

## R Woman 421

Chapter 421:

Moreover, whenever there were parent-child activities in the garden, she never saw the little girl's parents participate, leaving others to fill in for them. This was the first time she had seen the little girl's mother.

Chu Jin's first impression of her was that she was beautiful and had an elegant demeanor; then, she seemed young. Judging by her age, she probably wasn't the little girl's birth mother.

Although she might not be the little girl's birth mother, it was clear that she truly cared for her.

A person's eyes never lie.

Her gaze upon the little girl was incredibly tender, filled with indulgence. When speaking to the little girl, she looked straight into her eyes, eye to eye, rather than looking down on her from a position of superiority. Such a parent was a good one who knew how to respect her child and how to interact with them.

As she walked out of the classroom, Chu Jin looked at the school's buildings and the children's innocent faces, her lips unconsciously curling into a smile. Not far off was a curved slide and seesaws. Seeing these, Chu Jin felt a pang of longing in her heart. When she was a child, she was the only legitimate daughter of the Qin family. As soon as she was old enough to understand, she received the best manners and upbringing, always mindful of her actions. These things were never a part of her childhood—now that she thought about it, she did feel a bit of regret.

"Pengpeng's mom, you dropped something."

It was at this moment that a gentle voice sounded from behind her.

Chu Jin halted and turned her head to see Ji Haoran's mother looking at her with a smiling face, holding a blue wallet in her hand.

At the same time, the voice of the system echoed in her mind.

[Ding! You have triggered a daily task: Help Song Juan overcome the imminent difficulty! Complete the task to receive 88% Faith Value.]

So... who is Song Juan?

And, with 88% Faith Value, it seems like this is another challenging task.

Last time it was 16 bombs, who knows what it will be this time.

"Jin, Song Juan is Ji Haoran's mother," Zi explained.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin looked up at Song Juan and took the wallet she was offering, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Song Juan smiled.

Chu Jin looked at her, speaking in a light tone, "Haoran's mom, you've been having a poor appetite recently? Your nerves are a bit weak, and you often wake up from sleep only to suffer from insomnia for the rest of the night, finding no answers from doctors. You're currently taking herbal medicine to recuperate?"

Song Juan was surprised by Chu Jin's sudden remark, with a look of scrutiny in her eyes.

Lately, her condition had been poor, just as Chu Jin described—very little appetite, restless spirit, constantly dreaming of unpleasant past events. Just yesterday, she had visited the hospital, the most authoritative one in Capital City, and they hadn't found anything wrong with her.

Out of options, she resorted to taking nerve-calming Chinese medicine, but unfortunately, even after several courses of treatment, there was still no effect.

However, other than her husband, no one else knew about this, not even her son. How did Chu Jin come to know?

Considering her husband's important position in Capital City's political realm and the number of people attempting to get close to her, she wondered whether Chu Jin had already investigated her.

With this thought, Song Juan's expression became guarded, "Pengpeng's mom, you're overthinking it. I'm fine, no discomfort at all. My driver is waiting for me, I have to go, goodbye."

Chu Jin was not annoyed, watching Song Juan's retreating figure slowly speak, "Your steps are unsteady as you walk, your complexion pale. Even though you manage a forced smile, it can't hide the fatigue in your eyes. Your eyes are swollen, your pupils slightly dilated, and your brow is darkened. Occasionally, you feel a faint pain and heaviness in your lower left abdomen, loss of appetite, irritability, sleeplessness—and this has been going on for over half a month now, hasn't it?"

Her calm voice, carried by the breeze, reached Song Juan's ears without missing a word. Her steps gradually slowed and then stopped before she turned to face Chu Jin, still composed on the surface but shaken within.

Chu Jin took out a folded hundred-yuan bill made into a peace charm from the wallet and walked over to Song Juan with a smile, "My last name is Chu, and I might be able to help you."

Song Juan looked at Chu Jin, silent, her expression complex. She came to bring her son to school nearly every day, and even when she felt unwell recently, she did so without fail. But she had never seen Chu Jin here before. To know so much about her upon their first meeting, Chu Jin was highly suspicious.

As Chu Jin smiled and pushed the peace charm into Song Juan's hand, she said, "This is a peace charm; keep it close. Also, during this time, you should avoid driving if you can walk. And if you ever come to trust me, feel free to call me anytime—you know the number."

For some reason, after Chu Jin finished speaking, a string of numbers unexplainably popped into Song Juan's mind.

It was strange.

In the sweltering heat, a chill ran through her heart.

By the time Song Juan came to her senses, Chu Jin's figure had disappeared in the crowd.

Clutching the peace charm in her hand, her previously muddled mind seemed to suddenly clear up a bit.

Just who was that young girl?

Could she really trust her without any reservations?

Song Juan walked dazedly into the car, and as she fastened her seatbelt, she suddenly remembered Chu Jin's advice. She was about to undo the seatbelt and get out of the car when her phone in her pocket suddenly rang.

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After hanging up the phone, Song Juan looked anxiously at the driver, "Old Song, head to the city hospital right away."

The call had come from the nanny at home, informing her that her mother-in-law had suddenly fainted and was hospitalized due to an acute cerebral hemorrhage, and her condition was very grave.

At this moment, she couldn't care less about Chu Jin's advice; human life was at stake.

Besides, what could such a young girl know? The things she said were very likely made up.

Song Juan chose to ignore Chu Jin's advice.

The driver immediately started the engine, kicking up a cloud of dust, and the black sedan quickly disappeared from view.

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Chu Jin arrived at Yan Yuzhai by car, and it was already 8 o'clock when she got there.

Standing in front of the familiar doors, she was overwhelmed with emotions.

Because it was the opening day, there were many fresh flowers placed in front of the store, and a long red carpet was laid out.

