

R Woman 531

Chapter 531: even dared to provoke Lian Jin Ge!

This is a great opportunity to get close to Prince Charming! After all, how often do you get the chance to meet a wealthy person in real life? Those women are going crazy for a reason—they all want to skyrocket to the top!

The mixologist cleared his throat and asked, "Miss, did you hear clearly what I just said?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Mm."

Now the mixologist was even more certain that Chu Jin hadn't been listening to him properly, so he pointed very seriously at the young man in white who was singing on stage and said, "You see, the one singing on stage is the heir to the Fang Family. This bar, Azure Dragon, is his as well. He's only 21 years old and already has a net worth of over a billion."

Chu Jin continued to nod, her tone indifferent, "I know, didn't you just say so?"

Could this girl be any more calm? It completely redefined the mixologist's perception of women! No woman would remain this calm upon hearing about the young master's fortune! Her reaction was just too out of the ordinary!

She must not have understood the implication of his words... Yes, that must be it! The mixologist continued, "Miss, perhaps you're not aware yet? The young master still doesn't have a girlfriend!"

After saying that, the mixologist looked at Chu Jin with great anticipation! He had made it so obvious this time; she should understand what he meant now, right?

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow and countered, "So... what does that have to do with me?"

The mixologist was amusing to her. Instead of focusing on his cocktails, he was emphasizing such a trivial matter to her!

The mixologist really felt like dying! He had never met such an unusual girl! She was actually not interested in the young master! No one would believe this if he told them!

Indeed, there were still women in the world who were indifferent to fame and wealth!

Having worked in this bar for a long time, the mixologist was used to seeing all sorts of women who would do anything to cling to the powerful at any cost. He had almost forgotten that there are people in this world who don't need to look up to men, because they themselves are the ones to be admired.

The mixologist quickly prepared a cocktail and handed it to Chu Jin, "Miss, you're practically my idol! This drink is on the house." After a pause, he added, "Don't worry, it's low in alcohol content, good for your complexion and beauty."

Chu Jin didn't refuse, but gracefully took the drink and took a small sip, "Thank you, it tastes good."

After a drink, a light flush appeared on her jade-like face. Perhaps it was a matter of her constitution, but even with a drink low in alcohol content, Chu Jin would blush.

Just then, a slimy man walked over and stood beside Chu Jin, saying very obsequiously, "Little sister, are you alone? Want your big brother to keep you company for a few drinks?"

He appeared about twenty-three years old, with a head of "granny gray" hair, wearing a short T-shirt, with a tattoo of the Azure Dragon on his exposed arms, and a very sturdy build. Several followers were with him, clearly coming from the underworld, and they did not bode well.

Chu Jin ignored him and continued to play with her phone. She was busy scrolling through Weibo. Who had time to deal with this idiot?

Seeing that Chu Jin actually ignored him, the man touched his chin and squinted, "Interesting, very interesting."

It was clear to anyone with eyes that this man had ill intentions toward Chu Jin. A young girl unable to fight off even a chicken, she was likely to be at a disadvantage against this group of thugs.

Having a good impression of Chu Jin, the mixologist smiled and said, "Dragon Brother has arrived, please take a seat, take a seat. Dragon Brother, this is a little sister from home, she's young and doesn't understand how things work, I hope you can be patient with her."

"Your sister?" the man asked, looking at the mixologist.

Laughing, the mixologist nodded, "Yes, yes." He then handed the drink in his hand to the man, "Dragon Brother, this drink's on me."

The man drank it in one gulp, "Your sister is pretty charming, a pity she doesn't have manners. She needs to be properly taught..."

His words had an undertone, and Chu Jin, who was engrossed in Weibo, didn't take in a word of their conversation.

As the mixologist was deftly making another cocktail, he said, "She's the only little sister in our family, spoiled by our parents. She came to visit me today and she's leaving in a bit." After speaking, he freed a hand to gently knock on the table in front of Chu Jin, signaling to her.

Was this child silly? He had hinted so obviously, why wouldn't she leave? Did she actually want to sit here and wait to be bullied?

"What's wrong?" Chu Jin looked up, somewhat puzzled.

The bartender's lips twitched before he seriously said, "Sister, it's time to go home; before long, our mom will start worrying."

Throughout the process, he kept winking at Chu Jin, hoping this silly girl would understand his good intentions.

Sister? This bartender sure is playing quite the part, but Chu Jin glanced at the burly men around her and immediately understood what was going on.

With the mindset that avoiding trouble is better than seeking it, Chu Jin obediently nodded, "Okay, I'm leaving now, goodbye, brother."

The bartender breathed a sigh of relief! He was really scared that the girl would blow their cover just now! But it seems she's not as foolish as he thought.

Just as Chu Jin turned to leave, suddenly a muscular arm blocked her path.

"Little sister, how about having a couple of drinks with brother before you leave?" a sleazy voice rang through the air.

Being so young and alone, it was normal for her to be bullied.

These people were no fools; they could naturally tell that Chu Jin had nothing to do with the bartender.

Chu Jin halted, looked towards the source of the voice, and with a slight curl of her lips and a disdainful stance, she said, "You... are you worthy?"

Mad! Domineering! Cool! Aloof!

She embodied these four words to the fullest.

The bartender never imagined that Chu Jin would have such a sharp retort. If it had been another girl, she probably would have been scared out of her wits by now, right? Yet, being naive to the ways of the world, she dared to provoke these thugs! She didn't know what could kill her.

Alas! Might as well go all the way with being a good person and deliver her from hell!

The bartender immediately stepped out from behind the bar, shielding Chu Jin behind him, and said with a smile, "Brother Dragon, don't be angry, my little sister here doesn't read much; she speaks without thinking. Please don't take her too seriously."

"Scram!" the man pushed the bartender away and threatened, "If you want to stay alive, mind your own business!"

Several of his lackeys immediately surrounded the bartender, flashing their knives. The bartender retreated in fright. He knew these people weren't to be messed with, promptly returned behind the bar with self-awareness, and gave Chu Jin a look that said take care of yourself.

He had done his best! He couldn't be blamed! He was quite self-aware that his own life was more important! Furthermore, this thug indeed had some ability and was somewhat connected with Young Master Yi. He himself couldn't afford to provoke him!

The man's gaze returned to Chu Jin, his eyes lascivious as he extended his hand. Just as he was about to touch Chu Jin's shoulder, she swiftly dodged, cleverly avoiding his sleazy grip.

Chu Jin's lips faintly curled as she looked at the man, her mouth bearing a mocking tone, "Just a reminder, scum like you, I can handle three with just one hand. You'd better not make me angry, otherwise... the consequences... might really be more than you can bear."

The bizarre lighting streaked across her delicate, exquisite figure, and, perhaps because of her pale skin, the dim light cast a shallow shadow on her beautiful face, making her seem even more noble and aloof.

However, it was quite clear that these words were a bit too much. Any rational young girl faced with seven or eight burly men would never utter such a brazen statement.

As soon as she finished speaking, low laughter spread around her! The lackeys following the man assessed Chu Jin with various looks, convinced that their boss would soon have his way with this beautiful girl.

The bartender looked at Chu Jin with an expression of disbelief, stunned by her words. Really, was this foolish girl in such a hurry to die that she needed to add fuel to the fire?

The man chuckled with a "heh heh," rubbed his hands together, his eyes brazenly scanning Chu Jin, burning with desire, as blatant as if she were undressed. With a leery voice, he said, "Little sister, you're quite the braggart! But brother likes you just like that."

The young lady before him, though young, had a figure that was very well developed and a beautiful face, a true stunner!

Thinking this, the man's mouth became dry, and he took a few steps forward, reaching out his hands towards Chu Jin, intending to embrace her.

Chu Jin didn't dodge, just sat on the high stool in front of the bar, calm and collected, with shallow dimples by her mouth and a thick chill in her eyes.

The bartender was astonished! This girl really must be foolish! With things being as they were, she didn't even think to dodge.

The lackeys at the side surrounded the pair, jeering and laughing as if they were used to such acts.

Suddenly, "Bang!" Before anyone could react to what had happened,

the man was hunched over on the ground, clutching his groin, his face contorted in pain as he convulsed and trembled uncontrollably! It looked like he might spend the rest of his life as a eunuch.

The bartender swallowed with difficulty, indeed, appearances can be deceiving! That move just now made even him cringe in sympathy—it was a pain that only a man could truly understand!

And that girl, she was still sitting calmly in her bar stool, looking harmless as ever.

This unexpected scene had frightened several people; they looked at Chu Jin with horror in their eyes, wondering if they had encountered some kind of superior figure today.

The bartender was staring at Chu Jin with his mouth agape, unable to process the sudden turn of events!

Holy shit! A big shot!?

Only then did Chu Jin rise leisurely from her stool, walked over to the man, and kicked his face, "I warned you not to provoke me. Now do you understand the consequences?"

In pain beyond thinking, the man was incapable of even standing up, and the sweat on his forehead burst forth all at once.

Those who played by the underworld's rules valued loyalty. Seeing their boss bullied, several of the underlings immediately pulled out their knives and rushed towards Chu Jin!

Chu Jin raised her brows lazily at the sight of the approaching men.

A dull thud of a heavy object hitting the ground sounded, accompanied by the girl's clear voice resonating in the air.

Bang--

"You know how people on the street refer to me?"

Bang--

"Everyone calls me Brother Jin!"

Bang--

"You dare to mess with Brother Jin with the audacity of the heavens?"

Bang—

"Will you dare to bully a respectable young lady again?"

Bang—

After several loud bangs, the brash thugs were immediately knocked to the ground, howling in pain, "Brother Jin, spare our lives; we'll never dare to do it again!"

The punks who had just been set on avenging their Dragon Brother promptly acknowledged Chu Jin as their Brother Jin, both in fear and admiration... they were subdued through beating!

Having been in the underworld for many years, they had never encountered such a fierce young girl!

This was no young girl! This was the Devil, a Devil that had crawled out of hell! Terrifying!

Chu Jin's movements were so swift and the force of her kicks and punches so powerful that it didn't match her delicate frame. If they hadn't witnessed it with their own eyes, no one would believe that a teenage girl could possess such skills. Had it been anyone else today, they would already have been bullied by these thugs.

Just as Song Shiqin stepped out from the second floor of the bar, he caught sight of the scene in front of him.

And the man following behind him also paused when he saw that Song Shiqin had stopped, following Song Shiqin's gaze curiously.

In front of them, it seemed there had been a violent scuffle.

The girl stood there nonchalantly, her hands in her pockets, an air of laziness about her, yet there was a hint of unruly charm. Lying at her feet were several burly men howling in pain, whimpering pleas for mercy such as, "Brother Jin, we won't dare to do it again."

It didn't take much to figure out what had just happened.

Chu Jin had completely overturned Song Shiqin's perception of women, as even the female soldiers in the army weren't as arrogant as her; she seemed to remain dazzling and captivating at all times.

"Jin, Brother Jin, you must be tired, have a drink to refresh your throat," the bartender handed over a cup of plain drink.

Chu Jin took the drink, raising her eyebrows slightly in thanks, "Thank you."

The bartender, pleasantly surprised, said, "No, no problem." He was quietly grateful for the big shot's mercy for not taking lives just now!

Chu Jin glanced at the thugs sprawled on the ground, "Get lost, and don't let me see you guys again."

At her words, those thugs scrambled away, still showing loyalty by not forgetting to take their boss with them.

Watching this, the man narrowed his eyes and patted Song Shiqin on the shoulder, "You know her?"

Under the lights, the man's silver hair shimmered with an eerie glow, contrasting sharply with his young, refined features.

Song Shiqin averted his gaze and replied flatly, "Seems like I saw someone familiar, let's go." With that, he began walking towards the exit.

The man casually remarked, "Aren't you going to greet her?"

Song Shiqin didn't stop walking towards the exit, "No need to, to, I might have mistaken her for someone else."

The man smiled slightly, a low chuckle escaping him, "The young girl seems quite interesting."

Song Shiqin didn't respond, his expression taut, looking somewhat dangerous.

And the man following behind didn't speak either, just squinting with interest as he followed Song Shiqin out of the bar.

Meanwhile, the singing continued on the stage, and the audience below was growing. Few people were left dancing in the dance floor as everyone had gone to gaze upon Qi Ye's charm.

It was now past 11 PM, and Chu Jin jumped off the bar stool ready to head home. Since both Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran hadn't responded to her multiple calls, she had no choice but to head towards the dance floor.

The closer she got, the louder the noise became. Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran were nowhere to be found in the dance area, so Chu Jin proceeded to where the crowd was thickest.

On stage, a young man in white was fervently singing, while below him, girls screamed madly, their blood boiling. What surprised Chu Jin even more was the presence of men in the crowd—and not just a few!

"Qi Ye! Qi Ye!"

"Qi Ye, choose me!"

"Qi Ye, Qi Ye, I love you!"

"Ah! Qi Ye, look this way! Pick me, pick me!" The girls screamed, waving and jumping, hoping to catch the white-clad young man's eye.

The scene was somewhat reminiscent of a consort selection!

Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran had somehow blended into the crowd, becoming fanatic fangirls of the young singer, screaming and waving their hands excitedly among the others.

Chu Jin walked up behind them and tapped on their shoulders, "Stop playing around, it's time to go home!"

Chapter 532: I just came over to make a brief appearance

The noise from the side was simply too loud! The two could hardly hear Chu Jin's voice.

Or rather, their souls had already been hooked away by the little demon on stage called Yi Shao.

And then, the bartender, seeing Chu Jin showing up among Yi Shao's fan crowd, looked completely incredulous. He had thought Jin was not like other women! Turns out, Jin couldn't escape the usual clichés either!

Hah! Women! Truly a species that says one thing but means another.

"Xinran, Qingyi! Young ladies! Time to go home!" Chu Jin directly pinched their ears, raising her voice by several decibels.

Only then did the two turn around, with Miao Xinran completely excited, she grabbed Chu Jin's hand and shouted, "Jin, you're here! Come on, let's cheer for Yi Shao together!"

Mo Qingyi was also frantically waving at the stage, "That's right! Let's cheer for Yi Shao! Yi Shao, look over here..."

These two seemed to have gone completely nuts!

Chu Jin shook her head helplessly and tapped their heads, "Cheer for what ghosts! It's already 12 o'clock, don't you want to go home?"

Miao Xinran, while still paying attention to the stage, turned her head to look at Chu Jin, "Anyway, the house isn't going anywhere; it's alright to go back a bit later. It's rare for Yi Shao to come to Nightcolors..."

Normally, Miao Xinran was quite a measured person, but once she got crazy, not even ten bulls could pull her back.

Mo Qingyi, still cheering, said, "Xinran's right, the house isn't running away! Jin, we finally came out to have some fun, why rush back? Yi Shao is about to start tossing the wreaths soon, maybe he'll throw one to me!"

At this point, Miao Xinran also spoke with an excited face, "Yeah, yeah, Jin, you see Yi Shao is really super handsome! If I could sing a song with Yi Shao, I could wake up laughing from a dream!"

It was not clear what was being said on stage.

"Ah! Ah! Yi Shao, this way, this way!" Another round of screams swept through the bar below, with everyone frantically twisting their bodies, waving at the stage, hoping to catch the attention of the white-clothed young man above.

Even if that white-clothed young man glanced at oneself once, it would be wonderful.

Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi, in particular, had outright forgotten about Chu Jin's existence, joining the crowd in screaming and waving, completely lost in their own world.

The scene was no less intense than a fan meeting with a mega-famous star.

In the midst of the crazed crowd, only Chu Jin remained as calm as ever, standing there unhurriedly, with the dim light casting a soft shadow over her jade-like features.

The light below the stage was very dim, while the spotlight above was very bright. The white-clothed young man on the stage strummed his guitar, and his clear voice kept flowing through the microphone into everyone's ears, "Red rain drifts and stirs up memories, how can I dive, your beautiful eyes like those years flow through my heart, by the ferry's edge the final encounter sets down a period..."

Hearing this, Chu Jin had a rough idea why these girls were so crazy. Yi Shao indeed had a golden voice, and his singing really struck a chord.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Screams arose from the crowd again and again, pushing the already out-of-control scene to an even higher climax.

"Next up is the wreath tossing segment, personally done by Yi Shao. The lucky audience member will get the chance to sing a song with Yi Shao!"

Once the host finished this sentence, the audience below totally lost it, everyone desperately pushed forward to the stage, all hoping to grab the chance to get close to Yi Shao.

This chance was really too rare! With a bit of luck, one might even soar up the ranks!

If the quality of the stage hadn't been decent, by now it would've already been crushed by the frenzied crowd!

"Over here, young master Yi! Choose me!"

"This way!"

Chu Jin was jostled back and forth by a group of crazy girls, almost losing her footing. Looking at Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran, the two had already broken through the throngs and made it to the front row, seemingly too excited to return anytime soon. So Chu Jin turned around to walk in the opposite direction of the frantic crowd, planning to sit and wait for them on a sofa elsewhere.

