here are the elite of Shen Clan, yet you can't outdo a bunch of fresh graduates?"

As far as he knew, most of the king's staff were recent graduates, including an A-grade programmer with only a high school diploma.

If he were to lose to another company, Shen Lingtian could accept it graciously, but to lose to an unknown small firm was unacceptable. If word got out, how would he continue to stand in the business world of Capital City?

The atmosphere in the conference room became oppressive, with the crowd hardly daring to breathe aloud.

It seemed like ever since Qin Jie's incident, the Shen Clan had gone from bad to worse. Even Shen Lingtian had changed. They really missed the days when they fought alongside Qin Jie.

Just then, a young man stood up, a spark of intelligence in his eyes, and he spoke calmly.

"President Shen, please calm down. With our Shen Clan's position in Capital City, it would be very easy to bring down a company that hasn't risen yet. Since they managed to secure the deal with Wang Group, they must truly have some capability. Why don't we offer a high salary to hire the king's executives and programmers to join our Shen Clan?"

As the saying goes, people climb higher, and water flows lower; compared to Shen Clan, any sensible person would choose the Shen Clan.

After all, Shen Clan had the halo of a century-old conglomerate and had been rooted in Capital City for a long time.

Upon hearing this, Shen Lingtian's expression softened somewhat, "Alright, do as you say. I entrust this matter entirely to you."

The Shen Clan was indeed planning to expand and certainly needed fresh blood.

If they could poach some of the talents from the king, it would be ideal.

On the other side, Lu Yan was negotiating with the publisher about "The World and You."

After all, it was written by Qin Jie. As soon as she brought out the manuscript, multiple publishing houses took interest. Recently, her phone had been bombarded with calls; those publishers were racing to sign a contract with her, some even proposing an eight-digit sum to buy out the whole book.

But she had declined them. She knew the benefits this book could bring her were far more than just that.

Lu Yan held a glass of red wine, looked up at the memorial portrait hanging on the wall, and said with a smile, "Qin Jie, oh Qin Jie, what's the use of all your talent? In the end, you still lost to me, didn't you?"

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The people from Shen Group were highly efficient in their work.

Almost as soon as the meeting adjourned, the company's vice president swaggered into the king's interior with two assistants in tow.

The king was well-located in the upscale office building of a commercial plaza in Capital City. Unfortunately, the entire group only occupied a mere nine floors, which seemed somewhat shabby compared to the 29-story skyscraper of the Shen Clan.

Therefore, the vice president and the two assistants behind him entered the king's doors with their heads held high and chests out.

Seeing that the visitors were from the Shen Group, the front desk customer service naturally did not dare to neglect them and directly led the group to Qin Zhenglin's office.

Inside the office, Qin Zhenglin was buried in paperwork at his desk.

These days, Chu Jin had given him a new software. If developed successfully, it would undoubtedly cause a sensation. Recently, all the employees had been working overtime with the aim of quickly presenting this software to the public.

Knock, knock, knock— the sound of knocking came.

"Come in," Qin Zhenglin's voice had barely dropped when the door was pushed open, and Shen's vice president walked in with a smile, cupping his fist in greeting, "President Qin, it is an honor to finally meet you."

Qin Zhenglin raised his head from a pile of documents, "And you are?"

The vice president coughed lightly and took out a gold-plated business card from his pocket, "My surname is Zhang; I'm the vice president of Shen Group."

Qin Zhenglin accepted the business card, briefly glancing at it—Zhang Lingyi, position: Deputy General Manager.

The vice president looked around the office with a hint of disdain in his eyes before speaking up, "President Qin, is this your office?"

The decor in the office was very basic, and even the computer was an extremely common brand. In their line of work, where the computer was their bread and butter, everything else could be compromised, but not the computer!

He had thought theking was a significant player, but it turned out to be just a run-down setup.

Poaching talent from such a company was just too easy.

Qin Zhenglin, maintaining his composure, nodded, "Please take a seat, Vice President Zhang."

Between peers, there was competition as well as cooperation.

