

R Woman 561

Chapter 561: I know you're low-key

The two bodyguards immediately quickened their pace.

By now, five or six bodyguards carrying various items had entered, redecorating the room.

Chu Jin and Yin Wu walked side by side on the campus.

Yin Wu felt that, along the way, countless male students had turned their heads to look at them, yet not a single one dared to approach and strike up a conversation.

This was exactly in line with the line from the poem that was mentioned by Love Lotus.

Admirable from a distance, but not to be treated lightly or playfully.

"Jin, you're a local from Capital City, right?" The two strolled on Capital University's sports field as Yin Wu asked while walking.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yes..." Before she could finish her sentence, her form shifted slightly, and with a graceful leap, she caught the basketball in mid-air that was about to smash onto Yin Wu's head. After bouncing it on the ground, she jumped beautifully and shot!

Her black hair traced a perfect arc through the air.

"Bang!" The basketball hit the edge of the basket squarely!

All around were the screams of both men and women.

A basketball game was in progress here, put on by the junior year seniors, and it was surrounded by many infatuated younger students and upperclasswomen.

At this moment, seeing a girl with such a handsome shooting posture, the scene exploded even more.

The basketball-playing seniors were also stunned.

Basketballs hitting innocent passersby happened often, but a passerby making a domineering shot like this was a first.

Plus, the person in question was a girl.

"Be more careful when you play basketball in the future; don't hit people," Chu Jin dropped this piece of advice and pulled Yin Wu towards another direction.

The basketball-playing seniors looked at her, still not quite recovering their senses for quite some time.

Yin Wu was even more stunned, lost in Chu Jin's domineering display and unable to extricate herself.

"Jin, you are so amazing."

Chu Jin looked mysteriously at Yin Wu and spoke softly, "Do you know what people on the street call me?"

"Huh?" Yin Wu blinked, "What do they call you?"

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Everyone calls me Brother Jin! Tell me, am I amazing?" With that, she seemed less cold and more playful, vivacious, more like an eighteen-year-old girl.

Yin Wu was amused by her, "Haha, amazing, amazing." Yin Wu thought she was joking and didn't take her words seriously.

The two leisurely strolled around the campus, and when they returned to their dorm, they almost thought they had entered the wrong room.

Crystal chandeliers, leather sofas, vanity tables, digital TVs, luxurious wool carpets, glittering gold wallpaper, and what caught the eye most, were the two pink Princess beds that now took the place of the two iron beds against the other wall.

Chu Jin and Yin Wu both stepped back in unison, looking at the dorm room number on the door.

1108, yes, this was their dorm, no mistake!

But since when had their dorm turned into a luxury presidential suite?

At that moment, from the side of the Princess beds, a short-haired girl walked out, smiling warmly at the two, "You two must be Chu Jin and Yin Wu, right? You weren't here just now; everything here was done by Miss Qiao's orders. I'm telling you, Miss Qiao's family is really rich!"

Speaking of which, she continued, "Look at this carpet, sofa, they all were brought here by Miss Qiao, and these beds, I heard they are limited edition too! Since you two weren't here just now, Miss Qiao temporarily didn't have anyone move your bedding. If you two like these Princess beds as well, just mention it to Miss Qiao, and she'll help you change them!"

In the end, the short-haired girl sighed, "Miss Qiao is really generous! I'm so fortunate to be in the same dorm as Miss Qiao in this lifetime." Her eyes shone brightly, as if she wished she could immediately kneel down to thank the heavens for letting her meet such a wealthy roommate!

Right at that moment, Qiao Muyan walked out from the bathroom in high heels, step by step, chin held high, waiting for Chu Jin and Yin Wu to ask her for a favor.

Being begged felt absolutely wonderful.

What's the use of being beautiful if you still have to beg for help!

The short-haired girl continued, "Oh, right, I haven't introduced myself yet. My name is Liu Meng Haoran. My dad's last name is Liu, and my mom's is Meng. They wanted me to grow up to be a person full of knowledge and great ambitions, like the poet Meng Haoran, so that's why I have this name. It's nice to meet you all, you can just call me Haoran."

It was clear that Liu Meng Haoran was also quite talkative and not very complex-minded.

Chu Jin and Yin Wu shook hands with her.

"Chu Jin, you're so beautiful. Do you take after your mom or your dad more?" Liu Meng Haoran continued, "When I first met Miss Qiao, I thought she was the prettiest one in our dorm, but who knew there would be a master among masters! You're this beautiful even without makeup; this is my first time seeing that!"

Those words were quite cutting.

They sounded extremely jarring to Qiao Muyan's ears.

It was uncertain whether Liu Meng Haoran was genuinely clueless or pretending to be.

Before Chu Jin could speak, Liu Meng Haoran went on, "Have you been to 'stick country'? How much did your nose cost? Your skin is so good, did you do that photorejuvenation thing they talk about on TV?"

Qiao Muyan finally broke into a smile.

Chu Jin must have had cosmetic surgery! Otherwise, how could she look like that?

With a slight smile, Chu Jin responded indifferently with four words, "Thanks for the compliment."

Usually, people say others have had plastic surgery because they're jealous of their good looks, so Chu Jin wasn't upset. Instead, she took Liu Meng Haoran's doubts as a confirmation. After all, if she were ugly, who would question whether she'd had cosmetic surgery?

And those four words were, perhaps, the best comeback, weren't they?

Liu Meng Haoran never expected Chu Jin to reply with such a statement—it was like punching a sponge! Not only did she not gain anything good, but she was also pricked by the hidden needle inside the sponge.

Her initial plan was to put Chu Jin down to curry favor with Qiao Muyan, but what a blunder it had been!

Liu Meng Haoran laughed dryly, "Chu Jin, you're quite the joker." As she finished speaking, she added, "Do you two also want the same princess bed? If you do, while Miss Qiao is still here, hurry up and tell her; she's about to leave for an aristocratic banquet."

Qiao Muyan stood tall behind her, the corners of her mouth curling up in a smug smile, she had even prepared her lines for how to refuse and humiliate the two later.

Chu Jin walked over to her own bed and spoke lightly, "No need, my bed is fine as it is."

Yin Wu also walked over to get herself a cup of water, speaking rather politely, "Thank you for your offer, Miss Qiao, but we country folks are used to sleeping on wooden plank beds, so I won't be changing."

Spending time with Chu Jin had gradually helped her regain some self-confidence.

At those words, Liu Meng Haoran screamed as if she'd heard some unbelievable news, "Ah! You're really from the countryside?" She stared at Yin Wu as if she were looking at an alien.

Yin Wu took a sip of water and looked down, "Yes, what about it?"

Liu Meng Haoran quickly grabbed the takeout box from the table and pushed it toward Yin Wu, "I've heard that you country folks are very pitiful, hardly getting enough to eat or warm clothes to wear, and you don't bathe for weeks. Plus, you live in thatched cottages! This is some leftover food I didn't finish

eating, stir-fried sweet potato leaves. Sweet potato leaves can boost immunity, stop bleeding, reduce sugar, and detox. You definitely don't have them in the countryside!"

Yin Wu didn't reach out to take the lunch box but glanced at it and inquired, "You mean these sweet potato leaves?"

Liu Meng Haoran nodded eagerly, "Yes, that's right! Take it. We're all in the same dorm, you don't have to feel embarrassed. These sweet potato leaves are quite expensive! They cost tens of dollars per serving!"

A country person is just a country person; she must be so moved that she's about to cry, right? Much easier to handle than Chu Jin!

People like her only deserved to eat what was left over.

Right now, she had to find ways to make Qiao Muyan happy. Qiao Muyan was a real lady from a wealthy family. If she could connect with her, she would gain a lot of benefits. Maybe, in a good mood, Qiao Muyan would take her to the aristocratic banquet, and then she could meet a diamond bachelor.

Then, she wouldn't have to worry about her next life.

"Do you think these sweet potato leaves are tasty, nutritious, and delicious?" Yin Wu suddenly looked up at Liu Meng Haoran.

Liu Meng Haoran nodded, "Of course sweet potato leaves are delicious! You probably don't have them in the countryside, but we have them with every meal at home!"

Yin Wu barely suppressed a smile, "That's what the pigs in our area think, too."

Liu Meng Haoran certainly didn't expect her to come out with a line like that.

Before Liu Meng Haoran could react, Yin Wu added, "Yes, that's right! In our area, sweet potato leaves are used to feed pigs!"

Sweet potato leaves are just the ordinary leaves of sweet potatoes.

In the countryside, nobody eats them.

Yet Liu Meng Haoran treated them like a treasure and even tried to hoodwink me with sweet potato leaves! What a joke.

Originally, Yin Wu didn't want to refute it, but she couldn't stand it, especially someone blackening the countryside like that!

As soon as her words fell, both Chu Jin and Qiao Muyan laughed.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly; Yin Wu was indeed impressive.

Qiao Muyan was laughing at Liu Meng Haoran's low IQ, no wonder he could be used by her as a pawn!

Liu Meng Haoran's face turned an iron blue, and it took him a long while to react, contorting his face as he said, "Yin Wu, you really have a way with jokes." It seemed he had underestimated these two!

One more troublesome than the other!

Yin Wu slightly lifted her lips, saying no more.

Qiao Muyan picked up a set of cosmetics from the dressing table and handed it to Liu Meng Haoran, speaking softly, "Haoran, this is the makeup I brought back from my trip to France. It's for you."

"Wow!" Liu Meng Haoran exclaimed in surprise, "I recognize this brand, it's expensive, right? Miss Qiao, are you really giving this to me?"

A smug arc formed on Qiao Muyan's lips, "It's alright, just a few tens of thousands of yuan. I'm giving it to you; we still have a bunch of these cosmetics at home."

She spoke casually, while Liu Meng Haoran listened with a shocked face!

What did a few tens of thousands mean?

It could cover his entire year's tuition!

The rich are really different! He had never used such good skincare products before!

"Thank you, Miss Qiao!" Liu Meng Haoran, hugging the skincare products, repeatedly expressed his gratitude.

Qiao Muyan waved her hand nonchalantly, "You're welcome. After all, we are roommates. By the way, we also have perfume brought back from R Country; I'll bring you some next time."

Liu Meng Haoran's eyes gleamed, "Miss Qiao, you're really generous!"

Qiao Muyan's words were deliberately spoken for Chu Jin and Yin Wu to hear.

After all, both of them came from such lowly origins, they certainly hadn't seen anything so fine before, and right now they must be so jealous that their hearts are sour, right?

Probably, they have never seen skincare products costing tens of thousands of yuan in their life!

Originally, they would have had a share of these good things! But who made them oppose her?

Now their intestines must be green with regret!

Thinking of this, Qiao Muyan felt extremely elated!

"Don't mention it," Qiao Muyan walked over to Liu Meng Haoran with a slight smile at the corner of her mouth, "Just listen to me from now on, and the benefits won't just be these. Maybe, I'll even take you to experience a noble banquet."

"You can count on me, Miss Qiao," Liu Meng Haoran immediately patted his chest and said, "If you tell me to go east, I will not go west!" Just the thought of a noble banquet had Liu Meng Haoran brimming with excitement, as if a diamond bachelor was already beckoning to him.

Qiao Muyan nodded in satisfaction, "Alright, I won't talk to you any longer, I have to attend a noble banquet. See you tomorrow." With that, her gaze swept over Chu Jin imperceptibly before she turned and left.

Liu Meng Haoran obsequiously walked her down to the dormitory building.

When he returned to the dormitory, Liu Meng Haoran entered the bathroom hugging that pile of skincare products worth tens of thousands of yuan, the thought of which thrilled him.

Liu Meng Haoran hummed a tune all the way.

Chu Jin was sitting in front of the computer, typing away.

Yin Wu was wearing glasses, reading a famous foreign novel.

By evening, Yin Wu took off his glasses, walked behind Chu Jin, and found her typing incredibly fast. Her jade-like fingertips almost left a blur on the keyboard, with the rapid tapping being the only sound around.

"My God, you type so fast," Yin Wu couldn't help but exclaim.

"It's okay, maybe because I like playing games usually," Chu Jin replied with a faint smile.

"Let's go have dinner together," suggested Yin Wu.

Hearing this, Chu Jin glanced at the time on the right side of her computer screen. It was already 6 PM. Just as she was about to say something to Yin Wu, her phone rang.

Chu Jin answered the call with a gentle look in her eyes, "Okay, I'll come down right away." Her voice even softened unconsciously, a stark contrast from her usual cool demeanor, as if she were a completely different person.

Yin Wu couldn't help but wonder who the caller was.

"Are we still going to eat together?" Yin Wu asked.

"Let's just head downstairs together. My boyfriend is coming to pick me up, I won't be returning to the dorm tonight." Tomorrow was when military training would start, so it was possible not to stay at school tonight.

Surprised, Yin Wu's mouth fell open, "Ah, you have a boyfriend?" He was curious, thinking about what kind of guy could be good enough for someone like Chu Jin.

Moreover, Chu Jin didn't seem like the type who would fall into an early romance.

This was truly unbelievable.

Chu Jin nodded, "Yeah."

Liu Meng Haoran, who was applying a face mask, quietly noted this sensational news, planning to report it to Qiao Muyan at any moment.

Chu Jin and Yin Wu walked downstairs side by side. Yin Wu, having learned about Chu Jin's boyfriend, was surprised but did not ask further.

When they reached the fork in the road, Chu Jin said goodbye to Yin Wu, "That's my boyfriend's car over there. I'm leaving first, goodbye."

"Goodbye," Yin Wu waved to her.

Although she had known Chu Jin for less than a day, it felt like she had known her for many years.

From Yin Wu's line of sight, a silver-grey car could be seen with the window half-open, and a sharp-faced profile could just about be made out. The man seemed to have a cigarette between his thin lips, the smoke blurring his features.

One glance was enough to know he was no ordinary man.

He was someone who could match Chu Jin.

Yin Wu retracted her gaze and quickened her pace towards the cafeteria.

Mo Zhixuan, with an indifferent expression, sat in the car letting the smoke roll out from his lips. He appeared unspeakably sexy as he watched the young girl get closer; hurrying to extinguish the cigarette and stepping out to open the car door for her.

Chu Jin nodded approvingly, "Well done, a student worthy of teaching."

Mo Zhixuan's lips slightly curled, and the deep blackness of his eyes was unfathomable, impossible to see to the bottom.

Chu Jin got into the car, somewhat surprised, "How come you changed cars today?" Mr. Mo actually drove a very ordinary Volkswagen today! That was out of character for his extravagant self.

As Mo Zhixuan started the engine and drove away, he replied, "I know you like to keep a low profile."

If he had brought the limited edition Bugatti Veyron today, she definitely wouldn't let him come pick her up again next time! He had gotten to know Chu Jin's preferences well over this period.

Never in his life did he think he would go out of his way to please a girl!

If this had been in the past, he would've scorned such behavior!

With a light laugh, Chu Jin said, "The young man is quick to understand and has promise!"

"Is there a reward then?" Mo Zhixuan turned his head, his voice still deep and cold as usual.

Chu Jin reached out to pat his handsome face, "A slap as a reward, want it?"

But Mo Zhixuan deftly caught her hand instead and kissed it, speaking in a husky voice, "Not bad at all."

Chapter 562: Disdain

Mr. Mo caught her hand and, in the end, took it into his mouth and lightly bit it.

Tingling, delicate, and cool, her fingertips felt like they were being electrified—a very subtle sensation.