Everyone was rushing towards the stage, all except Chu Jin, who walked away with her hands in her pockets, looking cool and seemingly indifferent to the situation here, which was somewhat attracting attention.

The boy in white on the stage gripped the flower crown tightly, then with a little force, threw it out!

Whoosh—

"Ah!" All the girls looked up in the direction of the flower crown, those standing in the first row almost despairing!

The girls in the back row were so excited they were practically flying!

Some even jumped up, trying to grab the flower crown.

But all they could do was watch helplessly as the flower crown flew over their heads!

Suddenly, the brightly colored flower crown landed securely onto the head of a girl.

At the same time, the venue lit up with bright white lights, as if it were daylight.

Almost everyone's gaze converged on the girl's silhouette.

Chu Jin just felt something light land on her head and stopped in her tracks, turning around curiously to see who would be so bored as to throw something at her!

The flower crown was made up of brightly colored flowers, stunningly gorgeous, so much so that no one could outshine such flamboyant flowers, yet against her hair they seemed to pale in comparison.

Her turning around was breathtaking, and she was more beautiful than the flowers.

In that moment, those eight characters nearly appeared in everyone's minds.

Even the boy in white on the stage hadn't expected that the girl he had randomly chosen would exhibit such stunning beauty! Just now he was only curious about why Chu Jin would walk away, so he had thrown the flower crown onto her head! It was her behavior that had attracted him!

Having grown up in a wealthy family, he had seen too many beauties throughout his life, whether they be enchantingly coquettish, adorably shy, nobly elegant, mature and sexy, or cute and doe-eyed. But compared to the girl before him now, they all paled in insignificance!

Her beauty was indescribable, making all things in the world feel inferior and bow down before her.

Seeing everyone looking at her like this, Chu Jin also froze, not having clearly heard what had been said on the stage just now and therefore not realizing that she had become the object of everyone's envy.

Chu Jin frowned slightly and reached up to take the flower crown from her head, "Who threw this?" Her clear voice spread through the air and reached everyone's ears.

Everyone looked at each other in disbelief, wondering if this girl was truly naive or just pretending. There was no need for such tactics even if she wanted to rise in rank. She had obviously been chosen by young master Yi, yet she was acting as if she knew nothing! What a Lotus! Disgusting!

Such a person was really too cunning! By intentionally acting different from them, she was going against the grain! It was a ploy to get young master Yi's attention!

While green with envy, they were also annoyed with themselves for not having thought of this trick.

The host on the stage looked at young master Yi to the side and saw him squinting his eyes with interest at the girl, his lips curling into a pleased smile. The host was dumbstruck, knowing young master Yi for so long, to be honest, this was the first time he had seen him smile at a woman...

The host instantly felt reassured and looked at the girl in the audience, picking up the microphone with a smile, "Congratulations, miss, for becoming tonight's lucky audience member! You have been chosen by Mr. Yi, and opportunities like this are rare, so quickly come on stage and share with us how you're feeling right now."

Chosen? A rare opportunity? On stage?! As if I'm being selected as a concubine!

After hearing the host, Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brows. Combining what Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran had mentioned earlier, she roughly understood the situation, and looking towards the stage, she said in a light tone, "I'm sorry, but I just came to 'hit the soy sauce.' I didn't intend to participate in your event. Here's your garland back."

No one expected Chu Jin to say something like that. If she was playing the game of being unique, wasn't she taking it a bit too far? Didn't she know when to stop?

Even the host was stunned! They marveled internally at the girl's skillful maneuvers!

Now, all of Mr. Yi's attention was captivated by her!

Chu Jin hadn't thought that far ahead. As she raised her right hand, about to toss the garland back, Mo Qingyi came rushing over and grabbed her wrist, "Jin, Jin, don't be impulsive! It's a rare chance, just go on stage and say a few words! It's Mr. Yi, you know! Standing on the same stage with him proves your luck! Did you step in dog poop this morning when you left the house? Why don't I ever have such luck?"

Miao Xinran also added, "That's right, Jin! How can you give up such a great opportunity? You have no idea how many people here are envious of you!"

Chu Jin truly disliked such events and had no interest in sharing the spotlight with Mr. Yi. She turned to Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran and said, "Since both of you like him so much, let's play rock-paper-scissors. Whoever wins gets the garland. I'm not interested anyway."

A true gentleman should allow others to excel.

Though Chu Jin spoke nonchalantly, the surrounding crowd was stunned. This woman was really something! To attract Mr. Yi's attention, she was willing to employ any means necessary. How shameless!

Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran, however, were quite happy about this. It was a great opportunity to meet their idol up close, so they began playing rock-paper-scissors immediately, "Rock, paper, scissors!"

Miao Xinran jumped up joyfully, "Ha! I won!"

Mo Qingyi pouted unhappily.

Chu Jin patted Miao Xinran on the head, saying in a mild tone, "Good girl, you have to accept the loss gracefully!" With that, she handed over the garland to Miao Xinran.

Miao Xinran then wrapped her arm around Mo Qingyi's shoulder, "Don't be downhearted. You can just come on stage with me, right?"

"Really?" Mo Qingyi instantly perked up.

Miao Xinran nodded, "Of course, who said you can't have two people on stage at the same time?"

Caught off guard by this turn of events, the host didn't know what to do. They had never encountered someone like this before. To receive Mr. Yi's garland and favor was a blessing many could only dream of, yet she just casually passed on this hard-earned opportunity with a game of rock-paper-scissors!

From the stage, Mr. Yi watched the trio with an unperturbed gaze. Regardless of whether the girl did it on purpose or not, he had to admit that her method had indeed caught his attention.

Quite novel, he had never encountered such a trick before. He was eager to reveal her true colors, to expose her money-grubbing facade. It was just a shame for such a fine exterior! That face was truly unparalleled in this world!

Chu Jin patted the two on their hands, smiling lightly, "I'll wait for you over there. Make it quick."

The two nodded obediently.

Chu Jin walked to a calmer area and found a sofa to sit down on.

On the other side, Mo Qingyi got his wish and went on stage with Miao Xinran to sing a song with Mr. Yi.

As Mr. Yi sang with the two, his gaze occasionally drifted casually to the audience below. However, he could no longer see that slender figure. That shouldn't be right—if she wanted to attract his attention, she shouldn't have left the scene so early. She was supposed to continue doing some unconventional acts.

Could it be that she's holding back some powerful trick?

No matter her motives, Yi Shao felt somewhat stifled and panicked. As a young and vigorous man, this was the first time he was completely ignored by a woman! No, he had to find her and get to the bottom of this!

After the song ended, Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi stepped down from the stage, both satisfied.

What made Yi Shao even more depressed was that these two girls were different from other women. When other women sang with him, they would always find some excuse to chat with him or ask for a hug. But these two seemed to like him, yet their eyes were void of obsession or infatuation. It was as if they simply enjoyed his company, nothing more; they only shared the stage with him for the sake of the song.

Could it be that his charm had declined?

This was the first time the ever so proud and self-confident Yi Shao doubted himself.

Mo Qingyi, arm in arm with Miao Xinran, walked towards Chu Jin while asking, "Xinran, who do you think is more handsome, Yi Shao or your brother?"

"Nonsense!" Miao Xinran rolled her eyes at Mo Qingyi. "Do I even need to say it? Of course, my brother is more handsome!"

Mo Qingyi argued, "Are you blind? Yi Shao is obviously the more handsome one!"

"You're the one who's blind! Then tell me, who is more handsome compared to Yi Shao, your brother or him?"

Mo Qingyi raised her hand to her chin, musing, "Of course my brother is more handsome! Besides, my brother and Yi Shao aren't even the same type!"

As the two were bantering, a pleasing male voice came from behind, "Ladies, may I have the honor of buying you a drink?"

The voice was warm like the sun, extremely pleasant—the kind that could impregnate the ears.

Both turned around, and upon seeing the person standing behind them, they were both stunned. They covered their mouths in excitement, "Yi, Yi Shao!"

Yi Shao raised a finger to his lips, gently hushing them with a "Shh," "Keep your voices down, they don't know I'm here."

"Okay, okay." They nodded eagerly like pecking hens. Mo Qingyi lowered her voice and said, "Yi Shao, come with us this way, there are fewer people over here."

Yi Shao nodded slightly and followed them. From a distance, he spotted the figure nestled in the sofa, her eyes lowered to her phone in hand. The dim light from the screen reflected her luminous complexion like gleaming jade.

Her sitting posture, compared to others in the bar, seemed improper and languid, causing passersby to glance over. She appeared careless, but was oddly pleasing to the eye—it was uncertain whether she genuinely disregarded the opinions of others or if she was attracting attention in another way.

If she was deliberately seeking attention, it was terrifying! Living a life so devoid of interest, always in the world and gaze of others—what meaning did such a life have?

This type of woman was somewhat unfathomable and inscrutable.

Xinran was a step ahead and tiptoed to Chu Jin. She covered Chu Jin's eyes with her hands, changing her voice, and teased, "Guess who I am."

Chu Jin played along, "Miao Er Sha (Second Fool Miao)."

"You're the Second Fool!" Miao Xinran's act fell through instantly. She let go of Chu Jin, propped her hands on the back of the chair, and with a light jump, sat next to Chu Jin, helping herself to the beverage and gulping it down.

Chu Jin continued to nestle in the sofa, looking at her phone, offhandedly remarking, "Er Sha (Second Fool), why did you come back alone? Where is San Sha (Third Fool)?"

"Who did you just call Third Fool, Jin Ge (Brother Jin)??" Suddenly, Mo Qingyi's voice startled Chu Jin. She instinctively looked up, only to lock eyes with a pair of scrutinizing eyes.

Clearly, this was not Mo Qingyi but a very young man with meticulously styled hair, incredibly trendy and handsome features, probably around twenty, fitting the mold of a modern-day heartthrob. If Chu Jin wasn't mistaken, this must be Yi Shao, the one every young girl went crazy for, right?

Chapter 533: Get on the Bus

With just a glance, Chu Jin indifferently withdrew her gaze, without a trace of ripple on her serene face.

Mo Qingyi quickly stepped forward, "Mr. Jiayi, please have a seat. Oh, let me introduce you to our best friend." As he spoke, he turned to Chu Jin and said, "Brother Jin, this is Mr. Jiayi."

Chu Jin gave him a faint smile, stopping at politeness, "Hello."

"Hello I am Fang Jiayi." Fang Jiayi took the initiative and reached out his hand to Chu Jin.

If she didn't know who Mr. Jiayi was, she should at least know who Fang Jiayi was, right? He didn't believe that she could remain so composed after hearing the name Fang Jiayi!

In fact, the name Fang Jiayi didn't bring any shock, not even a slight ripple, and even the expressions on Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran's faces were indifferent, showing no sign of astonishment.

Fang Jiayi couldn't help but wonder! What kind of people had he encountered?

Out of courtesy, Chu Jin also stood up and gently grasped his fingertips, "Chu Jin." She simply stated her name with no further explanation, and after speaking, she sat back down on the sofa.

Fang Jiayi then took a seat on the sofa opposite her.

No sooner had the four of them sat down than the bartender brought over four glasses of brightly colored drinks, "Enjoy your drinks."

Compared to the excited and crazed state from a moment ago, both Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi had clearly calmed down. Just now, Mr. Jiayi stood on the high platform, basking in the adoration of numerous women. With his mysterious and charming demeanor, Mr. Jiayi seemed like the stars in the sky—sacred and untouchable!

But now, coming into close contact with Mr. Jiayi, they realized it wasn't quite like that. Mr. Jiayi was just an ordinary person, not at all as they had imagined.

Miao Xinran picked up her glass to give thanks, "Thank you, Mr. Jiayi, for treating us to a drink."

Fang Jiayi also raised his glass, "It's my honor to share a drink with three beautiful ladies."

Mo Qingyi lifted her glass and smiled, "Mr. Jiayi has a good eye." Recognizing that all three of them were beauties suggested Mr. Jiayi was not blind.

Chu Jin also raised her glass and stood up.

All four clinked glasses and drank together.

After setting down her glass, Chu Jin turned to Fang Jiayi, "Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Jiayi, but it's getting late, and we should be leaving. Farewell."

She truly had no interest in dealing with insignificant people, and it indeed was getting late!

Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran also put down their glasses, "Goodbye, Mr. Jiayi." After speaking, they followed Chu Jin out.

Fang Jiayi hadn't expected Chu Jin to propose leaving so soon. Was this a new tactic of hers? And what about Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi? They clearly liked him so much just a moment ago. How could there be such a sudden change?

Watching the three of them leave, Fang Jiayi suddenly called out, "Miss Chu, why did you reject me just now? Can you tell me your reason?"

Chu Jin stopped in her tracks, turned her head to look back at Fang Jiayi, and with a slight curve of her lips, she said, "Because there are no two identical leaves in the world, and people are the same." After saying these words, she turned and left.

Fang Jiayi stood there dumbfounded, his brow slightly furrowed, feeling even more so that Chu Jin was using special tactics to draw his attention!

What did she mean by no two identical leaves? Wasn't she just trying to express how different she was?

Pretending to be aloof! One day, he would make her submit at his feet, have her kneeling and licking his trouser leg! What a hypocritical woman!

Upon exiting the bar, it was already past two in the morning, and despite it being summer, the night breeze was still cool.

Just as the three of them stepped out of the bar, a black Hummer 'swooshed' to a halt in front of them.

"This car is so cool!" Mo Qingyi whistled appreciatively.

Miao Xinran narrowed her eyes and analyzed briskly, "Hummer H2 Hermès limited edition, 2062mm in width, 4821mm in length, with superior climbing ability, and a central tire inflation system, it can navigate extreme conditions like snow, sand, and mud..."

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly and teased, "I didn't expect you to be so professional, Second Fool."

Mo Qingyi patted Miao Xinran on the head, "Second Fool is not really a fool! Impressive, impressive!"

Just then, the driver's side window slowly rolled down, revealing a sharply defined and firm set of features, a handsome side profile that was calm and collected, emitting an aura of commanding righteousness, leaving those younger heartthrobs far behind. The one arriving was none other than Song Shiqin!

Song Shiqin glanced at the three of them, "Get in, I'll take you home!" His tone allowed no refusal, and his presence was so imposing that it effectively subdued both Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran.

For a moment, Miao Xinran even forgot that she had a car of her own.

However, Chu Jin casually said, "There's no need to trouble Mr. Song, we have our own car."

Song Shiqin repeated without any expression, "Get in the car."

He was very cold, but the chill he radiated was different from the abstinent coldness of Mo Zhixuan. It was the kind of overwhelming cold that made it hard to breathe, very dangerous, like a deadly black Higanbana.

Song Shiqin, who possessed the presence of an emperor across three lifetimes, was indeed extraordinary!

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "We have a car!" This time, her attitude was a few degrees firmer.

"I said, get in the car!" Song Shiqin's tone was already somewhat impatient!

Chu Jin simply ignored him. The son of Heavenly Dao is someone we can't afford to provoke, but can't we avoid him? As she spoke, she pulled Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi around the Hummer and walked to the side. Just as the three of them turned around, a loud 'bang' echoed through the air!

It was the sound of slamming a car door! It showed how forcefully the person had done it.

Both Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran were startled! They wondered, what kind of background does this man have? Is he intending to eat people or what?

Apart from Mo Zhixuan, Mo Qingyi had never seen a man with such a powerful aura! Isn't that too terrifying?

Miao Xinran felt her legs go weak with fright! But she still bravely fished out her car keys from her bag and unlocked the car.

Just as Miao Xinran reached out to open the car door, a large hand pressed against the door, stopping her movement. Intimidated by his imposing presence, Miao Xinran didn't dare to make a sound and stood there stiff as a board.

Only then did Song Shiqin raise his eyes to Chu Jin, saying with a slightly heavy tone, "Get in, I'll take you back." By now, his face was completely dark, and his attitude was very firm!

Mo Qingyi, somewhat nervous, tugged on Chu Jin's arm, her heart almost leaping out of her chest. How did Jin Brother come to know such a person? The way he looked at Jin Brother was thought-provoking! Damn! Could this man be Mo Zhixuan's love rival?

Chu Jin also raised her eyes to Song Shiqin, "Is it Mr. Song's eyesight or hearing that's the problem? I said, we don't need your ride; we have our own car."

She couldn't understand what Song Shiqin was up to! Why was he insisting on taking her home?

Song Shiqin snatched the car keys from Miao Xinran's hand, "Drinking and driving is strictly forbidden in Capital City now. The police are checking at the roadblock up ahead. If you want to be banned from driving for life, go ahead and drive away."

Banned from driving for life? That term frightened Miao Xinran. She had just gotten her hands on a new car and certainly did not want to be banned from driving for life!

Miao Xinran raised her eyes to Chu Jin and said softly, "Jin, maybe we should just let this gentleman take us back?"

Lately, the crackdown on drinking and driving in Capital City has been very strict, and all three of them had been drinking.

With things having come to this point, Chu Jin could only agree with Miao Xinran. She raised her eyes to Song Shiqin, "Then we'll have to trouble Mr. Song."

Song Shiqin nodded slightly and then turned around to open the car doors for the three of them, "Come on."