Moreover, since it was the Shen Clan, a weighty name in Capital City, even if Qin Zhenglin saw the disdain in the visitor's eyes, he responded with as much politeness as possible.

Theking was in a period of growth; offending Shen Group would do them no good.

The vice president continued, "President Qin, it really is beneath someone of your talents to confine yourself to a small company like theking. Have you ever considered seeking opportunities elsewhere?"

Qin Zhenglin discerned the underlying message in the vice president's words, "For me, theking is like a home. Where in the world would a child leave their own home?"

"President Qin, I'll be frank with you," the vice president got straight to the point, "Our President Shen is very appreciative of your talents and personally invites you to join us at Shen Group. Should you accept, we're prepared to offer a salary twenty times higher than what you're earning here. Moreover, we'll provide you with a larger and more luxurious office, and you'll have a chauffeur for commuting..."

As the saying goes, to catch the thief, first catch the king. Qin Zhenglin was theking's general manager; if they could secure him, the rest would naturally follow.

With a smug look, the vice president spoke, confident that no one could resist such generous terms from Shen Group.

Leave theking? Impossible!

Anyone might have the potential to betray Chu Jin, but Qin Zhenglin definitely would not!

If not for Chu Jin back in the day, he wouldn't be where he was today!

Even if the Shen Clan offered him a mountain of gold, he wouldn't leave theking, nor would he betray Chu Jin!

Qin Zhenglin declined outright, "Thank you for President Shen's generous offer, but as I said, I will not leave my home, regardless."

The vice president had not expected Qin Zhenglin to refuse him outright. He laughed, though there was a displeased tone in his voice, "President Qin, you must be aware of Shen Group's standing in Capital City. Do you believe that at just a word from President Shen, we could bankrupt your little company in minutes?"

His words carried an unmistakable threat. Any other person might have succumbed, given the Shen Group's formidable clout in Capital City.

To crush a small, especially growing, company was a trivial matter for them.

Unfortunately, they were dealing with Qin Zhenglin.

Qin Zhenglin trusted himself, but he trusted Chu Jin even more!

"I shall wait and see!" Qin Zhenglin looked at the vice president, each word deliberate, his gaze sharp as a hook.

Having spent these days shadowing Chu Jin, if there was nothing else he learnt, it was her ruthless determination.

At that remark, the vice president's smile immediately faded away. He had not foreseen Qin Zhenglin being so obstinate, unyielding in both soft and hard tactics. Since it was so, he couldn't blame him for not being courteous anymore!

The vice president stood up from the chair, fuming, "Well, then, just you wait!" Turning to the assistant behind him, he commanded, "Let's go!"

The three of them left the office with their noses in the air.

Having their noses put out of joint at the king, the vice president naturally was not content. Upon returning, he complained to Shen Lingtian.

Shen Lingtian's face darkened too; he hadn't expected someone would actually turn down the offer to join Shen Group!

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The Shen Clan had been deeply rooted in Capital City for many years, and with the previous management by Qin Jie, their connections in Capital City could be said to be extensive. Plus, with the reputation of being a dedicated lover, there were still many people in Capital City who supported him!

Therefore, bringing down a small company at the moment was really just a matter of making a few remarks.

"Prepare a detailed profile of theking for me immediately!"

Shen Lingtian was no fool, and considering that Capital City was a place teeming with hidden dragons and crouching tigers, one must know both the enemy and oneself to be victorious in every battle. He wouldn't act rashly until he was clear about who was behind theking.

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At the crossroads.

Chu Jin arrived here early in the morning and sat in front of a simple stall, waiting for the first customer to come.

The crossroads were bustling with people, most of whom cast curious glances at Chu Jin, but very few actually stopped to have their fortunes told.

Because Chu Jin hadn't been to this place for a long time, the fame of Master Chu was slowly declining. Aside from the regular clients, almost nobody wanted to believe that a young girl could predict the future.

