

R Woman 521

Chapter 521: where the dead live

The servant looked at Chu Tian with smug satisfaction. So what if she was the second young miss of the Chu Family? She was still bullied to death by her. Perhaps she wasn't even the master's own flesh and blood, otherwise, why would the master ignore her?

"What are you doing standing there! She treats you like a soft persimmon, ready to be squished, and you actually are a soft persimmon?" Chu Jin drew Chu Tian behind her with a stern face, looked directly at the servant, and slightly curled her lips, "I really want to see how you plan to make it so we can't eat and can't leave today!"

This was simply bullying too much!

Where was the demeanor befitting a servant?

Chu Tian had lived in such an environment for three years, her endurance was truly not something ordinary people could compare with.

Since she had come to help her today, it would start with this servant!

For such people, one must fight evil with evil until they admit defeat!

"Hey!" The servant spat, rolling up her sleeves and looking menacingly at Chu Jin, "Who are you, you little wretch popping up from nowhere? I advise you to not meddle in affairs that aren't your business, otherwise, I'll deal with you at the same time!"

Others might not know about Aunt Fu's methods, but Chu Tian did. Aunt Fu never hit the obvious parts like the head or face when she beat someone; she aimed for more private parts, the chest, thighs, back, and she was very heavy-handed. Chu Tian had many pinch marks and needle pricks on her own body.

It was like the evil maids in TV dramas who tortured princesses, but Aunt Fu was even more vicious and accurate with her strikes! Often, Chu Tian would cry secretly in her bed at night, alone in her agony.

Chu Tian quickly stepped in front of Chu Jin again, "Aunt Fu, I'm sorry, please don't be angry. My sister didn't mean it, she didn't mean to say that. If you have to hit someone, hit me, it has nothing to do with my sister."

As she spoke, Chu Tian turned to Chu Jin and said, "Sister, just hold back your words a bit, I'm fine, you don't need to worry."

It was her own problem to begin with, and she couldn't get Chu Jin involved! Besides, with Chu Jin's slender arms and legs, how could she possibly overpower Aunt Fu's hefty thighs? She would definitely be at a disadvantage in the end.

Hearing Chu Tian call Chu Jin her sister, the servant's disdainful glance towards Chu Jin grew stronger. She thought Chu Jin was someone significant, but it turned out she was just another bumpkin from the countryside!

Indeed, birds of a feather flock together, a bumpkin only stands with other bumpkins.

Chu Jin was speechless too; Chu Tian was actually this weak, no wonder she was bullied like this!

"Nobody's getting away today! If I don't teach you both a lesson, you'll really think I'm just here to eat my fill! You're quite bold to challenge me!" The servant had dealt with Chu Tian before, and if she let Chu Tian off the hook today, wouldn't Chu Tian climb on top of her head tomorrow? As if she was something so important!

As she finished speaking, the servant picked up a feather duster from the vase on the side and viciously swiped it towards Chu Tian, looking ferocious!

Chu Tian instinctively closed her eyes; being accustomed to taking abuse, she naturally didn't resist.

However, the anticipated pain didn't come. Instead, a cry of "ouch" resounded through the air.

Then followed the familiar sound of "smack smack."

Could it be that Aunt Fu didn't strike her, but went for Chu Jin first? With this thought, Chu Tian hurriedly opened her eyes. Yet, when she saw the scene before her, she was stunned and hardly could believe what she was seeing.

Chu Jin, who had stood behind her, was now brandishing the feather duster viciously at Aunt Fu.

The previously menacing Aunt Fu was being beaten back step by step, with no power to fight back. Wherever the feather duster went, it was as painful as slicing through the skin.

Yet, oddly enough, it left no marks whatsoever.

She carried herself with an aura that seemed innate, and even her striking movements appeared domineering and pleasing to the eye. Chu Tian was almost stunned; both bearing the surname Chu, she felt she was not even one ten-thousandth as capable as Chu Jin. At this thought, the brightness in her eyes dimmed once again.

Was she really the young miss of the Chu Family?

Could she herself become someone like her?

Chu Tian's mind was overwhelmed with thoughts for a moment.

Aunt Fu howled in pain as she was hit, "You wretched little slut, do you know where you are? How dare you strike me! Someone help! Murder! Murder!"

The vast Chu Family couldn't possibly have only Aunt Fu as a servant, yet despite her screaming her lungs out, not a single person came to her aid, as if they hadn't heard her wails at all.

Aunt Fu had never expected that this seemingly frail country girl would have such explosive strength! Her own body, nearly 200 pounds, was actually no match for a young girl! Not only had she snatched away her feather duster, but she had also left her in such a state!

Moreover, to be so brazen in someone else's home! She wondered who had given her the gall!

"You little slut! Stop it at once, or else the lady of the house won't let you off when she returns!" Aunt Fu continued to scream as she dodged and hid, eventually standing behind a massive antique vase with cunning intentions.

This was the master's most treasured antique, rumored to have been auctioned from abroad, valued at over 5 million! If this wretched girl were to break it today, she believed the master would never forgive her!

"Hit you, so what if I do? People like you deserve it! If I don't hit you, you'll really believe there are no consequences for your evil deeds!" With that, Chu Jin lashed out with the feather duster once more, but the duster didn't hit the vase; instead, it struck Aunt Fu's shoulder with such force that a scream tore through the air again.

It hurt, it hurt terribly! Her howls, one after another, were unbearable. Aunt Fu, who prided herself on being a distant relative of the lady, usually never did any strenuous work, let alone suffered such a beating!

Chu Tian was a kindhearted child, unable to bear such cries of agony or to see Aunt Fu in such a pitiful state, even though Aunt Fu had once beaten her the same way. Right then, she grabbed Chu Jin's wrist, pleading, "Sister, please stop, don't hit her anymore..."

And this Aunt Fu was not an easy person to deal with; she would definitely seek revenge later! Chu Jin might protect her for the moment, but could she protect her for a lifetime?

Chu Jin glanced at Chu Tian, "Stand aside, otherwise my feather duster doesn't have eyes, and I must subdue her today, to see if she dares to look down on others and bully them in the future!" With that, she broke free from Chu Tian's grip and advanced again, brandishing the feather duster and striking Aunt Fu fiercely.

She seemed determined not to stop until Aunt Fu submitted.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Aunt Fu's wails of agony continued to fill the air, sounding utterly miserable.

Seeing that she couldn't persuade Chu Jin, Chu Tian could only fret silently on the side.

"Tell me, do you dare to bully Chu Tian again?" With another swing of the feather duster, Aunt Fu collapsed to the ground, twitching in pain, feeling as if her entire body were on fire.

Aunt Fu was completely cowed, "Stop, please, I won't dare do it again."

Chu Jin put away the feather duster, patted her hands, and looked down at Aunt Fu, then asked, "Do you dare to look down on people again from now on?"

Her voice was soft, yet it carried an intimidating force that made Aunt Fu's heart tremble. She even feared to look at Chu Jin, wary of another thrashing!

Gasping for breath, Aunt Fu answered, "...I won't dare."

Chu Jin followed up, "Go apologize to Chu Tian." Her tone brooked no argument.

Apologize to that country bumpkin? Aunt Fu looked toward Chu Jin incredulously, and upon meeting those chilling eyes, she quickly bowed her head. She understood that the woman before her was not someone she could afford to provoke! Going along with her now was the only option; otherwise, she wouldn't know how she might end up dead. She wondered where this country bumpkin had found such a formidable person!

It was audacious, under the clear sky, she dared to brazenly beat someone in another's home!

"Just endure it for now, wait till Master and Madam return, and see how they deal with these two little wretches!"

Aunt Fu struggled to stand up from the ground, holding back the pain in her limbs and body, walked over to Chu Tian, first glaring at her fiercely, and then softened her tone, "Miss Second, I'm sorry, it was all my fault before, please forgive me."

She was indeed afraid of Chu Jin, but she was not afraid of this bumpkin! Just wait! There's a long time to come! This bumpkin is doomed! How dare she let someone hit her!

Chu Tian quickly waved her hands, "No need to apologize, sister, let's hurry upstairs." As she spoke, she pulled Chu Jin and they both ran quickly up the stairs.

Aunt Fu watched their retreating figures, her eyes cold as if poisoned.

Chu Tian's room was on the second floor. She felt nervous all the way, "Sister, you should leave quickly. You've just hit Aunt Fu, she won't let you off."

She knew Aunt Fu very well and was aware that Aunt Fu was only compliant on the surface and would surely seek revenge afterward, even more fiercely.

It seemed her days in this house would only get tougher in the future.

Moreover, if Chu Jin didn't leave now, she would surely suffer with her later.

She had grown accustomed to this kind of life, but it would be terrible to drag Chu Jin into it as well.

"Don't be afraid, she can't do anything to me," Chu Jin reached out and patted Chu Tian's shoulder, comforting her, "Don't worry."

Chu Jin naturally knew what Chu Tian was worried about. Since she had taken action, she would not ignore the potential consequences. She was not someone who lacked judgment.

A servant, she truly did not take into consideration, and she also believed that the head of the Chu Family was not so foolish as to be unable to distinguish right from wrong.

"But... but," Chu Tian showed a worried face, "Sister, listen to me and leave first. Otherwise, when they all return, you won't be able to leave."

"There's nothing to worry about, stop being anxious, and take me to your room quickly!" Chu Jin urged her forward by pushing on her shoulders.

Chu Tian sighed helplessly, given the circumstances, she had no choice but to cooperate with Chu Jin.

After turning a corner, they arrived at Chu Tian's room.

The room was quite large, about 30 square meters, delicately arranged with a girlish pink and blue color scheme, you could tell that the person who decorated this room had put in effort.

The room was also quite cozy, furnished with a computer, desk, TV, and everything else one would expect.

However, Chu Tian never touched these things; the computer, TV, and other electronic products were exactly as they were when purchased.

Although the Chu Family never treated Chu Tian very well, they had never shortchanged her in material aspects, not realizing that what Chu Tian really wanted was never those external possessions.

"Take a seat, sister, I'll get you some water," Chu Tian said as she pulled out a chair for Chu Jin to sit down, and then went to fill a cup from the water dispenser.

Chu Jin nodded, sat down gracefully, and covertly surveyed the layout of the room.

Indeed, as she expected, the room, though seemingly cozy, had issues with every detail.

First, the head of the bed did not lean against a wall. Anyone sleeping in the bed could easily become bewildered and paranoid, affecting their health and mood.

Second, the bedroom door was directly facing the bathroom door. The bathroom, a place for excretion, easily generates foul and damp air, making one feel insecure and posing a threat to health.

Third, there was a pot of brilliantly blooming Fusang Flowers on the writing desk in front of the window. "Fusang" is a homophone for "mourning," and the flowers are also called "falling head flowers" because their blossoms wither and fall directly off. They are incredibly inauspicious! Except for some botanical gardens, you would not normally find such flowers in an average household.

Keeping Fusang Flowers in the bedroom is even more taboo in Feng Shui! Not only do they absorb the body's vital energy, but they also increase the yin energy in the room, attracting unwelcome spirits!

Fourth, there was even a pot of thriving yellow chrysanthemums on the windowsill! From a Feng Shui perspective, yellow chrysanthemums are also extremely unlucky because they are commonly used to honor the deceased.

In some meticulous southern regions, when people buy daily items like carpets, they avoid patterns with chrysanthemums.

Fifth, the ceiling beam was right above the head of the bed. A beam over the bed can induce a sense of heaviness, especially if someone sleeps beneath it, feeling immense pressure, leading to mental oppression,

No wonder Chu Tian had become so subservient! She seemed to be surrounded by a deathly pallor; the reason was right here. Living every day in such a scheming bedroom, she was suppressed invisibly; it's fortunate she hadn't died already! If she continued to live here, within three years, a bloody disaster would inevitably strike!

"Sister, drink some water," Chu Tian said, carrying a cup of water over to Chu Jin.

"Thank you," Chu Jin took the cup and sipped lightly, then casually asked, "Who arranged this room for you?"

Chu Tian's gaze dimmed for a moment, "It was her."

"Hm? Who's that?" Chu Jin didn't quite understand whom 'her' referred to.

Chu Tian hung her head low and murmured, "It's... my mom." When she first arrived at this villa, her mother treated her fairly well, arranging her room, buying her clothes, taking her for shopping trips, even inciting jealousy from her sister and brother. But she didn't know when, slowly, her mother began to grow cold and sarcastic toward her.

She began to indulge her siblings and the servants in bullying her, and started to sow discord in front of her father.

It seemed as though the times her mother had been kind to her were nothing but her own illusions.

Yet, the clothes her mother had bought for her were still there, and her room was still arranged as it had been; everything had really happened. Chu Tian couldn't comprehend why a person would change so drastically in such a short period of time.

Could it really be as Chu Jin had said, that she wasn't her biological mother?

"Do you believe me?" Chu Jin suddenly looked at her earnestly.

Earlier, through the divination cards, she had discerned something. Now, after seeing the room's arrangement, Chu Jin was even more certain of it; the woman Chu Tian called 'mom' was not her birth mother.

Because a mother would never do such deplorable things to her child against the principles of yin virtue.

Chu Tian was stunned, then nodded with equal seriousness, "Sister, I believe you."

"Good, you should, because she's not your birth mother. There is someone else," Chu Jin said, standing up and walking around the room. As she walked, she continued, "Also, do you know that this room you're living in is committing a big taboo in Feng Shui, indistinguishable from a house of the dead?"

Chu Tian was shocked, watching Chu Jin with an inability to grasp the implications. This was the second time Chu Jin had mentioned the issue. But if she wasn't her birth mother, why would she have gone to the trouble of bringing her back from the countryside? Wasn't that purposely making trouble for her?

Seeing Chu Tian still in a daze, Chu Jin followed up with a question, "Do you know what a Yin house is?"

"I don't know," Chu Tian shook her head blankly.

Chu Jin glanced at her, frowning slightly, "A Yin house is a place where the deceased reside. If she really was your mother, how could she let you live in such a room?"

Chapter 522: It's cold at the top

"A place for the dead to reside?" These words terrified Chu Tian! She stood up from her chair in shock, disbelievingly looking towards Chu Jin.

Chu Jin walked over to the desk, plucked a flower in full bloom, and spoke in an indifferent tone.

"Haven't you noticed that since you moved into this room, your mental state has been deteriorating? You feel sleepy during the day, have difficulty sleeping at night, feel utterly exhausted, and often have nightmares about the dead. Moreover, you're frequently ill, your body is extremely weak, you constantly feel inferior to others, often doubting yourself, feeling life is meaningless, and longing for death... Think about it, did you ever experience such conditions when you were in the countryside?"

Chu Tian's expression grew more and more frightened because everything Chu Jin said was spot on. Ever since she had moved into this room, she had not had a good night's sleep, often waking from nightmares in the middle of the night followed by a sleepless night, and her health had also been declining, with her weight dropping from the initial 98 jin (approximately 49kg) to now 65 jin (approximately 32.5kg)...

"Do you know what this flower is called?" Chu Jin toyed with the flower in her hand and asked again.

Chu Tian's complexion was slightly pale as she shook her head, "I don't know."

"This is a Fusang flower, it's a homophone for 'mourning.' It also goes by another name, 'severed head flower.' It's a very inauspicious flower, and ordinary people wouldn't keep it in their bedroom because it invites unwelcome spirits. That's why you've been dreaming about the dead. It's not just dreams—those things actually exist in this space, entering your consciousness, creating pressure on you."

Chu Jin described calmly, while Chu Tian's heart was already in turmoil, feeling terrified. Chu Jin's words echoed in her ears, and her body trembled slightly.

"Also, do you know what those yellow flowers over there are?" Chu Jin pointed to the pot of chrysanthemums by the window and continued.

Chu Tian nodded, swallowed hard, and spoke with some difficulty, "I know, chrysanthemums..." As she finished speaking, she added, "Is there a problem with the chrysanthemums too?" Chrysanthemums are honored as one of the four noble flowers, so there should be no issue, but judging by Chu Jin's expression, it seemed there was a significant problem with these chrysanthemums!

Seeming to catch on to her confusion, Chu Jin slightly curved her lips and said, "It's true that chrysanthemums are honored as one of the four noble flowers, but do you know where yellow chrysanthemums normally appear?"

"I... I don't know." Chu Tian could hardly digest such a large amount of information.

Chu Jin walked over to the windowsill at a leisurely pace, gently touched the petals of the chrysanthemum, and spoke indifferently, "Yellow chrysanthemums usually only appear in graveyards and crematoriums because they are used to pay respects to the deceased."

As Chu Tian grew up in a rural area, where funerals involved the extensive setting off of firecrackers and burning paper money, she was not aware of the practice with chrysanthemums.

"Moreover, don't you find it strange? In the heat of June, these chrysanthemums are blooming so beautifully, isn't that abnormal?" Chrysanthemums are supposed to bloom in late autumn, which is why they are honored as one of the four noble flowers.

Chu Tian's steps faltered as she fell into a chair, her heart pounding fiercely, and cold sweat streamed down her back in waves.

"Why... why is it blooming so well?" Her voice shook as she spoke. If Chu Jin had not mentioned it, she would have almost missed this issue.

Chu Jin walked over and stood beside Chu Tian, patted her shoulder, and continued.

"It's because the Fengshui of this room has been completely destroyed. The Yin energy here is thick, which causes the chrysanthemums to flourish. Have I not already told you? Your room now is no different from a Yin house (house of the dead), and if you continue to live here, within three years, a blood disaster will surely befall you."

