

## R Woman 411

### Chapter 411: Luminous Pearl in the Dust

"Mrs. Zhao," Dr. Luo Tian took the glass bottle from his assistant, his deep blue eyes filled with a sinister light, "The chip has successfully been implanted into Ling'er's left brain. With Ling'er's current IQ, the pinnacle of Capital City's business world will sooner or later fall into her hands. By then, even the Mo family, the number one on the China mainland, will be no match for her. Just wait for her triumphant return as the King!"

It wasn't just Zhao Yiling who would return as the King!

He would too! He would return as the King!

The honor that belonged to F Country!

His plan was already halfway complete.

This would be an important milestone in the history of mankind!

By that time, his name, Luo Tian, would surely cause quite a stir in the international biological community!

This would be a feat!

People all around the globe would remember that day!

Someday, he would lead the entire biological field, and he was determined to crush those international biologists under his feet!

Hearing Luo Tian speak this way, Li Ruyu, cloaked in a germ-resistant suit, breathed a sigh of relief. She looked up with a fawning smile, "In that case, I am truly indebted to you for your great effort!"

Dr. Luo Tian was very busy and didn't chat with Li Ruyu for long before his assistant called him away.

Li Ruyu watched her daughter lying there and her lips curled into a smug arc.

It seemed that Capital City would indeed become her daughter's realm in the future.

Now, she just hoped that Zhao Yiling would wake up quickly.

Once Zhao Yiling woke up, all problems would no longer be issues.

Luo Tian followed his assistant to a large iron door with two white seals stuck on it.

Upon opening the door, inside was a small room of about a dozen square meters.

It was more of a cage than a room, with no windows, no vents, and the only connection to the outside world was a heavy iron door.

The air was filled with a dark, damp scent.

Extremely unpleasant.

Disgusting.

It was hard to imagine that a group of people actually lived inside such a cage.

Dressed in blue clothing, dozens of shivering teenagers huddled together in the corner, fear evident in the eyes glinting in the darkness, their ages around 13 or 14.

'Clang' went the heavy iron door as it was pushed open.

A blinding beam of light streamed in from outside, illuminating the dusty air.

The sight of light was like the sight of hope and redemption.

The eyes of those teenagers, once dull and dim, sparked with a faint glimmer of brightness.

If only they could escape to freedom riding on this beam of light, how wonderful that would be.

"Tap—tap—tap" Suddenly, footsteps echoed in the air.

In this silent space, they sounded particularly grating.

The footsteps grew nearer.

Everyone's heart hung higher and higher.

After all, they were just children, scarcely in their teens. They should have been spoiled by their parents, but instead, they were captured and forced to live a life worse than pigs and dogs.

Unable to live as they wished, nor able to die as they might.

Each day passed like years.

The air was so still you could only hear faint breathing.

Soon, a large figure emerged in the air, swaggering in with head held high and chest out, looking at the people inside the room as if they were ants, slaves, lowly and despicable.

As if he was several ranks above them.

The teenagers' faces showed terror at the sight of Luo Tian entering, their bodies shaking even more violently, and one boy was an exception; his lips tightly pursed, his young eyes filled with deep, cold hatred as he stared intently into Luo Tian's malevolent eyes, his face showing a chilliness not matching his age.

Although young, his presence matched no one else!

This boy, roughly 14, with ruddy lips and a fair complexion, dusty though his face was, could not hide his radiance.

If such a young boy could be this stunning, he would surely be the bane of a city once grown.

He was like a Luminous Pearl fallen into the dust.

Just wipe off the dirt, and he would shine a vast spectrum of light! To these young boys, Dr. Luo Tian was the most frightening, most diabolical man-eating monster!

But to Dr. Luo Tian, these youngsters were the best specimens for his experiments!

In his eyes, these lowly Asians from the China mainland were only fit to be lab rats for the noble whites of F Country.

He also believed that one day, the white race would rule the entire Earth, and then, these people from the China mainland, including other ethnic groups, would become slaves to F Country!

What excellent specimens they were!

Dr. Luo Tian was quite satisfied as he surveyed the room, then gestured behind him.

Soon, two foreigners in white coats appeared behind him, holding syringes in their hands.

Upon seeing the two men, the expressions on the teenager's faces grew even more terrified, tears welling up in their eyes as they huddled together, trembling, shaking their heads and pleading, "No... please no..."

One of the boys even crawled to Luo Tian's feet, clutching his trouser legs and begging, "Uncle, please let me go home, I want to go home..."

A look of disdain flashed in Luo Tian's sinister eyes as he viciously kicked away the boy at his feet, "Despicable race!"

Chapter 412: Homecoming

The youth was kicked and sent flying against the wall.

Blood splattered on the ground, forming a fresh red stain.

The frail body of the youth convulsed violently a few times, then he lost consciousness.

From then on, no one else dared to beg for mercy.

Being alive, at the very least, there was hope.

They all hung their heads low, trembling all over, like a flock of sheep ready for slaughter.

Suddenly, Luo Tian's attention was drawn to the boy who stood out from the rest because, in the entire room, only he dared to stare intently at him. Luo Tian's sinister eyes fixed on the boy, his face breaking into a malicious, playful sneer, "Start with him."

The cat and mouse game was his favorite to play.

The youth did not resist, nor did he flinch, standing straight up, his lips pressed tightly together!

The feeling of cold, hard steel needles piercing his flesh continued.

The icy liquid spread to every part of his body along his veins.

His consciousness began to dissipate, but there was still an unyielding ferocity in his eyes, a light that seemed as if it could materialize at any moment and tear these people to pieces.

He swore! As long as he, Chu Xiu, was not dead, he would surely flay and eviscerate these foreign madmen! Turn their bones to ash!