In the "Purple Thunder Space," Zi sighed fittingly, "Chu, oh Chu, I didn't expect you to have fallen to such an unnoticed state! How about it, do you super regret your past decision? I've got some Regret Medicine for sale here, buy one get one free."

The decision Zi was referring to was the last Weibo incident.

Previously, "Chu the Beauty" had been a sensation across the entire internet, and nearly everyone in Capital City knew about her. She had looks and intelligence, and just when "Chu the Beauty" was at the height of her popularity, Chu Jin spent 5% of her Faith Value to buy a "Card of Silence and Tracelessness"

in the marketplace, erasing Chu the Beauty's influence and buzz on Weibo, as well as the memories about her.

That was the real reason why some people, upon seeing Chu Jin, felt she was familiar but couldn't remember where they had seen her.

If she hadn't bought the "Card of Silence and Tracelessness," those people would certainly be lining up to have Chu the Beauty divine their fortunes.

That's why Zi asked her if she regretted her decision.

After all, some people might never get such a chance to rise to fame in their entire lives.

"Thanks, but no need. Gold always shines," Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrow.

"You women all like to say one thing and mean another," Zi cracked sunflower seeds and said, "Don't worry, Chu! Who are we kidding, I won't laugh at you..."

Chu Jin fiddled with the Tarot cards in her hand, "Heh, do you think I'm just an ordinary woman, Zi?"

Zi: "... " Heh, that joke's so cold.

Chu Jin's smile faded, and she spoke earnestly, "Keep an eye out for the Shen Clan's movements these next few days, and remember to let me know if there's anything unusual."

Knowing Chu Jin's plan, Zi patted her chest, "Don't worry, leave it to me."

Zi then asked, "Chu, once you've had your revenge for the past life, can we start on that long-term mission?"

"Yes," Chu Jin replied succinctly.

Upon hearing this, Zi immediately became spirited, "That's great, Chu! I will keep a constant watch on that Shen scum!"

After all, a long-term mission equaled leveling up.

The sun gradually rose from the east, and the temperature was slowly climbing. The intense heat of the sun soon covered the earth.

Fortunately, the crossroads were lined with many tall trees whose shade provided some relief, and Chu Jin didn't feel too hot.

A summer breeze blew, bringing waves of heat, and Chu Jin was engrossed in chatting with the editor.

"Do you really know how to tell fortunes?"

Chu Jin looked up to see a slim woman with long hair down to her waist standing before her. She was dressed in a lake-blue silk dress, with delicate eyebrows and white teeth, and didn't seem to be a local from Capital City but rather like a gentle woman who stepped out of the water towns of Jiangnan, with an excellent demeanor that brought a comfortable feeling.

"Please have a seat," Chu Jin put her phone on the table, "What would you like to know?"

The woman leaned forward to sit down, taking off an emerald ring from her finger. Under the sunlight, the ring flashed a green light, clearly a top-quality imperial green, very precious. Yet the woman seemed indifferent to its value, casually placing it on the table, with no trace of heartache in her eyes. Her fingers were long and fair, coated with light blue nail polish, hands that bespoke a pampered life.

Her features were stunning, and she sat with exceptional grace and elegance that was pleasing to the eye, naturally exuding an air of nobility that revealed her high birth and upbringing.

"I... I might be sick..." The woman's voice sounded somewhat downhearted as she brushed a lock of hair behind her ear, revealing a faint, inexplicable smile.

As Chu Jin shuffled the cards, she asked, "Have you been to a hospital?"

The woman didn't seem to have any illness judging by her appearance; there wasn't the slightest hint of sickness about her. Instead, there was a slight gloominess between her brows.

The woman shook her head, her voice even, her expression tinged with sorrow, "I have a very serious disease, incurable."

Chu Jin looked up at her, "In this world, there is a counterbalance for everything, no bridge that cannot be crossed, and no river that cannot be forded. Your mindset is most important. I observe that your face has well-defined features, and you're blessed by your ancestors' protection. As long as you uphold your initial intentions, you are someone blessed with great fortune and shouldn't be so pessimistic."

