

## R Woman 441

Chapter 441: Person of Persistent Affection

Hearing Chu Jin's words of rejection, Shen Lingtian did not get angry; instead, the smile at the corners of his mouth deepened gradually.

The more she acted like this, the more he wanted to touch her, to possess her...

Her body exuded a youthful vigor that was refreshing and made one unconsciously want to draw near.

"Jin Jin," Shen Lingtian adjusted his glasses, "you know my situation. My wife perished in a fire long ago, how could there be a matter of a third party? Feelings can be developed slowly, just like this amethyst necklace. Whether you like it or not is one thing, and whether it suits you is another, don't you agree?"

The purple diamond hung between her collarbones, emitting a dazzling light that made her skin appear as white as snow, creating an extremely beautiful sight that was hard to look away from.

Before Chu Jin could speak, Shen Lingtian continued, "I personally think, compared to that red string, this amethyst suits you better."

A single sentence with a double meaning.

That eye-catching amethyst, indeed, stole the spotlight from the red string.

How could a shabby red string compare to a valuable amethyst?

An eighteen-year-old girl was at an age where she longed for a beautiful love.

Yet, in the face of love and material wealth, few would choose the superficiality of love.

"I've read the late madam's book, and there's a sentence in it that goes: 'We are but specks of dust among the myriad of beings, walking the Earth for but a lifetime, concerned only with birth and death. If

the heart does not move, all things remain still. If the heart does not change, all things remain unchanged.' Clearly, our values are not on the same line, and I could never become someone's mistress, further discussion is pointless," Chu Jin said with a polite smile, though her eyes lacked warmth.

What one cannot have is always stirring.

Men often become more determined in the face of women they cannot conquer.

In Shen Lingtian's eyes, Chu Jin was merely trying to raise her own value. If she had no other intentions, why would she have investigated him so thoroughly? She even made a point to read Qin Jie's books.

Perhaps she had bigger ambitions?

True, a mere mistress could never satisfy her, after all, she was once a daughter of a wealthy family.

But her ambitions were too great. He, the head of the Shen family, how could he possibly marry a woman who provided no help to his business? Moreover, she was a disgraced fallen rich girl—wouldn't that be a huge joke?

This Chu Jin truly had wild ambitions, harboring thoughts of taking the position of the Shen family matriarch.

She should know her place.

If it weren't for her looks, he wouldn't be talking to her so amicably.

A mere orphan who thinks she's somebody?

However, it must be said, her stunning appearance was unmatched in Capital City; such a young age without a touch of makeup, she showed off her natural beauty. A few more years and she would surely stir trouble in the waters.

Such a beautiful lady, it's a pity she wasn't born into a better family.

If she had been born into nobility, wouldn't she have ascended to the heavens in one step?

"Jin Jin, you're speaking too harshly. I'm single now and have the right to pursue happiness..." Since he's single, where does the talk of a mistress come from?

"Mr. Shen's intent is to offer me the position of the Shen family matriarch?" Chu Jin interrupted Shen Lingtian, her expression steady as she looked at him. Her clear and lofty face did not show much emotion, but it exerted an invisible pressure that made it somewhat hard to breathe.

Shen Lingtian involuntarily shrank his neck. She was barely an 18-year-old girl, but why did he get this strange feeling from her?

Could it be an illusion?

Thinking so, Shen Lingtian raised his eyes to look at Chu Jin again, noticing she was sipping her coffee with her eyes down, displaying no abnormal behavior. He secretly breathed a sigh of relief as he heard Chu Jin's words.

To offer her the position of the Shen family matriarch?

What wishful thinking.

A mocking look flashed through the depths of Shen Lingtian's eyes and disappeared just as quickly.

"Jin Jin, times have changed. Among girls your age, who goes into a relationship with marriage as the goal? Marriage is the grave of love, you're only eighteen this year, why be so pessimistic? Being with me, just think of it as gaining experience. Besides, I'll give you benefits beyond your imagination, I will pamper you, love you, and fulfill all your conditions."

The majority of the women Shen Lingtian had were those who came to him willingly, with each party taking what they needed. It was rare to find a woman as difficult to deal with as Chu Jin, who not only coveted his money but also his power.

Why can't Chu Jin just be like other women and cut to the chase?

"Mr. Shen," Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, her tone cool, "aren't you afraid that my former mistress would be chilled to the bone down there? After all, you were affectionate for ten years, and she has been gone for barely a hundred days. You finding new love so quickly is a bit too heartless."

It's not just heartless, it's simply inhuman.

Those netizens blindly hailing him as 'a man of lasting affection' would wonder what they'd think if they knew his true colors.

Shen Lingtian smiled fearlessly, "Jin Jin, you are taking things too seriously. The dead are gone, and the living should live in the present. I believe my wife's spirit in heaven is very comforted that I can find my own happiness. After all, love is not about binding, but about wishing to see the other person happy. My wife, being gentle, generous, and from a prominent family, would understand me," he said, indirectly praising the deceased Qin Jie while finding a good excuse for keeping a mistress.

It must be said that Shen Lingtian is indeed a very cunning man.

With just a few words, he had people fooled.

Chu Jin reached for the purple diamond necklace around her neck, yanking it off and placing it on the table. Her gaze held no yearning as she decisively said, "Sorry, this necklace doesn't suit me. Mr. Shen, as I've said before, no matter what, I will not cross that line, so please stop wasting your efforts."

Shen Lingtian watched her, speaking steadily, "I, Shen Lingtian, have never failed to get what I want! My time is limited, and I don't wish to waste it on other matters. In Capital City, there's nothing I can't have. You know very well what your status is, I hope you don't make me lose my patience."

To him, Chu Jin was like a piece of meat on the chopping board—he had many ways to make her submit.

A mere orphan girl, she couldn't possibly turn the world upside down, right?

For the Shen Clan in Capital City, subduing an orphan girl was but a trifle.

Chu Jin let out a light laugh, "Don't bully the poor because they're young; fortunes change in thirty years. I just hope you can always be so confident." Having said this, she stood up, took out two banknotes from her pocket and placed them under the cup, then turned around and left.

Just as she reached the door, Shen Lingtian's voice came from behind, "Stop!" tinged with anger.

Without looking, she knew his face must be as black as charcoal.

Chu Jin paused, turned her head slightly, and lifted her chin, looking down imperiously like a queen, "Knowing Mr. Shen's time is precious, minus that cup of coffee, a hundred dollars for twenty minutes of companionship is quite a lot. Being greedy won't get you anywhere."

She looked dazzling and arrogant.

With a slight curve of her lips, others might see endless charm, but Shen Lingtian saw endless mockery.

Shen Lingtian had been unbeatable on the field of love for years.

But today, not only had he been bested, but he had been played by a young girl.

The head of the Shen family, when had he ever suffered such humiliation?

Companionship fee?

She dared to say it!

One day, he was determined to make her submit at his feet!

Chu Jin didn't respond verbally, indifferently retracting her gaze and pushing open the glass door to leave, each step blooming like lotuses, her figure graceful like jade.

Shen Lingtian, in his anger, flung the cup off the table. With a clang, coffee splashed everywhere; the two red banknotes fluttering to the floor could be mocking anyone's eyes.

The atmosphere in the café was eerily still.

The waiters in the distance didn't dare to make a sound, and more often than not, they heard and saw nothing.

At this point, Shen Lingtian and Chu Jin had completely fallen out with each other.

He had never expected things to develop to this extent.

Walking out of the café, Chu Jin opened her oil-paper umbrella and stepped onto the asphalt road. She reached into her pocket, pulled out a black recording pen, and a faint smile played on her lips, three parts brazen, seven parts cold, elusive and inscrutable.

The real drama was just beginning.

Chu Jin walked slowly, the road seemingly endless. Passing by an aid station, she stopped, closed her umbrella, and went inside.

Seeing the aid station, Chu Jin suddenly remembered the ninety million she conned from Shen Lingtian.

Chapter 442: don't judge a book by its cover

This money, she felt undeserving of it and decided it would be better donated elsewhere.