This immediately made Chu Jin think of the firm heat in the palm of her hand; she hurriedly withdrew it and sat up properly.

Hmm, this habit of patting faces needs to be changed.

To mask her awkwardness, Chu Jin leaned over to turn on the car's music system.

Instantly, a beautiful woman's voice enveloped the entire car.

"For one person alone I come forth, even if my lord's love be deemed foolish, born with beauty I cannot forsake..."

A rich classic Capital City accent, a blend of strength and gentleness, mellow and melodious, each sound entering the ears, very pleasant to listen to.

Chu Jin slowly closed her eyes, leaning lazily against the seat back, contentedly closing her eyes, sinking into the charming chant.

Mr. Mo, in a good mood, lifted the corners of his mouth and glanced down at her, "What would you like to eat tonight?"

"Anything," Chu Jin said languidly, and as if remembering something, she opened her eyes, "I want dumplings. Let's go buy some flour and then head back home to make them."

Mo Zhixuan gave her a surprised glance, "You can make dumplings?"

Chu Jin nodded, "Of course, I can teach you if you don't know how."

As a bona fide Capital City person, even though Chu Jin couldn't cook, she could make a beautiful hand of dumplings.

Ten minutes later.

The car stopped in front of an upscale supermarket.

The silver-grey Volkswagen stood out as particularly ordinary against a backdrop of luxury cars, but the man and woman stepping out attracted all eyes.

The man had a grand presence, with handsome features.

The woman had an exceptional bearing, with a face like jade.

Both handsome and beautiful, they were like a matched pair, with a natural charisma all their own.

They walked hand in hand towards the supermarket entrance.

At that moment, a young woman dripping with luxury slowly removed her sunglasses and cast a scornful look towards their figures.

Ha, to think they dare to shop at this kind of upscale supermarket driving an old Volkswagen.

Paupers.

She had thought Chu Jin would at least snag a tycoon or something—after all, with beauty like hers, it would be easy to find a sugar daddy.

Yet, to her surprise, Chu Jin had ended up with someone so unremarkable.

Driving a Volkswagen that even their family's maid would look down on!

Subconsciously, she became curious about what the man looked like.

Unfortunately, from her angle, she could only see a tall silhouette, a spotless white shirt and neatly ironed suit pants, walking with poise and elegance, as if he was a born aristocrat.

Such an eye-catching figure from the back surely meant an even more handsome front view!

But, being handsome, what of it?

Deep down, he's still a pauper.

Another long-haired girl approached Qiao Muyan, following her gaze with curiosity, and asked, "Muyan, what are you looking at?"

Qiao Muyan's smile gradually grew wider as she clipped her sunglasses back on her face and softly chuckled, "Nothing, let's head up."

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan finished shopping at the supermarket, gathering all the ingredients they needed before starting to head downstairs.

Mr. Mo went to the underground garage to fetch the car, while Chu Jin waited for him at the ground-floor exit.

The evening breeze was gentle.

With the bright moon overhead, the nighttime scene in Capital City was awash with beautiful neon lights, making it exceptionally bustling.

Chu Jin stood there, holding a cup of milk tea and lightly biting on the straw. Her skin was fair and delicate, a light evening breeze tossed her hair over her jade-like features, creating a disheveled beauty, highlighting her full, red lips that were bewitchingly beautiful.

With just a fleeting glance, the man in uniform stopped in his tracks.

He took a few steps closer.

She approached a few steps closer.

He had already smelled the distinctive, fresh scent that seemed to be exuding from her.

Yet, Chu Jin had not noticed him.

He slightly curved the corners of his mouth upwards, his feet became rooted to the spot, as he just watched her.

At that moment, a woman clad in luxurious attire arrogantly strolled by Chu Jin's side, her high-end perfume diffusing through the air.

After walking a few steps ahead and realizing Chu Jin had not noticed her, the woman stepped back with a surprised look and said, "Oh? Isn't that Chu Jin? I thought I had mistaken someone else for you."

The woman removed her glasses, revealing a face covered in makeup.

Very pretty.

But her true features were no longer clear.

It was Qiao Muyan.

Chu Jin's expression was indifferent, and she nodded slightly, saying, "Yes, it's me. Are you here to shop as well?" Chu Jin did not have a particularly good or bad impression of Qiao Muyan; after all, they lived in the same dormitory, and she naturally wouldn't refuse someone who greeted her first.

In truth, this little princess wasn't bad at heart; she was simply spoiled by her family.

Compared to the sarcastic Liu Meng Haoran, she was much more genuine.

Qiao Muyan tossed her long hair, a fragrance wafting from it, and said with a smile, "This supermarket belongs to my father's company. I came to check it out for him. If you shop here again, you can use my name to get a fifty percent discount."

A look of pride was plastered all over Qiao Muyan's face.

Unconcealed.

This kind of condescending generosity felt so great. Surely Chu Jin would feel grateful to her now, wouldn't she? This was a fifty percent discount we're talking about! It's as good as a pie falling from the sky!

"Thank you," Chu Jin replied with her usual demeanor, her serene face devoid of excessive emotions, "but no thank you."

Qiao Muyan was taken aback for a moment, then realized that Chu Jin really liked to go against her! Here she was, kindly offering her a favor, and Chu Jin wasn't taking it!

If it were someone else, they would probably be treating her like an ancestor by now!

But her? She had dismissed Qiao Muyan with just five words!

Chu Jin was clearly just a pauper, yet she had the audacity to put on such a facade of high moral standing.

Hypocrite!

Qiao Muyan felt she had never encountered someone as hypocritical as Chu Jin.

The friends around her were not as wealthy, so they habitually sought to please Qiao Muyan in order to gain some benefit from her.

Liu Meng Haoran was a prime example of this.

So, from a young age, she knew money was a wonderful thing.

Without money, everything would be lost.

Friendship, love, all were bought with money.

Even family was the same.

The marriage of her parents was the perfect illustration of this.

Hence, Qiao Muyan had grown accustomed to this way of life, using money to get everything she wanted. She saw through this world very clearly, or perhaps it's more accurate to say, her heart had long become numb to it, and she was used to a life where everyone revolved around her like stars around the moon.

Now, coming across someone who didn't value her money, of course, she felt awful, even more than feeling awful, she felt as though her dignity had been challenged.

Qiao Muyan let out a small laugh, "Suit yourself. Anyway, you can enjoy the fifty percent discount whenever you mention my name. Oh, by the way, I just saw you with a man. Is he your boyfriend?"

Chu Jin nodded gently without denying it. It was obvious she didn't wish to elaborate, thinking to herself when Mr. Mo would arrive.

"How old is your boyfriend?" Qiao Muyan continued, "What does his family do? Is he a local from Capital City?"

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brows and out of politeness, she succinctly replied, "He's a bit older than me, a businessman, not a local."

Qiao Muyan sneered internally.

Chu Jin was really good at pretending!

Driving a rundown Volkswagen and she has the nerve to call him a businessman! But then again, anyone nowadays who sets up a street stall can claim to be in business. So, someone driving a rundown Volkswagen and claiming to be a businessman isn't exactly wrong.

"Chu Jin," Qiao Muyan said, "I saw him driving a Volkswagen, his family's financial situation doesn't seem very good, does it? And he's older than you! With your looks, what kind of man can't you have? Why settle for an old, poor man? Isn't that just torturing yourself?"

Chu Jin took a sip of her milk tea, stayed silent, and didn't feel like explaining anything, her downcast eyes revealing no particular emotion.

Seeing her like this, Qiao Muyan thought she was feeling inferior, so she seized the opportunity to say, "I know many young elites with a net worth over a million, how about I introduce one to you? From then on, you'd be the wife of a wealthy family, with no worries about food or clothing."

Qiao Muyan proactively extended an olive branch.

Only in this way could she make Chu Jin completely dependent on her, making Chu Jin like everyone else, trying every day to please her.

Thinking of this, Qiao Muyan felt extremely satisfied.

It was then that Chu Jin finally looked up at her, the corners of her lips slightly curled up in a rather defiant manner as she said, "A millionaire? I really don't think much of that."

Her demeanor was brilliant to the extreme, like flowers in full bloom, impossible to divert one's gaze from.

Qiao Muyan was stunned by her smile.

Before Qiao Muyan could react, Chu Jin had already walked to the side of the road, "My boyfriend is here, I'm leaving first, goodbye." Without looking back, she waved at Qiao Muyan.

By the time Qiao Muyan recovered, the silver Volkswagen had already disappeared in the traffic.

She was so angry that she stamped her foot!

When Qiao Muyan turned her head back, she realized that there was a tall man in a military uniform standing behind her. As she looked at him, he was also looking at her.

The night shrouded him.

It bestowed upon him a layer of bright luster, making the face hidden under the military cap particularly enchanting.

Qiao Muyan felt a moment of nervousness.

The man, however, walked over to her, looking down at her and asked, "A freshman?"

It was a very magnetic voice, with an undertone of wildness and a hint of pressure.

Qiao Muyan was immersed in the man's powerful presence, nodding with difficulty.

"From which university?" the man continued to inquire.

Qiao Muyan felt sweat forming in her palms, "Cap... Capital University."

A man striking up a conversation with a woman for no reason at all, and also taking the initiative to ask some rather personal questions, it's difficult not to misinterpret his intentions.

This man, he must have taken a liking to her, right?

Qiao Muyan's face felt hot.

Because of her superior birth and a decent face, from childhood to now, she has been hit on by countless boys and dated many men, but never had any man given her this strange feeling before.

It was quite rare for Qiao Muyan to feel this kind of embarrassment that a young girl might have, with her head bowed low and her heart racing.

Yet, when she looked up again, the man who had been standing before her had vanished without a trace.

It was as if the scene just now was an illusion.

But the heart beating fast reminded her that it was not a dream, nor an illusion.

At that moment, her phone rang.

Qiao Muyan took it out to look.

A message was displayed on the screen.

"Tonight at 8, Royal Court 1911, I'll be waiting for you."

A message with a strongly suggestive tone.

A mere exchange of needs between a man and a woman.

The sender was Qiao Muyan's childhood friend, with good looks, impressive height, and expert skills.

They had their first time together when they were 16.

Having rolled over the sheets countless times, they never spoke of love; he had his girlfriend, she had her boyfriend.

This was the reality of her life.

If it were any other day, Qiao Muyan wouldn't hesitate to accept, but today she didn't want to go; she preferred to head to the dormitory at Capital University.

There, she might find her surprise.

Qiao Muyan replied, "Find Yu, I'm not free today."

The response came quickly, "Reformed?"

Qiao Muyan replied with a "Scram!" and then ignored him, calling for a private car and giving the address of the university. Afterwards, she lay back in her seat and closed her eyes to rest.

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The silver Volkswagen slowly came to a stop in front of a villa.

Chu Jin got out of the car, while Mr. Mo went around to the trunk to get the groceries.

A bag of flour.

Shrimp, green vegetables, eggs, pork, along with some oil, salt, vinegar, and other seasonings.

The villa was large and had been cleaned thoroughly, yet there was no sign of any servants.

As soon as Chu Jin entered the house, an adult-sized robot slowly approached her, "Welcome home, sir and miss, I am your butler, Jack. Miss, please change into slippers first."

Jack picked up a pair of pink slippers and handed them to Chu Jin.

"Thank you," Chu Jin said with a smile.

"No trouble at all, this is all part of my job." Jack, although a robot, possessed independent autonomous thoughts and his movements weren't as stiff as other robots.

Chu Jin chuckled upon hearing this, praising, "Pretty smart."

Jack scratched his head shyly, "Thank you for the compliment. What would you like to eat for dinner, sir and miss? I can prepare it for you."

"No need," Chu Jin replied while walking further inside, "We're going to make dumplings ourselves."

"Do it yourself for a plentiful life! Would you like me to search for guides and tips for you?" Jack offered.

Chu Jin smiled softly, "No need, you go and rest."

"Alright." Jack obediently walked to the side.

"Do you like it?" Mo Zhixuan suddenly asked from behind her.

"Hm?" Chu Jin was startled, "Like what?"

After placing the items he carried into the kitchen and sorting them, Mo Zhixuan asked in a low voice, "Do you like it here?"

As Chu Jin opened the bag of flour and started kneading the dough, she turned to him with a light laugh, "I do."

Her kneading technique was very standard and professional, her delicate fingers working the white dough formed a beautiful sight. A mischievous strand of hair fell loose as she worked, and she casually pushed it back.

A streak of flour immediately outlined her cheek, adding a playful touch. Mr. Mo softened his gaze several degrees from the side, rarely seeing her this way.

The strands of hair kept falling.

Chu Jin got annoyed, "Mo Zhixuan, get a hair tie and help me put up my hair while I knead the dough."

"Alright," the man behind her immediately turned away to look for one, then asked, "Where's your hair tie?"

"It's in the compartment of my backpack."

Their interaction had grown more harmonious; unbeknownst to them, they had come to see each other as the most important person in their lives.

Mr. Mo quickly returned with a hair tie and stood behind her, clumsily tying up her hair. His slender fingers inevitably brushed her neck, and Chu Jin, who was ticklish, especially around her neck, immediately burst into light laughter, struggling and saying, "Just a simple tie will do."

Mr. Mo, however, took the opportunity to wrap his arms around her waist, rest his chin on her shoulder, and breathe hotly on her neck, saying in a slow voice, "How can I just tie it any old way?" But his tone suggested something else.

Chu Jin suddenly turned her head, cupped his face with her hands covered in flour, leaving two palm prints before turning to run away.

Before she could escape the kitchen, she was grabbed around the waist, "Will you dare to again?"

"I won't, I swear!" Chu Jin immediately conceded.

Mo Zhixuan unbuttoned the second button of his shirt and said softly, yet with an edge, "Too late."

What kind of habit is this, stripping at every disagreement?

Chu Jin slapped his face lightly, "Mo Zhixuan, where's your face?" The sound of her slaps, crisp and loud, signaled the pain.

Mo Zhixuan stopped unbuttoning his shirt, bent his head to plant a skilled kiss on her neck, and said hoarsely, "When you own the person, the face naturally belongs to you too."

Chu Jin, now immune to his flirting, stepped back and cleared her throat, "Shall I teach you how to make dumplings?"

"Sure." Mo Zhixuan calmly went to wash his hands, instantly reverting to his cool and gentlemanly demeanor.

Chapter 563: Back to School

Then, Chu Jin realized that it wasn't her teaching him.

Instead, it was he who was teaching her, and it was the hands-on kind of teaching.

The two of them fooled around for quite a while.

It wasn't until ten o'clock that they finally ate the hot and steaming dumplings.

Mr. Mo was very gentlemanly in bed, even after ample foreplay, he would stop himself at the last moment.

The most beautiful first time in life.

Of course, it should be saved for the wedding night.

Then, Mr. Mo found himself contemplating in the shower whether the wedding date could be moved up.

**

The next morning, Chu Jin went to the dormitory, ready to change into her camouflage uniform to assemble on the field, but Yin Wu asked somewhat strangely, "Jin, what are you doing?"

Chu Jin put on her camouflage jacket, "Going to the field to assemble, isn't today the first day of military training?"

"Didn't you see the notice?" Yin Wu continued.

Chu Jin looked up at her, "What notice?"

"The military training has been postponed by one day, it starts formally tomorrow." With that, Yin Wu added, "Jin, you haven't joined your class group, have you?"

Chu Jin took off her camouflage jacket and put her white shirt back on, turning to ask, "I haven't had time to join that group yet, but why would they postpone the military training out of the blue?"

