

R Woman 431

Chapter 431:

"I just came in not long ago," Mo Zhixuan said, wiping the wet hair on his head before heading straight to the bedside. He lifted a corner of the comforter and slipped in.

Chu Jin was dumbfounded. "You, you, you... did you enter the wrong room?"

Mo Zhixuan gave her a faint glance, then reached out to turn off the bedside lamp, slowly uttering two words, "Go to sleep."

Instantly, the previously bright and clear room plunged into darkness, where all that could be heard in the still air were breathing sounds.

Lying dazedly in bed, Chu Jin felt completely out of sorts.

"This is how we always did it before," Mo Zhixuan turned over, reached out his long arm to scoop her into his embrace.

This was always the way?

She had her doubts about that.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, but her mind was blank, unable to recall anything about the past.

"Are you serious?"

"Of course," Mo Zhixuan spoke as if he were the soul of integrity, "I never lie."

Chu Jin shifted uncomfortably, "I can't sleep like this. There's an empty room next door..."

"Don't worry, I won't touch you now. Just sleep peacefully," Mo Zhixuan tightened his hold.

Chu Jin immediately stopped moving and closed her eyes, quiet as a chicken.

With such a natural big ice box at her side, she quickly fell asleep.

Her breathing was shallow.

...

In the darkness, those eyes sparkled, deep as the ocean. He held tightly to the person in his arms, fearing she would vanish the next second.

Besides holding her close, he made no other move.

Imposing one's will is not the way of a gentleman.

In June the days start early, and by six in the morning, the sun had already broken through the clouds, its golden rays bathing the earth.

Chu Jin's biological clock was always accurate. She slowly opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the man's sharply defined features. Even in sleep, his thin lips were tightly pursed, his nose was lofty, his eyebrows delicate and cold, and his eyelashes long and dense.

For the first time, Chu Jin noticed just how long Mr. Mo's eyelashes were—longer than a girl's, curved like little fans. Could they be a centimeter and a half? Tsk, tsk, tsk, such a big man and he has such long eyelashes—it's a waste!

Almost subconsciously, her hand reached out towards his eyes, wanting to pluck an eyelash to see exactly how long it was.

The tip of her finger lightly touched his eyelashes.

Fingers are connected to the heart.

Chu Jin felt as if her heart had also been lightly scratched, a curious sensation.

Just as she was about to pluck an eyelash, her hand was suddenly seized, "Jin, stop it." His breath was tinged with the scent of mint from his body, and a faint trace of tobacco, which was immensely comforting.

Their proximity gave her the false impression of being an old married couple.

Like lovers who had been supporting each other for many years.

Though she had felt wide awake just moments before, Chu Jin now found herself drifting back to sleep.

She couldn't tell how much time had passed when she woke up again.

"...What time is it?" Her voice was lazy with the remnants of sleep, utterly unguarded.

"7:10," the man answered without checking his phone, his accuracy down to the minute.

"Time to get up!" Chu Jin threw back the covers and sat up on the bed.

Mo Zhixuan closed his eyes briefly, a tired look flickering through his expression. He wrapped his arms around her waist, "It's still early, let's sleep a bit more." He had been tormented by this ancestor until around 5 o'clock in the morning before he finally fell asleep; at this moment, his drowsiness was overwhelming.

Chapter 432:

"It's getting late, I need to go for a run. You keep sleeping," Chu Jin pried off the hand around her waist, got out of bed, found a set of sportswear from the closet, and went to the washroom to change.

She moved quickly, brushing her teeth and washing her face in just 15 minutes.

When she came out of the washroom, Mr. Mo was still sleeping in bed. Chu Jin tiptoed downstairs, then jogged to the community garden to run.

The morning air was very fresh.

The garden was still filled with a light fragrance of flowers.

There were also many elderly men and women exercising.

Occasionally, one could hear the chirping of birds, which was quite rare in the bustling downtown area.

After a few laps, Chu Jin stopped to perform a set of punches. Her style was very unique, embodying the boldness of men without losing the gentleness of women, harmonious and fluid like drifting clouds and flowing water, full of an agile beauty. After she finished, she actually gained quite a few fans, and there was a round of applause.

"Young lady, what is this style of punching called? I've never seen it before," asked an old man with a white beard, smiling jovially.

The talking old man was an exercise enthusiast whom Chu Jin often saw in the community garden. He was good at various styles of martial arts: Tai Chi, Xing Yi Quan, the Five Animal Frolics, and so on, but this was the first time he had seen Chu Jin's unique style.

Although the young lady was young, her punching was not just for show; it looked substantial, like a form of performance art, exceptionally beautiful.

The old man wasn't a layperson, he knew that while it was easy to practice the forms, mastering the bone structure was difficult. For a young girl to perform punches like these was truly impressive.

She also looked refreshing, very likable at first glance.

The old man was keen on making friends with this young person.

With a smile on her face, Chu Jin said, "Hello, Grandpa. This is called 'Falling Bone Fist,' created by a hermit from the Song Dynasty." This set of punches she read about in the ancient books of the Purple Thunder Space, which did not specify the creator, just that it came from the Song Dynasty era.

"Falling Bone Fist?" The old man stroked his beard, "I've never heard this name before. Young lady, do you mind if this old man follows you to learn a few moves?"

"Of course not," Chu Jin replied with a slight smile.

The elderly and the young were imitating each other's moves in the garden, both looking skilled, creating a very beautiful scene. Although the old man was well past his prime, he was quick to learn, and after one set, he had already mastered most of it.

The two also had a very pleasant conversation.

Half an hour later, the old man wiped the sweat from his forehead, "Jin, let's stop here for today, and let's continue tomorrow."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Okay, Grandpa. See you tomorrow morning."

After bidding farewell to the old man, Chu Jin headed in the direction of the villas.

"Chu Jin?"

Just then, a deep male voice came from behind, questioning.

Chu Jin stopped in her tracks and turned around to see a sunny young man in a T-shirt with a handsome curve on his face, long legs, nearly a height of 1.8 meters, a face beaded with sweat from exercise, and exuding the scent of hormones.

An 18-year-old youth, handsome as jade, brimming with youthfulness, attracting the gaze of countless young girls wherever he went.

It's just a pity he encountered Chu Jin.

"What's up?" Chu Jin's tone was indifferent.

"What a coincidence," Wang Kai scratched his head, "you live here too?"

Meeting Chu Jin here was no accident. Once he had made up his mind to pursue her, he had done his homework after going home and found out that she lived in Huagui Park, so he immediately bought a villa here.

He had been living here for about ten days, knowing that Chu Jin had a habit of morning runs, so he came out for a run every morning. Previously, he had just watched her from afar, but this morning he finally could not contain his excited heart.

"You live here too?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Yeah," Wang Kai nodded excitedly, "I didn't expect you to live here too. By the way, are you also out for a run?"

The girl in front of him was dressed in a simple sports outfit, her complexion fair as jade, adding a lively charm to her usually cold demeanor that made it hard to take one's eyes off her. Wang Kai found himself distracted for a moment.

Chu Jin had no intention of playing a youthful game of chase with him. "Yes, I have something else to do; I have to go." With those words, she turned and left.

Watching her retreating figure, the corners of Wang Kai's mouth curved up with a determined arc.

Mo family.

The time to the Extremely Yin Night was getting ever closer.

The entire Mo family had entered a new state of readiness.

