

R Woman 511

Chapter 511: After the Rain Comes Fair Weather

Mu Xianxian was helplessly annoyed, yet she couldn't find an outlet for her vexation.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up. Hadn't Chu Jin said she would return early tomorrow morning? If she could find a way to stay with the Mo family, wouldn't she have the chance to be alone with Mo Zhixuan? Since Mo Zhixuan didn't fancy her, then she would have to make him take responsibility for her. After all, she still had her Divine Doctor uncle to think of something that would surely secure Mo Zhixuan.

As a cunning plan took shape in her heart, the previously dark expression on her face was now filled with brightness and hope.

With this thought, she quietly raised her eyes and looked at Mo Zhixuan. From her perspective, she could just make out the man's cool, indifferent face, illuminated by the snowy white light, its features so distinct that they seemed as if they were personally carved by God himself. Yet his face always seemed to be covered with a layer of frost, and he emanated a regal bearing that intimidated others from even making eye contact.

This was a man who, no matter where he went, was always a figure of high esteem.

Spellbound by him, Mu Xianxian found herself lost in a daze. She felt that even the simple act of Mo Zhixuan chewing was done with such elegance and allure.

Just then, seated next to Mo Zhixuan, Chu Jin slightly lifted her eyes, and their gazes happened to collide with the infatuated gaze of Mu Xianxian. She looked at Mo Zhixuan and then at Mu Xianxian and instantly understood the situation. So this was what she was planning, no wonder she had been targeting her all along.

Mr. Mo was like a walking hormone, always attracting some bad romance!

As for how to gracefully eliminate potential mistresses?

That would be public displays of affection, a variety of them, shown until the other party began to doubt their life!

"Hey," Chu Jin nudged Mr. Mo with her elbow.

Mr. Mo turned his head, looking at her with a tender gaze, "Hmm, what is it, my ancestor?"

Chu Jin moved her lips, "I want to eat shrimp."

"Alright." Mr. Mo immediately picked up his chopsticks to pick a shrimp for Chu Jin. His movements were so smooth as he peeled it and placed it in her bowl, even thoughtfully dipping it in sauce for her. It was evident that he often did such things.

"Not bad," Chu Jin raised her hand and patted his head like she would a big bear, so casual that it made everyone around her widen their eyes, staring at Chu Jin, thinking, this Ninth Sister-in-law sure had guts! She actually dared to pat Ninth Brother's head; didn't she know that a man's head is a no-go zone?

Mu Xianxian watched gleefully, thinking that Chu Jin was far too arrogant. Mo Zhixuan was known for his cold temperament and irascible nature, yet she dared to pat his head! She thought to herself, just you wait, you're going to get it in a bit! Seriously, who does she think she is!

While everyone silently awaited the coming storm, not only did Mo Zhixuan not get angry, but he also brought the peeled shrimp to Chu Jin's mouth, the spitting image of a doting husband, worlds away from the violent aura he had in his youth.

Everyone silently retracted their gazes, clutching their hearts, taking a long time to recover as they couldn't help but exclaim, love is indeed a miraculous thing!

Mu Xianxian's face was twisted to the extreme! The sourness in her heart was about to overflow. She resented why she wasn't the one sitting by Mo Zhixuan's side! What was so good about Chu Jin to deserve such treatment from Mo Zhixuan!

Seeing Mu Xianxian's changing expressions, Chu Jin felt quite pleased with herself, her mood greatly improved. Looking up at Mr. Mo, she said, "What do you want to eat? I'll pick it for you."

Mr. Mo glanced down at her and seemed to ask casually, "Can I have anything I want?"

"Of course," Chu Jin replied with a slight raise of her eyebrows, without a second thought.

Mr. Mo looked at her, his eyes deep and heavy. After a moment, he rolled his Adam's apple, and his low, magnetic voice reached Chu Jin's ears as he said, "I want to eat you."

Those three indifferent words, he spoke with utmost seriousness, his phoenix eyes reflecting only her image.

Chu Jin blinked lightly, her eyelashes trembling, and nodded thoughtfully, "Hmm, it is already dark, indeed the time for dreams."

By now, she was immune to Mr. Mo's flirtatious ways.

This person was already getting farther and farther away from the Mr. Mo she knew.

Mo Qingyi, who was nearby, couldn't stand it any longer and stretched his head in front of Chu Jin, protesting, "Hey, when you guys are showing off your love, can you consider a single dog's feelings? You think dog food is free or what?"

"Behave, ah," Chu Jin reached out and petted Mo Qingyi's head, smiling slightly, "Go find Duanmu."

Mo Qingyi hummed discontentedly, not realizing there was something amiss with Chu Jin's words, turned his head, and said to Duanmu Zhe, "Hurry up, peel a hundred shrimps for your goddess."

"As you command, my goddess," Duanmu Zhe very abnormally cooperated with Mo Qingyi, reaching out and picking up a shrimp, peeling it carefully.

Mo Qingyi was stunned, wondering why she would say such a thing to Duanmu Zhe. Strange, why would Brother Jin tell her to go find Duanmu Zhe?

Meanwhile, Chu Jin also picked up a shrimp and, after peeling it, placed it in Mo Zhixuan's bowl, smiling lightly, "For your obedience and virtue, I award you this shrimp."

Mo Zhixuan looked at the shrimp in his bowl, his gaze somewhat profound, and he did not pick up his chopsticks for a long time.

Chu Jin was somewhat baffled, "What are you looking at? Eat, can you find a flower in it or what?"

"You eat it instead," Mo Zhixuan picked up the shrimp and put it back into Chu Jin's bowl.

Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, "You don't like to eat shrimp? Or, do you have a cleanliness obsession?"

"Neither," Mo Zhixuan looked up at her, "It's just, I've been a bit heaty recently."

"Heaty?" Chu Jin was somewhat perplexed, "What does heatiness have to do with shrimp?"

She was understanding this person's thought process less and less. Could it be he really has a cleanliness obsession? Disdain because it was peeled by her?

Mo Zhixuan looked at her, the ink in his eyes deepening, and with profound meaning, let out one word, "Shrimp..." He paused, leaning closer, his thin lips coming to Chu Jin's ear, and slowly uttered four words, "Shrimp is good for kidneys."

The shrimp in Chu Jin's mouth got stuck in her throat instantly, making her cough violently, with a suspicious layer of red clouds appearing on her face, not knowing whether it was from choking or embarrassment.

"How careless, quickly drink some water." Mo Zhixuan immediately passed her a drink, patting her back and looking as if he knew nothing.

Chu Jin took his water, took a sip, and then finally stopped coughing.

Mr. Mo truly had no shame anymore!

Having lived another life, it was her first time being flirted with by a man like this!

After the dinner party, Chu Jin followed Mo Zhixuan to send everyone to the Mo family's front door, where a young man said to Mo Zhixuan, "Ninth Brother, we'll head back first. When you and Ninth Sister-in-law have your event, make sure to invite us all for a drink."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, his words brief and to the point, "I will surely invite everyone when the time comes." He was always a man of few words, always speaking as little as possible.

"Great, then it's a deal. We're all looking forward to your celebration," as they approached the boundary of the old Mo family estate, the young man said, "We'll stop here. Ninth Brother, Ninth Sister-in-law, please stay!"

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan kindly stopped in their tracks, watching everyone leave, "Take care on the road."

Only after watching everyone disappear into the night did Mo Zhixuan wrap his arms around Chu Jin and walked back.

The starry sky tonight looked especially bright. Phoenix Manor had a nice environment. Occasionally, the sound of unknown insects could be heard, and fireflies could be seen flying among the greenery—a scene that was hard to come by in present-day cities covered in concrete.

"Look over there, there are fireflies." Chu Jin said with some excitement. The last time she saw fireflies was in her previous life as Qin Jie. That summer, when she was nine, she went to the countryside with her grandmother. Every night, there would be countless fireflies twinkling in the sky.

Gently waving her fan to scatter the fireflies was her most cherished memory—it now seemed like a lifetime ago.

"Do you like it?" Mo Zhixuan looked down at her with gentle eyes set in his handsome face, the night shrouding his ethereal features yet unable to hide his imposing aura.

Chu Jin nodded, "Mhm."

"Come on, follow me to a place," Mr. Mo said, taking her hand and leading her in a different direction.

Chu Jin looked up and asked, "Where are we going?"

Mo Zhixuan stopped, placed his hands on her shoulders, and said, "Close your eyes first. I'll count to three, and then you can open them."

Chu Jin didn't ask why and obediently closed her eyes.

"3, 1, 1."

As soon as the man's voice fell, Chu Jin opened her eyes.

She was taken aback by her surroundings: beneath her feet lay a verdant grassy field, and before her was a sky filled with fireflies, their yellow-green luminescence twinkling like nature's own stars, close enough to touch. A soft breeze wafted through the air, delivering waves of rich floral scents that were pleasant and not overpowering.

It could easily be described as an earthly paradise, the scene before her.

"Wow, it's so beautiful," Chu Jin exclaimed, spinning around, her skirt creating a graceful curve as she danced amongst the fireflies, the smiles almost spilling from her face.

Watching her, Mo Zhixuan's lips also lifted into an almost imperceptible smile—the sort contagious with warmth, as if he had grown years younger simply by being with her.

In her excitement, Chu Jin approached Mo Zhixuan and asked, "How did you find this place?"

This was clearly no longer Phoenix Manor; Mr. Mo was truly impressive—it seemed he could even teleport!

Mo Zhixuan looked down and, pulling a clean handkerchief from his pocket, gently wiped the sweat from her brow, asking softly, "Do you like it?"

Chu Jin gazed around, her eyes brimming with joy, "I love it; it's very beautiful here."

"I'm glad you like it." Her eyes were filled with the beauty around them, and his with the sight of her.

Everyone has a youthful heart, and Chu Jin was no exception.

That night, Chu Jin truly returned to her eighteen-year-old self, to that age of innocence and carefree joy. She caught fireflies with Mo Zhixuan, picked flowers, wove garlands, sat on the grass watching the stars, and listened to Mo Zhixuan's childhood stories, along with tales from Superpower World.

"Haha, I didn't expect you to be that kind of Mr. Mo; I could laugh at this for a whole day," Chu Jin said, her eyes alight with amusement. It was hard to believe that someone as cool and distant as Mr. Mo had been such a mischievous child, once knocking out half a tooth of a playmate with a slingshot and, when caught, blaming it on Mo Feixue.

When she laughed, her delicate almond-shaped eyes squinted into crescents, shimmering with the splendor of the stars above, her red lips and white teeth only adding to her enchantment—ahead garland paled in comparison.

She truly was more lovely than the flowers themselves.

Mr. Mo was momentarily dazed before correcting, "I was three at the time, and after three, I didn't play with them anymore."

The stars and fireflies above bore witness to their love.

"Wow, you could use a slingshot at three; you really are amazing," Chu Jin said while quickly finishing another garland and playfully placing it on Mr. Mo's head.

The crown of colorful flowers looked surprisingly fitting on Mr. Mo's head, adding a unique charm—indeed, good looks give you leeway!

Mr. Mo didn't refuse, still indulging her antics, his phoenix eyes full of tolerance and affection, "Of course, your husband is incredible." As he spoke, he reached out to embrace Chu Jin in his arms.

"Narcissist." The two sat on the grass like that, gazing up at the starry sky, her face against his chest, his steady and forceful heartbeat echoing in her ears, beat by beat, each one distinctly audible.

This night was exceptionally peaceful and extraordinarily beautiful.

Years later, when Chu Jin reminisced about that night, her face still couldn't help but break into laughter.

It was unclear how much time had passed before Chu Jin reluctantly stood up from the grass, "It's getting late, let's go home."

"Alright, close your eyes first," Mo Zhixuan also stood up.

Chu Jin obediently closed her eyes, but this time, she didn't wait for Mr. Mo's countdown.

Chu Jin quickly felt something different about Mr. Mo and woke up immediately, her face blushing as she pushed him away, "Um, we really should go back now."

Mr. Mo looked at her, his eyes slightly deep, his voice somewhat hoarse, "Let's go," he said, then added, "Close your eyes first."

Chu Jin looked at him, her eyes not closing, her gaze filled with wariness, clearly distrusting him a bit.

Mr. Mo sighed helplessly, "Relax, there will be no funny business this time."

Seeing his serious expression, Chu Jin finally closed her eyes. In almost an instant, when she opened her eyes again, they were already standing at the entrance of the Mo family's ancestral home, the house brightly lit, the moon hanging high in the sky.

If it were not for the flower crown still on Mr. Mo's head, Chu Jin might have thought that everything that just occurred was merely an illusion.

As soon as the two of them walked inside, the Mo family's matriarch came out to greet them. When she saw the flower crowns on their heads, she paused for a moment, and then smiled warmly, "Back already."

The Mo family's matriarch could tell that ever since her son met Chu Jin, her usually cold and reserved child had changed a lot.

Chu Jin looked at the clock on the wall; it was past midnight, and she said in surprise, "Auntie, it's so late, why aren't you asleep yet?"

"With age, my sleep isn't as good, and seeing that you hadn't returned, I waited a bit longer. Now that I see you're back, I can rest easy. Hurry upstairs to rest, I'm going to sleep as well," the Mo family's matriarch said, yawning.

"Alright," Mr. Mo said, putting his arm around Chu Jin's shoulder, "we'll go upstairs to rest now, mom, good night."

"Go ahead," the Mo family's matriarch waved her hand, "good night."

The Mo family's matriarch watched the two of them go upstairs, her face beaming with contentment.

After going upstairs, the two returned to their respective rooms. By the time Chu Jin finished washing up and went to bed, it was already past one in the morning.

As soon as Chu Jin hit the bed, she fell asleep, a dreamless night.

The next morning.

Golden sunlight beamed in through the window. When Chu Jin awoke, it was already past 8 a.m. As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw an enlarged, handsome face.

Well-defined features, thick and long eyelashes, a high-bridged nose, and lips as finely carved as from a knife's edge, his stern face seemed to be an artwork personally sculpted by God himself, exuding an intimidating presence, even in sleep.

She squinted at the face for a while, feeling something was off, then closed her eyes again. However, when she opened her eyes once more, the view hadn't changed, and she realized then that this was not a dream.

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Chu Jin looked at the man sleeping soundly in front of her, a slight curve forming at the corner of her mouth.

Suddenly, this sentence popped into her mind—

Waking up every morning to see both you and the sunlight is the future I want.

The future and you are both very important.

Chu Jin watched him and found herself without any intention to get out of bed. She unconsciously stretched out her hand, and her slender white fingertips gently caressed his cheek, his tall nose, his thin lips carved like a blade, and finally his eyes.

Mr. Mo had very long eyelashes, not only long but also thick and dense, sweeping over her fingertips.

At that moment, it seemed as if her heart was suddenly filled with something.

It was very fulfilling and very happy.

At this moment, her eyes held only him; she cast all her worries behind her.

She was simply Chu Jin, he was simply Mo Zhixuan.

Just when Chu Jin was happily tracing Mr. Mo's facial features, the man who was supposed to be sleeping abruptly opened his eyes. His slightly upturned phoenix eyes had none of the drowsiness typical of someone just waking up; instead, they were unfathomably dark, like the vast starry sky, with a hint of dangerous aura.

Chu Jin retracted her hand as if she had been electrocuted and closed her eyes, pretending to be asleep.

A wry smile formed on Mr. Mo's lips, and an icy kiss landed on her pale, jade-like forehead.

Chu Jin suddenly opened her eyes, and their gazes collided; she was drawn into a pair of deep phoenix eyes.

Just like the first time she saw him.