Yin Wu shook her head, expressing confusion, "I'm not very clear about it either, but I heard from other classmates that this year a group of young and outstanding officers will come to train us, which might be the reason."

This news was quite explosive.

In previous years at Capital University, to prevent students from developing certain feelings for the instructors, the officers who came were all middle-aged and older men over fifty, some even retired from the military.

"How did you know that?" Qiao Muyan's voice came from the Princess bed.

Yin Wu was startled, because a pink mosquito net covered the Princess bed, so she wasn't sure if Qiao Muyan was talking to her, and turned to look at Chu Jin dubiously.

Chu Jin shrugged, indicating that she was also clueless about Qiao Muyan's thought processes.

Receiving no response, Qiao Muyan impatiently continued, "I'm talking to you! Why are you so rude?" Her voice contained a hint of impatience, rural people are just rural people, they lack any form of manners.

"Qiao ... Miss Qiao, are you talking to me?" Yin Wu asked.

Qiao Muyan replied discontentedly, "Who else if not you! No manners!"

Talking through a mosquito net made her well-mannered?

Yin Wu really wanted to retort to her! But she didn't, she held herself back.

"I'm asking you, how did you know? Why aren't you answering?" Qiao Muyan's impatient voice came through once more.

Yin Wu looked towards the Princess bed, the mosquito net was thick, and she couldn't see clearly what the person inside was doing, she slowly spoke up, "You mean the thing about military training, I heard it from other classmates too."

Then, Qiao Muyan suddenly lifted the mosquito net, revealing a bare face, and said to Yin Wu, "Thank you." She then hopped off the bed and sat at the vanity to start her makeup routine.

Qiao Muyan subconsciously felt that the postponement of military training and the change of instructors must be related to the man in military uniform she had encountered the night before.

He had asked her if she was a freshman, and then which school she was attending.

Right! It must be so!

That man must have come to the school to pursue her.

This was her first time being courted by a military man.

The more Qiao Muyan thought about it, the more excited she got, and her speed of applying makeup increased.

Yin Wu was a bit bewildered, not sure what her "Thank you" meant.

She turned to look at Qiao Muyan, who was patting lotion onto her face, the mirror reflecting a clean face with well-proportioned features. Although not strikingly beautiful, it was enough to make one take notice.

Yin Wu hadn't expected that beneath the thick layer of makeup, there lay such a face.

In fact, Yin Wu wanted to remind her that she looked much better without makeup, but in the end, she held her tongue. The young miss was too fickle, and it was better for her to keep her thoughts to herself.

After changing her clothes, Chu Jin realized it was only 7 o'clock, so she turned to Yin Wu, "Do you want to go for a run together?"

She always had the habit of running in the morning. Today, in order to meet up with the school on time, she skipped her run.

Yin Wu was a hardworking child and shook her head at the suggestion, "No, I remember things better in the morning. I'll read for a while."

"Then I'll head out first." Chu Jin turned and walked towards the door.

In a blink, only Yin Wu and Qiao Muyan remained in the dormitory.

Yin Wu took out a pair of gold-rimmed glasses from her case, put them on, then fetched a thick book, turned on the desk lamp, and began to read carefully.

A child from the countryside.

Studying was her only way out.

She longed to change her fate with knowledge.

Qiao Muyan sat in front of the vanity, applying foundation cream, cushion foundation, concealer, and then used an eyeliner pencil to draw a perfect arc on her eyelids, followed by three colors of eyeshadow, before finally applying a bright red lipstick.

After completing her makeup, she whistled at her reflection in the mirror, then pulled out a cigarette and began to puff away, a brand made specifically for women. It didn't have a harsh taste; instead, there was a peculiarly pleasant fragrance.

"Hey," Qiao Muyan walked up to Yin Wu, looking down, "how's my smoky makeup?"

Yin Wu was engrossed in her book and didn't hear her voice.

Qiao Muyan poked her shoulder and raised her voice, "I'm talking to you!"

Yin Wu looked up blankly, "What's wrong?"

Qiao Muyan slightly curled her lips, looked down, drew a deep breath of smoke, and gently blew a thick ring of smoke onto Yin Wu's face, "I asked, how's my smoky makeup?"

Yin Wu coughed violently.

Qiao Muyan instantly backed away several steps with disgust, as if afraid of catching something, "Why don't you care about your personal appearance at all? Don't you know it's rude? That's the quality of you country people for you!"

How could anyone cough at someone else! She got saliva sprayed on her! And who knew if there were any viruses lurking on her body! After all, she was from the countryside!

Deep down, Qiao Muyan still had prejudices against the countryside.

"Is it polite for you to smoke in public and blow smoke in someone's face?" Yin Wu couldn't help but retort.

She still didn't have a good impression of Qiao Muyan.

However, Qiao Muyan didn't get angry but laughed, "I apologize to you, sorry, I'm just in a really good mood today."

Yin Wu didn't pay her any attention and continued to read her book.

Now she even suspected that Qiao Muyan might have a personality disorder.

"Hey," Qiao Muyan walked over to Yin Wu and pressed down on the page she was about to turn.

"Qiao Muyan! What exactly do you want to do?" Yin Wu couldn't take it anymore.

Qiao Muyan's lips curled into a mocking smile as she tilted up her chin, "Please call me Miss Qiao,"

A country bumpkin did not deserve to call her by name.

"Miss Qiao!" Yin Wu took a deep breath, "What exactly do you want?"

Qiao Muyan snatched the book, looked down at it, and with a slight lift of her lips said, "The original 'Nathan the Wise'? I'm quite impressed with you, for a country person."

"Give me the book back." Yin Wu reached out, her expression stern, feeling somewhat surprised. She had thought Qiao Muyan was just a spoiled rich girl, but she didn't expect that she'd recognize the book cover without even looking, knowing its name.

After all, the original was in German, with not a word of Chinese.

No wonder she could make it into Capital University.

"Country folk are just dull, can't even take a joke," Qiao Muyan threw the book on the table, then added, "You haven't told me if you think my smoky makeup looks good."

"Looks pretty good," Yin Wu replied without lifting her head.

Qiao Muyan smiled contentedly and then walked over to the vanity, picking up a box of facial masks to hand to Yin Wu, "Here, consider this a reward. It's a Givenchy lace mask. As long as you stick with me and stop bothering with that Chu Jin, there are many more benefits waiting for you in the future. Who knows, I might even gift you a sports car if I'm in a good mood."

"Take it away, I don't use masks," Yin Wu handed back the mask to her, "Also, friendship can't be bought with money."

Yin Wu realized that Qiao Muyan's values had some serious issues.

Qiao Muyan's face turned cold in an instant, "Anything I give away, I never take back! If you don't want it, just throw it directly into the trash can!"

This country bumpkin definitely wouldn't bear to throw such a good thing into the trash. Surely, they would reluctantly accept it.

By then, they would look to her for direction.

From now on, she would be the boss of this dormitory.

Yin Wu's expression didn't change, and she slightly raised her hand.

With a "snap," the box of masks was thrown into the trash can.

Qiao Muyan was about to explode with anger! To think that in her 20 years of smooth-sailing life, she would come across not one, but two people so utterly lacking in appreciation at university!

She just couldn't believe that there was anyone in this world who didn't love money!

After doing this, Yin Wu sat back down and started reading her book again.

Qiao Muyan took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down, then continued, "Is your village very poor? Is your family waiting for you to 'fly onto the branch and turn into a phoenix' and then lead them to a better life?"

Yin Wu remained silent.

Qiao Muyan continued, "Right now, there is a perfect opportunity for you to 'fly onto the branch and turn into a phoenix.' It's just a matter of whether you grasp it or not."

Outside the dormitory, just as Liu Meng Haoran was about to push open the door, she instinctively pulled back her hand and pressed her ear against the door, listening carefully to the voices inside.

"You know I come from a wealthy family and I know quite a few rich and powerful people. If you choose to follow me, I'll introduce you to a millionaire. Just take this opportunity well, and you'll be a rich lady in the future..."

Hearing this, Liu Meng Haoran covered her mouth to stop herself from making any noise. A millionaire! If she could marry a millionaire, all her relatives and friends would surely be green with envy!

No way, she had to firmly grasp onto Qiao Muyan's coattails! She couldn't let anyone else have the opportunity!

Yin Wu looked up at Qiao Muyan, "If you want to be a matchmaker, you might try your luck at a marriage agency. Please don't disturb my reading, okay?"

An exceptional woman needed no man to climb on to.

Yin Wu believed that one day, through her own efforts, she would get what she wanted.

Qiao Muyan was inches from a fury! How could this country girl be so ungrateful! She was trying to offer her an opportunity to escape poverty, and she didn't even appreciate it!

Just as she was about to say something more, the door of the dormitory was pushed open.

Liu Meng Haoran walked in from outside with a smile, "Miss Qiao, you must have not had breakfast yet. I brought you a deluxe breakfast wrap and soy milk from the cafeteria." As she spoke, she placed the paper bag on the table.

Then she turned to Yin Wu, "Yin Wu, I also brought you a fried dough stick. Eat it while it's hot."

Yin Wu glanced at her, "Thanks, but I've already eaten."

Liu Meng Haoran said, "Then save it for lunch, that'll save money on a meal. Your village must be so poor, you probably don't get to eat fried dough sticks often, right? Try it; it's really good."

"You keep it for yourself," Yin Wu picked up her book and headed towards the door.

Looking at Yin Wu's retreating figure, Liu Meng Haoran revealed a sneer, "You'll always be just a country bumpkin!"

However, with Yin Wu gone, it was better; she had left the dormitory, leaving only herself with Qiao Muyan. Now there was no one else to compete with her for Qiao Muyan's favor.

Qiao Muyan took a bite of the breakfast wrap, "It tastes good, bring me one every morning from now on."

"Yes, of course," Liu Meng Haoran nodded eagerly, though inside she felt a bit of a pinch. These deluxe breakfast wraps cost 20 yuan each, plus handmade soy milk made it 25 yuan in total, which was expensive. Her own financial situation wasn't great, and if she had to bring one for her every day, it would add up to 750 yuan a month. This meant she might have to eat the cheapest food from then on.

Although Qiao Muyan had once given her a set of skincare products worth tens of thousands of yuan, that wasn't cash! She couldn't turn it into cash to use!

As Liu Meng Haoran was fretting over the expense, Qiao Muyan pulled out a stack of red bills from her wallet and stuffed them into her hand, "Take it, and at ease. I, Qiao Muyan, have never been one to live off others."

Liu Meng Haoran's eyes lit up as she quickly pocketed the bills, "Thank you, Miss Qiao."

Such a thick stack, it must be several thousand yuan.

Indeed, Qiao Muyan was a brainless, rich heiress.

On the sports field.

Chu Jin was jogging slowly.

It was early in the morning. In this era of sub-health, there weren't many people who rose early to run.

On the vast sports field, only she and another boy were running.

Yin Wu sat on the steps in front of the sports field, reading a book.

About an hour later, Chu Jin stopped jogging and began walking back. Behind her, a red sun was slowly rising.

From afar, she could see a very familiar silhouette on the steps. Chu Jin slightly frowned and quickened her pace, approaching with a touch of surprise. "Little Wu, why are you sitting here?"

"It's too noisy in the dormitory." Hearing this, Yin Wu closed his book and looked up at Chu Jin. "Let's go eat together after you finish running."

She hadn't had breakfast, only because she didn't want to accept charity from others.

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded.

The two walked shoulder to shoulder toward the cafeteria. On their way past the cafeteria, a group of people in military uniforms brushed past them.

These must be the instructors that the school had invited.

Just like the rumors, each one was young, tall, imposing, and impeccably handsome! They walked casually, yet their formation was extremely orderly; their facial expressions were serious, and they all wore white gloves, which were particularly eye-catching.

It attracted a lot of students to watch and take photos.

Even someone as gentle as Yin Wu took a few extra glances, clinging to Chu Jin's arm and saying, "When I was a kid, my wish was to become a soldier once I grew up. Unfortunately, I don't meet the physical standards to apply to the military academy."

Chu Jin slightly curved her lips. "Then this military training is the perfect opportunity for you to experience what it's like to be a soldier." She caught a glimpse of a profile out of the corner of her eye and subconsciously felt it was familiar, but when she turned to look, she only saw the back of a head.

That person must hold a high military rank, right?

Otherwise, why would everyone be crowding around him?

Chu Jin withdrew her gaze and continued walking with Yin Wu toward the cafeteria.

After eating.

Chu Jin remembered to join the class group chat when she returned to the dormitory.

It was a WeChat group.

With her, there were a total of 50 people.

The group was very lively. Although they hadn't met yet, they were chatting enthusiastically.

Jin's Splendorous Landscapes joins the group chat—

Immediately, someone in the group spoke up: Welcome to the new student in the group!

Many people followed with the same greeting.

After Chu Jin changed her name card, she sent out four characters.

Chu Jin: Thank you, everyone.

The group fell silent for a few seconds.

Then it exploded!

"Ahhh! Are you that scholarly top scorer?"

"Caught a live top scorer!"

"Top scorer, top scorer, let's be friends!"

"Ahhh! I'm gonna take a screenshot! I can't believe I'm in the same group as the city's Scholar!"

At this moment, the instructor posted an announcement, informing everyone to gather at 5 p.m. in the class. At the same time, Chu Jin also received a friend request from the instructor.

Chapter 564: Fate

When Chu Jin received the friend request from the counselor, she was first stunned, then clicked to add.

Seeing that they had become friends, the counselor was quite thrilled.

Despite Capital University being an internationally renowned university, Chu Jin was the only Scholar in their class.

Moreover, she was only two points shy of the top scorer.

What was most terrifying was that she scored full marks in Chinese!

This was something that had never happened in the history of the college entrance examination.

No student had ever achieved full marks in Chinese.

Even those with solid foundations would lose a few points in their essays, but this person didn't lose a single point.

Clearly, she had a profound literary foundation.

Many teachers photographed her test paper to use as teaching material, for other students to refer to.

The counselor had also read that essay.

The text was about 850 words, employing numerous quotations from world-famous works, with exquisite diction and elegant language that left an enduring impression and resonated deeply with the reader after finishing it.

The beautiful small script was a pleasure to the eyes.

When the counselors from various departments learned that Chu Jin had applied to Capital University, they all exploded with excitement, each hoping Chu Jin would choose their respective field.

Some counselors even argued until their faces turned red and their necks swelled.

After all, teachers always favor outstanding students.

To everyone's surprise, Chu Jin eventually chose the major of linguistics and literature, and in the end, she was assigned to the class the counselor led.

The counselor, trying to contain his excitement, sent Chu Jin a message.

The gist of it was asking her to speak on behalf of the new students.

Then, he intended to make her the leader of Class 3.

Chu Jin declined this request.

As someone with experience, she certainly knew the responsibilities of a class leader; the class leader almost took over all the counselor's work and was incredibly busy, which she had no time for.

The counselor was a bit surprised, then made her an acting class leader to manage the affairs of the girls during the military training period.

Reluctantly, Chu Jin agreed, for to refuse would have seemed overly pretentious.

After ending the conversation with the counselor, Chu Jin opened her computer to begin drafting her speech.

The dormitory was very quiet, with only the sound of the keyboard clicking.

Suddenly it was 5 p.m.

Chu Jin found the meeting place, pushed the door open, and walked in step by step; the previously buzzing classroom fell silent within seconds.

All eyes were on her.

Regardless of gender.