The conditions at the shelter were very basic, yet the receptionist at the front desk was very enthusiastic, and Chu Jin could see hope in her eyes.

In the hall, donated clothes and food supplies from all walks of life were displayed.

Pictures were also plastered on the walls, most of them of homeless wanderers and knowledge-thirsty children from the mountains, starkly contrasting the prosperity of Capital City.

The world is like this, where the strong grow stronger and the weak, weaker, creating a polarized divide.

"Young lady, you're here to find someone, aren't you?" Because the shelter took in different homeless people and those who had lost their way home every day, the receptionist subconsciously thought Chu Jin was there to look for a relative.

"No," Chu Jin gently shook her head with a smile in her eyes.

Upon hearing this, the receptionist was stunned for a moment. People came to the shelter for three main reasons: to seek help, to find relatives, or to donate goods or money.

But the girl in front of her, who looked no older than a teenager with her plain clothes and clean demeanor, did not appear to be there for help. Yet, if she were there to donate supplies, she wouldn't have come empty-handed.

So, what exactly was she here for?

Could she be some mischievous child from a well-off family, well-fed and causing trouble, coming to see what the shelter looked like?

Noticing the receptionist's puzzled look, Chu Jin said indifferently, "I'm here to offer a modest contribution to the shelter."

Hearing her words, the receptionist looked at Chu Jin and soon smiled, "There aren't many young girls with a heart like yours these days. Come with me."

In today's society, human warmth is growing colder by the day. Even if an elderly person falls down, people hesitate for a long time whether to help or not, let alone offering donations actively. However, she would occasionally meet a few students donating their New Year's money—it wasn't much, but it always represented the children's kindness.

Chu Jin followed the receptionist's steps, first filling in a form as per the procedure, then handing her a cheque.

A cheque?

When the receptionist received the cheque, she almost thought she was seeing things. She had assumed the young girl would donate at most a few thousand yuan but did not expect her to donate with a cheque.

Tens, hundreds, thousands, ten thousand, a hundred thousand, a million.

When the receptionist clearly saw the digits on the cheque, her face was a picture of bewilderment. Was she dreaming? Such an amount of money...

Could buy several villas!

She glanced at Chu Jin and saw the young girl still looked indifferent, not showing any self-satisfied or superior air due to the money she donated, which actually impressed the receptionist and made her respect the girl's composure and humility.

It took a good while for the receptionist to regain her voice, "Young lady, please wait a moment. I'll have our person in charge come over." She couldn't handle such a large sum of money on her own.

The person in charge needed to come personally.

Chu Jin nodded slightly.

The receptionist passed the cheque to the person responsible and explained the entire situation. Taking the matter seriously, this could be the largest donation the shelter had ever received. They promptly followed her to the hall, only to find that the girl who had been standing there was nowhere to be seen.

"Strange," the receptionist scratched her head in confusion, "She was just here!"

"Xiao Zhao," said the person in charge, also looking around, "Are you saying the donor was just a teenage girl?"

"Yes," Xiao Zhao nodded.

"Dressed plainly?" the person in charge continued.

"That's right, the young lady looked about seventeen or eighteen, quiet and pretty..." It just didn't seem like she could pull out tens of millions at a whim.

A person who could donate tens of millions without hesitation wouldn't be wearing such plain attire.

She had almost no expensive jewelry on her.

The person in charge also sensed what Xiao Zhao was implying and looked at the cheque with a complex gaze,

Xiao Zhao continued, "Chief, perhaps the girl hasn't gone far. Do you want to try catching up with her?"

If she really donated so much money, why would she run away guiltily?

It's most likely because it's nothing but a bad cheque, right?

"No need," the person in charge waved it off, a look of disappointment flashing in their eyes, "It's just a mischievous girl playing a prank. There's no need to take it seriously. Go back to your duties."

He had really thought that Capital City had seen a benevolent soul, but it turned out to be nothing more than a prank by a cheeky girl, causing him needless excitement. He had planned to use the ninety million to thoroughly renovate the shelter, add some equipment, and prepare for winter, but it turned out...

Nowadays, young girls really are something else. It's one thing not to study diligently, but to even flirt with these old folks.

Don't they know that the elderly have weak hearts?

The person in charge looked at the check in his hand and sighed deeply.

Although he knew the check was fake, when he went to the bank to withdraw money, he brought it along. The bank teller, upon seeing the check, personally called over the bank manager.

It was only then the person in charge realized that this was not a worthless check.

He was so excited that his whole body was trembling slightly.

He didn't hear a word the bank manager said anymore. He hurried back to the relief station, wanting to find Chu Jin's contact information to thank her in person, but found that the form she filled out had no name, phone number, or address—only some irrelevant information.

Xiao Zhao, the receptionist, was even more astonished and couldn't close her mouth. She had not expected that the young lady had actually donated ninety million!

This really was hiding one's capabilities and biding time.

It seems that one should never judge a book by its cover.

The person in charge even exclaimed, "This is what a true good Samaritan looks like."

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After leaving the relief station, Chu Jin managed to find time to drop by the king. It wasn't the first time people there had seen Chu Jin, but every time they did, they couldn't help but be amazed.

Her face was highly distinctive, her features were picturesque, and words simply couldn't describe her beauty.

There were also those who were curious.

Who exactly was she?

Qin Zhenglin's girlfriend? The daughter of a behind-the-scenes big boss? A newly appointed executive parachuted in?

"Wow, it's the goddess!" After Chu Jin left, the cubicles burst into excited chatter.

"Hey, can you imagine how great it would be if she were our colleague?" Just thinking about working with such a beauty every day was enough to intoxicate the imagination.

"Heh, the night hasn't even fallen, and you're already dreaming! Look at her temperament, her face; could she really be on the same level as us?"

"Why not? We are all humans, aren't we? That's discrimination!"

"Heh," a woman typing at her keyboard let out a cold laugh, "She can get by on her looks alone, can you?"

"..." I was left speechless.

Chu Jin walked straight into Qin Zhenglin's office.

Qin Zhenglin was hunched over his desk, typing away with a pitter-patter, focused so intensely that he didn't even hear Chu Jin knocking.

Chu Jin walked up behind him and paused to observe; the computer screen displayed a page of English code which, to the uninitiated, might have looked like indecipherable English symbols—but to her, it was data that seemed to come to life.

"This is wrong." Chu Jin pressed the [Esc] key, then switched the source code, pressing [Enter] to transform the screen into a three-dimensional 3D geometric image.

A problem that had been causing headaches for days was thus smoothly resolved, and Qin Zhenglin's face lit up with a brilliant smile.

"Thank you..." He had expected it to be a colleague from the office, but was surprised to find it was Chu Jin instead. "Chu Jin, what brings you here?"

Chu Jin casually flipped through the files on the desk, "I just stopped by to see how things were going these last few days."

In recent days, the entire theking had been working overtime to develop a piece of software. Once released, it would bring no small amount of upheaval throughout China mainland.

It might even become popular overseas.

Even M country, with the most advanced technology, had not yet produced such a ground-breaking piece of software.

"It's going quite well," Qin Zhenglin nodded, "You can rest assured, Chu Jin. In half a month, our software will be launched. By the way, we've already got an experimental version ready, do you want to come and have a look?"

"Sure," Chu Jin nodded.

The two headed to the product development department where the staff received Qin Zhenglin with great respect. When they saw Chu Jin, their eyes showed not only amazement but also an unmistakable respect.

For the time being, Qin Zhenglin was the biggest boss in the company, but now, this boss was showing such deference to someone else, even addressing them as 'Chu Jin.' It was easy to surmise just how high the latter's status was!

Could she really be the daughter of a behind-the-scenes big boss?

Chapter 443: Jing Ge

The staff member suppressed the messy thoughts in their heart and took Chu Jin around the inner room for a few laps.

Since it was still an unfinished prototype version of the software, there were many bugs. Chu Jin made several suggestions, and the staff trailing behind her took meticulous notes, their respect for Chu Jin growing with every remark. They had originally thought that Chu Jin had just come for fun, considering she looked to be just a teenager, but surprisingly, she demonstrated such professionalism. Some issues that experts had struggled with for days without finding a solution, she could solve with just a glance, offering the best resolutions.