Those eyes were deep enough to drown in, deep enough to lose oneself.

Chu Jin immediately kept a safe distance from him, "Why are you here? This is my room."

Mo Zhixuan said with a smile, "The entire Mo family is mine, and so are you."

What he said made sense—when she thought about it, it really was the case.

"Heh, your face is really big," Chu Jin scoffed.

"Are you getting up or not?" Chu Jin was getting anxious.

Right at this moment, a sudden 'bang bang bang' of knocking on the door was heard along with Mo Qingyi's howling, "Chu Jin, open the door, open up, the sun is high in the sky already, get up quickly, I have a surprise for you..."

Chu Jin instantly realized the situation, pushed Mr. Mo away, and responded, "Right away..." Then, she lifted the covers to get up, went to the standing mirror to adjust her clothes. Her eyes fell on the collarbone, and she hurriedly took the concealer to cover it up, making sure there was not a trace of anything unusual before she ran to open the door.

Outside the door, Mo Qingyi suddenly felt a cold breeze behind her neck, and then she let out a strong sneeze. She scratched her head in confusion, "Who's missing me in the early morning?" Could it be Duanmu Zhe?

Hey, why would she suddenly think of that blockhead Duanmu Zhe! It must be her idol who's missing her.

Chu Jin had just run outside when suddenly, as if she remembered something, she ran back and pulled Mo Zhixuan off the bed, "Qingyi is here. You need to hide in the bathroom quickly."

They were not married; it would look so improper if Mo Qingyi walked in and saw them!

Mo Zhixuan reluctantly got out of bed. Just as he was about to say something, Chu Jin pushed him into the bathroom.

"Stay quiet and hide in there; don't make a sound," she said, and then with a 'bang,' she closed the door.

Mo Zhixuan looked at the door that was mercilessly shut in front of him, his deep phoenix eyes slightly narrowed, his eyebrows furrowing lightly.

Outside the door, Mo Qingyi sneezed again out of the blue, "Achoo—"

Just in time, the door opened, and Mo Qingyi rubbed her sore nose, complaining, "Chu Jin, why did you take so long to open the door? I've been standing out here and sneezed twice, I'm not getting a cold, am I?"

As Chu Jin walked toward the bedroom, she downplayed the situation, "How could you catch a cold in the middle of summer? Maybe someone is missing you."

"Hehe, really?" Mo Qingyi scratched her head with a slightly flushed face, "Then who could be thinking about me so early in the morning?"

From the bathroom, Mo Zhixuan: Miss you? Haha, miss you so much I could kill you.

Chu Jin reached the window and opened it, and a cool breeze immediately gushed in. She casually said, "Uh, probably Duanmu."

"Chu Jin," Mo Qingyi's ears twitched, and she said with a hint of suspicion, "Is there someone else in your room?"

Chu Jin picked up the phone from the bedside table, launched the music app, and instantly, a song began to play through the air, a very invigorating DJ track, then nonchalantly said, "No, who else could be here besides you and me?"

Mo Qingyi narrowed her eyes and glanced at the bathroom door, "But why do I feel like there's noise coming from the bathroom? Did you forget to turn off the faucet when you took a shower last night?"

"No, you heard it wrong, that's the music," Chu Jin said, tilting her phone towards Mo Qingyi with a composed expression.

Mo Qingyi became even more puzzled, "Chu Jin, you like to listen to DJ music?"

Chu Jin nodded calmly, "Yes, I really like it, and it's invigorating in the morning."

"Really?" Mo Qingyi was somewhat skeptical; with Chu Jin's personality, it just didn't match with DJ music at all.

"Of course, would I lie to you?" Chu Jin smiled faintly, then swiftly changed the subject, "By the way, didn't you say you had a surprise for me just now? What surprise is it?"

With that said, Mo Qingyi immediately beamed and handed the paper bag in her hand to Chu Jin, "Look, it's this."

Chu Jin took the paper bag but didn't open it immediately; instead, she looked inside with curiosity, "What's this?"

Mo Qingyi smiled mysteriously, "Take it out and see."

Chu Jin leisurely took out the contents of the paper bag, revealing a black and white striped dress with a soft fabric and a simple elegant design.

Mo Qingyi watched Chu Jin with gleeful eyes, as if presenting a treasure, "So, surprised or not?"

That's when Chu Jin realized that the dress she held was identical to the one Mo Qingyi was wearing. She said, a bit surprised, "Is this a matching dress?"

Mo Qingyi nodded in a rush, "Yeah, yeah, Chu Jin, let's wear this dress together today. Walking down the street, we'll definitely turn heads. I even bought one for Xinran. Hurry up and try it on in the

bathroom to see if the size fits. If it doesn't, I'll have someone bring another one right away." Saying so, she gently pushed Chu Jin towards the bathroom door.

The closer they got to the bathroom door, the more obvious the sound of running water became.

Mo Qingyi grew increasingly puzzled. Could it really be an illusion?

In the bathroom was a great deity, and if Chu Jin's guess was right, this deity was taking a shower. At times like this, of course, she couldn't go in. Wouldn't that be like walking into a tiger's den?

"Qingyi," Chu Jin stopped in front of the bathroom door, trying to keep her tone as calm as possible, "We don't need to try it on, the dress will definitely fit. What size did you buy?"

Mo Qingyi scratched her head, then answered, "Size M. But you should still try it on. In case it doesn't fit, I can have another one sent over right now. Didn't we agree to go to your family's today? Hurry up and change, I'll wait for you outside." As she spoke, her hand reached for the doorknob, ready to push the door open.

Chu Jin quickly put her hand on top of Qingyi's, a guilty expression flashing briefly across her face, then quickly led Mo Qingyi away from the door, "I just remembered, this door broke this morning. Let's go to your room to change clothes instead."

Mo Qingyi suspected nothing, "Oh? The door is broken? Do you want me to find someone to fix it?"

With one hand clutching the clothes and the other pushing Mo Qingyi towards the door, Chu Jin replied, "No need, no need, we'll just have your brother look at it later. Let's go quickly and change clothes."

Just as the two were about to step through the room's door, a 'bang' sounded from behind. The previously broken bathroom door suddenly swung open, and Mo Zhixuan stepped out casually, his hands in pockets, his brows and eyes cool, his hair wet, indicating he had just taken a shower.

His face was taut, his sharp features shadowed in the light, his thin lips nearly pressed into a line, clearly displeased.

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Mo Qingyi turned her head and, seeing Mo Zhixuan, she paused, then said somewhat dumbly, "Brother, how did you get here so fast?" They had just mentioned the door was broken, and Mo Zhixuan had shown up already? And...he fixed the door?

Chu Jin felt even guiltier, berating herself, He's definitely doing this on purpose, definitely on purpose! Such insidiousness, it's infuriating!

Mo Zhixuan lifted his eyes to glance at Mo Qingyi, his gaze filled with endless chill, making Mo Qingyi feel rather spine-chilling; despite it being the midst of summer, she felt cold.

"This door, it broke last night." After a moment, Mo Zhixuan finally said just that and then, bypassing Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi, he calmly walked outside.

His expression remained the unchanging iceberg look, aloof and frosty.

As if he was a sovereign looking down upon the world.

The door was broken last night? Mo Qingyi was confused. Didn't big brother Chu just say that it broke this morning? And from what Mo Zhixuan implied, it seemed like he was here last night!

Even if Mo Qingyi was naive, she now sensed something, no wonder Big Brother Chu took so long to open the door!

Damn! Mo Qingyi's thoughts grew more thrilled! She hadn't expected Big Brother Chu to be so fierce! Damn, Big Brother Chu is indeed Big Brother Chu! So impressive!

Mo Qingyi filled her mind with many scenarios and was extremely excited.

Once Mo Zhixuan was far enough away, Mo Qingyi came back to her senses and, with a mischievous grin, turned to Chu Jin, "Big Brother Chu, oh Big Brother Chu, I never imagined you would be this kind of Big Brother Chu. Look what you've done to my brother!"

She tormented Mo Zhixuan?

Chu Jin looked at Mo Qingyi speechlessly. This girl's thought process was rather unique! She actually thought that it was she who had 'tormented' Mo Zhixuan!

Chu Jin reached out to knock on Mo Qingyi's head, "You not-so-innocent young lady, could you please fill your head with something slightly purer?"

Mo Qingyi's face was lit with excitement.

"I'm going to change clothes." Chu Jin quickly ran toward the washroom.

Left behind, Mo Qingyi stood there, not knowing what silly thing she was smiling about...

Ha ha ha! She could laugh about this joke for a whole day.

About half an hour later, Chu Jin, having freshened up and changed into a dress, came out of the washroom.

She had thought Mo Qingyi would have gone back to her room by now, but unexpectedly, Mo Qingyi was still waiting by the door. As soon as she saw Chu Jin come out, she immediately came over, "Big Brother Chu, I really admire you!"

Mo Qingyi must be losing her mind! Half an hour had passed, and she was still thinking about that!

Chu Jin looked at her somewhat helplessly, "If I tell you that nothing actually happened between me and your brother, that we are innocent, would you believe me?"

Mo Qingyi snorted, "Of course I don't believe it. Do you think I'm a three-year-old?" Please, after all that, and nothing happened? Unless her brother was impotent!

"If you don't believe it, that's fine," Chu Jin touched her stomach and changed the subject, "I'm so hungry, let's go downstairs to eat."

"Hungry?" Mo Qingyi suddenly widened her eyes as if she had discovered something incredible. She turned her gaze to Chu Jin's stomach and exclaimed with surprise, "Big Brother Chu, you couldn't be, could you? I heard Auntie Tong say that pregnant women get hungry easily. What do you want to eat? I'll have the chef make it right away."

The girl must truly be going crazy! Chu Jin sighed helplessly, "You're thinking too much; I'm just simply hungry, that's all."

"Big Brother Chu, I'm serious. After all, what was meant to happen last night already happened. Nothing's impossible," Mo Qingyi composed herself, "You should be careful during this time. Oh, do you crave something sour or spicy? I heard Auntie Tong say, 'sour for a boy, spicy for a girl.'"

This child is really poisoned too deeply! She can even associate it with pregnancy! A million grass mud horses galloped through Chu Jin's heart at once.

"You think you can get pregnant after just one night? A little common sense, please? Do you think getting pregnant is like eating sunflower seeds? Crack and eat, get pregnant just like that? Let's go, it's time to eat downstairs!" Chu Jin said, pushing Mo Qingyi towards the door.

Mo Qingyi, hesitant to move, was adamantly unwilling to leave, wearing a naughty smile while poking Chu Jin, "Big brother Jin, you still won't admit it, still saying you and my brother are innocent?"

Done for! Completely done for! There was no clearing this up; not only had he failed to clarify things, but he'd also managed to tangle himself up even more.

Chu Jin was on the verge of tears, truly wishing he could dig a hole on the spot and bury himself in it.

Seeing Chu Jin silent, Mo Qingyi lowered her voice again, "Big brother Jin, let me ask you something." She said mysteriously.

Chu Jin got his emotions in check, "What is it?"

Mo Qingyi stood on her tiptoes and whispered in her ear, "...is it really true?" Gossip is a girl's nature, and Mo Qingyi was no exception, especially at her sensitive age when she couldn't contain her curiosity.

Chu Jin was speechless, patting her on the head, "Do you still want to go downstairs to eat or not? If you keep this up, I'm going to ignore you." With that, he stepped towards the door.

Mo Qingyi hurried to catch up, "Big brother Jin, don't walk so fast, come on, tell me, is it really true or not?"

"Do you really want to know?" Chu Jin suddenly stopped and turned back to look at Mo Qingyi.

"Mm-hmm." Mo Qingyi nodded eagerly.

Chu Jin gave her a radiant smile, blinking his eyes slightly, "I won't tell you, let you agonize over it!"

With the beauty's smile so mesmerizing, Mo Qingyi nearly got lost in it without reacting.

A moment later, she came to her senses and caught up with Chu Jin, "Big brother Jin, are you happy after teasing me like that?"

The two of them played around all the way down the stairs, laughing and joking together.

Their bell-like laughter instantly spread across the entire estate.

Even the servants working in the estate started to move more lightly.

In the dining room, Elder Mrs. Mo and Mo Zhixuan were already sitting at the table.

Tong Zhi and Yonglingsi were also present.

Accompanied by laughter, the two girls came from afar, and almost simultaneously, the few people at the table turned their gaze towards the source of the sounds.

At that glance, they were all stunned.

They saw two young girls approaching through the light, both faces adorned with a faint smile, alike in build, dressed in the same outfits, looking like exquisite figures stepping out of a painting, beautiful, bright, and charming.

Although they were both dressed in black and white dresses, they were styled with different features.

Each with their own unique grace.

One with picturesque eyebrows and eyes, skin surpassing snow, eyes like stars, with dimples on the corners of her lips that seemed to draw people in, and bewitching peach-blossom eyes filled with shimmering light. She was enveloped by an air of ethereal elegance, akin to a secluded orchid in a valley, otherworldly, tranquil, intimidating yet captivating.

The other with delicate features, fair skin, a typical melon-seed face, her bright, dark cat-like eyes slightly hooked, blinking as if they could speak, exuding an air of otherworldly grace that separated her from the ordinary. Noble, refined, pure as moonlight.

Such a pair walking together was simply out of this world beautiful. It must be said, this Mo Qingyi, when she gets serious, indeed looks the part.

Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi walked to the table, politely greeted everyone in turn, and then sat down.

"Now that everyone's here, let's start the meal," said Mrs. Mo, waving her chopsticks before turning to look at Master Yongling, "Master Yongling, I apologize for the modest meal and hope you don't mind."

"Not at all, not at all, this is quite nice," Master Yongling replied, picking up a bun and starting to eat it eagerly, as if he were in his own home without a hint of reservation.

While eating, Tong Zhi seemed to notice something unusual about Mo Zhixuan's chin and asked with curiosity, "Zhixuan, what happened to your chin?" It looked as though he might have been bitten by something, yet Tong Zhi didn't dwell on it; she was simply concerned for Mo Zhixuan.

After all, her nephew was so capable, and it was indeed rare for him to show any signs of injury.

Mo Zhixuan sipped his white porridge with an air of composure, "Nothing, just a small dog bite."

"Ah? A dog bite?" Tong Zhi froze for a moment, slow to process the statement.

Chu Jin just happened to choke on a mouthful of porridge, coughing violently as it got stuck in her throat.

Mr. Mo quickly reached out to pat her back, saying gently, "What are you, a child? Can't you eat a bit slower..."

Seeing this, everyone at the table revealed knowing smiles, their minds automatically filling in a myriad of possible truths behind the matter.

The meal ended relatively peacefully.

After the meal, Master Yongling looked at Chu Jin with a benevolent smile and said, "Miss Jin, I see that you have an extraordinary physique and exceptional talent for martial arts that comes once in a century. I'd like to take you as my disciple and pass on all my knowledge to you. What do you say?"

Upon hearing this, a twitch formed at the corner of Chu Jin's mouth, thinking how familiar this speech sounded to her.

Drama queen.

That's what it was—a drama queen! It is said that every martial arts master has had a similar encounter.

Actually, Master Yongling had wanted to say this to Chu Jin last night, but he just hadn't found the right opportunity. He had always been the one sought after for apprenticeship, and had never taken the initiative to take on a disciple before. Unsure how to begin, he had looked up these lines on Baidu and memorized them for quite some time.

He didn't mess up, did he? Master Yongling looked at Chu Jin with anticipation, feeling nervous about taking the initiative to accept a disciple for the first time...