All three squeezed into the back seat.

Without changing his expression, Song Shiqin asked for their respective addresses, then started the engine and drove off.

The journey was smooth and unhindered, and whenever they passed a roadblock with police guards, not only did they not stop, but each one stood up straight and saluted with military precision! So solemn! So respectful!

This scene made Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi's hearts pound with trepidation! Real fear! What exactly was this man's background? He must hold a significant official position, right? Just a car plate had scared those people to that extent!

An oppressive atmosphere enveloped the inside of the car, no one spoke, and the air was so still that only faint breathing could be heard.

The black Hummer sped through the night, roaring along, and strangely enough, it hadn't encountered a single car! This was particularly odd for Capital City, the most bustling city in China mainland, where normally, regardless of the time or place, it would never be as deathly silent as it was now!

No one but Chu Jin noticed this anomaly.

Chu Jin frowned slightly and turned his head to look out the window, only to see pitch darkness on both sides of the road, as if the streetlights had vanished into thin air. What was going on? Song Shiqin, being a soldier, should have high alertness and not fail to notice this abnormality!

Chu Jin instinctively looked up and forward, only to see that Song Shiqin's expression hadn't changed at all. His eyes were fixed straight ahead, as if he had indeed not noticed these abnormalities! But the speed of the car kept increasing, to the point that it was faster than a normal Hummer could handle!

As he pondered, the vehicle suddenly stopped. Song Shiqin got out, walked around to the back seat, and pulled open the door, "Bauhinia villa has arrived."

At this moment, the scene outside the window had returned to normal. The car stopped in front of a villa, and opening the door, one could even smell the scent of barbecue, as if all that had just happened was an illusion.

Bauhinia villa was where Miao Xinran lived. Hearing this, she quickly bent down and got out of the car, "Jin, I'll go home first then."

Mo Qingyi was asleep on Chu Jin's shoulder, which is why Miao Xinran didn't wake her.

Chu Jin nodded, whispering softly, "Okay, go home and rest early."

Song Shiqin watched Miao Xinran safely enter the gate of the villa before raising the car window and driving away.

Not much distance separated Bauhinia villa from Huagui Park, so it didn't take long for them to arrive there.

Chu Jin patted Mo Qingyi's face, "Wake up, silly, we're home."

Mo Qingyi woke up startled, rubbed her eyes, and said half-asleep, "Huh? Is it time to eat?"

Chu Jin was somewhat speechless, "We're home! Are you still dreaming?"

Only then did Mo Qingyi come to her senses and quickly pulled Chu Jin out of the car.

After getting out, Chu Jin took the initiative to express gratitude, "Mr. Song, thank you for tonight."

Song Shiqin's face remained expressionless, and upon hearing this, he slowly uttered three words, "It's what I should do." His voice was devoid of warmth.

In the middle of summer, it made Mo Qingyi feel a bone-chilling cold.

Moreover, Mo Qingyi had a feeling that this man harbored an inexplicable hostility towards her; although he never looked at her directly, she could sense it, and the hostility was deep, for no apparent reason.

It's what I should do, what kind of answer is that?

What is Jin's relationship with him? He was supposed to bring Jin home?

Mo Qingyi felt a deep sense of crisis on behalf of Mo Zhixuan and quickly yawned, turning to Chu Jin, "Jin, let's hurry back to our room, I'm dead tired."

Chu Jin nodded, "Then, Mr. Song, we'll head back first. Be careful on the road, goodbye."

Song Shiqin stood in the night, the dim light hiding his features. From Chu Jin's perspective, he could only make out Song Shiqin's delicate, lean jawline and tightly pursed lips.

He watched Chu Jin but didn't directly respond to what she said, instead saying, "Good night." He then opened the car door, sat in the driver's seat, and as Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi turned to leave, the black Hummer kicked up dust and drove off.

Once inside the villa, Mo Qingyi asked, "Jin, who was that guy just now?"

Chu Jin succinctly replied, "A friend I'm not very familiar with."

"What's his name?" Mo Qingyi continued to inquire.

Chu Jin answered, "Song Shiqin."

Mo Qingyi nodded thoughtfully.

After turning a corner, the black Hummer stopped by the artificial lake in Huagui Park. Song Shiqin opened the car door, leaned out, and squinted slightly as he looked in the direction he had come from, his expression inscrutable.

A moment later, he fished out a cigarette and a lighter from his pocket. A pale blue flame surged under the night sky, filling his nostrils with the fresh scent of tobacco. The man greedily inhaled a big drag, then slowly exhaled the smoke, making it hard to tell whether he was blowing smoke rings or sighing.

The butts soon covered the ground.

Days passed one by one.

These days, Chu Jin's life had been relatively peaceful and her daily routine quite regular. She would get up at 6:30 a.m., go for a run for an hour, then leave the house at 9:30 a.m. to divinate at the crossroads. She would return home punctually at 4:30 p.m., with Mo Qingyi always accompanying her.

Half a month went by like this.

One day, after half a month, Chu Jin received a call from Chu Tian, and the content of the call gave her a big shock.

Chu Songhe was dead!

Chu Tian had called to notify Chu Jin to attend Chu Songhe's memorial service.

How could a perfectly healthy person suddenly die? And the last time Chu Jin did a divination for Chu Songhe, she only foresaw a vascular disaster, not a deadly peril!

Chu Jin frowned slightly, puzzled. Seeing her like this, Mo Qingyi quickly asked, "Jin, what's wrong?"

"Qingyi, something has happened to a friend of mine, I need to go over there. I might come back late. You'll have to figure out lunch by yourself." After saying this, Chu Jin grabbed her phone and hurriedly left the room.

She was wearing a set of white top and black trousers today, which was suitable for attending a memorial service.

The venue for the memorial service was the Chu family villa. Mournful music spread to every corner of the villa. Apparently, Chu Songhe was well-liked as many people, their eyes red, attended the service with expressions of grief.

Outside the door, two servants were burning joss paper in a large iron pot.

Perhaps this was the fickleness of the world. Someone who had been bouncing around just half a month ago was now a cold corpse.

Chu Songhe's spirit setting was in the living room, and Chu Jin noticed, besides the mourning guests, there were actually policemen present.

Could it be that Chu Songhe's death was not accidental?

What Chu Jin was even more curious about was why, when she had warned Chu Songhe that he would face a disaster of blood within three days, he had not come to seek her afterward?

What exactly had happened in the following twelve days that led to Chu Songhe's death?

In front of the spirit setting, Chu Jin couldn't find Chu Tian or any other family members of Chu Songhe. It seemed they had been taken by the police to give statements.

Soon, Chu Tian came out of an inner room. Seeing Chu Jin, she forced a slight smile and said, "Sister, you're here." Her eyes were red and swollen from crying, and her voice was incredibly hoarse, casting a very haggard look.

However, what was different was that she no longer had the obsequious air she had held before; the gloom that had once shrouded her face was gone, making it seem as though she had been reborn.

Chu Jin reached out to embrace her. "Condolences. The deceased is gone; we who remain must endure, so don't be too sad."

Chu Tian wrapped her arms around Chu Jin, leaned on her shoulder, and burst into loud wails, overwhelmed with grief.

Just then, two policemen approached them and inquired, "Are you a friend of Chu Tian?"

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded.

The policeman continued, "You're Chu Jin?"

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded again and asked, "What can I do for you officers?"

The two policemen exchanged a glance, then said expressionlessly, "Come with us for a moment, we have something to verify with you."

Chapter 534: very calm

Chu Jin followed the police to a guest room in the Chu Family house.

Mournful music wafted through the air, reaching her ears.

It was somewhat oppressive.

And somewhat sad.

The two police officers sat opposite Chu Jin, perhaps seeing her as just a young girl, they spoke with less severity and a bit more gentleness in their words.

"We're going to ask you a few questions now," they said. "Don't be nervous, just answer truthfully."

Chu Jin nodded. "Okay, I'll fully cooperate with the police work."

"Name."

"Chu Jin."

"Age."

"18."

She was very calm, facing the police questioning with an indifferent expression; she didn't at all resemble an eighteen-year-old girl, but more like someone who had been weathered by great storms.

She didn't even ask why.

If it were someone else, they'd usually inquire about the reason for the police interrogation, wouldn't they?

But her...

Her calm was terrifying.

The police officers facing her couldn't help but take a few extra glances at her, then carefully recorded her answers without missing a word.

In all their years of service, they had never encountered such a strange young woman.

"Occupation."

"Student, I just finished my college entrance exams this year," as soon as she finished, Chu Jin added, "My side job is as a fortune-teller. If you officers encounter any weird phenomena, feel free to seek me out. My divinations are unfailingly accurate, honest to all ages."

Chu Jin didn't forget to advertise herself.

The two officers were somewhat speechless, seeing a charlatan attempt to influence police for the first time.

She was actually promoting superstitious beliefs right in front of the police.

Didn't she know that the relevant authorities were currently cracking down on charlatans?

The police went on to ask, "How do you know Chu Tian?"

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly. "Through divination. She was my client, and then we got to know each other."

The police clearly didn't buy her explanation and frowned. "You say she was your client, so why does she call you 'sister'?"

Chu Jin replied indifferently, "Because I'm older than her, and we both have the surname Chu. Isn't it normal for her to call me 'sister'?"

The police officer looked up at Chu Jin. "How long have you known Chu Tian?"

"About half a month or so."

The other officer questioned, "Your relationship got that good in just half a month?"

Chu Jin retorted casually, "Perhaps it's because we hit it off well."

The police suddenly put down the black pen in their hand, lifted their eyes to look at Chu Jin, eyes filled with scrutiny, as if any filthy thing could be revealed under their gaze, "Do you know why we're asking you these questions?"

He tried to find some hint of a clue or flaw on Chu Jin's face.

But there was none.

From beginning to end, she remained completely calm, her expression usual.

The delicate peach-blossom eyes were clear and pure, filled with shimmering light. Chu Jin shook her head, "I honestly don't know."

The bright white light shone evenly on her, coating her in a gleaming, jade-like coldness.

Especially those eyes, as if they could bewitch one's heart.

It made one slightly lost for a moment.

Just then, a woman dressed in mourning clothes suddenly burst into the room from outside, pointing at Chu Jin and sobbing hysterically, "It's her! Police Comrade! It's her! This bitch is the one who killed my father! You must avenge my father! She wants to snatch away my father's inheritance! Please arrest her immediately!"

Her emotions had totally spiraled out of control, and if it weren't for the police holding her back, she would have charged over and attacked by now.

Not having seen her for half a month, Chu Zhi Nan had changed dramatically; the ghost that used to cling to her back was gone, but she herself had become incomparably dark and disheveled, looking much like Chu Tian did half a month ago.

Nobody knew what exactly had happened during this half month.

The sudden commotion inside the room naturally drew an audience of onlookers, all pointing and whispering about Chu Zhi Nan.

The unexpected scene also interrupted the police's interrogation.

Chu Zhi Nan broke free from the police's restraint, charged up to Chu Jin, her red eyes wide with rage, and roared, "Bitch! You and that bastard Chu Tian conspired to kill my father! Let me tell you, even if my father is dead, do not think you can take a penny from my family! This entire estate belongs to me alone! None of you shall take a cent!"

The former Chu Zhi Nan, mindful of her personal image at all times, seemed to have forgotten her noble heritage and public setting at that moment, raging like a madwoman, completely disregarding the judging gazes of the onlookers.

Chu Tian ran out from the outside and grabbed Chu Zhi Nan, "Big sister, what nonsense are you spouting again! Weren't you told to rest properly in your room?"

"Get lost! It's you, this bastard, who conspired with this bitch to kill my father! You want to take the Chu Family's wealth! Slut! You're nothing but a slut! Born to no one, raised by no one—a filthy slut! I'm the eldest daughter of the Chu Family! All of the Chu Family's fortunes are mine alone! You bastard, go to hell!"

Chu Zhi Nan furiously pushed Chu Tian away, knocking her to the ground, then hurried back toward Chu Jin, emotionally declaring, "You bitch, you killed my father! You want to take over the Chu Family's property! Let me tell you, as long as I, Chu Zhi Nan, live one more day in this world, none of you should even think about coveting my father's inheritance! Everything is mine, mine alone!"

Chu Jin just watched her, not saying a word. She slightly furrowed her eyebrows, genuinely puzzled as to what exactly had happened to Chu Zhi Nan.

Why did Chu Zhi Nan believe that Chu Songhe's death was related to her?

And why were the police coming after her?

What was the actual cause of Chu Songhe's death?

Seeing that Chu Zhi Nan had lost control, Chu Tian quickly called to a servant nearby, "Housekeeper Liu! Hurry and take the eldest miss to her room! Call Dr. An over here, don't let her hurt anyone!"

Her words were tactful, yet carried a heavy implication: How could a sane person suddenly become violent for no reason?

"Yes, Second Miss." Immediately, servants stepped forward, flanking Chu Zhi Nan on both sides and dragging her towards the inner room.

Chu Zhi Nan struggled fiercely, "Let go of me! Let go of me! Chu Tian, you bastard, you and others conspired to kill my father, you won't end well! You won't end well! You want to monopolize the Chu Family's wealth! I will not let you succeed!"

Chu Zhi Nan's every word was about wealth, showing no hint of sadness for Chu Songhe's death.

In contrast, Chu Tian looked completely worn out and had even cried herself hoarse. Moreover, she behaved gracefully and properly, appearing more like a heiress from a prestigious family than Chu Zhi Nan did.

The surrounding guests all sighed, "Ah, to think that a perfectly sane person could suddenly go mad! What a pity! It's fortunate that there is the second daughter. Otherwise, what would become of their days to come? Ah!"

"No kidding!"

"I wonder where Mrs. Chu has gone to. With such a huge incident at home, she hasn't shown her face!"

"Women's hearts are as unfathomable as the ocean depths! I heard she and Boss Chu weren't legitimately married! It was the mistress who took over..."

"No wonder, no wonder..."

"I think this Chu Zhi Nan isn't actually Boss Chu's biological child at all. Even though Boss Chu has passed, she doesn't seem the slightest bit sad, only concerned about Boss Chu's inheritance! In this world, what kind of daughter would act like that?"

"Haven't you noticed? This Chu Zhi Nan doesn't resemble Boss Chu at all..."

"Now that you mention it, it really is..."

"..."

The murmurs, one after another, were formidable.

Chu Songhe had died, Chu Zhi Nan had gone mad, the younger brother was still but a child, and Zhou Meilin had disappeared. Hence, the once most lowly and inconspicuous second miss transformed overnight into the sole master of the house.

And those servants who once looked down upon Chu Tian now treated her with the utmost respect, their faces not showing the slightest hint of perfunctory attitudes, nor a trace of disdain.

Nobody could have anticipated that a weak girl could undergo such a dramatic transformation in just 15 days!

Chu Jin also couldn't understand. Indeed, the feng shui in Chu Tian's room had been suppressing her personality, but it had only been 15 days since the feng shui's suppressive effect was lifted. Everything has a recovery period—how could she have recovered so quickly in such a short time? How could there be such a dramatic change?

What on earth had happened to her?

Had she really called her here today just to attend a memorial service?

"Sister, I'm sorry," Chu Tian walked over to Chu Jin, taking her wrist gently with an apologetic tone, "Ever since my dad passed away, my eldest sister's mental state has been affected. She often talks nonsense, so please don't take what she just said to heart, she didn't mean it."

Chu Jin looked at her, murmuring indifferently, "It's fine."

Chu Tian bowed her head slightly, subconsciously avoiding Chu Jin's gaze, about to say something when a police officer interrupted her, "Miss Chu Tian, we have to further verify some matters with Chu Jin. Please, step aside for now."

"Okay," Chu Tian nodded, then said to Chu Jin, "Sister, I'll wait for you outside."

Chu Jin gave a slight nod, "Go ahead."

After Chu Tian left, the watching guests also dispersed, and the house was once again tranquil, save for the continuing sorrowful music.

The police officer sat down and continued with his questioning, "Miss Chu, according to the deceased's family members, you threatened the deceased half a month before the incident, saying he would encounter a 'bloody disaster' in three days. Is this true?"

Hearing this, Chu Jin furrowed her brow slightly, correcting him, "It wasn't a threat, but a warning. I merely wanted to remind him to be careful during that period."

The officer narrowed his eyes, as if he had found a key point, "So, you admit you said that?"

A "bloody disaster" was a common phrase, normally something a charlatan might say to fool people. Normally, it would be nothing serious! But now, Chu Songhe really had died, and that phrase had become a key piece of evidence in the case!

Chu Jin nodded, "Yes, I said it."

The officer pressed on, "Chu Songhe's death was no accident! He was murdered with intent!"

"So, who is the murderer?" Chu Jin looked up at the officer.

The police officer suddenly met her gaze, straightened up, and asserted sternly, "That's what we want to ask you! Who is the murderer? We have the right to suspect that it was you, in collusion with Chu Tian, who killed Chu Songhe!"