Beauty and intelligence coexisted in her!

She was the very image of a perfect goddess, wasn't she?

The staff were ready to prostrate themselves in admiration of Chu Jin. They suddenly felt as if they had wasted the previous 30 years of their life, realizing they couldn't even match up to a teenage girl; it was truly embarrassing.

After leaving the development department, Chu Jin went to the restroom, leaving Qin Zhenglin waiting for her in the lobby.

At that moment, a short-haired girl with striking features emerged from a cubicle, appearing quite familiar with Qin Zhenglin as she patted his shoulder and asked, "Little Zhenglin, didn't you just say that our big boss came today? Why haven't I seen anyone?"

The girl was Chen Xiangrong, the famously skilled hacker known as Ace of Hearts. Her relationship with Qin Zhenglin was close—they were thick as thieves—and it was through his recommendation that she had been recruited to work at theking.

Chen Xiangrong admired the mysterious big boss greatly, for having developed theking so successfully in such a short time. She was also very grateful to him for overlooking her academic background and recruiting her as a programmer against the norm.

If it weren't for the big boss, she didn't know where she would be now.

"There," Qin Zhenglin said, gesturing with his chin, "she's already here. That's her."

Following his gaze, Chen Xiangrong saw a girl of outstanding beauty descending the stairs. She wore ripped jeans and a white T-shirt, her sleek, black hair tied up into a neat bun, revealing an elegant, alabaster neck. Her eyes sparkled like stars, her skin surpassed the purest snow, and her lips were as if painted red. Her legs were slender and long, and she walked with undeniable grace.

A calm and composed aura surrounded her, making it impossible to overlook her presence.

Without a doubt, she was a beauty.

And not just any beauty, but a breathtaking one.

"You're saying she's the big boss?" Chen Xiangrong could hardly believe her eyes.

"Yeah," Qin Zhenglin continued, "but she prefers to keep a low profile. You know now, but don't go spreading the word around."

"Trying to fool me again!" Chen Xiangrong gave Qin Zhenglin an annoyed look. "Our big boss is clearly a man!" She remembered that Qin Zhenglin always referred to the big boss as 'Brother Jin'.

If Qin Zhenglin called him 'brother,' he must be a much older man—after all, Qin Zhenglin was already in his thirties. Additionally, whenever Qin Zhenglin spoke of Brother Jin, it was with the utmost respect; how could it possibly be a mere teenage girl!

In Chen Xiangrong's mind, the big boss was supposed to be a stern, middle-aged man with a beard on his face.

"I'm not lying to you, she's our big boss," Qin Zhenglin said softly, with a serious expression.

Before Chen Xiangrong could respond, Qin Zhenglin approached the girl and asked, "Brother Jin, do you need me to accompany you to check on the other departments?"

"No need, I have other matters to attend to, I'll be leaving now," Chu Jin's voice was indifferent.

Chen Xiangrong was completely dumbfounded as she listened to their conversation; she couldn't wrap her head around the fact that Brother Jin was actually a girl, and not just any girl, but a delicate young one at that. It completely shattered her worldview.

"Brother Jin, let me introduce you. This is Chen Xiangrong, the programmer I recommended to you before," Qin Zhenglin said, turning to Chen Xiangrong to make the introduction.

Chu Jin had always respected talent and reached out her right hand to Chen Xiangrong, "Hello, I'm Chu Jin, Chu from Chu River and Han Border, Jin from the splendid and scenic country."

Chen Xiangrong was still somewhat stunned, taking a while to process what was happening as she stared at Chu Jin, speechless. Not only was she beautiful, but her voice was incredibly pleasant to listen to, melodious like the sound of pearls dropping onto a jade plate.

Bewitching.

How could such an outstanding person exist in this world?

On her, one could hardly find a single flaw.

Her nose, her eyes, she was like a perfectly sculpted goddess crafted meticulously by God.

Qin Zhenglin gave her a nudge and reminded her, "Hey, Old Chen, Brother Jin is greeting you. Have you gone silly? She's the boss of our theking, haven't you always wanted to meet her?"

It took a moment for Chen Xiangrong to recover before quickly shaking Chu Jin's hand, "Hello, I'm Chen Xiangrong, sorry for being impolite just now."

"It's all right," Chu Jin smiled slightly, "you've been working hard these past days. If there's anything you need, feel free to talk to Qin Zhenglin anytime." In front of Chen Xiangrong, Chu Jin didn't intend to hide her identity.

Chen Xiangrong was somewhat moved as she said, "President Chu, I really love this job, and I'm very thankful for the opportunity you've given me. Thank you so much."

Although younger than herself, the girl before her already completely overshadowed her in bearing. Chu Jin had done almost nothing and yet, she stood in a dominant position.

Giving off an aura that made others look up to her with high esteem.

Chapter 444: the taller one

Such a person is born to be a superior.

If Chen Xiangrong hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she would never believe that a teenage girl could possess such grace.

The temperament that exudes from her, orchid-like and bamboo-like, is something no one can emulate.

Steadfast like bamboo, valuing integrity as one would treasure jade.

Elegant as an orchid in a secluded valley, graceful and poised.

In her eyes, only a solemn, pedantic middle-aged man could possess such meticulous thoughts and profound insights.

Chu Jin smiled pleasantly, her voice light, "You don't need to thank me, you got this job on your own merit, and I believe that in the near future, you will surely bring better software to The King and ascend to a higher position."

It was the first time that Chen Xiangrong had received such formal acknowledgment and the first time someone was willing to trust her. She had grown accustomed to loneliness over the years, and suddenly someone was telling her they were willing to trust her, which inexplicably brought a sourness to her heart.

Bowing slightly to Chu Jin, she sincerely said, "President Chu, rest assured, I won't let you down."

"Good," Chu Jin nodded slightly, her gaze meeting Chen's, "I believe you." Although it was only a soft murmur of four words, it was resolute.

After she explained a few things to Qin Zhenglin, Chu Jin left.

Time flew by quickly, and before long, dusk fell.

The evening gloom stretched her shadow long.

A dark figure followed her at a consistent distance, his posture erect, wearing a fitted black trench coat and a black hat that shadowed most of his face, leaving only the sharp lines of his chin and tightly pressed lips visible.

A cold aura surrounded him, like a black spider lily roaming the mortal world, mysterious and powerful.

She quickened her pace, he did too; she slowed down, he mirrored her movements.

His footsteps always remained in sync with hers.

The summer breeze carried a pleasant fragrance.

Chu Jin walked slowly, with an oil-paper umbrella in hand, occasionally greeting familiar elders with a smile.

The girl's sweet voice carried through the breeze into his ears, and the stern corners of his lips unconsciously curved into a slight smile.

Indeed, Chu Jin had noticed the anomaly behind her long ago; she simply chose not to confront him. Partly because she felt no malice from the man, and partly because it was not appropriate to take action in public.

Turning a corner, Chu Jin hid behind a sturdy Chinese parasol tree, holding the oil-paper umbrella in one hand and checking the time on her phone with the other.

It was 6:58 PM, two minutes to 7.

The light from the phone's screen reflected on her face, casting a luminous, jade-like glow in the dark. In the obsidian night, her eyes, clear as polished glass, shone with an edge as sharp as a blade.

A second passed, then two.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, watching as the figure slowly approached from the side.

Now!

Chu Jin stepped forward, pocketed her phone, and with a swift flick of her wrist holding the umbrella handle, the tip of the umbrella became a sharp edge poised at the man's shoulder!

Yet the man had anticipated the move and sidestepped the attack with agility.

In the shadowy light, it was hard to see his face clearly; only the faint hint of a smile on his lips was visible.

But the scent on him was unmistakably familiar, a light tobacco essence mixed with a hint of mint, instilling a sense of calm.

As Chu Jin stood there slightly stunned, the man quietly immobilized her wrist, and with a forceful pull, she was drawn into a cold embrace, her back hitting his chest wall, and a chill surged through her body.

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow, tried to attack with her elbow, but he seized her arm and held it still.