The staff inside were all busy with their respective tasks, preparing for the opening.

As soon as she walked in, a young woman in a uniform approached her; she was wearing a blue uniform with a name tag that read "Store Manager" on her chest.

"Hello, you must be Miss Chu."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yes, it's me."

Knowing that Chu Jin was the owner of Yan Yuzhai, the store manager's attitude was very respectful, showing no neglect because she was just a young girl, "Miss Chu, we will officially open in half an hour. Let me show you around first."

Chu Jin waved her hand slightly, "No need, I'll just take a look around on my own; you go ahead with your work."

Although she was young, she emanated the presence of someone superior, inspiring an involuntary fear in others. The strong aura she projected from within was inimitable.

The store manager involuntarily bent her waist, "Alright, Miss Chu, if you need anything, just call for me." With that, she turned and left.

Only then did Chu Jin leisurely move from the first floor to the second floor. As she looked around, her eyes became somewhat warm.

Compared to her previous life, the layout of Yan Yuzhai had been altered slightly, with an antique decoration. Whether it was the bookshelves or the tables and chairs, all were made from authentic mahogany. The bookshelves were placed in the center of the room, and beside the windows, there were tables and chairs for people to sit, rest, drink tea, and read.

There was also a guqin placed in the back of the bookstore.

The place was filled with the fragrance of books, creating an elegant environment that could relieve stress.

Tea was offered for free, reading incurred no charge, the bookstore operated 24 hours, and students and seniors could enjoy a 20 percent discount on book purchases with their IDs.

It could be said that this was a bookstore that was not aimed at making a profit.

The initial purpose of opening this bookstore was to leave a light in this city and provide a glimmer of brightness for the burdensome journey of its people.

After her rebirth, she still retained her original intention, sticking to her initial dream.

...

In the blink of an eye, half an hour had passed. With the crackle of firecrackers, Yan Yuzhai was officially open for business.

During this time, the store manager had come to ask Chu Jin if she wanted to make an opening speech, but Chu Jin declined. Therefore, the opening ceremony was very simple, with no ribbon-cutting and no speech, just a string of firecrackers.

On the first day of opening, all books were half-price, which attracted many people. Before long, customers filled the store. Gradually, the nine young girls working there started to get overwhelmed.

Seeing this, Chu Jin also joined in the busyness to help customers find books. When her staff saw that the boss herself was taking part, their efforts doubled.

She was wearing a pink dress, fluttering through the crowd like an agile butterfly, turning everything around her into a mere backdrop, unforgettable at a glance.

Chu Jin was carrying a heavy stack of books down to the first floor; the thick pile of books seemed almost effortless in her hands.

Passersby could not help but take a second look at her.

A beautiful person always attracts attention no matter where they go, and Chu Jin was completely unaware that several young men had already passed by her back and forth five or six times.

The thick stack of books blocked her view, and she didn't notice a little boy rushing towards her at high speed. Chu Jin simply felt a hard bump; she herself was fine and quickly steadied her stance, but the little boy who had caused the accident lost his footing and was sent stumbling forward, about to hit the edge of a nearby vase. Concerned for the boy, Chu Jin reached out to help him, and in doing so, the books in her hands scattered on the ground.

The little boy, realizing he had caused trouble, immediately apologized, "Thank you, sister. I'm sorry for the trouble. I was in a hurry to find my mom, I didn't mean it." It was clear that he was a well-taught child.

"It's okay, just run a bit slower and remember to watch where you're going," Chu Jin said with a smile, shaking her head as she reached out to pat his head. "Go find your mom."

"Thank you, sister," the little boy said, his face flushing as he ran off quickly.

Chu Jin squatted down to pick up the books. She had just picked up two when a pair of very clean hands appeared in her field of vision: pale, well-proportioned, with clear knuckles and a perfection that resembled an artist's hands. Wearing a black ring on his index finger, and moving upward, there was the sleeve of a black jacket with gemstone cufflinks reflecting dazzling light under the illumination.

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The light seemed somewhat dazzling.

In the reflection of the black ring, these hands appeared exceptionally pale, even the protruding blue veins could be seen.

Somehow, Chu Jin felt these hands were eerily familiar, as though she had seen them somewhere before. She raised her eyes slightly and caught sight of the smooth, delicate jawline that peeked out from under the hat's brim, as well as the tightly pressed lip line. His lips lacked color, just like his skin, a kind of white that was paler than ordinary people.

Though he was right before her eyes, Chu Jin couldn't make out his features; his eyes and nose were all hidden in the shadow of the hat's brim, casting a mysterious aura. She felt an impulse to lift his hat and see the true face beneath.

Up close, Chu Jin could even catch a faint, unusual fragrance.

Like—

Black Manjushage flowers.

"Thank you," Chu Jin accepted the book he handed over, her slender, pale fingertips stopping beside the man's long fingers, creating a stark contrast.

"You're welcome," the man slowly rose to his feet, his tone even and powerful, like the sound of jade, but upon closer listening, it carried a hint of age.

He must be someone with a story, Chu Jin thought subconsciously.

Chu Jin didn't notice that after the man appeared, the several youths who had been loitering around her had all vanished.

After arranging her books, Chu Jin hurriedly walked downstairs,

Strangers in the eyes of old acquaintances.

Watching her retreating figure, Xuanyuan Shangchen's lips curled into an indistinct and obscure arc.

A bit bitter.

He and she were old acquaintances, yet also strangers.

Xuanyuan Shangchen lifted his long fingers and slowly caressed his own lips. Standing against the light, he seemed to be shrouded in a halo of snowlight, exuding a sense of oppression. Passersby were all cautiously avoiding him, not daring to look directly.

He was not only the black Manjushage flower but also the Grim Reaper who had crawled out of the abyss of hell.