To take revenge for his clansmen and wash away their humiliation!

Luo Tian watched the boy, a look of appreciation appearing in his eyes.

There were few who could hold on for so long in the face of such a domineering virus.

Even adults could not resist!

This boy was indeed tough.

With just a bit of training in the future, he could become a great talent.

It's just a pity he was born in the wrong place.

The China mainland, well, was not a good place.

Luo Tian twirled the blue pill in his hand, his gaze filled with pity as he scanned the people in the room, the corner of his mouth curling into a mocking smile.

No one would have thought that 30 years later, he—

Luo Tian!

Had returned.

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The dusk settled in the west, and the remnant sun stained red, coloring half the sky over the Capital City with blood.

Chu Jin stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window for a long time, her back straight, her expression indifferent, her clear eyes betraying no emotion.

Until there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she said, her red lips parting, without turning her head.

In this house, aside from Aunt Zhang, there was no one else.

"Miss," Aunt Zhang took a few cautious steps forward, speaking respectfully, "The master has returned, he asked me to come up and invite you downstairs for dinner."

Aunt Zhang lifted her gaze to the figure that seemed as refined as bamboo or orchid, then quickly lowered her eyes, although the girl in front of her was only in her teens, she carried an air that was not typical for her age.

An aura as if she had been baptized by storms and lightning.

It inspired an involuntary fear in others.

After all, she did not seem like a child of just a few teen years.

The master?

Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brows. In this house, the only one called the master, aside from him, there was no one else.

He had arrived.

"I know, I'll be right down," Chu Jin responded.

Aunt Zhang turned and left, gently closing the door behind her.

ten minutes later.

Chu Jin changed her clothes and went downstairs.

The quiet living room was empty, and the crystal lamps shone brilliantly.

A tempting aroma wafted faintly through the air.

The sizzling sound of cooking could also be heard.

Yes, someone was cooking in the kitchen.

Chu Jin passed through the dining room to the kitchen.



She saw a slender figure, like jade, busily moving about.

There are such people in the world.

Regardless of time and place, no matter the setting, even if it's a kitchen filled with the smell of grease, they exude an atmosphere as if they command the land and sky.

Clearly, the man in front of her was one of these people.

In writing, he calms the world, in martial arts, he steadies the heavens and the earth.

It couldn't be more fitting to describe him with these fourteen characters.

Pushing open the glass door, Chu Jin looked up at him, "Where's Aunt Zhang?"

If she had not seen with her own eyes, Chu Jin would never believe that the lofty head of the Mo family would actually cook with his own hands.

And by the smell of it, he seemed to be quite skilled.

After adding a bit of water to the pot and covering it, Mo Zhixuan then turned to look at her, "I told Aunt Zhang to go home; the kitchen is full of smoke. Go out; don't get your dress dirty."

Chu Jin was wearing a sleeveless white dress, her hair was tied up in a bun, exposing her pale, slender neck, and the graceful curve of her clavicle. A few mischievous strands of hair slipped down her smooth forehead, sharply contrasting with her snow-white skin, making her lips appear even redder, her skin even whiter, flawless and pure, as immaculate as moonlight.

Her clear, bottomless, entrancing peach-blossom eyes were even more eye-catching.

They could—

Ensnare a soul.

"If you're not afraid, what's there for me to fear?" Chu Jin approached him, picked up the spatula, "Today is your holiday, let me do the cooking. Go sit in the living room," though she wasn't sure if the food she made would be edible.

As the head of the Mo family who usually had a busy schedule, dominating the business world, now he was here in her kitchen, which was quite surprising to her.

"Holiday?" Mr. Mo raised an eyebrow in surprise, "What holiday?"

His tone remained as low and cold as ever, but listening carefully, one could detect the hidden indulgence and tenderness within.

Chu Jin reached out to pick a leaf of green vegetable soaking in water, a smile on her lips, "The third Sunday of every June, what holiday is it? Mo Dad—" she drew out the last word, suggestive and meaningful.

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Although Chu Jin did not know Mo Zhixuan's true age, judging by his fame in Capital City, he was definitely over 30 years old, perhaps even older.

However, merely looking at his appearance, one couldn't discern his actual age.

The man before her had a handsome face and a great physique.

Broad shoulders, narrow waist, defined abs—slim when dressed, well-endowed when undressed.

In fact, Chu Jin was rather curious, how old was he exactly?

Chu Jin had no sooner finished speaking when Mo Zhixuan simply looked at her, his dark eyes revealing no particular emotion, seemingly calm—yet isn't calm the harbinger of an impending storm?

Chu Jin felt inexplicably nervous, inwardly scolding herself for having just made fun of him, ah, she had wounded Mr. Mo's pride.

His presence was too overwhelming, even for someone who had lived two lifetimes, she felt inferior.

Mo Zhixuan looked at Chu Jin, the young girl before him had skin fair and lovely, her face like jade, skin fine and supple, tender enough to squeeze water from. The color in his eyes deepened a bit, and then, moving fluidly, he took slow steps toward Chu Jin. His white shirt sleeves were neatly rolled up, revealing a segment of strong, muscular arms and a cold, hard steel watch.

A steel watch, the standard accessory of a successful man.

Hmm, Chu Jin recognized the brand.

An internationally renowned, limited edition model, it once fetched a nine-digit sky-high price at auction.

It was said to have been auctioned off by one of the royal families, and she had not expected to see it on this man's wrist.

Mo Zhixuan walked step by step toward Chu Jin, his expression unchanged, dark ink swirling in his eyes, his commanding aura nearly taking physical form, so oppressive it made breathing difficult. He stepped forward, and involuntarily, Chu Jin stepped back.

She retreated, he advanced.