Chapter 407:

Hearing this, a bitter smile appeared on the woman's lips. "Good fortune? Master, are you joking?" Where would someone like her find any good fortune to speak of?

"Madam, don't be skeptical," Chu Jin raised her eyebrows, "I'm quite psychic. An ancestor of yours once performed a great deed. This blessing has been protecting your entire clan, which is why your family has thrived over the years, producing talented individuals and achieving prominent status. However—"

At this point, Chu Jin paused, then continued, "Judging from your facial features, you've been carrying Peach Blossom Bad Luck for the past ten years; it's not advisable for you to marry."

Peach Blossom Bad Luck.

A term in Feng Shui, also known as Peach Blossom Sha, which means having ill-fated romantic encounters. No matter with whom you end up, it won't end well, inevitably leading to a parting of ways.

It's also a kind of "Ghost-covered Eyes," failing to see who truly cares for you and, instead, believing the sweet nothings of deceitful people.

Upon hearing this, a flash of shock crossed the woman's eyes.

Originally, she had sat down just to give it a try, but she hadn't expected this young girl to really have some ability. With just a glance, she knew so much, "Master, is there hope for my illness?"

"Don't worry just yet, draw three cards first." As she spoke, Chu Jin had already arranged the Time Flow Card Formation.

Time Flow Card Formation.

The woman nodded, then closed her eyes and drew a card.

Upright: Two of Swords.

On the card, a woman in a light grey robe sat on a stone bench, her back to the turbulent sea full of reefs. She was blindfolded, with crossed swords in front of her chest, and a crescent moon hanging in the sky behind her.

The water behind the woman symbolizes emotions. She is not only turned away from her emotions but also blindfolded, signifying complete avoidance and confusion.

The two swords in front of her chest represent two opposing forces, in a longstanding standoff, yet motionless.

Chu Jin looked at the card, her tone indifferent, "The sickness in your heart is a knot within. It has become a malady. You are suffering from an emotional illness, right? You've locked your heart away and blinded yourself, choosing to escape reality. But whatever was meant to happen has already occurred. Instead of deluding yourself, it's better to face it openly and bear your responsibilities. Life's journey isn't always smooth sailing; sometimes, it's just better to let things go."

The woman maintained her composure and turned over the second card.

Reversed: The Fool.

On the card, The Fool wears a colorful garment, striding forward with his head held high, oblivious to the cliff ahead. A small dog at his feet barks frantically, as if warning him to stop before the cliff edge or perhaps joining in his playfulness. The Fool keeps a cheerful demeanor, looking towards a distant horizon, ignoring the cliff under his feet.

Just as Waite said, The Fool is a soul in search of experience.

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows and said directly, "When the moon is full, it wanes; when the water is full, it overflows. Excessive pride leads to arrogance. You need a mirror that allows you to see yourself."

In the end, the woman's current situation was all her own doing.

Everything has its cause and effect.

Without any sign of anger at Chu Jin's words, the woman calmly drew the third card.

Upright: Ace of Cups.

On the card, a hand extended from the clouds holding a Holy Grail, with water spilling over and flowing into a nearby pond. This symbolizes that the source of emotional satisfaction comes from the soul and that the more you align with your soul, the more love and abundant emotions you can enjoy.

The Ace of Cups also signifies a new beginning, with the appearance of an ace suggesting the presence of opportunities for joy, love, and happiness in life.

"The shadows of the past ten years have passed. As long as you treasure the people around you, your fortune will change for the better. However, your recent elemental balance—" before Chu Jin could finish,

The woman interrupted her hastily, "Thank you, Master, for your guidance. I think I know what to do now. I didn't bring any money with me today, so please take this ring as payment." With that, she left with a happy expression, quickly running off.

"Wait!" Chu Jin grabbed the ring and stood up from her chair, ready to return the ring to the woman, but the woman moved very fast. In a few steps, she entered a white car and sped away.

"This person is really..." Chu Jin touched her forehead helplessly, her words not yet finished. Furthermore, she couldn't just accept such a valuable ring without any reason.