Xuanyuan Shangchen walked to a bookshelf, casually picked up a book, and then took a seat by the floor-to-ceiling window on the second floor. Watching the lively pink figure downstairs, the expression in his eyes slowly warmed up.

Spring had returned to the earth, and all things were reviving.

The warm crystal light shone upon him, casting a halo that made him appear even more mysterious. In the distance, many young girls felt their hearts stir, looking over several times.

It wasn't until three in the afternoon that Chu Jin left Yan Yuzhai and hailed a taxi to rush toward the school.

The driver was a very enthusiastic middle-aged uncle. "Miss, where to?"

Chu Jin leaned back in the rear seat, eyes closed resting, "Please take me to Bauhinia International Kindergarten."

"Got it," the driver uncle chuckled in response, then continued, "You don't seem like a local. Did you come from the southern water towns?"

Despite the question, the driver's tone conveyed a certain certainty.

Women from the south tend to be delicate, pale, unlike the hearty and bold northern women, each with their own charms. It was obvious that someone like Chu Jin, with her slender arms and legs, came from the south; only southern land and water could nurture such a luminous girl.

Just as the driver uncle wanted to set an example of the warm hospitality of Capital City people, Chu Jin smiled gently, "I am a born and bred Capital City person."

The driver uncle paused, then laughed, "It seems even Capital City can produce beauties, huh?"

"You're quite young; you must have just finished your college entrance exams, right?" the driver uncle continued.

Because it was Monday, other than senior high school students who could afford such leisure, the rest would be in class.

Chu Jin nodded, "Yes, I just finished them recently."

"You look like you must have done well," the driver uncle started the conversation, "My daughter is about your age and also took the exams this year. She just calculated her scores three days ago, got around 650 points total. Did you estimate your scores at the school?" With this, the pride was undeniable in the driver uncle's eyes.

points were indeed over 100 points above the key college admission line, a score to be proud of.

"Your daughter did very well," Chu Jin's eyes curved into a smile, her gaze falling outside the window, "Uncle, how did we get here? Isn't it closer if we take the road up ahead?"

The driver uncle sighed, "There was a serious traffic accident at the crossroads ahead. I heard from my colleague that a family of three died on the spot, including a 3-month-old baby. Such a tragedy, white-haired people sending off those with black hair; how could their older relatives bear it, ah! It's pitiful!"

How unpredictable life is.

Chu Jin also sighed softly, her ears almost capable of hearing the 120 ambulance siren.

Because the driver uncle took a big detour, when Chu Jin arrived at the kindergarten gate, it was already 3:30 p.m.

The parents had already formed a neat queue, waiting for their children to come out.

Most of the parents there to pick up the children were grandparents. Chu Jin surveyed the crowd and did not see Song Juan.

Thinking of the accident at the crossroads, Chu Jin's brow twitched, worried that her task might have ended before it even started.

Lost in thought, the school was dismissed.

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The little loli and Ji Haoran walked out shoulder to shoulder, chatting merrily about something. Both were wearing big smiles. Seeing Chu Jin had indeed come to pick her up, the little loli could no longer care about her friends and quickly rushed towards Chu Jin, "Jin, you really came."

Chu Jin bent down to pick up the little loli with a warm smile, "Peng, you've gotten heavier again. If you continue like this, I won't be able to carry you anymore."

The little loli kissed Chu Jin and cooed, "Even if you can't carry me, you still have to..."

A young man in a business suit came to pick up Ji Haoran, "Uncle Wu, why are you picking me up today? Where's my mom?"

The young man tousled Ji Haoran's hair, "The lady had some things to do."

"Oh." Ji Haoran nodded understandingly and then waved his delicate little hand to the little loli, "See you tomorrow, Peng. Bye to Peng's mom."

The little loli adopted a cool big brother demeanor, "Little Ji, see you tomorrow."

After saying goodbye to Ji Haoran, the two of them boarded a taxi.

It was the same enthusiastic and chatty driver uncle. Since it hadn't been long, he had waited for Chu Jin for a while.

"Little miss, are we going back the same way?" asked the driver uncle.

"Let's take the original route back," Chu Jin said, then glanced down at the little loli with a soft voice, "Peng, where do you live? Let me take you home first?"

The little loli had run out in the middle of the night yesterday. It had been so long that her family must be worried. She didn't know whether her father had seen that message.

No matter what, there's no overnight grudge between father and daughter.

"Jin..." The little loli suddenly remembered the scene from last night and the light in her eyes dimmed for a moment, "I don't want to go home, Papa doesn't like me anymore, he doesn't want me..."

Last night's Papa was too unfamiliar and too frightening. She had never seen her Papa like that before. Thinking about it now, she was still terrified.

"Silly," Chu Jin touched the little loli's cheek, "Dad is the person in the world who loves Peng the most. He was just joking with you. He must be very worried now that he can't find you. Think about it, if Dad didn't like you, why would he raise you all this time? Be good, listen to Jin, let's go back, okay? Good children shouldn't worry their dads."

Hearing Chu Jin's words, the little loli's nose stung with tears, and she hugged his neck, crying out loud into his embrace.

Chu Jin gently patted the little loli's back, soothing her softly.

After a long while, the little loli's emotions gradually stabilized, "Jin, my home is at 1268 Golden Capital Road, Imperial Courtyard Manor."

Imperial Courtyard Manor.

One of the most mysterious luxury residential areas in Capital City, where the value of a manor is immeasurable in terms of money.

The car moved quickly, and in about thirty minutes, they arrived in front of the manor. Since taxis weren't allowed inside, Chu Jin could only walk with the little loli towards the manor.

Imperial Courtyard Manor was vast. They walked for about fifteen minutes before stopping in front of a luxurious estate, "Jin, this is my home." The little loli's face was smiling again.