Until her back was against the cold wall and Chu Jin's heart skipped a beat, the man before her leaning over, casting a shadow over her.

The man's sharp features were magnified before her eyes, and under the light, his face was virtually flawless—angering both gods and humans with its perfection!

Mr. Mo's hands were braced on either side of her head, leveraging his height to trap her between the wall and himself,

"Thump—thump—thump"

The air was so still one could only hear the heartbeat.

Whose it was, she did not know.

Her heart was in chaos.

His heart was in chaos, too.

Two equally chaotic hearts intertwined, causing a tingling sensation, like a soft feather simultaneously gliding across their hearts, igniting a tremor.

"Jin, do you find me too old?" a deep voice tinged with hoarseness whispered into her ear.

Feeling a cool breath spray against her neck, Chu Jin shivered, but endeavored to speak in an even tone, "It's not old, it's...well, ancient..."

Ancient, and you can't even say it?

Who spoiled him with such bad habits?

"Not that old, huh?" Mr. Mo grabbed one of her hands while cupping her right cheek with his other, his rough thumb caressing her delicate jaw, "Really don't mind? Hm?"

For some reason, Chu Jin was reminded of Mr. Mo's shameless conduct that night.

The man was wearing a clean, dust-free white shirt, standing in a kitchen filled with the smell of cooking fumes without a single stain on him, the fragmented light casting a faint halo on his face, his slightly upturned phoenix eyes seemingly able to draw one in, bewitching one to fall and sink deep.

One cannot lose in presence!

Chu Jin pretended not to understand his words, raising an eyebrow, "You're inherently old!"

Mo Zhixuan remained expressionless, his slightly hoarse voice giving him away, "Jin, I didn't catch what you just said."

Chu Jin tried to pull her hand away but he held it even tighter, she really repeated, "I said, you're just...mmpf..."

"Jin, I don't mind showing you with actions..."

Until, a burning scent filled the air.

At first, it was faint.

Then it grew stronger.

This intense burned smell suddenly snapped Chu Jin back to reality, and she hurriedly pushed Mo Zhixuan away, "The food is scorched!"

Mo Zhixuan was also startled, then realized what happened and a trace of a smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, "Wait for me in the living room, I'll be right there."

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Mr. Mo had already reverted to his usual cool and aloof demeanor, a stark contrast to his earlier appearance—as if they were from two different worlds.

If one hadn't seen it with their own eyes, they would never believe this was the same person.

The white shirt remained spotless, not a trace of grease from cooking tarnished its purity, appearing out of place amidst the kitchen filled with the scent of home cooking.

The warm yellow light added a touch of softness to his stern features.

Jin no longer dared to bring up the previous jest, her cheeks blushing like rouge as she responded to his words, "Then I'll leave it to you."

Having said that, she turned and left the kitchen, her steps slightly unsteady.

Mo Zhixuan watched her back with his hands in his pockets, his deep eyes harboring a faint smile.

Soon, the sounds of sizzling from the kitchen resumed.

Outside the window, the moon was bright, and the stars filled the sky. The ecological environment in Huagui Park was respectable, with occasional sounds of insects heard.

The melodious ringtone of the phone sounded.

At the same time, a deep voice came from the kitchen, "Jin, answer the phone for me."

His voice was imbued with a penetrating power, steady and magnetic, each word resonating to the ear.

"Okay," Chu Jin responded to him.

The phone's screen showed a call coming from an unknown region without any saved contact name.

It was a strange sequence of numbers that began with 97.

Chu Jin picked up the phone and swiped to answer, "Hello, good evening."

There was a pause on the other end, and Chu Jin could even feel the caller's somewhat rapid breathing before a gentle voice said, "Zhixuan." The voice was tender like a clear stream, capable of melting hearts.

Definitely a tone of certainty.

Before Chu Jin could speak, the caller continued to ask, "Zhixuan, where are you right now?"

This was getting interesting. Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, her voice resembling Mr. Mo's that much? Or did the caller have hearing issues? "I'm not him."

"You're not Zhixuan?" There was a hint of surprise in the caller's voice, as if they had heard something incredible, but the tone remained as soft as water.

Just by listening to this voice, one could tell the person must be an exceptional beauty.

Chu Jin let out a light laugh, "Does my voice sound like a man's?"

The caller didn't inquire about her identity but merely said with apology, "Sorry to trouble you, but could you let Zhixuan take the call?"

Chu Jin walked towards the kitchen while speaking, "Sure, just a moment."

Mo Zhixuan was slicing tomatoes, his knife skills quick, the slices even, and his movements skilled and fluid, exuding elegance. Seeing Chu Jin enter, he glanced up and then continued with his task, swiftly tossing the tomatoes into the hot oil and stir-frying them.

"This is for you." Chu Jin handed him the phone, her tone nonchalant.

Mo Zhixuan freed one hand to take the phone, "Hello, it's me." His voice still deep and cold.

He talked on the phone while continuing to stir-fry the tomatoes.

Whatever was said on the other end, he responded, "All right, I understand, that's all for now," and then hung up.

The entire conversation didn't last more than a minute.

After hanging up, he looked at Chu Jin with an unchanging expression, "Go wash your hands and eat." His tone was natural, with no sign of discomfort, as if such occurrences were an everyday affair.

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded slightly, washed her hands, and when she came out, four dishes had already been set on the dining table, with the man in the kitchen ladling soup.

Two meat and two vegetable dishes, the meal was exquisitely prepared, and a mouthwatering aroma lingered in the air. White Tiger "meowed" and jumped onto the table, ready to feast, but as Mo Zhixuan came out of the kitchen with the soup, its paw froze midair. It timidly jumped down and retreated to a corner to stare blankly at a bowl of cat food.