"It's me." His voice, low and cool, rose from behind her.

That voice was all too familiar.

Almost at the same moment they exchanged blows, Chu Jin knew it was Mr. Mo, which is why she had let her guard down.

But it was clear the person who had been following her was not Mr. Mo, so how did he suddenly appear?

"Why is it you?" Chu Jin took advantage of his momentary carelessness, reversed her hand, and clasped his right hand, swiftly gaining the upper hand as a groan escaped him.

It must have hurt.

"Who did you think it was, hmm?" His tone rose teasingly at the end, implying more than the words conveyed. He then captured her hand, pulling her into his arms; one of his embraced her while the other held her hand, resting his head on her shoulder.

The man's body was devoid of warmth, like ice from the depths of a deep pool.

Chu Jin arched an eyebrow slightly and with a gentle twist of her elbow, she broke free from the man's embrace, "Lurking around in the dead of night, aren't you a creepy old man...?"

"In the dead of night," Mo Zhixuan clutched at his chest, lifting his brows, his deep-set eyes brimming with gentle indulgence, "Madam, are you plotting to murder your husband?"

Wife?

It was quite something for Mr. Mo to utter such a term in all seriousness.

It was as if she heard a resigned sigh in the night.

Sad, lingering, carrying endless sorrow.

Accompanied by a gentle breeze, it seemed both close at hand and far in the distance.

It was hard to tell if it was reality or illusion.

Chu Jin subconsciously looked around, her gaze sweeping the endless night interwoven with the dim streetlights. The occasional passerby, mostly elderly folks at dusk, passed by.

"Were you the one following me just now?" Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

"Yes," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, countering, "Otherwise, who did you think it was?" In the darkness of night, his deep, pool-like eyes gleamed with a chilly light.

Chapter 445: hope all is well with you

Who do you think it is?

This sentence was filled with danger.

Like a cheetah stalking through the night, ready to deliver a lethal blow at any moment.

Chu Jin looked at the man before her, slightly squinting her eyes, a faint glimmer flashing through her clear, glass-like pupils.

This was just like the scene when she first met Mr. Mo.

Those delicate phoenix eyes.

So deep, so profound.

Once fallen into, one could never see the bottom.

"What's wrong?" Seeing her spaced out, the man extended his hand and rubbed her head.

A faint dotting gleamed in those ink-dyed, deep phoenix eyes.

Gone in the blink of an eye.

Chu Jin subconsciously felt that Mr. Mo was a bit off tonight.

This feeling was very strange.

The bright, cold moonlight stretched the two shadows very long.

"It's nothing," Chu Jin looked up at him, light rippling in her eyes, her charming smile and expectant gaze caused the man's eyes to flicker.

The girl under the moonlight, dressed in a simple white T-shirt and ripped jeans, was wearing the simplest of clothing, yet she somehow managed to exude an immaculate aura like that of moonlight.

She seemed like a beauty who had stepped from the moon, and yet also like a banished fairy living deep in the mountains.

There was a purity that hinted at seductiveness, and within the seductiveness, a touch of enchanting allure.

"Let's go inside." The man quite naturally took her wrist and started walking towards the gate.

"Mo Zhixuan," the girl's voice was soft. She rarely called him by his full name, and those three simple words took on a different charm when spoken by her.

"Hmm, I'm here," the man's voice was as low and magnetic as ever.

Not to mention his stunning beauty.

Just the sound of his voice, like that of a precious stone, was enough to intoxicate someone.

Refreshing and invigorating.

It gave a sense of serenity.

For those who are captivated by voices, such a sound was simply irresistible.

It could make one addicted, unable to extricate themselves.

The Mr. Mo before her, very familiar, yet slightly strange.

Chu Jin raised her eyes to glance at his profile, her tone light, "How old are you this year?"

The man's body clearly stiffened for a moment.

His steps halted.

He stopped walking, looking down into her eyes, and seriously said, "Don't you know?"

The man's features were hidden in the dim light, leaving only the sharp, perfectly-sculpted line of his jaw visible.

Ascetic, cold, the bright moonlight bathed the two in a shroud of mystery.

With his head lowered, the man's eyes reflected the silhouette of the girl, everything around them seemingly fading into the background, as if time itself had become refined, and in that moment, only this pair remained in the world.

The 25 cm height difference between the two made for a harmonious image.

Really shameless.

Who would have thought that Mr. Mo, who looks so respectable, could say such a thing with a straight face.

His face was almost utterly impassive.

Tightly composed, and with a hint of seriousness.

Listening to his words.

Chu Jin could almost be sure that this man was undoubtedly Mr. Mo.

"Shameless..." she spoke as she tried to break free from his grip, but he restrained her even more tightly.

The disparity between men and women was vividly highlighted at this moment.

Mr. Mo was tall with long legs; he needed only a slight effort to ensure she had no escape.

He lifted her chin with his hand, revealing her perfectly contoured jawline, and then his thin lips pressed down firmly, consuming her, a large shadow looming as his lips completely covered the corners of hers.

This scene was witnessed by another, the dark eyes hidden beneath the brim of a hat blushed by what they saw.

Like a Black Hellebore walking among mortals, at that moment his entire being was radiating an invisible aura of murder.

If it were daytime, someone would surely notice the green plants by his side slowly withering away.

As if scorched by the blazing sun, the sight was exceptionally eerie in the quiet night.

At this moment, he resembled the Grim Reaper who had surged forth from the abyss of hell.

Capable of ending your life at any moment.

He could govern the fate of all things.

Ling Que stood not far away, gazing at the silhouettes of the three, sighing faintly, a flash of worry crossing her beautiful eyes.

First, she looked at the kissing couple, then turned to look at Xuanyuan Shangchen, her heart skipped a beat, and she quickly walked over, reaching out to grasp Xuanyuan Shangchen's wrist.

"Walk with me." Ling Que's voice was somewhat cold.

Xuanyuan Shangchen stared intently at the couple, turmoil swirling in his dark eyes, a myriad of thoughts rushing through, the pain was extreme.

Compared to the agony of severed flesh and broken bones, it was even more unbearable.

Xuanyuan Shangchen had transformed into a statue, frozen in place.

His eyes held only the couple who fit together as perfectly as jade.

Even after Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan had entered the villa, he remained standing there, motionless.

If not for the shadow of his hat brim, one would surely find his eyes turned a bloody red.

His hands were clenched tight, the slender knuckles slightly white from the strain.

The black trench coat he wore fluttered without wind, taking on a layer of chilling authority.

Ling Que sighed, "Xuanyuan, why do you torture yourself so?"

He had saved her nine times.

Exhausting endless cultivation, each time, they were strangers to each other.

He saved her nine times, and she failed him nine times.

Without a word from Xuanyuan Shangchen, Ling Que continued, "You've already repaid your debt to Jun Huang. Is it really worth it to do this now?"

Her words met with only a gentle breeze in response.

Just as Ling Que thought Xuanyuan Shangchen would remain silent, he suddenly turned to look at her, his tightly pressed lips curling in an ambiguous arc, "What I owe her can never be repaid."

Pausing slightly, he added, "Also, whether it's worth it or not, I'm the one to decide."

Each word resounded, firm and decisive, with the weight of conviction.

Carrying an undeniable intimidation.

Ling Que's eyes dimmed, a trace of bitterness spilling from her beautiful eyes.

She really didn't want to continue this way.

But helplessly, Xuanyuan Shangchen was like a man fallen into a bottomless abyss, unable to climb out.

He turned deaf to the advice of others.

Resolute to a fault.

He protected her, through storm and tempest alike.

What he had given for Jun Huang, no one could see.

"Release the seal within Jun Huang's body," Ling Que finally spoke again, after a long silence.

Her voice was light, almost ethereal.

"You dare!" Xuanyuan Shangchen's eyes narrowed slightly, his tone laden with danger, like one on the verge of rage.

Sending shivers down one's spine.

Ling Que bit her lip, her eyes misting.

"You can go," Xuanyuan Shangchen said, "Stop following me. I'm a cold-hearted person, forever blind to the kindness of others. My heart has room for Jun Huang alone."