A beauty, no matter where she goes, is like a radiant, heat-generating body that attracts people's gaze.

And she was not only beautiful but also had the grace of an orchid.

Qiao Muyan, previously surrounded by male students, instantly turned sour, her fists clenched tightly. Before this moment, she had been the most popular girl in the class, but now her spotlight was snatched away by someone else, of course she was angry!

Chu Jin was truly an eyesore!

Not only was she going against her, but now she was openly competing for her status!

She was indeed unlucky to have chosen the same major and ended up in the same class as her.

Chu Jin paid no mind to the gazes of others, casually finding a seat to sit down. People returned to their own conversations, but many still stole glances towards Chu Jin, curious about who she was. How could someone be so beautiful, now overshadowing even the school beauty?

Curious as they were, no one dared to truly approach and strike up a conversation, failing to stir any romantic notions.

Just in time.

A pleasant female voice came from behind, "Sister."

Chu Jin turned back and glanced at the newcomer, pausing for a moment before saying, "Chu Tian?"

The one who had arrived was indeed Chu Tian.

She wore a blue T-shirt and hot pants, with a sweet appearance. Compared with Chu Tian several months ago, she was as different as day and night. The current Chu Tian was youthful, radiant, and elegant. If one hadn't seen her with their own eyes, nobody would believe that this was Chu Tian.

Not only had Chu Tian changed significantly in appearance, but her methods were also very formidable.

In just a few months, she had transferred all of the assets left by Chu Songhe into her name, and even added several new subsidiaries. At present, Chu Tian's total assets had already surpassed one hundred million.

This was the true embodiment of a Lolita's body and a mature woman's heart.

"Sister, I didn't expect to see you in this class. What a coincidence," Chu Tian said with a smile.

Chu Jin's expression remained unchanged, "Thank you for the reminder last time." She had no intention of becoming close with Chu Tian. Although Chu Tian did not seem like a person of great malice, her actions were extremely cunning.

One might inadvertently fall victim to her schemes.

Chu Jin even had a feeling that Chu Tian had also been reborn; otherwise, how could she possibly have the ability to predict the future?

"It's only right. Sister, you have helped me a lot. If it weren't for you, I would have been calculated against long ago and now would be nothing more than a pile of yellow soil." 'They' naturally referred to Zhou Meilin and Chu Songhe.

A touch of self-mockery flashed through Chu Tian's eyes as she said this.

How could I have been so foolish before, willingly allowing myself to be bullied!

The time was right.

The instructor walked in and started with a brief self-introduction.

Then the roll call began.

"Fang Jun."

"Here," a skinny and frail boy stood up, his features slightly immature.

"Li Meidie"

"Here," a somewhat plump girl stood up. Perhaps her name was too appealing; when she stood up, everyone showed a hint of disappointment.

"..."

The roll call continued, and the eyes of everyone followed, curiously sizing up the new classmates whose names were called, silently memorizing each name, or carefully discussing with those around them.

"Chu Tian."

"Here." Chu Tian stood up from her seat calmly, with a proper smile on her lips, displaying poise. She gave off the feeling of the girl next door, very approachable, earning the favor of many.

"Qiao Muyan."

"Here."

Now the classroom buzzed with whispered discussions. In the eyes of the somewhat green freshmen, Qiao Muyan stood out. Moreover, she was dressed from head to toe in internationally renowned luxury brands, attracting envious glances from everyone.

"Wow! She must be the third Miss of the Qiao family, right?"

"Which Qiao family?"

"The Capital City Qiao family! You know, 'Wherever there's Royal Qiao, it's the city center'—that one." The Qiao family was a real estate giant in Capital City, and almost all the manors, villas, and high-end residential areas were developed by Qiao Properties.

Qiao family real estate was widespread across China.

The most famous slogan was: Wherever there's Royal Qiao, it's the city center.

Royal Qiao Properties could even drive the economy of an entire region.

"Wow, that Qiao family! I know them!"

"Holy shit, the little princess of the Qiao family? I've got to take a photo, I've got to post it on my Moments!"

"Ahhh! I can't believe I'm in the same class as the little princess of the Qiao family! Am I dreaming?"

Listening to the sounds of envy around her, Qiao Muyan lifted her chin, a smug curve forming on her lips—she loved being the center of admiring gazes.

Aristocrats will be aristocrats, peasants will be peasants; some things just can't be envied.

What she needed to do was to rightfully enjoy these things.

Amidst this envy and jealousy, she found her happiness.

It was unclear whether it was intentional or unintentional.

Chu Jin's name was the last one to be called.

As Chu Jin stood up, almost everyone turned their heads back; they were all curious what a top student looked like.

Typically, top students tend to look rather plain, and thick glasses are their usual hallmark.

But unexpectedly, this top student was incredibly beautiful.

Beauty and intelligence coexisted.

She completely overturned the stereotypical image of a top student in everyone's minds.

In the past, it was always "the beauty from the class next door" or "the upperclassman," but now it was finally their class's own top student.

Moreover, the instructor made a point of introducing Chu Jin, "Classmates, this is our class's Scholar, and she's also the only person in history to achieve a perfect score in the Chinese subject of the national college entrance examination."

Saying this, the instructor adjusted his glasses then continued, "Chu Jin, please come to the podium and introduce yourself."

The instructor had seen Chu Jin's ID photo before, but upon seeing her in person, he was still momentarily stunned, as if taken aback by her grace.

Chu Jin walked to the podium calmly and confidently; she faced the students without a hint of timidity, her lips revealed shallow dimples as she introduced herself in a clear voice, "Hello everyone, I am Chu Jin, 'Chu' of Chu River and Han Border and 'Jin' of splendid rivers and mountains."

She promptly took the chalk the instructor handed to her and wrote two characters on the blackboard.

The characters were elegant and forceful, filled with vigor and aesthetic appeal; such handwriting couldn't have been achieved without decades of practice.

Just two characters were enough to astonish everyone.

Thunderous applause erupted from the audience.

It felt invigorating.

Chu Jin bowed slightly, then stepped down from the podium. Her self-introduction was very brief; she didn't dwell on her academic achievements or extensively promote herself, unlike others who would go on about their paths to success.

Chu Jin may not have remembered the names of all her classmates, but all her classmates remembered hers.

In time, she became the representative of the Chinese Literature Department.

Qiao Muyan was furious.

She couldn't stand the existence of someone poorer than herself yet more attention-grabbing.

In what ways was Chu Jin better than her, aside from her looks and academics? Why did she receive such a warm welcome from the instructor and students?

That instructor is blind. The Qiao family had invested so much money in Capital University, yet he didn't know to introduce her properly! Even the president smiled a third more when seeing her; that instructor had gone too far!

The more Qiao Muyan thought about it, the angrier she became, convinced that Chu Jin was purposely opposing her! She had to figure out a way to make Chu Jin submit to her superiority!

At this moment, the instructor on stage spoke again, "During the military training period, Chu Jin will act as the interim class leader, responsible for the affairs of the female students. Everyone should follow Chu Jin's arrangements, and the male students will be led by Jiang Yifeng."

This statement further agitated Qiao Muyan.

What was the instructor trying to do? Making her follow Chu Jin's arrangements! Chu Jin is just a pauper, what gives her the right to arrange anything for her?

Qiao Muyan had never been so humiliated her entire life.

Everyone she met fawned over her, trying to curry favor, but Chu Jin, not only did she not seek to please her, but she also seemed to encourage Yin Wu to target her!

She had to come up with a plan! A calculating look flashed in Qiao Muyan's beautiful eyes, followed by a slight smirk.

After the instructor left, Chu Jin exchanged contact information with the leader of the boys' group.

"Chu, I added you on WeChat, please accept the request," Jiang Yifeng said, lifting his phone towards her before leaving.

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded mildly, then opened her phone and clicked accept.

Jiang Yifeng wasn't one to judge a book by its cover, but upon getting a clear view of Jin's facial features, he was slightly shocked.

He had seen many beauties, but such as her were rare.

This kind of beauty emanated from within.

They stood very close; he was just a bit taller than Chu Jin, giving him a perfect angle to see her profile.

Her skin was as flawless as snow.

A faint fragrance emanated from her as well.

Jiang Yifeng, who is usually unmoved by beauty, found himself immersed in her captivating features.

Chu Tian glanced over here and then walked over, "Sister, let me go back to the dorm with you."

Jiang Yifeng had some impression of Chu Tian.

Seeing Chu Tian addressing Chu Jin as sister and sharing the same surname, he subconsciously thought they were real sisters. Although Chu Tian's appearance wasn't as striking as Chu Jin's, she was still considered outstanding amongst the students of Capital University.

"I'm not staying in the same dorm as you," Chu Jin lifted her eyes and spoke in an indifferent tone, then turned and left.

Chu Tian wasn't embarrassed and instead nodded politely to Jiang Yifeng before chasing after Chu Jin.

Seeing this, Jiang Yifeng was somewhat confused, like a monk scratching his head, and couldn't help but become curious about the two's relationship.

Chu Jin didn't walk fast, but Chu Tian couldn't catch up and could only watch helplessly as Chu Jin disappeared among the throng of students.

Chu Tian stared in the direction where she disappeared and sighed softly.

**

In the dormitory.

Yin Wu was still reading, while Liu Meng Haoran was applying nail polish.

The air was filled with the pungent scent of low-quality nail polish.

It wasn't pleasant, even somewhat stinging to the nose.

Chu Jin walked in as usual, opened the window, and let the room ventilate.

Not long after, Qiao Muyan entered. She glanced around at everyone and then said, "It's rare for us to be in the same dorm. Let's take the opportunity before military training starts and have a meal together. My treat."

"Sure, sure," Liu Meng Haoran stood up in agreement.

Qiao Muyan's invitation meant they were going to a place frequented by the wealthy. She was finally going to experience the lifestyle of high society!

Liu Meng Haoran was visibly excited, thinking she might even encounter a rich heir of some sort.

"What about you two?" Qiao Muyan turned to look at Yin Wu and Chu Jin.

Since it was a roommate gathering, Chu Jin didn't refuse. After all, living under the same roof, it's not good to have too tense a relationship.

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded lightly.

Seeing Chu Jin agree, Yin Wu followed suit with a nod.

Qiao Muyan nodded in satisfaction, "Then you guys get ready. I'll call our family's driver to pick us up."

"Wow!" Liu Meng Haoran's eyes shone as she exclaimed, "Miss Qiao, your family has a driver? Do you also have chefs and a butler?" Coming from a modest working-class home, this was her first encounter with affluence.

In the past, she had only seen such daughters of wealthy families on TV.

She was completely stunned to hear that Qiao Muyan's family had a driver, overwhelmed by envy. Why couldn't she be born into a family like that?

Qiao Muyan spoke under Liu Meng Haoran's envious gaze, "Our family employs 28 chefs, but we only have one butler."

"28 chefs!" Liu Meng Haoran gasped, "Oh my! How many people are in your family to have so many chefs?"

"What's so strange about that?" Qiao Muyan said indifferently, "Our family even reserved four villas for the servants to live in."

Liu Meng Haoran felt as if her worldview was being completely refreshed.

Her parents had scrimped and saved for most of their lives to buy a two-bedroom apartment in Capital City, and even that was just in an ordinary neighborhood. The wealthy, however, used villas as staff quarters!

Liu Meng Haoran was even more resolved to marry into a wealthy family.

Only by entering a wealthy family could she change her life and ensure her children would be the second generation of wealth.

Hearing all this, Yin Wu was also surprised, but she showed no sign of jealousy or envy. She believed that one day, she would create everything she desired with her own hands.

Qiao Muyan had stepped outside to make a call, and Liu Meng Haoran had gone to change her clothes. She wanted to look her best and not miss any chance to marry into wealth.

Yin Wu wasn't looking forward to this dinner, and she felt her current outfit was fine, with no need for a change.

Chu Jin was calm as well, simply standing in front of the mirror and casually tying her hair into a bun, revealing a neck curve of exquisite grace.

Qiao Muyan quickly came back in, "Are you ready? Our family's driver has arrived downstairs."

Chapter 565: Third Miss

"Alright, alright, let's go," Liu Meng Haoran said, applying lipstick and walking out the door.

Yin Wu, with Chu Jin's arm in hers, followed behind.

When they reached the bottom of the dormitory building,

they saw a luxury car, dazzling in the setting sun, golden and glittering. Although Yin Wu didn't know much about cars, she could tell this one was certainly pricey.

"A stretch Rolls-Royce!" Liu Meng Haoran exclaimed with delight. She had never dreamed that in her lifetime she would get to ride in such a luxury car! It felt like she was living a dream.

There were also a few onlookers gathered around.

Ah, a luxury car! A Rolls-Royce! Even though it wasn't hers, just looking at it was wonderful.

Two burly men in black stood by the car door. Seeing Qiao Muyan walking in front, they bowed respectfully and said, "Good day, Third Young Miss," then opened the car door for them.

The onlooking students had never seen such a show of power and stood there with their mouths agape, filled with both envy and admiration.

This kind of scene, usually found only on television, was happening right before their eyes in real society, and naturally, it was stunning.

"That's Qiao Muyan, the third daughter of the Qiao family!"

"My God! I actually live in the same dormitory building as the little princess of the Royal Group!"

"Living in the same dorm building counts for nothing. The real winners in life are those fortunate enough to share a dorm room with Miss Qiao."

"..."

Hearing these comments, Qiao Muyan's chin tilted up even higher.

The four of them got into the car.

Liu Meng Haoran and Qiao Muyan sat together.

Chu Jin was seated with Yin Wu.

All the way, Liu Meng Haoran kept flattering and courting favor with Qiao Muyan.

Qiao Muyan enjoyed it immensely and went into great detail about her little princess' daily life – brand-name bags worth tens of thousands, sports cars worth millions, clothes and jewelry worth hundreds of thousands – and even boasted about giving Liu Meng Haoran a set of jewelry.

While speaking, she also glanced at Chu Jin and Yin Wu from the corner of her eye.

The two of them remained composed, showing no longing for her little princess' life.

Qiao Muyan felt a twinge of frustration. These two were really good at playing it cool! She wondered if they could keep it up for long!

The car soon stopped in front of a luxurious hotel.

Royal Hotel.

It was clear that this hotel belonged to Qiao Muyan's family.

"Let's go inside," said Qiao Muyan as she got out of the car, a smug curve on her lips.

Two rows of waiters in uniform stood at the entrance.

"Welcome, Miss Qiao," the waiters greeted them with bows, creating quite an impressive scene.

Yin Wu felt somewhat uncomfortable with such grandeur and instinctively clung to Chu Jin's arm.

Qiao Muyan walked at the forefront, her lips curled in pride. She didn't believe that this spectacle wouldn't shake Chu Jin and Yin Wu!

This gesture was to show Chu Jin and Yin Wu the difference between them and her!

Liu Meng Haoran followed behind Qiao Muyan with her head held high, feeling perfectly entitled to enjoy it all. The feeling of superiority was indeed nice; if only it could last forever.

Inside, the hotel was resplendent in gold, as grand as a palace, living up to its name indeed.

The waiters led the four upstairs.

Wherever they went, respectful greetings of "Good day, Miss Qiao" could be heard.

"Eating a meal here must cost quite a bit, right?" Liu Meng Haoran asked, taking in the hotel's environment. She had never been to such an upscale hotel before.

Looking at the decor and the service attitude, she could guess the level of expenses here.

"It's not much, the average cost per person is probably in the five figures. This hotel is owned by my family, so there's no need to worry about money," Qiao Muyan said casually, shocking Liu Meng Haoran.