Such a proud White Tiger resorted to eating cat food to get by.

Indeed, nobody here loved it.

"The food looks great." Chu Jin complimented as she looked at the four dishes and one soup on the table. Had she not seen it herself, she would not have believed that the head of the Mo family would



stoop to cooking. Someone like him, regardless of where he went, would have everything arranged for him, and he would never need to lift a finger.

"If you wish to learn, I can teach you," offered Mo Zhixuan as he handed her a bowl of soup, "Drink the soup before eating."

The golden soup, dotted with glistening beads of oil, looked appetizing. Chu Jin took a small sip—the temperature was just right, the flavor exquisite. It left a lingering fragrance in her mouth and had a hint of medicinal herbs that, rather than being off-putting, balanced the taste of the soup.

Mo Zhixuan sat opposite her, dining with elegant poise. His every move exuded an air of nobility. Such a man was born a king, steady and unshakeable like Mount Tai.

Halfway through the meal, the previously silent phone rang again. Mo Zhixuan originally didn't want to answer, but upon seeing the caller ID, his eyes flashed with impatience before he slid to answer, "Hello?"

After hearing the caller's words, Mo Zhixuan spoke in his usual calm manner, "Wait there, I'll be right over."

Ending the call, Mo Zhixuan said to Chu Jin, "Go to bed early after dinner. I have something to take care of and need to step out for a bit."

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Chu Jin nodded. "Okay, drive carefully on the way." The girl under the light, with skin white as snow, her delicate peach blossom eyes shimmering, reflected the faint light and twinkled with shrewdness, vaguely revealing a touch of liveliness that hadn't been there before.

This was how a girl of eighteen should look like.

I remember when I first met her, her eyes were filled with wariness and coldness, as if she had experienced a thousand sails and was full of vicissitudes.

Seeing her like this, Mo Zhixuan couldn't help but reach out and ruffle her hair before he finally left the house.

As soon as Mo Zhixuan left, Xiao Bai quickly jumped onto the table. "Brother Jin, the master is really good to you."

Chu Jin finished the last sip of her soup, gave it a lingering glance, "Remember to wash the bowl after eating." With that, she turned and went upstairs.

Downstairs, Xiao Bai was disheveled in the wind: "... It was just a cat, after all.

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Mo family.

In the basement, the Mo family's elderly matriarch was directing the servants to move things around. "Put this here, that goes on top of that."

The servants were busy at work, unlike those upstairs. These servants all wore uniform garments, with a peculiar style – blue and white cross-collared Tang suits, black round hats, and blue cloth shoes on their feet.

If someone else were present, they would realize that these people were all wearing death garments, and their body movements were extremely stiff. The skin exposed was eerily white and unsettling.

Zhou Xunian and Mo Feixue followed right behind the old matriarch.

It seemed to be their first time entering this basement, and they were curiously looking around.

The basement was spacious, and the lighting was bright. Red flowers blossomed along both sides of the corridor. The flowers were leafless, the red was like blood covering both sides of the corridor. These

were spider lilies, also known as flowers of the netherworld, which were rarely cultivated at home because of their ill-omened associations.

It was hard to imagine that such a place was hidden beneath the grand and majestic Mo family ancestral home.

The further inside they went, the more intense the color of the spider lilies became, red as fire, as if they could ignite at any moment. At the same time, the temperature rose higher, and fine beads of sweat appeared on the foreheads of the trio.

"I didn't expect that there would be such a place in the mundane world. Auntie, how did you discover this place?" Mo Feixue couldn't help but ask.

Now she began to understand why, after so many years, not only had Mo Zhixuan's cultivation not diminished, but it had improved by a lot.

The old matriarch wiped the sweat from her forehead. "It was simply fate. When I first discovered this place, it was nothing but a wasteland."

Later it was developed by the Mo family and Phoenix Manor was built, turning it into what it was now.

In fact, every inhabitant of Phoenix Manor was extraordinary. Among them were liaisons between the mundane world and the other three worlds, people from the Ancient Martial Arts World, people from the Underworld, but the only ones from the Superpower World were from the Mo family.

"Aunt Mo, in a few days it will be the night of extreme Yin. Did you bring me and Sister Fei Xue here today for this reason?" Zhou Xunian continued to ask.

As he spoke, the old matriarch stopped in front of a stone door. Three pieces of talisman paper were attached to the door. She pressed a mechanism, and the stone door slowly moved aside. Sighing, she said, "Yes, a few days ago, I asked Master Zhang for a divination, and the hexagram pointed to a great disaster. So today, I brought you two here to see if there's anything wrong with this Yin and Yang Bagua Array."

The stone chamber was also filled with red spider lilies. At a glance, it looked like a red carpet spread out before them. Around the walls were four stone-carved dragon heads; from their mouths, water spouted out in white smoke and flowed into the surrounding channels. The chamber was faint with mist and a slight medicinal fragrance.

In the middle of the spider lilies was a Taiji Bagua diagram.

The chamber was hot, like being in a furnace. If an ordinary person were present, they probably would have fainted by now.

"Jianghu shamans are just making casual predictions. Zhixuan's fate is not something an ordinary person can calculate. Auntie, you shouldn't be bothered by it." While Mo Feixue said so, she still meticulously checked every arrangement in the stone chamber.

After all, this was about Mo Zhixuan.

Zhou Xunian also took out his compass and walked around the stone chamber. The needle on the compass was wrapped in dense Spiritual Energy, showing no signs of any issues.

After making a round, Mo Feixue smiled faintly, "Auntie, don't worry, I've checked thoroughly, and there are no problems."

Upon hearing this, the worry on the old matriarch's face did not lessen by half. "Really? But..." Before she could finish, Mo Feixue interrupted her, "Really, there is no problem. Don't you trust me? What 'master' or not, he's just an ordinary person. What basis does his word have?"