Finally, she had managed to bring Jin back to recognize her place. It wasn't easy.

It was like she had successfully abducted Jin back home. The rest was up to Papa.

She hoped that Papa could defeat the old fiancé of Jin's grandfather.

"Okay," Chu Jin let go of the little loli's hand, touching her head, "I can only take you this far. Go inside now, I need to go back too."

The little loli grabbed Chu Jin's hand again, "Jin, come inside with me."

"Why?" Chu Jin raised his eyebrows slightly.

The little loli blinked, "What if Papa hits me? I'm scared to go in alone..." saying that, she let two big teardrops fall, looking pitiful.

Chu Jin's heart softened a bit, grasping the little loli's hand tighter, "Let's go."

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Seeing Chu Jin agree, a faint arc formed at the corner of the little lolita's mouth.

She took Chu Jin by the hand, and walked through the door with practiced ease.

As soon as they entered the house, the old butler came forward to greet them with surprise, "Oh my, my little missy, you've finally come back; the young master has been so worried." After speaking, he instructed the servants beside him, "Go quickly and tell the young master that the miss has returned."

Upon finishing his remarks, the old butler then noticed Chu Jin beside the little lolita, his eyes lighting up, "Little missy, who is this?"

Holding Chu Jin's hand, the little lolita's crisp voice answered, "Butler Grandpa, let me introduce you. This is my Jin Ge, he's going to be my mommy's person in the future."

Chu Jin suddenly felt like she had boarded a pirate ship; this child really didn't forget about this matter wherever she went.

Hearing this, the old butler's eyes shone with a deeper amusement as he bowed slightly toward Chu Jin, "Hello Miss, I am the butler of this house, my surname is Zhou. If you don't mind, you can just call me Uncle Zhou."

The young girl in front of him was dressed in a light pink dress that made her fair skin and red lips, with her facial features lovely as if painted; she looked extremely well-behaved with a clear and transparent temperament, not like other women who would look around as soon as they entered the house. She was very composed, giving off the impression of natural elegance, and she seemed quite well-matched standing next to the young master.

It's just... her age seemed a bit young.

Under the evaluating gaze of the old butler, Chu Jin slowly spoke, "Uncle Zhou, hello. My surname is Chu, Chu from Chu River and Han Border. You can just call me Xiao Chu (Little Chu)."

As the old butler led them further inside, he said, "How could that be, Miss Chu? You are a guest, and it wouldn't be proper for me to do so." Maybe, she could even become the mistress of this house in the future, given how much the miss likes her and how much the young master likes the miss; it wasn't impossible.

The Mo family's house was very large, after passing through a long corridor, they finally arrived at the main hall.

Inside the living room, two figures dressed in white and blue were engaged in a jovial conversation.

The atmosphere was harmonious.

Upon seeing the old butler enter with Chu Jin and the little lolita, Mo Qianjue immediately stood up from the sofa. The instant he saw Chu Jin, he thought he was hallucinating.

However, he quickly returned to his senses, walked over to the little lolita, and crouched down to her eye level, taking the initiative to apologize, "Pengpeng, dad was wrong last night. I shouldn't have treated you that way, I apologize. Can you forgive dad?" His tone was exceptionally earnest, full of regret.

Last night, he had been too impulsive.

The little lolita was just a 6-year-old child, what could she understand.

He shouldn't have acted that way.

After the little lolita had left in a huff, he also felt remorseful and had searched for a long time, until he received a message from Chu Jin, only then did he stop looking.

Seeing such a gentle father, the little lolita instantly forgot the unpleasantness of the previous night, pinched Mo Qianjue's ear and said in a milky voice, "Alright, alright, Pengpeng the Unparalleled is magnanimous, I forgive you. You must not make the same mistakes again, or else Pengpeng will spank you."

Mo Qianjue smiled, his delicate phoenix eyes slightly squinting, and he kissed the little lolita's cheek, "Thank you, Pengpeng."

Chu Jin hadn't expected Mo Qianjue to be the little lolita's father, and if it weren't for meeting him today, she might have even forgotten about the existence of this person known as Mo Qianjue.

But it was apparent that Mo Qianjue was a responsible father; he loved his child and knew very well how to interact with her.

His attitude while apologizing to the little lolita was very earnest, with not the slightest hint of perfunctory, and he even kneeled on one knee, showing that he deeply respected the child.

She believed that what happened last night was probably just a misunderstanding.

It was then that the little lolita remembered the important matter, pulling Chu Jin forward to introduce her, "Daddy, let me introduce her, this is the beautiful Jin Ge," she said, then turning to Chu Jin, "Jin Ge, this is my handsome daddy, Mo Qianjue."

...Handsome as a flower.

Mo Qianjue's lips twitched slightly, looks like it was time to find a Chinese tutor for the little lolita to study idioms properly. Is 'handsome as a flower' really used like this?

He was clearly unrivaled in beauty.

Chu Jin nodded faintly toward Mo Qianjue, the corners of her lips lifting politely, "Hello, I'm Chu Jin."

Mo Qianjue rose to his feet, extending his right hand toward Chu Jin, "Miss Chu, a pleasure to meet you. Thank you for bringing Pengpeng home."

Both of them chose to forget that past incident, as if this was the first time they were meeting each other.

The girl merely stood quietly in front of him, her countenance picturesque, and her poise graceful, making it difficult for one to look away; so far yet so near.

She was only in her late teens, but she exuded a sense of timelessness, not resembling a young girl so much but rather a person who had seen it all.

Otherworldly, tranquil.

Chu Jin smiled softly, "You're welcome, I like Pengpeng very much." As she spoke, she gently shook the man's fingertips as a polite gesture, quickly releasing them afterward.