Ling Que was a good girl, and he could not afford to delay her any longer.

This wasn't the first time Xuanyuan Shangchen had said these words.

But every repeat was like a knife to Ling Que's heart.

Knowing well that he loved only Jun Huang, she still foolishly followed him.

He was willing to give everything for Jun Huang, even his life.

And wasn't she just as willing to give everything for Xuanyuan Shangchen, even her life?

He had eyes only for Jun Huang.

She had eyes only for Xuanyuan Shangchen.

The three of them were trapped in a vicious cycle.

Having once had him in her life, no other could catch her eye.

No matter how outstanding someone might be, they paled in comparison to him.

Ling Que remained silent.

Her fingertips trembled slightly.

Xuanyuan Shangchen continued, "I've already wronged her once, I can't fail her a second time. No matter when, I will take responsibility for her to the end," it was both love and duty.

As soon as he finished speaking, a deep and chilling voice filled the air, carrying an imposing pressure, making it hard to breathe.

"My fiancée is not someone for other men to take responsibility for."

The man under the streetlight stood against the light.

Mo Zhixuan's posture was tall and straight, graceful like a jade tree. He was meticulous and intimidating, every bit of him exuding the aura of a king.

Such a man, no matter where he went, was always an exalted leader.

Ruling above all.

Revered by thousands.

Two equally strong men now stood face to face for the first time.

Their gazes clashed, thick with tension.

Two men, two types of coldness.

Ling Que, standing beside Xuanyuan Shangchen, immediately assumed the best defensive posture.

Her eyes sharp and piercing.

Xuanyuan Shangchen smiled faintly, his voice casual, "Mo family head, I trust you've been well."

Chapter 446: leave Capital City

Mo family patriarch, I trust you've been well.

A very bland remark, yet upon closer scrutiny, one could discern a mocking undertone.

Xuanyuan Shangchen's lips slightly curled, his facial features still concealed under the shadow of his hat brim, obscuring his true face.

Enveloped in a layer of snowlight, he seemed chilling to the core.

The black Manjushage was suffused with the scent of blood.

It symbolized slaughter, as much as it did redemption.

Mo Zhixuan still stood there in his sharp coldness, not angered by these words, his expression as if unchanged. Clad in a white shirt, he surprisingly blended into the darkness of the night.

He was like a Shura walking among men.

He lightly flicked his sword-like eyebrows, his gaze lowered to the ring spinning on his index finger, the ferocious mutant beast pattern shimmering with a bone-chilling shine under the moonlight.

His thin lips curved into a derisive arc, chillingly faint.

Though a casual gesture, it made Ling Que's heart flutter; everyone in the Three Realms knew that the ring on the patriarch of the Mo family's index finger was no ordinary object—it could transform into any weapon at will.

Instead of a ring, it was more like a walking armory.

Rumors had it that the patriarch of the Mo family was capricious and lacked discernment between right and wrong. As a youth, he decimated cities like a demon; the mere mention of his name could stop a child from crying.

It could be said that, in the other three realms as well as the secular world, the patriarch of the Mo family was a terrifying entity.

Ling Que had always observed him from a distance and hadn't seen his true face until today. The patriarch of the Mo family differed greatly from the rumors.

Not only was he strikingly beautiful, but an aura of immense power also radiated from him.

Entirely different from Xuanyuan Shangchen's aura, which bore a mix of righteousness and evil.

He gave off a sense of being above the fray; perhaps such a person was born to be an overlord.

Mo Zhixuan slightly parted his thin lips, his expression cool, his tone low, "I'm giving you three days to leave the Capital City."

The air was quiet.

Occasionally, the rustle of leaves could be heard.

Xuanyuan Shangchen's lips curled into a slight smile, "You're asking me to leave? Who do you think you are?" He had never feared anyone in his life.

He had always been the one giving orders to others, never having someone speak to him in such a tone.

He, too, was once an exalted ruler.

Mo Zhixuan slightly lifted his gaze, his black pupils brimming with a deep coldness so tangible that it seemed to puncture straight through Xuanyuan Shangchen.

"Not leaving? Or perhaps you wish to bring harm upon her for the second time?" His cold words were uttered slowly, sentence by sentence, striking fear into hearts.

In an instant, the man under the night sky resembled an emperor looking down upon the world from on high, his presence so formidable it was difficult to meet his gaze.

The so-called supreme majesty, that must be what it looked like.

Harm her for the second time?

Upon hearing this, Ling Que looked up at Xuanyuan Shangchen with worry, mist swirling in her beautiful eyes.

She knew the truth of what happened that year better than anyone.

She never felt that it was Xuanyuan Shangchen's fault. It was all but fate's decree.

As an empress, she had her own responsibilities and mission.

The peace of the people was her duty.

The stability of the realm was her mission.

Since ancient times, victory made kings and defeat made villains; one could only blame the unfortunate fate of the empress.

In a conflict between two tigers, one is bound to get injured.

Xuanyuan Shangchen had already sacrificed enough for her; even if he truly owed her anything, it had long been paid in full.

The air carried a chill.

Just like the aura around Mo Zhixuan, there was no hint of summer's heat.

The plants, scorched by the heat, gradually began to show a thin layer of frost.

For a long while, Xuanyuan Shangchen said nothing, scenes from the past flitting before his eyes.

The red figure who used to ride fiercely across the battlefields seemed to come alive once again.

Almost within reach.

Yet before his hand could extend, the image shattered.

In the blink of an eye, the scene shifted to the red figure leaping from the city tower.

The empress who had always held her head high and never conceded defeat was reduced to a pile of dry bones.

The people mourned.

The nation donned mourning attire.

Mo Zhixuan glanced at Xuanyuan Shangchen, then continued.

"If you don't want to repeat the same mistake, then please leave the Capital City immediately and stop disturbing her."

Xuanyuan Shangchen remained silent, not a word spoken. Although his eyes were not visible, his trembling fingertips betrayed his emotions.

In the end, it was he who owed the empress.

If he had been more clear-headed back then and not valued power so dearly, that incident would not have happened.

He could resurrect her life after life, yet the one thing he could not do was to turn back time.

Out of all the miraculous Spirit Pills in the world, the one thing missing was Regret Medicine.

For years, he had lived in deep guilt.

Loneliness shared his bed.

This was the greatest punishment for him.

Ling Que saw every change in Xuanyuan Shangchen.

"Patriarch Mo, allow me to say something. This is between Xuanyuan and the empress," Ling Que suddenly looked up at Mo Zhixuan, her tone cool, "And it seems to have nothing to do with you, right?"

This was the empress's last life.

All returned to one.

Once this life was over, Xuanyuan Shangchen would be able to shed the shackles in his heart and embrace new people and things.

At such a crucial juncture, they must not let all previous efforts be wasted. She had waited so many years; since the empress did not cherish Xuanyuan Shangchen properly, she would protect him in her stead.

Mo Zhixuan glanced sidelong at Ling Que, his phoenix eyes narrowing slightly, "And what are you, exactly?"

At the same time, a crushing pressure bore down on Ling Que from all directions.

It was suffocating, as if flesh, bones, and blood were being sliced apart and rearranged, the pain unbearable.

Sweat formed on Ling Que's forehead layer by layer, yet she couldn't utter a single word.

This feeling was truly terrifying.

Chapter 447: exactly the same

Ling Que couldn't withstand the intense pressure and stumbled several steps backward until a camphor tree halted her retreat.

A trace of fresh blood spilled from the corner of her mouth, a shocking sight.

To the side, Xuanyuan Shangchen remained standing there, motionless as ever, regarding the overwhelming pressure as if it were nothing, as steady as a rock.

A black trench coat flowed without wind around him, carrying with it a piercing coldness.

Mo Zhixuan stood opposite the two of them, the corners of his cool lips slightly raised, his expression as chilly as ever, as if his features were frosted over.

The arc of his smile changed nothing.

This was a contest between titans.

Indecisive in outcome.

Ling Que couldn't utter a word; pain like suppressed endurance filled her eyes. For the first time in history, she felt the Grim Reaper was so close to her.