She knew that Qiao Muyan was the third daughter of the Qiao family but had no idea the Qiao family was this extravagant, owning a hotel where the average cost per person was in the tens of thousands. How much must they make in a day? It must be in the six figures!

The daily income of those people could be enough to cover several years of her parents' income!

That was the difference between people.

"Miss Qiao, your family is really rich, and you're such a nice person too," Liu Meng Haoran said excitedly, linking arms with Qiao Muyan.

The waiter led the four of them to a private room and stopped.

"You can go now, I'll call you if there's anything," Qiao Muyan said casually, waving her hand, and the waiter immediately bowed respectfully and left.

Qiao Muyan, acting out of character, opened the door for the three and said, "Here we are, you guys go in first."

Liu Meng Haoran was the first to enter.

Chu Jin and Yin Wu followed behind.

It was only after entering that Chu Jin realized, this was not just a simple roommate gathering.

Because there were also four men sitting in the room.

"Little Yan, why are you coming just now? We've been waiting for you for a long time," one of the men spoke up.

Qiao Muyan came out from behind and said, "What's the rush? There was traffic on the way, so I'm a bit late."

After she finished speaking, she continued,

"Let me introduce them to you, these are my roommates, Liu Meng Haoran, Yin Wu, Chu Jin. It's their first time here, so please take care of them."

Chu Jin and Yin Wu both frowned slightly. Had they known it was going to be like this, they would have never come.

But to Liu Meng Haoran, it was an eye-opener—the legendary heirs to riches! She must seize this opportunity well!

"Hello, I'm Liu Meng Haoran," said Liu Meng Haoran with a bashful look as she greeted the four men.

However, the men seemed unenthusiastic because their attention was all on Chu Jin.

A hint of unease flitted across Liu Meng Haoran's face.

She wasn't ugly herself, and she had plenty of suitors growing up, but in front of Chu Jin, her looks clearly weren't enough! Qiao Muyan was also to blame – knowing well that she didn't like Chu Jin, yet still bringing her to such an event!

"Beauty, won't you introduce yourself?" A man in a suit addressed Chu Jin.

Chu Jin glared at him briefly and spit out two words, "Chu Jin."

"Nice name, I like it," the man whistled at Chu Jin.

Chu Jin didn't say anything more.

The man gave a slight smirk, a trace of disdain in his eyes. Pretending to be so lofty when you're already here! But indeed, her appearance was top-notch, pure yet not lacking in allure, alluring yet hinting at a certain seductiveness, seductive yet radiating an ethereal quality—simply otherworldly. If one could get her into bed, it would undoubtedly be...exquisite, right?

Qiao Muyan introduced the four men to the three roommates.

As Liu Meng Haoran had guessed, all four were sons of wealthy families. To her surprise, one of them turned out to be Qiao Muyan's own brother, Qiao Mubei.

Qiao Mubei looked to be around twenty-five or twenty-six, with handsome features, standing out among the four.

Liu Meng Haoran immediately set her target.

While choosing seats, she deliberately sat next to Qiao Mubei. If she could marry Qiao Mubei, then Qiao Muyan would soon have to call her sister-in-law.

Liu Meng Haoran grew happier and more smug the more she thought about it. But when she looked up, she noticed Qiao Mubei's gaze lingering on Chu Jin.

Yin Wu was seated beside Chu Jin.

Different from Chu Jin's calmness, she was clearly a bit nervous, continuously drinking the tap water in her cup and staying quiet. She wasn't trying to get close to anyone intentionally like Liu Meng Haoran was, nor was she looking around, but her expression showed some impatience, as if she wanted to leave this dinner early.

Liu Meng Haoran kept creating topics, attempting to shift everyone's attention onto herself. With Qiao Muyan's mediation, the group seemed to chat quite enthusiastically.

Qiao Mubei didn't talk much, occasionally taking a shallow sip of red wine, appearing both gentlemanly and noble.

Liu Meng Haoran secretly scrutinized him out of the corner of her eye, her heart thumping wildly.

This man was precisely the Prince Charming of her dreams.

"Jin, let's go back first," Yin Wu tugged at Chu Jin's clothes and whispered. She couldn't cope with this kind of environment at all; the atmosphere was too strange. She felt like an item being openly appraised by others.

She disliked this feeling intensely.

Qiao Muyan really has no respect for others. It was supposed to be a dinner among roommates, so how could she bring in four unrelated men? Chu Jin now has absolutely no good feelings towards Qiao Muyan.

She's too presumptuous, never considering the feelings of others.

"Alright, just a moment." Chu Jin had wanted to leave for a while now but had not spoken up out of politeness.

Yin Wu nodded slightly and whispered, "Then I'll go to the restroom first, and we'll leave together after." Glancing at Qiao Muyan and the others who were happily chatting, she carefully pulled back her chair and headed to the restroom, regretting having drunk so much water earlier.

The private room was large, equipped with its own restroom.

Yin Wu had just left when Qiao Mubei followed suit.

Once he left, Liu Meng Haoran became restless but couldn't find a suitable excuse to leave.

About 10 minutes later, Yin Wu came out of the restroom, composed. After taking a seat, she gently tugged at Chu Jin's sleeve.

Chu Jin understood her signal and stood up with her wine glass, saying to Qiao Muyan, "Thank you, Miss Qiao, for your generous hospitality, but Little Wu and I have something to attend to, so we'll be leaving first." With these words, she took a sip of her red wine.

Qiao Muyan didn't expect her to leave so soon. Could it be that Chu Jin was trying to employ a new tactic to make men remember her? Play hard to get?

"Leaving so soon? There's still a show later on," Qiao Muyan said with a smile, not believing that Chu Jin could resist the appeal of four such excellent men! In order to break Chu Jin, she had even invited her own brother! Didn't Chu Jin want to marry her brother?

"I wish you all a fun evening," Chu Jin replied with a polite smile, placing down her glass and pulling Yin Wu to leave.

"Beauty, why don't you leave your contact so it'll be easier to hang out next time?" one of the wealthy young men said with a grin, extending an olive branch.

A single sentence carried too many implications.

When a man asks a woman for her contact information and invites her out again, his intention is clear.

Liu Meng Haoran was so aggravated he felt itchy in the teeth! This Chu Jin was shameless! Despite having a boyfriend, she was still flirting with other men everywhere!

"That won't be necessary," Chu Jin declined gracefully, "I didn't bring my phone today."

Liu Meng Haoran breathed a sigh of relief.

"Let's go," Chu Jin said, pulling Yin Wu toward the door.

At that moment, Qiao Mubei emerged from the restroom, draped his suit jacket over his arm, and caught up with the two, stating authoritatively, "I'll take you."

He gave them no chance to decline, heading straight for the exit.

Liu Meng Haoran was fuming and couldn't believe it! Chu Jin was indeed cunning, even managing to ensnare Qiao Mubei! She quickly got up and said, "Chu Jin, Little Wu, I'll go back with you."

After speaking, she turned to Qiao Muyan with a beaming smile, "Miss Qiao, I'll take my leave first."

Liu Meng Haoran certainly couldn't just let Qiao Mubei fall into Chu Jin's lap! Qiao Mubei was hers!

A dismissive smirk appeared on Qiao Muyan's lips, "Go ahead."

Liu Meng Haoran hurried outside, catching up to Chu Jin and said with a smile, "You don't mind if I join you, right?"

Chu Jin's expression was indifferent, "Not at all, let's go together."

Qiao Mubei, walking ahead, cut a tall figure. Liu Meng Haoran's heartbeat faltered just looking at his back, thinking she could wake up laughing from a dream if she could marry him.

Qiao Mubei's car was parked outside the hotel, a very conspicuous convertible sports car.

"Please." With gentlemanly grace, Qiao Mubei pulled open the car door.

"Thank you," Chu Jin said softly, as she and Yin Wu sat in the back seat.

Since the back seat of a sports car has only two spots, Liu Meng Haoran naturally took the passenger seat.

Qiao Mubei subtly furrowed his brows but said nothing more.

All the way, Liu Meng Haoran was visibly excited, wanting to say something, yet unable to find the right topic, her heart jumping erratically.

The car was very fast.

Qiao Mubei drove with a stern face, constantly accelerating, turning the scenery outside the window into fading streaks.

"Mr. Qiao, could you slow down a bit?" Liu Meng Haoran asked cautiously, "I'm feeling a bit carsick."

However, Qiao Mubei continued as if he hadn't heard her, though the corner of his eye caught a pale face in the rearview mirror, and he unconsciously slowed down the car.

Liu Meng Haoran's heartbeat quickened even more. Although Qiao Mubei hadn't directly answered her, he had already shown through his actions that he cared about her.

"Thank you, Mr. Qiao," Liu Meng Haoran said, her face flushed with appreciation.

Qiao Mubei pursed his lips without speaking.

However, Liu Meng Haoran looked at him with a foolish gaze.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of the dormitory building.

Qiao Mubei leaned out of the car and walked around to the back seat to open the door.

Chu Jin softly began, "Thank you, Mr. Qiao, for bringing us back." It was clear that Qiao Mubei was a mature and steady man, quite different from Qiao Muyan.

Qiao Mubei's voice was somewhat hoarse, "You're welcome, Muyan's friends are my friends."

"Then we'll head up, goodbye Mr. Qiao." Chu Jin smiled faintly and then pulled Yin Wu to leave.

Qiao Mubei watched the two leave, his gaze becoming deep as he took out a cigarette from his pocket and lit it.

Liu Meng Haoran was still sitting in the car.

She felt this was a hint from Qiao Mubei – that he wanted her to stay, or perhaps, that Qiao Mubei fancied her. Otherwise, why hadn't he opened the car door for her first instead of for those two?

Yes! Qiao Mubei must be smitten with her.

Liu Meng Haoran's eyes were filled with glee, feeling that the day she would marry into a wealthy family wasn't far off.

What would happen in a moment?

Would Qiao Mubei take her to a hotel room?

The more Liu Meng Haoran thought about it, the more excited she became.

Qiao Mubei smoked two cigarettes in a row before finally turning to open the car door. As soon as he sat down inside, his face darkened! Why hadn't this woman left?

The one who should have stayed didn't, and the one who shouldn't stay was clinging on!

Looking forward to his response, Liu Meng Haoran, with a blush on her face, asked, "Mr. Qiao, may I call you, Mubei?"

Qiao Mubei looked at her coldly, each word clearly articulated, "Get! Out!"

Liu Meng Haoran thought she was hallucinating! Her eyes widened in disbelief! Qiao Mubei obviously liked her, so how could he say such things to her?

"Mubei, what are you saying?" Liu Meng Haoran forced a smile.

"I told you to get out!" Qiao Mubei said angrily, "Can't you understand human speech?"

Liu Meng Haoran's eyes reddened instantly. What was going on with Qiao Mubei! He clearly had asked her to remain! And now he was shooing her away? And so rudely at that!

Was it because he didn't like others to call him by his name?

Yes, that must be it.

Liu Meng Haoran was startled, then, clutching the corner of Qiao Mubei's clothes, she said softly, "I'm sorry, Mr. Qiao... I had no idea..."

Qiao Mubei had reached his limit. He leaned out of the car and walked around to the passenger side, pulled open the door, and forcibly dragged Liu Meng Haoran out with great force. She had not even had time to react when the sports car zoomed away, leaving a trail of dust behind.

She stood there alone, her eyes filling with tears in an instant, weeping. It was all Chu Jin's fault, that vixen! It was all her fault! If it hadn't been for her, why would Qiao Mubei have treated her like this!

Furious! Absolutely furious! She would definitely make Chu Jin pay the price!

The next day, just as it turned five o'clock in the morning, everyone was woken up by a loud and urgent bugle call.

They were to gather for military training at the field at five-thirty.

Chu Jin got up quickly, put on her camouflage uniform, brushed her teeth and washed her face. After she had prepared, it was only five-fifteen. After some thought, Chu Jin also applied some sunscreen to her face.

Qiao Muyan had been up since four-thirty and had been sitting in front of the vanity applying makeup ever since she woke up.

The military training would last a month, with the first twenty days of training on the school field, followed by ten days of survival experience in the wilderness to train the students' outdoor survival skills.

The field was crowded with students in camouflage uniforms, creating an impressive and youthful spectacle.

A few instructors stood together, seemingly assessing everyone, standing as straight as rows of pine trees, attracting the gazes of many female students.

Chu Jin walked over to her class where the counselor was already organizing the formation, "Boys and girls stand in two lines, the shorter ones in front and the taller ones behind."

Chu Jin took her place in the back, then suddenly realized that the instructor standing behind the counselor looked very familiar. He was backlit, making it hard to see his features clearly, but his facial contours were too familiar, it was...

Song Shiqin?

Chapter 566: is Song Shiqin

Is that Song Shiqin?

He stood in the remnant glow of the morning sun, tall and majestic, like a straight pine tree.

A layer of snowlight enveloped him.

Iron-boned and sonorous.

A military cap pressed down on his head, casting a shadow across his face, hiding his true features from view.

Only his exquisitely chiseled, cold, hard jawline was exposed.

Both sharp and composed.

He conveyed an almost oppressive sense of mystery.

In front of him, the contemporary young idols hadn't even been exposed to the light before they were already reduced to dust.

Chu Jin appraised him without betraying her emotions.

If this man really was Song Shiqin.

Then it was truly a waste of his talents.

It also meant this year's military training wouldn't be as casual as in previous years; they were about to face a real challenge.

At that moment, the man also lifted his gaze indifferently, meeting Chu Jin's scrutinizing eyes. His angular face was revealed under the morning light, his glance deep and tranquil, as his gaze slowly swept across her face without a ripple in his eyes.

It was indeed Song Shiqin.

Both retracted their gazes very calmly, as if they didn't recognize each other.

Qiao Muyan was thrilled.

The instructor before her was undoubtedly the same man she had encountered the night before last.

It was him!

He really showed up; he must have come for her, otherwise, it wouldn't be such a coincidence that he became her instructor.

The man before her was tall and mighty, surpassing any man she had ever known.

Qiao Muyan stole a glance at him, her cheeks tinting slightly red.

Did he see her?

"Students," just then, the instructor standing to the side spoke up, "let me introduce to you, the officer who will be in charge of your military training for the next thirty days, Song Shiqin."

Qiao Muyan raised her eyes toward Song Shiqin. So, he was a regiment chief? Even the instructor was extremely respectful toward him; he must hold quite a high rank, no?

Appearance, family background, both were outstanding.

He was indeed a match for her.

Song Shiqin took two steps forward, scanned the crowd, and then spoke slowly, "I am Song Shiqin, Song as in the dynasties Tang, Song, Yuan, Ming, Qing, Shi as in time, and Qin as in admiration. You can address me as Instructor Song."

His low voice, filled with a fierce and domineering presence, was suffocatingly imposing. The instructor was handsome and carried an air of authority.

The students all felt a sense of reverence.

Song Shiqin slowly looked up and continued, "Male squad leader and female squad leader, step forward!"

"Yes."

"Yes."

Two voices spoke simultaneously, as Chu Jin and Jiang Yifeng stepped out, drawing the collective gaze of their fellow students.

The sun slowly peeked out from the clouds, bathing the earth in a layer of golden light. Both were dressed in similar camouflage uniforms, exuding the vigor of youth, especially Chu Jin. She stood straight as an arrow, like a spruced bamboo, different from her usual white top and black pants attire; she exuded a dashing and valiant air.