The brief warmth at his fingertips was fleeting, but the residual heat seeped through his flesh into his veins, reaching the depths of his heart; for a moment, he was slightly taken aback. As the Unparalleled Son in all three realms, Mo Qianjue was always careful about self-maintenance, especially his hands, which were softer and more delicate than a woman's by a mile. He never thought that in this world there would be hands even more beautiful and softer than his own.

Those hands, lustrous as jade, were exquisitely delicate, capturing his heart.

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However, she let go of his hand too quickly, as if it was contaminated with some kind of bacteria, as no woman had ever shown such disdain for him.

There was a slight sense of loss in the depths of his heart.

"Tap—Tap—Tap."

Sharp high heel sounds came from nearby.

A blue silhouette stood beside Mo Qianjue and smiled as she spoke, "Miss Chu, we meet again."

That voice was very familiar.

Chu Jin looked up to see that it was... Mo Feixue.

She could feel that Mo Feixue's hostility towards her had deepened.

Her eyes were filled with ice.

Chilliness emanated from her face.

It was as if she could turn into an immortal at any moment.

Chu Jin curved her lips indifferently and replied in a light tone, "Miss Mo, I trust you've been well."

"You know each other?" Mo Qianjue looked at them both, a bit surprised as he spoke.

He knew Chu Jin was no ordinary person and even possessed Spiritual Power, but he had not expected that she would actually know Mo Feixue.

What was her relationship with the Mo family?

Which realm from the three realms did she belong to?

For a moment, Mo Qianjue was filled with curiosity about Chu Jin.

"It's not as simple as just knowing each other," Mo Feixue said smilingly, "Qianjue, let me introduce to you, this is the current fiancée of Zhixuan, the young miss of the Chu Family, Chu Jin."

The five words "the young miss of the Chu Family" were spoken with a certain deep significance.

Knowing your enemies and yourself, you can win every battle, and these past days, Mo Feixue had conducted a detailed investigation on Chu Jin.

She found that Chu Jin was not just an ordinary person, but also one of the lower echelons among ordinary people, having lived eighteen unremarkable years branded with labels like 'waste' and 'good for nothing'—a joke in the upper echelons of Capital City.

It was beyond her how the senior lady of the Mo family could let such a joke become the family's eldest daughter-in-law.

A waste that was even scorned by the secular world dreamed of entering the gates of the Superpower World? What a joke.

But now, it seemed she had underestimated Chu Jin.

This ordinary person indeed had very clever methods, having not only enchanted Zhixuan but now also managed to receive special regard from Mo Qianjue—a truly unbelievable feat!

Mo Feixue could not understand what was so great about an ordinary person. What made the proud sons of the three realms fall for her, one after the other?

Was it because of that face?

But Zheng Chuyi's looks were not much inferior to hers!

It was bad enough that she had monopolized Zhixuan, but now she was also flirting with Mo Qianjue—an outright shameless vixen!

It seemed that this scourge really must not be allowed to remain.

It had been mentioned by the little loli that Chu Jin had a fiancé, but she had never imagined that her fiancé would actually be... Zhixuan.

Mo Qianjue's eyes narrowed slightly, the expression within them shifting again and again, and then, with an even tone, he said, "Well, since everyone knows each other, let's go inside and sit."

Chu Jin declined, "No, I've still got things to do, so I'll be heading back. Goodbye, Mr. Mo," and after speaking, she bent down to pat the little loli's head, "Goodbye, Pengpeng."

"Jin bro, it's so late, you shouldn't go home. Stay and have dinner, Uncle Fat makes really delicious food," the little loli tugged at Chu Jin's wrist, not letting her leave, "I'll take you to my room, okay? Stay with me tonight."

Before Chu Jin could reply, Mo Feixue bent down and picked up the little loli, "Pengpeng is right, Miss Chu, why are you in such a hurry to leave? Stay and have dinner with us." She exuded the presence of a hostess, and from her tone, it was clear she had known the little loli's family for quite some time.

"Thanks, but no need, I have things to do," Chu Jin politely declined.

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Mo Feixue smiled lightly, "Since you have something to do, I won't keep you," as she spoke, she lowered her gaze to the little Lolita and coaxed softly, the smile in her eyes very gentle, "Pengpeng, be good. When Miss Chu is free, your auntie will take you to play with her, okay?"

"No good," the little Lolita pouted dissatisfiedly, "Auntie Feixue, I want to play with Jin now. Let me down."

Chu Jin reached out and touched the little Lolita's head, "I'll see you tomorrow." Having said that, he turned and left.

"Miss Chu, it's hard to get a cab here. Let me drive you," Mo Qianjue picked up the car keys and quickly caught up with Chu Jin.

The mansion was on the mid-levels and indeed, it was difficult to get a cab. Chu Jin did not refuse him, "Then I'll trouble Mr. Mo."

"Papa, I want to go with you to send Jin home," the little Lolita slid down from Mo Feixue's arms and caught up with the two.

Mo Qianjue looked at her solemnly, "Don't you have homework to do?"

The little Lolita touched her head, a sly glint in her eyes, "Oh, right, I haven't done my homework yet. Papa, be careful driving, bye Jin."

"Bye," Chu Jin waved to her.

As they were leaving, Mo Qianjue took a black umbrella passed to him by the butler.

Mo Feixue watched their retreating figures, her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly before she crouched down, hands on the little Lolita's shoulders, "Pengpeng, tell Auntie, how did you come to be with Miss Chu? How did you two meet? Does she come here often?"

How did an ordinary person come to know Mo Qianjue?

The more Mo Feixue thought about it, the more she felt something was wrong, so she could only find the answer from the little Lolita.

Children don't lie.

The little Lolita cocked her head, her big eyes blinking, and in a milky voice she said, "Auntie Feixue, I really like Jin. I want Jin to be my mommy. What do you think?"