Chu Tian didn't say a word, as she had already plunged into deep fear, even forgetting to ask for help. She didn't know that she had always been manipulated and that such sinister tactics had been used against her.

Chu Jin continued, "Moreover, it's not just these two pots of flowers that are problematic in your room," she said, casually pointing at a few spots, "Here, here, all have issues. They have violated major taboos in Feng Shui. Now you should understand why you've ended up in this situation today, right?"

"Sister, what should I do now?" Chu Tian suddenly snapped back to reality, urgently looking at Chu Jin. She knew that Chu Jin would definitely have a way to help her.

Chu Jin leaned forward to sit across from her, her eyebrows slightly raised as she spoke.

"I can only help you dissipate the negative energy in this room and turn it from a house of Yin to a house of Yang. However, for everything else, you'll have to fight for yourself. Be strong when you need to be strong, soft when you need to be soft, and firm when you must be firm. If Aunt Fu bullies you again, do as I did today, fight until she submits. Remember, you are the second young miss of the Chu Family, not a servant in this house. You shouldn't be doing the work meant for servants, and there's no need for you to intervene. Moreover, your father does, in fact, care for you as his daughter. Always remember, the squeaky wheel gets the grease."

No father would like a child who is always silent and gloomy.

It was Chu Tian's excessive softness that led to her being relentlessly bullied. After all, she was the second young miss of the Chu Family; if only she had been a bit more assertive, she wouldn't have been bullied to this extent.

Perhaps Chu Jin's words had an effect, as Chu Tian nodded firmly, "Okay, sister, I'll do as you said from now on."

Only then did Chu Jin stand up, took out a few talisman papers from her backpack, and threw them into the air.

The next second, an astonishing scene occurred. Those talisman papers neatly and orderly formed a circle in mid-air. Chu Jin gestured with both hands and muttered a strange incantation. The talisman papers floating in the air began to burn, and even more bizarrely, the originally clear and bright room suddenly filled with thick black fog, more and more of it appeared.

It was spine-chilling, and within the black fog, there seemed to be faint cries that were horrifying—a blood-drenched hand seemed like it could emerge from the fog at any moment.

Chu Tian tightly covered her mouth, trying her best not to make a sound. She had never experienced something so terrifying in her life, and if she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she would never have believed it.

The black fog seemed to appear out of nowhere in the room and could no longer be explained by science. Moreover, Chu Tian noticed that the black aura seemed very afraid of Chu Jin. They moved as if they had life, cautiously circling around Chu Jin and drifting towards the window.

About 3 minutes later, the black fog in the room had completely dissipated. Sunlight shone in from outside, bringing peace and tranquility. The lighting in the room had obviously become much brighter than before, radiating vitality and no longer oppressive.

Chu Tian also felt a great sense of relief, as the dark clouds that had accumulated in her heart instantly vanished, and she felt as if she had been reborn, extremely relaxed. Her complexion was no longer as sallow as before and began slowly to regain its rosiness.

"Sister, thank you." Chu Tian walked forward and sincerely expressed her gratitude. She was well aware that without Chu Jin, she would never have overcome this obstacle.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Since you've already called me sister, there's no need to be so formal with me. Besides, we both share the surname Chu, and that's fate."

Just then,

a sudden 'bang' rang through the air - the sound of the door being kicked open.

Three people stormed into the house from outside, fuming with anger.

Two women and one man; among them was Aunt Fu, the servant Chu Jin had just abused. She trailed behind, looking aggrieved as she sobbed to the two in front, "Master and Mistress, you must stand up for me today. Although I'm just a servant, I've served the Chu Family diligently for many years. Even if I have no merits, I've had my hardships. But today, the second young mistress teamed up with outsiders to bully me..."

"I know the second young mistress never liked me, but after all, I am a distant relative on Madam's side..." Chu Tian beating herself up, isn't that just a slap in Madam's face?

Chu Tian's heart, which had relaxed, tensed up again at the sight of the middle-aged couple walking in front. It was as if she was seeing them for the first time in the countryside again.

Back then, she was but a destitute farmer's daughter growing up in the wild, while they were the opulently dressed, top-of-the-food-chain masters. She would lower her head when she looked at them, hardly daring to meet their eyes. Some habits are not easily shed overnight.

The middle-aged couple standing before her were now her parents.

The man was named Chu Songhe, roughly around 50 years old, slightly overweight with a beer belly, his expression serious, hands behind his back, giving off a vibe of someone set to assign blame. It was not hard to see the resemblance between him and Chu Tian.

The woman was Zhou Meilin, appearing significantly younger than Chu Songhe. Dressed in a lake blue silk dress, her figure curved seductively, embodying the popular internet celebrity look with big eyes, a pointed chin, an exaggeratedly high nose bridge, her lips coated in bright red lipstick. She was clearly a woman who took great care of her appearance, which differed from that dignified and elegant aura typically associated with wealthy matrons.

These two together formed an odd picture, not quite looking like a married couple, more akin to a kept woman and her keeper. Or to put it another way, Zhou Meilin seemed to lack the inherent quality of being born into a wealthy family; even robed in imperial garments, she did not resemble a prince.

Chu Songhe glanced at Chu Tian, his tone icy, "Have you forgotten how to address people now?" This was far from how a father should act towards his daughter, his face barely concealing his disgust.

At first, Chu Songhe had been quite concerned about this long-lost second daughter. When he first brought her back, he would inquire gently about her wellbeing, fulfilling his fatherly duties. He even felt a bit guilty towards her—otherwise, he wouldn't have gone to such lengths to bring her back from the countryside. His daughter, Chu Songhe's daughter, was meant to be a phoenix among people; how could she suffer such hardships in the countryside? And how could his daughter fall short in any way?

Unfortunately, his expectations for his daughter were too high. Where his hopes once soared, now his disappointments did too. She was nothing like the blood of the Chu Family, save for her academic performance, there was nothing about her that caught the eye. Always so sullen, as if someone owes her millions, and she has never once called him 'Dad' voluntarily. Ever since she entered this household, all she did was sulk, bringing nothing but bad luck.

In comparison with his other son and daughter, it was like night and day.

His son and daughter were not only sensible and filial, but also excelled in music, chess, calligraphy, and painting—introducing them to others brought him great face.

And this second daughter? Timid as a mouse, lowly and spineless, barely daring to make eye contact when speaking with others, as if born inferior.

His business had been faltering more with each day, and he suspected it had a lot to do with this daughter. After all, how could good fortune come to a home that housed someone who always looked so mournful?

If not for the DNA test, he would almost doubt whether she were his blood at all.

Upon hearing this, Chu Tian looked up at the couple and called out softly, "Dad..." But the word "Mom" just couldn't leave her lips, for this person had almost taken her life.

"Forget it, forget it," Zhou Meilin waved her hand dismissively, "If you can't say it, then don't. I know you're still thinking about your foster mother from the countryside. But what I can't fathom is, three years have gone by; even a block of ice would have melted by now, so why can't your heart warm up? In these three years, our Chu Family has provided for you well, how can you not see that? What's so good about that poor countryside that you still dwell on it now?"

Zhou Meilin was insinuating that Chu Tian was heartless, and she was specifically saying it for Chu Songhe to hear, deliberately stirring up trouble between the already fragile father-daughter relationship.

Indeed, after hearing this remark, Chu Songhe's already unsightly expression turned even uglier, and his disdain for his daughter deepened — she was like a wolf in sheep's clothing that couldn't be tamed!

Chu Tian bit her lip, "I didn't, it's not like that..."

But before she could finish her sentence, Zhou Meilin hastily interrupted, "Enough, enough, I don't want to hear your explanations. I'll just ask you one thing, were Aunt Fu's injuries caused by you? Over the years, our Chu Family has never wronged you. Whatever Haohao and Pingping had, you always had your share. But look at you now, bringing outsiders to bully your own family! Do you even consider me your mother and your father at all?"

It was evident that Zhou Meilin was a formidable character; she could take Chu Tian from heaven to hell with just a few words. No wonder Chu Tian had been bullied all these years.

Aunt Fu immediately stood out, wailing, "Master and Madam, you must stand up for me. Look at what the second miss has done to me..."

Only then did Chu Tian notice that Aunt Fu's entire face was bruised and swollen, with blood oozing from the corner of her mouth, looking extremely pitiful as if she had undergone some cruel torture. But Chu Jin had clearly not touched her face — Aunt Fu's face had been fine when she apologized to Chu Jin just moments ago. How could her face have changed so drastically in such a short time?

And if it wasn't for Aunt Fu starting the conflict, Chu Jin would not have laid a hand on her!

This was a case of a guilty party accusing first. Although Chu Tian had long known Aunt Fu was capable of such a move, she was still very angry. Perhaps it was because the feng shui in the room had been neutralized, she suddenly lifted her gaze and stared straight at Zhou Meilin.

"Aunt Fu is slandering me! Her facial injuries have nothing to do with me!"

Chu Tian had never been as assertive as she was now, and it was as if she had become a different person all of a sudden. Zhou Meilin was taken aback for a moment before speaking.

"It has nothing to do with you? You say it has nothing to do with you, and that's supposed to settle it? I can understand if you don't like me as your mother, and if you have issues with me, you can confront me directly. What kind of skill is it to pick on a servant? Oh... I get it now, you're picking on her because she is a distant relative from my hometown, right?"

Facing Zhou Meilin's aggressive questioning, Chu Tian was clearly panicked, her complexion pale as she said, "I didn't, it's not like that..."

Aunt Fu was stirring the pot on the side.

"Master and Madam, you must stand up for me! Severely punish the second miss, else I will call the police and let them handle this! If that happens, don't blame me for not considering family ties! This is just too much bullying!"

Chu Tian was clearly at a disadvantage, alone and overwhelmed.

Call the police? This could be considered a threat — abuse of a servant! If such news were to spread, the Chu Family's reputation would be entirely ruined by Chu Tian. High society is never short of onlookers eager for a spectacle.

The higher you stand, the colder it gets; noble families fear such scandals the most.

And there were many outsiders eyeing the Chu Family, eager to catch them by the short hairs.

Chapter 523: is not a place where you can run wild (second update)

Hearing this, Zhou Meilin immediately smiled reassuringly, "Aunt Fu, Songhe is a fair and just person, he will absolutely not cover up for Tian just because she's his daughter. Don't worry, Songhe will surely give you justice."

Zhou Meilin's words were extremely skillful, not only did she praise Chu Songhe's character but also firmly established Chu Tian's guilt for hitting someone.

Chu Songhe knitted his brows tightly, looked toward Aunt Fu, and comforted her, "Meilin is right, I will definitely not indulge this little scourge."

"Good," Aunt Fu nodded, "With the master and madam's words, I am at ease."

Chu Songhe stepped forward several paces, walking until he stopped in front of Chu Tian, and said sternly, "Chu Tian! Do you know your mistake? Quickly go and apologize to Aunt Fu! Make her forgive you!"

For the first time in history, Chu Tian rebutted Chu Songhe's words, and her attitude was very resolute, "I won't apologize because I did nothing wrong!"

This was somewhat unexpected for Chu Songhe. At that moment, he seemed to see his younger self in Chu Tian, and besides, wasn't Chu Tian always someone who endured everything passively? When had she ever shown such a demeanor?

Zhou Meilin naturally noticed this abnormality as well. Squinting her eyes, she surveyed the room's layout without revealing her emotions, and her gaze met with Chu Jin's. Their eyes locked, and she clearly saw a deep, cold chill in Chu Jin's eyes, sharp as a sword, extreme in its frostiness.

Zhou Meilin shivered and quickly averted her gaze. This was not like the eyes of a young girl at all. Could she have been overthinking it, seeing things that weren't there? With this thought, she looked up again, and Chu Jin's gaze had returned to that indifferent, detached manner, ethereal and harmless.

Zhou Meilin then dismissed the doubts in her heart, walked up beside Chu Songhe, and looked straight at Chu Tian, "You say you've done nothing wrong, then how do you explain the marks on Aunt Fu's face? Could she have hit herself?"

Changing her tone, she spoke earnestly, "Everyone makes mistakes, and you're young. It's not terrible to make a mistake occasionally. What's terrible is refusing to repent!"

Chu Tian pursed her lips, "I'll say it again, I am not wrong, and I will not apologize."

Zhou Meilin sighed in feigned helplessness.

After hearing all this, Chu Songhe grew even angrier. He couldn't understand, how could the Chu Family have produced such a daughter! Stubborn and unbending, a piece of rotten wood that cannot be carved!

Chu Songhe looked at Chu Tian and scolded, "You little scourge! Still daring to argue! Truly lawless! Quickly kneel down for me!"

Chu Tian also looked at Chu Songhe, standing erect, for the first time not yielding to Chu Songhe's demands, and said, "Dad, I can kneel to the heavens, kneel to the earth, kneel to my parents, but today,

if you ask me to kneel, I will not! I refuse! Because you have never fulfilled your responsibilities as a father!"

The Chu Family had always provided for Chu Tian with the best food and care, but today she actually said such things. If this wasn't ingratitude, what was?

Chu Songhe stepped back angrily, raised his right hand, and swung it fiercely toward Chu Tian's face, "I'll kill you, you unfilial daughter!"

This slap would have likely disfigured Chu Tian's face, but the wrist Chu Songhe raised was caught mid-air by someone's grasp. A fair and delicate hand easily seized Chu Songhe's wrist, and without seeming to exert much force, it immobilized the adult man, causing his face to contort unattractively.

"And who are you? How dare you act so brazenly in the Chu Family house!"

Aunt Fu immediately stepped forward to point out, "Master, it was her, she and the second young madam beat me together."

But Chu Jin, still holding Chu Songhe's wrist, showed no sign of letting go, "Uncle Chu, out of respect because you are an elder, I address you as uncle. Everything should be about evidence. Just based on this servant's one-sided accusation, you have determined Chu Tian's guilt. This hardly seems appropriate, right? Besides, why would she hit someone for no reason? There must be a reason for hitting someone, right?"

With that, Chu Jin turned her gaze toward Aunt Fu and Zhou Meilin, with an insinuating tone, "After all, only psychopaths and rabid dogs bite without reason."

Her voice was soft and gentle, yet it was extremely pleasant to the ear, like a bubbling spring that could scatter the shadows in people's hearts, and further, Chu Jin's words were logical, too. Even police investigations have to rely on physical evidence, and besides, why would Chu Tian hit someone without good reason?

Zhou Meilin was infuriated when she discerned the implication in Chu Jin's words and blurted out angrily, "Where did this wild girl come from? The Chu Family is not a place where you can run wild!"

Chu Jin responded with a cold smile, without a hint of fear, and met Zhou Meilin's gaze with an even tone, "Unfortunately for you, I too bear the surname Chu, and I am here today to seek justice for Chu Tian. We, the members of the old Chu Family, are not so easily bullied!"

At this point, Chu Jin released Chu Songhe's wrist and continued, "Uncle Chu, I believe that you are a fair and just person, and also a responsible father. It's just that your vision is temporarily clouded by some things. Think about it, is Chu Tian the kind of person who randomly hits people? What benefit does she get from assaulting a servant for no reason?"

Listening to Chu Jin's words, Chu Songhe gradually calmed down.

Seeing the situation turning unfavorable, Zhou Meilin immediately intervened, "Chu Tian did this because she doesn't like me, her mother, so she took her anger out on Aunt Fu..."

She hadn't finished her sentence when Chu Jin interrupted her, "Then here comes the question, in this world there is no hatred without cause, nor is there love without reason. So tell me, why doesn't Chu Tian like you? Is it because you have been too good to her?"

Zhou Meilin's face turned pale with Chu Jin's words, which were indeed a stab at the heart! Indeed, she was no easy opponent! Zhou Meilin wondered where Chu Tian had found such a person!

She looked not much older than Chu Tian, but in terms of resourcefulness and wisdom, a hundred Chu Tians could not match her!

Chu Jin's statement wasn't hard to understand. Hearing it, Chu Songhe's expression changed, and he involuntarily raised his eyes to look at Zhou Meilin, his eyes full of complexity.

"Do I need a reason not to like her? Just look at how she behaves usually! All she thinks about is her foster mother in the countryside! A thankless wretch! Not to mention three years, even in ten years, she wouldn't grow close!" In panic, Zhou Meilin shifted the topic.

Realizing the unfavorable turn of the situation, Aunt Fu hurriedly said, "The injuries on my face are the evidence! Master, if you can't stand up for me, then I'll have to go to the police."

"Police?" Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, "If you want to report to the police, you're welcome to do so at any time. But let me remind you, malicious false reporting is subject to administrative penalties. Oh, and you said both Chu Tian and I assaulted you, so may I ask, where exactly did the assault occur?"

Chu Jin did hit her herself! Although Aunt Fu was the one who started it! But indeed, she did hit herself; thinking of this, Aunt Fu's heart felt somewhat more at ease, then she continued, "In the living room! You assaulted me in the living room!"

Chu Jin nodded and responded indifferently, "You say the incident took place in the living room, so may I ask, did anyone else witness it besides you? As far as I know, this household should have more than just you as a servant, and the living room is a public space. If we really did assault you, there should have been other people who saw it, right?"

That was precisely the strangest part of the whole incident—it was odd that nobody else had heard her when she screamed so loudly!

Aunt Fu suddenly felt uneasy; the situation seemed to be increasingly unfavorable for her!

With no other options, she had to say, "At that time, they had all gone to do other things and no one was staying in the living room!"

The excuse seemed somewhat far-fetched. Chu Songhe furrowed his brows slightly. Could it be true as Chu Jin suggested, that someone was deliberately making things difficult for Chu Tian?