The old matriarch looked at Mo Feixue and began slowly, "Master Zhang's original name is Zhang Linzi."

"The Ancient Martial Prophet Zhang Linzi?" Mo Feixue was stunned for a moment before understanding.

"Yes," the old matriarch nodded.

Zhang Linzi's reputation was known to everyone in the three worlds; he was awe-inspiring and almost divine in existence. Every event he had foretold had not deviated from its course. It was just a pity that he had been missing from the three worlds for a long time. Everyone thought he had disappeared because he revealed too much of the Heavenly Dao and was punished by it, so he "Scatter Like Ashes". But unexpectedly, he had been hiding in the mundane world.

#### Chapter 416:

Hearing this, Mo Feixue composed herself, "Since Master Zhang has said so, we cannot take this lightly. Little aunt, why don't you come back to the Superpower World with us? Although this place is abundant in spiritual energy, it is still the secular world. When the night of extreme yin comes, I'm afraid Zhixuan won't be able to withstand it." Concern showed in her eyes.

Zhou Xunian followed, "Yes, Aunt Mo, please come back with us. At least in the Superpower World, there's the Great Elder."

The Mo family matriarch's expression remained unchanged, yet her words carried an air of authority, "Our Mo family has long been disconnected from the Superpower World, and I don't want to hear such talk anymore."

Mo Feixue's face turned slightly pale. In front of Zhou Xunian, the matriarch's words made it difficult for her to save face.

If the Mo family truly had no connections with the Superpower World anymore, then what was she?

The Mo family was still waiting for Mo Zhixuan to carry on the legacy and glorify it. So how could he have nothing to do with the Superpower World?

The air grew still, Zhou Xunian forcing an awkward smile, "Aunt Mo, please don't be angry. It was just an offhand remark. By the way, if you want Brother Jiu to safely get through the night of extreme yin, I could recommend someone to you. Maybe, just maybe, he could help Brother Jiu."

Mo Feixue agreed, "Right, little aunt, for Zhixuan's sake, no matter what, you must invite this person back."

Without thinking, one could guess that the person Zhou Xunian was referring to must be Zheng Chuyi.

After all, apart from Zheng Chuyi, there is no other Bloodline of Fire Bathing in the world.

As long as Zheng Chuyi and Mo Zhixuan reconciled, there was no fear that the Mo family matriarch would not return to the Superpower World.

Moreover, Zheng Chuyi indeed couldn't be absent on the night of extreme yin.

"Sister Feixue, you know her too?" Upon hearing this, Zhou Xunian asked in surprise.

Mo Feixue, without much thought, replied with a slight smile, "Xunian, what are you talking about? Of course, I know this person."

"Who are you two talking about?" Watching them, the Mo family matriarch frowned slightly.

"Master Chu."

"Chuyi."

The two said almost simultaneously. After speaking, Mo Feixue and Zhou Xunian looked at each other, both remarkably surprised.

The Mo family matriarch outright ignored Mo Feixue's response and turned to Zhou Xunian, "Who is Master Chu? Does he have a high cultivation level? Can he help Zhixuan?"

Zhou Xunian nodded, concise and to the point, "Master Chu is very powerful."

"Have you met him?" the Mo family matriarch continued, "Who is his master?"

Zhou Xunian replied, "I haven't met him, but I've heard that although Master Chu is a commoner, he is adept in the Yin-Yang Bagua Technique. You could invite him to try."

Mo Feixue chuckled, "Xunian, stop joking around. A mere commoner, what would he understand about the Yin-Yang Bagua Technique? If you have the time, you should help Zhixuan bring Chuyi back." She had thought Zhou Xunian knew some highly skilled person, but it turned out he himself had never met them, relying merely on hearsay.

A commoner, trying to help Mo Zhixuan? Wasn't that a joke?

And a master no less!

Zhou Xunian had seemed sensible, but she hadn't expected him to be so thoughtless in his actions!

"I respect Brother Jiu's wishes, and besides, Brother Jiu already has a fiancée now. This might not be appropriate, right?" Zhou Xunian stated his position.

The Mo family matriarch also said, "Xunian is right, Feixue, I know you have Zhixuan's best interests at heart, but let's not talk about this anymore, shall we? After all, Xuan'er is already engaged now, we can't be those heartless people," she said with an implied meaning.

Chapter 417:

A double meaning in a single phrase.

Mo Feixue, as clever as she was, naturally detected the implied meaning in the elderly Madame Mo's words.

As the saying goes, 'You are influenced by the company you keep.'

Having lived in the mundane world for many years, it was inevitable for the elderly Madame Mo to eventually become shortsighted. Mo Feixue could afford to ignore her words.

Mo Feixue said with a smile, "Auntie, I was just saying it casually. Don't take it to heart."

Having witnessed the elderly Madame Mo's level of defense for Chu Jin before, Mo Feixue knew that saying more at this point would be futile and would only make the elderly Madame Mo dislike her even more.

The elderly Madame Mo had been completely brainwashed by that ordinary person.

After their last conversation, she discovered that the ordinary person was indeed very articulate and not as simple as she appeared, so it was normal for the elderly Madame Mo to be brainwashed.

But no matter how extraordinary she was, in the end, she was just an ordinary person.

Her union with Mo Zhixuan would never yield any outcome, simply a waste of time.

Mo Feixue intended to use the coming Night of Extreme Yin to make the elderly Madame Mo see Zheng Chuyi's worth.

She absolutely could not concede half of the Superpower World's territory.

The Mo family was destined to stand at the pinnacle of the Superpower World.

The elderly Madame Mo didn't pursue the topic any further but turned to ask Zhou Xunian, "Is this Master Chu you speak of really that remarkable?"