Upon hearing this, Mo Feixue's face turned a bit pale, "Pengpeng, we have to ask Daddy's opinion on this kind of matter. Right, didn't you used to really like the little white rabbit at Auntie's house? I brought it with me today; how about Auntie takes you to see it now?"

"Okay, thank you, Auntie. Let's go see it now."

"Okay." Mo Feixue took the little Lolita and walked towards the backyard.

Outside, the lamps were just beginning to light up, stars filling the sky, a gentle summer breeze blowing, a very cool evening.

Mo Qianjue, the very picture of a gentleman, held the car door open for Chu Jin and carefully shielded his hand above the car, leaning slightly. Although he had a classically handsome face, his physique was not frail at all. He was very tall, like a tall and graceful tree.

After getting in the car, Mo Qianjue took the initiative, "Where does Miss Chu live?"

Chu Jin looked down and fastened her seatbelt, "Huagui Park Building 68."

Midway through the ride, the previously star-filled sky suddenly poured with heavy rain, streaks of lightning cutting across the sky, fierce and startling.

"Boom boom boom—" The thunder echoed in the ears, one after another.

The weather was eerily reminiscent of the night of Chu Jin's accident in her past life.

That scorching fire engulfed every inch of her skin.

In the flames, she struggled, screaming, and gradually running out of strength, she became a pile of charred bones.

She couldn't even leave a complete corpse behind.

Suddenly, Chu Jin's mind flashed back to the system reminder: the backlash of Heavenly Dao.

A cold sweat broke out on her pale forehead.

Her long fingers gripped the leather seats tightly, knuckles turning slightly white due to the force, and veins stood out on the back of her hands, her whole body falling into an extremely uneasy state.

Fire, a sky full of fire.

Unnoticed to anyone, Chu Jin's originally clear pupils were gradually turning red.

A seductive red.

"What's happening?" Zi also exclaimed, "Jin, calm down."

But Chu Jin seemed not to hear, her eyes growing redder and redder.

"Miss Chu, are you alright?" Feeling her agitation, Mo Qianjue turned his head and asked before handing her a tissue.

Just as Mo Qianjue turned his head, Chu Jin's eyes returned to normal. She paused before taking the tissue, "I'm fine, thank you."

Just now, Chu Jin felt as if she had fallen into another dimensional space, blind and deaf to everything, senses shut down, as if pressed by some heavy stone, unable to breathe.

Mo Qianjue distinctly felt her fingertips were somewhat cold. He frowned slightly, then turned up the air conditioning by two degrees.

Zi cautiously asked, "Jin, what happened to you just now? Are you okay?"

Chu Jin frowned slightly, "I don't know what happened." Since her rebirth, this was the first time she encountered such a loss of control. Was this the backlash from Heavenly Dao that the system mentioned?

Zi's expression was grave, sitting on a stone bench without a word, seemingly deep in thought.

So, Zi could be that serious.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes.

Then, what secrets was he hiding from her?

The rain grew heavier, the streets nearly empty, the night heavy with oppressiveness.

About thirty minutes later, the car stopped in front of Huagui Garden.

Mo Qianjue got out first, opened the black umbrella, then walked to Chu Jin's side to open the door for her. As the umbrella tilted, most of the rain soaked his shoulder, wetting his white shirt.

Chu Jin looked at him and said lightly, "Mr. Mo, you should head back. I can go in by myself."

Mo Qianjue spoke with finality, "It's pouring out. Let me escort you."

At that moment, a powerful light shone, and a black Bugatti Veyron stopped directly in front of them.

Blinded by the bright lights, Chu Jin reflexively raised her hand to shield her forehead.

At the same time, the wind stopped, the rain ceased.

Chapter 428:

The heavy rain came quickly and left just as fast.

The air was permeated with the earthy fragrance that comes after rain.

Very refreshing.

The black Bugatti Veyron nearly merged with the night.

Mo Qianjue stood with his umbrella, gazing towards the direction of the Bugatti Veyron.

Chu Jin stood right beside him.

His umbrella still tilted towards her, droplets of water falling from its tip onto Mo Qianjue's shoulder.

After a moment, the car door opened.

A long and powerful leg was the first to emerge from the car, followed by a sharply defined, stern face resembling a finely carved statue, enigmatic and blurred in the night, exuding a powerful and chilling aura that was irresistible.

The young master of the Mo family who had slaughtered a city was known throughout the three realms.

The Unparalleled Son of Lawless City was also a deterrent in all directions.

Both men had heard of each other's reputations.

But had never met.

The kind of situation where kings do not meet kings.

It was unexpected for them to meet under these circumstances.

Although Mo Qianjue had never seen Mo Zhixuan, he knew that the man before him was Mo Zhixuan.

He lightly raised his eyebrows, looking at Mo Zhixuan unaffectedly.

The man was very tall, his long, straight legs clad in tailor-made suit pants, his figure slender and upright, his profile exquisitely chiseled like sculpture, his features cool as if covered with frost. The air around him radiated coldness, his lips were thin, almost pressed into a line, and thin-lipped people were said to be heartless—Chu Jin really must have a thing for such unfeeling men.

Subconsciously, Mo Qianjue did not have a good impression of this patriarch from the Mo family.

Such person was the epitome of indifference, utterly cold and heartless, serious and stiff, without a hint of gentleness—there was no joy in being with him at all.

Chu Jin's taste was really poor!

And extremely so.

The gaze between the two men seemed calm and undisturbed, but it was already laden with tinder.

Neither looked down on the other.

"Thank you, Sir, for bringing my fiancée back," Mo Zhixuan broke the silence first, striding quickly and grabbing Chu Jin's wrist, pulling her to his side, declaring his ownership.