"Mom, are you planning to invest in gemstones?" Mo Qingyi asked curiously, looking at the pile of red crystals in the courtyard.

The red crystals, under the sunlight, appeared so piercing, shining, and dazzling.

All of these crystals were of high quality; any single piece taken out would be worth a fortune.

A layer of red flames wafted above the courtyard. Mo Qingyi could clearly feel that the closer she got to the crystals, the hotter it became around her, to the point it almost took her breath away.

Belonging to fire, the red crystals had caused some nearby plants to show signs of withering, as if scorched by a fierce blaze.

The old madam Mo didn't speak. Instead, she took a dagger handed by a servant and drew it across her wrist, immediately dropping her blood onto the crystals, producing a wisp of blue smoke.

The blood seemed to come to life, swimming through the crystals like cunning fish, casting an even more brilliant red glow.

The servants nearby maintained an expressionless face, as if they were accustomed to such scenes, whereas Mo Qingyi stood frozen, drawing in a sharp breath at the sight.

The situation before her clearly defied any scientific explanation.

"Qingyi," after a long while, the old madam Mo finally began to speak, "how old are you this year?"

"Mom?" Mo Qingyi looked at her mother in confusion, wondering if she was becoming muddled—didn't she know her own daughter's age?

Although she thought this, Mo Qingyi still honestly replied, "18."

years had passed.

It had been 18 years since she left the Superpower World.

A lifetime passes in the blink of an eye, as clouds change over the tranquil hills, some things still perceptible as if they occurred yesterday.

Yet in the blink of an eye, 18 years had gone by.

On the Extremely Yin Night, succeed in the tribulation and you're crowned king.

Fail, and you descend into the abyss of hell.

The old madam Mo squinted her eyes, looking forward, her gaze deep and unfathomable, concealing her true feelings, "There are some things that it's time for me to tell you. Come with me."

Mo Qingyi had never seen her mother like this before, a bit weathered, a bit sorrowful, an indescribable feeling.

"Mom, what is it you want to tell me?" Mo Qingyi turned, linking arms with the old madam Mo, supporting her as they walked forward.

Chapter 433:

In fact, even if the elderly Mrs. Mo had not mentioned it, Mo Qingyi could have guessed something.

The matter that the elderly Mrs. Mo wanted to discuss with her was probably related to her own origins, or perhaps it had to do with the whole Mo family.

Ever since she could remember, she had no memories of her father in her mind, and the elderly Mrs. Mo had also never taken the initiative to mention her father to her.

Strangely, during her childhood, she never felt a lack of fatherly love.

For her, the role of father was dispensable.

Her mother and brother were her everything.

Although her brother was as cold as an unmelt-able iceberg, in her eyes, he was the best brother in the world.

She remembered failing her college entrance exams last year and crying as she called Mo Zhixuan. Less than thirty minutes after hanging up, Mo Zhixuan appeared, having left behind an important collaboration to cross half of Capital City just to see her, just to say, "It's okay, your brother is here."

She never thought that her brother, usually so aloof, would say such words.

It was from then on that she made up her mind to study hard, choosing to take a gap year, so as not to let her brother down again.

Upon reflection, from her childhood to the present, Mo Zhixuan had cleaned up so many messes for her.

The mother and daughter walked to the study together.

The atmosphere was somewhat quiet, and a bit subdued.

Even though she had mentally prepared herself, Mo Qingyi still felt a bit panicky.

"Qingqing, you sit first; I'll go get something," the elderly Mrs. Mo led her to the sofa in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows to sit down, then turned to enter the inner room.

"Okay," Mo Qingyi nodded obediently, but felt somewhat at a loss.

When the elderly Mrs. Mo came out again, she had a carried handbag with her.

An old-fashioned carried handbag with purple and blue patterns, filled with the air of bygone days, well preserved by its owner, without a single sign of damage on its body.

Mo Qingyi's heart raced at the sight of that handbag, experiencing a suffocating sensation.

"Qingqing, you've grown up, and there are some things I can no longer hide from you," the elderly Mrs. Mo said while opening the carried handbag, her voice very calm, but her eyes slightly red.

"Mom..." Mo Qingyi opened her mouth, wanting to speak but stopping herself.

The elderly Mrs. Mo took out a piece of red paper, a yellowed plastic milk bottle, and a set of baby clothes from the bag.

Although she knew that the truth might be very cruel for Mo Qingyi, the elderly Mrs. Mo felt she had to speak today; the child had grown up and had the right to make her own choices.

Better she hears about her origins from her mother than from the mouth of others.

"Qingqing, I've always treated you as my own daughter, but I must tell you the truth — I am not your biological mother," sighed the elderly Mrs. Mo, and continued, "Eighteen years ago, when our family had just moved to Capital City, I remember that day, the snow was falling heavily, I went out on an errand, and as soon as I arrived on the street, I saw a crowd of people pointing and heard a baby crying. I went over, and that's how I found you, your little face frozen red and your lips turning blue, the umbilical cord still on your stomach. Onlookers were saying that the child would not survive the night, but I refused to believe it and brought you home, raising you to this day..."

As she spoke, the elderly Mrs. Mo's voice gradually became hoarse, as the scene from that day on the street eighteen years ago seemed to emerge before her eyes.

There were many onlookers, but not one offered warmth to the infant.

There was even a couple who quietly made off with the only token the child had.

Who knows what kind of family could heartlessly abandon such a small infant on the streets in the heavy snow?

It can be said that without the elderly Mrs. Mo, there would be no Mo Qingyi today.

Mo Qingyi's face had turned deathly pale.

Blood seemed to flow backward in her body.

Understanding something in your heart is one thing; hearing it with your own ears is another.

"Mom, you're joking with me, right?" Mo Qingyi's voice choked, as she struggled to squeeze out a complete sentence. She feared that if she spoke one more word, her emotions would come pouring out.

Chapter 434:

"Qingyi, you've grown up now and should know the truth about everything. In the future, if you want to find your biological parents, mom won't stop you. It's enough if you still remember me as your mom, even if you think of me just as your aunt..." Mo Qingyi's adoptive mother couldn't continue, already weeping unabashedly.

"Mom," Mo Qingyi cried profusely, embracing the elderly Mrs. Mo tightly, "don't say that, you will always be my mom, I will never leave you..."

The kindness of one's upbringing is greater than heaven itself.

As for the so-called biological parents, the moment they decided to abandon her, they no longer had any relationship with her.

"Good child," the elderly Mrs. Mo said, her eyes moist with a look of relief.

Although she would respect Mo Qingyi's choice, the thought of Mo Qingyi potentially choosing to leave her and starting a search for her birth parents was something she found hard to accept.

After all, she had raised her for eighteen years, treating Mo Qingyi as her own daughter all those years.

"Qingyi, these are your belongings from when you were a baby; I've kept them until today. From now on, you should keep them yourself, even if just for a keepsake." Saying so, the elderly Mrs. Mo handed those items to Mo Qingyi.

A sheet of red paper, a yellowed plastic baby bottle, and a set of baby clothes.

Written on the red paper was a line of elegant handwriting: "This girl was born on the eighth day of the winter month, at the hour of the pig, in the year of Bingxu."

Just those cold, hard fifteen words, nothing more.

Mo Qingyi looked at these items, not sure what to feel, with tears continuing to stream down her face.

**

Huagui Park.