Chu Jin smiled wryly and looked up at Chu Songhe, countering, "Uncle Chu, do you believe this explanation?"

Aunt Fu hastily said, "What I said is true! Master, you must believe me!"

Zhou Meilin also added, "Songhe, Aunt Fu has worked in our house for so many years, don't you know what kind of person she is?" She refused to believe that a teenage girl could have any significant wiles.

Caught between his wife of many years and his own daughter, Chu Songhe found himself in a difficult position.

Chu Jin continued, "Uncle Chu, your living room should have surveillance installed, right? Since everyone believes that Chu Tian and I beat up this maid, why not pull up the surveillance footage to take a look?"

Pulling up the surveillance? This made Aunt Fu somewhat anxious! Not only was she the first to initiate the attack, but she had also verbally insulted Chu Tian. Although Chu Songhe didn't think highly of Chu Tian and usually couldn't be bothered with her, this didn't mean that their servants could bully Chu Tian at will!

After all, Chu Tian was the second young miss of the Chu Family. Bullying Chu Tian wasn't that hitting Chu Songhe in the face? For a moment, Aunt Fu felt almost unable to stand her ground; she had never imagined the situation would evolve like this.

Zhou Meilin, on the other hand, was calm and collected. She shouted towards the door, "Zhen, go copy the surveillance footage over." She had anticipated this move and had tampered with the surveillance system before going upstairs. Even if they wanted to watch the surveillance now, they wouldn't be able to.

Zhen was Chu Songhe's assistant, so it was more appropriate for Zhen to personally copy the video. That way, Chu Songhe wouldn't suspect that someone deliberately damaged the surveillance.

Because he would never think that someone would prepare in advance.

Seeing Zhou Meilin act this way, Aunt Fu immediately felt steadier, and her heart was no longer in a flutter.

They, master and servant, had not seldom done such things and were very much in tune with each other.

Suddenly, hurried footsteps sounded from behind, and Zhou Meilin quickly turned her head, "Zhen, did you get the video copied?"

Zhen held an iPad in hand and nodded. Then, as he lifted his eyes toward Chu Songhe, his expression looked somewhat grim—he had watched these videos from start to finish during the copying process... and suddenly felt a bit of sympathy for the second young miss.

Seeing Zhen nod, Zhou Meilin was stunned; she had clearly hacked into the internal network and wrecked the entire surveillance system. How could Zhen still be able to record and copy the video? Could there be a deceit here? Zhou Meilin forced herself to remain composed.

Chu Songhe took a glance at him and said, "Open it; let me see."

"Yes, boss." Zhen efficiently opened the iPad and played the video on it, immediately broadcasting the sound.

"..."

"Second miss, after you change your shoes, remember to go to the eldest miss's room and iron the evening gown she is going to wear to the banquet tomorrow. Also, the young master wet the bed last night, and the sheets are still in the laundry room. After you iron the clothes, take the opportunity to wash the sheets as well."

"..."

Then it was the sound of eating sunflower seeds,

"Yo, the second miss's wings have gotten hard, huh? I can't order you around anymore, can I? Let me tell you, if you don't sweep up those sunflower seed shells today, I won't let you get away with it! I call you 'second miss,' and you really think you're the second miss, huh?"

"..."

The language coming from the inside got harsher and harsher; Aunt Fu's legs were practically shaking like a sieve.

Chu Songhe's face turned livid with rage; he had never known that his daughter lived such a life at home, that even a servant could bully her like this! It was all because he hadn't cared enough about her!

This child was truly foolish! To endure such grievances, she never once told him!

And judging from Aunt Fu's tone, this wasn't the first time she had done something like this. Thinking of this, Chu Songhe felt both guilty and enraged at the same time!

How dare they bully the Chu Family's precious daughter so flagrantly!

At the end of the video, Aunt Fu even picked up a feather duster and tried to hit Chu Tian!

This could not go on any longer, she had to strike first! Aroused from her panic, Zhou Meilin rushed to Aunt Fu's side and slapped her across the face with a "smack", sending Aunt Fu to the ground!

"You ungrateful cur! You've completely disgraced me! After all the trust I placed in you! How dare you bully Tian Tian! Tell me, who gave you the audacity to bully her?"

A furious Chu Songhe slammed his iPad hard onto Aunt Fu's head, "Zhen, call the police, call them now!"

"Right away, boss." Zhen immediately picked up his phone to call the police.

"Please forgive me just this once, Master. I won't dare to do it again, Master..." Aunt Fu pleaded desperately, clutching at Chu Songhe's trousers.

Unable to contain his anger, Chu Songhe kicked her away furiously, "Get out!"

Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, smiling lightly, "Uncle Chu, calm down. Getting angry is bad for the liver, and actually, you can't entirely blame her. She's only a servant, after all. If I remember correctly, isn't Aunt Fu a distant relative from your wife's family?"

The implication was that someone had deliberately instigated Aunt Fu to act this way.

Chu Songhe was no fool; of course, he guessed the hidden implications. He did not directly answer Chu Jin's remark but said, "Miss Chu, thank you for standing up for Tian Tian. I'm glad that Tian Tian has a friend like you. However, this is ultimately our family matter. It's better for Miss Chu not to get too involved. I can assure you that nothing of this sort will happen again. We will not employ someone like Aunt Fu in the future, and I will hand her over to the police immediately."

Zhou Meilin was his own wife and had given him two children. He couldn't possibly let this incident disrupt their marriage, right? Besides, the charge of child abuse was no small matter! If word got out, it wouldn't sound good for his reputation either!

It was obvious that he was trying to shield the real culprit behind the scenes. Chu Jin's lips curled up slightly, her smile filled with sarcasm, "Uncle Chu, you've truly broadened my understanding of the word 'father.' Indeed, you're never too old to learn."

Pretending not to understand the meaning behind Chu Jin's words, Chu Songhe turned to Chu Tian and said, "I'm sorry, child, for all the grievances you've suffered over the years. It's Daddy's fault, and it won't happen again."

He sincerely apologized to Chu Tian. In the past, he had failed as a father, but he would not let his daughter suffer any further.

All of a sudden, tears welled up in Chu Tian's eyes, and she rushed into Chu Songhe's embrace, sobbing, "Dad..."

The scene of father and daughter embracing was especially moving. Zhou Meilin also stepped forward and patted Chu Tian's shoulder, "Silly child, it's all Mommy's fault..."

The fabled police did not arrive, and Aunt Fu was taken away by Zhen and another assistant. Someone as face-conscious as Chu Songhe would never truly call the police; he had only said so for Chu Jin and Chu Tian to hear.

With the immediate crisis resolved, the path ahead was for Chu Tian to walk alone. As it was someone else's family matter, it wasn't her place to intervene too much. She hoped that Chu Tian would indeed become stronger in the future.

Chu Jin collected her thoughts and began to say goodbye to Chu Tian and Chu Songhe.

Holding Chu Jin's hand, Chu Tian's face was full of gratitude, "Sister, I'm really thankful for today. I wouldn't have known what to do without you."

Just then, the system's voice echoed in Chu Jin's mind, [Ding! 10% Faith Value acquired!]

Chapter 524: Scary

The system's prompt echoed in her mind, signifying that her life had been prolonged once more. It was an incredibly good feeling.

Chu Jin gave a faint smile, and from her backpack, she took out a slip of paper and stuffed it into Chu Tian's hand, "If you encounter any difficulties in the future that you can't resolve on your own, you can directly call me with this number."

"Okay," Chu Tian nodded in acknowledgment.

Chu Jin then turned to Chu Songhe and said, "Uncle Chu, superstitious beliefs may or may not be credible. It's better to believe they do exist than to believe they don't. Chu Tian is inherently kind, with white and large teeth, sparse eyebrows and beautiful eyes, lips like a drawn bow, and lips as red as vermillion, which all indicate a sign of great wealth and nobility. She is definitely not the broom star others make her out to be. You should cherish her properly, and don't let others drive a wedge between you and your daughter's relationship. You've already missed out on 17 years."

Chu Jin was aware of what Chu Songhe was worried about, and to prevent any future rifts between father and daughter, she spoke such words. In fact, Chu Tian's facial features truly were auspicious, just as she had described—a sign of great wealth and nobility.

"Miss Chu can also read faces?" Chu Songhe asked in surprise. Moreover, from the sound of it, she seemed very professional.

Chu Tian immediately replied with a smile, "Dad, I forgot to introduce her to you. Miss Chu is the renowned Master Chu,"

One could tell that Chu Tian had undergone a complete transformation.

Upstairs, Zhou Meilin, watching the three figures, clenched her teeth in frustration. That little wretch really had a big life! She had actually escaped disaster once again!

Master Chu.

These three words in Capital City, it can be said, were very well-known! They had a certain reputation in the wealthy circles, where everyone said that Master Chu's Tarot card reading was unmatched, accurate in all predictions! She could foresee the future and determine life or death! There were even rumors that Master Chu had been invited to military quarters to exorcise spirits for an officer's family! Master Chu was quite simply a godlike existence. She herself had gone to that crossroad to look for her several times, but had never caught sight of her.

Although she had long heard that Master Chu was a young girl, she never expected that Master Chu would be so young!

Chu Songhe immediately changed his attitude, speaking very respectfully, "Master Chu, it's an honor to meet you! I apologize for the poor hospitality earlier."

Just now, he was unaware that Miss Chu was such a significant figure, and to think about how he had spoken to her... It really was embarrassing...

"No harm done," Chu Jin smiled lightly, without saying much.

Chu Songhe then said, "Master Chu, now that you are here, could I trouble you to take a look at the feng shui of our home? I must confess, lately, I have indeed encountered a fair share of problems in my business..."

After listening to Chu Songhe's words, Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly and said, "The feng shui of your home, apart from Chu Tian's room, doesn't have any issues. If you want to predict future fortunes, you'll still need this." With that, she took out a deck of Tarot cards from her backpack.

"This is the Tarot card, right?" Chu Songhe asked somewhat excitedly.

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded, simultaneously spinning the Tarot cards in her hand quickly, standing there to shuffle the deck.

This was the first time Chu Songhe had seen someone handle cards with such skill, and he couldn't help but widen his eyes in amazement.

Chu Jin spread out the Tarot cards and held them in her hand, looking at Chu Songhe, "All right, please draw one."

"Okay," Chu Songhe nodded and carefully drew a card, then handed it to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin received the card he handed over, glanced at it, and her brow furrowed slightly.

The card was inverted: The Tower.

On the card face: The once grand tower was being struck by a sudden bolt of lightning, causing it to collapse in flames. The golden crown atop the tower was also knocked off by the thunderbolt, suggesting that power, wealth, and achievements were all instantly reduced to nothing in this abrupt change.

The Tower represents destruction, and moreover, two people are falling from it.

This is a very bad card.

Seeing Chu Jin's expression, Chu Songhe also became somewhat panicked, wiping the sweat from his forehead, "Master Chu?"

"Master Chu?" Just then, a discordant female voice intruded, laced with a hint of sarcasm, "I think 'Miss Chu of the Chu Family' would be more like it."

The five words 'Miss Chu of the Chu Family' were loaded with meaning.

In Capital City, who didn't know the Miss Chu of the Chu Family? Because he also bore the surname Chu, every time he discussed business with those company heads, people would ask Chu Songhe what his relationship was with Miss Chu of the Chu Family! Whether they were relatives or not!

It forced him to explain repeatedly every time that he had no relationship whatsoever with Miss Chu of the Chu Family! It could be said that Miss Chu of the Chu Family indirectly caused him a lot of unnecessary trouble!

Upon hearing this, Chu Songhe immediately looked towards the source of the voice, "Zhi Nan, what do you mean by this?"

The newcomer was Chu Tian's sister, Chu Zhi Nan.

But Chu Jin had never seen this person before and had no idea why she would harbor such strong animosity toward her.

Chu Zhi Nan affectionately held onto Chu Songhe's arm and spoke in a sweet tone, "Dad, don't be fooled by her, she is no Master Chu, she's clearly Miss Chu of the Chu Family, Chu Jin. In this day and age, the number of impostors is just growing."

Chu Zhi Nan was Zhao Yiling's good friend. She had heard about Chu Jin from Zhao Yiling before and had also seen Chu Jin a few times. Moreover, she had just come out from her mother's room and learned the ins and outs of the situation. How could she allow her mother to suffer such indignity in silence!

It seems that she had truly underestimated her younger sister Chu Tian before—she actually had such tricks up her sleeve!

"...Master Chu, this?" Upon hearing this, Chu Songhe looked at Chu Jin in total confusion, somewhat disbelieving the words of Chu Zhi Nan. Based on his recent understanding of Chu Jin, she was a quick thinker with a nimble mind, able to defuse Chu Tian's crisis in just a few words. How could she be worthless?

And besides, she had a deck of Tarot cards! She couldn't possibly be Chu Jin, could she?

Chu Jin smiled and nodded slightly, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, I am indeed Chu Jin."

"See, she admitted it herself!" Chu Zhi Nan turned to look at Chu Tian and continued, "I say, little sister, how can you associate with such a person! If people saw this, imagine how bad it would look! As the saying goes, 'One takes on the color of one's company.'

Chu Songhe felt like his entire worldview was being turned upside down! How could this person be that useless individual? And how could the illustrious Master Chu be linked to the infamous waste?

Yet bizarrely, the person in front of him had just admitted she was Chu Jin!

If she was Chu Jin, then she definitely wasn't the rumored Master Chu!

He hadn't seen Master Chu with his own eyes; she must be an imposter! Miss Chu of the Chu Family was beyond hope! Not knowing her own limitations, she dared to impersonate Master Chu! He had almost been fooled by her!

Chu Tian turned to look at Chu Zhi Nan and slowly spoke, "Big sister, you're an educated person, how can you judge people with such prejudice? Haven't you heard the saying, 'Rumors are fearsome?' And Ms. Chu is my friend, who I associate with is none of your business to manage."

To Chu Tian, the current Chu Jin was like a beam of sunshine, like a faith! How could she let others defame her light, her faith?

Chu Zhi Nan looked at Chu Tian with some surprise. It seemed that her mother was right—her little sister had become rather different! But that was good in a way, at least that meant her own future would not be so boring!

Miss Chu of the Chu Family was just a joke in Capital City, a well-known good-for-nothing. Chu Songhe would never allow such a person to have any connection with his daughter. If word got out, it would only invite ridicule.

Therefore, Chu Songhe said angrily, "Miss Chu, I advise you! You're young, so you should engage in fewer deceptive practices. Be careful or the real Master Chu will find out, and she won't spare you!"

Seeing her father's misunderstanding, Chu Tian hastened to explain, "Dad, you misunderstood Miss Chu, she really is Master Chu!"

"Come back with me! You're not allowed to associate with these kinds of people in the future!" Chu Songhe said coldly, pulling Chu Tian towards the house.

Unable to resist him, Chu Tian had no choice but to be forcibly dragged into the house by Chu Songhe, all the while she kept explaining, "Dad, believe me, Miss Chu is Master Chu, I'm not lying..."

These words fell on deaf ears for Chu Songhe, all he could think about was that she was Chu Jin! She was that notorious waste from the Capital City!

And he just so happened to be someone who envied others and valued face; naturally, he couldn't allow the Chu Family to have contact with such a person.

Chu Jin didn't mind; she just watched Chu Songhe's retreating back and slowly spoke, "Uncle Chu, within three days, you will be struck by a bloody disaster. If you wish to avoid this disaster, feel free to come to me anytime." Not only that, but in six days, an even greater disaster awaited him.

"Shut up!" Chu Zhi Nan turned around and said fiercely, "Don't spread your bewitching nonsense here!"

Chu Jin smiled faintly and leaned in, whispering into Chu Zhi Nan's ear, "Do you often feel a chill on your back? Do you find inexplicable water stains on your neck? That's because there's a hanged ghost on your back, her tongue hanging out long, resting on your neck. By the way, she said her name is Yan Han, she said she died horribly..."

Although her voice was soft and pleasant, it sounded like a death knell in Chu Zhi Nan's ears, terrifying her.

Chu Zhi Nan screamed, covering her mouth, sweat pouring down as her face instantly turned as white as paper. She pushed Chu Jin away and ran off in a panic!

Because the person Chu Jin mentioned was Yan Han, her dorm room roommate, who had recently hanged herself for some reason!

How did Chu Jin know about this? Could it be that Yan Han's ghost was really lying on her back?

Chu Jin watched her back and smiled slightly, the corners of her mouth curling into a small arc. She wasn't trying to scare Chu Zhi Nan; Yan Han's ghost was indeed lying on her back, full of resentment. Over time, Chu Zhi Nan's vitality would weaken, and once the three lamps within her body were extinguished, she would completely pass away. This was the so-called 'what goes around comes around.'

When Chu Jin came to the crossroads again, it was already past 4 p.m. Mo Qingyi and the little Lolita were sitting in front of their stall, bored, staring at the passing people. Seeing Chu Jin come over, both of them were very happy and welcomed her. The little Lolita pouted dissatisfiedly, "Jin brother, where did you go? Why are you back just now?"

Mo Qingyi echoed, "Yeah Jin brother, how come you're only back now? Pengpeng and I were so bored. In the afternoon, there were quite a few people who came for Tarot card readings, but it's a pity you weren't here, so I told them to come back tomorrow morning."

"Sister, I already said, you have to call people Peng brother!" The little Lolita raised her head, looking earnestly at Mo Qingyi, "If you forget again next time, Peng brother will ignore you."

Mo Qingyi crouched down, stretched out her hand and pinched her cheek, playfully saying, "Peng brother, Peng brother."