"You're welcome," Mo Qianjue closed his umbrella and spoke politely and gently, "It's what I should have done."

The statement was quite artful.

It's what I should have done.

As if he were the one returning his own girlfriend.

That natural.

Mo Zhixuan maintained his composure.

"Mr. Mo, this is my fiancé, Mo Zhixuan," Chu Jin took the initiative to introduce him, feeling that if she didn't say this now, Mo Zhixuan would probably break her wrist.

Indeed, after her words, the man's anger seemed to subside by half, and the strength of his grip lessened.

"So, you are the head of the Mo family, I've heard much about you," Mo Qianjue reached out his right hand towards Mo Zhixuan, "I am Mo Qianjue."

Mo Zhixuan took his hand, his lips barely lifting with chill pride as he uttered two words, "I'm honored."

The contest between the two men began with a handshake.

Seemingly neither exerted much force.

They both appeared gentle as spring rain, even carrying faint smiles.

But in secret, the two had already been through several rounds of fierce battle.

Undercurrents surged.

Romantic rivals meet—one's eyes can't help but redden!

Between the two men, neither gave an inch, both exerting their maximum spiritual power.

"Mr. Mo, are you feeling unwell? You're quite pale," after a while, Mo Zhixuan finally released his hand, looking unchanged, his voice low and smooth.

Damn! How shameless can this man be!? He had the audacity to say something like that after what he just did!

Mo Qianjue held his breath, feeling extremely uncomfortable!

His sharp phoenix eyes stared intently at Mo Zhixuan, lethal intent seething within those pitch-black orbs.

Mo Zhixuan merely glanced at him indifferently, his cool lips curling slightly, "It's getting late, and older people shouldn't stay up too late, especially someone as frail as Mr. Mo. You shouldn't be out in the night air—it's made you pale. You should head back and rest sooner. Jin and I won't keep you." Mr. Mo said seriously, and then he walked into the house with his arm around Chu Jin's shoulders.

Older people?

Frail and elderly?!

Mo Qianjue was fuming with anger! But he couldn't just rush up and fight Mo Zhixuan.

Fighting, that would be ungentlemanly!

He could only watch helplessly as the two entered the house, before he stormed into his car, his anger boiling as he started the engine and sped away.

Mo Zhixuan, huh?

A man so cold and heartless that he seemed to exude a chill all over.

No woman would fall for such a man.

Since he could make Mo Zhixuan's first fiancée bow to him, he could certainly make his second fiancée do the same.

Speaking of which, he had indirectly "cucked" Mo Zhixuan before.

If it weren't for him, Mo Zhixuan would probably be happily united with Zheng Chuyi by now.

With that thought, Mo Qianjue's expression softened quite a lot, and the pain in his hand eased somewhat.

So what if his spiritual power is strong? When it comes to charm, he still doesn't match up to me.

Whoever fancies such an unromantic log is simply blind!

Chapter 429:

Mo Zhixuan, radiating an icy chill, pulled Chu Jin into the living room.

Chu Jin could clearly feel that the coldness emanating from him had intensified significantly compared to before. His hand was like a chunk of ice, bone-chillingly cold as if it could freeze over at any moment. The pulse that was once strong and vigorous had become much weaker, beating slowly and faintly as if gradually being encased in ice. It was erratic, not like a normal person's pulse at all, and very strange.

Chu Jin's brows rose in challenge, and she took his pulse with a deft move of her hand, squinting her eyes as she focused on the examination.

Mo Zhixuan did not struggle; instead, he just watched her, the corners of his mouth lifting in a barely discernible curve.

His pulse was extremely erratic, normal yet not normal, and even she couldn't diagnose what was wrong with him. After a moment, Chu Jin looked up at him, "Have you felt unwell recently?" From her angle, she could see Mo Zhixuan's smoothly contoured, delicate jawline, his long neck, and the first button of his white shirt undone, exposing his delicate collarbone.

In fact, Chu Jin had always been puzzled about how a normal person could be so cold.

Without a trace of warmth whatsoever.

Mo Zhixuan raised his eyebrows slightly, his tone deep, "Only the elderly are weak and sickly. I am fine, there's no need for you to worry."

Chu Jin: "..." You make it sound like you're not even of age yet.

"How do you know that 'effeminate' guy?" Mo Zhixuan continued to ask seriously.

When he said "effeminate," there was no sense of incongruity.

Even with a trace of his inherent coolness.

"Effeminate?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, a smile in her eyes, "Are you referring to... Mo Qianjue?"

Mo Zhixuan's eyebrows twitched, neither confirming nor denying.

Chu Jin walked over to the water dispenser to get a glass of water, her tone indifferent, "I'm not close with him. We just met today."

In the kitchen, Aunt Zhang had already started preparing dinner.

Delicious smells wafted out from time to time.

Mo Zhixuan sat down in front of the sofa, his expression serious as he said, "That man, Mo Qianjue, is cunning and scheming, heavy with ulterior motives, and outwardly righteous. Try to keep your distance from him in the future."

"Did you know him before?" Chu Jin asked as she sat down beside him, picking up the remote control and turning on the TV.

"The face reflects the heart," Mo Zhixuan replied indifferently, "Just by looking at his facial features, you can tell he's no good. Don't be fooled by him."

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, teasingly replying, "Mo Daddy, when did you learn how to read faces?"

"There's much you don't know about me," Mo Zhixuan handed her a peeled tangerine, his tone slow, "You will discover it gradually in the future."

Chu Jin took the tangerine, "Your face is telling me that it's already given up on you."

Mo Zhixuan pinched her cheek, his deep voice laced with a touch of indulgence, "Sharp-tongued, but facts speak louder than words."

Her skin was fair and delicate; even without much force, her jade-like complexion turned red almost instantly.