When Chu Jin returned from her run, Mr. Mo was already carrying breakfast to the dining room.

He was dressed in a clean white shirt and tailored suit pants, his sleeves neatly rolled up a few turns, revealing strong forearms and a shiny, cold-looking wristwatch.

He had left the second button of his white shirt undone, revealing his sexy Adam's apple.

The man had an aura of proud solitude that seemed out of place in the homely dining room.

As Chu Jin entered, Mr. Mo, without even lifting his head, said, "Wash your hands and get ready for breakfast." His tone was natural, giving Chu Jin the illusion that they had been living this way for a long time.

"I'm going to take a shower; you start without me." Without waiting for Mr. Mo to respond, Chu Jin pushed off with both hands, leaped over the wooden banister, and spun onto the spiral staircase, a breeze lifting her flowing hair as she disappeared around the corner.

Mr. Mo watched her disappearing figure, a slight smile curving his lips for a moment, making the world lose its color and the ice and snow melt away. But the smile was fleeting.

About fifteen minutes later, Chu Jin came downstairs. She was wearing a white T-shirt and cropped ripped jeans that made her legs look slender and long, very proportionate. She wore white sneakers, showing off her delicate, fair ankles.

The young girl in front of him was youthful and vivacious, yet also charming, a unique beauty in every glance and smile.

Mo Zhixuan's gaze flickered for a moment before he discreetly looked away, pouring milk into a glass, "Come and eat breakfast." His voice was low.

"Oh, coming." Chu Jin quickly walked over and saw that the breakfast had already been laid out on the table.

The breakfast was very simple: plain congee, eggs, fried dough sticks, and milk, with a side dish of spicy and sour wood ear mushrooms.

Aunt Zhang had not yet arrived, so it appeared that Mr. Mo had prepared everything himself.

Mr. Mo sat on the other side of the table, not starting to eat in advance but waiting for her. Seeing her sit down, he gently cracked an egg for her. After peeling it, he placed the egg white in Chu Jin's bowl while he deftly swallowed the yolk himself.

Chu Jin watched him with surprise. How did this man know she didn't eat egg yolks?

Her heart felt unexpectedly warm.

As a child, only her grandmother had treated her so well.

Unfortunately, she let her grandmother down later on by misjudging people.

Mr. Mo ate his simple meal with quiet elegance, elevating the humble food to the level of a luxurious western meal. Unlike others, he didn't boast or fish for compliments for cooking a meal or peeling an egg for his fiancée – talking smoothly and acting self-satisfied. A man like him always kept his emotions off his face, never disclosing whether he's happy or angry, always acting rather than talking, steady as Mount Tai.

Such a person either never falls in love, or once they do become emotionally involved and use their heart, they become deeply mired and committed to that one person for life, with nothing able to sway their affections elsewhere.

For life, devoted to just one person.

After dinner, Chu Jin went to wash the dishes but was brushed aside by Mr. Mo, "You don't need to add to the chaos. These are all fragile items. Just go play with Xiao Bai over there."

Xiao Bai graciously meowed in response and exchanged a look of wide-eyed innocence with Chu Jin.

Chu Jin: "... " as if she were a child with a learning disability.

Perhaps because he was older, Mr. Mo always wanted to do everything himself, hating to see her lift a finger or suffer the slightest inconvenience.

He had no experience in love and didn't know how to interact with girls, nor did he know how to speak sweet nothings. The only thing he could do was to spoil and indulge her.

Chu Jin didn't leave the kitchen but stood silently by, watching Mr. Mo wash the dishes.

His white shirt remained immaculate, untouched by a single stain. In that moment, he didn't seem to be in a kitchen filled with the scent of cooking but rather like a business tycoon commanding the battlefield from high above.

If one hadn't seen it with their own eyes, who would believe that the head of the Mo family would humble himself to deal with pots and pans in a kitchen?

Especially those from the Superpower World, if they saw Mo Zhixuan like this, their jaws would probably hit the floor in astonishment.

Chu Jin walked over and gently wrapped her arms around Mr. Mo's lean waist, pressing her face against his back, "Mr. Mo, thank you for your hard work."

There are some people in the world whose mere silhouette can bring a sense of peace.

No matter if it's snowy or rainy, with him by her side, it's always a sunny day.

Feeling a continuous warmth coming from behind him, Mr. Mo's entire body obviously stiffened, then he nonchalantly put the cleaned dish into the sterilizer. Only then did he reach out to grasp the hand at his waist, enveloping her delicate, boneless hand with his large one, his voice deep and husky, "Indeed, it's been tough, so how do you plan to repay me?"

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, attempting to let go of his waist, but her hands were held even tighter, "What would you like me to do in return?"

"How about," Mo Zhixuan's eyes glinted with amusement, he turned around, raised her chin, their eyes met. His handsome eyes shimmered like stars, pure yet seductive, alluring yet not vulgar. Mr. Mo was momentarily flustered, then leaned in closer, his exquisitely defined features magnified before her, "offering yourself to me?"

Just as his lips were about to touch hers, Chu Jin tilted her head away and gently pushed him back, a soft blush coloring her porcelain face, "Mr. Mo, your face tells me it's already given up on you." With that, she quickly left the kitchen.

Mr. Mo watched her retreating back, a warmth flooding his deep eyes, and after tidying up the dishes, he pocketed his hands and left the kitchen.

In the living room, Chu Jin held a black backpack in one hand and her cellphone in the other, ready to head out.

"Where are you going?" Mo Zhixuan followed her, lowering his gaze to button up his cuffs, a simple gesture interpreted with an undeniable air of aristocratic elegance.

In the blink of an eye, he assumed once again that mature and steady demeanor of a man who has weathered many storms.

"To the hospital to see my mom." Chu Jin looked up at him, her tone light.

Mo Zhixuan paused for a moment, then regained his composure and picked up the car keys from the coffee table, "I'll accompany you."

"You don't need to go to the company today?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly. Was Mo Corp that idle?

Mo Zhixuan looked composed, his voice still low and deep, "Compared to the company, visiting my mother-in-law is more important." The words seemed casual but were uttered with deep sincerity.

Chu Jin didn't speak. Her ears felt slightly warm while Mo Zhixuan suddenly stepped closer, shortening the distance between them and took her right hand, "Don't just stand there, let's go."

The black Bugatti Veyron was quietly parked next to the villa.

Like its owner, it was understated and mysterious, reflecting dazzling light in the sunshine.

Even though it was a hot June, the interior of the car was exceptionally cool, as if the air conditioning was on.

After getting into the car, the man initiated the engine and inquired, "Which hospital is your mother at?"

"City First People's Hospital." Chu Jin lifted her hand to tuck stray hairs behind her ear.

Soft sunlight filtered through the windshield and evenly sprinkled over her, as if gracing her with a halo, bringing out the light in her eyes. Her dark hair was tied back, exposing a smooth, full forehead, giving her an exceptionally obedient appearance. Mo Zhixuan couldn't resist, and with one hand, he fondly ruffled her head before driving off.

Chapter 435:

As the car pulled out of the community gate, a silver-gray Bentley slowly entered from the other lane. With its window half-open, for a fleeting moment, Chu Jin's peripheral vision caught a glimpse of a

familiar profile, especially that scrutinizing gaze, which sent a shock through her heart and left her breathless. By the time she turned to look, the Bentley's taillights had already disappeared around the corner at a remarkable speed.