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "I'm sorry, senior, but I don't plan on studying under a master for now. Besides, I haven't even graduated from college yet. Let's talk about it after I graduate."

She was busy at the moment—who had time to take on a master and learn martial arts? She still had a long-term mission to complete and a past life's vengeance to avenge!

In fact, Chu Jin's response was within Master Yongling's expectations; it wouldn't have been like her to readily agree to become his disciple.

"No worries, Miss Jin. I can wait. Besides, I've already calculated it—we have a predestined master-disciple relationship. You will become my disciple sooner or later," Master Yongling continued, seeing Chu Jin's incredulous expression, "You may not believe it, but my fortune-telling is very accurate."

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Senior, you know how to tell fortunes too?"

"Of course, I am proficient in both the scholarly and martial arts," said Master Yongling, stroking his beard with a confident air.

"Coincidentally, I also know a thing or two about occult arts," Chu Jin said with a slight squint and a shallow smile, "Why don't I do a reading for you, senior?"

It had been a while since she had collected any Faith Value, and with so many people around, she was sure to earn quite a bit.

Excited by the proposition, Master Yongling replied, "Yes, yes, how do you play?" He loved playing, and he had not expected his disciple to have this skill.

Hearing the two of them discuss this, Mrs. Mo and everyone else at the table became interested, all watching Chu Jin intently.

They all had heard that Chu Jin was none other than the renowned 'Master Chu,' but no one except Mo Zhixuan had seen her true capabilities. Now, they finally had the chance, and the elderly Mrs. Mo was visibly delighted. Her daughter-in-law was truly defying the heavens.

With a faint motion of her fingertips, a deck of Tarot cards suddenly appeared in her palm, their blue surfaces shimmering with a mysterious light under the illumination.

Tarot cards originated from the West, and they were mysterious and ancient. It was the first time Tong Zhi had seen Tarot cards, and he looked at Chu Jin, puzzled, not understanding what she wanted to do. They had agreed on divination, but with her setup, it seemed she might start a game of 'Fight the Landlord' instead!

While everyone was lost in thought, Chu Jin had already begun shuffling the cards quickly. Her hands moved so swiftly and fluidly that the Tarot cards seemed to come to life under her fingers, mesmerizing the onlookers.

Those nearby, along with Tong Zhi, all stared in amazement, nearly ready to break into applause. His disciple was indeed talented in many ways!

Whoosh—

A 'Sacred Triangle' card spread lay before everyone.

Chu Jin looked up at Tong Zhi, "Senior, please tell me what you would like to divine."

Seeing her serious demeanor, Tong Zhi also put away the smile on his face, stroking his beard and saying, "Then let's divine my fortune. Oh, and the way you just shuffled those cards with such a whoosh, could you teach me that someday?"

This was the legendary 'coolness' that lasts no more than three seconds.

Chu Jin gave him a resigned look and then said, "Sure, now please draw three cards at random."

Tong Zhi paused, then asked, "Three cards?" Can you play 'Fight the Landlord' with three cards?

His disciple must be feverish, right?

Chu Jin nodded, "Yes, three cards."

Suppressing his doubts, Tong Zhi drew the first card.

Upright: Two of Wands.

On the card, a man dressed in a lord's attire stood atop his castle wall, gazing over his vast domain and out toward the distant ocean.

In his right hand, he held an orb resembling a globe, while his left rested on a staff. To his right, another wand was secured to the wall with a metal hoop. The wall bore a pattern where a lily and a rose intersected.

The lily symbolized pure thought, and the red rose, passion. It suggested a necessary balance between the two.

The man on the card stood at the apex of the world, yet was not immune to the anguish of sorrow.

This was a card that represented the past.

Getting the Two of Wands as the first card was something Chu Jin had not encountered before.

She looked at the card, her red lips parting slightly, "Senior, you have had quite a rich life experience, having encountered great ups and downs in your early years, especially eighteen years ago. You faced betrayal but also gained something unexpectedly. Hmm,"

As she spoke, Chu Jin pointed to the wall beneath the man's feet on the card and continued, "Sometimes, seeing is not always believing, and hearing is not always deceiving. It's cold at the top; you've stood above the walls and have been entangled in the mundane world. In fact, you still have an unresolved issue in your heart, related to the word 'fairness.' Am I right or not?"

Tong Zhi might look like a carefree old man on the outside, but deep down, he was not like that. He was a person with profound thoughts and never revealed his true characteristics in front of others.

What piqued Chu Jin's curiosity, though, was that Tong Zhi's experience happened eighteen years ago, which was also when Mo Zhixuan left the Superpower World. Could there be a connection between the two?

Tong Zhi had thought that Chu Jin was just humoring him, but to his surprise, she had some genuine skill. She recounted his past without missing a single word. Had it not been for the events of eighteen years ago, he wouldn't be here today. He wouldn't have stumbled upon and taken over that organization by chance, nor would he have assumed the responsibility of guarding the 'Phoenix Order.'

Chapter 514: there are drama masters everywhere in life

Yet 18 years ago, what exactly caused the turmoil in the three realms, only those involved could possibly fathom.

Listening to Chu Jin's words, everyone's expression turned solemn.

After all, Master Chu's renowned reputation had spread throughout Capital City, and from the look on Yong Lingzi's face, it was clear that Chu Jin's words were undeniably accurate.

Mo Qingyi stared intently at Chu Jin, her eyes nearly bursting with adoration.

Her Jin was truly too handsome!

If Jin were a man, she would definitely fall madly in love with him.

Yong Lingzi's smile faded, and for once, he turned serious. He glanced at Chu Jin, then drew the second card.

The upright: Star.

The card depicted eight stars, one large and seven small, twinkling in the night sky.

Underneath the shimmering stars was a woman in strands of fabric, her left knee resting on the ground beside a pool, her right foot dipped into the water, as she poured two pitchers of the water of life into both the pool and the land.

The water the woman poured was the same as that in the cups from Moderation, only this time, she was dispensing it into the earth and the pool rather than exchanging it between two cups.

Not far from the pool on a branch, sat a phoenix, symbolizing immortality of life.

The earth represents consciousness, water the unconscious, the phoenix spiritual transcendence, and the woman clad in strands embodies the true self.

The Star is a card of hope, signifying the fulfillment of parables and the interplay of inspiration and spirit.

Chu Jin glanced at the card and tried to carefully downplay what she said, "The most important thing is to live in the present, the disasters of the former life have all been safely overcome. As long as you let go of those past worries, the days to come will surely be smooth sailing, the latter part of your life will be safe and joyful, blessed and prosperous..."

Before Chu Jin could finish, Yong Lingzi interrupted her, "Jin girl, is that all you discern? Is there nothing else?" He looked at Chu Jin eagerly, as if waiting for a specific answer.

Chu Jin smiled and leaned slightly forward, placing her finger on the star, "Of course, do you see this star? In the West, this star is called Sirius; it brings hope to those seeking help. To the left of Sirius are three smaller stars; though their light is overshadowed by Sirius, they are still there. As long as you keep heading west, within three years, you will find the answer you seek. However, everything has its destiny, and I do not recommend forcibly changing your fate, otherwise, you will suffer the backlash of destiny."

Upon her last words, Chu Jin's expression grew serious, looking at Yong Lingzi with utmost sincerity.

Some things were better left unsaid; as a wise man, Yong Lingzi would understand the meaning behind her words.

To gain something, one must give something in return. If Yong Lingzi were to follow his fate, the latter part of his life would indeed be joyful and peaceful. However, should he go against the natural order, he would surely pay a price - even sudden death was possible.

Although the Star is a card of hope, it also signifies destruction.

All things have a dual nature; it depends on which perspective you choose to see it from.

Yong Lingzi let out a hearty laugh, reverting to his playful old man demeanor, shaking his head, "Not accurate at all, not in the least. Jin girl, you're just trying to scare this poor old man with talk of backlash from destiny. Sounds so mystical, but I don't believe it! Besides, what concerns could an old man like me have? Jin girl, you're just making things up to bamboozle me, aren't you? But since we've come this far, let me draw this last card. But let's get one thing straight – no more bamboozling me this time!"

Although Yong Lingzi expressed distrust in Chu Jin's words, Chu Jin's mind rang with the system's notification, [You have gained 5% Faith Value!]

Life is full of drama kings!

And Yong Lingzi was one of them.

The onlookers were in disbelief; how could Yong Lingzi say that Chu Jin's readings were inaccurate?

Was it really inaccurate, or did he not want others to know?

Mo Qingyi, like a little fangirl, was Chu Jin's admirer. Hearing Yong Lingzi claim Chu Jin was wrong, she couldn't help but be upset and stepped forward, "Elder, how could my Jin be mistaken? Isn't it possible that you're saying one thing but mean another?"

As Yong Lingzi flipped over the third card, he looked up at Mo Qingyi, "Look at what you're saying, young lady. Do I look like an old man who speaks with a forked tongue?"

Mo Qingyi nodded earnestly, very sure of herself, "Yes, you look very much like one."

Yong Lingzi: "...". How are young people so sharp-tongued nowadays, leaving him, an old man, at a loss for words?

Hearing this, Chu Jin spoke up with a light smile towards Mo Qingyi, "The study of divination is enigmatic, it's not to be entirely believed, nor completely rejected. Even the wise Zhuge Liang had his miscalculations, let alone a mortal like me. Since the elder here says the prediction is inaccurate, then it is so."

With this, Chu Jin gave Yong Lingzi an out, as he harbored secrets that she could not disclose to the world.

Having said this, Mo Qingyi had no more to say, but she cast a forlorn glance at Yong Lingzi.

The others looked on, puzzlingly, not understanding the riddle Chu Jin and Yong Lingzi shared.

Only Tong Zhi, looking at Chu Jin, had a fleeting spark of understanding in her eyes.

The third card that Yong Lingzi drew was the reversed Ten of Swords.

On the card, a figure lay face down on the ground, with ten swords stabbed into the back and neck. The sky was pitch black, with only a faint hint of light in the distance, symbolizing sunrise.

Beside it, a pond was utterly still, as motionless as dead water or a glass surface, and there was not a soul around.

This was a very ominous card.

Whether upright or reversed, it spells disaster.

It created a stark contrast to the previously drawn upright Star.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, it seemed that Yongsongzi had already made up his mind. However, once he took that step, there would be no turning back.

"Senior, you may not believe what I'm about to say, but you may face a bloody disaster today, so I suggest you don't go out," Chu Jin paused briefly before continuing, "Also, do not travel west within the next three years; otherwise, the person on this card will be your fate!"

Her tone was cold, her face devoid of any joking manner.

It is said that a person is most captivating when they are focused on doing something, and also the most pleasing to the eye.

This description was perfectly apt for Chu Jin at the moment. She stood there, her clear and distinct face devoid of excess emotion, her black and white dress subtly highlighting her ethereal quality, making her a sight to remember.

Yongsongzi followed Chu Jin's finger to the Tarot card, where he saw that the man on the card was lying on the ground, his body pierced by numerous swords, devoid of any signs of life, clearly a dead man.

Suddenly, a twitch appeared at Yongsongzi's brow before he immediately returned to a normal expression, laughing, "Jin girl, you're joking with this old man again, talking about bloody disasters? I don't believe it! Alright, alright, enough playing with you, I have things to do, I have to slip away. I'll come to find you in a few days, and you mustn't secretly accept anyone else as your master in the meantime!"

Chu Jin had just opened her mouth to say something when Yongsongzi ran out the door like smoke, his speed so fast as if ten hungry wolves were chasing after him.

Immediately after, a loud 'bang' echoed through the air, followed by a painful cry of "Ouch."

From the commotion, it was clear that the person outside had taken quite a fall.

Upon hearing this, several people hurriedly walked outside.

There, they saw Yongsongzi getting up from the ground. Blood was seeping from his forehead, and under his feet was a banana peel. He hadn't steadied himself yet when his body suddenly pitched forward, about to fall to the ground once more.

Tong Zhi immediately dashed forward, swiftly catching him, "Senior, be careful!" Yet, she wondered how a banana peel could bring such a predicament to Yongsongzi? Where was his Spiritual Power?

Yongsongzi picked up the banana peel and glared fiercely, "Who's the little rascal behind this? It's just too uncivilized, tossing banana peels on the ground! Don't they know they should take care of the environment? Ouch, my head hurts so bad! If I find out who threw this, I won't let them off! I'll beat them so badly they won't even recognize their mother!"

As Yongsongzi held the evidence in one hand and felt the wetness on his forehead with the other, he saw his finger stained with fresh blood and remembered Chu Jin's warning about a bloody disaster, his face going a bit pale.

Yongsongzi possessed a special ability, his body harbored an immense Spiritual Power, and there were few in the Three Realms who could match him. That a mere banana peel could cause him to fall and even bleed, was simply inconceivable! Moreover, as a powerful being, he had forgotten how many years it had been since he last bled. Today's sudden bleeding was something his heart still struggled to come to terms with.

Furthermore, with the high walls and well-guarded premises of the Mo family, how could a banana peel end up there so easily?

All of this was but to validate Chu Jin's words.

If he persisted in defying the heavens, his end would not be a good one.

Those present observed Yongsongzi with varying expressions on their faces.

None had expected Chu Jin's words to come true so quickly, and her abilities gained further recognition, especially in the eyes of Tong Zhi, who looked at Chu Jin with a shimmer in her gaze.

Chu Jin walked up to Yongsongzi and spoke softly, "Senior, I know a bit about medicine. Let me bandage that for you."

"It's a minor wound, no big deal," Yongsongzi stepped back, "I must be going." With that, he took the banana peel and ran off.

Chu Jin shouted at his retreating figure, "Senior, remember not to travel west by any means!"

Yongsongzi did not respond, and it was unclear whether he had heard or not.

Mrs. Mo chuckled lightly, remarking, "After so many years, still such a child at heart! Jin, you don't need to worry. Despite Yongsongzi's playful demeanor, he knows what he's doing."

Given her remarks, Mrs. Mo must have known Yongsongzi for a long time.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yes, I understand. It's just that he seems unable to let go of the knot in his heart. If this goes on for too long, I'm afraid it will lead to trouble."

Mrs. Mo sighed and then said, "Jin, you must take good care of the Jade Pendant he gave you. Don't just leave it anywhere; it's not an ordinary item."

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Yes, rest assured, I will take good care of it." She naturally knew the Jade Pendant was no ordinary object, but what intrigued her was why Yongsongzi had given it to her.

Perhaps he simply wished to give it to the one who could unravel the game of life and death.

Among the three Tarot cards he drew, Chu Jin saw Guard, Wait, and Faith.

So what was he waiting for? What was he guarding? What was his faith? And was it related to this Jade Pendant?

Suddenly, Chu Jin felt a headache emerging, as if she had forgotten something crucial all at once.

Mo Qingyi walked over, linking arms with Chu Jin while gesturing excitedly, "Chu Jin, you looked so cool when you were doing the fortune-telling! Can you teach me some time? Oh, and where did you buy those Tarot cards? I want to get a set too!"

Enthralled by the mystique and coolness of Tarot cards, Mo Qingyi was now utterly captivated.

Chu Jin snapped out of her thoughts and glanced at Mo Qingyi, "You want to learn, too?"

Mo Qingyi nodded eagerly, "Yes, definitely!"

Chu Jin shook her head slightly and sighed, "You... your intelligence is worrisome! It might be a bit difficult for you to learn."

Mo Qingyi was persistent, hounding Chu Jin to teach her hand by hand.

Off to the side, Mo Zhixuan touched his nose and chuckled; he seemed to have become the redundant one.

Suddenly, he found his sister quite an eyesore. No, it was this troublemaker that was an eyesore!