Fear and cold seized her body all at once; she had never felt as helpless as she did at that moment.

The young lord of the Mo family committed a massacre, his presence akin to that of a ruler—his reputation well deserved indeed.

Xuanyuan Shangchen calmly laid his hand on Ling Que's shoulder, and streams of spiritual energy, invisible to the naked eye, flowed from his palm into Ling Que's body.

The pain that had weighed heavily on her receded like the tide, and Ling Que felt a lightness wash over her. Looking at Mo Zhixuan once again, her eyes filled with newfound respect.

"I will leave as soon as possible," Xuanyuan Shangchen raised his head to look at Mo Zhixuan, his dark calm eyes concealed under the brim of his hat, leaving only his well-defined jawline visible, his tone was very deep, bone-chilling, "If you dare wrong her, I will never let you go!"

The last sentence was laden with danger.

A flicker of light passed through Ling Que's eyes.

She hadn't expected that Xuanyuan Shangchen would choose to leave.

He loved Jun Huang so much, how could he willingly give her up to another man?

Had Xuanyuan Shangchen just given up on Jun Huang?

Yet why did she feel not the slightest bit of joy?

Instead, there was a hint of coldness, a chill in her heart.

No one understood Xuanyuan Shangchen better than she did; she knew he would not compromise so easily.

"Rest assured," a mocking curve formed on Mo Zhixuan's lips, his voice ice-cold, "I am not you, Xuanyuan Shangchen, and Chu Jin is not Empress Jun Huang."

One sentence, two meanings.

First, it was sarcasm about Xuanyuan Shangchen's pettiness a thousand years ago.

Second, it was a reminder that what's done could not be undone; the events from a thousand years ago were in the past, and Chu Jin was just Chu Jin, not a substitute for anyone.

Hearing this, Xuanyuan Shangchen pressed his lips into a thin line, saying nothing.

After all, he owed Jun Huang.

Now, he had no standing to refute Mo Zhixuan's words.

One day, he would prove his worth through his actions.

As long as Jun Huang lived well, nothing mattered more than her life.

Even if it meant giving up everything, he was willing.

Ling Que seemed to want to say something, her lips moved, but the words died before they escaped.

She felt indignant for Xuanyuan Shangchen, for without him, Jun Huang would have "Scattered Like Ashes" long ago; what right did Mo Zhixuan have to speak so of Xuanyuan Shangchen?

But she couldn't voice these thoughts.

Chu Jin was Chu Jin, she was also Jun Huang, yet she was not Jun Huang.

Since ancient times, those who defied the world were not recognized by the Heavenly Dao; no matter how powerful Mo Zhixuan became, he could not contend with the Heavenly Dao.

But Ling Que had forgotten that in this world, there were children of the Heavenly Dao.

The air grew still.

"Take good care of her." After a long while, Xuanyuan Shangchen finally spoke these words, with a tinge of bitterness.

With that, he turned and walked away.

Ling Que followed closely behind.

The black figures gradually blended into the night, soon disappearing from sight.

Sudden lightning and thunder erupted overhead, followed by a torrential downpour.

Mo Zhixuan stood there, the very image of frigidness, lightning and thunder reflected in his eyes, large raindrops falling on his sharply chiseled features, cool to the touch.

He remained in the rain, unyielding as Mount Tai, his expression icy cold, a chilling aura emanating from his gaze, making the heart shiver even in June.

Xuanyuan Shangchen and Ling Que continued on, neither of them speaking, the heavy rain soaking their already thin clothes.

They soon stopped in front of a villa.

Xuanyuan Shangchen in front.

Ling Que behind.

As he approached the door, it opened, and a young girl's figure emerged, "Brother Xuanyuan, you're back," her voice was light and faint, but melodious.

It also seemed... familiar.

Ling Que's heart jolted at the sound; she quickly lifted her head to look, and was instantly astounded to see the girl dressed in a floor-length red gown, her delicate features exquisite, skin like creamy jade, teeth bright and lips red, the red gown subtly highlighting her nobility.

Air of elegance mixed with soft beauty.

Alluring and enchanting, yet sacred and inviolate.

A phoenix tail pattern adorned the space above her left eyebrow.

Like one who stood above the nine heavens.

Was this... the living Jun Huang?

Ling Que's complexion turned pale in an instant.

If it hadn't been for the recent sighting of Chu Jin at Huagui Park, Ling Que would have thought she was witnessing an illusion.

The girl before her resembled Chu Jin to perfection, almost without a single discrepancy, even the red mole beneath the clavicle was in the exact same spot.

"Did you feel unwell at all this afternoon?" Xuanyuan Shangchen stepped inside and asked.

"I'm fine," the girl smiled gently, "Brother Xuanyuan, there's no need for you to worry." Her tone was affectionate and natural, as if she had known Xuanyuan Shangchen for a long time.

Following the two of them, Ling Que felt her blood run cold.

Brother Xuanyuan.

How long had it been since she'd last heard these four words? Ling Que drowned in deep memories.

Just then, the red-clad young lady suddenly halted, turned around with a playful and charming smile, "Brother Xuanyuan, who is this?"

Chapter 448: she is Jun Huang.

The room was somewhat quiet.

Ling Que wore a thin, blue dress that clung tightly to her body due to the rain, and the hem dripped water onto the floor.

Her appearance.

Was somewhat disheveled.

The sudden words of the young girl caught Ling Que off guard.

She was dressed in red that seemed like blood, her eyebrows and eyes smiling, her face seemingly friendly but with hidden barbs. Though the red was vivid, she wore it in a way that conveyed a sense of detachment from the world, as if the color was made for her alone.

The young girl's bright and cold beauty contrasted sharply with Ling Que's disheveled state.

One lived in the dust of the world, the other above the clouds.

Who was this person?

Both saw confusion in the other's eyes.

Ling Que hastily returned from her thoughts and, with a smile that was just right, said to the girl in front of her, "Hello, I'm Ling Que, a long-time friend of Xuanyuan." Meanwhile, Ling Que regained her best state, and her clothes dried instantly.

Though Ling Que's features were ordinary, they were the enduring kind, and her demeanor was not inferior, even when compared to the young girl.

The young girl smiled faintly, her dimples shallow, her tone light, "Hello, Sister Ling Que, I'm Chu Jin, with 'Chu' from Chu Xiu Tian Cheng, and 'Jin' from Qing Qing Zi Jin."

Chu Jin/Chu Jin.

These two names placed together could spark endless reverie.

Ling Que subconsciously raised her gaze to Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Under the light, the man had a somewhat slender figure, a black hat pressed onto his head, obscuring the face kissed by God, leaving only the lines of a delicately chiseled jaw and the slight protrusion of his Adam's apple. Although his features were not visible, his presence was still heart-stopping.

Chu Jin.

Ling Que didn't know what Xuanyuan Shangchen was thinking. What on earth did he want to do?

Did he create a Chu Jin to vex Jun Huang?

This Chu Jin was nothing more than an overly surgery-modified fake, but in just a month, how had she transformed, as if reborn? She seemed flawless from head to toe, her eyes and brows revealing no cracks, almost as if she truly were Jun Huang.

The empress known for turning the world upside down with a flick of her hand.

"Sister Ling Que, come in and sit down. I've been so bored at home alone these days." Chu Jin affectionately linked arms with Ling Que and led her inside the house.

Chu Jin's words were technically loaded.

Home.

A place referred to as 'home' by a woman could hardly be ordinary.

Xuanyuan Shangchen cast a thoughtful glance at the two women and then stepped inside the house.

Ling Que and Chu Jin followed behind.

Chu Jin's eyes smiled, while Ling Que's body was somewhat stiff.

Three people in one room, three different mindsets.

Ling Que was a bit panicked; she didn't know what Xuanyuan Shangchen's intentions were for keeping Chu Jin close, and moreover, when Chu Jin spoke those words, Xuanyuan Shangchen didn't even refute.

"Sister Ling Que, have a seat, I'll go make tea for you. Which do you prefer, Floating Cloud or Purple Mountain Mist?" Once they reached the parlor, Chu Jin offered proactively.