The little Lolita nodded in satisfaction, putting her hands behind her back and pompously said, "Hmm, sister is so good."

Seeing her acting like a little adult, Chu Jin couldn't help but chuckle, "Alright, alright, it's getting late, let's head back. Oh, what do you two want to eat? I'm treating today."

"Spicy crayfish!"

"Hotpot!"

Mo Qingyi and the little Lolita called out in unison.

After speaking, they looked at each other. The little Lolita spoke first, "Sister, adults should give way to children, so let's go eat crayfish, okay? I tell you, crayfish are super delicious..."

Mo Qingyi raised an eyebrow playfully, looking around and teased, "Kid, where are the kids here?"

The little loli immediately patted her chest and said, "Me, me, Sister, I'm just a kid, so you should let me have my way."

The little loli really craved crayfish, but unfortunately, Daddy wouldn't let her eat too much, so whenever she got the chance, she would have Chu Jin take her to have crayfish to satisfy her craving.

"You're already Pengpeng's girl! Still a kid? Aren't you ashamed?" Mo Qingyi pinched the little loli's nose.

"That's true," the little loli suddenly realized, "then Pengpeng, you can spoil me this once, let's go have hotpot."

"Silly girl," Mo Qingyi ruffled the little loli's hair, "I know a restaurant where we can have both hotpot and crayfish. Jin, let's go there, shall we?"

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded, "let's hurry up then."

"I'll call a ride," Mo Qingyi took out his phone from his pocket.

About thirty minutes later, the three of them stopped in front of a very high-end restaurant. 'Shi Yu Xuan' was quite a distinctive name and considered one of the well-known restaurants in Capital City. It was said that the founder had a very mysterious background, connected to both the legitimate and underworld scenes. Here, as long as you were willing to spend money, you could get anything to eat, even dragon meat.

As soon as the three approached the entrance, a waiter came up to greet them with a formulaic smile and bowed, "Welcome, please come in."

The staff of 'Shi Yu Xuan' were all professionally trained, with high standards, never judging guests' spending levels by their appearance or attire.

They provided god-like service to all customers who came through the doors, and this reputation for service from 'Shi Yu Xuan' was incredibly high. That's why even those with a medium income would grit their teeth and save up to dine here every couple of months. It wasn't just to satisfy cravings, but to experience that ultimate noble experience.

The three chose a seat by the window in the main hall, where a pianist nearby was playing beautiful music, creating an elegant and comfortable environment.

After ordering, Mo Qingyi took the little loli to the restroom, leaving Chu Jin sitting there alone. She looked down at her phone with a serious expression, her godlike face perfectly reflected on the glass of the window, her profile as exquisite as jade.

Outside, a black Hummer sped by, stirring up a cloud of dust.

Moments later, the black Hummer made a U-turn and smoothly pulled up in front of 'Shi Yu Xuan.'

A figure emerged from the vehicle, tall and well-built, exuding a sense of oppression and nobility!

Different from the cold, ascetic aura of Mo Zhixuan, and unlike the enchanting beauty of Mo Qianjue.

He radiated a hard man's authoritarian vibe, strong and resolute!

Clearly, the welcoming staff at the door recognized him, with smiles of admiration and respect unlike their formulaic greetings, "Mr. Song has arrived, I'll go notify the boss right away."

Song Shiqin raised his hand slightly and lowered his voice, "No need to disturb her, I'm just here for a meal, there's no need for special treatment on my behalf."

"Understood."

The waiter nodded, cheeks slightly flushed, not daring to look directly at Song Shiqin, who was like a walking hormone, causing hearts to flutter with just his presence.

Song Shiqin walked towards the main hall and paused when he passed by Chu Jin, his breath catching for a moment. However, Chu Jin did not notice him, her attention fully on her phone, apparently texting with someone.

Song Shiqin chose a seat not far from Chu Jin, from where he could see her every move, while from her position, she might not necessarily notice him.

Chapter 525: will you never be able to come out for the rest of your life?

He didn't know why he suddenly got out of the car. The car was going too fast, and with just a fleeting glimpse amid the crowd, he recognized it was her. Then, his heartbeat raced out of control, a sensation he had never experienced in the previous twenty or so years of his life.

It was novel and thrilling.

Indescribable with words.

"Mr. Song, what would you like to eat?" the waiter walked up to Song Shiqin and asked.

Song Shiqin calmly replied, "The same as what the customer at Table 8 is having."

The waiter was slightly taken aback before responding, "Alright, please wait a moment." As he spoke, his gaze inadvertently drifted towards Table 8, where a very young girl sat. With features like jade and skin like snow, red lips, and white teeth, she was a picture of beauty, even just sitting there quietly.

In the waiter's mind, two words surfaced: Beauty!

A beauty without a doubt, both in temperament and appearance, she was top-notch.

Comparing himself with the beauty, the waiter sighed in his heart. There was no harm without contrast.

In a short while, Mo Qingyi returned with the little girl from the bathroom. Chu Jin put down her phone and smiled warmly at them, "You're back. The food is all served. Come, sit down and let's eat."

The steam from the hot pot blurred the three people's smiling faces.

Song Shiqin knew Mo Qingyi, and upon seeing her, he was reminded of Chu Jin's second identity—

Mo Zhixuan's fiancée.

At this thought, Song Shiqin's eyes darkened for a moment.

As bleak as the hot pot in front of this lone person.

Amid the elegant and serene atmosphere, there suddenly came several 'bang bang' noises, as if something had fallen to the ground and made a crisp sound.

What followed was a shrill female voice, "What's the matter with you, waiter? Are you blind? Where's your manager? I want to complain about you!"

Mixed with this were the cries of a child.

Then came ceaseless apologies, "Madam, I'm so sorry, it wasn't intentional."

With her hands on her hips and a fierce look in her eyes, the woman said, "Not intentional? So it was on purpose! They say Shi Yu Xuan has the best service in Capital City. Look at you; do you have any sense of service at all? Do you think a simple sorry is enough to settle this? If anything happens to my son today, you'll be in trouble!"

The woman was aggressive, and the child standing by her side was rubbing his eyes and continually crying, but she was utterly indifferent to the child's feelings, vigorously questioning the waiter as if she wanted to tear the waiter apart.

The waiter also felt wronged. She was carrying a drink ordered by the customer at Table 8 when two children, chasing each other, suddenly ran out from the side. One of them crashed into her, almost completely catching her off guard—she was stunned by the impact!

By the time she came to, the drink had already shattered, and both she and the child had fallen to the ground from the collision's force.

Moreover, her fingers had been cut by the glass shards. Fortunately, there seemed to be no visible injuries on the child. Shi Yu Xuan emphasized service attitude, and no matter the situation, the customer was always right! Even when encountering unreasonable customers like the one at present, the waiter could only bow her head and admit fault! All she could do was swallow her complaints and pain!

This woman had been following the child, and when the child chased and made noise in public, not only did she not stop him, but when he bumped into others, she immediately shifted the blame onto someone else. It was a bit too much, especially since she seemed to think her reasoning was sound,

feeling that spending money here made her God, that having money made her the boss, and that no one was better than her.

Faced with such a person, the waiter could only keep bowing and apologizing, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I was just walking and didn't expect a child to suddenly dash out. I'm truly very sorry for the trouble caused."

Upon hearing this, the woman became even angrier, pointing at the waiter and saying, "Say that again! Are you implying that you want to bite back? My son is only 5 years old, are you also 5 years old? Are you a corpse? Didn't you see my son coming? You didn't even think to step aside? Get your manager over here right now!" The woman's face turned bright red with anger, as if she was the real victim.

With so much commotion going on here, the surrounding diners all looked over, everyone has a penchant for gossip, yet no one stepped forward to speak a fair word, they just muttered quietly to each other.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it that way, please don't be upset," the waiter could only apologize in a subdued voice, then took out a tissue from his pocket to wipe away the tears on the little boy's face, "Little friend, don't cry, it was auntie's fault. Is there anywhere on your body that hurts?"

Unsurprisingly, this sentence further enraged the woman. She pushed the waiter aside, her eyes filled with disdain, and she coldly said, "You, a menial servant, how dare you ask my son to call you 'auntie'? Is my son even in the same world as you? Shameless!"

This was indeed going too far, directly attacking the waiter's person. Anyone with a slightly weak mental constitution couldn't accept it. Yet, the waiter couldn't retort and had to continue apologizing, "I'm sorry, madam, it was a mistake in my words. Please don't take offense, I'm sorry..."

Just then, the manager hurried over, "Madam, I'm truly very sorry, I am the manager here, if you have any issues, you can talk directly to me."

The manager was a man of about 30 years old with glasses, looking refined and cultured.

The woman looked down her nose at the manager, "Are you the manager here? May I ask how you train your staff here? Can people with no quality, no sense of service, also be a waiter? Look what they did to my son?"

"I'm really sorry, it indeed was the mistake of our staff, causing you an unpleasant dining experience. How about this, today's expenses at 'Shi Yu Xuan' will be on the house for you..."

"Do I look like someone short of money to you?" The woman snorted coldly, "You think you can send me away with just a free meal? After she bumped into my son like this, she shouldn't be held accountable? My son is all bruised now and has been crying in pain, what are you going to do about it?"

Right then, the little boy suddenly looked up, stopped crying, and stuttered, "Mom, I'm not hurt, let's go..."

There's no lying in the mouths of children, and with so many eyes on her, the woman couldn't save face. She glared at the boy and said sternly, "What do you know, child? Children should not interrupt adults!"

The little boy quickly shut his mouth, clearly frightened of this mother.

"Even if my son isn't in pain now, that doesn't mean he won't be later, what if he has internal injuries? He's just a child, what does he know? Also, do you know what brand this T-shirt my son is wearing is? Do you know how much it's worth? After your drink spill, can my son wear this T-shirt ever again?"

A meal at 'Shi Yu Xuan' starts at a four-figure price at minimum. Once these words were uttered, everyone's eyes turned to the little boy. There were some who recognized that this piece of clothing was from an internationally renowned luxury brand, worth a six-figure sum or more, indeed not something a waiter could afford to compensate.

"I'm sorry, madam, I will give you my entire month's salary as compensation, is that enough?"

"A month's salary?" The woman scoffed, speaking from a position of superiority, "I think even if you were sold, you couldn't afford the compensation! It looks to me like you can only be a waiter for the rest of your life!"

The waiter clenched her fists in humiliation, her eyes reddening. What was wrong with being a waiter? Should waiters be looked down upon?

The woman continued, "My son's T-shirt is the only one of its kind in the world, designed by a famous designer, and also holds collectible value, worth 180,000 yuan! Tell me, how do you plan to compensate me?"

The waiter was so shocked she stepped back a few paces, 180,000 yuan! Her face full of disbelief. In her mind, a few thousand yuan for an article of clothing was already expensive, but 180,000 yuan was completely beyond what she could afford!

And it was just a T-shirt. How could it be so expensive? Could it be made of gold?

Seeing the waiter's shocked expression, the woman smiled with contempt, "What an uncultured bumpkin. But I'm not an unreasonable person. If you can't afford it, just kneel down and kowtow to me a few times, yell 'I'm sorry' loudly three times, then we'll call it even. Otherwise, you will have to pay me the 180,000 yuan, even if it means selling all you own!"

This is what's called the malicious pleasure of a wealthy woman, who reveled in the sight of the humble and weak submitting at her feet.

It was also a display of capricious distortion.

The waiter, with tears streaming down his face, begged, "Ma'am, I..."

The woman, unaffected, coldly said, "What 'I'? If you don't have the money, then kowtow!"

"180,000, right? I'll pay it!" Just then, another waiter walked over.

The voice sounded familiar; Song Shiqin lifted his eyes and saw that it was Chen Xinci. Although clad in a waiter's uniform, the unique aura enveloping her was unmistakable.

Sure enough, a kind girl with a sense of justice, appreciation flickered in Song Shiqin's eyes. Calling her the National Goddess online didn't seem farfetched at all.

The woman looked up at Chen Xinci, sneered upon seeing her also in a waiter's attire, her eyes brimming with disdain.

"As if you could afford it," she mocked.

How dare a mere waiter be so arrogant!

Chen Xinci also smiled, pulling out a check from her pocket and coldly throwing it in the woman's face, "200,000; keep the change! The rest, I consider it thrown to the dogs!" Having said that, she pulled the waiter and strode out.

Everyone was taken aback by this unexpected turn of events, even more so by the fact that a humble waiter could casually toss out 200,000!

But the way that waiter threw the check was truly cool!

The woman, grasping her son, alternated between shades of red and white with anger. Just then, another waiter was approaching with drinks. She grabbed a bottle of wine and furiously smashed it towards Chen Xinci's head.

It was always her insulting others; when had anyone insulted her? How could the woman swallow this humiliation? After all, her family was overflowing with money; even if she actually killed someone, she could smooth it over! What mattered now was venting her anger!

No one expected the woman to act this way.

The bottle was full of wine; if it really hit the young girl's head, the consequences would be dire. Everyone gasped in shock, crying out, "Watch out!"

Song Shiqin propped his hands on the table, about to get up, when his pupils suddenly shrank!

A blur streaked with chilling intent shot toward them! It was all too familiar to him! If he wasn't wrong, that had to be a playing card! The person he could think of who would use a playing card like that was none other than one person!

With that thought, he looked in Chu Jin's direction, only to see the three people there still leisurely enjoying their hot pot and peeling crayfish, undisturbed by the outside world. At that moment, their eyes saw nothing but gourmet food.

If he didn't know Chu Jin, he wouldn't have imagined that this seemingly indifferent young girl could possess such skill. However, he wasn't surprised that she intervened to save someone; hadn't she saved his life as well?

'Bang!' The flying wine bottle was struck by a playing card mid-air and crashed to the floor with a loud popping sound.

The playing card didn't fall; it continued flying forward and embedded itself in the wall.

Chen Xinci turned her head, her complexion slightly pale; she knew someone had intervened to save her, or else she would have met her end here today!

"Intentional assault without success!" Chen Xinci looked at the woman and spoke coldly, "Stay at home these next few days and wait for my lawyer's letter!"

With those words, Chen Xinci turned and walked away.

The woman was furious. In a single day, she had been humiliated by the same waiter twice! Without a care for her son, the woman picked up a decorative vase and chased after Chen Xinci's retreating figure! Today, she was determined to teach this waiter a lesson!

She was too fast for anyone to intervene in time!

The woman grabbed Chen Xinci's wrist with one hand and raised the vase with the other, smashing it down hard onto Chen Xinci's head!

Could this woman be insane? In that instant, such a thought crossed Chen Xinci's mind! Then, she closed her eyes tightly and silently endured what was to come.

Ill-fated!

'Crash!' The sound of the vase shattering rang through the air.

Chen Xinci trembled with fear, but the expected pain did not come. Instead, her nose detected a very pleasant fragrance, reminiscent of orchids, bamboo, and plums.

Chen Xinci slowly opened her eyes and saw a young girl in a goose-yellow dress standing before her, slightly taller than herself, holding her arm with one hand and the other on her head as shards of the vase fell from above her.

It was this girl who had shielded her head with her hand!

"Thank you. Are your hands okay?" Chen Xinci reacted immediately.

Chu Jin gave her a small smile, "It's nothing."

The crowd was stunned again, swallowing nervously. Were the young girls of today this formidable?

One was more impressive than the next!

Seeing her good deed thwarted again, the woman, shaking with anger, raised her hand to slap Chu Jin's face, "And what are you? Why are you meddling in other people's business?"

Chu Jin lifted her hand lightly and caught the woman's wrist easily, her lips curving up slightly as she spoke in a cool tone, "Extortion and intentional injury, do you know how many years these two charges added together can get you? This restaurant has surveillance. Believe it or not, I can ensure you never get out again, hmm?" The intonation at the end rose gently, full of significance and depth.

The reason Chu Jin didn't push the woman away directly but instead pressed her hand on Chen Xinci's head and bravely endured the vase was precisely to cement the woman's charge of intentional injury.

But, what on earth was this extortion charge?

The onlookers were curious and didn't understand the meaning behind Chu Jin's words, but after hearing them, the woman turned pale, because the clothing on her son wasn't authentic at all.

It was just a 20,000-yuan counterfeit, and the real designer piece had long been bought by a wealthy foreigner. She, too proud to lose face, had bragged about it to her friends and bought a knockoff. Days had passed without anyone noticing the issue, but now this young girl had exposed it!

"I don't understand what you're saying! What fake goods? That T-shirt is authentic! There's only one like it in the whole world!" The woman could only pretend not to understand Chu Jin's words. In doing so, she inadvertently confessed, because Chu Jin hadn't mentioned the fake goods, but she herself did.

Chen Xinci reacted instantly, pulling out the check from the woman's possession and spoke loudly, "Oh, so you've been parading around with a fake and defrauding people! You're done for today! Get ready for a lawsuit!"

Chapter 526: Snow White Hair

Upon hearing this, everyone sighed, realizing that the T-shirt was a fake.

For a moment, they all pointed and murmured about the woman.

"Mommy, mommy, bad people, don't bully my mommy..." A little boy with tears on his face ran over, grabbing the woman's leg and pushing Chu Jin away.

Seizing the opportunity, the woman broke free from Chu Jin's grasp and hugged the little boy, who clung to her neck, crying continuously.

"Let it go, let it go!" Perhaps due to experiences from her own childhood, Chen Xinci could not stand such scenes. She said to the woman, "Take your son and go! From now on, be a good person and set a good example for your son! I'm only letting you off today because of him!"

Without even a word of thanks, the woman quickly ran off with the child.