Although the woman was destined for future blessings, her recent elemental balance was afflicted; it was not advisable for her to travel north. Capital City was not a place for her to stay long, as it would bring her a second heartbreak.

Looking at the ring in her hand, Chu Jin frowned slightly.

It was just then that Zi from Purple Thunder Space spoke, "Jin, someone is trying to look into your background, but I've intercepted them. Also, I've discovered that Shen Clan is trying to poach our staff. Do you want to notify Little Yellow, to keep an eye out for potential internal threats?"

"No need to inform him," said Chu Jin indifferently. "Is it possible to find out who's investigating me?"

Zi replied in surprise, "Not inform Little Yellow? Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Aren't you afraid of corporate spies leaking your company's secrets? Haven't you been developing an amazing piece of software lately?"

If there was a mole at such a time, the consequences could be very serious.

Has Jin gone crazy?

Chu Jin's lips curled up slightly, but she did not directly answer Zi's question. Instead, she said, "First, help me check who's investigating me."

Zi flipped through the tablet and said, "Actually, the other party mainly wants to uncover the person behind theking. Oh... it's also Shen Clan."

Chapter 408:

Zi continued, "Chu Jin, Shen Lingtian is investigating the mysterious big boss behind theking, but luckily, I've encrypted all your information. He can't find anything."

Hearing this, Chu Jin narrowed his eyes slightly, their depths clear and glassy, with ripples of thought stirring inexplicably.

The Shen Clan is investigating the person behind theking, with a very clear intent.

They simply want to know if theking is really just a new industry.

Shen Lingtian is always cunning and never digs his own grave. He is careful and prudent, never giving himself any reason to.

Only after confirming that theking has no backing or background in Capital City will he truly make a move.

But under the current circumstances, Chu Jin naturally wouldn't let him find her, so she said to Zi, "Prepare a fake set of documents for him. Don't let him trace me."

Between her and Shen Lingtian, there's still a big show to play out.

Now's not the time to expose other identities.

Zi nodded, "Sure, leave it to me." He was a cyber expert, with the universe's strongest brain, so creating a fake document was a small matter for him.

"But Chu Jin, are you really not going to tell Little Yellow that one of the king's programmers has been bought by the Shen Clan?" Zi's expression was somewhat worried.

Thinking about that programmer betraying the king, Zi broke out in a cold sweat, while Chu Jin looked untroubled.

As if everything was under her control.

Zi was genuinely curious about what kind of game she was playing.

Having been by Chu Jin's side for such a long time, he felt more and more that she was inscrutable, impossible to fathom.

Although occasionally he could guess her thoughts.

But when she concealed her presence, not even the system could see through to her heart's true world.

And she could even play the Konghou.

Zi looked toward the ancient Konghou in the corner of the room, a deep expression emerging in his eyes.

It belonged to an ancient empress.

Could it be—

Zi seemed to have thought of something, squinted his eyes, then immediately dismissed his own thought, reverting to his usual nonchalant demeanor.

He casually cracked open sunflower seeds.

How to alleviate worries?

Only with sunflower seeds.

On the other hand, Shen Lingtian, upon reviewing theking's documents, displayed a look of disdain.

Getting rid of such a small company was really too easy.

theking was recently developing a high-tech product. If investors were to pull out funds at this time, it could bring immeasurable harm to them, maybe even bankruptcy.

So, the Shen Clan kept suppressing theking while studying their high-tech product based on the information provided by the traitor within.

Sitting back and awaiting both fame and fortune.

Even if acquiring theking failed, releasing the high-tech product first would suffice.

After all, with software, whoever launches first is the winner.

Qin Zhenglin was also under tremendous pressure, constantly receiving calls from investors about pulling out. If this continued, theking would truly die before achieving success.

In the midst of his worries, he received a call from Chu Jin. Her voice was faint and light, passing through the cold mobile phone from the other end, as if imbued with a kind of magic that could stabilize the heart.