Who was in the car?

Why did it give her such a strange feeling?

Chu Jin slightly frowned, her temples throbbing as she pressed on them, her thoughts running deep.

"Are you alright? Feeling uncomfortable?" Mo Zhixuan asked, noticing her odd behavior, and reached out to feel her forehead.

Chu Jin offered a faint smile, telling the truth, "I'm fine. It's just that I thought I saw someone I knew, but what's strange is I can't remember who it was."

After her words, Mo Zhixuan also glanced out of the car window, a subtle turbulence flashing in his deep eyes, then gently said, unshaken, "If you can't remember, then don't bother trying. You might have seen wrongly."

"Perhaps..." Chu Jin scratched her head, but the scene of the two cars passing each other kept replaying in her mind.

The person in the car was really very familiar.

Upon reaching an intersection, Mo Zhixuan pulled over, and in no time, two people brought big and small gift boxes and a bouquet of flowers.

This was a basic courtesy for visiting a sick person and meeting their family.

Although Zhao Yan was in a vegetative state, the respect due to her remained uncompromised.

Mo Zhixuan did not get out of the car. The people simply placed the items in the trunk, and within less than five minutes, the car was back on its way.

Chu Jin turned to look at the man who was driving attentively, her lips curling into a slight, yet radiant smile.

**

Roughly thirty minutes later, a black Bugatti Veyron came to a stop at the hospital's entrance.

Mo Zhixuan got out of the car and then walked around to the other side to carefully open the door for Chu Jin. Just as she stepped out, his phone rang. He answered it with his usual composure, but his expression grew increasingly stern.

June in Capital City was like a furnace, stuffy and hot, and the incessant chirping of cicadas made one feel irritable. Chu Jin raised her hand to shield her eyes, speckled and mottled sunlight streaming through her fingers. She glanced up at Mo Zhixuan with a slight arch of her brow, "Why don't you go to the company? I can go up on my own."

That earlier phone call was from the company; it seemed that there was some important contract waiting for his signature.

"It's alright, it's nothing major," Mo Zhixuan replied as usual, taking out a bouquet of carnations and the big and small gift boxes from the trunk, then turned to look at Chu Jin, "Let's go."

"I'll help you with some of that." Chu Jin followed close behind, reaching out to take some of the boxes from his hands, but he didn't give her the chance, simply handing her the carnations instead.

Walking side by side toward the inpatient department, they attracted many glances.

Mo Zhixuan had a naturally stunning and sculpted appearance. Tall and elegant, such a man would be the center of attention wherever he went. Chu Jin was also strikingly beautiful, as if she had stepped out

of a painting, delicate like orchids and plums. Together, they made an incredibly stunning sight, prompting others to indulge in wild imaginations and fabricate numerous stories.

The door to the VIP ward was half-open, through which one could vaguely see a weathered figure sitting by the bed, hunched over, seemingly wiping away tears.

Chu Jin, leading the way, was about to push the door open when she caught sight of the figure and her fingers stiffened.

If she wasn't mistaken, that person sitting by the bed should be Zhao Hai.

"What's wrong?" Mo Zhixuan lowered his gaze to look at her.

"It's nothing," Chu Jin's expression returned to normal the next instant, and she pushed the door open and walked in.

Mo Zhixuan followed her.

With their entrance, the air in the ward instantly fell silent.

Mo Zhixuan intentionally suppressed his formidable aura, but even so, he was hard to ignore.

Apparently not expecting someone to enter suddenly, Zhao Hai was startled for a moment before turning around. Seeing who it was, he said, incredulous, "Jin? What are you doing here?"

Beyond disbelief, there was also guilt and even a reluctance to look directly at Chu Jin.

He had gone too far that day.

For no good reason, he had driven a child to such a state.

No matter what, she was the only bloodline his daughter had left in this world.

He thought that after Chu Jin left, she wouldn't last outside for long before returning home, after all, she was just an 18-year-old girl with not yet fully grown wings. Without the protection of the Zhao family, she could not possibly survive, not everyone has Zhao Yiling's talent.

Unexpectedly, not only did she survive, she also thrived, running the Chu family business to new heights, her status in Capital City growing by the day.

Meanwhile, the Zhao Group was declining day by day, and its current situation was almost no different from bankruptcy.

What's more, he hadn't seen his only granddaughter, Zhao Yiling, for many days now.

Now, he realized that his granddaughter was not as weak as he had imagined. She was excellent, and in terms of talent and strategy, perhaps even better than Zhao Yiling.

Chapter 436:

But the choice I made that day was also human nature.

On one side was my own granddaughter, on the other, my granddaughter through marriage.

Any clear-sighted person would choose their own granddaughter.

Blood is, after all, thicker than water.

However, Zhao Hai had not expected things to turn out the way they did, for Chu Jin to make such a decisive action.

That manner of handling things was not at all like that of an eighteen-year-old child, but more akin to someone who had been through trials and tribulations.

"Come and see my mother," said Chu Jin, moving to the side and placing the carnations into the vase, her tone very detached.

Now, Chu Jin had no good feelings toward Zhao Hai, a person who could abandon his own granddaughter, what humanity was there to speak of?

Speaking to him was merely out of respect for an elder.

Zhao Hai opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but the words at his lips turned into a deep sigh. He knew the child bore grudges, and his actions that day had truly broken her heart. But in the end, he was still her grandfather, couldn't she harbor a bit of familial affection?

The air fell silent for a few seconds.

Zhao Hai spoke again.

"Jin, who is this?" As he spoke, Zhao Hai raised his eyes to look at Mo Zhixuan, a flash of shock in his eyes. In his lifetime, he had seen countless people, and although the man standing before him had not spoken, he could feel that this man was extraordinary, not someone to be taken lightly, emanating an awe-inspiring aura.

It was the sort of commanding presence one associates with those accustomed to high positions.

Even he, an old man who had spent decades roughing it out in the business world, could not help but feel inferior.

Chu Jin looked toward Zhao Hai with a detached expression, her words succinct and her tone cold, "This is my fiancé."

Knowing what Zhao Hai had done before, Mo Zhixuan merely gave Zhao Hai a sidelong glance without a word, proud as he was, like an emperor who looked down upon the world.

However, the fact that Chu Jin would introduce him as such in public was quite unexpected to him.

The feeling was quite wondrous.

It even brought a strange sense of achievement.

Fiancé?

A gleam flashed in Zhao Hai's eyes, he had not expected such an outstanding young man to be Chu Jin's fiancé. Could it be that the revival of Chu's company from the brink was related to this fiancé?

After all, Chu Jin was but an eighteen-year-old child. No matter how intelligent, she would be clueless about the business world, so how could she have the means to bring Chu's company back from the brink of bankruptcy?

It must all be credited to this fiancé.

Zhao Hai suddenly realized that his granddaughter had a very delicate appearance, her exquisite features so unique they would be hard to find a second in the Capital City.

Perhaps, this young man was merely smitten with her looks, seeking a momentary delight.

Moreover, she had left home for merely a couple of months, how could she suddenly have a fiancé?

Maybe he wasn't really her fiancé at all, just her sugar daddy.

Rich people, after all, have such hobbies.

No matter what, Chu Jin was still his granddaughter. He had raised her, and now that the Zhao Clan faced troubles, she could not just stand by and watch. In the end, they were family, bone of the same bone, flesh of the same flesh. If it hadn't been for him, how could Chu Jin have survived to this day?