Chu Jin chuckled lightly, "Officer, today isn't April Fool's Day; you can't make such jokes. You're saying I conspired with Chu Tian to kill Uncle Chu, but where is the evidence? What's the motive? Uncle Chu and I had no grudges—why would I kill him?"

Chu Jin could never have dreamed of being related to this murder case.

The policeman stared at her, "You do, you have a motive for murder!" He stood up, leaning forward on the table, looking down at her, "Because you covet the Chu Family's fortune! After Chu Songhe died, Chu Tian became the direct heir who would inherit everything under Chu Songhe's name. Also, you empathize with Chu Tian's plight, wanting to help her, so the two of you planned this murder!"

After that, the officer paused, then continued.

"As for the evidence, that sentence is the best evidence—how could you know that Chu Songhe was going to encounter a 'bloody disaster' without reason?"

Apart from Chu Tian and Chu Jin, there weren't any other suspects.

Moreover, before his death, Chu Songhe left a will that bequeathed all his assets to Chu Tian.

Therefore, the biggest beneficiary of Chu Songhe's death was Chu Tian.

Ask yourself, why would a middle-aged person, not even 50 years old, make a will?

And having a wife and a son, why leave all his fortune to his younger daughter without leaving a penny to his wife or son?

All of this was suspicious.

According to the police investigation, before the arrival of Chu Jin, the Chu family had been calm and quiet, but everything changed after Chu Jin appeared. First, Chu Tian's personality drastically changed, and then Chu Songhe met with an accident, followed by the disappearance of Zhou Meilin...

Facing the police interrogation, Chu Jin spoke calmly,

"I've said before, I am a fortune-teller. I once did a divination for Uncle Chu, which only proves that my divination art is very effective and can't be used as evidence. As for the motive you mentioned, that's even less plausible. My assets are worth over a billion, why would I covet the small Chu family? Frankly, even ten Chu families would not interest me."

As she spoke the last sentence, her manner became somewhat prideful.

The mention of her assets being worth over a billion shocked the police, a young girl boasting so confidently!

Such bragging could reach the heavens!

The two police officers looked at Chu Jin with complex expressions. She was far from the simple figure she appeared to be. Had it been an ordinary person involved in a murder case, they wouldn't be this composed. But she was not only composed, her thoughts were clear, and her words flowed articulately.

The more normal she acted, the more abnormal it seemed!

"Officers, I've made myself quite clear. If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving. Instead of questioning me here, you should look for more compelling evidence and catch the real killer as soon as possible, to vindicate Uncle Chu."

With that, Chu Jin stood up from the chair and casually turned to walk towards the door.

"Stop!" A voice commanded from behind.

Chu Jin looked back indifferently, "Is there something else?"

The officer, with an air of impartiality, said, "Before the matter is cleared up, you and Chu Tian are the prime suspects. We have the right to detain you for criminal questioning!"

According to the clues currently in the hands of the police, Chu Jin and Chu Tian were the indirect perpetrators of Chu Songhe's death!

Chu Jin slightly curved her lips and countered, "Where's your evidence?"

"Rest assured, we won't wrong a good person, nor will we let a bad one go! We will find the most incriminating evidence in the shortest time possible," he said, turning his head slightly to look at another person, "Go call Chu Tian over."

"Yes."

About ten minutes later, Chu Tian was brought over. She walked up to Chu Jin and said with guilt, "Sister, I'm sorry, it's my fault you're involved. But don't worry, I believe the innocent will be cleared. The police will do us justice."

Chu Jin nodded, "Hmm."

"You two, as the main suspects in this case, please come with us now!"

"Criminal detention, right?" Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, "Do you have a detention warrant?"

The officer exchanged a glance with his colleague, who immediately pulled out a detention warrant stamped with an official seal from his bag.

With matters proceeding to this point, Chu Jin had nothing more to say. It's not as if she could beat up the police, right?

That would indeed make the charges serious!

She pocketed her hands and walked out as if nobody was around, as tranquil as if she was just going for a stroll.

After all, she hadn't done anything wrong, so she wasn't afraid of an investigation!

Chapter 535: Jin Ge's Rules

Chu Jin followed a few policemen, walking out unhurriedly.

As they passed the mourning hall, many guests cast strange glances their way; being taken away by the police was quite a significant event! Chu Tian walked right beside Chu Jin, and when they passed the butler, her gaze inadvertently swept over him.

The butler nodded at her gently.

Watching the police car leave, the butler hurried back inside, instructed the other servants a few words, then changed into a new set of clothes and drove away in a black Mercedes, unhurried as he was.

Everything seemed as if it had been planned in advance.

After they arrived at the police station, the police separated the two and began another round of questioning; in fact, they kept asking the same questions over and over again.

Those officers didn't tire of it, as if they were trying to break down the psychological defenses of the two.

Since they weren't tired of it, the ones answering the questions were even less so. Facing the same questions, whether two hours or one hour apart, Chu Jin always gave the exact same answers, without a single word out of place.

After four hours of interrogation, they still hadn't gotten any clear answers, and what's more, the responses given by both people were nearly identical.

Nobody had loosened their lips, as if they had conspired beforehand.

The interrogators were infuriated!

"That's enough for today," the person stood up directly, and said to the officer beside him, "Take her and the one in the next room to the detention center in Area A! Whenever they are ready to confess the whole truth, that's when they'll be released!"

Area A was a terrible place, filled with all sorts of people; a delicate young lady like this might be tormented into who knows what state there.

Thus, Chu Jin and Chu Tian were locked up in the detention center in Area A.

The people in the detention center were a mixed bunch.

Fraudsters, terrorists, drug dealers, pyramid schemers, murderers, all sorts of people mingled there...

Just as they walked in, they drew everyone's attention.

In this cell, there were a total of 20 people, and with Chu Jin and Chu Tian, it made 22.

With a 'bang', the iron door of the cell had just closed when everyone originally sitting on the beds all stood up at once, and then a woman with a hulking frame stepped out of the crowd, pointing to the side of the cabinet by the door to the exercise yard, she spoke to Chu Jin and Chu Tian very rudely, "Kneel there and hold your heads, and explain what crimes you two committed to be put in here!"

This was the boss of the cell, the so-called cellblock leader.

Almost every new inmate had to kneel in that spot and declare their crimes to the cellblock leader, and moreover, after confessing their crimes, the group would beat up the new inmates, as a sort of intimidation.

This was the rule inside the cellblock, and a form of insult to one's dignity.

This robust woman, suspected of murder, was locked up here, and everyone called her Sister Qiang!

Because of her sturdy build and natural strength, without peer throughout the cellblock, she was incredibly arrogant and never took anyone seriously.

In this cellblock, everyone respected Sister Qiang above all else.

Whenever family members sent anything good, it was always offered to Sister Qiang first, with no complaints dared.

This cellblock was also the most feared in the entire detention centre, where the most intransigent criminals, if held here, would confess all their crimes within no more than three days!

Chu Tian, never having seen such an array, pulled on Chu Jin's arm, retreated a few steps in fear, somewhat at a loss.

Chu Jin gently patted her hand, whispering comforting words, "Don't be afraid, I'm here."

Those words, heartwarming, would normally be spoken by a man, yet when they came from her mouth, they didn't feel out of place at all.

Chu Tian suddenly had a boost of confidence, her back stiff and straight as she looked over at Sister Qiang without the slightest sign of submission.

Sister Qiang, seeing that the two newbies dared to be so arrogant, spat on the ground and rolled up her sleeves, cursing, "You two little sluts, looks like your bones are itching! Think you've lived too long! Don't know any rules at all! Today, I'll let you know what Sister Qiang's rules are!"

Daring to be so disdainful when they are only green kids! Really thought being the boss of the jail cell was a joke?

"Sisters!" Sister Qiang raised her hand and began issuing orders, "Get them!"

"If you want to teach me rules," Chu Jin slowly lifted her chin, a faint smile curving at the corner of her lips, somewhat chilly, she raised her hand to brush a strand of hair from her forehead to behind her ear, and with a lifted gaze, looked at the crowd, "I wonder if you have heard of Brother Jin's rules?"

A clear and melodious voice, each word resonating firmly.

It had a kind of fierce feeling.

In an instant, a powerful aura burst forth from her.

Which somewhat contradicted her delicate, jade-like features.

This was undoubtedly the most arrogant person Sister Qiang had ever encountered in prison, had ever before anyone entered without paying her utmost respect?

Sister Qiang felt her dignity had been challenged, and a fierce anger flared up in her heart!

"If I don't kill you two little sluts today, then I'm not your Sister Qiang! What are you still waiting for? Get them now!" Sister Qiang kicked an inmate's butt! Sending her tumbling right in front of Chu Jin!

The rest of the people all rushed towards Chu Jin in one fell swoop!

The crowd was in chaos.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Screams intermittently rose from the air.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Five minutes later, everyone was huddled on the ground, hands over their heads, trembling.

My god! Too terrifying! They had never encountered such a fierce girl before!

They had thought the two of them, skinny and frail, were easy targets, but they never expected them to be so strong in combat! One against twenty! And what was most terrifying was that they had even knocked down Sister Qiang! To know, one Sister Qiang could match 10 men!

Chu Jin stood before everyone, her face unfazed and her heart calm, "Convinced now?"

"Convinced!" came the unanimous response, both genuine and obedient!

Sister Qiang, with a bruised nose and a swollen face, huddled in a corner, not daring to make a sound. Scary! Too scary! Today she had truly met her match!

"Brother Jin, from now on you're our leader! We'll listen to whatever you say!" Someone immediately stood up.

In their world, the capable rise to the top!

"Right! From now on you're our leader!" the crowd chimed in.

"Leader! Leader! Leader!" The crowd even began to clap rhythmically.

They had long been displeased with Sister Qiang.

Now that the beautiful Brother Jin had arrived, they were naturally happy.

The scene was somewhat shocking, Chu Tian stood to the side, looking at Chu Jin with eyes full of admiration.

This just confirmed the saying: when girls get handsome, boys really have nothing on them!

When could she, Chu Tian, become someone like Chu Jin? She clenly clenched her fists in secret.

Chu Jin raised her hands, and suddenly the air quieted down. She slowly began to speak, "There's no need for a 'big sister' anymore. From now on, there's no 'big sister' here, and all those unwritten rules are null and void! Everyone should live in peace! Equality for all! We are all women, why should women make life difficult for each other?"

After her speech, there was still some silence in the air, as everyone was somewhat unclear about Chu Jin's intentions. After a moment, a frail woman stood up and cautiously asked, "Is what you said true? Can those rules really be scrapped? You won't have new rules? And we won't have to hand over our belongings to you?"

They were used to being bullied and found it hard to believe that someone was offering to liberate them.

Chu Jin nodded, "Of course it's true! I don't have any need to lie to you. Everyone is born equal in this world, and it's the same here; from now on, we are all friends."

Seeing Chu Jin's serious demeanor, everyone cheered excitedly! If they weren't so wary of her powerful aura, they would already be tossing her in celebration!

At this moment, Chu Jin was like an exiled immortal who had descended from the heavens to rescue them from Sister Hua's clutches.

She was the light, as well as the faith.

Empowered by their liberation, the women stood up from the ground and gathered around Sister Qiang to punch and kick her, yelling, "For bullying me! For bullying me!"

"For stealing my stuff!"

Almost every one of them had been bullied by Sister Qiang.

So now that Sister Qiang was howling under the beating, it seemed she had it coming.

After a while of beating, Chu Jin stepped forward to stop them, "Alright, alright. The beating is over, everybody has vented their anger. Let's write off past grievances and live in peace from now on. In this vast world, living together is fate. Let's shake hands and make peace."

Only then did everyone stop.

Sister Qiang was a savvy person, immediately scrambling up from the ground to bow and apologize to everyone, "I'm sorry! It was me who wronged you all before. I won't dare to do it again! Please forgive me."

Her attitude was sincere, and seeing that she indeed had been beaten quite miserably, everyone chose to forgive her!

"Forget it, forget it, for Chu Jin's sake, we'll forgive you!"

Thus, on Chu Jin's first night in the cell, she enjoyed treatment akin to a five-star hotel.

The bed was made up by the others.

The water for washing her face and feet was also prepared by the others.

She didn't even have to stand watch at night.

Even Chu Tian got to bask in her reflected glory.

Everyone did it willingly.

Without giving Chu Jin any chance to refuse.

The following morning, the officer in charge of the case said to his subordinate, "Go check on Area A."

Area A was a terrifying place, and he couldn't believe that, after staying one night, those two new girls could remain unbroken.

He figured they must have been scared witless by now!

The policeman instinctively stood up straight and replied, "Yes, sir!"

When the policeman arrived at Area A, he couldn't believe his eyes! He saw Chu Jin and Chu Tian sitting there in good spirits, smiling and not at all looking like they were in detention!

He must be going blind, right? It was his first time seeing someone enter Area A and remain completely unharmed!

What was even more frightening was that the cellblock leader was personally serving tea and water to the two of them!

The policeman, with trembling legs, left Area A and then returned after a moment, worried he might have seen wrong. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but the scene before him remained unchanged.

Good lord! You'd think he saw a ghost in broad daylight!

When the officer arrived at Area A, he too couldn't believe the sight that greeted him. He had thought that Chu Jin and Chu Tian would be receiving inhuman treatment inside, but unexpectedly, there they were, chatting and laughing!

They were being venerated almost like ancestors!

...

But Chu Jin was not ordinary by any standard. She calmly walked over to a corner, leaned against the wall, sat down, and slowly closed her eyes. It seemed like a light sleep, but in reality, her consciousness had entered the "Zi Lei Space".

Zi was lying on the stone table, asleep and looking very exhausted. Chu Jin's entry didn't even stir her.

Perhaps due to the magnetic field of the detention center, Chu Jin picked up the tablet, only to find that it had no signal! Having no other choice, she started to meditate and practice her ancient martial arts.

There was nothing else to do anyways.

A day quickly passed, and Chu Jin and Chu Tian went without a single grain of rice or a drop of water.

On the other side.

The butler had been waiting beside the military district compound for a long time, but to no avail. Frantic like an ant on a hot pot, he paced around in circles! What to do? The second miss had already been inside for two days!

And Mo Qingyi from Huagui Park was also very anxious. She didn't know where Chu Jin had gone and no one answered when she called Chu Jin's phone!

Could Chu Jin have had an accident?

But with Chu Jin's abilities, she thought nobody should be a match for her!

Mo Qingyi paced back and forth in her room anxiously and eventually decided to call the police!

As the police had their networks interlinked, after listening to the policeman's reply, Mo Qingyi was completely shocked!

"What!? Detained?"

After hanging up the phone, Mo Qingyi still couldn't calm down for a long time!

The policeman's words echoed in her ears—Chu Jin was detained on suspicion of murder, and she couldn't be bailed out! No one but a lawyer was allowed to visit her.

Mo Qingyi was still young and panic struck her hard at such a crisis. It took her a long while to realize she should go back and tell the Mo family matriarch about the situation!

Her experience was vast! She would know what to do!

With that thought in mind, she ran back to the Mo family without stopping.

The Mo family matriarch, who had long lived a secluded life, only took care of family matters and didn't concern herself with anything else! Faced with this situation, she too was somewhat at a loss and could only notify Mo Zhixuan to hurry back and handle the situation!

At noon, the butler finally saw Song Shiqin's car arrive!

Just as Chu Tian had said, as soon as Song Shiqin heard the name Chu Jin, his expression changed immediately and he rushed towards the detention center!

Watching the black Hummer speed away, the butler's heart finally settled!

Chapter 536: Coming for My Sister

Song Shiqin had just returned from a mission, and without even changing out of his military uniform, he hurried to the detention center.

He appeared somewhat fatigued, with a shadow of stubble on his chin.

It seemed he hadn't properly taken care of himself for many days.

But his eyes were bright and spirited, shining black.

His features were still handsome.

The military compound was a distance away from the detention center.

Song Shiqin drove at a speed of 180 kilometers per hour on the highway, his driving skills were excellent, whether it was a deadly curve or traffic like a tidal wave, he could race at the highest speed.

After a beautiful drift, the black Hummer stopped in front of the detention center.

He wore a pine green military uniform, and on his shoulder, the golden olive branch with three stars shone brightly under the sun, exceptionally dazzling!

That was the highest rank among military officers!

Upon his entry, the reception officers were stunned!

They had not expected to see such a high-ranking official on their first day of work! Capital City was indeed a place where crouching tigers and hidden dragons lay!

The reception officer was so frightened that he quickly saluted, "Good day, sir! What are your orders?"

The other officers were also astonished!

What had happened? In all their time working there, they had never seen an officer above the rank of colonel visit!

And now, a general had come directly!

Some female officers were even more shocked!

Men in military uniforms were undoubtedly the most charismatic and eye-catching.

Resolute and dashing, like an image of a hot-blooded man of iron and steel.

Also with a kind of unruly wildness that was hard to tame!

Hidden under the military cap were those highly recognizable features, his face lines were extremely sharp, and his features handsome, with starry brows and piercing eyes.

Compared to the juvenile lads in the police station, he far surpassed them by several streets!

Indeed, without comparison, there is no harm!