To wear the typically drab and shapeless camouflage uniform so beautifully was unparalleled!

Qiao Muyan clenched her fist slightly, her brows tightly knitted.

There she was, Chu Jin, always trying to stand out!

She couldn't possibly have taken a liking to Song Shiqin and was trying to seduce him, could she?

Song Shiqin was clearly here for her; how could she let Chu Jin snatch him away?

Qiao Muyan breathed heavily.

Her heart was extremely heavy.

There was a breath she couldn't exhale, and she had to admit, Chu Jin's appearance posed a certain threat to her.

Song Shiqin looked up at the two of them and said in a deep voice, "The two class leaders, introduce yourselves, starting with the male."

Jiang Yifeng straightened his body subconsciously. "Reporting to Instructor Song, I am the male class leader, Jiang Yifeng! The 'Jiang' of Yangtze River, the 'Yi' of Yifu building, and the 'Feng' of the blowing wind." With a height of 1.78 meters, Jiang Yifeng's appearance was rather outstanding among the males, and he was quite confident in himself.

But in front of this nearly 1.88-meter-tall instructor, he seemed somewhat immature.

Jiang Yifeng couldn't help but feel a sense of shame.

Song Shiqin nodded and turned his gaze to Chu Jin.

"Reporting to Instructor Song, I am the female class leader Chu Jin," Chu Jin looked forward, her face clear and devoid of excess expression, her voice clear and melodious, "the 'Chu' of Chu River and Han Border, the 'Jin' of a beautiful mountains and rivers."

Since Song Shiqin acted as if he didn't know her, to avoid unnecessary complications, she also pretended that she had never known him.

As strangers to each other.

Owing nothing to one another.

And that was fine.

Song Shiqin's expression remained unchanged, and he continued, "From the moment you put on the camouflage uniform, you are soldiers! From now on, you are not individuals, but a group! The army has its regulations. In the next thirty days, no one is allowed to be late or leave early. If one person makes a mistake, everyone will be punished! In the military, there is no room for willingness or unwillingness, only obedience! Before speaking or acting, report first. Have you all understood?"

His last sentence was deliberately heightened in volume, causing a thrilling effect that made people dare not disobey.

Qiao Muyan was looking at Song Shiqin, utterly captivated.

This man did indeed have a compelling personal charm!

"Understood!" Everyone shouted in unison, their voices deafening and their momentum overwhelming.

Probably they were also intimidated by the formidable presence of the instructor.

"Very good," Song Shiqin nodded in satisfaction, surveyed the group, and added, "Now both class leaders will inspect the appearance of the male and female students. Male students' hair must not be over the ears, no makeup is allowed, no wearing of watches, bracelets, or any accessories, no long fingernails! Female students are not allowed to leave their hair loose, no makeup, no wearing of any jewelry, and then everyone's phone will be confiscated. Anyone who does not meet standards will be corrected on the spot!"

After hearing this, there was a collective wail from below, and all the students had a mourning look on their faces, looking even more distressed than if their parents had died.

The instructor was just too strict.

They were college students, not real soldiers.

How many girls nowadays don't wear makeup? Without makeup, they can't even step out of the door to meet people. And what's more horrifying was the cell phone confiscation! During military training, no one was allowed to leave the school, and confiscating the phones was like cutting them off from the world.

The male students were also sighing. Just the rule about hair not being over the ears was hard enough to accept. Didn't they pay attention to hairstyles as well?

Isn't there a saying? Whether you're handsome or not is all about the hairstyle.

But Qiao Muyan hadn't spoken a word. For love, she would sacrifice anything. Wasn't it just no makeup? Wasn't it just confiscation of phones?

And the phone confiscation was upon them now! Without phones, how would they play games? How would they flirt? With so many girls on the sports field here for military training, they were planning on exchanging WeChat contacts!

Everyone sighed collectively, "Instructor, can we not have our phones confiscated, please?"

"We're here to study, not to become soldiers."

"Exactly..."

"None of you agree, huh?" Song Shiqin swept his gaze around the crowd, his eyes filled with endless pressure, and then he raised his voice, "Everyone, attention!"

At his command, everyone straightened their bodies.

"At ease."

As Song Shiqin spoke, he walked around the students, "Run! Ten laps around the sports field! Gather here after you're done!"

The students who had just been complaining were now so frightened they didn't even dare to breathe heavily, running out quickly!

What bad luck.

They had encountered such an inhumane instructor.

This was only the first day, and it was already so difficult. How were they to survive the next thirty days?

After all, they were all delicate and tenderly pampered babies.

After the first lap, everyone's face remained unchanged, and their hearts were not pounding.

The second lap, they handled with ease.

The third lap, they were panting for breath.

The fourth lap, sweat poured like rain.

The fifth lap, fatigue engulfed my entire body.

The sixth lap, pain pervaded every inch.

The seventh lap, I began to question my existence.

...

After completing the tenth lap and regrouping at the starting point, everyone cast aside their usual prim and proper images, collapsing on the ground, gasping for air, too exhausted to even speak.

Chu Jin alone remained composed and unfazed, but her conspicuous stance made her stand out, so she eventually chose a spot to sit down.

Chu Tian sat next to her, offering a bottle of mineral water, "Sister, have some water."

With a faint smile, Chu Jin politely declined, "Thank you, I'm not thirsty."

Chu Tian understood her reluctance and didn't press further. Instead, she unscrewed the cap and started drinking – she didn't possess Chu Jin's abnormal constitution. After ten laps, she looked as if she had been fished out of a water tank, almost on the verge of collapse.

Some of the girls' makeup had completely smudged, resembling pandas. They were a mess, and even more embarrassingly, they were totally unaware, still laughing and chatting with those beside them.

Qiao Muyan was not much better off. Although she used high-end waterproof cosmetics, even the best makeup couldn't withstand such a test.

But she was more self-aware than the other girls.

At that moment, she was holding a compact mirror, trying to repair her makeup.

Song Shiqin took a bottle of mineral water handed to him by an officer, unscrewed the cap, and took a few gulps.

"Song Bro, your class has quite a few beauties," the officer mentioned with a hint of envy.

He was assigned to information engineering, an all-male class, unlike Song Shiqin's class with an equitable mix of men and women, all very pleasing to the eye.

Song Shiqin glanced at him, "Are you here to look at the girls?"

The officer quickly averted his gaze, bowing his head, aware that he had crossed a line and fell silent.

Song Shiqin walked forward a few steps, assuming a position above everyone, like a sovereign overseeing his subjects, and then he began to speak slowly, "Attention, all! Stand at attention!"

All the students immediately scrambled up from the ground and took their positions.

"Stand up straight for me! Head up, chest out, stomach in, hips up," Song Shiqin traversed the ranks, passing by each row; as he neared anyone, their tension increased, "Fingers touching the seams of your trousers! Don't move!"

He stopped beside Chu Jin where, from his angle, he could see just her profile. Under the sunlight, her porcelain skin seemingly had not a single pore, a vision of perfection.

At 1.68 meters, Chu Jin stood tall among the women but was a full 20 centimeters shorter than Song Shiqin.

"Attention, all! Right face," Song Shiqin continued, his expression calm. Although he was standing right beside Chu Jin, he behaved as if he hadn't seen her at all.

"Shush!"

Everyone turned to the right in unison.

Now they stood face to face.

Chu Jin looked past Song Shiqin, her gaze fixed forward, her expression placid.

Song Shiqin ultimately couldn't help himself. As he surveyed the students, his gaze lingered on her face for a few seconds before smoothly diverting his attention.

"Attention! At ease!"

"Shush, shush." Their movements were precise and unified, making an impressive display. Yet to these soldiers who had seen bloodshed, these efforts were child's play compared to the brutal and bloody reality of true training.

"Squad leaders, step forward."

Chu Jin and Jiang Yifeng advanced several steps.

Song Shiqin then spoke, authoritative and brooking no argument, "Begin collecting mobile phones, check for dress and appearance compliance, any deviations will be corrected on the spot."

At this, no one dared to utter a word, not even daring to make the slightest move.

Two officers brought over a locked briefcase.

Another officer came carrying scissors and nail clippers.

Seeing this, everyone's hearts chilled, inhaling a cold breath – it seemed the drill instructor meant serious business.

Chu Jin and Jiang Yifeng split up to begin their tasks.

First, they collected the mobile phones.

Everyone was very reluctant to take out their smartphones.

As Chu Jin approached, Qiao Muyan's face was filled with reluctance. Seriously, why should Chu Jin become the class leader? It was clearly her who was meant to be the class leader.

It was only by becoming the class leader that she could get Song Shiqin to notice her.

"Smartphone," Chu Jin said softly, walking up to Qiao Muyan.

Qiao Muyan bit her lip, and, feeling reluctant and resentful, she took her smartphone out of her pocket. Chu Jin reached out to take it, but before she could touch it, Qiao Muyan suddenly let go.

The smartphone immediately plummeted straight down.

It was a fragile Fruit brand phone, and a drop like this would likely shatter the screen.

The classmates standing nearby gasped—it was a limited edition Fruit phone. Even though it wasn't theirs, the thought of it breaking was distressing.

This was exactly the outcome Qiao Muyan wanted. If the phone broke, it would be Chu Jin's negligence, and Chu Jin would definitely not be able to hold onto the position of class leader.

More than that, she would become Chu Jin's creditor.

For a pauper like Chu Jin, there was no way she could afford such an expensive phone.

In this case, she could suppress Chu Jin at every turn.

As fast as a flash,

In the moment the phone was about to hit the ground, Chu Jin swiftly raised her right foot and gave it a gentle kick, tossing the phone into the air, then with an outstretched hand, she caught the phone effortlessly.

Her movements were fluid and impressive, like a seamless string of pearls.

Witnessing this, everyone was struck dumb and took a deep breath.

Even the military officers nearby gave her a surprised glance; the young girl's reflexes were sharp.

The attempt to outsmart had backfired.

Qiao Muyan was fuming, this was not the result she wanted.

Instead of embarrassing Chu Jin, she had given her a chance to show off in front of everyone.

"Anything else?" Holding the smartphone, Chu Jin looked back at Qiao Muyan, because there was more than one phone in her pocket.

Clenching her pocket, Qiao Muyan retorted, "What are you talking about? I don't understand." How did Chu Jin know she had two phones?

Seeing her reluctance to hand over her phone, Chu Jin didn't press further, and moved on to the next girl. The instructor had only tasked her with collecting smartphones, not how many; why bother creating unnecessary trouble and inviting resentment?

After collecting the smartphones, the task proceeded to collecting jewelry and checking everyone's appearance and grooming.

There were plenty of wealthy second-generation students in the universities of Capital City.

Those students either didn't wear any jewelry, or they wore genuine gold and silver, diamond necklaces, jadeite, agate, and whatnot.

And almost every girl's nails were out of regulation.

Song Shiqin, with a stern face, handed each girl a pair of nail clippers and instructed them to trim their nails themselves.

This was undoubtedly the most cruel.

Faced with their meticulously manicured nails, none of them could bear to make the cut, but in the end, they had to painfully do it.

The boys were not spared either.

Hair trimmings fell to the ground.

Qiao Muyan looked at Song Shiqin standing there, furrowing her brows slightly, and recalled the moment Song Shiqin had handed her the nail clippers, emotionless and without giving her a second glance.

Was it because she had removed her makeup that he hadn't recognized her?

But her ID photo was also bare-faced.

If he had not recognized her, how would he know which class she was in?

Or was it that he was pretending not to know her, fearing it would look bad?

Was that it?

Qiao Muyan was vexed.

Or was it that she was reading too much into it? Perhaps he simply didn't like her and didn't care about her at all?

But if he wasn't here for her, why would he be here at all?

Chapter 567: Qiao Muyan

Moreover, it was such a coincidence that just the night before she met him, the military training was postponed by one day.

He must have come for her.

Qiao Muyan thought with conviction.

After all, in this world, things like that don't just happen by chance.

After a round of reorganization, everyone appeared in a new light.

Song Shiqin looked at everyone with satisfaction, then said, "Chu Jin, step forward."

"Yes."

Chu Jin took a step forward.

"Come stand by my side," Song Shiqin continued.

Chu Jin walked up and stood beside Song Shiqin.

"Attention! At ease!"

Chu Jin executed each command precisely, every move she made was graceful and pleasing to the eye.

She was like a green flower in the military.

Valiant and beautiful coexisted.

"Very good," Song Shiqin nodded with satisfaction, "The movements are perfect. Everyone take Chu Jin's posture as the standard. Stand straight! No laughing allowed!"

Chu Jin was actually being singled out for praise.

Moreover, she was made into a model, becoming the team leader.

The person least happy about this was Qiao Muyan.

Suddenly, her pupils contracted, a harsh red striking her eyes. Her lips curved slightly; Chu Jin was done for. Qiao Muyan's lips curled up faintly, as she dared to believe, due to being the class monitor, she could ignore the instructor's words.

"Reporting!" Qiao Muyan suddenly spoke out.

Song Shiqin looked up slightly, "Speak."

"Instructor, the class monitor has broken the rules! She's wearing jewelry on her left hand," Qiao Muyan continued.

As soon as these words were spoken.

The surroundings burst into murmurs.

The girls all remembered how unyielding Chu Jin was when taking jewelry earlier, showing no consideration! As the class monitor, not only did she fail to lead by example, she was the first to break the rules.

This act can be said to have provoked public anger.

"Silence!" Song Shiqin spoke out sternly, "If I hear another sound, everyone will run 15 laps around the track!"

Everyone immediately clamped their mouths shut and stood up straight.

"What's your name?" Song Shiqin looked up at Qiao Muyan.

"Qiao Muyan," she straightened her body, sternly telling Song Shiqin, "The Qiao from Little Qiao, the Mu from 'admire with heart and pursue with pen', and the Yan from color."

Song Shiqin coolly withdrew his gaze and turned it to Chu Jin, "Is what Qiao Muyan said true?"

"Yes!" Chu Jin replied somewhat helplessly, the Blood Jade Bracelet seemed to have a life of its own, as if it had grown onto her hand and simply couldn't be taken off.

Qiao Muyan looked at Chu Jin with satisfaction. How arrogant! At this point, she still stood her ground so confidently. Didn't she know that she had already caused public outrage?

Song Shiqin's face remained expressionless as he asked, "Why didn't you take it off?"

"Reporting, because it can't be taken off," Chu Jin had no choice but to answer frankly, although she knew that this excuse might not satisfy others, it was indeed the truth.

As soon as she said this.

The instructor beside them let out a light laugh.

The students of today, in their attempts to draw attention to themselves, really do use every trick in the book, even coming up with such excuses.

"Which hand?"

"The left hand."

Song Shiqin walked over to her side, looked down, and said impartially, "Show it to me."

Everyone watched intently, with a mixture of schadenfreude and sympathy. Chu Jin had provoked such a stern-faced instructor and likely wouldn't end up with anything good.

Qiao Muyan's lips also curved into a delighted smile, cheerfully looking at the two of them.

Song Shiqin must be feeling very averse to Chu Jin right now.

Chu Jin slowly extended her left hand.

Song Shiqin's gaze fell onto her wrist, where a blood-red bracelet was worn, gleaming enchantingly under the sunlight, so translucent and exquisite it was obvious at a glance that it was no ordinary item.

The other students also gasped in amazement, comparing diamonds, agates, and other items seemed insignificant next to this bracelet; they were nothing but rare treasures.