Under the current circumstances, she wouldn't let go of even the slightest hope.

Even if Master Chu were just an ordinary person, she wanted to give it a try.

"Indeed," Zhou Xunian nodded, "The popular opinion about him is very high right now. It's said that true talent often lies hidden among the masses, and a celestial being may come from humble origins."



Hearing this, the elderly Madame Mo nodded in agreement, her many years in the mundane world had witnessed its step-by-step development, and she knew well the exceptional wisdom of humanity.

Without their special abilities, those from the Superpower World might not even compare to the people of the mundane world.

At the very least, ordinary humans had managed to reach the moon on their own merit.

Moreover, many modern technological products were being adopted into the Superpower World.

It was quite amusing to think that while some people from the Superpower World were using mundane world products, they looked down upon its inhabitants, a puzzling attitude indeed.

"You're right, we'll do as you suggest. Tomorrow, I'll have someone invite Master Chu over."

Zhou Xunian, though he had never seen Master Chu's true face, had heard others speak of him in near mythical terms. Half a month ago, he had attempted to pay Master Chu a visit, only to find out from the locals that Master Chu hadn't been seen for a long time.

He hadn't believed these rumors at first until one day, even the Little Princess of the Underworld, Gan Yuying, spoke of this Master Chu. It made him recognize that Master Chu must be someone with real talent, it was just unfortunate that he hadn't had the chance to meet Master Chu in person.

With this thought, Zhou Xunian expressed his regret, "Alas, I just don't know whether we can still find Master Chu now." After all, he had been missing for so many days.

At these words, the elderly Madame Mo's expression tightened nervously, "Xunian, what do you mean by that? What do you mean whether we can still find him?"

Just as she glimpsed a ray of hope, was she to be disappointed now?

Zhou Xunian sighed and shared the situation in detail with the elderly Madame Mo.

"How could this be..." The elderly Madame Mo's eyes were filled with melancholy and concern.

Mo Feixue consoled, "Auntie, don't worry. Zhixuan is blessed with good fortune, and even without any help, I believe he will certainly make it through this trial."

To call her words comforting would be less accurate than describing them as a veiled strike.

It had to be said, language indeed is an art form.

As expected, after hearing this, the elderly Madame Mo's complexion turned even grimmer. The Night of Extreme Yin was already a terrifying event, combined with Master Zhang's dire divination, she was completely panicked.

After all, it concerned her only son.

What mother wouldn't want to ensure her child's wellbeing, especially when their life was in jeopardy?

Seeing the worry in the elderly Madame Mo's eyes, Zhou Xunian also offered consolation, "Auntie Mo, maybe Master Chu has just temporarily gone out for a walk. Since there's some time before the Night of Extreme Yin, he might return by then."

The elderly Madame Mo's eyes harbored a deep look, and she didn't respond.

Mo Feixue, after pondering for a moment, said gently, "Actually, we can't put all our hopes on Master Chu. Auntie, since Master Zhang can predict the will of heaven, why don't you ask him if there is a way to resolve this?"

Many years ago, Zhang Linzi had already stated that in order for the heir of the Mo family to safely make it through the Night of Extreme Yin, they must marry the True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing.

This was fate, as well as a cycle of reincarnation.

No doubt, that Zhang Linzi's divination being an omen of great misfortune had some connection to Zheng Chuyi's departure.

Mo Feixue was very smart, and her words were elegantly chosen.

The elderly Madame Mo sighed and didn't pick up on Mo Feixue's suggestion but said instead, "You two look over the array again for any flaws. I'll find a way with Master Chu. Even if I have to search the entire Capital City, I will find him."

Chapter 418:

Hearing what the old Lady Mo said, Zhou Xunian nodded slightly, "Alright, Auntie Mo, rest assured, we will definitely find Master Chu."

Mo Feixue also nodded, a trace of disdain flashing in her eyes. She really wanted to see what this Master Chu was capable of.

What kind of talent could the secular world possibly produce?

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At the Mo family's estate.

Pengpeng had returned to the villa very early with her own gift.

But after waiting for a long time without seeing Mo Qianjue, she curled up on the sofa and watched "Barara Little Fairy" until she fell asleep.

When Mo Qianjue arrived home, he saw the little Lolita curled up on the sofa, sleeping as sweetly as a kitten.

Mo Qianjue tiptoed over and carefully picked her up, carrying her upstairs to the children's room.

No sooner had he placed the little girl on the bed than she opened her sleepy eyes, blinking her sparkling big eyes twice, pinched Mo Qianjue's ear, and murmured in a daze, "...are you Daddy?"

Mo Qianjue lowered his gaze and kissed her on the face, "Silly girl, go back to sleep."

Pengpeng was dazed for three seconds, then suddenly snapped to attention, "Daddy, you're back, happy Daddy's Day! Oh, and I even prepared a gift for you." Saying this, Pengpeng sat up with a jerk, instantly sitting upright on the bed.

"...Daddy's Day?" Mo Qianjue was a bit slow to catch the meaning behind Pengpeng's words, then squinted his eyes in thought and realized what she meant, affectionately ruffled her hair, "Thank you, Pengpeng." Then he kissed her cheek again.

"Daddy, close your eyes, I have a gift for you." Pengpeng reached out and covered Mo Qianjue's eyes.

"Okay." Mo Qianjue closed his eyes indulgently, feeling very happy. His daughter had grown up and knew how to show her affection to him, this feeling of a daughter maturing was very pleasing.

Pengpeng took a piece of paper from her pocket, folded it into the shape of a hat, and placed it on Mo Qianjue's head, then she took out a white scarf and tied it around his neck.