"Don't worry about the investors pulling out. Anything that can be solved with money is not a problem. Just do the preliminary promotional work well. Everything will proceed according to the original plan. You guys have worked hard during this time."

Qin Zhenglin instinctively stood up straight, "It's not hard at all. This is what we should be doing. I'm sorry, Chu Jin, for letting you down. I couldn't keep those investors." As he said this, Qin Zhenglin's eyes gradually dimmed.

Chu Jin had placed so much trust in him, yet he was letting her down.

He felt like he had failed Chu Jin!

"Someone is deliberately targeting our theking. After all, even a mighty dragon can't suppress the local snakes," she said and then chuckled lightly, "However, I will make them know that being born a dragon, even if one's fangs are broken, scales torn, eyes blinded, claws cut off, fallen into the shallows, a dragon is still a dragon!"

Each word was compelling.

Every syllable carried a chill that struck deep into the soul.

Even after hanging up the phone, Qin Zhenglin hadn't recovered. If he had to describe that sentence in two words, it would be—

Dominating!

It gave a feeling of blood rushing with excitement.

That's so Chu Jin!

After the call, the pressure that had been weighing on Qin Zhenglin vanished completely.

At the same time, the company's account received an additional billion in funds.

That was the assurance from Chu Jin!

Since Chu Jin trusted him so much, he couldn't afford to perform poorly!

A determined look appeared on Qin Zhenglin's face.

Chu Jin was right, even if blinded and maimed, falling into the shallows, a dragon is still a dragon!

Huagui Park.

Chu Jin stood in front of a window. After hanging up the phone, a faint smile formed on her lips.

Her plan had already successfully reached the halfway mark.

Everything was ready.

Now, all that was missing was an east wind.

She hoped Shen Lingtian wouldn't disappoint her.

"Chu Jin, Chu Jin." A childlike voice rang through the air.

Chu Jin collected her thoughts and looked back to see a little girl riding a puffy toy bouncing into the room from the doorway.

Chapter 409:

The little white cat saw the little Lolita come in and excitedly meowed, jumping directly into her arms and acting coquettishly, rolling around...

"Peng brother, why are you here? Don't you have classes today?" Chu Jin walked over, smiling and pinching her cheek.

With her big, adorable eyes, the little Lolita stared at Chu Jin and batted her eyelashes, "The teacher said today is, is is... what was it... is, let me think," the little Lolita scratched her head, appearing deep in thought, then suddenly lit up, "I remember now, today is Daddy's Day! So the teacher let all the kids go home early to wish their daddies a happy birthday, oh no, I mean, happy Daddy's Day."

After saying that, the little Lolita slid off the bread and approached Chu Jin with an air of mystery, "Jin brother, I even prepared a handmade gift for Daddy."

"What gift?" Chu Jin bent down to look her in the eye, wide-eyed at the small eyes.

The little Lolita instantly hugged his neck, leaving a trail of water stains on his cheek like jade, and spoke with a grown-up tone, "Jin Brother, your little face is so fragrant."

Chu Jin couldn't help but chuckle and also leaned forward to kiss her cheek very sportingly, saying, "Peng brother's little face is even more fragrant."

"Hmm," the little Lolita nodded, reaching out to touch Chu Jin's head, "Jin brother is so well-behaved."

The corners of Chu Jin's mouth twitched, "... "These kids nowadays can really reach for the stars.

The little Lolita pinched Chu Jin's cheek, reminding him, "Jin brother, our class is having a parent-teacher meeting the day after tomorrow, don't forget."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Don't worry, I definitely won't forget."

The little Lolita reached out to hug Chu Jin, rubbing her head against his chest, "Jin brother, you're really great."

Although she was little, she could tell who truly cared for her and who was just pretending. Those aunties outside who approached and pleased her all wanted to marry her daddy, but Jin brother was different.

If only Jin brother were her mommy.

The little Lolita sighed silently in her heart.

Daddy had said that perseverance pays off, and as long as she persevered, she could definitely succeed in bringing Jin brother home!

She refused to believe that her beautiful daddy could lose to an ugly old grandpa.

