

R Woman 45

Chapter 45: Haunted by Ghosts

The middle-aged man heaved a sigh, "A young girl, who should have been in a classroom, attending her lessons, is instead out here, making her presence known. It's not easy for her."

"Young lady," the middle-aged man fished out some banknotes from his wallet and shoved them into Chu Jin's hands, "Take this money, it's getting dark. You should head home soon. Don't do this kind of thing again. It's really not easy, and the money isn't much, but I hope it can help you."

As he finished speaking, perhaps fearing he had wounded Chu Jin's pride, he added, "I mean no offense, miss. Just consider this money a loan. You can pay me back when you grow up."

Chu Jin looked at the banknotes in her hand, feeling a surge of warmth in her heart.

Indeed, there were still good people in this world.

Chu Jin laid the money on the table, picked up the Tarot cards, and quickly shuffled them. She lined them facedown on the table and then said, "Uncle, please draw a card. Maybe I can help resolve the doubts in your mind."

The middle-aged man hesitated but, seeing her serious demeanor, couldn't bring himself to refuse. He nodded, then picked a card.

The upright: Eight of Cups.

The card featured eight upright cups arranged in two rows, with five on the bottom and three on top, leaving space in the middle for a ninth cup. Behind the cups, a figure turned away from them, walking into the distance.

Chu Jin glanced at the card and then said, "Sir, you came for a family member. From the card, it should be your daughter, right? Her condition seems dire. She's seriously ill and bedridden, isn't she?"

Her voice was soft and faint.

However, the middle-aged man was greatly shocked, taking some time to find his voice, "My daughter... is there any hope for her?"

Chu Jin shook her head.

The upright 'Eight of Cups'—a card devoid of hope. With eight cups set in place, how could one manage to find a ninth?

Hearing this, the middle-aged man's complexion turned ashen as if his blood had run cold.

Chu Jin continued, "Sir, you needn't worry. It's not like we're completely out of options."

"Young lady, do you have a way to save my daughter?" A glimmer of hope suddenly sparked in the man's dull eyes.

Chu Jin smiled as she tidied up the items on the table, saying, "Uncle, you have a kind heart. The heavens won't cut off all paths for you. If you trust me, take me to see your daughter. I need to understand what happened before we can find a resolution."

"Yes, I believe you," the middle-aged man said excitedly, "I'll go and get my car. Wait for me here for ten minutes."

Chu Jin nodded.

After the middle-aged man left, Chu Jin found a secluded spot and threw the table and stool into the Zi Lei space, leaving only a backpack behind.

Inside the backpack were Tarot cards, a Crystal Ball, and some Golden Needles.

Ten minutes passed quickly.

A Mercedes-Benz slowly stopped beside Chu Jin, the middle-aged man poking his head out from the car, "Young lady, please get in."

Through their conversation on the road, Chu Jin learned that the man's last name was Lu, and his name was Lu Tianliang.

He was from a collateral branch of the Lu family of Capital City.

The one in trouble was his daughter, Lu Xinxì.

Lu Xinxì, twenty-seven years old, had shot to fame in the entertainment industry two years ago with her beautiful looks and superb acting skills. She had quickly approached the top tier and became the nation's darling.

Moreover, her popularity had reached such a level that virtually everyone on the China mainland knew of Lu Xinxì.

Three months ago, Lu Xinxì started experiencing nausea and vomiting. Initially, it was thought to be pregnancy, but after a hospital check-up showed everything to be normal, they didn't give it much thought.

However, it got worse over time. Whatever she ate, she would throw up. In less than three months, she had become skeletal, and at the same time, sores began appearing and festering on her face.

As Lu Tianliang recounted these events, his forehead began to sweat, "Miss Chu, I think... Xinxì might be haunted..."

Chu Jin's brows furrowed slightly, "What makes you say that?"

Lu Tianliang let out a wry smile, "I won't hide it from you, I've sought the help of over a dozen masters. In the end... they all ran away scared."

After speaking, Lu Tianliang lowered his voice, "Also, several times when I woke up in the middle of the night, I found Xinxu talking to herself in front of the mirror in the living room. She mumbled things I couldn't understand, and she wouldn't respond when I called her, as if she didn't recognize me at all..." Saying this, Lu Tianliang's voice started to tremble.

"Haven't you taken her to the hospital?" Chu Jin continued to ask.

It was quite interesting that with her face beginning to fester, they didn't rush her to a hospital but instead sought so-called masters.

Didn't they know there were many charlatans out there?

Lu Tianliang sighed, "We did, but the doctors were clueless, unable to find the cause of her illness..."

As they spoke, the car stopped in front of a villa.

It was a three-story villa facing south with good feng shui, radiating a quiet and peaceful atmosphere. On the outside, one couldn't tell that there was someone inside fighting for her life.

Perhaps because of Lu Xinxì's situation, a bagua mirror was hanging above the villa's entrance.

There's a folk belief that hanging a mirror over a door can ward off evil spirits and ghosts.

Lu Tianliang led the way in the front, "Miss Chu, please follow me."