Song Shiqin scanned the interior and spoke coldly, "Bring out your chief!"

A sense of suffocating authority emanated from him, sending a shiver through everyone! Some found it hard to breathe!

The air grew somewhat still.

After a good while, one officer reacted, stood up straight, and gave a standard military salute, "Yes, sir!" After speaking, he hurriedly walked inside!

Song Shiqin stood outside just like that.

His face was morose and stiff!

Not a trace of expression could be seen.

His posture was as straight as a pen, like a pine tree!

Intimidating!

The people around held their breath, busying themselves with their work, hardly daring to speak loudly.

Some people are just like that; they don't need to do much, just standing there, they can inspire fear.

Song Shiqin was such a person.

The chief was still unaware that Song Shiqin had come over, and at that moment, he was accompanying Officer Lin to the small cell where Chu Jin was detained.

By then, a day and a half had passed since Chu Jin's confinement in the cell.

Whether she was human or a deity, her psychological defenses must have collapsed by now!

"Open the door," the chief said with a light wave of his hand.

The person beside him immediately took out a key and unlocked the door.

The 'creak' of the heavy iron door opening was especially harsh in the quiet space!

"Officer Lin, after you," the chief said with great respect.

Officer Lin did not hesitate. After glancing at him, he stepped straight into the small metal cell.

The chief followed closely behind.

Almost as soon as he entered the cell, Officer Lin saw Chu Jin sitting in the corner by the wall.

Her eyes were closed, but as she heard the noise, she slowly opened them. Perhaps somewhat unaccustomed to the strong light suddenly shining in from outside, she instinctively raised her hand to shield her forehead. Underneath the light, her hand appeared almost transparently pale.

When Officer Lin looked her way, she was also looking towards him.

She seemed unchanged, her peach blossom eyes still profoundly black and carrying a hint of coldness.

Still the same exquisite face.

Other than a pallor, 36 hours without food or drink seemed to have no effect on her.

Moreover, she was extremely calm.

On her delicate face, there was not a hint of panic.

This was somewhat terrifying! A normal person, locked up for so long, was still able to remain so calm!

Standing in front of Chu Jin, Officer Lin looked down at her and said authoritatively, "Well? Have you thought it through? Are you ready to confess everything from start to finish?"

"Confess what?" Chu Jin slowly stood up from the ground, lifting her eyes to look at Officer Lin, "For something I haven't done, even if you lock me up here for a lifetime, my answer will remain the same."

Her tone was very light, yet it echoed assertively!

"You really think I wouldn't dare to keep you here for a lifetime, huh!" Officer Lin furiously flicked his cigarette butt onto the ground and stamped it out with his foot.

Chu Jin looked up, "Well, I really don't believe that," she said, her lips curling into a faint, cold smile.

Her demeanor was a bit arrogant.

Officer Lin had never dealt with someone like her before and was close to exploding with anger.

"You better behave yourself! Don't try to be slick! I've seen many like you! If you don't come clean, I have a hundred ways to make you talk! Do you believe me?"

In Officer Lin's eyes, Chu Jin was that stubborn criminal, a typical case of a dead pig not fearing scalding water!

Chu Songhe was no ordinary businessman!

His death had many people watching from above! If he couldn't catch the murderer by the deadline, the higher-ups would demote him!

And the only suspects for Chu Songhe's murder were Chu Jin and Chu Tian.

Therefore, he could only focus on these two!

He needed to solve the case soon to have peace of mind!

Otherwise, he could lose his job at any moment!

Chu Jin repeated, her tone slightly impatient, "I've said it, this has nothing to do with me!"

Just how many more times do they intend to ask the same questions!

Why are they so certain she killed Chu Songhe?

Chu Songhe was fine, so how come he ended up dead?

The officer was shaking with fury! He had never encountered someone like Chu Jin before.

Just as he was about to say something more, someone walked in from outside, breaking his train of thought.

The person whispered something into the station chief's ear. The chief's face changed, a look of disbelief creeping over him, before he said to the officer, "Officer Lin, stay here for a moment, I need to step out."

Officer Lin nodded.

The station chief hurriedly left with the person who had just arrived.

His legs felt weak.

What on earth had he recently done to warrant a visit from the supreme military commander of the Hua Nation?

That was the supreme commander!

His subordinates said that the commander always had a gloomy face—surely he wasn't here to have tea and a chat, right?

...

Finally, the station chief made it to the front hall.

There stood Song Shiqin.

His entire presence exuded danger.

The station chief could almost immediately identify the military rank on his shoulders, which made his heart skip a beat. My God! Who let this big Buddha stand there! Were these people crazy? Didn't anyone think to offer the commander a seat?

The policemen were indeed frightened and acting foolishly!

"I had no idea the supreme commander was gracing us with his presence. My apologies for not receiving you properly," the station chief said, feigning a smile as he approached Song Shiqin.

Although the station chief was much older than Song Shiqin, in terms of aura, he was far less imposing than Song Shiqin!

Not even half as much!

Song Shiqin narrowed his eyes and glanced at the station chief before asking in a deep voice, "Are you Zhao Kanghui?"

Zhao Kanghui, the station chief's full name.

In this station, no one had ever directly called him by his full name before! Today was a first!

The chief nodded hastily, "Yes, yes, that's me. May I ask why the supreme commander has come such a long way? What are your orders?"

The sweat on his forehead seemed to appear suddenly.

He cursed under his breath, thinking that the supreme commander must have eaten gunpowder. Who had angered him so much?

Song Shiqin looked coldly at the chief, with a barely discernible curve on his lips, his voice emotionless, "I am here for my sister. I heard she's been detained here?"

Upon hearing this, the station chief was shaken to the core! He thought, it's all over!

With all these people in the detention center, which one was Song Shiqin's sister?

The chief kept wiping the sweat from his forehead, "You see, there must be some misunderstanding! What is Miss Song's name? I will have her brought here immediately!"

The station chief was trying to recall how many young women with the surname Song were being held in this place.

As far as he knew, there were quite a few with the surname Song, but very few fit the profile of Song Shiqin's sister!

Who exactly was Song Shiqin's sister?

He hoped he hadn't offended her!

This wasn't just a sister; this was an invisible bomb!

"No need for that!" Song Shiqin said coldly as he stepped forward. "Take me to her."

The beads of sweat on the station chief's forehead became more pronounced!

His heart screamed!

Sir! At least tell me her name!

Without the name, where am I to take you?

"Commander, may I know what your sister's name is?" the chief asked timidly, trembling in fear of inadvertently infuriating Song Shiqin.

Song Shiqin paused, looking at the chief with a deep gaze, his tone extremely light as he uttered two words, "Chu Jin!" After a pause, he added, "Did you hear me clearly?"

The hard and cold voice made the chief feel as if his soul had been partly stripped away!

By the time he had managed to collect himself, he was utterly confused and panicked!

Who did Song Shiqin say his sister was?

Chu Jin?

Seeing the chief frozen there, Song Shiqin turned his head toward him and said with a threatening tone, "Now, immediately, take me to her!"

The chief, coming back to his senses, gestured with a 'please' and said, "Right this way, please. Right this way, please."

Song Shiqin strode forward.

With every step, he brought a chilling wind.

Song Shiqin had some understanding of the detention center; he knew this direction didn't lead to just any ordinary cell.

He stopped in front of a metal room.

Song Shiqin's already stern face instantly became even more somber.

Utterly rigid!

The air around him turned even more menacing!

The station chief looked equally troubled. His heart trembled with fear!

If he had known that Chu Jin was Song Shiqin's sister, he would have treated her with the utmost care; he wouldn't have detained her in such a place!

But now, regret was futile!

"Go open the door for me," Song Shiqin ordered, his voice so cold it seemed it could produce ice shards.

The chief felt as though his entire being had frozen.

The soundproofing of the metal cell was extremely good, so no sound from inside could be discerned.

The chief, somewhat unsteadily, approached the door and pushed the metal gate open with trembling hands.

Song Shiqin followed right behind him.

'Bang!'

Before anyone could react, the suffocating sound filled the air.

With just a small lift of his foot, the tall Officer Lin fell to the ground, his face contorted with pain, as he found himself unable to breathe.

The chief swallowed nervously.

...

Chapter 537: A Gentleman's Promise

Song Shiqin still wore a stern expression as he walked up to Chu Jin, towering over her with eyes that were a deep, inscrutable black, his whole being shrouded in a thick aura of malice!

...

Song Shiqin glanced down at Chu Jin and then turned to walk ahead, "Come on, I'll take you back."

Chu Jin nodded, "Okay." She turned and followed behind him.

As the two of them just stepped out of the iron house, they were met by the prison director and Chu Tian.

Chu Tian looked extremely weak, supported by a female officer, her appearance utterly gaunt.

Seeing Chu Jin, Chu Tian became very agitated, shook off the female officer's hand, and approached Chu Jin, "Sister, are you alright?" Her voice was very hoarse, and in comparison to Chu Jin, she seemed as if she came from an entirely different world, after all, she was just an ordinary person.

"I'm fine," Chu Jin reached out to steady her, "How are you?"

Given how Chu Tian looked, she must have received the same treatment as herself, having gone over 36 hours without any food or water.

The prison director beside them appeared somewhat guilty and lowered his head, not daring to speak.

Using torture was a common practice in regular circumstances, but now, with both women connected to Song Shiqin, the nature of the situation was different.

He just hoped Song Shiqin wouldn't take his anger out on him.

"I'm fine too," Chu Tian said with a weak smile, shaking her head, and then added, "We're no longer suspects now, right? We can go home?"

Before Chu Jin could speak, the prison director immediately said, "That's right, that's right. Misses Chu, this was all a misunderstanding. When Officer Lin brought you over, I wasn't aware of your relationship with Colonel Song. You see, it's like the flood has washed over the Dragon King Temple, family not recognizing family. Now that everything has been clarified, you both can of course go home..."

While speaking, the director kept glancing at Song Shiqin's expression out of the corner of his eye, continually wiping the beads of sweat from his forehead with his sleeve.

In fact, Chu Jin and Chu Tian hadn't really had any major issues.

They were just under suspicion.

So far it was all Officer Lin's speculation; no actual compelling evidence had been found.

And Chu Jin, she really should have mentioned her acquaintance with such a high-ranking person as Song Shiqin. Had she simply said she was Song Shiqin's sister, even if he had ten times the courage, he wouldn't dare to detain this 'noble ancestor', let alone without food or water. Wasn't that career suicide? Just thinking about this made the director tremble with fear.

Fortunately, it seemed Song Shiqin had no intention of troubling him.

The prison director had some simple food prepared in the front hall—milk and bread.

Despite not having eaten for thirty-six hours, Chu Jin didn't have much of an appetite before washing up and shook her head, declining the food offered by the female officer.

Chu Tian, on the other hand, wolfed down two pieces of bread and drank a glass of milk. Her eating manners were casual, lacking the delicacy you'd expect from a lady of her background, indifferent to the stares of others, and not sparing Song Shiqin a single glance, composed as if Song Shiqin was just an ordinary person.

And Song Shiqin, quite evidently, took no notice of her at all.

"Sister, aren't you going to eat?" Having polished off two pieces of bread, Chu Tian looked at Chu Jin with some surprise.

Is she not hungry at all?

Moreover, Chu Tian noticed that apart from looking somewhat unnaturally pale, her spirit seemed very good, nothing like someone who hadn't had a drop of water for 36 hours.

That was a bit strange.

Chu Tian slightly furrowed her brows, lowering her gaze to hide the emotions in her eyes.

Chu Jin turned her head to look at her, "You eat, I don't have an appetite," her voice was very light and faint, tinged with a bit of tiredness.

She had a mild case of germophobia; no matter how hungry, she couldn't eat anything without first washing up.

Song Shiqin stood aside, his posture casual yet exuding an unavoidable aura of authority. He reached out for a bottle of mineral water, twisted off the cap, and handed it to Chu Jin, "Have some water first."

As a rough-and-tumble military man, Song Shiqin's gesture of opening the bottle for his sister was extremely rare.

The female officers nearby all looked at Chu Jin with envy; this girl must have saved the entire galaxy in her last life, to have such a thoughtful and considerate brother!

If he could be this considerate to his sister, how much more would he pamper the woman fortunate enough to be with him?

Chu Jin took the mineral water from his hand and took a light sip, "Thank you."

The station chief's gaze shifted back and forth between them for several times, his eyes slightly narrowed. The way these two interacted was very strange; it didn't resemble a brother-sister relationship at all. Since when do siblings say "thank you" to each other?

Judging by Song Shiqin's demeanor, he seemed to care a lot about the young lady, but her behavior was quite the opposite. It was clear to anyone with eyes that she was deliberately distancing herself from Song Shiqin.

Now that was interesting.

To think there was someone who looked down upon the Grand General of Hua Nation. The girl had guts; with that thought, the station chief couldn't help but take a longer look at Chu Jin, wondering which family's daughter she was, to possess such grace.

Although young, she had a sense of depth as if she'd been through many hardships: her features as delicate as jade, her presence as exquisite as an orchid. It's no wonder Song Shiqin was so protective of her.

This indeed confirmed the saying, "Even heroes have a hard time overcoming the allure of a beautiful woman."

It was at this moment that an officer pushed the door open and entered in a hurry, with a very ugly expression on his face. He whispered something to the station chief's ear, and after hearing him out, the relaxed expression on the station chief's face instantly became tense again. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, just as he approached the door, it opened.

A tall and straight silhouette entered, and the station chief froze, clearly not expecting the arrival so soon. His presence changed the atmosphere of the entire room.

It was cold, an inner chill that seemed to emanate from his bones, making one shiver without feeling cold, as well as that powerful, irresistible aura of a king emanating from him.

The sudden shift in atmosphere made Chu Tian subconsciously lift her eyes to glance towards the door. The man stood against the light, his delicate and icy jaw lifted slightly, his defined features cold and indifferent, as perfectly chiseled as if sculpted by a knife. Standing there with a lofty posture, his slightly upturned phoenix eyes glinted with a stern chill, displaying an overlooking demeanor like that of an emperor returning from inspection, making everyone in the room feel inferior.

The station chief's heart was so tense he could hardly breathe. One deity had barely left, and now another had appeared! Could this one also be here for his sister?

"You, you've arrived," the chief stammered with nervousness, putting on a careful greeting despite being scared to death and forcing a smile.

Mo Zhixuan gave a slight nod, his thin lips parting slightly, "I'm here to find my fiancée," his voice as deeply cold as ever.

Although he was responding to the station chief, his gaze had been fixed on Song Shiqin the whole time.

Song Shiqin also looked towards him, and as two strong individuals locked gazes, neither backed down. Mo Zhixuan looked at Song Shiqin, with the corners of his mouth turning up in a meaningful arc, both noble and arrogant.

Upon hearing this, the police chief was scared out of his wits! It really was about finding someone! And it was even his fiancée!

Chu Jin had never imagined that Mr. Mo would appear here. At that moment, she slightly lowered her eyes to hide her emotions and felt somewhat uneasy, not daring to look directly at him.

The police chief kept wiping the sweat from his forehead, wishing he could just roll his eyes and faint on the spot! This was too uncomfortable a way to torture someone!

"Your, your fiancée is?"

Mo Zhixuan did not respond to his question but stopped in his tracks. His deep gaze turned to Chu Jin, and he beckoned her gently with his hand, "Jin, come here." The four softly spoken words revealed a thick indulgence.

Only then did Chu Jin raise her eyes to look at him, a hint of discontent in her gaze. Ha, Mr. Mo, are you calling a little dog here?

No wonder he was still single at his age.

Although that was what she thought, Chu Jin couldn't help but walk towards him, "When did you get back?"

Song Shiqin watched the two of them, his eyes filled with an indecipherable emotion.

At this moment, he was nothing but an extra passerby.

Mo Zhixuan took the opportunity to wrap his arm lightly around her slender waist, looking down at her, "I just returned, and you're giving me such a big surprise. If I had returned any later, would you have flipped the roof over, hmm?" He ended the question with a slight upward inflection.

The police chief never dreamt that Mo Zhixuan's fiancée would turn out to be Chu Jin!

Who exactly was this girl? She was connected to so many important figures! Terrifying! Scary! If he encountered this young madam again in the future, he'd definitely stay as far away as possible.

Chu Tian also froze for a moment, clearly also not having expected that the noble and cold man before them had come for Chu Jin. She couldn't recall ever seeing this man before; who was he exactly? And judging by the police chief's attitude, his status seemed even higher than Song Shiqin's.

Chu Tian's expression was complicated, for some things had gone beyond her expectations.

At that, Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Of course not, and besides, this matter has nothing to do with me. It's all a misunderstanding."

At this time, Chu Tian also came over and said, "This incident was all because of me; I'm the one to blame, not my sister-in-law. Please don't be upset with her." She said "sister-in-law" very smoothly, without any awkwardness.

Perhaps pleased by the mention of "sister-in-law," Mo Zhixuan lowered his gaze to look at Chu Tian and said slowly, "Jin has always been warm-hearted. How could I blame her? It's just troubling Mr. Song to make the trip,"

After saying this, he turned to look at Chu Jin and spoke warmly, "Jin, won't you thank Mr. Song?"