Ling Que was taken aback, then responded, "Either is fine, thank you." She was clearly smiling, but her heart was cold.

"It's no trouble. Guests should be treated well; it's all part of my duty." With a smile brimming in her eyes, Chu Jin spoke and then turned to the inner room.

Only Xuanyuan Shangchen and Ling Que were left in the parlor.

Xuanyuan Shangchen sat on the sofa, a cold, sculpted figure.

"Xuanyuan, what's this all about?" Ling Que asked, her tone steady. By voice alone, one couldn't detect the shifts in her body and mind.

From Chu Jin's attitude, she clearly saw herself as the mistress of the house.

And Xuanyuan Shangchen did nothing to stop her.

A fake person, hidden from the light, what right did she have to possess all this with such peace of mind?

After working so hard for so long, she was still not a match for a fake.

The irony was profound.

"Hmm?" The tone at the end of his sentence tilting slightly upward, Xuanyuan Shangchen raised his eyes to look at Ling Que. The cold light of the lantern cast on his delicate jawline made one's heart skip a beat.

"I said, Chu Jin," Ling Que straightened her expression, "what's the matter with her?"

Her intuition told her that Xuanyuan Shangchen's keeping Chu Jin by his side wasn't just for utilisation. This Chu Jin was completely a copy-paste version of Jun Huang.

Could it be that he intends to...

At that thought, Ling Que's brow twitched.

After a few seconds of silence, Xuanyuan Shangchen suddenly spoke, "She is Chu Jin, and she is also Jun Huang."

Ling Que's face paled a little as she retorted, "She is not Jun Huang!"

"She is!" Xuanyuan Shangchen's tone was indisputable, "If I say she is, then she is."

His voice, slightly husky, was filled with a sense of age, and for a moment, it was as if he was the Grim Reaper who had walked out of the depths of hell, capable of taking away the souls of all beings at any moment, creating a sense of oppression that made it hard to breathe.

Such was Xuanyuan Shangchen, making it impossible for one to look directly at him.

"Ling Que," Xuanyuan Shangchen's tone was deeply cold, frost lining his words, "remember this, from today on, Chu Jin is Jun Huang, and Jun Huang is Chu Jin."

Ling Que frowned slightly, "You're deceiving yourself! Xuanyuan, even if you can deceive me, can you deceive the Heavenly Dao?"

"I have my ways for that," Xuanyuan Shangchen continued, "you just need to cooperate with me well."

Ling Que sighed softly, about to say something more when faint footsteps sounded in the air, and a light fragrance of tea wafted over. The finest Purple Mountain Mist, a cup of tea whose aroma could linger for seven long days without fading.

A beauty in red, holding a teacup in her hand, approached gracefully, each step radiating charm.

She and the figure in the depths of Ling Que's memory gradually overlapped, and Ling Que almost blurted out, "Jun Huang!" Upon realizing her gaffe, the brightness in her eyes dimmed.

She was not Jun Huang.

She was just a puppet. How could she be compared to Jun Huang, who rode across the battlefield with elegance?

Xuanyuan Shangchen looked at the figure before him, the corners of his mouth lifting in a near imperceptible curve. Hidden beneath the brim of his hat, his eyes were gleaming faintly with an entangling, obsessed light.

"Sister Ling Que, this is the Purple Mountain Mist I brewed myself. Try it and let me know what you think," Chu Jin said, lifting a cup of tea from the tray and placing it in front of Ling Que, her demeanor calm and eyes brimming with confidence.

"Thank you," Ling Que thanked her with an unaffected tone.

"Brother Xuanyuan," Chu Jin then picked up another cup from the tray and set it down in front of Xuanyuan Shangchen, "this is the 'Floating Cloud' you've always been fond of."

Her tone was natural, and the interaction between the two was as if they were old friends who had known each other for many years.

"Come sit beside me," Xuanyuan Shangchen grabbed Chu Jin's wrist, pulling her forcefully, and she soon found herself sitting next to Xuanyuan Shangchen, a faint blush spreading across her cheeks.

Ling Que lowered her gaze to sip the clear tea, the cup concealing the expression in her eyes.

"Sister Ling Que, how does it taste?" Chu Jin looked towards Ling Que with anticipation, while Xuanyuan Shangchen took a light sip of his tea.

Ling Que set down her tea cup, her lips curving into a slight smile, "It's excellent."

"Thank you, Sister Ling Que," Chu Jin smiled politely.

Xuanyuan Shangchen's lips curved slightly, his voice steady, "Ling Que and I are old friends of many years. From now on, you don't need to call her 'sister'; just follow me and call her Ling Que."

Inside, Ling Que's heart was in turmoil, but outwardly she remained as calm as the surface of a serene lake.

Her conviction about the idea in her heart grew stronger.

"Ah?" Chu Jin paused, looking at Xuanyuan Shangchen with some surprise, "Brother Xuanyuan, would that be appropriate? Sister Ling Que, she..." As she spoke, she turned her gaze to Ling Que, her expression somewhat lost.

"It's fine," Ling Que said with a polite smile, half-joking, "since Xuanyuan has said so, just call me by my name. Besides, I am not that much older than you. Calling me 'sister' all the time makes me feel old."

It wasn't Ling Que's first visit to this villa, but none was as vexing as this time.

Despite her heart being filled with resentment, she still had to pretend as if she didn't care.

Chu Jin's eyes and eyebrows revealed the shadow of Jun Huang everywhere, which made Ling Que restless.

"Ling Que, are you feeling unwell?" Observing her discomfort, Chu Jin asked with concern.

Ling Que pressed at her brow, "No, just a bit dizzy,"

"Shall I help you upstairs to rest a while?" Chu Jin stood up.

"Alright," Ling Que's face was somewhat pale, going along with her suggestion, "that would be a bother to you."

"Brother Xuanyuan, I will help Ling Que upstairs to rest," Chu Jin cast a glance at Xuanyuan Shangchen before half-supporting Ling Que up the stairs.

Xuanyuan Shangchen watched their retreating figures, emanating a powerful aura all around him.

Chapter 449: the main gate of the fourth hospital is broken.

Xuanyuan Shangchen was well aware of what he was currently doing.

As long as he could win a chance of survival for Junhuang, he was willing to pay any price.

It was love, and it was duty.

Chu Jin half-supported Ling Que as they headed upstairs, passing through the foyer and stopping in front of a bedroom door, where Chu Jin's hand rested on the doorknob.

Ling Que's gaze fell on Chu Jin's hand, noticing a very simple sapphire ring on her ring finger that, set against her red clothes, didn't seem out of place but instead sparkled with a subdued glow, radiating a commanding aura.

Ling Que recognized the ring.

Having followed Xuanyuan Shangchen for many years, she knew it was the treasured heirloom of the Xuanyuan lineage. How had it now ended up on Chu Jin's hand?

Ling Que slightly curved her lips, and without changing her expression, said in her usual tone, "The ring is quite beautiful."

Chu Jin pushed the door open and walked in, her voice soft, "Thank you, Xuanyuan brother gave it to me. I also find it very beautiful." Her demeanor was as affable as ever, and as she smiled faintly, it was almost as if through her smile, one could see Junhuang, who had already turned to bones.

This Chu Jin was not easy to deal with.

When she learned of Xuanyuan Shangchen's plan, Ling Que had investigated Chu Jin's background. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. According to what she had found, the former Chu Jin was just an ordinary mortal, someone she could easily manipulate, and thus Ling Que had never taken this nobody seriously.

But the Chu Jin of now had clearly moved beyond her control, as if she had transformed into someone else entirely.

She induced a strong sense of crisis in Ling Que.

What scared her even more was Xuanyuan Shangchen's attitude.

If Xuanyuan Shangchen merely wanted to use Chu Jin as a puppet, why would he treat her so well? Giving her a ring, arranging for her to live with him.

This was treatment that should be reserved for his fiancée.

Ling Que didn't even know what Xuanyuan Shangchen was actually up to.

His thoughts were too deep, like fog in the night that has become one with the darkness, impenetrable, inscrutable to all.

"Xuanyuan treats you very well," Ling Que turned her head to glance at Chu Jin, remarking lightly.