Chapter 515: Change to a New Identity

Tong Zhi suddenly spoke up, "Jin, I heard you're going back today?"

"Yeah, that's right." Chu Jin nodded gently.

Tong Zhi smiled as if she had something on her mind, but swallowed her words and said cheerily, "Then, remember to visit Aunt Tong whenever you have time."

Chu Jin could tell Tong Zhi had something on her mind, but instead of pointing it out directly, she smiled and said, "Of course, as long as Aunt Tong doesn't find me annoying."

"How could I?" Tong Zhi reached out and took Chu Jin's hand, smiling, "I really like you, my dear girl! I'd be delighted to have you over. How could I possibly find you bothersome?"

Upon hearing this, Mo Qingyi felt displeased, "Aunt Tong, am I about to fall out of favor?"

"I like you too, you little troublemaker!" Tong Zhi reached out and pinched Mo Qingyi's cheek.

The three of them walking together didn't look like elder and juniors, but more like a trio of sister flowers.

In fact, Chu Jin was quite curious how old Tong Zhi really was that year. She seemed to be in her early twenties, yet her temperament was very composed, with a sense of having seen it all.

The group walked towards the house together.

Because she was going back with Chu Jin, Mo Qingyi seemed very excited and even packed a travel suitcase specially.

Maybe because Mo Qingyi had never left home before, the Elder Madame followed behind her, endlessly instructing her on various matters, large and small.

Showin some impatience, Mo Qingyi whined, "I know, Mom... I'm not a child anymore. Shouldn't you be taking your calming medicine now?"

The Elder Madame chuckled helplessly and poked her in the head, "You, oh you!"

What Mo Qingyi didn't know was, no matter how old you are or where you are, in the eyes of your parents, you are still the child who never grows up.

**

Superpower World.

Atop a mountain where the three realms meet.

Here, the snow is pristine, forever frozen, without a blade of grass in sight, the surroundings dead and silent, devoid of any signs of life. Due to the harsh environment, this place is usually untouched by humans, with only the cawing of crows to be heard.

Caw—

Caw—

One call after another, each one sounding like the wails of fierce ghosts, exceptionally creepy. Those with faint hearts might not last even three seconds before screaming.

Yet, in such an environment, a set of footsteps was forcefully imprinted on the smooth snowy ground.

Deep ones, leading straight into the dark foreboding cavern ahead.

The dark cavern seemed like a fierce beast with an open maw, waiting for its prey to willingly walk in before swallowing it whole, a sight that looked incredibly terrifying.

"How is it? Is there any hope for Chuyi?" Inside the cave, the Great Elder anxiously looked at the veiled woman in blue.

The empty cave immediately echoed his words, adding an eerie tone.

No matter what, the Great Elder couldn't let Zheng Chuyi die just like that.

Moreover, Zheng Chuyi had not yet acknowledged him! She didn't even know that she had a relative in this world.

He was still waiting for Zheng Chuyi to call him 'Dad' with her own voice.

She was his only remaining bloodline in this world!

The woman in blue did not directly answer the Great Elder's words, but stared ominously at Zheng Chuyi's face. After a while, she slowly began to speak, "You want her to live?"

The voice was also chilling to the bone; the bluish glow of pearls reflected on her veil, casting a sinister light.

Beyond those eyes, the rest of her facial features were obscured by the veil, adding an air of mystery that made one want to tear away the fabric and see who this sacred being truly was.

Upon hearing this, the Great Elder nodded vehemently, "Yes, I want Chuyi to come back to life, I'm begging you. No matter what you want me to do, I'm willing, as long as you can bring Chuyi back."

As the words fell, he astonishingly knelt before the woman in blue.

The esteemed Great Elder of Superpower World, actually kneeling to a young woman, which was a testament to Zheng Chuyi's place in his heart.

The woman in blue glanced down at him with a flicker of cold light in her eyes, "Li Chi, you say you're willing to pay any price, no matter what?"

"Yes," the hope in the Great Elder's eyes deepened as he resolutely said, "As long as you can bring Chuyi back, no matter what the price, I am willing!"

He needed to bring Zheng Chuyi back to life, to personally exact revenge on Jun Huang and destroy Mo Zhixuan!

"Good, very good," the woman in blue nodded with satisfaction, then inquired, "Including betraying Superpower World?"

Betray Superpower World?

Li Chi was stunned; he didn't know how to answer that. He had been loyal to Superpower World for so many years; it held significant meaning in his heart. Suddenly being asked to betray it left him struggling to decide.

Seeing this, a mocking light danced in the woman's eyes as she countered, "What? Are you scared?"

"I..." The Great Elder stumbled over his words, struggling to respond.

The woman continued, "Don't worry, I'm not asking you to truly betray Superpower World. In fact, we share a common enemy, Jun Huang and Mo Zhixuan. I just want to use this opportunity to eradicate them both. Then, Superpower World will be all yours, and only then will we both be able to rest easy."

At her words, the Great Elder's expression softened, and he looked up. "You're telling the truth?" If it involved eliminating Jun Huang and Mo Zhixuan, he was naturally willing.

"Of course." The woman in blue nodded.

Yet, the Great Elder was no fool. Why would this woman in blue help him out of the blue? What grudge did she have against Jun Huang and Mo Zhixuan? "Why should I believe you?" he asked.

She laughed softly, "Of course, you could choose not to believe me. But then, you wouldn't be able to save your precious daughter's life." As she spoke, she caressed Zheng Chuyi's cheek, sighing, "Such a pity, at such a beautiful age, not having avenged her own enemies yet, and to pass away like this. Oh, and she hasn't married yet, has she?"

Hearing the woman's words, the Great Elder was visibly in agony, his hands clenched tightly. At this moment, he had no other option but to believe her!

The Great Elder looked up at the woman in blue, without hesitation, and said, "Okay, I believe you!"

For now, it was best to agree to the woman in blue's terms. Bringing Zheng Chuyi back to life was crucial. The future could be dealt with later. Moreover, the person before him was just a woman. Even if he reneged on his word, what could she possibly do to him?

As if perceiving the Great Elder's internal thoughts, the woman in blue threatened coldly, "Remember what you've said today, and don't even think about betraying me. If I have the means to make your

daughter live, I also have the means to make her die. If you want your daughter to be safe and sound, it would be best for you to behave and not try any tricks in front of me."

How did this woman know what he was thinking?

Could it be that she had the ability to read minds?

The Great Elder was shaken and immediately declared his loyalty, "Rest assured, since I've promised you, I will not betray you!"

The woman in blue snorted, "As if you had the guts to do so!"

"But," the Great Elder said, somewhat troubled, "How are we to annihilate Jun Huang and Mo Zhixuan in one fell swoop? Will just my betrayal of Superpower World suffice?"

It seemed an outlandish idea. Jun Huang alone was already a tough opponent, and now there was also Mo Zhixuan to contend with!

"Of course not," the woman in blue glanced at the Great Elder disdainfully, "I have my own methods. You needn't worry about the details, just cooperate with me when the time comes!"

"Understood, I'll follow your arrangements," the Great Elder quickly bowed, and despite himself, spoke respectfully. If it weren't for Zheng Chuyi, he, the Great Elder of Superpower World, would never have stooped to such depths!

The Great Elder resented having to humble himself before a woman but had no choice! Helpless! Because all this humiliation paled in comparison to the life of Zheng Chuyi!

A look of disdain flashed in the blue-dressed woman's eyes, and she coldly spat out four words, "Glad you understand."

The Great Elder suppressed the discomfort in his heart and looked up at the blue-robed woman, "Since I've already agreed to your terms, please save Chuyi right now. If she doesn't wake up, all deals are off."

The Great Elder also realized something, that both parties were just taking what they needed from the other. He really didn't need to be so polite to this woman!

The blue-robed woman was not angry either, merely glancing at him, "You go out first."

"But..." The Great Elder looked at Zheng Chuyi with some reluctance, his tone softened a bit, "Chuyi is in your hands then, please take care of her." With those words, he turned and left the cave immediately.

In the blink of an eye, only the blue-robed woman and the body of Zheng Chuyi remained inside the cave.

The blue-robed woman stared at Zheng Chuyi's face, her eyes filled with intense irony as she slowly uttered five words, "What a fool!"

She actually managed to foolishly get herself killed!

Time slowly passed by.

The Great Elder waiting outside the cave felt as if each second was an eternity, fraught with anxiousness.

After what seemed like a long while, a woman's voice came from within the cave, "Come in."

The Great Elder, relieved, hurried inside, "Chuyi—"

Great, Chuyi finally woke up. This time, he would confess everything to Zheng Chuyi and have Chuyi call him 'Dad' with her own mouth.

The Great Elder thought he'd see an energetic Zheng Chuyi this time but what he didn't expect was to see Zheng Chuyi still lying on the ice bed, motionless with her eyes tightly closed, her complexion pale and bloodless, indistinguishable from a dead person.

And the blue-robed woman was still standing in the same spot as if she hadn't moved at all.

The Great Elder immediately turned his gaze toward the blue-robed woman, his emotions running high as he demanded, "What is this? Didn't you promise to save Chuyi? Why is she still lying here?"

This woman! She dared to deceive him!

The blue-robed woman, still as calm as ever, glanced at the Great Elder and countered, "Who said I didn't save her?"

"You saved her?" The Great Elder was momentarily stunned, "If you saved her, then why has she not woken up yet? You liar, give me my daughter's life back!" Enraged beyond measure, he conjured a sharp sword from thin air and thrust it straight toward the chest of the blue-robed woman!

The blue-robed woman raised her hand in a sweep, and the Great Elder, along with the sword, was knocked to the ground.

"Calm down, if you keep raging, I can take your daughter's life back at any moment!"

At that moment, the Great Elder could feel that the strength of the blue-robed woman was not to be underestimated, even greater than his own.

Having calmed down slightly, the Great Elder asked, "Then why hasn't Chuyi woken up yet?"

The blue-robed woman lifted the corner of her lips, sneering, "She has already woken up?"

Already woken up?

Upon hearing this, the Great Elder quickly got up from the ground and walked over to Zheng Chuyi, but regrettably, Zheng Chuyi was still the same! Just as the Great Elder was about to explode in anger, considering the strength of the blue-robed woman, he suppressed the rage in his heart and interrogated, "This is what you call awake?"

The blue-robed woman did not respond directly but instead shot back with a question, "Aren't you preparing to acknowledge your daughter?"

The Great Elder answered without hesitation, "Of course!"

A mocking glint flashed in the eyes of the blue-robed woman, "Do you think, if the people of the Superpower World find out Zheng Chuyi is your illegitimate daughter, that you will still keep your position as the Great Elder?"

Now it was the Great Elder's turn to be stunned. Yes, he had been so focused on bringing Zheng Chuyi back to life and acknowledging her that he hadn't considered this matter at all.

By name, Zheng Chuyi was a descendant of the Zheng family. If everyone discovered that Zheng Chuyi was his illegitimate daughter, the consequences would be unimaginable!

Not only would he lose his position as the Great Elder, but he might also even lose his life.

The Zheng family holds an extraordinary place in the Superpower World!

The woman in blue spoke, "Rest assured, since I promised you, I will not go back on my word. Your daughter is now safe and sound. To allow you to recognize each other openly and aboveboard, I've given her a new identity."

Nominally, the woman in blue did this for the Great Elder's sake, so that Zheng Chuyi could rightfully acknowledge the Great Elder as family. In reality, she was merely making her own plans more convenient to execute.

If Zheng Chuyi remained Zheng Chuyi, then Jun Huang, having killed her once, could kill her a second time.

What's the use of saving such a person if not to send her to her death again?

Only by taking on a new identity could she continue to fight against Jun Huang.

"A new identity?" The Great Elder narrowed his eyes slightly and questioned the woman in blue, "What do you mean by that?"

The woman in blue glanced at him, "Li Chi, you're a smart man. You should understand what I mean."

At this point, the Great Elder had started to understand something and directly asked, "Did you let Chuyi be reborn in someone else's body?"

The woman in blue nodded gently, "Correct, you are very smart."

As expected, the Great Elder squinted his eyes, a flash of cold light flickering in them.

This woman in blue was too cunning, and he had to be on guard. He couldn't just take her word for it. Moreover, she looked quite young; could she really possess the capability of Soul Exchange?

The Great Elder looked straight at her, "How do I know you're not deceiving me?"

The woman in blue turned her head, her eyes full of mockery, "Are you so foolish that you can't even recognize your own daughter? She has merely switched bodies; except for her appearance, her bloodline and memories have not changed at all. By then, are you still afraid of mistaking your own daughter?"

The words of the woman in blue made sense.

Continuing, the Great Elder said, "Then I want to see her now, otherwise, it's impossible for me to believe you."

"Seeing her is possible," the woman in blue's voice was very chilling, "but you have to promise me that without my permission, you mustn't meet with her privately nor recognize each other! If you dare to disobey me, I can have her meet with Yama at any moment!"

After rebirth, Zheng Chuyi was of great use to the woman in blue. She absolutely couldn't let Li Chi mess up the meticulous plan she had laid out!

The Great Elder hesitated for a moment before finally speaking, "Alright, I promise you."

As long as Zheng Chuyi could be brought back to life, he was willing to do anything! He believed that, eventually, he and Zheng Chuyi would be able to acknowledge each other openly and proudly, and Zheng Chuyi could personally take revenge on Jun Huang. To wash away the humiliation!

Pleased, the woman in blue nodded and with a wave of her hand, an image appeared in the air.

Upon seeing this, the Great Elder immediately choked up, "Chuyi..."

In the image, there was a room filled with white, and on the small sickbed lay a young girl.

Her body was pierced with various tubes, and the machine beside her kept beeping continuously.

Although her eyes were still tightly shut and her face lacked color, her breathing was normal, and the surrounding electrocardiograph was constantly fluctuating, signifying that this was a living being.

Perhaps it was due to the bond of blood.

Even though her appearance had changed, the Great Elder almost immediately recognized her; this was his Chuyi.

"Alright, now that you've seen her, you should believe me, right?" the woman in blue said as she waved her hand and the images vanished into thin air.

"I believe, I believe," said the Great Elder as he wiped the tears from his face. "But, why hasn't Chuyi awakened? Didn't you say she was already awake?"

Even though the Great Elder had confirmed that the girl was Zheng Chuyi, the fact that she hadn't awakened was still a concern. What if she never woke up? Moreover, the woman in blue had threatened him, forbidding him from seeing Zheng Chuyi.

The woman in blue gave the Great Elder a sidelong glance. Seeming to catch his inner doubts, she explained, "The original owner of this body was an experimental subject. Due to an accident during surgery, brain death occurred. It always takes time for a foreign soul to adapt to a new body, especially when the original body has suffered damage. How could she wake up so quickly? However, your daughter is filled with resentment and desperate for revenge. At most, she will wake up in three days, but it's also possible that she'll wake up tonight."

Chapter 516: Spend Freely

The Elder was cautious, and he wouldn't readily believe the words of the woman in blue, asking with some suspicion, "Is what you're saying true?"

"Don't forget, we're in a partnership; deceiving you would do me no good!" As she finished speaking, she waved her sleeve, and a beam of white light fell into the Elder's hand, she then said, "This is arctic silver light. Keep it safe for now. It will allow you to observe your daughter's condition at any time, but the effect will only last for three days, so cherish the opportunity."

With these words, the Elder felt much more at ease and he carefully pocketed the arctic silver light.

As long as he could monitor Zheng Chuyi's situation at any time, he had nothing to worry about.