Merely 30 million to make amends?

Since this young man had the ability to save Chu's company from disaster, he could equally save the Zhao Clan.

While he still harbored a novelty for Chu Jin, Zhao Hai had to make sure he left a good impression on him.

Thinking this, Zhao Hai had a thought in mind and looked at Mo Zhixuan with a touch of kindness in his smile, "Young man, hello, I am Jin's grandfather. I'll have to trouble you to take good care of our Jin in the future."

Chu Jin never expected anyone could possess such a thick face.

Zhao Hai actually had the audacity to call himself her grandfather.

What a joke!

"Mr. Zhao," Chu Jin slightly curved her lips, her gaze cold, "allow me to remind you, as of three months ago, I have had nothing to do with the Zhao family or with you. I made myself very clear that day at the Zhao residence, so please don't falsely claim relationships here."

She did not give Zhao Hai any face with her words.

Thinking back to the scene three months ago, Zhao Hai's expression darkened for a moment before returning to normal, "Jin, some things have already passed, let them be. Regardless, I am your grandfather..."

A mocking curve appeared on Chu Jin's lips, "On that day at the Zhao residence, when you sacrificed me to favor Zhao Yiling, why didn't you think that I was your granddaughter? Isn't it a bit late to say that now?"

Zhao Hai stared at her with widened eyes, a look of heartfelt pain, "Jin, after all, I am your grandfather, your elder, how can you speak to me like this? If it weren't for me seven years ago, you would have become an orphan. One should never forget their roots!"

At this, Zhao Hai's tone softened somewhat, his demeanor aged and moved, his voice also slightly hoarse, "Jin, be obedient and come back. I was wrong about that matter, and I apologize to you. Indeed, your uncle and aunt have been very worried about you these past few days. It's not good for a young girl to stay adrift outside..."

Chapter 437:

Only when Chu Jin returned to the Zhao family would the Zhao Clan have hope of revitalizing.

Originally, the plan today was just to stop by and see Zhao Yan, but unexpectedly, it turned out to be a surprise encounter with Chu Jin.

For Zhao Hai at this moment, Chu Jin was the only lifeline.

He pinned all his hopes on her.

"Mr. Zhao, I have made it very clear, I no longer have anything to do with the Zhao family. Please leave; you're not welcome here." Chu Jin extended her hand in a gesturing motion, issuing a dismissal.

Zhao Hai sighed deeply, his expression somewhat helpless, "Jin, then I'll be going now. If you have time, remember to come home for a visit. The doors of Zhao family will always be open for you."

Zhao Hai positioned himself in a very humble attitude. He knew that some things couldn't be rushed and needed to be approached slowly. He would use familial affection to influence Chu Jin.

"Young man, I'll be leaving now." As he reached the doorway, Zhao Hai did not forget to greet Mo Zhixuan.

However, Mo Zhixuan did not acknowledge him; his expression was slightly cold, causing Zhao Hai's heart to tremble. He hurriedly left, as if staying a second longer would suffocate him.

In the blink of an eye, the quiet hospital room was left with only two people, beside Zhao Yan who laid in bed: Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

Mo Zhixuan stood by the window taking a phone call, while Chu Jin sat beside the bed giving Zhao Yan acupuncture. Zhao Yan, who had been bedridden for a long time, had poor blood circulation and almost no warmth in her body. Using the needles to transfer spiritual energy could alleviate these symptoms.

Although the two were each busy with their own tasks, they got along harmoniously, and the atmosphere was not awkward at all.

The girl's movements with the needles were extremely precise, resembling the flow of clouds and water. From afar, there was even a touch of agile martial beauty. The man taking a call by the window had a voice that unconsciously softened.

**

The Mo family.

In the study.

Mo Qingyi's emotions had gradually stabilized, but her face still bore faint traces of tears. She had come to a realization, no matter what, the old Mrs. Mo was her only mother. Whoever raised her when young, she would take care of them when old.

Others, who were irrelevant, could just be blown away with the wind.

After much thought, the old Mrs. Mo decided to reveal the Mo family's secret to Mo Qingyi.

At 18, it was time for her to stand on her own.

Moreover, Mo Qingyi had chosen to stay. From now on, she would be a member of the Mo Clan.

The old Mrs. Mo turned the vase on the desk, and suddenly, amidst the silent space, a 'hiss' sounded, reminiscent of the heavy grinding noise of a millstone being pushed.

The smooth, polished floor suddenly revealed a pitch-black entrance.

Looking down the entrance, one could see stairs descending level after level, with half-burned candles around the walls.

Clearly, it was an underground chamber.

An ancient and mysterious underground chamber.

The dark entrance was so obscure that one couldn't see what was inside at all.

It stirred up human curiosity.

Curiosity mingled with fear.

Mo Qingyi took a sharp breath. She had lived in the Mo family for eighteen years, and this was the first time she knew there was such a place in the Mo family.

"Qingqing, follow me." The old Mrs. Mo slowly got up and went straight to the entrance of the underground chamber. She stepped down the stairs and disappeared from the ground level.

Mo Qingyi paused for a moment, then quickly came to her senses and hurriedly followed in the footsteps of the old Mrs. Mo.

Looking at the dark entrance and the stairs hanging in the air, Mo Qingyi swallowed hard, "Mom, wait for me." If it weren't for the elder Mrs. Mo leading the way, Mo Qingyi would definitely not have had the courage to go down.

It was too horrifying, with a feeling like watching a thriller, as if something that eats people lived underneath the ground.

Blackness always endows human beings with endless imagination.

Mo Qingyi carefully extended one foot, then the other, until her entire body was engulfed by the entrance.

At that moment, a 'click' sounded from above, heavy and ominous.

At the same time, a soft, snow-white light illuminated the originally pitch-black passage.

Mo Qingyi looked up, puzzled, but found no light fixtures overhead. So, where was the light coming from?

The tunnel was long, the kind you couldn't see the end of, with the elder Mrs. Mo walking ahead. Her silhouette appeared desolate, even a bit lonely.

Mo Qingyi temporarily put aside her doubts and followed closely behind the elder Mrs. Mo.

After about ten minutes and a turn in the path, the view suddenly opened up, and the two stopped inside a stone house.

Mo Qingyi noticed that the walls of the stone house were covered with stone carvings, and in the corners, rows of bright red flowers bloomed.

Flowers without leaves.

Exuding bursts of exotic fragrance.

At a glance, it looked like a river of flowing blood, with a jarring red that was very striking.

The walls were finely engraved with: Pangu separating the sky from the earth, humans on the altar, different spatial dimensions, one realm divided into four.

Further on depicted a family's history, from decline to prosperity, from ordinary to noble, from the secular world to the Superpower World.

Also, the silhouette of the boy who massacred a city, the thrilling scenes of thousands cheering,

Suddenly, the scene shifted to a different view. The boy once revered by his clan for massacring the city became isolated, from being admired by thousands to being despised by the masses—a stark contrast with no explanation, as if it happened overnight.

Nobody knew what really happened.

After being abandoned by everyone, the boy who massacred the city chose to leave.

Once he crossed the Jade Belt River, he arrived at a new world.

Three silhouettes gradually disappeared into the bustling marketplace.

The mural ended there.