Chu Jin walked to the bed, pulled back the covers, looked back at Ling Que and replied in a mellifluous voice, "Xuanyuan brother is very kind to everyone. This is my bed. If you don't mind, you can lay down and rest for a bit."

"No need," Ling Que smiled faintly, "I'm fine sitting."

There were sofas in the room, and Ling Que settled herself down gracefully, the fatigue no longer visible in her eyes.

Huagui Park.

Mo Zhixuan stood there calmly as ever, the depths of his eyes sharp and clear, visible even in the rainy night.

Not until an oil-paper umbrella covered his head did his expression return to normal, with a gentle warmth igniting in his eyes.

"Why are you standing here?" Mr. Mo was very tall, so Chu Jin had to strain to hold up the umbrella, tilting her head back to meet his gaze.

Mr. Mo smoothly took the umbrella from her, "I'm appreciating the moonlight."

Raindrops pattered against the umbrella. Chu Jin's lips curved slightly, "Ha, such a cold joke."

On a rainy day, claiming to be admiring the moonlight?

Mr. Mo, where's your intelligence?

Eaten by the White Tiger?

Mr. Mo didn't seem embarrassed at all, as he wrapped one arm around Chu Jin's shoulder and held the umbrella with the other hand, tilting it slightly so that most of the rain fell on him instead. His white shirt quickly became transparent, revealing fair skin along with the perfect lines of his abs and pecs.

As they walked, Mr. Mo advised, "The capital hasn't been very peaceful these days. Be cautious when you go out, try not to talk with strangers." A faint glow reflected in his profound eyes.

As if in this world, there was only he.

Some scholars have said, falling in love with someone takes only 0.02 seconds, but forgetting someone takes a lifetime.

"Hmm?" Chu Jin looked up in confusion, "Why?"

"The gate at the Fourth Hospital is broken," Mr. Mo spoke sincerely, "there are quite a few mentally ill patients."

The Fourth Hospital, a mental health facility in the center of the capital city.

In Mr. Mo's mind, Xuanyuan Shangchen was a bona fide lunatic.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Are you serious?"

"Of course," Mr. Mo responded, his thin lips parting to speak succinctly, his expression devoid of jest.

The two strolled leisurely and entered the villa's gate after about a minute.

Aunt Zhang came out from inside, taking the umbrella from Chu Jin's hands, "Sir, Miss, dinner is ready."

Dinner was plentiful, five dishes and one soup.

They sat opposite each other, dining quietly and elegantly while the White Tiger sat beside Chu Jin on the chair, silently consuming the premium cat food Aunt Zhang had prepared.

It lamented the fact that it, the mighty White Tiger, had been reduced to subsisting on cat food.

It preferred the chicken leg on the plate, and just as it reached out its paw, it retracted it silently upon catching sight of Mo Zhixuan from the corner of its eye.

With Mo Zhixuan's presence, even breathing loudly felt like a luxury.

To appear more cat-like, the White Tiger dutifully licked its paws after eating.

"Zi, are you sure this creature is the White Tiger?" Zi commented faintly.

Chu Jin touched her chin, pondering, "Hmm, probably."

Chapter 450: two words

Chu Jin was also raising a White Tiger for the first time and lacked experience.

Truthfully, she had never seen such a timid White Tiger before.

It was as timid as a cat.

"Old Mo," Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan and tossed the question to him, "are you sure this is a White Tiger?"

Following 'Dad Mo', yet another new nickname.

Age was indeed a weakness.

Especially an age that dies upon exposure to light.

Mo Zhixuan put down his chopsticks and helplessly rubbed his forehead, turning his head to look at Chu Jin, "When have I ever lied to you? Right, I need to go abroad for a few days. My phone won't be convenient to use, so be careful when you're home alone. Try to avoid contact with strangers, especially those wearing black clothes and hats."

If the situation weren't so special, he wouldn't have disappeared at this time.

Who knows what that madman Xuanyuan Shangchen might do in the time he's gone.

Black clothes, wearing a hat.

Chu Jin squinted her eyes slightly, as an important piece of information briefly flashed through her mind, fleeting, catching nothing.

"When are you leaving?" Chu Jin raised her eyes to look at him.

"The flight is tomorrow afternoon." Mo Zhixuan lit a cigarette, held it at the corner of his mouth, and breathed out smoke. His sharp facial features were instantly hidden in a veil of smoke, becoming ambiguous, very hazy.

Chu Jin watched him and then said, "Then let me send you off." She happened to be free tomorrow afternoon anyway.

"No need," Mo Zhixuan tapped the ash from his cigarette, his deep phoenix eyes containing an indescribable expression. He leaned over, ruffled her hair and said in a low voice, "Just stay home and be good, and don't make me worry."

It wasn't about going out—the idea of actually letting her send him off was out of the question.

Some dangers, he could face alone; she must not get involved.

This upcoming extremely Yin night was different from all the others.

Even he didn't know if he would be able to get through it safely.

His feelings were somewhat complicated.

Once a person has attachments, they start to fear death.

He wasn't afraid of death, but he was scared of never seeing her again.

Heaven had given him hope, only to accompany it with disappointment.

"When have I ever caused you to worry?" Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrow, asking in return.

"Of course," Mo Zhixuan extinguished his cigarette, reached out to embrace her neck, and her exquisitely delicate face instantly enlarged in front of the man. Upon closer look, her pale skin scarcely revealed any flaws, perfect, as smooth and tender as milk.

"Rather than worrying, I'd prefer to..." The man's cool breath sprayed near her ear, his voice low, and the last two words were spoken with earnest, as if he were carrying out routine duties.

From his serious face, one could hardly imagine he had just spoken such rascally words.

His lips were slightly cool.

His breathing was even.

"Old Mo, are you trying to start a fire?" Chu Jin took control, lightly lifting his chin, her red lips parting slightly.

Playing the rascal.

Who can't?

She couldn't just sit back and allow herself to be flustered by Mr. Mo every time; this time, she had to tease him back.

Her demeanor was somewhat bright and a little cold, with a faint smile on her lips and shallow dimples that seemed to draw people in.

Mr. Mo's gaze flickered.

In this world, there are those with whom your heart is connected, no matter when, she can always take your breath away.

She could light up your whole world.

"Need me to help put out the fire?" Mr. Mo reached out, grasped her tender hand, and with a gentle pull, the world spun around, and in an instant, she found herself sitting on his lap.

The position was suggestive.

Her nostrils filled with the distinctive tobacco scent from the man.

The temperature of his body seemed even colder than before, like deep ice in the dead of winter, giving a very comfortable feeling amidst this hot summer. Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrow, wrapped her hand around his neck, met his gaze, and her lips curled slightly, "How do you want to put it out?"

"What do you say?" The man reached out, clasped the back of her head, and kissed her, his lips pressed against her red ones, sieging and conquering, more domineering than ever, leaving no room for resistance.

A deep kiss, the clash of teeth, the intertwining of tongues.

It was intense.

The two seemed to be fighting for victory in this kiss.

Mr. Mo's eyes were growing darker, the ink in the depths thickening, his long fingertips electric, igniting fires everywhere. When it came to such matters, the man had always been a natural. In another villa.

Ling Que just sat on the couch, and Chu Jin entered carrying two cups of hot milk with a smile, "Ling Que, I made some hot milk. Would you like a cup?"

"No thanks, I'll pass," Ling Que promptly refused.

"You just got caught in the rain, and you're not feeling well. Drink some milk to warm up," Chu Jin offered the milk to Ling Que.

Ling Que looked up at her, then reached out to take it, but whether Chu Jin did not hold it steadily or Ling Que didn't catch it well, a cup of scalding milk spilled over Ling Que's body.

Clang—

The fragile glass cup fell to the floor and shattered.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, it wasn't on purpose..." Chu Jin's face was full of disarray as she frantically pulled out tissues to wipe the milk stains on Ling Que.

Ling Que pondered for a moment, glanced at her with a thoughtful look in her eyes, then said concerningly, "It was my fault for not holding it steady. It has nothing to do with you. Are you all right? Did it burn you?"