A green hat with a white scarf, matched with Mo Qianjue's infuriatingly handsome face, it was unexpectedly harmonious. A high level of attractiveness could make even a green hat look striking.

Pengpeng said with a smile, "Daddy, you look so good with this hat on." She then slid down from the bed, "I'll go get a mirror for you."

Mo Qianjue touched the hat on his head and curled the corners of his mouth into an affectionate smile, feeling as though something warm had filled a place deep in his heart, refreshing his mood.

It didn't take long for Pengpeng to come running back on her little legs, holding a round mirror. Standing on her tiptoes, she lifted the mirror to Mo Qianjue's face, "Daddy, quickly see, isn't it beautiful? I made this hat myself..."

Mo Qianjue, looking at his jade-like face in the mirror, allowed his smile to deepen. Then, as his gaze fell on that "hat," the smile froze on his lips.

A very striking green.

A green that was dazzling to the eyes.

It seemed to mock something.

The expression at the bottom of Mo Qianjue's eyes was gradually growing colder, and the air around them was becoming oppressive, almost suffocating.

Seeing this, Pengpeng became a bit anxious and asked, "Daddy... What's wrong? Don't you like the hat I made for you?"

It was her first time giving Daddy a gift, and she had made it herself, eager to receive his approval.

Pengpeng looked at Mo Qianjue with hope in her eyes.

Mo Qianjue tore off the hat and threw it on the ground, flames all but shooting from his phoenix eyes as he firmly gripped Pengpeng's shoulders and shouted angrily, "Tell me, who have you seen?"

Pengpeng had never seen Mo Qianjue like this before; he was like an enraged tiger, poised to strike a deadly blow at any moment. Scared, she burst into tears with a "wah."

"Speak!" Mo Qianjue shook her shoulders, his voice growing louder.

Pengpeng rubbed her eyes while sobbing, "Daddy... What's wrong with you...?"

Could it be Daddy doesn't like this kind of hat?

What's wrong with Daddy?

Had she made Daddy unhappy?

Panic, insecurity, helplessness—they all filled Pengpeng's heart.

"Speak up, who did you actually go to see?" Mo Qianjue increased the pressure on his hands, his whole being on the verge of rage.

Pengpeng's shoulders hurt from Mo Qianjue's grip, her eyes turned even redder, and her tears fell drop by drop. She suddenly remembered what happened the last time she encountered that fake Jin Ge.

That Jin Ge was a fake, maybe this Daddy was also fake.

Daddy usually loved her the most, how could he ever treat her like this?

Thinking this, Pengpeng, mustering strength from nowhere, pushed Mo Qianjue away, crying out, "You're not my Daddy! You're a bad man!"

Huh.

This was the daughter he had raised for six years.

A sarcastic smile spread across Mo Qianjue's lips, his eyes cold as ice.

The air was thick with an intense smell of gunpowder.

And a bit... of sadness.

Mo Qianjue, with bloodshot eyes, glared at Pengpeng and asked sharply, "Am I still your father in your eyes?"

Chapter 419:

The sight was terrifying, and the little loli staggered backward two steps before turning around and running out the door barefoot. Bread, sleeping on the ground floor, felt his little master's unease and hastily opened his eyes, whimpering and dashing out, disappearing into the night.

Mo Qianjue's steps were unsteady as he left the children's room, but he did not go after the little loli. Instead, he turned into the study next door, his expression filled with sorrow.

Everything seemed to return to calm.

Only, the lamp in the study remained lit throughout the night.

Bread quickly caught up with the little loli, first licking her small hand, then her cheek, silently comforting her.

The night was very quiet, and very dark; no one knew what dangers hid beneath its cloak.

Looking out at the endless night, the little loli felt both wronged and afraid, tears flowing even more fiercely. She didn't even know what she had done wrong for daddy to treat her this way.

The little loli felt an inexplicable panic and hugged Bread's neck, crying out loud.

If mommy didn't want her, would the only daddy she had not want her either?

After all, she was only a 6-year-old child.

Faced with such an ordeal, aside from crying, it seemed there was no other outlet for her feelings.

Bread let out low whimpers, constantly nuzzling her head.

By the time the little loli arrived at Huagui Park, it was already past 1 a.m.

Luckily, Chu Jin's senses were exceptional. Bread had only barked twice downstairs before she awoke from her sleep, turned on the bedside lamp, and hurried downstairs.

Downstairs, Bread was carrying the little loli, standing there pitifully. Seeing Chu Jin, Bread immediately barked loudly, wagging his tail at her as if he saw a savior.

"Why are you out so late, not sleeping at home, bringing Pengpeng here?" Chu Jin bent down to pet Bread's head.

Bread whimpered a few times, his head drooping and expression utterly despondent.

Chu Jin did not expect Bread to say anything. She glanced at the sleeping little loli, then bent down to cradle her in her arms, only then noticing the wet tear tracks on the child's face and the slight swelling around her red eyes, clearly having cried.

The little loli's hands clung tightly to Chu Jin's sleepwear, murmuring in her dream, "Daddy, Pengpeng will be really good, really obedient, please don't leave me..."

"Daddy, I want candied haws."

"I want Big Brother Jin to be my mommy."



"Daddy, didn't you like the hat Pengpeng made for you?"

"..."

Seeing her like this, Chu Jin sighed softly, vaguely understanding something.

She took the little loli upstairs, with Bread following behind her.

Perhaps worn out from crying earlier, the little loli was sleeping deeply, so much so that even giving her a bath did not wake her.

After bathing her, Chu Jin found a set of pajamas to change her into, and then gently placed her on the bed.

After a moment's thought, Chu Jin picked up the little loli's cell phone and found the number saved under "Daddy" to send him a text.

It was so late, and with the little loli having run off in a huff, her father must be worried.