The woman in blue looked up at the Elder and continued, "Alright, now you better go back, secure your position as the Elder, and don't act rashly without my orders. When necessary, I'll inform you."

Upon hearing this, the Elder glanced at the woman in blue, "Since we're in a partnership, might I know the true face of Miss? To avoid unnecessary misunderstandings should we meet in the martial world in the future, when the great flood washes the Dragon King Temple, one family doesn't know another."

The Elder was truly curious—who was this woman, and what kind of face was hidden beneath that veil? She had such formidable power! Even he was no match for her.

To say something arrogant, in these three realms, aside from the rulers of the other two realms, including King, Mo Zhixuan, and Xuanyuan Shangchen, no one was his match. Yet here was a woman who had come from nowhere, and his own power was inferior to hers, which made the Elder rather uncomfortable.

Among all these people mentioned, there was only one woman, King. But apart from King, who else harbored the same intense hatred for King as he did?

Moreover, this woman knew that he was Li Chi!

Not many people knew that he was Li Chi.

So who exactly was this woman?

The woman in blue glanced at the Elder, "Rest assured, when the right time comes, I will naturally let you see me. For now, you're not worthy." Her words were filled with supreme arrogance.

The Elder's face turned slightly pale; this woman was truly too presumptuous! But who made his power inferior to hers? He had no choice but to suppress his anger for now!

However, one day, he would find out exactly who this woman was!

"Fine, if there's nothing else, I'll take my leave!" With these words, the Elder left the cave without looking back.

The woman in blue remained on the spot, her eyes brimming with a triumphant expression.

King, one day, I will make you disappear from this world forever.

Only with your eternal demise can I achieve immortality!

**

On the other side, at Huagui Park.

A black Bugatti Veyron slowly stopped in front of the villa, followed by a white convertible sports car.

The doors of both cars opened simultaneously and two slender figures stepped out.

One was cold and stately, dressed in white shirt black pants, wearing sunglasses that concealed delicate phoenix eyes, emanating an aura of authority that was irresistible.

The other was warm and gentle, dressed in casual clothing, with a devilishly handsome face and chestnut short hair that was messy and unruly, making people feel as if enjoying a spring breeze.

They were Mo Zhixuan and Duanmu Zhe respectively.

Both of them walked around the front of the cars and opened the passenger doors. Luxury cars and handsome men made for a very appealing sight, causing passersby, especially young girls, to be enamored.

They slowed down unconsciously, wanting to see what kind of celestial beings could command such treatment from two such exceptionally good-looking men.

As the car doors opened, two young girls in dresses stepped out.

Although they wore the same style, they exhibited two different styles.

If one had to describe the two girls in one word, it would be "beautiful." In two words, "very beautiful." In three words, "extremely beautiful." In four words, "as breathtaking as nymphs!"

It gave the impression of movie stars.

The scene of handsome men and beautiful women was so captivating that people couldn't get enough even after the four vanished into the villa, and they reluctantly retracted their gazes.

In their hearts, they sighed at the fact that there were people who could be so perfect, especially the pair that emerged from the Bugatti Veyron, seemingly flawless.

No sooner had the four walked into the house than Mo Qingyi excitedly spun around on the spot, "Wow, Jin, is this your house? It's so pretty, I really love it."

Duanmu Zhe mocked mercilessly from behind, "Mo the Third, look at how pathetic you are."

Mo Qingyi retorted without mercy, "Mind your own business!"

The two immediately engaged in their usual banter.

It was only Mo Zhixuan who, after taking a lap outside the door, came back and said to Chu Jin, "Have you considered moving to a new place to live? This seems a bit small."

Chu Jin looked around the two-story villa. It might not be large compared to the Mo family's mansion, but it still had over a dozen rooms, more than enough for one person to live in, "No need to move, it's too much trouble, I think this place is quite nice."

He really didn't understand what Mr. Mo was thinking, considering such a place small!

Mr. Mo continued, "But I feel this place is still too small. I have a villa in South River Garden, why don't you move there? Or, if there's a villa you like, I'll buy it for you right away, one that's ten times larger than this one, so you can live more comfortably."

Chu Jin was somewhat puzzled by Mr. Mo's intentions and replied offhand, "Why change houses when everything's fine? I'm not moving! If you have too much money, just give it to me to burn for fun."

Hearing this, Mo Zhixuan looked at her and said very seriously, "You like to burn money for fun? US dollars or renminbi? I'll call someone right now to deliver it."

As soon as he finished speaking, he took out his phone from his pocket. There wasn't a hint of jest in his demeanor; as long as Chu Jin spoke up, he would immediately have someone bring the money over.

Aunt Zhang, who was cleaning nearby, thought: You can burn money for fun? Indeed, poverty has limited her imagination!

Chu Jin rolled her eyes at him, "I can't be bothered with you," and then began climbing the stairs, pulling Mo Qingyi's suitcase along, "Qingyi, come with me and pick a room you like."

Mo Zhixuan immediately followed them upstairs, taking the suitcase from her hand and saying, "Ancestor, I'm serious about this, don't you want to consider it? This place is really too small. Let's move somewhere else? As long as you're willing to move, you can burn my money however you like."

"I'm not moving," Chu Jin turned to look at him, her tone resolute, "No matter how much money you burn, I'm not moving!"

She didn't know what Mr. Mo was thinking, to have suddenly come up with the idea of having her move houses.

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were frolicking behind her, and upon hearing this, they also chimed in, "Brother, I think this place is pretty good. Since Chu Jin doesn't want to move, don't force her. Fruit from a forced branch is never sweet."

Actually, Mo Qingyi was also quite puzzled, and even found it hard to believe that someone as detached as her brother could one day behave in such a nagging manner, like a middle-aged madam going through menopause.

With an expressionless face, Mo Zhixuan turned to look at Mo Qingyi, reverting to his aloof demeanor, "Call her sister-in-law."

Mo Qingyi stuck out her tongue, "Oh." She had grown accustomed to calling Chu Jin "bro," so changing her address all of a sudden felt awkward.

"Don't listen to him, calling you Chu Jin is much cooler," said Chu Jin as she stopped, crooking an arm around Mo Qingyi's neck and opening the door to a room, "See which room you like, how about this one?"

Mo Qingyi poked her head in to take a peek. The simple European-style decor was immediately clear, with not too much cluttered furniture, and at first glance, it looked very comfortable. "This one's pretty good; I'll take this room. Oh, bro, where is your room?"

As Chu Jin was leading Mo Qingyi into the room, she said, "My room is next door."

Mo Zhixuan and Duanmu Zhe followed behind.

Duanmu Zhe looked around the room and teased, "Little Mo, with such a big room, aren't you afraid to stay here alone at night? I've heard that some evil spirits like to scare newcomers like you..."

By the end, he had shifted his tone deliberately, mimicking the eerie sounds one hears in horror movies, giving a spooky vibe.

Mo Qingyi felt goosebumps all over her body upon hearing this and immediately clung to Chu Jin's arm, looking around the room before saying, "Bro, although this room is indeed nice, I still want to share a room with you. Bro, please move my suitcase to Chu Jin's room."

While Mo Qingyi was the reincarnation of the Moon God, she didn't retain the memories of the Moon God. After the spirit of the Moon God receded, she also forgot the incident of the extremely yin night when a hundred ghosts attacked.

She didn't remember anymore that she herself was the Moon God.

Everyone also kept a tacit agreement not to mention it, as this matter might not be a good thing for Mo Qingyi.

Chu Jin looked at Mo Qingyi with a teasing smile, "Qingyi, are you afraid of ghosts?"

Knowing when to submit, Mo Qingyi nodded pathetically, "A little." Especially after hearing what Duanmu Zhe said about how some evil spirits like to bully strangers.

Although she had never seen a ghost, it's often the unseen and unfelt things that are the most frightening and panic-inducing.

"Alright then, from now on, you'll sleep with me at night," Chu Jin continued, "Actually, not every place has ghosts. The Feng Shui of Huagui Park is good, those things can't get in. Rest assured, and besides, ghosts are not unreasonable. As long as you don't provoke them, they won't bother you for no reason."

As she said this, Chu Jin added, "Of course, Earthbound Spirits and ghosts with extreme resentment are exceptions. Even if you do not provoke them, they are very likely to bother you. But generally, as long as you keep a kind heart and don't do anything guilty, such unfortunate events won't befall you. Don't worry about it."

Chu Jin shouldn't have said that. After she did, Mo Qingyi became even more afraid, swallowing hard, "Jin, are there really ghosts?"

"Of course," Chu Jin nodded, her beautiful face showing no excess emotion, "The world is so vast, it's filled with wonders."

Mo Qingyi clung to Chu Jin's arm, continuing, "Jin, have you ever seen a ghost?" People are like this, they tend to be the most curious about the things they fear the most.

Chu Jin spoke in a faint tone, "I have, but the ones I've seen are not evil spirits." Not only had she seen them, but she had also kept one as well.

Mo Qingyi became even more nervous and admired Chu Jin all the more, talking about such a terrifying topic, she was not scared at all. Indeed, not anyone could be called 'big brother'. Not everyone was capable of being a 'brother'.

"Jin, let's hurry to your room. I'm going to sleep with you tonight, it's really too frightening!" As soon as she finished speaking, Mo Qingyi turned to look at Mo Zhixuan, "Brother, hurry up and get my suitcase to Jin's room."

Mo Zhixuan, carrying the suitcase, walked toward the door, glancing at Duanmu Zhe beside him, his face slightly somber.

Chilling, like the blade of a knife.

A shiver ran down Duanmu Zhe's spine. He swore! This wasn't the outcome he wanted!

The four of them walked to Chu Jin's room. The window to the balcony was open, a refreshing breeze wafting in. It was decorated in a simple European style, and the furnishings inside were also very simple. However, the balcony was filled with a lot of green plants. From afar, it looked like a small hanging garden, with a few brightly colored flowers blooming among the green leaves, very eye-catching.

Spider plants also filled the top of the balcony, with their long, trailing leaves swaying left and right in the breeze, bringing waves of soothing fragrance.

There were two hanging chairs on the left side of the balcony, with a glass table placed in between them.

One could imagine, on some lazy afternoon, a girl languidly sitting in a hanging chair, reading a book, listening to music, sipping at coffee, in a scene of contentment.

Chapter 517: is the declaration of power, as well as a provocation

"Wow, I absolutely adore this room, the balcony, and this hammock chair, Jin, did you plant all these flowers and greenery? They're so beautiful; you're really incredible," Mo Qingyi was completely captivated by the stunning view from the balcony and couldn't tear herself away.

Chu Jin smiled lightly and said, "I don't have that kind of talent; I bought these at the flower and bird market. I just make sure to water them."

Mo Qingyi lingered among the flowers, "Even so, that's pretty impressive."

"Compared to you, who can't even keep a cactus alive, Jiujiu is indeed much more skilled," Duanmu Zhe chimed in leisurely.

Mo Qingyi immediately rushed over and kicked Duanmu Zhe hard, "Duanmu Xiaosi, will you die if you don't talk?"

Their teasing banter once again kicked off.

They were truly a matched pair of nemesis, Chu Jin shook his head helplessly.

Even Mo Zhixuan, who usually preferred solitude, rubbed his forehead in annoyance, as he couldn't stand overly noisy voices.

"Let's go for a walk," he said as he stepped forward, took Chu Jin's hand, and headed out the door.

After greeting Mo Qingyi, Chu Jin left with Mr. Mo.

Huagui Park was a rather old villa neighborhood with an exceptional green environment, although some of the buildings were quite ancient. It was just around evening, and there were many people out for a leisurely stroll.

The area was bustling with activity, which was worlds apart from the tranquil Phoenix Manor.

The two of them wandered aimlessly, hands clasped, when suddenly, Mr. Mo spoke slowly, "Have you really not considered moving to a different house?"

Why bring this up again? Chu Jin was puzzled; Mr. Mo seemed a bit strange today.

Chu Jin looked up at him and calmly uttered two words, "Reason."

From her angle, due to the difference in their heights, she could see Mr. Mo's smoothly contoured exquisite jawline and his slightly protruding sexy Adam's apple. The top button of his white shirt was undone, allowing a glimpse of his collarbone, suggesting a sense of restrained desire.

Chu Jin was momentarily transfixed, then quickly snapped back to reality, seduced by beauty!

Mr. Mo's thin lips parted, his sexy Adam's apple moved twice, and in a low voice he said, "It just feels like the house is too small, somewhat beneath you."

"Heh, keep making it up," Chu Jin continued, "It's not your first time at my house, so why didn't you find it small before?"

Mr. Mo definitely harbored secrets in his eyes, otherwise, he wouldn't be so eager to get her to move.

Moreover, the villa wasn't small at all; it could easily accommodate a family of three.

Most importantly, this villa was the last memento left to her by her father, Chu Liyan, on this earth, and naturally, Chu Jin had no intention of moving out.

Unnoticed, the two had arrived at the C District of the villa neighborhood. Compared to her B sector, the residents of C District had more status and wealth, the space between villas was wider, and moreover, all the villas here were three-story high, each boasting a sizable backyard garden.

Ever since she stepped into C District, Chu Jin had felt a strange sensation, as if a pair of unseen eyes were watching her.

"How did we end up here? I know there's an artificial lake over there with a flock of white swans; it's quite a nice environment. Shall we take a stroll there?" Chu Jin pulled Mo Zhixuan in another direction.

Mo Zhixuan, holding her wrist, pulled her in forcefully and steadied her by the waist, "Let's just stay here, I don't like places with lots of people."

From behind, the posture of the two was extremely intimate, resembling a kiss.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, "But I feel something strange about this place, do you feel it?"

Mo Zhixuan didn't directly answer her question but said instead, "There are bad people everywhere, what are you afraid of with me by your side?"

Who knew what kind of mystery Mr. Mo was hiding!

Tip-toeing, Chu Jin reached out and prodded Mr. Mo's head, "Daddy Mo, did you forget to take your medicine when you left the house today?"

Mr. Mo looked down at her, a trace of a smile forming on his lips, barely there, "Wouldn't you know, I really did." His voice was still as deep and chillingly pleasant as ever.

In fact, if only Chu Jin were to look up right now, she would see before the balcony door on the third floor of the adjacent villa, a tall figure standing and looking their way. In his hand, he held a wine glass filled with red liquid that glistened brilliantly under the sunlight, looking quite attractive.

He was clad in a black coat, his head covered by a black hat, the broad brim concealing his features. Although his expression was obscured, one could still sense the sorrow emanating from him.

Behind him stood a woman in a blue dress, her eyes filled with distress as she gazed at his back.

"Xuanyuan, let's go back, don't torture yourself here," Ling Que stepped forward, approaching Xuanyuan Shangchen, before she spoke, "Junhuang is very happy now, she does not need your protection anymore."

Without a word, Xuanyuan Shangchen watched the couple below as he downed the liquid from the glass, then suddenly crushed the stemware in his hand, the blood instantly staining his palm red.

As though oblivious to pain, he clenched his fist tighter, the shards of glass embedding into his flesh, blood dripping drop by drop to the ground.

"Xuanyuan, are you alright? Let go," Ling Que, her eyes turning red with urgency, quickly checked Xuanyuan Shangchen's wounded hand.

Xuanyuan Shangchen pushed Ling Que away coldly, shouting, "Don't touch me!"

His strength was immense; Ling Que staggered several steps before steadying herself. Xuanyuan Shangchen was such a heartless person; besides Junhuang, he never allowed anyone to touch him.

Even Ling Que, a dear friend who had been with him for a millennium, was no exemption.