Stunned by the mural in front of her, Mo Qingyi reached out with her fair fingers to touch it, feeling an icy chill at her fingertips, like touching ice in the dead of winter. At the same time, her mind was flooded with scenes that didn't belong to her, merging with those depicted on the wall in a miraculous way.

After sorting through the newly acquired memory fragments in her mind, Mo Qingyi looked up doubtfully at the elder Mrs. Mo beside her, "That person, is he my brother?"

The expression on the elder Mrs. Mo's face was very grave, as if lost in some unpleasant memory.

Upon hearing this, she simply nodded lightly.

The boy who massacred the city was none other than Mo Zhixuan.

A look of shock flashed in Mo Qingyi's eyes. So there actually was a second spatial dimension in existence.

No wonder Mo Zhixuan's appearance had stayed the same for ten years, no wonder Zheng Chuyi had looked at her before with eyes filled with contempt.

No wonder Mo Zhixuan's body was always devoid of warmth, no wonder he was cursed with a wife-killing fate.

Combining the new memories in her mind, Mo Qingyi said indignantly, "Mom, it's all that Zheng Chuyi's fault. If it weren't for her, how could my brother have ended up where he is today!"

Chapter 438: Let her come back,
Zheng Chuyi.

At the mention of these three characters, a thick look of disgust emerged in the eyes of Old Lady Mo.

If it weren't for her, none of these things would have happened.

"Forget it, let's not talk about her," Old Lady Mo slowly started, "let's go over there."

Some things, once they have occurred, talking about them again only adds new pain.

Mo Qingyi followed Old Lady Mo's steps, lifted her hand to hold her arm, and said with a worried tone, "Mom, the Extreme Yin Night is almost upon us, and brother—he..." The rest of her words went unsaid, yet spoke volumes.

From the memories in her mind, the Extreme Yin Night was the source of Mo Zhixuan's curse, and to withstand the Extreme Yin Night and succeed in transcending the tribulation, the help of the fated girl with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing was indispensable.

Those red crystals that belonged to fire could only play a supporting role.

The most important thing was that in the Superpower World, the only fated girl with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing was Zheng Chuyi.

The reason Mo Zhixuan was engaged to Zheng Chuyi, besides the family binding, was that she was the only one who could restrain the curse on Mo Zhixuan.

Convinced that only Mo Zhixuan was for her, Zheng Chuyi committed those acts back then—after all, aside from her, nobody could approach Mo Zhixuan, and no matter what she did, he would choose to forgive her.

Who knew that things would develop in that way.

Mo Zhixuan not only did not forgive her, but he also resolutely left the Superpower World.

A hero's eyes cannot tolerate the slightest grain of sand.

Old Lady Mo sighed softly, "Don't worry, your brother will be fine." Although she said this, her face still showed a look full of concern.

The further inside they walked, the thinner the air became, and the temperature around them dropped lower and lower.

"Mom, maybe we should..." Mo Qingyi hesitated before voicing her thoughts, "maybe we should bring Zheng Chuyi back."

Although she also greatly disliked Zheng Chuyi, when compared with Mo Zhixuan's life and safety, the latter was more important. For the sake of her brother, enduring Zheng Chuyi was nothing; as long as her brother was alright.

Moreover, Zheng Chuyi truly owed Mo Zhixuan, so having her do something for him was only right.

This would also be her way of atoning for her previous actions.

Old Lady Mo's expression darkened for a moment before she spoke, "Don't speak of such things again, even without her, your brother will still get through the Extreme Yin Night."

Letting Zheng Chuyi come was out of the question, not only would she not agree, but Mo Zhixuan would not agree either.

Upon hearing this, a light flashed in Mo Qingyi's eyes, "Mom, do you have another way?"

Old Lady Mo didn't speak but continued walking forward, her expression grave.

The closer the date of the Extreme Yin Night, the more anxious her heart became, with the words of Mo Feixue and the Heavenly Master echoing in her ears, leaving her mind in chaos.

Mo Zhixuan was her only son, and as a mother, she could not just watch him walk into danger.

If she could not let Zheng Chuyi come and had no other way, was she really going to let Mo Zhixuan risk his life?

Old Lady Mo found herself in a dilemma.

**

Hospital.

Mo Zhixuan had left early due to work at the company.

Chu Jin was left alone in the hospital room giving Zhao Yan acupuncture.

Zhao Yan's complexion was very pale, her breath was faint as if she could pass away at any moment, and the golden needles shining with a golden light stuck out strikingly against her skin and bones.

Zi nibbled on sunflower seeds while asking, "Chu Jin, when can we start tackling that long-term mission? If we continue like this, I fear your mother won't last much longer."

Zhao Yan's condition was deteriorating day by day, and all her organs were failing. Dragging on would be detrimental to her.

The most critical issue was the long-term mission. If Zhao Yan were to suffer an accident at this juncture, the mission would be forcibly terminated.

Once the mission was terminated, both the host and the system would receive the ultimate punishment — "Scatter Like Ashes."

Chu Jin's eyes were deep, her fingers clutching the Golden Needle, twisting it carefully. Wisps of spiritual energy invisible to the naked eye flowed from her fingertips onto the Golden Needle, seeping into flesh and bone, "Soon, once I take care of Shen Lingtian and Lu Yan."

According to her plan, the Shen Clan wouldn't be bouncing around for much longer.

As for Lu Yan.

Being labeled a copycat, a third-party, she really wanted to see how Lu Yan would transform into the 'Unparalleled Talented Girl.'

The time for the big show was drawing near.

A sly arc curled up the corners of Chu Jin's mouth, shallow and faint, her face as smooth as jade lacked much expression, yet it was somehow intimidating, causing one not to dare look directly at her. In an instant, a powerful aura burst from her, as if she were an asura climbing out of hell.

Even Zi, affiliated with the lightning space, shivered.

This Chu Jin was too terrifying.

Unfathomable and intangible.

Both distant and close.

Swallowing hard, Zi reminded with some difficulty, "Chu Jin, it's already 11 o'clock."

Shen Lingtian had scheduled to meet her at a coffee shop at 12.

Chu Jin tucked away the last Golden Needle and pulled a black pill from her pocket to feed Zhao Yan.

This was a medicine she had developed from ancient texts.

It could control Zhao Yan's illness.

After doing this, the caregiver walked in from outside. She was momentarily stunned when she saw Chu Jin and then reacted, "Miss Chuyi, you're here."

"Aunt Wang." Chu Jin smiled faintly, her dimples shallow, her clear and lustrous eyes looking at the caregiver, her lustrous black hair cascading behind her, the picture of docility, vibrant without losing the spirit of youth, in stark contrast with her earlier demeanor, like two different people.

The caregiver had seen Chu Jin several times and seemed to have a different experience with each visit.

Though young in age, Chu Jin's maturity was unmistakable.

It was clear she was well educated, knowledgeable, hardly seeming like someone from a family that experienced the death of her father and the severe illness of her mother.

It was pitiable indeed, a young girl bearing what many adults couldn't endure.

Thinking this, the caregiver sighed internally, walked to the table, and handed Chu Jin a handful of red dates from her bag, "Miss Chuyi, these are red dates my son brought from our hometown, pure and unpolluted. Try some, they're quite sweet."

"Thank you, Aunt Wang," Chu Jin said, accepting the red dates with a smile, popping one into her mouth, "Indeed, they're very sweet."

"I'm glad you like them," the caregiver said.