If her like-flower daddy were to lose to an old grandpa, where would she put her face?

"Jin brother, do you want to see the love-filled gift I prepared for Daddy?" The little Lolita blinked, her bright eyes filled with anticipation.

Chu Jin nodded, cooperating, "Yes, let Jin brother have a look."

The little Lolita crossed her arms and looked at Chu Jin, "You have to close your eyes first, and I'll count to ten before you can open them."

"You little rascal." Chu Jin lightly flicked the little Lolita's cute and straight nose, then closed her eyes, her long lashes quivering, casting a faint shadow.

"No peeking," the little Lolita waved her hand in front of Chu Jin's eyes.

Chu Jin smiled helplessly, "I promise not to peek."

Once she was sure Chu Jin wasn't peeking, the little Lolita turned around and went to the bread, counting while she opened her backpack and took something out.

"... 9, 10, Jin brother can open your eyes now! Ta-da! Look, this is the gift I prepared for Daddy!"

The little Lolita presented the gift to Chu Jin with both hands, waiting expectantly to be praised.

Even though it was just an ordinary piece of paper, Chu Jin still enthusiastically said, "Wow, what a delicate card, Peng brother is awesome."

After all, this was the first time the little Lolita had made a gift for her daddy by herself, so it was the thought that counted!

But the little Lolita was not satisfied and hummed, "Jin brother is really silly! It's not a card at all."

Chu Jin's lips curved with a smile, "Not a card? Is it a piece of paper?"

"Sigh," the little Lolita shook her head helplessly, "Jin brother is so silly, watch closely, I'll show you a magic trick." With that, the little Lolita pinched the corners of the paper; in an instant, the flat piece transformed into a small square frame.

"Jin brother, this is the handmade hat I made for Daddy, do you think it looks nice?" As she spoke, the little Lolita put the paper frame on her head, tilted her adorable little head up, and looked at Chu Jin full of anticipation.

Chu Jin's mouth twitched as he saw the "hat" on the little Lolita's head and cautiously suggested, "I think it might look better if it were a different color."

The little Lolita blinked her innocent big eyes, "Why should it be a different color?"

Chu Jin slightly raised his eyebrows, holding back a laugh, "Because it's green..."

Zi, already doubled over with laughter in the Zi Thunder Space, "Hahaha, this kid, actually wanting to put a green hat on her dad..."

The daughter's skill at causing mischief was undoubtedly innate.

"I think green suits my beautiful Daddy's temperament! The teacher said that green represents peace, green is hope, green is the expectation of the sun rising in the east! Daddy is like the sun shining on me, why would Jin brother say that green is not good?" The little Lolita touched her chin with a puzzled face, then had an epiphany looking at Chu Jin, squinting her eyes with a meaningful tone, "Oh, I know why now..."

Chu Jin reached out to remove the "green hat" from her head, "Now that you know, it's not too late. Go change the color quickly, or be careful your daddy might scold you."

Chapter 410:

The little Lolita squinted her eyes at Chu Jin, and said with a sinister smile, "Jin bro, you're jealous of daddy!"

"Hm?" Chu Jin raised his eyebrows, suddenly unable to keep pace with the little girl's train of thought, "I'm jealous of him?" Jealous of his green hat? Ha ha...

"Exactly! You are jealous of daddy's green hat!" the little Lolita patted Chu Jin's shoulder, "Jin bro, don't be jealous of daddy. When Mother's Day comes, I'll also make a green hat for you, oh no! Better a red hat, since green leaves go with red flowers, it'll just match perfectly with daddy's green hat."

Chu Jin: "..."

The little Lolita continued, "Jin bro, let me tell you, my daddy is really handsome, with that green hat he's surely going to look even more handsome. Jin bro, by that time, you'll definitely fall in love with my daddy, be utterly enchanted, and won't marry anyone but him!"

After all, there are so many aunties out there who are completely captivated by daddy.