Watching the confident Mr. Mo, Chu Jin suddenly felt playful, and with a light laugh, she said, "Come on, Mr. Mo, to prove your intelligence is up to par, let me test your Mandarin, shall we?" Her eyes were slightly squinted, like a crescent moonlet filled with twinkling stars, irresistible and captivating.

"Test away," Mo Zhixuan sat there with his long legs crossed, his profile as perfect as jade.

Chu Jin sat up straight, "Then say these four words for me, 'An Lushan Rebellion.'"

"An Lushan Rebellion." His pronunciation was spot-on, his voice deep and magnetic, with a hint of chill, extremely pleasing to the ear.

Chu Jin nodded and took a sip of water, "Alright, not bad, the pronunciation is standard. Now, replace 'rebellion' with 'green', and say it again."

Mo Zhixuan, completely unfazed, replied directly, "An Lushan Green."

"Pfft!" Chu Jin couldn't hold back and accidentally sprayed out the water she had been drinking. Hearing this phrase coming out of Mr. Mo's mouth, with his serious and cool demeanor, was just too much!

An (I) Lushan (am) Green (only a donkey).

This old joke had actually fooled Mr. Mo.

Where was his intelligence?

In reality, Chu Jin's little tricks were nothing to the old and cunning Mr. Mo; he had simply played along to make her happy.

He hadn't expected this silly girl to laugh so heartily.

In fact, this was how an eighteen-year-old girl should be—carefree with unrestrained laughter on her face.

Footsteps sounded from behind, "Sir, Miss, dinner is ready." Aunt Zhang looked around the living room, not seeing anyone, and asked with some confusion, "Eh? Where is everyone?"

Chapter 430:

Chu Jin, with slightly red ears, pushed someone away and cleared her throat, "Okay, Aunt Zhang, I'll be right there."

Mo Zhixuan elegantly rose from the sofa, leisurely fastening the second button on his shirt—his face devoid of any signs of loss of control, still looking utterly serious.

His lips still so cool.

His eyes still so deep.

As if all that had just happened was only an illusion.

The two of them got up from the sofa, one after the other.

After dinner, Chu Jin thought the man would leave, but to her surprise, he actually sat back on the sofa leisurely reading the newspaper as if he was in his own home.

Not bothering about him, she went straight upstairs to take a shower.

After the shower, Chu Jin turned on the computer, logged into the author's backend, and marked "Blooms like Brocade" as complete.

Then she chatted with her editor for a while.

The editor informed Chu Jin that the first batch of physical books had been printed and would go on sale promptly at 12 p.m. the next day on a certain website. If they sold well online, they would be concurrently sold in physical bookstores.

As for sales, Chu Jin wasn't worried—after all, this book had been a hit across the China mainland in her previous life.

This time around, it should be no different.

Just then, her phone on the table lit up.

It was a message notification.

Chu Jin tapped on it, and it was a message from Shen Lingtian.

"Jin Jin, do you have time to meet? The Buddha Beads worked very well, and I'd like to thank you in person."

Chu Jin's lips curled slightly, a hint of red flashing in her eyes, "Sure. /Smile,"

Shen Lingtian replied quickly, "Let's meet at the West Meet Sunshine Cafe tomorrow afternoon at twelve."

"Sure, it's a date."

"Mhm, Jin Jin good night, remember to go to bed early, staying up late is bad for a girl's skin."

Even through the screen, Chu Jin could picture Shen Lingtian's disgusting smirk.

Suppressing her discomfort, she replied, "Okay, you too, good night."

Another villa.

Lu Yan saw Shen Lingtian sitting by the window, smiling at his phone, and her eyebrows lightly furrowed, "Ling Tian, who are you chatting with to be smiling so happily?"

Shen Lingtian placed his phone on the cabinet casually, his expression natural, "A client."

"A client?" Lu Yan's beautiful eyes narrowed slightly, "You smile so happily chatting with a client? She must be a great beauty, right?"

Shen Lingtian did not contradict, "Even if she is beautiful, she's not as gorgeous as my Yan."

"You sure know how to flatter," she snorted lightly, "Ling Tian, let me tell you some good news. My book can be published next month."

My book.

Lu Yan said these three words with confidence, as though they were entitled to her.

As if the book was truly a masterpiece she had poured her heart and soul into.

What followed was to progress smoothly, like a matter of course.

minutes later, wearing her nightgown, Lu Yan picked up Shen Lingtian's phone and browsed through the messages, one by one.

Jin Jin?

That's a rather affectionate call.

According to the time stamp, Shen Lingtian had just been chatting with this woman.

Shen Lingtian had actually lied to her, claiming he was talking to a client.

Watching these messages, a sinister look crossed the depths of Lu Yan's eyes.

It took her a while to put down the phone.

She walked towards the living room.

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The night grew deeper.

Chu Jin sat at her desk, intently studying the code on her computer, completely unaware that a man had, at some point, come to stand behind her.

His slender fingers rapidly danced across the black keyboard, the click-clack sounds occasionally breaking the silence, the glow from the computer screen illuminating her face, making it appear as luminous as jade.

Her lips slightly pursed, she looked extremely focused.

This person, when serious, did indeed seem the part.

Perhaps it was because he had just taken a bath, but Mo Zhixuan could even smell the faint scent of milk emanating from her, mixed with her natural body fragrance.

Along with a gentle breeze, it was very pleasant.

After typing the last string of English letters, she pressed the enter key.

Only then did Chu Jin close the lid of the laptop, stretch lazily, rise from the chair, turn around to get into bed, and only when she lay down did she realize that there was an extra person in the room.

Chu Jin hurriedly pulled the blanket up to her shoulders, "When did you come in?"

She hadn't felt anything amiss at all—just how powerful was he to be able to contain his presence so completely?