The caregiver, a woman about 45, had slightly graying temples and deep crow's feet around her eyes. The years had left their marks on her face, but when she smiled, her eyes crinkled into warm lines, radiating kindness — she reminded Chu Jin of her own grandmother.

All of a sudden, Chu Jin's brow furrowed slightly, and reaching out, she grasped the caregiver's left hand, looking earnestly into her eyes and speaking slowly, "Aunt Wang, have you encountered anything strange recently? Do you often feel like there's a third presence in your home?"

At those words, the caregiver's face turned slightly pale, and her heartbeat quickened substantially.

Chapter 439: beautiful as jade

Chu Jin's voice, though faint, was filled with penetrating power that resonated with each word.

The caregiver had been working in Capital City for years, her husband had passed away a long time ago, and her son would occasionally visit the rental room to check up on her. On most days, she lived there alone—where would a third person come from?

Yet, recently, she had felt that something about the rental room was not quite right.

Moreover, the wrist Chu Jin held sent waves of coolness, invigorating and refreshing, as if to clear the mind, dispelling the clouds of gloom that shrouded her heart, seemingly vanishing in an instant. She felt as though she had been given a new lease on life.

But how did Chu Jin discern this?

Seeing the caregiver's confusion, Chu Jin continued, "Auntie Wang, your complexion is sallow, and a trace of blackness has infected your hall of impression. If I'm not mistaken, you must be living on the 18th floor, right? It's a cheap rental, and it hasn't been rented out for a long time before you moved in. Listen to me, there's something wrong with the house—move out quickly, or within three months, you will encounter a violent misfortune."

A violent misfortune is a horrifying term no matter where it is mentioned.

It makes one's heart flutter with dread.

Especially when those words come from the mouth of a girl who is only eighteen years old, it becomes all the more eerie. And yet, as she spoke these words, her expression remained indifferent, her features delicate like jade, a stark contrast to the ominous message, almost endearingly so.

The sunlight streamed through the window onto her, casting a light golden sheen, as if she had stepped out of a painting.

Like an unblemished angel.

She emanated a tranquil, orchid-in-a-secluded-valley aura, particularly pleasing to the eyes. She bore an air of tempered composure not typically found in a girl in the bloom of her youth.

The caregiver's face was a picture of shock, as what Chu Jin said was spot-on. It took a while for her to recover her voice, "Miss Chu, how did you know?" Could it be that Chu Jin had looked up her information beforehand?

But she was just a humble caregiver, and Chu Jin had no reason or motive to investigate her.

Indeed, she had rented a very cheap, well-furnished apartment months ago. It had all the household appliances one could need, yet the rent was only 800 yuan per month. In the expensive city of Capital City, this was like a pie falling from the sky.

However, not long after she moved in, she began to feel that something was very wrong.

She was lethargic and spent her days in a haze.

She slightly narrowed her eyes, her long, thick lashes casting a fan-shaped shadow on her face, concealing her eyes' expression. She then spoke, "Move out."

"Move out?" The caregiver's expression turned somewhat dismal. She was already 45 years old, with a son in university, and the high cost of the prestigious school meant that most of her monthly salary went to her son. The rest, a small fraction, was spent on rent, utilities, and other living expenses. Although the rent was cheap, the cost of living in Capital City was high, leaving her with hardly any spare money each month. If she were to move out, where could she find such affordable accommodation again?

Given the current housing prices in Capital City.

With her financial situation, she simply couldn't afford it.

Her son's father had passed away early on, and for years she had been the sole support for her family. If something were to happen to her now, what would become of her son? How would he survive? At all costs, she needed to witness her son setting up a family and establishing his career before she could leave this world with peace of mind.

Chu Jin sighed softly and took an envelope from her bag, handing it to the caregiver, "Here's some money; take it and use it for now. Get a different place. You can never earn enough money, but only with a healthy body can you support a complete home. Your son doesn't wish for anything to happen to you either."

Looking at the caregiver in front of her, Chu Jin momentarily saw her own grandmother.

The old lady had toiled her entire life to raise her, and in the end, she had let her grandmother down.

Unfortunately, she had not been reborn in the time when her grandmother was still alive.

"Thank you, Miss Chu." The caregiver took the envelope, her eyes filled with gratitude. At that moment, she almost felt an illusion that the person standing before her was not an eighteen-year-old girl, but a wayfarer who had braved the vicissitudes of life.

"Don't mention it," Chu Jin said with a faint smile, a ripple of light dancing in her eyes and her dimples deepening. In the blink of an eye, she reverted to the girlish demeanor she ought to exhibit.

Her grace and posture were impeccable.

How could such a soul be confined to a modest boudoir?

"Auntie Wang, I have other matters to attend to and must go ahead. I've already transferred this month's salary to your card. If there's anything you need, you can call me." Chu Jin picked up her backpack to bid farewell to the caregiver.

In half an hour it would be 12 o'clock, and Shen Lingtian had arranged to meet her at West Meet Sunshine Cafe.

"Alright, take care, Miss Chu." The caregiver smiled as she saw her out.

Outside, the sunlight was intense, without the slightest breeze, both stifling and hot.

Passersby hurried along, their faces beaded with sweat.

Chu Jin opened her umbrella and stepped onto the sidewalk, strolling neither fast nor slow, in stark contrast to the hurrying crowd.

The rustic oil-paper umbrella obscured most of her face, leaving only her lithe figure visible.

The beauty evoked jade, drawing the gazes of many as she walked by, adding a touch of coolness to the scorching summer day.

About 20 minutes later, Chu Jin walked up to the entrance of the cafe and stopped.

As soon as she entered, a uniformed waiter approached her, "Hello, Miss Chu, this way, please."

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Okay."

West Meet Sunshine was a very high-class cafe, well-known for its simple European-style decor and pleasant ambiance. It was always packed at any time of the day, but today, as she walked in, she noticed there wasn't a single customer in sight.

The waiter led Chu Jin directly to a corner seat, where Shen Lingtian was already sitting.

Most of the coffee in his cup had been drunk, suggesting that he had arrived quite early.

"Jin Jin, you're here," Shen Lingtian adjusted his glasses, smiled warmly at Chu Jin, and looked every bit the refined scholar.

Chu Jin offered a soft smile, "Mister Shen."

Shen Lingtian glanced at her then immediately said to the waiter, "A Blue Mountain."

The waiter went off to fulfill the order.

Chu Jin leaned forward to sit across from Shen Lingtian and got straight to the point, "May I know why Mister Shen has asked to meet me?"

Shen Lingtian fondled the Buddha Beads on his wrist and spoke gently, "Jin Jin, there's no need for us to be so distant. You can just call me by my name."

"I'd rather stick with Mister Shen," Chu Jin said, brushing stray hair behind her ear, her tone cool.

Shen Lingtian chuckled, "It's just a form of address, whatever makes you happy." He had looked into Chu Jin's background and found out she was nothing more than a pauper heiress, orphaned by her father and injured by her mother. At the age of seven, she started living off others' benevolence.

According to the investigation, she was a good-for-nothing who couldn't even recognize the 26 letters of the English alphabet.

But the girl before him didn't seem at all like the person described in the report.

"Jin Jin, I came today to thank you," Shen Lingtian continued, "The Buddha Beads you sold to me last time were truly useful. Ever since I wore them, those strange incidents stopped occurring." Not only that, but ever since he had worn the beads, he felt energized, as if filled with vitality.