He acted very much the head of the household.

As if he were declaring his ownership to Song Shiqin.

Chu Jin knew all too well the implication behind Mr. Mo's words and accordingly said to Song Shiqin, "Thank you, Mr. Song."

Song Shiqin's expression remained unchanged, "You're welcome, it was just a helping hand. Moreover, Miss Chu has previously shown me kindness; it's my duty. I have other matters to attend to, so I'll take my leave." He then strode out the door.

Mo Zhixuan watched his retreating figure, the darkness in his eyes deepening, and slowly remarked, "Mr. Song, don't forget, 'a gentleman's promise.'"

At these words, Song Shiqin's step seemed to falter for a moment but then normalized as he walked out the door, disappearing from everyone's sight.

A gentleman's promise.

No one knew which promise he was referring to; Chu Jin was curious but did not ask further.

After leaving the police station, Chu Jin suggested that Mo Zhixuan send Chu Tian home first, but Chu Tian refused.

"No need to trouble you and my brother-in-law. I have already called the butler; he will arrive soon. You and my brother-in-law go ahead, don't worry about me."

Seeing her insistence, Chu Jin did not press the matter and left with Mo Zhixuan.

How to put it, Chu Jin had this feeling that Chu Tian was far from the simple person she appeared to be. She was someone who buried her thoughts deep.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have managed to change the head of the Chu Family in just over fifteen days.

For no reason at all, why would the police suspect that she conspired with Chu Tian to kill Chu Songhe?

Who killed Chu Songhe, and why was all his property left to Chu Tian?

All of this was dubious.

And then, how did Song Shiqin find out about her being locked up? He even arrived before Mo Zhixuan.

That was even more strange.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Chu Jin lowered her gaze slightly, baffled, feeling as if there was a meticulous planner behind all of this.

Was that planner Chu Tian?

"Who are you thinking about?" Seeing her like this, Mo Zhixuan turned his head to look at her, his voice deep.

"Thinking about Chu Tian," Chu Jin answered subconsciously, "I feel like this girl is kind of strange."

"What's there to think about her? She's just an insignificant person. Better to think about something else," Mo Zhixuan said as he reached out and ruffled her hair.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly and looked up at him, "Think about what else?" It had been more than half a month since they'd seen each other, and Mr. Mo seemed to have lost weight.

"How about me? Don't you miss me after such a long time?" Mr. Mo said, quite seriously, still with that noble and cold demeanor as if one wouldn't believe such words could come from him unless heard in person.

Chu Jin turned to him, raising her hand to pat Mr. Mo's meticulously cold face, while patting, she spoke, "Your face, Mr. Mo?"

In all the world, probably only she dared to do such a thing.

Mo Zhixuan's face showed indulgence, and his gaze was subtly warm.

The car sped along quickly, and in no time, they moved from the bustling city to the quiet Mountain Highway.

This was the road to Phoenix Manor.

Chapter 538: Anning

The car was fast, yet incredibly steady.

Mr. Mo's car interior was very clean, devoid of any messy incense.

Chu Jin lazily leaned back in her seat, closed her eyes, and enjoyed the rare peace.

Mr. Mo occasionally glanced at her, and as long as he saw her unharmed visage, he felt very satisfied and fulfilled. The faint sunlight filtered through the window, casting a gentle halo on her face.

With both the sunshine and you here, it is the best thing in the world.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of the Mo family manor.

At the same time, Chu Jin opened her eyes, her clear pupils devoid of the usual grogginess of someone who just woke up, appearing quite lucid and transparent.

Mr. Mo had already leaned out of the car and walked around to open the door for her.

Just as Chu Jin was about to step out, she was suddenly lifted in a waist-hugging embrace. A faint scent of tobacco enveloped her senses, she cried out in surprise, instinctively wrapping her arms around his neck, and scolded, "You scared me to death! What are you doing? Put me down right now, in broad daylight."

Who could have expected such an action without any forewarning?

In fact, even Mo Zhixuan hadn't expected himself to suddenly pick her up. Once he touched her, he didn't want to let go.

Love is a strange thing, like a blooming poppy, causing one to sink into it, unable to extricate oneself, to the point of forgetting oneself and neglecting to think.

The Mo Zhixuan of the past never imagined that he would have such a day.

"Jin," Mo Zhixuan suddenly lowered his gaze to look at her, his dark eyes deep yet warm.

"Mhmm, I'm here." Chu Jin slightly squinted her eyes, looking towards him, with faint sunlight and his reflection in her eyes.

The expressions of both were very serious, each only seeing the other.

Mo Zhixuan looked at her, his sexy Adam's apple sliding up and down a few times, then slowly uttered three words, "I love you."

The unexpected confession made Chu Jin freeze completely.

An airily delivered trio of words, yet each laden with a magic that turned them into boulders, smashing into her heart's lake, rippling outwards and unsettling the calm for a long time.

Thump—

Thump—

What echoed in her ears were the sounds of a fierce heartbeat, steady and strong.

In front of the person you deeply love, no one can resist those three words.

"Yes, I love you too," Chu Jin's eyes curved, her entralling peach blossom eyes reflecting his image.

Those softly spoken four words could rival the most beautiful sound in the world.

There's nothing better in this world than your love being reciprocated by the one you love.

Looking at the girl in his arms, Mo Zhixuan felt a momentary daze...

As Mr. Mo's gaze began to darken, Chu Jin spoke to explain, "That... I haven't..."

Having stayed almost three days inside a detention cell, apart from a simple wash on the first night, she hadn't touched water the other two days, nor had any basic hygiene; it being the peak of summer, her body inevitably had a certain odor, and it was indeed generous of Mr. Mo to still embrace her so tightly.

"I don't mind."

"Mmph..." The rest of her words were swallowed by him completely.

"Cough cough." Just then, a harsh coughing sound suddenly filled the air.

Chu Jin immediately reacted, her complexion turning slightly red, she hastily pushed Mo Zhixuan away, jumped down from his embrace, straightened her clothes, and stood to the side, lifting her gaze to the sky as if to pretend that nothing had happened.

Mo Zhixuan's complexion wasn't looking good, slightly grim.

Chilliness emanated all around him.

Ice-cold.

Mo Qingyi shivered, cautiously walked around Mo Zhixuan, and approached Chu Jin. Holding her arm with a nervous expression, she said, "Jin, are you alright? I heard you were locked up in a detention center, it scared me to death! Luckily I was smart and thought to call my brother."

Speaking of which, Mo Zhixuan really works efficiently! It was just a few hours ago he was still in the United States.

"It was you who called and notified Zhixuan?" Chu Jin asked, raising her eyebrows slightly.

"Yeah," Mo Qingyi nodded, then shook her head, "Actually I notified my mom, and then my mom notified my brother."

Chu Jin continued to ask, "Did you tell anyone else about this?"

She always felt that Song Shiqin showing up at the detention center wasn't so simple.

Could it have been Mo Qingyi who told him?

"No," Mo Qingyi shook her head, "Apart from my mom and brother, I didn't even tell Xinran. What's the matter, Jin? Is there a problem?"

Smiling faintly, Chu Jin replied, "It's nothing, I was just asking," but her mind was busy pondering who exactly had notified Song Shiqin.

Considering Song Shiqin's appearance, he must have come in a hurry, even his military uniform wasn't changed.

But apart from herself, only Mo Qingyi knew about this.

Could it be... Chu Tian?

If it really was Chu Tian who had someone notify Song Shiqin, then the problem was serious!

It was quite obvious that Song Shiqin did not recognize Chu Tian.

If it really was Chu Tian who notified Song Shiqin, then she must have known beforehand that she had connections with Song Shiqin.

She knew that if anything happened to her, Song Shiqin would definitely not sit idly by, so she made arrangements in advance. As soon as there was trouble, someone would be sent to find Song Shiqin.

That's why she had called and asked her to attend Chu Songhe's memorial service.

Because Chu Tian knew that once she was put into the detention center as a suspect for murder, Song Shiqin's capabilities would surely get her out.

If that was indeed the case, then Chu Songhe's death was undoubtedly connected to Chu Tian.

From attending the memorial service to being questioned by the police, to being locked up in the detention center, and then to Song Shiqin coming to the rescue – it was all part of Chu Tian's plan.

What kind of person was Chu Tian, after all?

How could she understand her so well?

It seems that she had misjudged Chu Tian from the start; she was not a weakling at all.

The real weaklings were Chu Songhe, Zhou Meilin, and their children.

They had always been manipulated by Chu Tian.

Brave indeed, to scheme against everyone, even turning her plans on herself!

Chu Jin's eyes narrowed slightly, a chill flashing within them. In the fiery heat of June, she somehow managed to convey a bone-chilling cold.

Seeing her like this, Mo Qingyi couldn't help but shrink her neck, "What's wrong, Jin?"

When Jin got serious, it was indeed quite intimidating, matching Mo Zhixuan in that respect.

It proved that old saying: A family doesn't come together without reason.

Mo Zhixuan just watched her silently, his deep, phoenix eyes unreadable as if lost in thought.

"It's nothing," Chu Jin came back to her senses, holding onto Mo Qingyi's arm with a casual tone, "Let's go inside. I want to take a shower first. I haven't bathed in three days, and I feel filthy!"

Hearing this, Mo Qingyi sniffed her vigorously, "You don't stink though, I think you smell quite nice. Hey, Jin, what brand of incense do you use? It smells really good!"

Actually, Mo Qingyi had been wanting to ask for quite some time now what brand of incense she used! It was truly fragrant, not like it had been chemically processed, a faint natural scent reminiscent of orchids, plums, and also bamboo – particularly intoxicating.

"Incense? What incense? I never use those things; they're too much trouble," Chu Jin sniffed her arm, "How come I can't smell what you're talking about? Are you sure you're not being sarcastic?"

After three days without a bath, for Mo Qingyi to still smell a fragrance? She really was hard-pressed!

"Holy crap! It's not body fragrance, is it?" Mo Qingyi was utterly shocked! Damn it! Being pretty is one thing! Having a great figure is another! Being able to fight is yet another! And now there's even a natural body scent! Damn it! Is this even human?"

Chu Jin patted her forehead and joked, "Maybe I'm the reincarnation of Fragrant Concubine, you never know."

"Then who's my brother? Qian Long? Haha—" Mo Qingyi's train of thought was rather unique; mentioning the Fragrant Concubine immediately made her think of Qian Long.

Chu Jin slightly arched an eyebrow, teasing, "That analogy is quite vivid."

The age difference between them probably wasn't much different from that between the Fragrant Concubine and Qian Long, right?

He's Qian Long?

Qian Long was old enough to be Fragrant Concubine's father!

Was he really that old?

Of course, Mr. Mo was just grumbling to himself, daring to be angry but not daring to speak.

The two of them continued to laugh and chatter on their way into the house, leaving Mr. Mo looking like an outsider.

Once inside, Chu Jin headed straight to the third floor to take a shower.

The elder Mrs. Mo was busy in the kitchen, and Mo Qingyi went over to help.

After the shower, she went downstairs with Mo Zhixuan.

When they reached the living room, the food was already laid out on the table.

Having not eaten for two days, saying she wasn't hungry would be a lie. The tantalizing aroma made Chu Jin unable to control the primal hunger within her; just as she was about to grab a chicken leg and start feasting, her hand was blocked.

More precisely, it was Mr. Mo's hand.

"Have some winter melon soup first. Eating too much greasy food on an empty stomach isn't good," Mo Zhixuan said calmly as he scooped up a bowl of winter melon soup and passed it to Chu Jin.

Mo Qingyi, sitting beside them and somewhat dissatisfied, picked up a chicken leg and gnawed on it, "Brother, when will you care about me like that? I've already eaten two chicken legs!"

Mo Zhixuan looked her up and down, then nodded thoughtfully, "Mmm, indeed, it's time to lose some weight!"

Holy crap! Since when did her brother become such a sharp-tongued person?

Mo Qingyi was stuck with the chicken leg in her mouth, not knowing whether to swallow it or spit it out. Since the start of the vacation, she had been eating and drinking wildly, without any control, and had already gained 5 pounds! Her face was starting to look a bit round.

Love is indeed a strange thing! It can even turn someone as aloof as Mo Zhixuan into someone like this! That's terrifying!

So, for that entire evening, Mo Qingyi lingered around the vegetable section.

She could only watch helplessly as the elder Mrs. Mo kept adding all kinds of meats and delicious foods to Chu Jin's bowl.

While serving the food, she also commented, "Jin, eat more, look how skinny you are! You should learn from Qingyi, see how good she looks; she's as plump as a little pig, obviously in excellent health, unlike you, who could be blown over by a gust of wind."

Chu Jin, unable to refuse such hospitality, picked up a shrimp and placed it in the elder Mrs. Mo's bowl, "Auntie, please have some too."

Mo Qingyi's heart bled as she poked at the greens in her bowl with discontent, "Mom, when did I ever get fat? I'm obviously quite thin, okay?"

At a height of 164 cm, 110 pounds wasn't that fat, right? There were others who were fatter than her!

Mo Qingyi comforted herself inwardly.

"Not fat at all," the elder Mrs. Mo said as she looked at Mo Qingyi, comforting her, "Not fat at all, our Qingyi is skinny like a monkey."

Mo Qingyi's heart ached even more. She looked towards the elder Mrs. Mo with some helplessness, "Mom, let's just eat, don't we always say that we should concentrate on eating and not talk during meals?"

It seemed that ever since Brother Jin arrived, that rule had been forgotten.

It had to be said, Brother Jin had a significant influence on Mo Zhixuan and the entire Mo family.

The elder Mrs. Mo smiled and said, "When did our family ever have such a rule? No talking at the dinner table? That wouldn't feel like a family dinner at all. Wouldn't you agree, Jin? Qingyi is getting stranger by the day!"

Mo Qingyi: "..."

The meal ended in a cheerful atmosphere.

After eating, the elderly Mrs. Mo once again engaged in conversation with Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi.

Three women put on a show.

Despite her advanced age, the elderly Mrs. Mo's thoughts were not old-fashioned, and the three enjoyed chatting together, with laughter often emanating from the living room.

Mo Zhixuan was responsible for serving tea and water to the three women, and he even took on tasks like peeling sunflower seeds and cracking walnuts.

Time flew by.

In the blink of an eye, a month had passed, and within that month, aside from going to the crossroads for tarot readings, Chu Jin spent the rest of her time at the Mo family's residence.

She felt very comfortable living at the Mo family's place, which felt like home to her.

During this period, she and Mo Zhixuan stayed in the same room, but their relationship was strictly limited to cuddling in sleep. In truth, everything that should have happened did, except for taking that final step.

Chu Jin truly admired Mr. Mo's self-control; at crucial moments, he always managed to apply the brakes in time.

That day, Mr. Mo, as usual, dropped Chu Jin off at the crossroads, but this time he didn't leave immediately. Instead, he got out of the car with her. "Jin, please don't work so hard in the future, okay? As Mrs. Mo Zhixuan, you don't have to be in the spotlight. I will support you from now on. You just need to be the beautiful lady of the Mo Group. You be as beautiful as a flower, and I'll make the money to support the family."

He had wanted to say this for a long time.

But he had been holding it back.

You be as beautiful as a flower, and I'll make the money to support the family—that's the life many women dream of.

Unfortunately, she couldn't.

Because she needed to survive.

Even if one day she no longer needed to rely on the power of faith to live, she would not give up tarot reading.

Because tarot reading had become a part of her life.

It was the Tarot cards that gave her a second chance at life, so she intended to use the Tarot cards to help even more people.

"What if I say no?" Chu Jin looked up at him. "Tarot reading is my work, my interest, and even more, my passion. I can't abandon it. Let me put it this way to you: as long as I live, I will continue tarot reading. Would you despise a fiancée who is in the public eye and lives off tarot readings? If so, there's still time to say it now."

She was serious, her eyes devoid of any hint of jest; she was never one to drag things out.

If he truly minded, then there was only one path left for them.

Mo Zhixuan chuckled lightly and raised his hand to ruffle her hair. "What nonsense are you talking about? I'm just worried that you're working too hard! As long as you like it, no matter what you do, I will support you."

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly. "Really?"

"Of course," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly.

Chu Jin looked at him, her eyes forming crescent moons, bright and enchanting. "Thank you." Having said that, she hugged his lean waist.

Thank you, Heaven, for letting me meet someone as wonderful as you.

Mo Zhixuan extended his arms to hug her back. "Silly girl."

At the crossroads, there was a black Mercedes parked, and the man sitting in the driver's seat witnessed everything.

Seeing the scene before him, his heart ached.

It felt as if it was being torn apart.

For the past month, he had pushed aside all public duties and appeared here punctually every morning, arriving at sunrise and leaving at sunset.

This man was Song Shiqin.

To avoid being noticed, he changed vehicles every couple of days.

Sometimes it was an ordinary Volkswagen, other times it was a business van, and sometimes a BMW. Luckily, since this area was a parking zone, no one noticed him.