After taking care of these things, Chu Jin yawned, lay down on the bed, and went back to sleep.

The next day.

Chu Jin woke up early, perhaps because of the late-night disturbance, while the little loli was still sleeping soundly.

Today was the opening day of Yan Yuzhai.

It didn't matter if she didn't go to the opening of the king, but she had to visit Yan Yuzhai on its opening day.

Yan Yuzhai was an endeavor solely managed by Qin Zhenglin. She hadn't visited it at all or taken any interest in many days; if it weren't for Qin Zhenglin's reminder, she would have completely forgotten that today was Yan Yuzhai's opening.

The opening was set for 8 a.m. sharp.

It was already 6:30 a.m., and after dressing and grooming, Chu Jin deliberately chose a dress from her wardrobe to wear.

Chapter 420:

This was a light pink dress with a cinched waist.

The hem just reached the knee, revealing small legs that were both white and straight with a graceful curve.

Pink is a very selective color, yet worn on Chu Jin, it seemed to make pink itself look dull. It made her lips appear redder and her skin whiter. She rarely wore anything other than white, but every color on her showed a different kind of beauty, presenting a refreshing sight.

Just as she changed into her dress, the little girl on the bed also opened her sleepy eyes, awake.

After a night's rest, the little girl looked much better, seemingly having forgotten all the unpleasantness. Her little face was rosy, and her big eyes blinked.

When she saw Chu Jin standing by the bed, she was completely stunned.

"Jin Bro!"

"Up already," Chu Jin walked over, pinched her little face, "Hurry up, wash your face and brush your teeth, I'm taking you to school soon."

"Okay." The little girl slipped out of bed and confidently headed towards the bathroom.

The two of them, neither mentioned the incident that happened yesterday.

And the little girl's father had neither called nor replied to text messages.

What exactly had happened between this father and daughter?

After all, just yesterday the little girl was excited about preparing a Father's Day gift for her father. How could it be now...

Before she could think more about it, Chu Jin changed into a pair of white sneakers.

By the time they finished breakfast, it was already 7 a.m.

The little girl's school was located in the most bustling area of Capital City, an elite school.

When leaving the house, Chu Jin realized she probably should buy a car, otherwise, it was really inconvenient to go out.

She booked a ride through a mobile app, and 15 minutes later, they arrived at the kindergarten entrance.

It was the peak time for school drop-off, and many parents gathered at the door of the nursery, most of them arrived in luxury cars. Chu Jin glanced briefly, the least impressive one was a Mercedes, any of which would take an ordinary person many years to afford.

Somehow, Chu Jin's mind once again conjured up those eyes full of eager curiosity.

"Pengpeng."

Hearing the familiar call, the little girl turned around and saw her best buddy she spent time with every day.

With a stern face, the little girl put on an air of an adult and said, "Ji Haoran! How many times have I told you, you should call me Brother Peng from now on!"

Ji Haoran immediately corrected himself, "Got it, Brother Peng." After speaking, he looked toward Chu Jin, his gaze full of curiosity and scrutiny, "Brother Peng, who is this?"

Like all kids, the little girl liked to show off. Pulling Chu Jin, she introduced, "Ji Haoran, Ji Haoran's mom, this is my mom. She came to take me to school today and will also come to the parent-teacher meeting tomorrow."

The middle-aged woman standing beside Ji Haoran nodded at Chu Jin in a very polite manner, her mouth curved into a faint smile, her eyes revealing a look of amazement and a trace of doubt.

The young girl before her looked no more than eighteen or nineteen, wearing a pink dress that made her already luminescent and jade-like complexion even more fair and tender. No one would believe her to be the mother of a six-year-old child; to say she's the little girl's sister would be more convincing.

This young lady was too young.

Feeling the evaluative gaze of the middle-aged woman, Chu Jin wanted to explain, but when her eyes caught the sight of other children being dropped off by both their parents, her heart suddenly softened, and she decided it was fine as long as the little girl was happy.

A flash of envy appeared in Ji Haoran's eyes, "Wow, Brother Peng, your mom is so young and pretty."

"Of course," the little girl lifted her proud little head, "otherwise how would she be my mom."

Seeing her son looking enviously at someone else's mom, the middle-aged woman felt a bittersweet taste in her heart. She was already fifty-six years old, with a six-year-old son. She might have been at the

age for being a grandmother but ended up being a mother. Even though she dressed very fashionably, she couldn't conceal the traces of years on her face, nor change the fact that she was old.

She stroked Ji Haoran's head, hiding the fading light in her eyes, and said softly, "Let's go to the classroom with mom."

Upon hearing that, a flicker of surprise crossed Chu Jin's eyes. Then, without making a sound, she took the little girl's hand and followed behind the mother and son.

"Good morning, Teacher He," the little girl politely greeted the teacher standing by the door, then looked at Chu Jin, "Teacher He, this is my mom."

"Madam, hello," Teacher He smiled back at Chu Jin, "Mo Pengpeng is very well-behaved at school, so you can relax."

Chu Jin smiled and placed the little girl's hand into Teacher He's, "Thank you for your hard work, teacher." She then bent down to look at the little girl, "I'm leaving now. Listen to your teacher at school and don't be naughty, understand?"

"Got it," the little girl nodded obediently, "Jin Bro, remember to come pick me up early after school."

"Okay," Chu Jin pinched the little girl's cheek, said goodbye to the teacher, and then left the classroom.

Teacher He watched Chu Jin's retreating figure with curiosity. There were more than thirty children in their class, and she had met almost every child's parents, except for the little girl's. The person who usually came to drop off and pick up the little girl was a middle-aged man, who she initially thought was her father. Later, she learned that he was just their bodyguard.