Chu Jin looked at Chen Xinci and raised an eyebrow, "Miss, it's easy to suffer a loss with that kind of heart. Just now that person, with brows meeting and a short philtrum, ears visible from behind, had the face of a petty person who holds grudges. You let her go just like that, and not only will she not repent, but she'll likely become even worse."

Chen Xinci let out a sigh, "I felt sorry for that child. Without a mother, his future would be even more pitiable. And thank you for just now, my name is Chen Xinci, Chen as in east of the river, Xinci as in new lyrics to an old tune." As she spoke, she extended her hand towards Chu Jin.

Chu Jin shook her hand with a faint smile, "Chu Jin, Chu as in Chu River and Han Border, Jin as in the splendor of mountains and rivers."

Chen Xinci's eyes lit up, "Miss Chu, you have a very beautiful name." Not only was she attractive, but even her name was stunning.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "Thank you."

Chen Xinci stuffed a check into Chu Jin's hand, "Miss Chu, please accept this money as a token of my gratitude. If it weren't for you, I might have been hurt by now." Moreover, if it weren't for Chu Jin, she wouldn't have known that the woman's T-shirt was fake, so this money truly belonged to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin refused her check, "It was nothing but a simple gesture, no need to worry. I have friends waiting over there; I should get going." With that, she turned and walked toward table number 8.

Watching her leave, Chen Xinci was about to follow when the restaurant manager arrived, saying that a leader wanted to see her urgently. With no choice but to follow the manager, she left.

After this incident, the manager looked at Chen Xinci with a different expression. This girl could easily produce two hundred thousand yuan and was even summoned by a senior leader; she was certainly no ordinary person.

Chu Jin had just reached the table when Little Loli put down her crayfish and, with stars in her eyes, exclaimed, "Jin Bro, you were so cool just now!"

"Yeah, yeah, Jin Bro, that was totally awesome, I even took a little video." As she said this, Mo Qingyi took out her phone to show Chu Jin.

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow, dead serious, "Of course, could I be your Jin Bro if I weren't cool?"

Despite the self-loving remark, it somehow didn't seem out of place at all.

Her expressive eyes and demeanor were bright and striking, drawing much attention.

This scene was caught by the deep and dangerous eyes of the person sitting on the second floor.

What stood out the most was his snow-white hair, devoid of any other color, glinting under the light.

He was as unique as he was, alluring yet emitting a sense of inaccessibility.

The man sat casually on the sofa, the corners of his mouth curved up, his long legs crossed at ease. His eyes lowered, he overlooked everything happening below, with a playing card held between the index and middle finger of his right hand, while his other hand gently caressed it.

A very ordinary queen of hearts.

If one were to look closely, they would discover that this was the very card Chu Jin had thrown to knock down a bottle!

Little Loli: "..." I'm at a loss for words.

Mo Qingyi: "..." Plus one from upstairs.

Three people ate a total of 8 pounds of crayfish and a spicy hot pot before concluding their dinner.

The little loli leaned comfortably on the sofa, caressing her round belly, and said lazily, "Jin, I came here today to say goodbye to you."

"Goodbye?" Chu Jin narrowed his eyes slightly, "Where are you going?"

"Back to..." the little loli hurriedly corrected herself, "Back home, back to my hometown. But don't worry, I'll be back soon. Don't miss me too much while I'm gone."

Mo Qingyi immediately became a drama queen, hugging the little loli and lamenting, "It's really fate playing tricks on us, Pengpeng. I can't believe that just one day after our reunion as siblings, you're leaving me. I'm going to miss you, Pengpeng."

The little loli patted Mo Qingyi's head, saying in a serious yet childish voice, "Drama queen, I will miss you too."

"Holy crap!" Mo Qingyi, struck by surprise, blurted out, "Pengpeng, what have you been eating to grow up? You even know about drama queens! My Pengpeng is awesome!"

"Of course!" The little loli said arrogantly with her arms crossed, glancing at Mo Qingyi and imitating Chu Jin, "Of course, would I be your Pengpeng if I weren't awesome?"

She looked just like a miniature Chu Jin, both soft and cute, terrifyingly charming!

"Pfft!" Chu Jin couldn't help but laugh and almost spat out the drink in his mouth. The child really was a quick learner.

Mo Qingyi showed a maternal smile, patting the little loli's head, "Haha, a good student indeed."

After the three of them had their fun, they prepared to leave. When Chu Jin went to pay the bill, he was informed by the cashier that someone had already paid it!

Chu Jin was puzzled, "Can you tell me who paid for me, please?"

The cashier shook her head apologetically, "I'm sorry, we can't disclose other customers' privacy. Please understand."

"Was it Chen Xinci?" Chu Jin asked.

Right now, Chen Xinci seemed the most likely possibility.

The cashier shook her head without hesitation, "No, Xinci was called in by the boss for questioning and hasn't come back yet."

"Then who could it be?" Chu Jin frowned slightly. Who would pay for her without any reason?

Chu Jin then said, "Well, tell me how much it was, and I'll transfer it to you. When that customer comes back, you can refund them."

The cashier continued to shake her head, "I'm sorry, but the customer has already left, and I don't know if they will return. I can't take your money, and we can't charge twice. Please understand our position."

With no other choice, Chu Jin had to turn and leave, but she couldn't help wondering who that person was.

When she mentioned this to Mo Qingyi and the little loli, Mo Qingyi looked at Chu Jin as if he were looking at an idiot, "Jin, are you silly? Want to know who that person is? Just divine it. Aren't you a soothsayer?"

"Exactly, aren't you silly, Jin?" The little loli chimed in.

Chu Jin tapped Mo Qingyi and the little loli on the head with a casual tone, "You two are the silly ones! Haven't you ever heard the saying, 'A doctor heals not himself'? It's the same with divination; I can predict anyone's future and fate, except my own."

Mo Qingyi retorted, "But you're not a doctor!"

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, "The principle is the same."

"What does 'A doctor heals not himself' mean?" The little loli asked curiously, her big, sparkling eyes blinking adorably.

Mo Qingyi immediately teased her, "Aren't you the one who claims to be Pengpeng? You know about drama queens but don't know this! You can't be any kind of Pengpeng if you don't know. You should step down!"

The little loli immediately retorted, "Sister, that's called not being ashamed to learn from one's subordinates, do you understand?"

The two of them laughed and joked all the way, and the Capital City at night seemed especially lively, with neon lights twinkling everywhere. When they reached a fork in the road, the little loli was reluctant to say goodbye to Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi.

"Jin Brother, Sister, I need to go home now, I'll miss you," the little loli hugged Chu Jin, then hugged Mo Qingyi.

She liked Mo Qingyi very much too. Although she didn't smell as good as Jin Brother, nor was she as cool as Jin Brother, but she was really cute, and it had been a long time since she had seen such a cute sister.

Chu Jin pinched her cheek and instructed, "After you go back, be good and listen to Daddy's words, and don't be naughty, okay?"

"Mhm mhm, Jin Brother, don't worry, Pengpeng is a good and obedient Bao Bao," the little loli nodded obediently.

Chu Jin squatted down, patted her head, and said with a slight smile, "Mhm, Pengpeng is really good."

The little loli extended her hand, pinched Chu Jin's cheek, and said, "Jin Brother, you and Sister have to be good at home too, don't be naughty, and remember to think of me three times every day."

"Okay," Chu Jin took the little loli's hands in hers and nodded in agreement. Squatting on the ground, she looked up at the little loli, her eyes reflected the soft light, dimples at the corners of her mouth, a combination of cuteness and beauty creating an extremely pleasing scene.

The little loli immediately laughed out loud, touched Chu Jin's head, and said in a grown-up manner, "Mhm, Jin Brother is really good." After speaking, she turned to Mo Qingyi and said, "What about you, Sister? You have to be good too, you know?"

"I know, look at how silly you are," Mo Qingyi patted the little loli's head.

The little loli hummed discontentedly, "Sister is the silly one!" After her words, she turned her head and with a slightly bent pinkie, put it to her lips and blew a loud whistle towards the roadside.

Soon, the van appeared on the opposite side of the road.

The little loli climbed onto the van's back, puffing and panting, waving goodbye to Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi, "Goodbye Jin Brother, goodbye Sister, I'll come back to see you very soon."

Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi also waved back, "Goodbye, be careful on the road."

The van barked "Woof woof" towards them.

The atmosphere of parting was somewhat sad.

Perched on the van's back, the little loli looked like a little overlord wobbling away but also had teary eyes.

Mhm, no crying.

Daddy said, there is no such thing as an everlasting banquet in the world, and besides, she was going to return soon, it's not as if she wouldn't see Jin Brother again!

Daddy also said that a man should stand tall and upright, er... although she wasn't a man, Daddy said that she'd definitely be more manly than one in the future.

Thinking this, the little loli spurred on, as if she were riding a great horse, patting the van's head with her hand, "Pipi shrimp, let's go."

The van immediately started running quickly, causing passersby to frequently look back and even some adults looked on with envious expressions, not to mention the children.

"Pengpeng is so cute. Jin Brother, how did you meet her?" Mo Qingyi asked as she watched the little loli's disappearing figure.

Chu Jin smiled lightly, "Met her through fortune telling. This child and I must be fated, I like her a lot."

"I like her too." As Mo Qingyi spoke, she seemed to suddenly remember something, taking out a green-shining object from her pocket and handing it to Chu Jin, "Oh right, Jin Brother, this is something Pengpeng asked me to give to you, it's a gift for you."

Under the light, the object was half moon-shaped, extremely clear and smooth, without a single flaw, it looked incredibly exquisite, obviously a piece of top-quality jade.

It was clearly the Jade Pendant that Mo Qianjue gave her last time.

That day at the Zhao family's house, she had made herself very clear, and she had also returned the Jade Pendant to him. Why now had he sent the little Lolita to deliver the Jade Pendant again?

Seeing Chu Jin standing there in a daze, Mo Qingyi stuffed the Jade Pendant into her hand, then continued, "Pengpeng specifically instructed that I must personally hand this Jade Pendant to you. Oh right, she also said that if you take this Jade Pendant, you will be her person from now on!"

At this point, Mo Qingyi burst into laughter, "Jin bro, don't you think this kid is a real treasure? Hahaha, her person, it's so funny it could kill me!"

Chu Jin frowned slightly and discreetly slipped the Jade Pendant into her pocket, it seemed that she could only wait for the little Lolita to come back before returning it to her.

Because Mo Qingyi suggested that they needed some exercise after dinner, the two of them chose not to take a taxi and walked home instead.

The streetlights were just beginning to light up.

The two blossoming young girls walked hand in hand, their smiles beautiful and radiant, forming an exceptionally beautiful scene.

As they passed a traffic light, an ambulance with flashing lights slowly inched through the lengthy queue of cars, its urgent siren blaring. Hearing this, the passing vehicles spontaneously made way for a green corridor for the ambulance.

At another intersection that was supposed to be green, drivers also voluntarily stopped to let the ambulance roar by before slowly resuming traffic.

The entire process lasted less than two minutes, but it left a profound sense of warmth in people's hearts, much like sunshine.

Mo Qingyi couldn't help but exclaim, "This society is indeed filled with positive energy everywhere!"

Chu Jin's eyes held a hint of depth, "Yeah, it's indeed touching, and it also proves a phenomenon, human nature is fundamentally good."

Human nature is fundamentally good; no one is born a bad person, it's just the influence of the environment they're exposed to.

The two of them walked on as the night grew darker, the streetlights brighter, and the number of pedestrians fewer.

Normally, walking alone at night, Mo Qingyi would certainly be scared, but with Chu Jin by her side now, she felt no fear at all, chatting with Chu Jin in a great mood.

"Young ladies, please wait," a middle-aged woman holding a stack of papers, her complexion pale, ran towards them from not too far away. She must have been running too hastily, as by the time she reached them, a slight sweat was visible on her forehead, "Wait, have you seen my son? My son is 6 years old this year; his name is Little Tiger. Oh, here's his picture, please take a look..."

While speaking, the middle-aged woman handed the papers to both Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi.

It was a missing person flyer with a photo of a little boy wearing a yellow T-shirt, jeans, holding a lollipop, and sporting a radiant smile at the camera, looking adorably chubby-cheeked.

The middle-aged woman asked urgently, "Young ladies, have you seen my son?"

Chu Jin looked up and shook her head in regret, "I'm very sorry, I haven't seen him. But don't panic, you will definitely find your son. It's not safe for you to be out here alone at night. We'll keep the paper, and if we see your son, we will call you."

Mo Qingyi also added, "Yes, auntie, don't worry. Maybe you should go home and check. Perhaps your son is already at home waiting for you. By the way, how long has it been since your son went missing? Have you called the police?"

The middle-aged woman burst into tears, crying as she spoke, "My son has been missing for three days..." During these days, she searched day and night, but she could not find her son nor any news of him.

The search for her child was long and distant, and beside her, there were no other relatives for support.

In this world, apart from a mother, probably no one else would go to such lengths.

Chu Jin sighed softly, her gaze falling to the missing person flyer in her hand, eyes filled with compassion. The paper had begun to yellow slightly, and the print date for the search was May 15 years ago, yet the current date was June of the 18th year.

The incident had transpired more than three years ago, not the three days that the middle-aged woman had claimed, and Mo Qingyi clearly had not noticed this detail.

Chapter 527: don't delay my mission to save humanity

"Auntie, don't cry," Mo Qingyi took out a tissue from her pocket to wipe the tears from the woman's eyes.

A cold gust of wind blew by, 'whoosh whoosh whoosh—' knocking all the flyers out of the middle-aged woman's hands to the ground.

Hundreds of white sheets danced in mid-air, intertwining with each other, as the wind 'whoo whoo' howled through the air.

Whirling up the dust from the ground.

It was like a scene from a horror movie, gloomy and terrifying.

Even more eerie was that on this road, aside from Chu Jin, Mo Qingyi, and this middle-aged woman, there was no one else passing by.

The streetlight shone on the face of the middle-aged woman, which was already pale, but now emitted an even more penetrating whiteness, her face devoid of any color, making one's scalp tingle just looking at her.

Especially that gust of wind, which blew so strangely, creating a chilling atmosphere, Mo Qingyi grabbed Chu Jin's arm a little nervously.

As the wind carried away the missing person flyers, the middle-aged woman lost control, running after them, crying out, "My son, Little Tiger, my son..." as if those flying papers were her child.

She frantically picked up the sheets of paper, crying and sobbing miserably as she did so, giving one the chills.

Who wouldn't be frightened by such an encounter late at night?

"Jin Brother, this is too weird, let's leave," Mo Qingyi's skin crawled, the more she looked at this woman, the more something seemed off. Could she have escaped from the Psychiatric Hospital? What if she attacks someone? This is just too horrifying!

Chu Jin gently patted her hand, signaling her to be calm, and whispered, "Stay close to me."

Mo Qingyi nodded nervously, her palms already sweaty.

Chu Jin, holding on to Mo Qingyi, approached the middle-aged woman, "Don't worry, we will help you pick them up." With that, they both began to pick up the missing person flyers scattered all over the place.

No one noticed that at this moment, the eyes of the middle-aged woman were hollow and bloody, devoid of pupils and whites, just a bright red blood, extremely terrifying! Hearing their words, she

looked up at Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi, who were bending down to help her pick up the flyers. The malevolent energy on her body was dissipating bit by bit, and two trails of bloody tears streamed down from her eyes.

"Jin Brother, I feel something strange here, let's hurry and pick these up so we can go home," Mo Qingyi said. In the middle of the night, with not a soul in sight, how could a middle-aged woman appear out of nowhere looking for her child? The whole thing was very abnormal.

Chu Jin raised his eyebrows slightly and said in a low voice, "I'm afraid it's not that simple."

Mo Qingyi swallowed hard and asked with a trembling voice, "Jin Brother... what do you mean?"

Chu Jin picked up a sheet of paper from the ground, shook it lightly, and handed it to Mo Qingyi, "Take a look at this."

It was not a missing person flyer, but an old newspaper folded very neatly, the same size as the flyers, with content circled in red that was most conspicuous.

Mo Qingyi gasped on the spot, her eyes wide with fear and her heart in her throat.

The headline of the news read—

"Tragedy! Two 7-year-old girls imitate a scene from a cartoon, tying up and cooking a 6-year-old boy until his death!"

It was accompanied by several photos.

Even though the faces were blurred, Mo Qingyi recognized that the child in the photos was the son the middle-aged woman was looking for, Little Tiger.

There were also a few photos of the crime scene, which were blurred as well.

The news described that after the two girls realized their playmate was indeed dead, out of fear of being held responsible, they concealed the incident from the adults. As a result, it took 15 days for the police to find Little Tiger's body.

During these 15 days, Little Tiger's family had almost turned Capital City upside down. When they heard the dreadful news, the mother couldn't get over the pain of losing her child; she became deliriously distraught.

Mo Qingyi's entire body was trembling slightly. So, this middle-aged woman's son had actually died three years ago. What did she want to do now?

"Don't worry, as long as I'm here," Chu Jin gently patted Mo Qingyi's shoulder, speaking in a calm, unhurried tone, showing no sign of tension anywhere on her body.

Her voice was like a soft spring breeze that erased the fear in Mo Qingyi's heart. Mo Qingyi calmed down and nodded towards Chu Jin.

Chu Jin pulled Mo Qingyi to her feet, straightened the papers in her hand, and walked towards the middle-aged woman. "Auntie, we have finished picking these up for you. Please keep them safe."