He deliberately kept a low profile, to the point that even Mo Zhixuan didn't detect him.

What Song Shiqin didn't know was that there was someone else who would arrive half an hour earlier than him and park their car here, staying with him, waiting the entire day.

Chapter 539: precisely because she is Jun Huang

"Take care as you go, sir, and be sure to remember my words. You are susceptible to the element of water recently, so you absolutely must not go near a lake or the sea. Just avoid these for three days, and the prohibition will be lifted." Chu Jin rose to see off the second client of the morning.

A well-dressed young man.

Just as he was about to step off the curb, the young man quickly halted, turning to Chu Jin, "Thank you, Master Chu, no need to see me out! I will certainly bear your advice in mind."

His words were very respectful.

Chu Jin stopped in her tracks, "Good, make sure you take it to heart."

After sending off the young man, Chu Jin turned and walked back to her stall.

As soon as she turned around, she caught sight of a familiar figure.

Chu Tian.

Not having seen her for a month, Chu Tian had already transformed perfectly.

She wore a light green dress that made her skin appear white and delicate, almost translucent. With a pair of lovely almond-shaped eyes and a standard diamond-shaped face, her features were exceptionally striking. She exuded the grace of a lady from a respected family,

If it weren't for seeing it with one's own eyes, no one would believe she was the same emaciated and sallow girl from a month ago.

"Sister." Chu Tian approached, nodding slightly at Chu Jin, her face beaming with a smile, her demeanor affectionate.

Although Chu Tian had changed a lot, her attitude towards Chu Jin was consistent, respectful with a touch of cautiousness.

Chu Jin could feel that Chu Tian bore her no malice.

Despite the lack of malice, there was a purpose behind her actions, just like last time.

If it hadn't been for Chu Tian, she wouldn't have been summoned to the detention center.

"Take a seat," Chu Jin said, her voice light, gesturing to a stool.

Chu Tian gracefully sat down.

Chu Jin looked at her and slowly began, "Do you need something from me?"

Chu Tian first nodded, then shook her head, seemingly struggling to speak, "Sister, I..."

She had thought about it for many days at home, and she knew that Chu Jin, being so clever, must have already worked out what was going on.

She did feel somewhat guilty towards Chu Jin. It was because from the beginning, she had approached her with a specific purpose, since she knew that Chu Jin, with her disposition, would never ignore her in such a pitiful state. Moreover, her own background was very similar to Chu Jin's in the past.

She had exploited Chu Jin's sympathy.

No matter the reasons, what she did was wrong. Chu Jin had trusted her so much, yet she had let her down.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, speaking evenly, "Just say what you need to say. Hmm, in the future, you should call me Miss Chu or Master Chu. I really can't bear your calling me sister."

The meaning in her words was clear, left unspoken. To a certain extent, she was allowing Chu Tian to save face. After all, she still bore the Chu name, didn't she?

"I'm sorry, Sister," Chu Tian barely dared to look into Chu Jin's eyes.

"I know I was wrong. I shouldn't have done that. You trusted me so much, yet I disappointed you! But please believe me, sister, I really didn't lie to you. The little girl mistreated by the servants was me! The little girl unloved by her birth father was also me; the little girl schemed against by her stepmother was still me..."

She had lived in the Chu Family for three years, enduring inhuman torture. Nothing Chu Jin had seen that day was false.

"You indeed didn't lie to me," said Chu Jin, raising her brows slightly, her tone cool, "You simply exploited my sympathy to kill your birth father, and Zhou Meilin's disappearance has something to do with you too, right?"

"You're very clever. You first let me see your background and circumstances, gradually earning my trust, then you found a way to let me see the feng shui in your room, creating a bad impression of your stepmother and father in my mind. You purposely chose a day when both your parents were at home to take me to your house, with the goal of having me warn your father that he would face a bloody disaster within three days, right? Because you knew that as a fortune-teller, I would certainly remind your father! Also, if I'm not mistaken, it was you who disclosed my words of 'bloody disaster within three days' to the police, wasn't it? Because only if both of us were detained together would you have a chance to be rescued! Furthermore, you had long known that Zhou Meilin was not your birth mother! So, all of this, from the start, was a trap you had set!"

At this point, Chu Jin paused, then continued, "However, what I'm really curious about is how you knew all this in advance. How did you know that your father would face a bloody disaster?"

This didn't make sense. As an ordinary person, how did Chu Tian know about Chu Songhe's bloody disaster? And how could she be sure that she would say those words to Chu Songhe? If she hadn't said them at that time, wouldn't Chu Tian's plan have been ruined?

Why was Chu Tian so certain that everything would develop as she had envisioned?

What kind of trump card was she holding in her hand?

Just what was Chu Tian's background?

There was a slight chill in Chu Jin's voice.

Chu Tian's complexion grew paler and paler.

She had thought Chu Jin only knew that Song Shi Qin was someone she had brought in, but she had not anticipated that Chu Jin would deduce the entire process!

Exactly!

This person was even smarter than she had imagined!

"Sister..." The color drained from Chu Tian's face.

Chu Jin raised her brow slightly, "I've said, don't call me sister. I can't bear it, and besides, I don't want to die young."

A person capable of killing her own father might one day turn on you.

It was best to keep as far away from such a person as possible.

Chu Tian burst into tears, "He deserved to die... Chu Songhe and Zhou Meilin both deserved to die! He wasn't fit to be a father! He and Zhou Meilin conspired to kill my mother. After she died, not only did they seize her property, but they also tossed me into the countryside! It's all retribution! The punishment they deserved! By the way, Sister, do you know what Chu Songhe was called before? His name was Li Songhe! He was nothing but a self-righteous hypocrite..."

"...Do you say, doesn't such a man deserve to die?"

As she spoke, Chu Tian cried.

His expression was somewhat sorrowful.

Chu Songhe became a son-in-law to the Chu Family, and after conspiring with Zhou Meilin to kill Chu Tian's birth mother, changed his surname to Chu to show outsiders.

From start to finish, the Chu Family had only one daughter, Chu Tian.

Yet in the end, she turned out to be the second young miss!

That Chu Zhi Nan was unexpectedly three years older than her!

Chu Songhe deserved to die.

Zhou Meilin deserved to die as well.

Neither of them was a good person!

Chu Jin hadn't expected the story to be so twisted.

However, Chu Tian still hadn't gotten to the main point. She was so young at the time, how did she come to know all this? Could it be that she was a Prophet, able to foresee everything in advance?

Chu Jin looked up at her and asked again, "How did you come to know all this?"

Chu Tian instinctively avoided Chu Jin's gaze.

She couldn't reveal the reason why she knew all this.

Chu Tian wiped the tears from her face, "Sorry, sister, I can't tell you right now."

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows but didn't speak; Chu Tian indeed had secrets.

Chu Tian continued, "But sister, please believe me, I came to apologize to you sincerely and hope you can forgive me. I hope, in the future, I can still call you sister."

"You should go back," Chu Jin said softly, "and don't come here again in the future. I'll consider today's incident as if it never happened."

Chu Tian stood there dumbfounded, unable to recover for a long while.

She hadn't expected Chu Jin to be so resolute.

She thought that Chu Jin would forgive her after understanding her predicament.

This situation was beyond her expectations.

Chu Tian bit her lip, sat down again opposite Chu Jin, took a deep breath, and then said, "Sister, if you still trust me, please don't go to Nanshan with your friends in the next few days. It's not safe there. Goodbye."

After saying that, Chu Tian got up and left.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, somewhat unable to understand the meaning behind Chu Tian's words.

Nanshan was in C City, 500 kilometers away from Capital City.

She had never mentioned that she was going to Nanshan.

How could Chu Tian suddenly say such a thing?

What on earth was going on with Chu Tian? It was inexplicable.

After walking a few steps, Chu Tian saw that Chu Jin did not call out to her, stopped, turned around, bowed deeply to Chu Jin, and then strode away.

She truly left this time.

Without any hesitation.

That day, Chu Jin served six clients and earned 50% Faith Value.

The sun set over the mountains, and the black Bugatti Veyron stopped on time by the roadside.

Chu Jin packed up her belongings and, with her backpack, got into the car.

The setting sun stretched the girl's shadow long.

Once in the car and settled, Mo Zhixuan handed her a cup of cool milk tea that must have just been bought, as the ice cubes hadn't fully melted yet—it was jasmine-flavored, half sugar, and from a very popular brand, which always had long queues in front of its shops, no matter the time and place.

Chu Jin couldn't quite imagine what he looked like waiting in line for milk tea.

It must have attracted a lot of attention.

"Tired?" Mo Zhixuan said, putting her backpack in the storage compartment.

"Not tired," Chu Jin shook her head slightly, inserted the straw into the cup of milk tea, and took a satisfied sip.

The half-sugared jasmine flavor, with the refreshing scent of jasmine and bitterness of green tea, mixed with the crushed ice, left a cool and instantly soothing effect on the palate, extremely refreshing.

Mo Zhixuan glanced at her and slowly spoke, "School is going to start soon, and Qingyi suggested that we take advantage of this time to call up Qin Jinyong and his sister to go to Nanshan for a trip tomorrow. What do you think?"

"Go to Nanshan?" Chu Jin frowned slightly, as Chu Tian's words suddenly echoed in her ears, giving rise to a bad feeling.

What Chu Tian said had come to pass.

This was quite terrifying upon reflection.

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Yes, why, you don't like that place?"

Chu Jin took another sip of milk tea through the straw, "It's not that. I'm just surprised. Qingyi has never mentioned this to me before. Why would she suddenly want to go to Nanshan out of the blue?"

Mo Zhixuan glanced at her and said while driving, "That girl is just like that, acting on impulse as soon as she gets an idea. If you don't want to go, then we won't."

It was apparent that Chu Jin seemed to have some resistance to the place called Nanshan.

Chu Jin didn't immediately answer him, and only after a long while did she say, "Let's go, I want to see."

She was actually curious about what secrets Nanshan hid and what Chu Tian was capable of!

In fact, everyone harbors a kind of rebelliousness deep inside them.

Chu Jin was no exception.

The more Chu Tian reminded her not to go, the more curious she became about what sort of fierce animals might be lurking there.

Mo Zhixuan didn't ask further, simply replying, "Alright, I'll accompany you."

Chu Jin smiled and turned her head, bringing the milk tea to his lips, "Seeing how you're so obedient and virtuous, this is your reward."

Mo Zhixuan's thin lips parted slightly, taking the straw into his mouth, "Thank you, my lady." Because of the straw, his speech was somewhat muffled.

The next day.

Early in the morning, while Chu Jin was still in bed, she was woken up by Mo Qingyi's noise.

It has to be said that when it came to 'playing,' Mo Qingyi was very enthusiastic.

Dressed in a black and white dress, Mo Qingyi twirled around beside Chu Jin's bed, "Jin bro, can you wear this dress too? Xinran is going to wear the same one today. The three of us wearing the same will definitely look gorgeous."

Disturbed from sleep, Chu Jin reluctantly sat up in bed, grabbed the alarm clock from the bedside table, and saw that it was only 5:30 in the morning!

Chu Jin's biological clock was usually very precise; she got up around 6:30 every morning, went for an hour-long run, and left the house around 9 o'clock.

Being woken up an hour early out of the blue, she felt pretty out of sorts, her voice sounding somewhat hoarse.

"Qingyi, why did you get up so early today?"

Mo Qingyi glanced at her and sat down beside the bed, "Early? My brother has been up for a while! Hurry and get up, we should leave early to avoid traffic."

Only then did Chu Jin realize that Mr. Mo had already vanished from the bed, which explained Mo Qingyi's bold entrance.

"Alright, alright, I'm getting up," Chu Jin scratched her head, then added, "I think I put that dress in the cabinet, you go get it for me."

"Okay!" Mo Qingyi immediately ran to the cabinet to find the dress for her.

Chu Jin also got out of bed and went to the bathroom to freshen up.

Once everything was ready, it was 7 o'clock in the morning.

When Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi walked out of the Mo family's gate, they were dazzled by the lineup in front of them, with three limited edition luxury cars neatly parked at the door.

They were a Koenigsegg One:1, a limited edition Ferrari F60America, and an Aston Martin One-77.

Any one of these cars pulled out could match a lifetime's salary of an ordinary person.

Perhaps some people struggle their whole life and still can't earn even a fraction of it.

"Jin, Qingyi." Miao Xinran emerged from the Aston Martin, her long dress fluttering in the wind. As Mo Qingyi had said, she was wearing the black and white dress.

Clearly the same dresses, but the three of them each displayed a different style.

Each had its own merits.

"Wow, Xinran, you're really blinding me with that dress," Mo Qingyi said as she reached out and prodded Miao Xinran's chest, "Wouldn't have guessed, you're quite substantial!"

Miao Xinran laughed coquettishly and quickly hid behind Chu Jin, "Jin, she's taking advantage of me, help me hit her."

In front of the Aston Martin stood a tall and imposing man, none other than Qin Jinyong.

"Mo Little Three." Duanmu Zhe stepped out of the Ferrari, whistling mischievously at Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi snorted coldly, ignoring him; the two seemed to be on bad terms.

"Really mad?" Duanmu Zhe approached, nudging Mo Qingyi's shoulder with his arm and flashing a careful smile.

Mo Qingyi still paid him no mind.

"My lady, I was wrong, please forgive me. I'm kneeling down for you," said Duanmu Zhe. As he spoke, he stretched out his left hand with the palm up and made a 'V' with his right hand, placing the two fingers on his right palm as if kneeling.

He played the act quite well.

Eventually, Mo Qingyi was amused into laughter by him.

It has to be said, Duanmu Zhe had a knack for cheering up girls.

After a while, Mo Zhixuan finally emerged from the side, walking straight to Chu Jin's side. He scanned the group with a swift glance and slowly said, "Now that everyone is here, let's set off."

He exuded an innate commanding presence, like a born King, emanating an aura of dominance from his very bones, compelling people to submit.

At his words, those who had been jovially chatting outside all filed into their cars.

Six people, three cars.

Each car had a young lady sitting in the passenger seat.

Except for Duanmu Zhe, the men driving appeared quite mature.

Inside the cabin of the Aston Martin, the most popular music of the time filled the air, "Only the wise river knows, the snow fled the castle because it longed to play..."

Miao Xinran was humming along with the rhythm.

Qin Jinyong couldn't quite comprehend the musical tastes of the younger generation. These lyrics—what even was all this about? They were going to corrupt the kids!

He frowned slightly, then he spoke up, "Your friend, is she with Mo Zhixuan now?"

Miao Xinran was initially taken aback but soon realized that by friend, Qin Jinyong was referring to Chu Jin, "Yes, didn't you know? Jin is Mo Zhixuan's fiancée. Speaking of which, you should be calling her your sister-in-law."

Privately, Miao Xinran would never take the initiative to call Qin Jinyong 'brother.'

She would either call him by name or simply address him as "you."

"Fiancée?" Qin Jinyong's voice rose a few decibels, "When did this happen? How come I never heard Mo Zhixuan mention it?"

Now, Qin Jinyong wasn't even using the term 'brother' anymore, indicating that he seemed somewhat angry.

Miao Xinran looked at Qin Jinyong, slightly raised her eyebrows, and challenged him, "What's with your big reaction to Mo Zhixuan's fiancée? Don't tell me you've taken a fancy to Jin?"

"What nonsense are you talking about!" Qin Jinyong's face turned a shade darker.

Miao Xinran gave him a look, her tone unfriendly, "Then what's making you angry? Are you saying our Jin isn't good enough for Mo Zhixuan?"

Qin Jinyong sighed, "That's not what I meant." His eyes seemed a bit deep.

"Then what do you mean?" Miao Xinran retorted.

Seeing her like this, Qin Jinyong's tone softened a bit, "I just feel that Mo Zhixuan and your friend aren't very well matched."

Miao Xinran could not stand anyone speaking ill of Chu Jin, and her face quickly showed her displeasure, "Then you tell me, where are they not well-matched? I think they're a perfect fit! You're really something, thinking our Jin isn't worthy of your high and mighty Mo Zhixuan. What, is he made of gold or something?"

The car was filled with a fiery tension.

Qin Jinyong knew Miao Xinran's temperament well and decided not to argue with her. Instead, he took out a bottle of mineral water from the storage compartment and handed it to her, "Have some water to soothe your throat first."

Miao Xinran took the water and gulped down a big mouthful.

For the rest of the journey, the two no longer spoke.

However, it was calm on Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's side. Owing to the early start in the morning and having been kept awake by Mo Zhixuan for most of the previous night, Chu Jin fell asleep against the car seat as soon as she got in the car.

The air conditioning inside the car was set very low, so Mo Zhixuan freed one hand, slowed down the car, leaned over, and covered her with his suit jacket from the overhead compartment.

The liveliest spot belonged to Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe.

Both were young and full of vigor.

And their tastes were drastically different.

The music playing inside the car was a powerful DJ set.

All along the way, Mo Qingyi was as excited as Second Dog Son who'd just arrived in the countryside, marveling inwardly at everything he saw.

Nanshan couldn't compare to the bustle of Capital City; it was more of a suburban area. Even from the highway, one could see vast paddy fields and unnamed crops.