"Jin bro, don't be sad. When Mother's Day comes, I will definitely not forget about you. I won't talk more now, I've got to go home to give daddy his green hat," the little Lolita huffed and puffed as she climbed onto the back of the Bread, and wearing the "green hat" on her head, she waved her paw at Chu Jin, "Goodbye Jin bro, I'll come here to find you the day after tomorrow in the morning."

"Wait a second," Chu Jin casually picked up a white scarf from the dressing table and caught up with the little Lolita, "Even though this green hat is indeed very pretty, it's a bit too monotonous with only green. Let Jin bro add some decorations for you, I believe your daddy will like it even more." As he spoke, Chu Jin tied the white scarf around the "green hat."

As Chu Jin worked, a pleasant fragrance emanated from her wrist, light and gentle like plum, bamboo, and orchid, and very appealing.

The little Lolita closed her eyes, greedily inhaling the scent in the air.

"Jin bro, is this your scarf?"

"Yeah," Chu Jin nodded, and then, pinching the two ends of the scarf, he tied a beautiful knot. The green was concealed under the scarf, slightly visible but not unsightly; at least at first glance, it no longer looked like a green hat.

Hearing this, the little Lolita's eyeballs rolled around, she reached out to feel the hat on her head, and her lips curled into a mysterious smile, "Jin bro, I'm going home now, goodbye."

Chu Jin walked her to the door, "Goodbye, be careful on the road, remember to send me a message when you get home."

Only after the figure of the girl and dog disappeared from view did Chu Jin retract her gaze and walk back into the house.

The little Lolita, riding the Bread, swayed along the way and received countless envious glances from Middy sisters.

As she passed by a tall and upright figure, the little Lolita instinctively hugged her arms, "This uncle is so cold." Even in the hot weather, she felt cold, which was quite strange.

The figure halted for a moment too, then proceeded forward as if nothing had happened.

The little Lolita hummed a cheerful tune, touching the green hat atop her head.

Today was Daddy's Day, a holiday exclusively for daddies. Jin bro must have been too embarrassed to directly give daddy a gift, so she intentionally tied the scarf around the hat, after all, the hat she folded was very pretty.

How could daddy not like it?

What did the teacher call this?

"Making a gift of a borrowed item."

Yeah, Jin bro must have been shy, and deliberately used her hat to give a scarf to daddy.

After all, being a girl, she must have thin skin and some words she's too embarrassed to say outright.

The little Lolita sighed! Ah, girls are so troublesome, always saying the opposite of what they mean.

Since Jin bro is too shy to say it, she definitely has to help Jin bro out.

After all, this was Jin bro's first gift to daddy.

She must make daddy aware of Jin bro's good intentions.

With that in mind, the little Lolita took the hat off her head, untied the white scarf, wrapped the scarf around Bread's neck, and then flattened the green hat back into a piece of paper, tucking it in her pocket.

The little Lolita pressed her face against Bread's neck, "Bread, see how much I like you? I even let you wear the scarf Jin bro gave to daddy first. How about that, doesn't Jin bro's scarf smell really nice?"

"Woof!" Bread barked softly.

The sun shone evenly on the girl and dog, creating a very harmonious and eye-pleasing scene.

**

Meanwhile.

In a secret base somewhere in China mainland.

A completely sealed room.

The walls of the room, including the floor, were snow-white, as was the dazzling shadowless lamp overhead.

Zhao Yiling was currently lying inside a transparent device with her eyes tightly closed.

Her head bristled with all kinds of tubes, and her face was devoid of color, showing few signs of life.

Dressed in a sterile suit, Li Ruyu leaned against the glass window outside the room, looking at Zhao Yiling inside, and asked with some concern.

"Dr. Luo Tian, how is Ling'er doing..."

The future of the Zhao family now rested entirely in Zhao Yiling's hands, the pinnacle of the business world, the splendor that belonged to the Zhao family!

If something happened to Zhao Yiling now, Li Ruyu's good days would come to an end!

Confronted with the anxious Li Ruyu, Dr. Luo Tian simply smiled, a smile full of confidence and a hint of pride.