"No need to thank me," Chu Jin said with a slight smile, "The Buddhist Sect believes in the principle of cause and effect. The fact the beads were bought by Mister Shen is due to your affinity with them."

Three lifetimes of causes and effects, six realms of reincarnation.

It's not that karmic debts won't be repaid; the time simply hasn't come yet.

Chu Jin watched the Buddha Beads on Shen Lingtian's wrist, her eyelashes trembling slightly. A bright light flickered in her otherwise serene eyes, pure and unblemished.

The intricacies within those Buddha Beads were massive.

Not only could they dissolve feng shui misfortunes, but they could also...

Shen Lingtian, as if oblivious to the cold undertones in her words, continued with a smile, "You're right, Jin Jin, it's all because of fate. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have been able to buy these beads. In the end, I am fortunate because of you,"

Chu Jin lowered her gaze and took a sip of her coffee without responding.

This Shen Lingtian truly remained as shameless as ever, not afraid of tarnishing his reputation as a devoted love.

His first wife had been dead for just over a hundred days, and here he was, brazenly flirting with an eighteen-year-old girl.

She, from a past life, must have been blind to have fallen for such a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"To express my gratitude, Jin Jin, this is a gift prepared especially for you. I hope you won't find it offensive." Shen Lingtian handed a delicate gift box to Chu Jin.

The box was very small, its exterior studded with a circle of sparkling rhinestones that emitted a dazzling light under the cafe's illumination; one could tell at a glance that inside must be a pricey jewel.

In fact, Shen Lingtian's intention was clear: he wanted Chu Jin to become one of his many women.

Men always have a desire to conquer beautiful women.

Especially a girl like Chu Jin who possessed an air of aloofness, with delicate features and a seemingly hard-to-approach demeanor—beautiful from afar but untouchable. Sleeping with such a woman would have a unique flavor.

Moreover, Chu Jin was nothing but a down-and-out heiress living under someone else's roof. She must be tired of that repressive life, and at this moment, he was willing to rescue her from distress, to offer her endless money, a big villa to live in, and the status of a lady of the house. She should be overjoyed by such an opportunity, for chances like these are rare.

Any sensible person would cling tightly to a benefactor like him.

Chu Jin smiled as she accepted the gift box from Shen Lingtian. In front of him, she opened the lid and, upon seeing the contents, immediately covered her mouth in a gesture of surprise, "Mister Shen, this item is too precious. I cannot accept it."

But Shen Lingtian saw something else in the depths of her eyes; he knew that no woman could resist the lure of fame and diamonds.

Chapter 440:

Shen Lingtian watched her with leisure, the corners of his mouth holding a faint smile.

Regarding Chu Jin, he was determined to have her.

To him, a fallen aristocrat's daughter was like a bird in a cage.

Something he could manipulate at will.

Apart from Lu Yan, he had many women, including white-collar workers in the city, university students, high school students who hadn't taken entrance exams, and even dancers from the red-light district, hailing from all walks of life.

Each had their charms: alluring, youthful, innocent, naive. It could be said that Shen Lingtian was not only an expert in the field of romance but also a natural actor. Whether it was the late Qin Jie or Lu Yan who spent every night with him, each believed she was his only woman.

"It's not anything valuable," Shen Lingtian pushed the gift box toward Chu Jin, smiling as he spoke, "Jin Jin, you can accept it."

Inside the champagne-colored gift box lay a strand of very fine purple diamond necklace, dazzling under the bright lights, noble and luxurious, exceptionally eye-catching.

The design was novel and striking, very suitable for a young girl to wear.

Probably any girl who saw such a large purple diamond would be mesmerized.

"I am unworthy of accepting it," Chu Jin's demeanor was as usual, glancing indifferently at the purple diamond in the box. A 10-carat stone, exquisitely crafted, from a renowned Australian maker, one of barely more than a dozen in the world, worth over an eight-figure sum. It seemed that Shen Lingtian really had gone all out this time.

"Jin Jin, you're being too modest. I've always considered you my sister. As you say, everything in this world is about 'fate.' The fact that we met at all is due to fate. Consider this a gift for our meeting, just a trinket. Stones like this, I give out several each month; you don't need to take it to heart."

Shen Lingtian's words were brimming with bravado, but they also subtly implied to Chu Jin that he was generous with women. As long as she was willing to be with him, more such opportunities would come. He could ensure her wealth and help her escape from a dependent life.

In truth, Shen Lingtian wasn't that generous with every woman. If he gave diamonds worth tens of millions to everyone, the Shen Clan would have ceased to exist long ago. The reason he was so lavish with Chu Jin was because she was born into a noble family. Though her family had declined over the years, a camel, even thin, is bigger than a horse. Without presenting something valuable, how could he impress her?

Having said that, Shen Lingtian looked up at Chu Jin, but regretfully, he didn't see any extra emotion on her face; from beginning to end, she remained composed.

Very calm, her pale fingers pinched a silver spoon, slowly stirring her coffee. Her eyes slightly narrowed, shielding the brilliant starlight, her demeanor elegant, truly a delight to behold. Indeed, she was an aristocrat's daughter: even though her family had fallen on hard times, that unique, unmatched charm, like an orchid or bamboo, was something no one else could imitate.

Shen Lingtian looked at the girl before him, his eyes very deep, suddenly understanding the true meaning of the line, "The night is short, and the day is long; henceforth the emperor rises early no more."

"Mr. Shen is too kind," Chu Jin's lips curved slightly, her tone indifferent, "However, I don't like purple. I'm afraid I must disappoint you."

Her words were a clear rejection.

Yet Shen Lingtian heard them as playing hard to get. Weren't all these ladies of high society fond of this game?

Seeing that Chu Jin was silent, Shen Lingtian stood up, picked up the purple diamond necklace, moved behind Chu Jin, and leaned down in an intimately affectionate gesture as he draped the necklace around her neck. His fingers inadvertently brushed through her hair as his gentle voice reached her ear.

"Jin Jin, be with me. I can give you the best things in the world, take you to see the most beautiful fireworks, provide you a life free of worries. You won't have to look at anyone's face anymore, and I can even help you buy out the Zhao Clan. Just be with me, and I can give you everything you want."

He knew that Chu Jin's years with the Zhao family hadn't been easy. No matter how good outsiders were, they were still outsiders. Otherwise, her reputation wouldn't have been tarnished by people outside like it had been!

The Zhao Clan was now on the brink of bankruptcy, and a forced acquisition would be incredibly straightforward. Chu Jin had endured in silence for so many years with the Zhao family; she must have been waiting for this moment for a long time.

"Be with you?" Chu Jin lifted her chin slightly, her eyes shimmering with mockery, "Do you mean as your mistress?"

Although Chu Jin had expected Shen Lingtian to have ulterior motives, she didn't think he would be so eager.

Shen Lingtian was very close; the stench of a scoundrel washed over her. Chu Jin suppressed her hatred and disgust, trying to keep her tone as even as possible.

Seemingly not expecting her to be so blunt, Shen Lingtian paused for a moment, then laughed, "Jin Jin, you're a smart girl. Naturally, you understand the meaning of my words. What do you say? Why not consider it?"

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes. "Thank you for your generous affection, Mr. Shen. However, I am not interested in being someone's mistress, and Mr. Shen is not my type. I would never sell myself or intrude on another's marriage, to be the third party."