About 5 hours later, they arrived at their destination.

Three luxury cars lined up in a row.

As the name Nanshan implied, wherever they went, there were mountains—continuous and seemingly endless, presenting a magnificent sight.

The cars stopped at an inn at the base of the mountains.

Hidden Ferry Inn.

An antique wooden building, with a string of red lanterns hanging in front of the door, and pairs of tourists coming and going.

"The air is nice." After getting out of the car, Chu Jin stretched languidly.

Mo Qingyi was already calling Miao Xinran over to take pictures.

"Brother Jin, Brother Jin, this is a rare opportunity, let's take a photo together, the three of us," Mo Qingyi beckoned Chu Jin over.

"Sure," Chu Jin replied with a light smile, making her way over as Mo Zhixuan followed.

"Bro, it just so happens that you can take the photo for us," Mo Qingyi handed his camera to Mo Zhixuan.

Girls often say one thing and mean another; although they promised to take only one picture, the reality was far from simple. They tried various poses and arrangements for the photo shoot.

Qin Jinyong took the chance to pull Duanmu Zhe aside.

As Duanmu Zhe watched the commotion over at Mo Qingyi's side, he said, "Jinyong, what's up?" It was clear his mind wasn't really with Qin Jinyong.

Qin Jinyong's expression darkened slightly, "Mo Zhixuan has become muddled and ended up with Chu Jin. If you didn't know to stop him, that would be one thing! But you're going along with it, calling her sister-in-law! Aren't you just adding to the chaos?"

At those words, Duanmu Zhe's demeanor became serious.

Could it be that Qin Jinyong disapproved of Chu Jin's status as being unworthy of Mo Zhixuan? Thinking this, Duanmu Zhe said,

"Jinyong, you weren't there on the night of the extreme yin, so you don't know what happened. If it hadn't been for our sister-in-law, do you think Mo Zhixuan could have made it through the night unharmed on his own?"

Qin Jinyong kept silent, and Duanmu Zhe continued, "Our sister-in-law is no ordinary person! You might not believe this, but she is the reincarnation of an empress...".

Qin Jinyong cut him off before Duanmu Zhe could finish, "Saving someone is one thing! That's a separate issue! Precisely because she is the Empress, that's why she shouldn't be with Mo Zhixuan! We must stop all of this!"

Chapter 540: Who is the person that should wake up?

Listening to Qin Jinyong's words, Duanmu Zhe's face grew darker and darker.

In his heart, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were a pair made in heaven. Now, someone suddenly saying that they couldn't be together was something Duanmu Zhe found hard to accept.

Had it not been for Chu Jin, Mo Zhixuan might already be more unlucky than fortunate.

"Why?" Duanmu Zhe looked up at Qin Jinyong, his usual playful demeanor gone, his expression extremely serious, his eyes pitch black, "Why can't Ninth Brother be with Ninth Sister-in-law? Do you really want Ninth Brother to end up with Zheng Chuyi before you're happy?"

Duanmu Zhe knew that Qin Jinyong once had a close relationship with Zheng Chuyi. Could it be that he opposed Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin's relationship because he wanted to stand up for Zheng Chuyi?

But that wasn't like Qin Jinyong. He was upright and clear about right and wrong.

He shouldn't be so petty.

Beyond that reason, Duanmu Zhe truly couldn't think of anything else.

Duanmu Zhe glanced over at the three people posing for photos with complicated eyes.

An unpleasant premonition emerged.

Upon hearing this, Qin Jinyong took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "This matter has nothing to do with Zheng Chuyi! Not to mention that Zheng Chuyi is already dead, even if she were alive, based on what she did back then, she wouldn't be worthy of Ninth Brother!"

Pausing, Qin Jinyong continued.

"I oppose Chu Jin and Ninth Brother being together because Chu Jin is going to get Ninth Brother killed! She and Ninth Brother are not from the same world! It's predestined that they can't end up together!"

In reality, it wasn't a question of who was worthy of whom between Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, but that these two simply couldn't be together.

Qin Jinyong was a very calm and rational person. He wouldn't look down on anyone just because of their status.

Knowing that Qin Jinyong wasn't opposing the relationship for Zheng Chuyi's sake, Duanmu Zhe breathed a sigh of relief.

He patted Qin Jinyong on the shoulder, "It's okay, Brother Yong, I don't know why you have such a big issue with Ninth Sister-in-law, but please trust me, she really is a very good person. There's no one in this world more suitable for Ninth Brother than her! Drop your prejudice against Ninth Sister-in-law. How could she possibly get Ninth Brother killed? Stop talking nonsense..."

Qin Jinyong's expression remained very solemn. He sighed deeply and said with heavy emphasis, "Duanmu, things aren't as simple as you think. Whether it be Jun Huang or Chu Jin, in short, she can't be with Ninth Brother. You must stop this with me!"

On the last sentence, his tone became more forceful.

Duanmu Zhe's expression changed, "I won't join you in destroying the relationship between Ninth Brother and Ninth Sister-in-law! I advise you not to meddle in this matter, or else, Ninth Brother won't let you off!"

What in the world was Qin Jinyong thinking? Why would he oppose Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan being together?

Duanmu Zhe was puzzled.

"Duanmu!" Qin Jinyong's face now showed a hint of anger, "I'm advising you to be sensible! Don't you know that by doing this you could get Ninth Brother killed!"

Duanmu Zhe gave him a look and said in a lowered voice, "The one who needs to be sensible is you! I don't know what Ninth Sister-in-law did to offend you that you have to target her this way! If it hadn't been for her, do you think Ninth Brother could stand here safe and unharmed? Not knowing gratitude is one thing, but now you actually want to break them up! What on earth are you plotting?"

"I've said it!" Qin Jinyong's face had completely darkened, "Saving someone is one thing! That's a separate matter!"

Qin Jinyong must have a hole in his brain!

Duanmu Zhe snorted coldly and said irritably, "I think you're just looking for trouble! You just can't stand to see Ninth Brother doing well! Oh..." Realization dawned on him as he slightly narrowed his eyes, "I get it now, could it be that you have your eyes on Ninth Sister-in-law?"

Beyond that, Duanmu Zhe couldn't think of a second reason!

If that were truly the case, then Qin Jinyong was really not being brotherly at all! Such audacity to even covet Ninth Brother's woman!

"What are you talking about!" Qin Jinyong gave Duanmu Zhe a thump on the forehead, "Do I seem like that kind of person to you?"

Only Duanmu Zhe could come up with such an idea!

Duanmu Zhe rubbed his head, "Then what's the reason? Qin Jinyong, I think you've gone mad! I'm warning you, don't you dare do anything to hurt Ninth Sister-in-law! Otherwise, not only will Ninth Brother not let you off, I won't let you off either!" His expression was very serious, with no hint of joking.

Seeing him like this, Qin Jinyong's attitude softened a bit, "I know Chu Jin is a good person, she is of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, she is the reincarnation of the empress, she once even saved Ninth Brother, but don't forget, Ninth Brother also saved her! Without Ninth Brother, she would have died under that bullet long ago! So, the two of them owe each other nothing!"

Having said this, Qin Jinyong paused, then continued.

"Duanmu, believe me, I would never harm Ninth Brother. He and Chu Jin really aren't from the same world. If they stay together, there won't be a good outcome. She really will kill Ninth Brother..."

Duanmu Zhe looked at Qin Jinyong somewhat speechlessly.

"How do you know Ninth Brother and his wife aren't from the same world? Why are you meddling in the couple's affairs? Even Aunt Mo agrees with Ninth Brother being with his wife, on what grounds do you object? That's enough, I won't talk further with you. Calm down on your own, but just remember, don't you think of harming his wife, or else, I won't let you off!"

With that, Duanmu Zhe turned and walked away.

"Stop!" Qin Jinyong barked at his retreating figure.

Duanmu Zhe turned around, some helplessness in his gaze, "What now?"

Qin Jinyong looked at him, his face darkening to the point of rigidity, each word forceful, "She has already killed Ninth Brother once, do you really want to let her kill him a second time?"

The magnitude of information in this sentence was too great, causing Duanmu Zhe to struggle to react.

What does it mean that she already killed him once?

"What do you mean by that?" It took a good while for Duanmu Zhe to gather his wits, looking at Qin Jinyong with disbelief.

Qin Jinyong, however, was composed, the rage gone from his face, now calm, and spoke slowly.

"I've made my meaning very clear. Her being with Ninth Brother goes against the Heavenly Dao! Duanmu, if you don't want to watch Ninth Brother step by step walk towards his doom, then you'd better listen to me, and stop the two of them being together! Otherwise, one day you will regret it."

Duanmu Zhe stood there, the look in his eyes incredibly complex, at a loss for what to do for a moment.

Were Qin Jinyong's words true? Believable? Was Chu Jin being with Mo Zhixuan really against the Heavenly Dao?

Thinking this, the remark from Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen about "those who defy fate" suddenly echoed in Duanmu Zhe's ears.

What defines someone who defies fate?

Taking into account the identity of Chu Jin as the reincarnation of the empress, Duanmu Zhe's face suddenly changed.

Pale to the extreme.

After glancing at him, Qin Jinyong didn't say more, lifting his foot to leave. Some things were better left unsaid. Duanmu Zhe was smart; he knew what to do.

Over there, Mo Zhixuan was still dutifully taking photos of the three, oblivious to the conversation between Qin Jinyong and Duanmu Zhe.

Photo by photo, the youth were captured within the camera.

Qin Jinyong stood behind them, his eyes deep, and he sighed after a moment.

It seemed that this time, Mo Zhixuan really had fallen deep.

The number of years he had known Mo Zhixuan, this was the first time he had seen Mo Zhixuan smile.

Before this, he couldn't even imagine that Mo Zhixuan would one day spin around a young girl, putting aside his official duties to accompany her on a mountain outing, even personally taking photos for the three young girls.

After taking dozens of photos, Mo Qingyi, Miao Xinran, and Chu Jin ran back to flip through the pictures Mo Zhixuan had taken.

The initial discussion went like this:

"I think this one looks good."

"This one isn't bad either."

"This group photo is the best looking!"

The subsequent discussion sounded like this:

"Haha, Jin bro, what are you doing in this one? Are you about to hit Xinran?"

"Look at this one, hahaha, Qingyi, look at your silly expression! You're rolling your eyes! Hahaha!"

As they flipped to a solo shot, Mo Qingyi screamed, "Oh my god! This one makes my legs look both short and fat!"

"This one makes my skin look too dark!" Miao Xinran held her cheeks with both hands, somewhat incredulously saying, "I'm not this dark, am I?"

"..."

After looking through a set of photos, Mo Qingyi looked discontentedly at Mo Zhixuan, "Bro, you have no technique in your photography at all! You made Xinran and Jin bro look so good, but look at what you've done to me?"

Mo Zhixuan glanced at her and said in an extremely indifferent tone, "Do you think I can turn a little pig into a person?"

"Pfft!"

"Haha!"

Two merciless laughs filled the air.

Chu Jin never expected Mr. Mo to have such a humorous side.

Miao Xinran was even more shocked; in her heart, Ninth Brother had always been a cold and abstinent figure, the kind who probably wouldn't speak a word in ten days. How could he possibly be in the mood for jokes today?

And what's more terrifying is that Ninth Brother had just taken photos of them!

Thinking about it now still seemed somewhat unbelievable.

Damn it! To actually dare to mock her as a little pig! Mo Qingyi was fuming! Her brother was truly becoming more and more venomous with his words! Suddenly, an idea struck her, and she held the camera, speaking ingratiatingly to Mo Zhixuan.

"Bro, how about I take a photo of you and Jin bro too? Couples always have pictures together, you and Jin bro haven't taken one yet, have you?"

Watch me turn you into short and stocky! Mo Qingyi grumbled to herself! With the right angle, even 1.9 meter-long legs could be made to look like 1.4 meter-long stubs!

Mo Zhixuan raised his eyes towards Chu Jin. As long as it involved her, he was willing to try.

It might have been an illusion or something of that sort, but he always felt that since being with her, he himself seemed to have become younger.

If it had been before, he would certainly not have come out to play and fool around with Mo Qingyi and the others, but now...

"Alright," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, then turned to Chu Jin and said, "Jin, come here."

Chu Jin didn't refuse; they were out to have fun, so of course, happiness was the priority. She obediently walked over to Mo Zhixuan's side.

Seeing that Mo Zhixuan had fallen for it so quickly, Mo Qingyi couldn't stop smiling.

The two of them stood under an ancient tree in front of the inn. Chu Jin had a strong presence on camera, a natural beauty, so no matter which angle she was photographed from, there were no bad shots, like a natural and smooth ink painting. Mo Zhixuan looked seriously at the camera with a slight purse of his thin lips and an expressionless face, solemn and reserved.

Strangely enough, these two people standing together didn't look out of place at all; rather, the picture was unexpectedly harmonious and captivating, exceedingly beautiful.

As it turned out, all the talk about finding the right angle fell to pieces in the face of genuine great beauty and long legs!

No matter what angle Mo Qingyi chose, she couldn't make this person look short and fat!

Damn it! This was simply too unfair!

After snapping several photos, Mo Qingyi said to Mo Zhixuan, "Bro, don't be so serious! Smile a bit!"

"How should I smile?" Mo Zhixuan asked seriously.

Mo Qingyi waved her hand helplessly, "Never mind! Forget it! Don't smile then! Why don't you two try a different pose? Something a bit more intimate."

Facing the camera, Mr. Mo, who was always high and mighty, felt an inexplicable sense of nervousness; his hands and feet seemed to have nowhere to rest.

Chu Jin looked up at Mo Qingyi and raised an eyebrow, "The moment to test your photography skills has come; remember to capture the moment."

No sooner had she spoken than Chu Jin slowly tiptoed, seemingly with a bit of effort, and kissed his cheek.

The scattered sunlight filtered through the mottled leaves, casting a soft halo on the two of them.

It was a very beautiful scene.

So beautiful it seemed surreal, not of this world.

Click!

Mo Qingyi captured this moment, recording it forever.

"How is it?" Chu Jin ran over, looked at the photo Mo Qingyi had taken, a smile curving at the corner of her mouth, then held the camera up to Mo Zhixuan, "How do you think it came out?"

Mo Zhixuan looked down at the photo in the camera, a rare smile played across his lips, and even his usually icy eyes softened a bit, "Not bad," he gave an honest assessment.

The scene before them was also very pleasing to the eye; the man was about 20 centimeters taller than the girl. To get a clear view of the camera in her hands, he had to lower his head slightly, creating the cutest height difference. Even more rare was the usually stoic man's seldom-seen smile.

Mo Qingyi hurriedly took out her phone from her pocket to capture the scene, snapping several shots—ah! Who could blame her for being such a darling sister of Hua Nation? Although Mo Zhixuan was unkind, she couldn't be unjust!

"Eldest Brother, Sister-in-Law, let's go rest at the inn first," just then, Duanmu Zhe came up, his expression as usual, showing no signs of anything unusual.

Hearing him, Mo Zhixuan walked over with his arm around Chu Jin's shoulders, "Okay, let's go in first."

Chu Jin was flipping through the photos in the camera, her eyes curving with joy, lost in her own world, allowing Mr. Mo to lead her onward.

Qin Jinyong and Miao Xinran were dragging two suitcases in their direction.

Seeing this, Mo Qingyi lifted her foot and gave Duanmu Zhe a kick, "Go, pull the luggage."

Duanmu Zhe didn't dodge, taking the kick squarely, while he trudged toward the car and grumbled, "Damn it, that hurts! Mo Qingyi, can't you be a bit gentler?! Don't you know nobody will want you if you behave like this?! You won't be able to get married!"

Mo Qingyi's eyes darkened for a moment before she retorted, "Whether I get married or not is none of your business."

Just then, Chu Jin frowned slightly; she seemed to smell something unusual in the air. She looked up at everyone, then lowered her gaze again without any fuss, hiding the expression in her eyes.

"Jin, Jin!" Suddenly, Zi's voice echoed in her mind after a long absence.

"Oh, you're finally awake?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

Zi scratched her head sheepishly, "Actually, I haven't been asleep for that long..."

"It hasn't been that long," Chu Jin said in a light tone, "It's just been a little over a month."

Zi: ...Jin, you've changed!

Chu Jin curled her lips slightly, "No, it's you who've changed!"

Holy shit! Zi was shocked! Incredible! Jin was actually able to analyze her thoughts! Terrifying!

Oh my god, a month had passed, and Jin had become so fearsome! It looked like she would have to be more careful in the future! She couldn't just have any random thoughts!

After a moment, an excited Zi said, "Jin, Jin, guess what I just smelled?"

"What did you smell?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

Zi continued, "I smelled the scent of Soul Resurrection Grass. It's like finding something without even searching hard for it. I guarantee there must be some Soul Resurrection Grass on this mountain. As long as you find the Millennium Cold Grass and heal Zhao Yan, we will be able to complete that long-term mission! Then we can get 288 Purple Spirit points."

So, the unusual scent in the air was Soul Resurrection Grass?