Ling Que struggled to calm her emotions, taking a deep breath before looking at Xuanyuan Shangchen with a hoarse voice, "Xuanyuan, let go. Junhuang is very happy now, she is very happy with Mo Zhixuan. You have done everything you could for her; you owe her nothing now! Please, listen to me, leave this place, forget about Junhuang, and start your own life. Wouldn't that be better?"

Xuanyuan Shangchen had lived for Junhuang all along; he had saved her life after life, yet Junhuang had long forgotten Xuanyuan Shangchen's existence, betraying him life after life.

Xuanyuan Shangchen looked up at Ling Que, his voice lowering, "Remember, I live only for Junhuang, I live only for her."

Each word, icy and decisive, sent Ling Que plummeting into the abyss of hell, beyond redemption. Unable to control her overwhelming emotions, her tears gushed forth.

She knew well that loving Xuanyuan Shangchen was a road of no return, yet she willingly embarked on this path, regretting nothing in this life, believing that someday her devotion would yield a beautiful love, a lifetime of togetherness. Sadly, things did not turn out as she wished. Her love for him was steadfast, but his love for Junhuang was no less intense than hers for him.

All along, Ling Que had never broached the subject with Xuanyuan Shangchen, but today, she could no longer hold back; she had to make everything clear to him.

She had to let Xuanyuan Shangchen understand the significance of her existence.

"And what about me?" Ling Que looked up at Xuanyuan Shangchen, her voice breaking with tears, "Xuanyuan, you say you live only for Junhuang, then what am I? Am I a joke to you?"

All this time, how could Xuanyuan Shangchen not have known about Ling Que's feelings? It was precisely because of this that he'd always kept his distance and never given her any false hopes.

"You will always be my best partner," said Xuanyuan Shangchen, his voice undisturbed by any ripple of emotion.

"Hah, haha," Ling Que let out a self-deprecating laugh. She hadn't expected that her years of waiting and watching would only yield this response. She should have seen it coming, shouldn't she?

"You know that's not the answer I want."

"I'm sorry," Xuanyuan Shangchen sighed, speaking wearily, "This is the only answer I can give you." As he finished, he turned and headed towards the door.

In this life, apart from Junhuang, there was no one else who could enter his world.

"Xuanyuan Shangchen, stop right there!" Ling Que yelled at his retreating figure.

It was rare for Ling Que to call him by his full name; she must have been extremely upset. Xuanyuan Shangchen paused in his steps—some things are better cleared up for everyone's sake.

"Xuanyuan Shangchen, I like you, I love you, from beginning to end, I only loved you. Why can't you see me, why?" Ling Que rushed over and hugged Xuanyuan Shangchen's waist unexpectedly, burying her face in his back, her tears soaking his trench coat.

For the first time, she had finally taken this step, and on him lingered the scent that haunted her dreams.

Xuanyuan Shangchen did not expect Ling Que to make such a move, and he froze for a moment before he began to peel off her fingers one by one, utterly merciless.

In a panic, Ling Que tightened her arms, holding Xuanyuan Shangchen even closer, pleading, "Can't you just not reject me? Please give me a chance, I promise, I won't be worse than Junhuang. Since she doesn't love you, let me love you instead, isn't that alright?"

In reality, love is never something that can be begged for—Ling Que had it wrong from the start.

Xuanyuan Shangchen let out a sigh, then said with firmness, "I've told you, I live this life only for Junhuang. I only love her. I'm sorry, I don't deserve this from you, let go."

Even after he said this, Ling Que still didn't want to give up. She continued, "But Junhuang doesn't love you, she loves Mo Zhixuan! She has long forgotten you!"

At her words, Xuanyuan Shangchen's lips curled into a bitter smile, his voice hoarse as he said, "It doesn't matter, I love her and that's enough. I am willing to protect her forever. Do you understand now?"

His expression was as serious as his tone.

Ling Que's heart grew colder bit by bit. She pressed her face to Xuanyuan Shangchen's back and began sobbing heavily, crying out loud without any concern for her dignity.

Xuanyuan Shangchen just stood there, still being hugged by Ling Que. After a moment, he pried off her hands and left without looking back, walking downstairs.

"Xuanyuan Shangchen, tell me, besides this face, in what way am I inferior to Junhuang?" She had given so much for Xuanyuan Shangchen, but in the end, she still lost to Junhuang, the one who had betrayed him in several past lives! She couldn't accept being defeated by Junhuang!

Hearing her, Xuanyuan Shangchen stopped, lifted his eyes to look at Ling Que, and said, "Even if you were ten times better than Junhuang, you are still not her." And I, love only her.

That sentence was so cold, so cold; it hurt so much, as if her heart had been ruthlessly torn to shreds.

Ling Que wiped the tears from her face, grasping the stair railing tightly, trying to calm herself down. She looked at Xuanyuan Shangchen and said, "Alright, I've got your answer. Don't worry, I won't entertain those impossible thoughts anymore. Pretend I never said anything today, and we can still be the best partners, right?"

As she spoke that last line, a smile tugged at the corner of Ling Que's mouth, her eyes full of hope as she looked at him.

Even if Xuanyuan Shangchen truly didn't love her, if his eyes saw only Junhuang, she still wanted to stay by his side.

As long as she could keep staying by his side, there was still one in ten thousand chance.

Xuanyuan Shangchen took Ling Que's words as real resignation and said nothing, simply nodding lightly before turning and continuing downstairs.

Only when Xuanyuan Shangchen's figure was completely out of sight did Ling Que collapse along the stair railing, eventually slumping to the ground, covering her face with her hands and weeping softly.

Outside, Chu Jin and Mr. Mo were still wandering around C District, holding hands as the sun stretched their shadows long.

Behind them, followed a figure in black, keeping a far distance with light steps and even lighter breaths.

Just then, Chu Jin's phone buzzed, and she took it out to see a message from Mo Qingyi asking what to eat tonight.

Chu Jin turned her head to look at Mr. Mo and asked for his opinion, "Qingyi is asking what we're having for dinner, do you have any preferences?"

Mr. Mo wasn't particularly fussy about food, "Whatever, as long as you're happy."

Chu Jin shook her head slightly and said, "Old men really are clueless about romance."

Mo Zhixuan: "...". For the Nth time, Mr. Mo, who someone constantly mocked for being old, was actually at a loss for words and couldn't retort.

At that moment, a rich aroma of grilled meat wafted through the air, mingled with the light scent of cumin, likely coming from someone grilling by the lake.

It smelled too delicious.

Chu Jin's eyes lit up as she immediately suggested to Mo Zhixuan, "How about we have a barbecue tonight? A DIY, do-it-yourself kind."

As she spoke, Chu Jin picked up her phone and shared her plans with Mo Qingyi, who was very supportive on the other end of the screen.

A DIY barbecue did sound very interesting.

Mo Zhixuan, still not out of his sulking, replied indifferently with two words, "Fine." After he finished, afraid of being seen as unromantic by someone, he quietly added, "I quite like grilled meat too, but, do you know how to grill?"

Anyway, he didn't know how, and Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi were even less likely to.

While heading back with Mo Zhixuan, Chu Jin said, "We'll cross that bridge when we get to it. The important thing is the process. Plus, even if we've never eaten pork before, haven't we seen pigs run? Grilling is simple, just make sure it's cooked, and add some seasoning; that's all. Let's hurry back home and prepare the tools."

Both were only focused on each other and didn't notice that, the moment they turned around, the figure that had been following them swiftly hid behind a dense bamboo grove.

Xuanyuan Shangchen had promised Mo Zhixuan that he would leave Capital City, but he hadn't kept his word. At the moment, he naturally couldn't let Mo Zhixuan discover him.

However, what Xuanyuan Shangchen didn't know was that Mo Zhixuan had sensed his presence almost as soon as he entered Huagui Park, which was the reason he had been insisting on changing houses.

But unfortunately, he couldn't win against this ancestor of his.

As they passed the bamboo grove, Mo Zhixuan suddenly took Chu Jin's hand.

The occasional passerby gazed at them with interest.

Xuanyuan Shangchen could barely control himself, his body trembling slightly, his hands clenched into fists, and fresh blood once again dripping from his palms onto the ground, staining the earth red.

His Feng'er was no longer his.

He had thought he didn't care about these things, that as long as Jun Feng was happy, that was enough, but seeing it all with his own eyes was something he just couldn't bear!

Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin's hand, contentedly saying, "Let's go, we're going home."

Just as they were about to leave the bamboo grove, Mo Zhixuan glanced back and locked eyes with Xuanyuan Shangchen. He slightly curved his lips in a cold sneer, his eyes full of chilling light, a declaration of power and a challenge.

This was the gaze between two strong figures.

Neither showed any sign of weakness.

Chapter 518: Peng Ge

However, Mo Zhixuan quickly left with his sweetheart, jubilantly out of Xuanyuan Shangchen's sight.

Xuanyuan Shangchen was left fuming, angrily pounding on a nearby bamboo stalk. Watching the couple depart, he too turned and walked away.

Just as he turned around, two green bamboo stalks collapsed to the ground, as if they had been sliced through by a blade.

Listening to the commotion from the direction of the bamboo grove, Mo Zhixuan's lips curved into a pleased smile. Annoying a love rival was well worth the trip.

Chu Jin looked at him with some confusion. "Did you really not take your medicine today?"

Mr. Mo nonchalantly replied, "I did."

Chu Jin grew even more puzzled. "Huh?"

"I didn't before," Mr. Mo said as he ran a hand over his lips, a trace of longing in his voice, "but I just did." You are my medicine.

Chu Jin: "... Face? Where's your face? Mr. Mo, can you maintain your character?

A few minutes later, the two arrived at the villa's entrance where Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe had just emerged from the door.

Chu Jin said to Mo Qingyi, "Qingyi, it's getting late. We four should split up to shop. You and Duanmu will be in charge of buying charcoal and the grill. Your brother and I will take care of the food and seasonings. Text me whatever dishes you want to eat later."

Mo Qingyi nodded, "Sure, let's not delay any further. Let's head out right now." With that, she pulled Duanmu Zhe toward the car.

Two cars, one black and one white, left Huagui Park one after the other.

Roaring down the highway.

In the evening, Capital City was beautiful, with neon lights everywhere and bustling streets.

By the time the four had finished their shopping and returned to Huagui Park, it was already past 7 p.m. The summer evening had not yet completely darkened, and the temperature had gradually begun to fall.

Chu Jin decided to set up the barbecue on the second-floor terrace.

Mo Zhixuan and Duanmu Zhe were in charge of lighting the charcoal, while Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi skewered the food.

This life, peaceful and beautiful, was something not even Mo Zhixuan had expected himself to one day be living.

"Is the charcoal ready?" Mo Qingyi asked as she brought the skewered food to the table.

Duanmu Zhe, fanning the flames, replied, "It's about ready to grill."

"That's great, here I come." Mo Qingyi quickly took her favorite meat skewers and mushrooms and placed them on the grill.

Chu Jin also placed some vegetables and meats on the grill. Duanmu Zhe, with a beaming smile, said, "Sister-in-law, let me handle the dirty and tiring work of grilling. The smell of smoke is quite strong. Why don't you go and chat with Brother Yan?"

Chu Jin smiled gently, "Thank you, that's very kind." She understood Duanmu Zhe's intention; it was a win-win situation that was too good to pass up.

"It's the least I can do," Duanmu Zhe said, slightly embarrassed as he touched his nose, recognizing Chu Jin's intelligence.

On the side, Mo Qingyi humphed in dissatisfaction, "Brownnoser."

To Mo Zhixuan's surprise, Duanmu Zhe's culinary skills were excellent. Soon the air was filled with delicious aromas and the crackling sound of meat sizzling on the grill, with plump chicken wings oozing with fat.

In contrast, a skewer of meat had turned to charcoal under Mo Qingyi's care. She pulled a face, comparing her blackened skewer to the juicy ones in Duanmu Zhe's hands, and sighed deeply, not expecting such skill from someone like Duanmu Zhe.

This was the first time she realized that a playboy like Duanmu Zhe could actually grill meat—looks really can be deceiving.

Moreover, Mo Qingyi suddenly found that Duanmu Zhe, absorbed in grilling meat, actually looked quite professional.

The scattered lights shone on him, and the black earring on his left ear reflected a brilliant glint.

In that moment, Mo Qingyi heard the sound of her heartbeat.

Thump—

To facilitate grilling, Duanmu Zhe had rolled up his sleeves, and Mo Qingyi caught sight of the black leather band on his wrist. She wondered what kind of nymph could captivate a flirt like Duanmu Zhe?

At this thought, Mo Qingyi sighed deeply once again.

Seeing Mo Qingyi sigh twice, Duanmu Zhe hastily offered a hand to her head, asking anxiously, "Are you alright? Is the smoke bothering you, or are you feeling unwell?"

His hand was cool to the touch.

Mo Qingyi immediately snapped back to reality, looking at Duanmu Zhe without flinching for once, "I'm not unwell. It's just a shame about this skewer I've burnt to a crisp."

Duanmu Zhe neatly placed his finished skewers on a plate, "Take these to Brother Yan and sister-in-law. In a bit, I'll show you how to grill properly, personally. Even if you're hopeless, I guarantee I can teach you."

"You're the hopeless one!" Mo Qingyi shot back at Duanmu Zhe, then turned with the plate and walked away.

To avoid the smoke, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were sitting upwind on the terrace. Whatever they were chatting about, Chu Jin was laughing heartily, and even Mo Zhixuan's face was tinged with a smile.

In just a few steps, Mo Qingyi had delivered the freshly grilled skewers to the table in front of them, teasing, "Please enjoy, you two big shots. If you need anything, feel free to call on me."

Chu Jin responded with a beaming smile, "Thanks, Qingyi. Do you want to sit down and have a skewer before you go?"

"No, no," Mo Qingyi waved her hands quickly, "I won't disturb the two big shots and your world for two."

With that, she hurried back to where Duanmu Zhe was.

Once Mo Qingyi had gone, Chu Jin turned to Mo Zhixuan and whispered, "What do you think, can those two make it?"

These two are quite interesting, clearly having mutual affection for each other, yet neither took the initiative to pierce through that layer of window paper.

Mo Zhixuan glanced at Duanmu Zhe and slowly began to speak, "If you want to marry my sister, it's not going to be that simple."

Chu Jin shot him a look, "What, are you planning on playing matchmaker like in feudal society?"

Mo Zhixuan immediately cowered, "I wouldn't dare, I wouldn't dare. From now on, you'll be the head of the family, the head of the family indeed."

Chu Jin chuckled lightly, the gleam in his eyes brighter than the stars in the sky.

In the face of that smile, Mo Zhixuan zoned out for a moment before regaining his composure and said, "Right, head of the family, there's something I need to report to you."

Chu Jin took a bite of his skewer and said casually, "Proceed."

Mo Zhixuan composed himself and said in a deep tone, "Tomorrow, I'll be going to M country with Duanmu, and I might not be back until half a month later. While I'm gone, you'll be home alone; you must behave, not go out after dark, and not talk to strangers. Don't make me worry, understand?"

"Going to M country?" Chu Jin frowned slightly, thinking to himself, could this guy be deceiving me again? Last time he said he was on a business trip, and it almost cost him his life.

As if sensing Chu Jin's doubts, Mo Zhixuan stretched out his hand to ruffle her hair and explained, "I am not lying to you. There's a problem with the commercial street and the winery in M country, and I have to go there in person."

Since Mo's enterprises were spread across the country, Chu Jin put her suspicions aside and said seriously, "Alright, if there is really something going on, don't even think about hiding it from me. Whatever happens, I'm willing to stand by you and I hope you will do the same."