Mo Qingyi was almost too scared to look at the middle-aged woman. The news had reported that her son had been accidentally killed by two young girls. Could she now be thinking of... killing her and Chu Jin to avenge her son's death? After all, there's no telling what a grieving, delusional mind might think.

The middle-aged woman took the papers from Chu Jin's hand, her voice hoarse as she said, "Thank you, both of you are good girls. There aren't many kind people like you around nowadays." Time had etched its marks on her face; she had just turned 40 but crow's feet were already visible at the corners of her eyes.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "No, you are mistaken. In fact, there are many good people in this world. Human nature is inherently good."

"No!" The middle-aged woman suddenly widened her eyes and roared at Chu Jin, "There are no good people in this world! Not one! Not a single one! They're all bad people! They're all bad!" By the end of her outburst, she was holding her head in her hands, wailing in agony, close to the edge of rage.

"Have a look at this." Chu Jin casually spread her hand, and in her palm appeared a crystal clear Crystal Ball.

At that moment, the Crystal Ball was playing a scene, like a movie projector, showing what had just happened at the crossroads.

In the midst of traffic congestion, drivers were voluntarily clearing a green corridor of life for the ambulance. The ambulance's emergency lights flashed without ceasing; the way ahead was clear. A journey that would normally take thirty minutes took only six this time.

The middle-aged woman watched these scenes unfolding, disbelief on her face, seemingly perplexed as to why Chu Jin was showing her these images.

The scene changed, shifting to the view of a patient being taken to the operating table.

"Forceps..."

"Gauze!"

The tense operation was underway.

"Transfuse blood to the patient!"

"Drip—"

"Doctor Li, the patient's heartbeat has stopped!"

Faintly, the lights of the operating room went out, and the doctors could only offer the patient's family a heavy sigh.

The patient's family members swarmed into the operating room.

Seeing this scene, however, the middle-aged woman was stunned. Isn't that her mother-in-law and her husband? What were they rushing in for?

However, when the middle-aged woman saw the person on the operating table who had been declared dead by the doctors, her mouth fell open in shock, incredulity written all over her face.

The person on the operating table... That person... That person was her!

Mo Qingyi was also stunned. She had thought the middle-aged woman was just a delusional vengeful mother, but she turned out to be a ghost!

It turned out that the ambulance she had seen earlier was carrying this very middle-aged woman!

Mo Qingyi had never experienced anything like this before; it was so frightening that she began to question life itself. Indeed, as Chu Jin had said, there really were ghosts in this world.

The middle-aged woman staggered backwards unsteadily, looking up at Chu Jin and then at Mo Qingyi, her lips twisting into a grim smile. "I'm already dead, I'm already dead, ha ha, it's ridiculous, truly ridiculous. I haven't found Little Tiger yet, how could I die? How could I possibly be dead?" As she said this, her resentment surged!

Chu Jin sighed, "You should report to the underworld sooner, the human realm is not a place to linger."

Just then, a cold wind blew, sending the newspaper to the middle-aged woman's feet. She glanced at the newspaper, and instantly, her whole aura changed! What were once normal eyes turned into bloody hollows! She had clearly become a ferocious ghost!

"It's you! It's you who killed my son! Give me back my son's life!" She suddenly extended her hands, her nails growing sharp in an instant, like knives, gleaming with a sinister cold light under the lamp!

Her clothes were drenched in blood, with intestines hanging out of her belly and her head severely deformed, even exposing brain matter! The sight was extremely terrifying!

She had now transformed into a fierce ghost, devoid of any humanity, but no matter what, she was still a great mother.

Since Little Tiger's accident, she had lived every day as if he had just gone missing, forgetting his death. Every day, she squatted at every corner handing out missing person notices, come rain or shine for three years.

The reason she met with disaster was that she saw a boy resembling Little Tiger at this intersection. Driven by her desperation, she chased after the boy across the street, only to be run over by a large truck, ultimately leading to her death.

It was an utter tragedy. Who was at fault? The two young girls? Those unscrupulous animated shows? Or was it the child's guardians? The truck driver?

The middle-aged woman, now a fierce ghost, suddenly pounced, startling Mo Qingyi so much that she clung to Chu Jin, shaking in fear.

Chu Jin's fingers holding the energy crystal ball moved subtly.

Suddenly, white smoke appeared out of nowhere. For Chu Jin, getting rid of a ghost that had just turned fierce by making it "Scatter Like Ashes" was truly easy, but she didn't want to do that. She intended to enlighten this pitiable mother. This woman had already suffered enough in this life, hoping that in the next life, she could live in a happy family.

Just then, from the midst of the white smoke came a crisp child's voice, "Mommy, I've come to get you."

Upon hearing this voice, the middle-aged woman's face lit up with joy. She lowered her hands and walked towards the mist, the Ghost Qi on her weakening bit by bit, her body gradually returning to normal, no longer as horrifying and terrifying.

"Little Tiger!"

"Mommy!" The mother and son embraced each other excitedly; at last, they were reunited in the netherworld.

As the white smoke gradually dispersed, the mother and son walked hand in hand, their malevolence dissipated, smiling and waving goodbye to Chu Jin, "Thank you, goodbye." Their bodies slowly became transparent and finally vanished into the air.

Mo Qingyi was no longer as afraid, looking in the direction where the mother and son disappeared, her eyes reddening slightly, "Such a pitiable mother and child. Jin, where are they going now?"

Chu Jin remained composed, "They have gone to be reincarnated. Don't worry, they can still continue to be mother and son in their next life."

"Really? How do you know?" Mo Qingyi lifted her gaze in surprise.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "I can tell."

"You can tell?" Mo Qingyi grew even more curious, "How can you tell?"

Chu Jin spoke indifferently, "They share the appearance of mother and son; thus, they can definitely continue as such in their next life."

At that moment, a man dressed in Taoist robes, gasping for breath, ran over from the roadside, holding a peach wood sword, his face adorned with a goatee beard—a look that screamed Heavenly Master who catches ghosts.

"Young lady, young lady," the man said breathlessly, "You should hurry back home, it's not safe here. I felt the presence of a fierce ghost." While speaking, he drew two pieces of yellow talisman paper from his bosom and stuffed them into Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi's hands.

"These are amulets, keep them safe! Remember! No matter what you hear or see later, do not turn back!"

After finishing, he brandished his peach wood sword in the air, muttering incantations, "Supreme spirits of heaven and earth, the divine of the South Sea appear swiftly, by the decree of the Queen Mother of the West, with the utmost urgency..."

Once he finished the incantation and noticed Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi still standing there, his expression changed suddenly.

"Hey! You two young ladies, why haven't you left yet? Don't think I'm joking with you! I tell you, there really is a fierce ghost here! See that bloodstain? That's where it just spilled its blood. To my knowledge, it must have died in a traffic accident and become an Earthbound Spirit! While it has just fallen into the ghostly path, I need to quickly take care of it! It'll be too late if I wait! You two better hurry up and go! Later, when it shows up, I might not be able to protect you! Moreover, I'm telling you, there's more than one ghost here!"

Just as Chu Jin was about to say something, the man hurriedly interrupted her.

"Ah! You two, hurry up and go! Can you not hold me back from saving all of mankind?"

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly and spoke in a faint tone, "Look behind you."

The man turned around with some confusion, and when he clearly saw what was behind him, he immediately let out a scream, "Ah!"

Standing right behind him was a ghost with a long tongue hanging out!

Luckily, he quickly came to his senses and immediately grabbed a tool and started fighting the fierce ghost.

While fighting, he heard the girl's light voice, "Qingyi, let's go home."

"Jin ge, what is an Earthbound Spirit?"

Chu Jin explained, "The middle-aged woman we just encountered is an Earthbound Spirit..."

Their voices got further and further away.

After hearing this conversation, the man couldn't help but question his life. Are girls these days all so valiant? They aren't even afraid of ghosts! They even know what Earthbound Spirits are? Is this still the shy young girl he knew? If it were someone else, wouldn't they have been scared out of their wits by now?

Meanwhile, inside Shi Yu Xuan.

Chen Xinci had not expected that the person summoning her was Song Shiqin. After he had helped her catch the thief that day, she went back and specifically looked him up, only to find out that he was the General of Hua Nation, Song Shiqin.

Could it be that Shi Yu Xuan was also a property of Song Shiqin?

"Mr. Song." Chen Xinci greeted him.

Song Shiqin pointed to the chair in front of him and said, "Please take a seat, Miss Chen."

Chen Xinci leaned forward to sit down and then asked, "Is there something you wanted from me, Mr. Song?"

Song Shiqin's mouth curved into a faint smile as he spoke in a deep voice, "It's nothing major. I just wanted to verify something with Miss Chen." Being a military man, he was accustomed to getting straight to the point, so Song Shiqin didn't beat around the bush with her.

Chen Xinci smiled graciously and said, "Please, go ahead."

Song Shiqin nodded; he liked dealing with straightforward people. Aside from Chu Jin, Chen Xinci was the second woman he regarded differently, but she didn't give him that strange sense of palpitation.

Song Shiqin snapped his fingers, and immediately a staff member came over with a tablet computer for Chen Xinci.

Chen Xinci looked at Song Shiqin with some curiosity, "What is this?"

Song Shiqin took a sip of his tea and said, "Take a look at it."

Chen Xinci did as told and picked up the tablet, browsing through the content on the screen. After a moment, she asked somewhat puzzled, "What is it that you're trying to convey, Mr. Song?"

Hearing this, Song Shiqin set down his teacup and looked seriously at Chen Xinci, "Is this newly risen 'National Goddess' Miss Chen?"

His eyes were like the dawn, pitch black and bottomless, with eyebrows sharp like stars and an air of righteous vigor—extremely masculine.

He was probably the most manly man Chen Xinci had seen since returning to the country!

Chen Xinci felt a moment of reverie; if she were actually that mysterious National Goddess, he would certainly regard her differently. She saw expectation in Song Shiqin's eyes, and furthermore, she had just seen that her own voting numbers online were the highest.

But after all, that wasn't her. She couldn't forget her original principles in life. Her foster mother used to say, "How can one satisfy everyone? Just remain true to one's own heart."

With that thought in mind, Chen Xinci smiled with relief, "I'm afraid I'm going to disappoint you, Mr. Song, but that's not me. It might be one of the other two young ladies."

Chapter 528: give you three days' time

The second highest vote-getter was Zhao Yiling, and another was Sun Manyao. However, both of them had not issued any statement.

Chen Xinci never played with Weibo, and if it weren't for Song Shiqin, she wouldn't have known that she had become famous online. Now everyone was guessing that she was the "National Goddess". It seemed that she needed to go back and apply for a Weibo account to issue a statement, she couldn't let the misunderstanding continue.

Song Shiqin did not expect that Chen Xinci would deny this matter so unequivocally.

The way she acted did not seem like she was lying, but if she was not the one, then who was?

Zhao Yiling or Sun Manyao?

But were these two the mysterious National Goddess?

"Miss Chen, please have some tea," Song Shiqin poured Chen Xinci a cup of tea without any change in his expression.

Chen Xinci picked up the teacup and thanked Song Shiqin, "Thank you."

Song Shiqin continued, "In Miss Chen's opinion, who is most likely to be the National Goddess?"

Chen Xinci smiled lightly, "That's really hard to say. I've just returned to China, and I'm not very familiar with these distinguished ladies. Mr. Chen, are you very curious about the National Goddess?"

Unexpectedly, Song Shiqin, such a tough and upright man, was also interested in a young lady. Chen Xinci was intrigued as to who was so fortunate to have caught Song Shiqin's attention, a strong interest flashing in her eyes.

Song Shiqin sipped his tea, "Not at all, I'm simply fulfilling someone's trust, doing someone's bidding."

The tea smoke curled up, and the two facing each other had different thoughts.

At the same time.

In a secret base somewhere on the China mainland.

It was that same snow-white room where Li Ruyu was holding a bowl of green liquid, sitting by the bed, spoon-feeding Zhao Yiling, "Ling'er, you're finally awake, you scared me to death. I thought you'd never wake up in this lifetime! If you really had just slept on, how could I live the rest of my life?"

While talking, Li Ruyu's eyes started to redden. Now, just thinking about what happened that day still sent shivers down her spine.

On that day, a minor accident occurred during Luo Tian's second surgery, causing Zhao Yiling to completely lose consciousness. The day after Luo Tian announced that Zhao Yiling was going to become a permanent vegetative, she woke up!

This phenomenon shocked everyone in the lab.

It could only be explained as a miracle.

Zhao Yiling obediently opened her mouth, accepting the spoonful of green liquid, her expression was rather blank, and she didn't respond to Li Ruyu, just listening silently.

Li Ruyu sniffled and continued.

"Since we've survived a great disaster this time, Ling'er, there must be great fortune ahead of us! Once you fully recover, the first person we're going after is that bitch Chu Jin! If it weren't for her, you wouldn't be in this state today, nearly never waking up!"

Mentioning Chu Jin, boundless hatred flowed from the depths of Zhao Yiling's eyes as she clenched the bedsheet underneath her fiercely.

She was determined to tear Chu Jin to shreds.

"Chu Jin! I definitely won't let her go! I'll make her pay; I'll send her to hell!"

Li Ruyu smiled in satisfaction, "Ling'er, you must strive to do well this time, do you understand? Kick out Chu Clan and the other groups, and let our Zhao Clan stand at the pinnacle of Capital City's business world! From now on, I will be relying entirely on you."

Zhao Yiling began to speak slowly, "Don't worry, Mom, just wait and see. I promise I won't let you down this time!"

"Good, good, good! That's my good girl," Li Ruyu nodded in satisfaction.

Actually, Li Ruyu could feel that since Zhao Yiling woke up, her personality had changed quite a bit; she became calmer and wiser than before, and she spoke less. In Li Ruyu's eyes, it was all developing in a good direction, which meant Luo Tian's chip had worked its effects.

After feeding that bowl of green liquid, Li Ruyu picked up a tablet from the side and handed it to Zhao Yiling with a smile, "Take a look, Ling'er, are you satisfied with the new alias that your godfather Luo Tian tailored just for you?"

Zhao Yiling took the tablet with a look of puzzlement, and after clarifying the contents, she said with a slight frown, "What do I want with these empty honors?" Although she was no longer as prominent as before, her inherent pride was still intact. Someone like her, why would she need to resort to deception to become famous?

"Silly child, this is not an empty honor!" Li Ruyu spoke with a smile, "These aliases are extremely beneficial for you, and not only for you, but the reputation of the Zhao Clan will also be lifted along with these aliases. It will be the first halo of your fame, and you must safeguard it well! Your godfather Luo Tian didn't manage to manipulate the situation to this point easily; you can't let him down!"

Indeed, it was Luo Tian's credit that the National Goddess incident could ferment into the current situation.

He wanted to internationalize Zhao Yiling, because only in this way would some plans be more convenient to implement.

Zhao Yiling replied with dissatisfaction, "If he really had the ability, then why did someone else get the most votes? Why not just let me take first place? What does coming in second mean?" The word 'second' simply didn't exist in her vocabulary!

Whether it was the past or present!

She would stand at the pinnacle, unparalleled!

"You child! How can you speak like that!" Li Ruyu scolded, "How sad would your godfather be if he heard this? Don't worry, it doesn't matter who gets first place, as long as the alias is yours, nobody can take it away. Your godfather has arranged everything for you. You just focus on recovering. After you're healed, the National Goddess will be you, you will be the National Goddess."

On hearing this, Zhao Yiling cast down her eyes, masking the emotion in their depths, and answered, "Alright, I understand."

There was nothing unpleasant about living at a height that others looked up to. The title of National Goddess sounded very noble, very lavish, without equal in the world.

Li Ruyu nodded, "That's my good girl. Mom will step out now; you should rest well. I'll come to see you tomorrow morning." With those words, Li Ruyu cleaned up the dishes and left.

Zhao Yiling sat on the bed, staring blankly at the snow-white walls. After a long while, her lips revealed a strange curve.

After Chen Xinci returned, she immediately had someone register a Weibo account for her.

That night, she posted a statement on Weibo.

Chen XinciV: Thanks to the kind affection of the netizens, it is a pity that I might let you down! I am not the National Goddess that everyone is referring to! Nor am I a mysterious wealthy person. Photographer OscarV: Encountering the National Goddess jpg.

This Weibo post exploded the comment section nearly instantaneously, drawing throngs of onlookers.

"Madam, I love your openness and honesty."

"A song, new words, and a cup of wine, what a poetic name."

"Switching lanes to be a fan of Madam over here!"

"Ah what a pity! Goddess, you are actually not the National Goddess!"

"No matter who you are, you are forever the goddess in my heart!"

"Love you, my heart's core."

Of course, there were also negative comments; there are always a few keyboard warriors on the internet.

"Shameless schemer! If you're not, then you're not, is there a need to announce it on Weibo? Desperate for fame, huh? Even leeching off my goddess's popularity! Wicked schemer, go die!"

"Trolls can go die! Trash!"

"It's already dead! And it died in pain, thrashing in the cremation as a walking corpse, constantly shouting it wasn't dead, and in the end, it had to be burned with iron chains, the flames roaring loudly, burning for three days and three nights..."

"To the person above, seeing someone scold you puts my mind at ease."

Chen Xinci did not follow up on the developments after posting the Weibo, she logged off the backend, and she was unaware that through this Weibo post, she had attracted hundreds of thousands of new fans!

For a while, 'Chen Xinci Issues Statement' was thrust by the mighty netizens to the top of the trending searches.

After Chen Xinci issued her statement, the internet became even more uproarious, and the onlookers directly divided into two camps.

One side supported Zhao Yiling, while the other supported Sun Manyao.