Seeing how Chu Jin usually dressed very plainly, yet wore such a precious bracelet, what exactly was her background?

Qiao Muyan was slightly stunned too, even she had never seen such a fine bracelet before. Where did Chu Jin get it from? A gift from a boyfriend?

But the value of this bracelet was obviously beyond what one could afford by driving a Volkswagen.

Could it be from a sugar daddy?

Song Shiqin directly reached out and grabbed Chu Jin's wrist, the other hand pinching the Blood Jade Bracelet, trying to remove it. Despite exerting a lot of effort, the bracelet refused to come off.

Chu Jin couldn't help but frown slightly.

It hurt.

She wanted to withdraw her hand, but Song Shiqin's grip was too tight, leaving her almost no strength to resist.

Her wrist was slender and seemed weightless in his grasp, as if it would break with just a slight bend.

Forcibly trying to remove the bracelet, red marks immediately appeared on her pale and delicate wrist, burning with pain.

What was her skin made of?

So fragile.

Song Shiqin let go and noticed several finger marks on her hand.

Indeed, the bracelet couldn't be removed.

It seemed to be locked onto her wrist as if it were one.

There was no need to guess who had given her the bracelet.

Suddenly, Song Shiqin found the redness somewhat glaring.

"Run twelve laps around the field," Song Shiqin said sternly.

Actually, as soon as he had said those words, Song Shiqin regretted them. It wasn't her fault that the bracelet couldn't be taken off, but now that the words had been spoken, there was no reason to take them back.

Upon seeing the Blood Jade Bracelet, he had felt somewhat uncontrollable.

"Yes," Chu Jin immediately started running, becoming a striking scene on the field.

Song Shiqin turned to everyone else and continued, "The rest of you take a 10-minute break right here."

As these words were said, everyone deflated like punctured balls, collapsing on the ground.

Qiao Muyan watched the figure running on the field, her lips curving into a pleased smile. It seemed that Song Shiqin had not been bewitched by her, otherwise, he wouldn't have made her run laps.

Qiao Muyan's gaze then shifted to Song Shiqin, full of possessiveness.

"Instructor Song," Chu Tian approached Song Shiqin and spoke softly.

Song Shiqin slowly returned his gaze, "What is it?"

Chu Tian stood up straight, her eyes on Chu Jin, and said, "Chu Jin is my sister, so I would like to take her punishment and run six laps for her."

Hearing this, Song Shiqin looked down at Chu Tian with some surprise and slowly said two words, "Go ahead."

"Thank you, Instructor Song." Chu Tian didn't even lift her head, nor did she glance at Song Shiqin, and directly started to run.

With her physical condition, even running six laps would be quite tiring.

Chu Tian ran quickly. By now, Chu Jin had already completed three laps. As Chu Tian passed Chu Jin, she said, "Sister, are you okay, tired? I'll run with you."

Chu Jin slowed down her pace and glanced at her, "Go back, I can handle it on my own, I don't need your company." She didn't want to owe Chu Tian any favor and wasn't keen on playing out any deep sisterly bond drama.

That would be too exhausting.

Chu Tian continued, "Sister, you don't need to feel pressured. I didn't come here purposely to accompany you. I made a mistake and was punished by Instructor Song to run."

Chu Jin didn't say anything more. Since this matter had nothing to do with her, there was no need to say anything else. She quickened her pace and passed Chu Tian.

Because of her physical strength, Chu Tian slowed down more and more.

Chu Jin was different; she maintained the same speed throughout and soon completed the remaining laps.

"Report to the instructor, I've completed the laps," Chu Jin jogged up to Song Shiqin, stopped in front of him, looking fresh and not even a bit sweaty.

Song Shiqin looked at the girl in front of him, his expression a bit dazed, but he quickly recovered and turned his gaze toward Chu Tian, who was still running on the playground, and furrowed his brow slightly.

"Fall in."

"Yes."

Chu Jin walked back and stood in formation.

Song Shiqin then had everyone stand at attention for a while, and it wasn't until ten minutes later that Chu Tian, gasping for breath, ran back.

After standing at attention, they practiced the goose step and straddle step.

Chu Jin was honored once again to be chosen as the leader.

Under the blazing sun, she led everyone in practicing the goose step over and over again.

"Goose step—march!"

She turned to face the crowd, reminding them, "The movement of your hands needs to coordinate with your feet, pay attention to syncing with your fellow soldiers."

Looking professional and attracting everyone's gaze, she was like a born commander.

Song Shiqin followed at the back of the formation, his gaze discreetly passing over the others, steadily fixed on her. How nice it would have been if the military training could just continue like this.

Finally, it was twelve o'clock.

After Song Shiqin's command of "Dismissed," everyone nearly cheered out loud in excitement.

Only then did they feel that freedom was truly wonderful—they could lie down if they wanted to, stand if they wanted to, and even the air tasted sweet.

Including lunchtime, there was a two-hour break at noon.

After the dismissal, Yin Wu found Chu Jin, and the two went to the canteen together for lunch. On the way, Yin Wu asked, "Jin, how is your instructor? Is he strict? Is he fierce?"

"Not too bad," Chu Jin responded calmly, "We were only punished to run 22 laps around the playground, that's all."

"22 laps?!" Yin Wu was stunned, "Oh my God! Was that your class running laps on the playground just now?"

Yin Wu was a little near-sighted, so she didn't realize that Chu Jin was among those who had been punished to run laps.

"Yeah," Chu Jin nodded.

Yin Wu continued, "Luckily our instructor is relatively gentle. By the way, did they collect your phones?"

"They did collect them, not just the phones, but also took the opportunity to tidy up our personal appearance. What about you?"

Yin Wu nodded, "Pretty much the same situation as you."

Talking, the two soon arrived at the canteen.

The canteen was crowded, mostly with freshmen in camouflage uniforms.

After getting their food, Chu Jin and Yin Wu found a place to sit down.

At this time, the canteen was bustling with noise, very loud.

Just by sitting together, the two of them drew quite a few stares.

She didn't even take off her hat; the army green cap highlighted her already fair skin that was practically translucent now, emphasizing her charming red lips. Her delicate peach-blossom-like eyes shimmered, particularly eye-catching.

"That freshman must be from the performing arts department, right?"

"Looks like it to me."

"Tsk tsk tsk, why do all the good-looking girls go to the performing arts department?"

"Because they have to rely on their looks for a living," a sour female voice interjected from the side.

"Actually, the girl sitting next to her is pretty good-looking too." Another person stroked their chin, eyes locked on Yin Wu.

"Looks like the title of school beauty is about to change hands."

"..."

Indeed, Yin Wu truly had the kind of beauty that grew on you. At first glance, you might find her appearance ordinary, but the more you looked, the more you would realize she was like a pearl covered in dust.

If it were someone else sitting next to Chu Jin, they would have been overshadowed by her brilliance, but Yin Wu not only didn't get outshined, she drew attention to herself.

The two sitting together had already become a stunningly beautiful scene.

The meal was eaten quickly.

Then they headed to the dormitory; there was still an hour and a half to rest.

The dormitory was very quiet.

Liu Meng Haoran hadn't come back yet, while Qiao Muyan was sitting in front of the vanity, applying makeup. When the two came in, she was just finishing up and headed toward the door.

In a hurry.

Yin Wu climbed into bed to sleep, and Chu Jin took off her camouflage jacket, only a white tank top remained, revealing her slender waist.

Yin Wu's eyes were almost glued on her as she exclaimed, "Jin, your figure is so good."

Chu Jin gave a faint smile, "Yours isn't bad either."

Yin Wu immediately put on a sad face and said, "Don't hit me where it hurts, I'm just an A negative."

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Chu Jin ran over to open it.

The visitor was also a girl. Upon seeing Chu Jin, she was momentarily stunned before asking, "Is Chu Jin staying in this dorm?"

"That's me." Chu Jin said with a smile.

A look of admiration flickered in the girl's eyes before she spoke, "Your boyfriend is waiting for you downstairs."

Indeed, a match made in heaven.

The man waiting downstairs was infuriatingly handsome, and his girlfriend was equally stunning.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin turned around and walked toward the door, "Thank you, I'll go down right now."

Mo Zhixuan was standing downstairs, holding a paper bag. In such hot weather, he was actually wearing a suit.

He was dressed formally, his hair meticulously combed back, suggesting he had attended some important meeting.

He stood there expressionless, his gaze profound, his features as if veiled with an impenetrable frost, exuding an aura of authority that belonged to those in high positions, commanding respect.

Passing students were all casting glances at him.

Even the flashily dressed female students walked past him several times, yet he maintained an air of distance, radiating a chill.

Only when a delicate figure appeared in his field of vision did his gaze gradually soften, warming slightly.

Mo Zhixuan watched her, his Adam's apple unconsciously bobbing as his eyes deepened further.

If one had to describe the person before him in four characters, it would be—

Beauty worth a feast.

"Why did you come?" Chu Jin asked with a smile as she walked up to him.

Mo Zhixuan set the paper bag on the ground, took off his suit, and wrapped her up snugly, his brow slightly furrowed as he said, "Why did you come out dressed like this?"

She really was a worry.

Chu Jin was somewhat speechless.

Mr. Mo's thinking was really old-fashioned; wearing a tank top was pretty normal...

"From now on, you're not allowed to go out dressed like this!" Mr. Mo said sternly.

What Mr. Mo really meant was, from now on, you can only dress like that for me to see!

"Got it, Daddy Mo." Chu Jin nodded.

Having an older boyfriend was like having a dad—always getting nagged about everything.

This feeling wasn't too bad.

Mo Zhixuan rubbed his forehead helplessly. He had barely managed to close the age gap between them over a month, only to have it all undone in an instant.

"This is food my mom made for you by hand," Mo Zhixuan picked up the bag and handed it to Chu Jin, "and some clothes to change into."

"Did Aunt visit?" Chu Jin looked up and asked.

Mr. Mo looked down at her, "I made a trip back. Oh right, I haven't eaten dinner yet."

His implication was for Chu Jin to accompany him for dinner.

Chu Jin naturally understood his meaning and said, "We can't leave the campus during military training."

"Let's just go to your cafeteria," Mr. Mo said indifferently.

"Ah?" Chu Jin was momentarily stunned. Could Mr. Mo really stomach the food in their cafeteria? She then realized, "Wait here for me then, I'll go upstairs and change clothes."

Having said that, she turned and went upstairs.

Chapter 568:

Chu Jin wrapped herself in Mr. Mo's suit and hurriedly climbed up the stairs.

In the dormitory, Yin Wu saw her return and couldn't help but tease, "Jin, that suit seems a bit ill-fitting on you."

The suit by Mo Zhixuan was quite large on her, making her appear as if a child had sneaked into an adult's clothing, which didn't come off as comical but instead had its own charm.

The dark blue, handmade suit, although lacking a signature logo, was clearly not made of any ordinary fabric.

Yin Wu subconsciously thought that the owner of the suit was definitely not an ordinary person.

Although the last time she had seen Mo Zhixuan, he had been driving a very common Volkswagen, the overwhelming aura he radiated was incomparable to anyone else's.

Chu Jin quickly took off the suit and casually picked up a white shirt to put on, "Little Wu, I'm going out for a bit, see you."

"Where are you going?" Yin Wu propped herself up from the bed and curiously asked.

"Going to have dinner with my boyfriend." As she spoke, Chu Jin had already walked out the door.

In the corridor, Qiao Muyan and Liu Meng Haoran were walking upstairs. Chu Jin was in a hurry to go downstairs, and, with many people coming and going, she did not notice the two of them.

"Where is she rushing off to?" Liu Meng Haoran glanced sideways, puzzled; if she wasn't mistaken, it seemed that Chu Jin's arm was draped with a men's suit.

Liu Meng Haoran felt on instinct that the suit had something to do with the man standing at the bottom of the dormitory building.

The man had a jade-like face and an extraordinary bearing, clearly not just anyone.

Chu Jin really had good fortune; not only was she attractive, but she also had such an impressive boyfriend. No wonder she didn't even consider Qiao Muyan; the heavens truly weren't fair, why did it give all the best things to one person.

"Why do you care so much?" Qiao Muyan spoke with evident impatience; having not bumped into Song Shiqin when she came downstairs, she was in a bad mood.

Song Shiqin was clearly there for her, but now she couldn't find him, nor did he take the initiative to look for her, which made her very anxious.

Liu Meng Haoran was also somewhat angry; Qiao Muyan really had the temper of a spoiled young lady. She hadn't offended her, so why was she acting so superior and speaking so sharply? It was as if she had swallowed an explosive! If it weren't for wanting some benefit from her, she wouldn't bother to flatter her! Who did she think she was!

"I heard she already has a boyfriend," Liu Meng Haoran continued, although she was very dissatisfied with Qiao Muyan's attitude and harboring a ball of anger inside, her face still showed a smile, "Right now, I must do my best to please Qiao Muyan."

Only that way could she get close to Qiao Mubei.

Once she married Qiao Mubei, she'd see how she would deal with Qiao Muyan!

She had already checked, and the Qiao family had more than just Qiao Muyan as an heiress; there is an older sister above Qiao Muyan, and Qiao Mubei was the second eldest.

Qiao Mubei was the only male in the Qiao family, as well as the sole heir. Once she married Qiao Mubei, she would be the matriarch of the Qiao family!

Thinking of this, Liu Meng Haoran couldn't help but curve her lips into a smile.

Qiao Muyan looked towards Liu Meng Haoran, "What does her having a boyfriend have to do with you?" She was already irritated! And here was Liu Meng Haoran babbling incessantly by her side! Such a lack of awareness! People like that would only ever be fit to be poor for life!

The smile on Liu Meng Haoran's face stiffened, but she quickly returned to her natural expression.

Didn't Qiao Muyan dislike Chu Jin? Why was she defending Chu Jin all of a sudden today? Liu Meng Haoran suddenly had a bad premonition; perhaps Qiao Muyan had changed her opinion on Chu Jin?

No! She absolutely could not allow such a thing to happen!

If Qiao Muyan and Chu Jin became friends, what would be left for her? Wouldn't she not gain anything at all!

"I think," a trace of calculation flashed in Liu Meng Haoran's eyes as she continued, "the man standing downstairs just now is Chu Jin's boyfriend."

Liu Meng Haoran noticed that when Qiao Muyan had passed by the man, there were evident flashes of shock in her eyes, and she had even glanced at him several times.

Too bad, the man didn't spare Qiao Muyan a single glance.

Upon hearing this, Qiao Muyan's pupils contracted slightly, but she didn't say much and quickly walked up the stairs.

Liu Meng Haoran hurriedly trotted to catch up, fearful of missing something.

Qiao Muyan stopped in front of the fifth-floor balcony, looked down from the railings, and saw the man who was usually as cold as ice; at this moment, he was looking at the girl walking towards him with a face full of indulgence.

The girl was none other than Chu Jin.

Whatever she said had caused the man to reach out and gently ruffle her hair, and even his cold, stern eyes softened, as if she was the only person in the world for him.

Although Qiao Muyan was loath to admit it, the man and woman standing together downstairs truly made a striking couple, seeming like a pair made in heaven.

Qiao Muyan's grip on the handrail tightened, her knuckles turning slightly white. Why should she be the one disappointed in love while Chu Jin was basking in romantic success?

Why should someone so far beneath her have love?

Qiao Muyan felt extremely resentful.

Liu Meng Haoran's lips curved a small smile as he began to speak, "Chu Jin is quite lucky indeed. Not only is she beautiful, but she has also found such a handsome boyfriend. This man clearly isn't ordinary; he must be from a wealthy family. No wonder she's so aloof, refusing to mingle with us. It turns out she has a big financier backing her up."