The light in Mo Zhixuan's eyes deepened and he curled his lips into an evident smile. He pulled Chu Jin into his embrace and said in a low voice, "Don't worry, nothing like that will happen again."

Chu Jin was taken aback by his sudden embrace, and, unfortunately, the skewer in her hand came into intimate contact with Mo Zhixuan's shirt, leaving a trail of grease stains.

On the other side, Duanmu Zhe was hand over hand teaching Mo Qingyi how to grill. The two were very close, Mo Qingyi could even feel his heartbeat, and a strong scent of male pheromones enveloped her. Mo Qingyi's ears gradually turned red.

Duanmu Zhe glanced down at the person in his arms and a warm smile crept onto his lips.

It took a full hour for Duanmu Zhe to teach Mo Qingyi how to control the heat, when to brush oil on the meats, and when to sprinkle cumin.

It was also this evening that Mo Qingyi learned her first life skill.

Barbecue.

After grilling all the ingredients, the four gathered around a table, raising their glasses in cheer.

With a beautiful evening, lovely people by your side, good friends in company, and delicious food on the table, life could ask for no more.

Next morning, when Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi woke up, it was already past 9 a.m. They had stayed up too late the night before, not going to bed until around one, so they both overslept exceptionally.

In the living room, Mo Qingyi still looked half asleep, rubbing her eyes and saying, "Jin, where are my brother and Duanmu Zhe? When did they go back last night?"

Chu Jin was quite refreshed, took a bite of a steamed bun and responded offhandedly, "They left early, probably are on the plane now."

"On the plane?" Mo Qingyi instantly woke up, "Where are they going?"

Chu Jin lifted his gaze to her with a bit of surprise, "They're on a business trip to M country. Didn't Duanmu tell you?"

Mo Qingyi stirred her white porridge with a spoon, feeling rather upset, "I'm not anything to him, why would he tell me?"

Chu Jin couldn't help but laugh, well aware of Mo Qingyi's feelings, yet he chose not to point them out.

After breakfast, Chu Jin was heading to the crossroad for a fortune-telling session, and Mo Qingyi insisted on tagging along.

At 10:30 in the morning, the sun was still scorching. The two set out, armed with sun umbrellas.

There were many tall sycamore trees at the crossroad that blocked out the blazing sunlight; standing under their shade wasn't too hot, it was quite cool and pleasant.

"Woof!" As soon as they arrived at the crossroad, a large black dog rushed out from the side of the road, planted its plump paws onto Chu Jin's shoulders and licked his face with a pink tongue.

This dog was huge!

It looked like a ferocious tiger!

Mo Qingyi, frightened, hid behind Chu Jin and exclaimed, "Jin!"

Chu Jin first patted the dog's head and then turned to Mo Qingyi, "It's okay, don't be scared. His name is Blackie, he doesn't bite."

Blackie immediately cooperated with a "woof" and even patted Mo Qingyi's shoulder with a paw as if to comfort her.

Mo Qingyi then relaxed her guard and tentatively reached out to pet Blackie's head. Blackie squinted its eyes, obviously enjoying the attention.

"Jin!" Before Chu Jin could react, a pink figure dashed over from across the street and hugged Chu Jin's leg tightly.

The little loli clung to Chu Jin's leg, rubbing against him and said in a sweet voice, "Jin, where have you been these days? I've missed you to death."

Chu Jin immediately bent down to pick up the little girl and kissed her cheek, smilingly saying, "I've missed Pengpeng too."

Putting aside Mo Qianjue, Chu Jin truly loved this little loli.

Mo Qingyi squinted at the little girl, feeling that she looked terribly familiar. Then it hit her—this was the adorable little treasure they had taken to the amusement park last time.

"Pengpeng, do you remember who I am?" Mo Qingyi reached out and pinched her cheek.

The little loli pinched Mo Qingyi's cheek in return, her tone mature beyond her years, "Sister, I told you last time, you should call me Pengpeng!"

Mo Qingyi immediately agreed, "Right, right, Pengpeng it is. So now that I've called you Pengpeng, can I have a hug too?"

The little loli generously opened her arms, "Seeing as how pretty you are, Sister, I'll let you have one hug."

Chapter 519: Chu Tian

"Sister likes honest little treasures like you the best."

The little loli hurriedly corrected, "Sister, call me Peng Ge. Otherwise, I won't let you hug me." Saying this, she haughtily raised her adorable little head.

Mo Qingyi's heart nearly melted with her cuteness as she agreed, "Peng Ge, Peng Ge. Is that good now? Smart beyond your years!"

While saying this, Mo Qingyi took the little loli from Chu Jin's arms, her arm sank, and she stumbled. Thankfully, Chu Jin was there to steady her, or she would have lost her balance completely. She had thought that the little girl couldn't weigh much and that lifting her would be effortless, but to her surprise, the little loli was unexpectedly heavy, like a small chubby pig.

It didn't take long for Mo Qingyi to hit it off with the little loli. The two of them and a dog played together, having a great time, and laughter could be heard every now and then.

Meanwhile, Chu Jin was entertaining the first guest of the morning.

A sixteen or seventeen-year-old girl.

Although clad in international brand clothing, her physique was extremely frail, and her complexion was sickly pale, giving off an impression of malnutrition.

One could see that her facial features were actually very striking, a perfect diamond-shaped face with almond eyes. However, there was always a layer of melancholy shading her face, concealing her advantages, making her very uncomfortable to look at upon first glance.

"Can, can I call you sister?" The girl twisted her hands nervously, hardly daring to look directly into Chu Jin's eyes. She lowered her head and after a moment, uttered these words.

She was very nervous, anxious, and terrified.

"Of course, you can. I'm eighteen years old, my surname is Chu, with a single name Jin. Nice to meet you." To ease her nervousness, Chu Jin smiled amiably and extended her right hand toward her.

Still looking down, the girl hesitated but did not reach out her hand, lost in thought.

Chu Jin did not mind her attitude and didn't withdraw her hand, continuing, "Won't you ask what my full name is?"

Seemingly not expecting Chu Jin to say this, the girl suddenly looked up, her gaze meeting Chu Jin's for a second before swiftly looking away, "I, I know who you are, you are the Master Chu they talk about." At the same time, she cautiously reached out and shook Chu Jin's hand lightly.

This was not the hand a sixteen or seventeen-year-old girl should have. Her hand was full of calluses, rough beyond belief, and the back of her hand was darkened, like that of someone accustomed to heavy labor. Held together with Chu Jin's hand, it created a stark contrast.

Judging by her clothes, she should be from a wealthy family. But how could someone born into wealth have such hands?

The girl, realizing this contradiction, quickly withdrew her own hand and shoved it in her coat pocket, still bowing her head in a downcast manner.

The girl felt very inferior, especially in front of Chu Jin. The girl across from her was so outstanding, so beautiful and generous. Although she was merely wearing a simple dress with no visible logo, she still drew the eye. Her ethereal quality was impossible to ignore.

Although she seemed better dressed than Chu Jin, clad in international luxury brands, it was all just for show. In this world, no one cared about her, no one took care of her. Even if she disappeared or died, no one would notice. She felt as though she were an unnecessary existence.

"You're a student at Ally Bridge?" Chu Jin pulled a bottle of mineral water from the drawer and handed it to the girl.

The girl looked at her with some surprise, "How did you know?" Her voice was low and slightly hoarse, as if she hadn't spoken in a very long time.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "Have you forgotten? I'm a fortune-teller, of course I divined it."

In fact, Chu Jin hadn't divined it. She had taken her college entrance exam at Ally Bridge High School, where she had seen this girl's photo on the bulletin board. With her photographic memory, even though she had only glanced at it in passing, she vividly remembered.

The bulletin board was adorned with photos of students with outstanding academic achievements.

The atmosphere was slowly getting better, and the girl's mood was also gradually becoming more relaxed.

"My name is Chu Tian, 'Chu' as in double wood, and 'Tian' as in tranquil and the bright moon," the girl said. "Sister, do you really know fortune-telling?" In her last words, her eyes were filled with longing, no longer dim and lifeless.

Chu Jin slightly curved her lips, not directly answering Chu Tian's question, but said with a gentle smile, "What a coincidence, your surname is also Chu. Maybe we were one family five hundred years ago. 'Tranquil and the bright moon' suggests purity and nobleness, which shows that you have a father who loves you very much."

"Indeed, it was he who chose my name, but he doesn't love me, he can't even see me..." By the end of her confession, Chu Tian's eyes became moist with tears.

From beginning to end, she hadn't once said the word 'Dad,' instead using 'he' as a substitute, which indicated that 'father' might just be a stranger to her.

Chu Jin looked up at her and spoke in a calm tone, "There are no parents in the world who don't love their own children. Could there be some misunderstanding?"

Chu Tian didn't speak, just silently shedding tears. Or perhaps, she didn't know where to start. Ever since she arrived in this family, she had been the superfluous one. Her original name wasn't Chu Tian, but Li Qinghe, a girl born and raised in the countryside.

She lived there for thirteen years, carefree, until one day, several black sedans shattered her once peaceful life.

The man in the suit, wearing a gold watch, claimed to be her father.

The woman dressed ostentatiously, her actual age indiscernible, claimed to be her mother.

Her foster mother didn't even ask her opinion and, for a sum that must've seemed astronomical to her, let them take her away just like that.

From the countryside to the city, from an ugly duckling to a swan, it took a long time to adjust. Even now, she hadn't gotten used to it—she saw everyone here as above her, someone she had to look up to.

She still remembered the embarrassment of not knowing how to use the water heater and the toilet the first time she came here.

In that big villa, the servants could bully her, her brothers and sisters could bully her, even the pets in the house were held in higher esteem than her.

Her father's ignoring her was even more painful than openly bullying her.

Initially, her father would occasionally show some concern for her, but later, he too started treating her with cold indifference.

Her mother, on the other hand, wished she would just die.

Did she really deserve to die?

Chu Jin let out a light sigh, took out a tissue, and handed it to her, "Actually, you are quite fortunate. At least your parents are alive. Unlike me, I've almost forgotten what my father looked like."

Chu Tian was stunned for a moment, then took the tissue, looking incredulously at Chu Jin, "Your, your parents?"

"My father is dead, and my mother has been a vegetative patient for 11 years now, lying in the hospital..." Chu Jin said in a detached tone, with no trace of sadness on her face. She was merely stating a fact, not seeking sympathy.

She wanted to let Chu Tian know that everyone in this world had their unique life and experiences. There were many who had it worse than her and yet continued to fight on. What reason did you have not to strive, not to give up, or even to think about giving up on life?

Chu Tian hadn't expected that a girl who seemed so exquisite and outstanding could have such a past. Was she consoling herself? Had she concocted a tragic tale to deceive herself?

Chu Jin seemed to read her thoughts and smiled slightly, "If you don't know who Chu Jin is, then surely you've heard of the Miss Chu of the Chu family of Capital City?"

Chu Tian's eyes widened as she looked at Chu Jin, who declared word by word under her astonished gaze, "I am that Miss Chu."

It had been over three years since she came to Capital City, and she had heard a bit about the deeds of the young miss of the Chu family. That woman who claimed to be her mother would often point at her and scold fiercely, "Look at that dead fish face of yours, as if someone owes you millions! Bad luck! I think you're even worse than that good-for-nothing of the Chu family! I really regret bringing you back!"

At first, she didn't know who the good-for-nothing of the Chu family referred to. Later, she learned that this good-for-nothing was the young miss of the Chu family herself, a waste who couldn't even recognize the 26 letters of the English alphabet.

To Chu Tian's surprise, the person before her was that legendary waste.

"You?"

Chu Jin didn't mind talking about her past to others, she nodded and said, "Yes, I'm that good-for-nothing who couldn't even recognize the 26 letters of the English alphabet," she paused, then countered, "But do you think I look like a good-for-nothing?"

Chu Tian shook her head, "No."

The person before her was as different from the rumored good-for-nothing as heaven is from earth.

"That's right," Chu Jin slightly curved her lips and continued, "That's why we should never live in someone else's world, no matter how others view you, you must not give in to despair or feel inferior. Born human, we all have two eyes and a mouth; no one is inherently worse than the other, it's only a matter of who works harder. Only with effort can we see hope. Remember, happiness is something you fight for; we should neither live forever in other's worlds nor in our worlds. Try to open your heart, communicate with people more—some things call for gentleness when it's needed, and firmness when it's due. But also remember this, never harbor intentions to harm others, yet never let down your guard."

The person before her was not only unlike a good-for-nothing, she didn't even resemble an eighteen-year-old girl. She was wise, shrewd, her words logical, and her advice was like an enchanting chant that lifted the long-standing heaviness in Chu Tian's heart. She was more like a ray of sunshine, bringing hope to others.

In fact, the reason why Chu Tian ended up in her current state, apart from some external factors, was also inseparably linked to herself.

She was too self-effacing and too soft, allowing others to manipulate her. No matter how much others slandered her, she would never retort.

She was submissive, and this continued behavior formed a flaw in her character. Day after day, the knots in her heart piled up, becoming more and more burdensome. Over time, this manifested as a psychological disease, namely depression.

Ask yourself, which parent would like a child who is gloomy all day long?

A girl with special circumstances like Chu Tian, if not guided correctly, would face only two outcomes.

The first is to become utterly corrupted and take a path of no return.

The second is to end her own life, becoming nothing but a pile of dry bones.

"Are you really the young miss of the Chu family?" Chu Tian asked in a low voice.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Of course not."

At her words, a look of despondency flashed in Chu Tian's eyes. She knew that this world didn't really hold such 'comeback' stories. Just when her heart had grown cold, Chu Jin continued, "Because in addition to being the young miss of the Chu family, I am also a fortune-teller who can guide you out of your confusion."

As Chu Jin spoke, she quickly shuffled the cards.

"Can you really help me?" Chu Tian's eyes rekindled with hope, somewhat amazed by her card shuffling skills.

Chu Jin quickly laid out a 'Universal type' spread, and said with a steady tone, "Of course."

"Draw a card first," Chu Jin pointed to the spread on the table and said.

"Okay," Chu Tian nodded lightly, then drew a card.

The first card represented the past.

The reversed Three of Cups.

On the face of the card, inside a monastery, a sculptor was at work, while two monks stood by with a draft, seemingly discussing the progress of the work with the sculptor.

The three people on the card appeared to be doing their respective jobs, but in reality, they had already been bickering incessantly.

Above their heads, there were three circular carvings, and the outer edge of each circle had three more large circles. Aside from the sculptor, the other two were clad in long robes and scarves on their heads, with no one knowing what lay hidden beneath those robes.

It seemed that Chu Tian's background was not ordinary, and incredibly complicated.

Chu Jin slightly frowned, looked at the card and softly said, "At the age of three, you were tricked by human traffickers and subsequently sold to a childless peasant family. In the following year, your adoptive mother gave birth to a son, and the year after that, to a daughter. Fortunately, your adoptive mother did not mistreat you because of her biological children. They have always treated you as one of

their own, considering you the family's lucky star. When you were thirteen, your biological parents found you and brought you back to Capital City, and that was three years ago."

Except for her family, no one else knew these things. She had not expected that today, Chu Jin would recount them in such detail. As an outstanding student, Chu Tian had never believed in supernatural things, but today, for the first time, she began to doubt her own beliefs.

The Chu family of Capital City was extremely concerned with maintaining appearances, never speaking of these matters publicly, and only claiming that she was raised in the countryside by relatives.

"Am I right?" Chu Jin lifted her eyes to look at Chu Tian, her tone mild.