Each faction held fast to its argument, words flew heatedly, and nobody gave in. For a while, photos and gossip about Zhao Yiling and Sun Manyao flooded everywhere.

It seemed that overnight, both became famous, and the one who would become the National Goddess would emerge as the biggest winner.

When Sun Manyao saw the statement from Chen Xinci, her vain heart began to waver. She wanted to have her PR team shape her into the National Goddess, but she feared being exposed as a fraud. If the truth were to come out later, it would be a loss not worth taking.

Now that Chen Xinci had voluntarily admitted she was not the National Goddess, the only one left was Zhao Yiling.

But looking at Zhao Yiling, she didn't seem like someone who could anonymously donate sixty million.

At the last charity gala, Zhao Yiling only donated five million and made a great fuss about it. Could such a vain person secretly donate sixty million?

Moreover, if Zhao Yiling really were the National Goddess, she would have stepped forward to claim it by now and not dragged this on until now!

So, the National Goddess was definitely not Zhao Yiling, but someone else, someone lowkey.

Perhaps someone indifferent to fame, not wanting to show off.

A true philanthropist.

Someone who didn't care about the title of National Goddess at all.

But if she didn't want to make herself known or famous, wouldn't that be wasting such an opportunity to shoot to stardom? It's the title of National Goddess, after all! The highest glory! A blend of beauty and wisdom! Most importantly, the public image is perfect! She's not just the National Goddess but also a kind-hearted philanthropist, a true one at that!

Anyway, that person clearly doesn't care about the title of National Goddess; if it's wasted, then so be it. Why not let someone who needs it have this opportunity, like giving to a deserving person? It would be doing a good deed on behalf of that person. After all, that person is already a philanthropist who donated sixty million and probably wouldn't mind a small title like this, right?

It was something she didn't want anyway! She probably wouldn't mind, would she?

Sun Manya's heart was torn, unsure of what to decide.

This opportunity was too rare! If she didn't grasp the moment, she'd surely regret it for life!

But what should she do next?

Should she follow Chen Xinci's example and directly claim that she is the National Goddess?

That didn't seem quite right...

She couldn't just claim the title herself; she needed to find a way to have others place the National Goddess's crown on her head.

Only then could she rest easy...

Sun Manyao stared blankly at the content on her tablet, then sighed deeply, not knowing what to choose. An opportunity to ascend to the heavens was within reach, yet she could only watch helplessly.

For now, she could only wait and see. What if Zhao Yiling also declared she wasn't the National Goddess? Two such statements would be rather awkward!

She heard that Zhao Yiling hadn't appeared in the socialite circles for a long time; something unexpected might have happened in her life, Manyao thought, as a smug smile curled at the corner of her mouth.

The farther Zhao Yiling died away, the better!

She needed to pave the way for her future, especially now that Zhao Yiling was out of the picture!

After pondering for a while, Sun Manyao logged onto her WeChat, searched for a public account—a network promoter.

Online marketing hype was their specialty; they also went by another name—"professional pushers".

Goddess Yao: "You there?"

The other party replied promptly, "Hello, how can I assist you?"

Sun Manyao sent over her request.

"Give you three days to turn me into a National Goddess, the kind without a single flaw. Once it's done, I'll pay you eight million."

By "without a single flaw," she meant that she doesn't have to admit it herself—let the public crown her as the National Goddess. Even if the truth comes out, and the real National Goddess emerges, it won't be her problem. After all, she didn't claim the title; others had forced it upon her.

She just had to enjoy the sense of superiority and accomplishment that came with being referred to as the National Goddess.

The National Goddess was already very popular online, and Sun Manyao was among those who fit the criteria. Even though her vote count was lower than the other two candidates, one of them had already dropped out voluntarily. To package Sun Manyao into the National Goddess was not a difficult task, especially when she was willing to pay such a high commission.

Therefore, the other party quickly replied with an OK and sent a string of bank account numbers, "Pay a deposit of fifty first, and the remainder will be settled in full upon completion of the task."

A hint of a smile curved the corners of Sun Manyao's lips as she sent an image of a handshake.

The agreement was reached.

That very night, the professional promoters began to slowly push Sun Manyao into the public eye. Opening the internet, one would get bombarded with news alerts about Sun Manyao.

Sometimes, a video or a piece of text on the internet could resonate with the public.

Under the manipulations of those professional promoters, Sun Manya's voting numbers slowly surpassed Zhao Yiling's.

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The next day.

When Mo Qingyi awoke in the morning, she was the only one on the spacious bed. Rubbing her eyes, she reached for her phone by the bedside and saw that it was only 7:30 a.m. Jin had already gotten up! Astonishing. Doesn't he know that only food and sleep should never be betrayed in this world?

While she was still in a daze, Chu Jin returned from his morning run. He wore a pale pink tracksuit, his raven-black hair put up in a bun, revealing his long, graceful, fair neck, making him look exceptionally vibrant and youthful. The pale pink of his outfit made his fair skin look even whiter.

He exuded an irresistibly lively aura.

Upon seeing Chu Jin enter, Mo Qingyi yawned lazily and said, "Jin, have you lost it? Why run so early instead of staying in bed? Isn't it exhausting?"

She could never understand those who insisted on morning runs every day.

Why torment yourself early in the morning instead of sleeping?

Chu Jin came to the bedside and raised his eyebrows slightly, "Life's about movement. Get up quickly; Xinran will be here soon."

"Xinran?" Mo Qingyi immediately responded with excitement, "Xinran's coming here?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yeah, today is the day to check the scores. Xinran said she wanted to join us to witness this miraculous moment together."

At his words, Mo Qingyi froze for a moment, then quickly caught on, "Ah, ah, ah! I totally forgot! Today's the day to check the scores! I need to get up quickly!" Jumping out of bed, she snatched her clothes and dashed into the bathroom in a flash.

Just after the two had finished breakfast, they heard noise from outside.

"Jin, Qingyi!" Miao Xinran rushed in from outside and gave both of them a big hug, catching them off guard.

Not having seen each other for more than twenty days, Miao Xinran had tanned considerably. Mo Qingyi started teasing, "Holy shit! Xinran, did you go to Africa or something? You've gotten so dark!"

Miao Xinran touched her face and said, "I think it's alright, isn't it? It's not that exaggerated, right?"

Chu Jin agreed from the side, nodding, "Hmm, you did get a bit darker, but it doesn't affect your beauty. In fact, you seem more spirited this way."

"Really?" Miao Xinran looked up joyfully. Being vain was in the nature of every girl in the bloom of youth, and Miao Xinran was no exception. She was naturally happy to hear compliments.

Chapter 529: God of Exams Grandpa's Miracle

"Of course," Chu Jin nodded, "when have I ever lied to you?"

Chu Jin hadn't really spoken against his conscience; although Miao Xinran was a bit darker than before, it actually highlighted another kind of effortless beauty about her that made one's eyes light up at first glance, extremely comfortable to look at.

However, in a group of three, there's always one bad influence; Mo Qingyi immediately teased, "Silly child, Jin is just comforting you! How can you be beautiful when you're as black as charcoal? You believe such nonsense? Grow a brain, will you!"

Miao Xinran instantly turned into a drama queen, clutching Chu Jin's arm with one hand and pointing at Mo Qingyi with the other, speaking in an eerie and strange tone, "Jin... She, she, she, she said I'm ugly! She's bullying me! You have to help me get revenge!"

Chu Jin smiled helplessly, "Enough already, you two drama queens! Didn't we say we were going to check the college entrance exam scores? Let's do it quickly."

At the mention of this, Mo Qingyi immediately became serious, "Right, right, right! Let's hurry upstairs." With those words, she dragged the other two toward the stairs.

Miao Xinran was somewhat puzzled, "Why do we have to go upstairs? Can't we just check down here?"

Mo Qingyi replied, "There's no computer downstairs; Jin's laptop is upstairs in his bedroom."

"Uh..." Miao Xinran didn't quite follow Mo Qingyi's train of thought, "You can check on your phone too, why must we use a computer?" It'd be such a hassle to go upstairs!

Mo Qingyi made a very sensible face, "How can we check something so sacred and solemn on a phone! Xinran, you're too casual! Right, did you bring your admission ticket?"

Miao Xinran nodded, "Mhm, I've got my admission number in my notes."

"Then let's go," said Mo Qingyi, arm in arm with Chu Jin on the left and Miao Xinran on the right, thumping their way upstairs.

The three of them arrived in the room.

Miao Xinran curiously looked around the decorations in the room, "Jin, this is your room, huh?"

Chu Jin nodded, "Yeah."

Mo Qingyi darted to the computer, carefully switched it on, logged into the score-checking system, and then turned back to Chu Jin and Miao Xinran with a hint of nervousness, "So, which one of you wants to go first?"

Three years of hard work was about to pay off today; saying they weren't nervous would be a lie, Miao Xinran's palms were even coated with a layer of sweat. Although she felt that she had performed quite well during the entrance exams, she was still uncontrollably nervous at this moment.

Chu Jin, however, still appeared unruffled, a clear and handsome expression on his face, devoid of any excess emotion. He glanced at the other two and said, "I'll go first then."

After saying that, he leaned forward to the keyboard, his fingers tapping rapidly as he input the admission number, just about to click on the search button when Mo Qingyi loudly interjected, "Wait a minute, don't click on it, wait for me, don't click it, just give me two minutes!" With that, she zoomed out of the room like a gust of wind.

Chu Jin stood upright and exchanged puzzled glances with Miao Xinran, both of them seeing confusion in each other's eyes, not knowing what Mo Qingyi was up to.

Approximately three minutes later, Mo Qingyi came running back, gasping for air. Unlike when she left, she now held an incense burner and three sticks of incense in her hands.

Miao Xinran, looking at the incense burner in her hand, asked with some bewilderment, "Qingyi, what are you doing? Promoting feudal superstitious beliefs? Summoning a deity?"

"What do you know? You'll see in a moment, step aside Jin," Mo Qingyi said while pushing Chu Jin aside, then placed the incense burner in front of the computer and inserted the three sticks of incense, immediately taking a lighter out of her pocket and lighting the incense.

Both Chu Jin and Miao Xinran's eyes widened as they watched Mo Qingyi, thinking this silly girl must have lost her mind, right?

After all that, Mo Qingyi put her hands together devoutly and bowed deeply to the computer, "Oh great Exam God, please accept my humble bow, I pray that you bless the three of us with extremely, extremely, extremely outstanding results!"

The corner of Chu Jin's mouth twitched, was there... such an operation? It was truly an eye-opener!

Miao Xinran was even more stunned, could this... really work?

Just then, Mo Qingyi turned to look at the two of them, "What are you two still standing there for? Hurry over and pay your respects to the Exam God Grandpa!"

Chu Jin and Miao Xinran exchanged a glance, then walked forward and bowed slightly, as if to fulfill the wishes of a mentally challenged child.

It really was a joyful day for the mentally challenged, concocting such shenanigans.

Seeing how well they cooperated with him, Mo Qingyi contentedly removed the incense burner, "That's enough, Jin. Now the Exam God Grandpa will surely bless you. Go check your results."

"Okay." Chu Jin stepped forward, gripped the mouse, and the moment she clicked to check, the hearts of the two behind her were hanging high in suspense.

In that moment, even the usually composed Chu Jin felt a bit anxious.

The instant the results appeared, Mo Qingyi almost couldn't believe her eyes, exclaiming, "Holy shit! The Exam God Grandpa has manifested his spirit!"

The Gaokao has a total score of 750 points, and this person scored 728 points.

This was quite terrifying indeed.

What was most terrifying was that she even scored full marks in Chinese! It's one thing for the objective questions with standard answers, but how did she manage to get full marks for the essay?

Mathematics was slightly lower, scoring 141 out of 150.

English scored 148 out of a full 150.

The Humanities/Science comprehensive exams scored 289 out of the full 300.

"Jin bro, let me hug you, to rub off some of your good luck!" Mo Qingyi hugged Chu Jin excitedly, "The title of Capital City's top scorer in the Gaokao definitely belongs to you this year!"

Mo Qingyi was aware that last year's Capital City top scorer scored 725 points, which was 3 points less than Jin bro!

Compared to Mo Qingyi's boundless excitement, Miao Xinran was much calmer. As Chu Jin's desk mate, she naturally knew Chu Jin's capabilities, and she had witnessed her efforts in the time leading up to the Gaokao.

Hard work pays off; these results were earned through her effort.

Miao Xinran patted Chu Jin on the shoulder, teasing, "My bro is amazing! The throne of top scorer is definitely yours! As far as I know, last year's top scorer only got 725 points."

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly and spoke in a calm tone, "We'll see about that. Times have changed; amidst the strong, there are always the stronger. Capital City is a place brimming with talent." In reality, rankings and such didn't matter much to Chu Jin; she simply wanted to get into Capital University with ease.

The admission score for Capital University was 679 for humanities and 689 for science; now she could finally rest easy.

"Xinran, Xinran, stop talking and check yours now," Mo Qingyi urged, pushing Miao Xinran towards the computer.

Miao Xinran took a deep breath, entered her exam registration number, and clicked to check.

When Mo Qingyi saw the numbers on the computer screen, she exclaimed in amazement once more, "Holy shit! Xinran! You got just one point less than Jin bro! It seems that the Exam God Grandpa really has shown his grace!"

"If Jin bro is Capital City's number one then, you're the second! Oh my!" Saying this, Mo Qingyi's mouth formed into an 'O' shape.

Miao Xinran scored 727 points; she was truly a super top student, so scoring these points was considered normal for her.

However, Miao Xinran herself was somewhat surprised; she knew her score would definitely be above 700, but she had not expected to jump to 727 points!

"Wow! That's really great!" Miao Xinran exclaimed, spinning around in excitement.

The sudden appearance of two academic gods by her side left Mo Qingyi feeling slightly stunned; she hugged Miao Xinran, "Xinran, I need to rub off some of your luck. I'm just praying to score around 690 points, even 689 would do; I absolutely must not be disappointed this time!" Thanks to repeating a year, Mo Qingyi's grades were quite good, always managing to stay within the top 5 in her class.

But during the college entrance exam, she always felt that she hadn't performed well, and it just so happened to coincide with her period.

Mo Qingyi, with a nervous heart, clicked to check her results. The moment she pressed the mouse, she closed her eyes tight! Her heart was 'thumping' incessantly.

Yet, there was no sound around her. The air was deathly quiet and somewhat oppressive, which made Mo Qingyi even more anxious. With her eyes tightly shut, she asked cautiously, "How many points did I score?"

Miao Xinran swallowed and said, "You better open your eyes and see for yourself."

"But brace yourself," Chu Jin added.

Hearing this made Mo Qingyi even more nervous, "Hey, you two little demons, don't scare me, an old lady! What's the score? Can you just give it to me straight? Do you want to kill me with the suspense?"

Mo Qingyi was desperately anxious, yet she didn't have the courage to open her eyes—after all, she had already been let down once before!

If she was disappointed again this time, she would have no face to show to the folks back in Shandong.

God of Exams, Grandpa, bless me.

Mo Qingyi prayed silently in her heart.

Miao Xinran sighed, patted her shoulder, and said with profound meaning, "Here's a 'Cool Cool' for you, experience it for yourself."

Chu Jin also sighed and similarly patted Mo Qingyi's shoulder, "Don't lose heart! If all else fails, you can start over! In eighteen years, you will be a hero again!"

"Ah? No way..." Mo Qingyi's heart instantly plunged into the abyss.

She slowly opened her eyes and saw the score on the computer screen, she jumped up excitedly, "Wow! Am I dreaming? Ahh! This is great! This is great!"

But in just a minute or two, her mood swung from hell to heaven, like riding a roller coaster—thrilling and exhilarating!

Mo Qingyi scored 720 points! A score she never even dreamt of achieving! The feeling was just amazing!

"You two little demons, how dare you trick me! You really scared me to death!" Mo Qingyi patted her chest as if she had survived a great ordeal.

Miao Xinran shrugged helplessly, "Who told you to be so gullible?"

Mo Qingyi immediately lunged at her, threateningly saying, "I'll not let you off for being such an annoying little demon."

As Miao Xinran ran away laughing, she said, "It wasn't just me who tricked you. There was another little demon too."

"Oh Xinran!" Chu Jin grabbed a cushion from nearby and threw it, "You actually betrayed your teammate."

The three of them made a ruckus in the room, their happiness, joy, and carefree laughter filling every corner of the villa like the sound of silver bells.

After a while of commotion, all three of them, exhausted, slumped on the sofa on the balcony to rest. It was then that Mo Qingyi suddenly opened her eyes, smiling and suggesting, "Since all three of us did so well, why don't we go out and celebrate tonight?"

Miao Xinran asked, "Celebrate? How should we celebrate? Where do we celebrate?"

"Jin, what do you think?" Mo Qingyi reached out to pat Chu Jin's head.

Chu Jin squinted, lazily saying, "Whatever makes you happy, I will absolutely comply with the organization's arrangements."

"How about we go to a bar tonight?" Mo Qingyi raised her eyes to look at Miao Xinran, excitement sparkling in her gaze.

Mo Qingyi had wanted to go to a bar for a long time, but she was always hindered by her status as a high school student and had never managed to go. Now things were different; she was about to become a college student.

Miao Xinran slightly frowned, "A bar? Isn't that a bad idea?"

In Miao Xinran's mind, bars had always been places teeming with a mixed crowd. Although she played video games, read comics during class and had always presented a carefree and unrestrained image, she had never been to a bar. Moreover, she had a strict brother.