"Yes," Chu Tian nodded, her voice choked up as she remembered the past, still struggling to control her emotions.

Chu Jin patted her hand, "What's past is past, don't dwell on it too much. Go on and draw the second card."

Just then, the system's voice echoed in Chu Jin's mind, [Ding! Harvested 8% Faith Value.]

Chu Tian's hands trembled as she drew the third card.

The reversed: The Hanged Man.

The Hanged Man is a Major Arcana card, the twelfth in the deck. Whether upright or reversed, it is not considered an auspicious card. Those with even a slight understanding of tarot would avoid it, as it is said to be more terrifying than the Grim Reaper.

On the card, a man was hanging upside down, his hands bound behind him to a T-shaped tree. His bound hands formed a triangle, and his crossed legs formed a cross; put together, they happened to create an alchemical symbol from Western alchemy.

This was the first time that Chu Jin had drawn two reversed cards in a row.

And on this card, she saw something different.

The reason why Chu Tian and her family were in their current situation was also largely due to the schemers around her.

Furthermore, there was more than one villain.

Not only did they verbally incite discord between Chu Tian and her father, but they also tampered with things behind the scenes.

"Your current mother, is she not your real biological mother?" Chu Jin raised her eyes to look at Chu Tian and asked with a hint of suspicion.

"What?" Chu Tian looked at Chu Jin with some bewilderment. "You're saying she isn't my mother?"

Clearly, she herself was unaware of this fact. After she returned to that villa, she had seldom interacted with them. In the past, she had doubted whether this family was her kin at all, but then again, if they were not her relatives, why would they go to such expense to bring her back?

Chapter 520: National Goddess VS Mysterious Tycoon

On the other side.

China mainland's largest social networking site was in an uproar because of a single photo.

The photo was posted by a well-known photography blogger.

Photographer OscarV: Random encounter with the National Goddess jpg.

It was a beautifully fresh and aesthetic profile photo, where the subject's long, glossy black hair fluttered in the breeze. Her hand shielded her forehead, while a swath of golden sunlight poured down, casting a light golden aura all around her.

Black hair flying, those hands in the sunlight, so pale as to be almost transparent, ethereal, serene, beautiful...

Words were simply insufficient to depict her beauty.

Awe-inspiring as a lofty mountain, it shocked observers.

As it was a profile shot and against the light, her visage was obscured by a cascade of black locks, making it impossible to discern the specifics of her features. Despite this, the famous photographer's reputation still caused quite a stir on the website.

What can't be seen is often deemed the most beautiful and the most imaginative.

In just a short two hours after the photo was uploaded online, the number of people who shared and commented on it had already reached over 10K+.

"Ahhh! I'm dying, where was this beautiful photo taken?"

"OMG! We haven't even seen her full face yet, but she's already this gorgeous. If we saw the goddess's face, wouldn't she instantaneously kill off all us mortals with her beauty!"

"Wow! This beauty! This aura! This figure! Can't help it, I'm gonna lick the screen!"

"Like/The rightful National Goddess!"

"I'm all about hands, am I the only one who noticed how pretty the goddess's hands are? Wow wow wow! I'm swooning!"

"Omnipotent netizens, please dig three feet into the ground if you must, but find my goddess!"

"Didn't you guys notice that the background behind the goddess looks very much like the backyard of a certain road in a certain villa district?"

"The goddess's clothes seem quite special too, they seem like they're only made-to-order."

"This... isn't this Wancheng Villa? Damn! I live nearby! I run here every morning!"

"Where is Wancheng Villa? I also want to have a chance encounter with the goddess."

"Shoot! Just Googled it, Wancheng Villa is actually in Capital City! It's a million miles away from me!"

"It's Wancheng Villa! I'm certain of it! I pass by here every day on my way to work."

As soon as these words were out, it sparked yet another wave of speculation.

Then, 'National Goddess' and 'Wancheng Villa' were pushed to the top by the mighty netizens and became trending search terms.

At the same time, a few other trending topics seemed to emerge out of nowhere.

'Anonymous donation of sixty million to impoverished mountain areas, the wealthy donor's IP address surfaces,' 'Wancheng Villa's mysterious rich person,' 'Mysterious wealthy National Goddess'

Everything seemed as if an invisible hand was pushing it toward a certain direction.

It slowly laid the truth out in front of everyone's eyes, yet it was in no hurry to lift the final veil.

Meanwhile, in the office, Song Shiqin also noticed these trending searches. Due to Zhang Zijun's request, he had been investigating this mysterious rich person for a long time, but still had not found the slightest clue.

He became curious about that wealthy benefactor, and the moment he saw such a trending search, he immediately clicked on it.

The microblog post that sparked the discussion was from a famous hacker, who had traced the mysterious benefactor's IP and mentioned in the article that the benefactor had made the donation anonymously using a mobile phone, and furthermore, the owner of the phone appeared to be a young girl living in Wancheng Villa.

He spoke vaguely, leaving a trail of questions for the public to speculate.

With some deliberate leading on, the onlookers naturally linked the National Goddess with the mysterious benefactor.

Some even used a process of elimination.

They listed the three people living in Wancheng Villa who all met the aforementioned criteria.

The three were:

One, Sun Manyao.

Since the Sun family owned property in Wancheng Villa, Manyao would occasionally stay there, and her age and physique matched well with the person in the photo.

Two, Chen Xinci.

Chen Xinci, the second young lady of the Chen Family, went missing as a child and was only brought back to the family in her teens. Later, she was sent by the Chen Family to study in the United States, where

she owned three companies at a young age. Reportedly, Chen Xinci is very low-key and compassionate. Despite holding billions in assets, upon returning to China, she chose to work in coffee shops and hotels, and she donated all her earnings to charitable causes. Chen Xinci also owned property in Wancheng Villa.

Three, Zhao Yiling.

Zhao Yiling had a good reputation among her socialite peers, and additionally, she lived in Wancheng Villa year-round. She also attended quite a few charity galas, which should indicate a generous heart.

Taking all three into account, Chen Xinci received the most votes, followed by Zhao Yiling, then Sun Manyao.

Among the residents of Wancheng Villa, who were also young girls with considerable financial resources, only these three fit the bill.

No one would associate the National Goddess and the mysterious benefactor with a well-known good-for-nothing.

Yet the person lurking in the shadows yearned for exactly this outcome.

No one knew what that person's ultimate purpose was.

As the internet was abuzz with speculation, Song Shiqin slightly furrowed his brow upon seeing Chen Xinci's vote count and murmured, "Is it really you?"

The young girl who dared to fight off a thief barehanded—it made sense that someone like her could donate sixty million anonymously, given her righteous heart.

But was it truly her? Song Shiqin looked at the somewhat blurry photo yet couldn't seem to align it with Chen Xinci's features no matter how he tried.

The person in the photo gave him a very familiar feeling, unlike any that Chen Xinci had ever evoked.

The internet had exploded into a frenzy, and at the crossroads, Chu Jin was still saying something to Chu Tian.

Upon hearing that the person at home might not be her mother, Chu Tian shook her head quickly, "That's impossible, she must be my mom."

Chu Jin didn't say much, only suddenly took her hand, looked directly into her eyes, and spoke in a calm voice, "The scars on your hands, are they from doing chores at home?"

"Yes." Since no one could see her, she would desperately compete with the servants to do household chores every day, mopping floors, washing dishes, cleaning tables—she did it all, and moreover, she did it much cleaner than the servants.

She was determined to make everyone notice her, desperately trying to carve out a sense of presence, to prove she wasn't redundant. But as she tried harder, everyone looked down on her more and more, to the point where even the servants started to make things difficult for her.

Moreover, her father's business seemed to have encountered some problems recently and upon returning home, he would vent his anger on her, blaming her for bringing misfortune to the family.

And her mother, instead of trying to calm him, would join her sister and brother in adding fuel to the fire.

They called her a jinx.

Merchants, after all, are somewhat superstitious.

Especially since Chu Tian herself always had a gloomy presence, her father became even more convinced of that belief.

"Sister, tell me, am I really a jinx? Did I bring misfortune to our family?" As she spoke, Chu Tian tightly grasped Chu Jin's wrist, her eyes filled with longing and urgency.

Chu Jin sighed softly and shook her head slightly, "Of course not, you are the legitimate daughter of this family. If you were a jinx, then what would your father be? You don't need to compromise or to please everyone, just confidently enjoy it all. It's not you who owes them anything; they owe you. The weaker and more humble you act, the more invisible you become to others, because they all know to pick on the softest target. You need to learn to resist."

Chu Tian cast her eyes down and remained silent, perhaps the inherent sense of lowliness was something she could never shed.

Chu Jin put away the Tarot cards and then asked, "Is your home far from here?"

"Not very, it's just three bus transfers away," Chu Tian shook her head.

Chu Jin put away the Tarot cards and continued, "Take me to your house."

"To my house?" Chu Tian was caught off guard for a moment.

"Yes, to your house," Chu Jin nodded slightly.

It was rare that Chu Tian shared the Chu surname, and Chu Jin was someone who stood up for her own. How could she let outsiders bully a member of the old Chu family!

Chu Tian asked somewhat confusedly, "What are we going to my house for?"

"To help you solve your problem, to find the real jinx. Let's go, there's no time to delay," Chu Jin hooked her backpack's strap over one shoulder and pulled Chu Tian towards the roadside.

However, Chu Tian just stood there, unmoving.

Chu Jin turned her head slightly and smiled, "Don't worry, I don't charge by the hour, I won't charge you arbitrarily, nor will I extort you. After the job is done, you can pay me a hundred yuan."

At her words, Chu Tian nodded, "Okay," then she decided to trust Chu Jin one more time.

Just as Chu Jin was about to leave with Chu Tian, she suddenly remembered something, "Wait here for a moment, I need to say goodbye to my friends."

Mo Qingyi had disappeared off somewhere with a little girl and a loaf of bread. After Chu Jin couldn't find them, she decided to call Mo Qingyi and tell her that if she wasn't back at the crossroads by 5:30 pm, to take the little girl home first.

After arranging these matters, Chu Jin and Chu Tian left together.

But Chu Jin didn't choose to take the bus, as the transfers back and forth were quite a hassle. She ordered a private car on her mobile app and arrived at the Chu family's villa in just half an hour.

As Chu Jin operated her mobile to use the ride-hailing app, Chu Tian stared at her in astonishment, her eyes unable to hide her admiration and envy; she hadn't even touched a mobile phone until now.

The Chu family's villa was in a wealthy district.

"Sister, it's here," Chu Tian led Chu Jin inside.

As soon as they entered the hallway, a maid approached them with a sudden frostiness, "Second Miss, how could you not change your shoes? I just cleaned the floor, are you deliberately making things difficult for me? Go and change your shoes now!" Her tone was quite impatient, and even though she addressed Chu Tian as Second Miss, she didn't regard her with the slightest respect.

Chu Tian, not realizing anything was amiss, quickly bent down to apologize, whispering, "I'm sorry, Aunt Fu, don't be angry, I'll go and change my shoes right away."

The maid huffed coldly and disdainfully said, "Hurry up then, go on. The Mistress has just replaced the carpet on the stairs, and if you dirty it, which one of you can afford it?"

In the maid's view, Chu Tian was nothing but a country bumpkin who couldn't raise a storm; she wasn't to be feared or revered, and any clear-eyed person could see that Chu Tian was just a poor creature in this household.

And what about Chu Jin, standing beside her? Although she was somewhat attractive, her dress was ordinary, and her skirt bore no logo—a sure sign it was cheap street fare. And anyone who stood alongside such a country bumpkin couldn't be anything worthwhile.

Which of the young ladies and heiresses of Capital City would deign to associate with such a bumpkin?

Though she was just a maid, she had been immersed in the world of the wealthy for many years and had a keen eye for luxury brands, recognizing each one on sight. Moreover, she knew well whom she could bully and whom she could not.

Someone like Chu Tian, a country bumpkin, would rarely see justice served unless she was killed—nobody would think to stand up for her.

In name, she was the second young mistress of the household; in reality, who ever regarded her as such?

Moreover, now that the master and madam had deemed her a jinx, they couldn't wait to sweep her out the door—they tormented her as they pleased.

The attitude of the servants clearly showed the kind of life Chu Tian led in this house.

The servants reigned supreme, yet sadly, Chu Tian was utterly powerless to retaliate.

She even had a hard time distinguishing who was the master and who was the servant.

Resigning herself to her fate, Chu Tian pulled Chu Jin to change shoes, but before they even reached the shoe rack, a servant's voice came through the air, "Second Miss, after you change your shoes, remember to go to the eldest miss's room and iron her evening gown for the banquet tomorrow. Also, the young master wet the bed last night, and the bedsheets are still in the laundry room. Once you've ironed the clothes, wash those bedsheets as well."

As the servant spoke, she cracked sunflower seeds, crunching them rhythmically.

It was as if she were the real mistress of the house, feeling no impropriety in imposing her own duties onto Chu Tian.

After all, this country bumpkin was deemed lowly, restless without a day's labor.

Chu Tian meekly replied, "I know."

A hint of mockery flashed in the servant's eyes as she spat out a shell, "Oh right, I forgot this floor was just mopped. Come over here and sweep up these sunflower seed shells first."

This was the notorious encroachment of boundaries—in her speech, the seeds kept cracking non-stop, their husks fluttering around.

But Chu Tian wasn't angry in the slightest, "Okay, I'll come right away."

From beginning to end, she didn't utter a word of protest—extremely submissive.

Chu Tian could bear it, but Chu Jin couldn't. Had such things happened to her, she would have already made the servant question their existence.

This Chu Tian was truly too easy to bully.

Chu Jin grabbed hold of Chu Tian, stopping her from changing shoes, and said in an indifferent tone, "Don't change them, take me to your room instead."

"This..." Chu Tian looked at Chu Jin, somewhat troubled, and whispered, "Is that okay?"

"What's not okay about it? You're the second young mistress of this family, not the family's servant! I want to see who dares to make you do the servant's work today!" Chu Jin spoke unequivocally, her voice crystal clear, echoing in every corner of the room as she pulled Chu Tian by the arm and headed upstairs.

The servant was stunned—a habitual bully of Chu Tian, and now suddenly confronted with this, she found it hard to accept. Immediately tossing aside her sunflower seeds, she rolled up her sleeves, hands on her hips, chasing after them with a menacing air.

Had the world turned upside down? A country bumpkin would dare to talk back to her?

The sturdy servant stood before them like a wall, blocking their way. Looking down at Chu Tian, she said with a sarcastic tone, "Wow, the second miss grew wings, and I can't order you around anymore, huh? I'm telling you, if you don't sweep up those seed shells today, you won't be able to walk away from the consequences! Do you really think you are the second young mistress just because I called you that?"

By the end of her speech, a dangerous glint shot from her eyes—full of intimidation.

The servant did not take Chu Tian and Chu Jin seriously at all. To her, they were just two skinny girls she could pick up with one hand. As long as she didn't kill someone, what could they possibly do to her?

Facing the formidable servant, Chu Tian obviously had no way to fight back, her face turning pale with fear. She knew that if she didn't do as the servant said, she wouldn't be let off easily.

In this family, nobody would stand up for her.

Moreover, Aunt Fu was a distant relative of the lady of the house, and leveraging this connection, all the servants had to obey her. If she wanted to make Chu Tian's life difficult, there were plenty of ways.

Under someone else's roof, one must bow their head. People like her, living at the mercy of others, had no capacity to resist—they could only be constantly oppressed.

Chu Tian immediately lowered her head to apologize to the servant, "I'm sorry, Aunt Fu, don't be angry, I'll get to it right away."