Mo Qingyi was extremely excited, "Yeah, yeah, let's go there and have fun. I've never been to a bar in my life. Aren't you curious what a bar looks like? Plus, I've heard bars are super fun, with lots and lots of handsome guys, and you can sing, dance, eat, drink, and be merry..."

Upon hearing this, Miao Xinran nodded, "I am curious, but haven't you heard the saying? Curiosity killed the cat! My brother says bars are not places for students to go."

"But that's about cats! We are three living, breathing people! Besides, we're adults now, and we're about to become university students! What's wrong with going to a bar once? Come on, Xinran, my little Xinran..."

By the end of her plea, Mo Qingyi had grabbed Miao Xinran's arm and started cooing in an incredibly whiny voice.

If one hadn't seen it with their own eyes, it would be hard to imagine that Mo Qingyi could act like this.

The sound gave Miao Xinran goosebumps all over. She quickly pushed Mo Qingyi away, saying with disgust, "Ew, I can't stand you! Fine, fine, I'll go, okay? Can you stop talking like a drake?"

"That's more like it." Mo Qingyi's voice finally returned to normal.

"Let's meet up tonight then," Miao Xinran stood up from the sofa and glanced at her wristwatch, "My brother is coming back from a business trip today, it's about time for me to pick him up at the airport, and I might as well share the good news with him."

Mo Qingyi nodded, "Okay, let's meet at 8 p.m. at the entrance of Nightlife Bar."

"All right, see you tonight." Miao Xinran waved goodbye to the two.

"See you tonight."

After Miao Xinran left, Mo Qingyi also got up from the sofa and shook Chu Jin's arm, "Jin, how come Mr. Wu hasn't called to congratulate you yet?"

"Congratulate me for what?" Chu Jin was somewhat puzzled.

Mo Qingyi embraced a cushion and said, "For becoming the top scorer in Capital City's university entrance exam, of course!"

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, fiddled with the phone in his hand, and said casually, "With my score, at most, I could rank in the top five among the 18 schools in Capital City. There's no need to even think about being the top scorer. Anyway, the results have already been published. If you're really that curious about who the top scorer is this year, you can go online and check."

Although a score of 728 wasn't low, there were always many talents throughout history. Chu Jin had a hunch that someone else would be the top scorer of this year's exam.

"I refuse to believe anyone scored higher than you!" Mo Qingyi put down the cushion, stood up, and grabbed her laptop. She started tapping away at the keyboard rapidly, and after a moment, she cried out in astonishment, "Holy shit! Jin, this is so unfair! The top scorer only got 2 points more than you!"

Mo Qingyi moved the laptop in front of Chu Jin, "Look, he got 730, and you got 728. He's first and you're second. But this guy's name is so lame. Pig liver! His name is Pig Liver! If his last name was Gou, wouldn't he be called Dog Liver? Hahaha."

Chu Jin glanced over and said lightly, "That's Tian Gang. It's the 'Gang' from Heavenly Qi. Kid, don't you know the difference between initial and final nasal sounds?"

"Isn't it all pronounced 'gan', Tian-gan Righteous Qi, Pig-gan, what's the difference?" Mo Qingyi, indeed, couldn't tell the difference between initial and final nasal sounds.

Chu Jin shook his head helplessly, really wondering how this kid had managed to score a 720...

"I'm going to call my mom and Aunt Tong to let them have their share of joy," Mo Qingyi fished out her phone from her pocket and started sharing the good news one by one, "Hi, Mom, it's me, I've got some great news. I scored 720 points on my college entrance exam! Right, right, isn't your daughter amazing? Haha, actually Jin is even more incredible, scoring second in Capital City! If this were ancient times, that would be equivalent to the status of a runner-up in the imperial exam..."

Meanwhile, Chu Jin was on the phone chatting with his editor.

The editor was incredibly excited. These days, "The Return of the Past" was selling out, and its sales were exploding both online and offline. This success had also significantly raised her status in the editorial team.

Chapter 530: completely ignored

The editor cared a lot about Chu Jin's academic progress, so the first message was about Chu Jin's college entrance exam scores.

Linglong Dice: (Hey old pal, have your college entrance exam scores come out yet?) Because she was familiar with Chu Jin, she was quite uninhibited when chatting with her.

Resplendent Rivers and Mountains: (Yeah. /Smile)

Linglong Dice: (Seeing how you are, you must've done well, right?)

Resplendent Rivers and Mountains: (It was okay, the results were as expected.)

Results as expected meant that she had done well, and she had mentioned before that she wanted to aim for Capital University. It seemed Capital University was within reach now! While "The Return of the Past" was in high spirits, the editor seized the opportunity to urge her to start a new book.

Linglong Dice: (So old pal, now that you've finished your exams, when do you plan to start a new book?)

Resplendent Rivers and Mountains: (Let nature take its course...)

Seeing her respond like this, the editor quickly changed the subject.

Linglong Dice: (Our website has arranged an author interview for you, the kind where you show your face on video. When are you free?)

Resplendent Rivers and Mountains: (I'm not very photogenic, I'd rather not do a video, afraid it would affect the book sales. I could consider a written interview, though.)

Linglong Dice: (Nowadays, all the good-looking people say they're not! Come on, Master, let's not be modest, okay?) Even her ID photos look that good, and she's still calling herself unattractive! Is she trying to fool her uneducated editor?

Resplendent Rivers and Mountains: (Linglong big sis, I'm serious.)

Linglong Dice: (Haha... that's a cold joke.)

The editor typed quickly and was also fast in switching topics. Soon, she sent another message, (Didn't I tell you to apply for a Weibo account to interact with your readers? Why haven't you applied for it yet?)

Resplendent Rivers and Mountains: (I... forgot.) Chu Jin had been really busy lately and had genuinely forgotten.

Linglong Dice: (/Spits blood, and about that book-signing event, our website is already arranging it. You better get your Weibo account set up soon to build up some popularity for the signing! By the way, just to let you know, the signing event is planned for mid-November, so get prepared.)

Resplendent Rivers and Mountains: (That soon? I'll apply for Weibo as soon as possible.)

Linglong Dice: (You really mustn't forget this time!)

Resplendent Rivers and Mountains: (Don't worry!)

After chatting with the editor, Chu Jin logged into the author's backend and clicked on the income management page. This page showed the income from online subscriptions made by readers and did not include revenue from published books.

Since her book was published, Chu Jin had never once checked her income.

When she saw the online income for the past three months, Chu Jin was stunned. Just from the PC and mobile end, her income had reached an eight-digit figure!

Her author level had also gone from being a signed author to a diamond one!

Chu Jin never dreamed that the royalties from the digital version would be so much. She thought at most it would be a seven-digit number, but it turned out to leap directly to eight digits.

A whole twenty-six million.

Remembering the editor's words, Chu Jin first browsed the comment section for a while and replied to comments, then picked up her phone and registered a Weibo account with the nickname 'The Return of the Past' and announced her new Weibo account in the comment section.

The moment the comment was posted, readers immediately started leaving messages.

"Ahhh, I've finally waited for Sister Past, I'm going to follow you!"

"Love Past Past a thousand years."

"Love People People ten thousand years."

"Love Return Return a hundred million years."

"Everybody loves me, and I love everybody."

"Stick to formation, guys! Are you having fun goofing off?"

"Sister Past is my lifelong love, no one else."

"What's Weibo? Is it like WeChat?"

"The one above, just Baidu it and you'll know what Weibo is!"

"I don't have Weibo, but for Sister Past, I'm going to register an account."

"Ahhh! I found Sister Past!"

Unlike other authors' comment sections, 'The Return of the Past's comment area was very unique, almost devoid of discordant voices, no trolls, and no haters, everyone was very friendly. Some people even got to know each other through the comment section and went from the virtual to the real world.

They came together because of similar values and had a lot to talk about.

Seeing the comment section so lively, Chu Jin curled her lips into a smile, picked up her phone, aimed at a corner of the balcony, snap took a photo, and posted a Weibo.

The Return of the Past V: Hi everyone, I'm Chu Xiaobai. Picture jpg

In the picture, a plump white cat was snuggled in a flower pot, sleeping. Its head was resting on a cactus, mouth slightly open as if drool could flow out at any moment, looking adorably silly.

By this time, her followers had gone from 0 to 500, and the number was still rising steadily.

And as soon as this Weibo was posted, the comment section exploded.

"So my goddess is also helplessly addicted to sniffing cats!"

"Sister Past, I don't want to see this silly cat's photo, I want to see yours."

"Sister Past, reveal your face!"

"This Chu Xiaobai is really causing a stir!"

"Did this silly cat practice Iron Head Kung Fu?"

"Hi big sister fairy, I'm Chu Xiaohei."

"Goddess, hi, I'm Chu Xiao Lu."

"Bai Erbai here asking for medicine!"

"Bai Sanbai here asking for medicine!"

"A goddess is a goddess; even the cat she keeps exudes a fairy vibe..."

Chu Jin hadn't used Weibo before and wasn't too familiar with it. After playing around for a bit, she logged out and then logged into her personal online banking, entering the account number and password of the bank card bound to her author's account.

She divided the twenty-six million into three parts and donated it.

All donations were made anonymously.

The first part was donated to the recent flood-affected areas, contributing to the disaster relief efforts.

The second part was donated to left-behind children in poverty-stricken mountainous areas, to help them with their basic needs and complete their education.

The third part was divided into three sums and donated to three stray dog and cat rescue stations in Capital City.

Donating to stray animals wasn't a spur-of-the-moment decision, but came after she read a newspaper report yesterday, which mentioned that due to limited capacity and funds at the shelters, euthanasia had become necessary for some dogs and cats, calling on people to adopt instead of buying.

No matter what, those were living beings, and she hoped that this money could bring hope for life to those innocent animals.

Outside, the sunlight was just right. Having taken care of all this, Chu Jin stuffed her phone into her pocket, looked out the window, and a slight smile appeared at the corners of her mouth.

Around seven o'clock in the evening, Mo Qingyi began to sit in front of the dressing table, getting all dressed up. It was her first visit to a bar, so of course, she had to take it seriously.

Chu Jin, on the other hand, was sitting in front of the computer, her fingers flying rapidly across the keyboard, tapping away noisily.

Mo Qingyi turned her head and called out, "Chu Jin, stop playing on the computer, go change your clothes, we're leaving at 7:30, you have half an hour left."

"Change clothes?" Chu Jin looked up with some confusion, "Why do I need to change clothes?"

Mo Qingyi explained, "We're going to 'The Return of the Past' later! Didn't we agree to meet Xinran at 8 o'clock at the entrance?"

"There's no need to get changed, I think what I'm wearing is pretty good." Chu Jin continued her typing while talking, making the keyboard clack loudly.

Mo Qingyi glanced at her and saw that Chu Jin was wearing ripped jeans, a white T-shirt, and white sneakers—overflowing with youth, the very image of a teenager. She couldn't help but tease, "Chu Jin, are you really going to the bar dressed like this? Others will think you haven't even graduated from high school yet. At least try to dress a bit more maturely."

Although the outfit suited her well and looked good, it was just too innocent, giving people an easy opportunity to take advantage. And in a bar, a place filled with all kinds of people, she should dress more maturely and uniquely, so as not to be underestimated.

Chu Jin arched an eyebrow slightly and said, "Changing is such a hassle; you do it, I'll wait for you."

In the end, Mo Qingyi changed into a light purple dress and applied exquisite minimal makeup. This look did indeed make her seem quite mature and significantly more glamorous than usual.

When the two arrived at 'The Return of the Past', it was exactly eight o'clock. Many luxury cars were already parked in front of the bar, and Miao Xinran was waiting by the door of one of them.

"Wow, Xinran, not bad, driving your own car now," Mo Qingyi said as she patted Miao Xinran's shoulder.

Miao Xinran smiled, "That's right, what do you think? My car is pretty great, isn't it?"

"Not bad at all," Mo Qingyi nodded continuously, "When I get my driver's license one day, I'll ask my mom to buy me a car too!"

The environment in the bar was actually quite nice.

Unlike what Miao Xinran had imagined, it wasn't very complicated. Although the lights were very dazzling, they weren't too noisy, and the music wasn't too explosive. It was all performed live by musicians with cellos, pianists, and saxophonists harmoniously creating uniquely characteristic music.

Under the glow of the lights, the red wine looked incredibly tempting.

There were men and women in the dance floor swaying their hips—an atmosphere that was both lively and serene.

There were those drowning their sorrows with alcohol, those looking for fun, and those enjoying life, a mix of different people all together.

The motions of the bartender were dizzyingly deft, with various bottles of liquor constantly creating patterns in his hands, eventually resulting in a beautiful "blossom," eliciting gasps of surprise and dumbfounded stares from young women.

The three of them came to the bar together, Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran were very curious about the layout of the bar, and with drinks in hand, they walked around before heading straight to the dance floor, moving their hips to the rhythm. The lively atmosphere was easily contagious, and soon, they were dancing wildly and carefree—youth was for living unrestrained.

As a successful businessperson in her previous life, Chu Jin had often visited places like bars, so she wasn't at all curious about the environment here. She didn't follow Mo Qingyi and the others wandering

around aimlessly, nor did she go to dance on the dance floor. Instead, she sat at the bar, looking down at her phone, with a beautifully colored cocktail in front of her.

Chu Jin had been sitting there for a while and had already become the most striking scene in the bar. Capital City was not short of beauties, but someone as stunning as Chu Jin was rare indeed. Her unpainted face was delicate, and her peach blossom eyes were captivating yet pure, and although her clothes were simple, she exuded an effortless elegance that was breathtaking.

Many people passed by; some even circled around her five or six times, but no one dared to actually stop and strike up a conversation.

She looked like a seventeen or eighteen-year-old girl, yet she was cloaked in an aura that exceeded her apparent age, instilling a sense of respect and deterring any improper thoughts.

The atmosphere in the bar, already buzzing, suddenly shot up to an extreme, with all kinds of screams, whistles, and frenzied shouts, as if some celebrity superstar had just walked in.

Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brows, looking up toward the source of the sound, only to see spotlights trained on a young man in a white shirt, sitting on stage with a guitar, singing and playing by himself. He had an exceptionally high appeal, the most popular fresh face of the moment.

The audience below the stage was too enthusiastic, their screams and whistles even drowning out the singing. The scene was no less frenetic than that of a movie star.

After glancing that way, Chu Jin quickly withdrew her gaze, her demeanor indifferent. Her serene face showed not a ripple of emotion, a stark contrast to the nearly crazed fans nearby.

In this bar, there were very few who weren't attracted to the young man in white on stage; in fact, most people came specifically for him. But she was the exception.

The bartender next to her tried to draw Chu Jin's attention with dazzling cocktail-flipping skills, but sadly, her focus was entirely on her phone. After completing a difficult maneuver, disappointment flashed in the bartender's eyes as he took away the drink in front of Chu Jin and placed a freshly mixed one before her.

"Beauty, since that drink didn't suit your taste, why not try this newly concocted one? It's called 'Fascination' and fits your charm perfectly."

Beneath the multicolored lights, the half-red, slightly blue liquid shimmered enchantingly in the transparent glass, garnished with a slice of lemon. It looked as appealing as juice, enticing one to down it in one go.

At his words, Chu Jin slowly lifted her eyes, took a sip of the drink, and said to the bartender in a detached tone, "Thank you."

The bartender had thought her to be an icy beauty who didn't speak much, but it turned out she was just an ordinary person. Looking at the glass, he continued, "Beauty, why have you only had a sip? Don't you like it?"

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, her words pointed, "The drink is good, but too spirited for me."

The bartender's specialty was to hide strong alcohol in sweet juices or beverages before smoothly taking down the target.

The more beautiful something is on the outside, the more dangerous it can be.

The bartender hadn't expected Chu Jin to make such a statement. The drink tasted sweet and smooth on entry, like fruit juice, without even a hint of alcohol. How did Chu Jin know it was strong?

This girl was terrifying! She might look young and innocent, but she was actually sharp as a needle, not someone to be easily handled.

But it was also possible she was feigning knowledge, posturing. After all, it's reasonable for a young girl to be cautious since she came to the bar alone.

Continuing, the bartender said, "It's so dull over here, beauty, all alone. Why not join the crowd? Tonight, Yi Shao is here performing. It's a rare opportunity; you really shouldn't miss it."

Chu Jin replied indifferently, "Not interested."

She was no longer a starry-eyed girl and had long passed the age of chasing celebrities.

Few could resist Yi Shao's charm; at least the bartender never saw anyone who did. Every woman, after seeing Yi Shao, would fall at his feet. This young girl was quite interesting, likely to arouse a man's desire to conquer.

The bartender, with a warm smile, said, "You probably don't even know who Yi Shao is, right?"

Even if not attracted by Yi Shao's looks, many women were drawn by his status and wealth, which was why the bartender asked such a question—he wanted to see if Chu Jin was a true "Fairy" or a false one.

Chu Jin offhandedly replied, "Don't know."

The bartender leaned in slightly, speaking mysteriously, "Yi Shao has quite the background. He's the sole heir to the Fang Family in Capital City, and also the owner of 'Night Colors'. Not only is he good-looking, but his assets are over a billion. Most importantly, he still doesn't have a girlfriend."

That was part of why Yi Shao was so popular; he was practically the epitome of Prince Charming in the hearts of myriad young girls.

At these words, Chu Jin merely responded with an indifferent "Oh."

Her expression unchanged, her clear face betraying not a hint of disturbance.

Oh?

What did that "oh" mean? The bartender was taken aback. So all those words he had said before were in vain! The girl had not taken them in at all!

If she really had, would she have reacted this way?