Such a comment was undoubtedly adding fuel to the fire.

Liu Meng Haoran was adept at reading people's emotions, and with just one sentence, he had further soured the already strained relationship between the two.

Qiao Muyan frowned slightly, puzzled. Was this man the same one who drove a Volkswagen last time? Since she only saw Mo Zhixuan's back then, she wasn't clear if the two were the same person.

The demeanor and bearing of the man did not seem like someone who would drive a Volkswagen. These two, definitely, were not the same person!

Qiao Muyan then thought of the outrageously expensive bracelet Chu Jin wore on her wrist. It was possible that bracelet was a gift from the man downstairs.

Chu Jin really knew how to play the field! To be entangling two men at once! How shameless!

Could it be that Chu Jin was being kept by this man and then used his money to sponsor that Volkswagen-driving pretty boy?

Yes, that had to be it!

With that thought,

Qiao Muyan pulled out her phone from her pocket and took a couple of snaps of the couple downstairs, "click, click," capturing their intimate gestures that clearly indicated they were in a passionate romance.

"I've seen Chu Jin's boyfriend, and it's definitely not this man," Qiao Muyan said with a slight uplift at the corner of her mouth.

"Ah!?" Liu Meng Haoran covered his mouth in surprise, his face showing utter disbelief.

The couple downstairs had turned to walk towards the cafeteria, fingers interlocked as if they were a celestial couple, drawing envious glances.

With a sarcastic smile, Qiao Muyan continued, "The boyfriend I've seen is rather common in background and, moreover, a poor boy. I think she must be kept by this man."

"No way," Liu Meng Haoran said, finding it hard to believe. "She seems decent enough. I don't think she's that kind of person," though inside, he was seething with jealousy at Chu Jin's fortune – to have someone willing to take care of her.

If her skills were sharper, turning the situation to her advantage wouldn't be impossible.

After all, the financiers who kept female students were not common tycoons. Judging by the man's appearance, he was someone who could cover the sky with one hand.

"It's always the little white lotuses," Qiao Muyan scoffed, "innocent and kind on the surface, but scheming and cunning within, always thinking of how to entice men. This kind of woman is the cheapest."

Having grown up in a wealthy family, Qiao Muyan had seen too many gold-diggers who had no bottom lines when it came to money.

"If that's really the case, her boyfriend is too pitiful," Liu Meng Haoran's eyes flickered with a hint of sympathy before he added, "Men nowadays are really foolish, to be completely manipulated by a woman."

If the financier knew Chu Jin's true character, would he continue to provide for her? If this got onto the university forum, appearing before the students and faculty, would they still call her a goddess?

Liu Meng Haoran, who loved browsing the university forum, knew that with just a few unclear photos, Chu Jin had become a sensation on the forum. Everyone unanimously believed she was the new campus belle, one likely to hold the title for four years.

The only thing is they did not yet know Chu Jin's name and major, all speculating whether she could be from the performance department.

Liu Meng Haoran was consumed with envy. Why could Chu Jin become popular on campus without doing anything, while she, despite joining various clubs and student organizations, was ignored?

She wasn't unattractive!

Furthermore, during her high school years, she was highly sought after. With outstanding grades and a fair complexion, she was the teachers' darling. How had she fallen so low since starting university?

The downfall was just too great for her to accept.

Liu Meng Haoran didn't understand that the top student from a small county, when placed in a prestigious university like Capital University, was just an ordinary student. The university attracted talent

from all over, and any random student could be ten times more exceptional than her. She lacked the self-awareness to see her true reflection.

Qiao Muyan snapped back to reality and turned to look at Liu Meng Haoran, "I've sent the photo to your QQ."

Such a task, naturally, she wouldn't handle personally, way beneath her status.

"Photo?" Liu Meng Haoran was stunned for a moment before realizing, "My phone was confiscated by the drill instructor." She knew that Qiao Muyan intended to use her as a pawn to expose Chu Jin's true face through her hands.

"You only have one phone?" Qiao Muyan frowned slightly.

Liu Meng Haoran nodded, "Yeah."

She only had a single smartphone, a gift from her parents to celebrate her admission to Capital University, worth over two thousand yuan. In her eyes, it was already quite a precious item. However, compared with the tens of thousands worth of 'pears' Qiao Muyan held, it wasn't much at all.

"Then let's wait until after the military training is over. Let her enjoy a leisurely month first," continued Qiao Muyan. "I'll leave this matter to you to handle. If there is any update, I will continue to send photos to you."

"Okay," Liu Meng Haoran nodded in agreement.

This move both pleased Qiao Muyan and would expose Chu Jin's true colors to the public, so why not do it?

Meanwhile.

Chu Jin walked toward the cafeteria with Mo Zhixuan.

All along the way, everyone passing by turned their gaze to the two, some astonished and others envious.

Surrounded by youthful students, Mo Zhixuan suddenly realized that he might truly be old.

This was, after all, his first step into a university campus.

The feeling was quite unique—standing among so many young students, as if he had grown younger himself.

His mood suddenly improved.

This was an experience he had never had before.

The cafeteria was spacious, and since it was past mealtime, there weren't many people around, just a few students having their meals in twos and threes.

Chu Jin pinched her meal card in her hand, looked up at him with a gentle smile, and asked, "You sit here. I'll go get you some food. Oh, right, what do you want to eat?"

Mo Zhixuan looked around with a slight frown, clearly uncomfortable with such an environment.

In fact, the dining environment at Capital University was quite good compared to other colleges, which could be considered high-end. But for Mr. Mo, it was almost no different from a street stall, and it was hard to imagine how these students could endure having all three meals a day here.

Mo Zhixuan looked down at her, "I will join you."

The two walked to the serving window and got their meals.

Perhaps it was the attractive appearances of the two that steadied the server's hands and brought smiles to her face; she generously placed two extra small yellow croakers on their plates.

What was supposed to be a portion for one was turned into portions for two before their eyes.

"Let's eat," Chu Jin placed the tray on the table and sat down across from him.

Mr. Mo prodded the food with his chopsticks, with a hint of distaste flashing in his eyes, "This is what you eat every day?"

"Yeah," Chu Jin nodded, "It's really delicious. Hurry up and finish. Wasting food is shameful."

In her peripheral vision, she caught a glimpse of a military-green figure walking in. Mo Zhixuan's eyes flickered slightly, then he suggested, "How about you feed me?"

Chu Jin was completely stunned.

She could hardly believe that the haughty Mr. Mo had said that.

It was usually the boyfriend who would feed the girlfriend.

Now it had turned around.

She couldn't possibly have a fake boyfriend, could she?

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

Mo Zhixuan nodded lightly, "Of course."

Chu Jin reached out to check his forehead, "You don't have a fever, do you?" What on earth was this about?

"Feed me," Mo Zhixuan looked at her, "or else I will kiss you."

Chu Jin: "..."

Could this man be possessed?

Mo Zhixuan leaned forward, and Chu Jin quickly picked up her chopsticks, plucking a green vegetable, "Here, Mo Three-Year-Old, open wide."

Mo Zhixuan obediently opened his mouth.

"Soup," Mr. Mo said next.

Chu Jin scooped up some soup with a spoon and brought it to his lips, but Mr. Mo said, "It's hot, blow on it."

"It's not hot." The soup had cooled down long ago.

"If I say it's hot, it's hot," Mr. Mo insisted, fixing her with a deep, ink-dark gaze that clearly warned if she didn't blow on it, he would kiss her right away!

Unsure of Mr. Mo's actual intentions, she had no choice but to pull the spoon back and nonchalantly blew on it a couple of times. Then she brought it to his mouth, and only then did he deign to take a sip.

"Mo Three-Year-Old, what are you up to?" Chu Jin asked while feeding him.

"I'd like to eat fish. Can you pick out the bones for me?" Mr. Mo responded off-topic. The name Mo Three-Year-Old sounded quite good to him, at least it made him feel much younger.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "You're getting sprightly, aren't you?"

Mr. Mo's voice grew softer, "Ancestor, can you save some face for me outside?" Especially in front of his rival! In front of Song Shiqin, he had to reclaim his manhood!

Let him know to back off!

"Drink your soup," Chu Jin stuffed the spoon into his mouth.

The combination of a beautiful man and woman truly drew gazes.

Besides, the girl was personally feeding the guy, blatantly displaying affection.

The few students eating there all looked in that direction.

"Holy crap! I'm going blind! A girl chasing a guy?"

"That girl is so pretty, yet she's chasing after someone. That doesn't make sense."

"A big guy being fed by a girl..." The speaker shook his head while commenting.

"Maybe it's just their little couple's way of showing affection."

One of the students brightened, "Song Bro, isn't that girl from your class?"

With that, the others also turned their attention to Song Shiqin.

Chu Jin had already been noticed by everyone for being tasked with running laps and leading the team, coupled with her good looks.

Song Shiqin had spotted that pair the moment he walked in and of course he knew who 'that girl' referred to.

His face darkened, and he said coldly, "Eat! Did I invite you guys here to gossip?"

His voice abruptly cut off.

The air fell into a strange silence; everyone bowed their heads to eat, not even daring to pick more dishes, just shoveling rice into their mouths.

Chapter 569:

When Qiao Muyan learned that Song Shiqin was eating at the cafeteria, she hurried over. As she arrived, she happened to catch Chu Jin feeding Mo Zhixuan. She paused, then took out her phone, captured the scene, and sent it to Liu Meng Haoran's QQ.

Only then did she go to get her meal, deliberately choosing a table very close to Song Shiqin to sit down.

She ate with great elegance, taking small bites with her chopsticks.

Sometimes she would play with her long hair, sometimes check her phone, every move she made was eye-catching.

She purposefully didn't look towards Song Shiqin because she thought he must be able to see her. She was waiting for Song Shiqin to come to her, but she waited a long time, and he never did.

Now, Qiao Muyan was getting impatient. She looked back and was dumbfounded! Where was Song Shiqin's figure? He and his group had left without her knowing when.

Qiao Muyan was so angry she slammed the table!

Could it be that Song Shiqin hadn't seen her?

What was going on with Song Shiqin exactly?

Was it fun for him to leave her hanging?

"Classmate Qiao Muyan, may I get to know you?" A senior from the second year approached, holding a rose in his hand.

Qiao Muyan was beautiful and came from a good family. If one could become her boyfriend, it would open the door to success.

The senior was handsome, and under ordinary circumstances, Qiao Muyan would be willing to entertain him, but right now, she was not in the mood.

"Scram!" Qiao Muyan stood up and shoved the senior away, then left without looking back.

The senior threw the rose to the ground and with a gloomy face, crushed it fiercely into juice.

Qiao Muyan, huh?

He vowed to get back the humiliation he had suffered today! Was being rich that great?!

After successfully showing off their affection in front of her love rival, Mr. Mo was in a good mood as he walked Chu Jin to the bottom of her dormitory.

When he learned that for the coming month, Chu Jin could neither meet nor call him, Mr. Mo frowned unhappily.

Although the computer wasn't confiscated, the internet cable was cut. Having a computer without internet was the same as not having one.

"I'm going upstairs, be careful on the road," Chu Jin said goodbye to him.

"Wait a moment," Mo Zhixuan crossed his long legs and grabbed her wrist directly.

Chu Jin looked back, "What...?"

Mo Zhixuan continued, "Go on up. Be well-behaved at school during this time, and don't make me worry, okay?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Okay."

But inside, she was grumbling; their interaction was becoming more and more like father and daughter...

Mr. Mo father had endless worries every day, even concerning what she wore.

Mr. Mo nodded satisfactorily, holding her hand with one hand and pinching her cheek with the other, "Go on, I'll miss you."

In the afternoon, the military training continued.

Compared to the morning, the afternoon was noticeably hotter.

Song Shiqin's face also turned noticeably darker, his expression so grim that it made it hard for others to breathe.

While the other instructors led their squads in the shade of trees, only their class was exposed to the scorching sun.

The students dared not express their anger, feeling both tired and hot.

"Attention!"

"At ease."

"Right turn!"

Whether it was the heat that muddled their minds or something else, when executing the right turn, two boys ended up face to face!

The two boys looked at each other, each thinking they had made the mistake, and quickly turned around.

Then they ended up face to face with another person behind them.

"Hahaha."

The boy with the low threshold for laughter couldn't hold back and burst out laughing.

This laugh was contagious, and everyone burst out laughing along with it.

"Is it funny?" Song Shiqin's voice suddenly softened, and his expression became gentle, taking on the appearance of a considerate instructor.

"Hahaha, I'm dying of laughter," a daring boy spoke up next.

The crowd chuckled along with him.

Song Shiqin also sneered twice, then his face abruptly darkened, "Everyone maintain your current posture, do not move, and give me a ten-minute hearty laugh!"

The laughter stopped abruptly as everyone promptly took up the military stance.

"Laugh, why aren't you laughing now?"

Everyone stared straight ahead with stern faces.

Song Shiqin stood beside Chu Jin, his expressionless gaze swept over each person's face as he said coldly, "Everyone, get down to the ground and get ready for push-ups for one hour!"

The so-called 'push-up preparation' meant lying down with the tips of one's feet touching the ground and hands propped up on the ground too, essentially holding the starting position of a push-up without moving.

An action that was incredibly torturous.

An hour of this, and one's arms would stiffen completely, sore and painful, far crueler than standing at attention.

Half an hour later, everyone's face was flushed red from holding their breath, and beads of sweat the size of beans dripped from their noses to the ground.

Some girls silently prayed in their hearts for a quick heatstroke, but despite being so hot they felt like they would explode, it just wouldn't happen!

It made no sense! In the class next door, several had already collapsed in the shade, while their class, under the direct sun, seemed fine without any trouble.

Song Shiqin walked dominantly among the ranks.

After an excruciating hour passed, Song Shiqin had them continue standing at attention.

The sun was still scorching.

Qiao Muyan looked at the tall man in a military uniform with undisguised fervor in her gaze.

She hoped Song Shiqin would turn around and glance at her more, but he did not.

In the distance, several reporters with cameras roamed among the students, taking pictures.

The principal and teachers did not intervene.

These were well-known newspaper journalists who came every year to cover the military training of college students.

In the previous years, several girls had become the hottest internet celebrities due to the journalists' cameras, gaining millions of fans overnight.

"Military Training Goddess," "Bare-faced Goddess," "School Goddess;" these were their labels.

Seeing the journalists come to take photos, everyone spiritedly maintained their best form.

Who knows, perhaps the next social media sensation would be amongst them!

Who could tell with these things?

"Atten-hut! Stand at attention! At ease! Right turn! Run—march!"

In their minds, everyone howled in anguish.

This instructor must be doing this on purpose!

Didn't he see the reporters taking photos? Now that everyone had started running, how were they supposed to pose for pictures?

Though reluctant and resentful, everyone still ran out.

Song Shiqin also ran alongside the group, chanting the cadence, "121, 121, 1234!"

"1234!" The crowd shouted out, as if venting their frustration, thunderous and earth-shaking, screaming until their voices broke and successfully drawing the attention of everyone present.

Everyone silently sympathized with this class.

The reporters' cameras quickly snapped a few pictures in that direction.

This kind of training was nothing to Chu Jin, but for some, it was akin to purgatory.

The boy running beside Chu Jin turned pale as a sheet, his lips also white, his body already weakened, and suddenly his vision darkened and he pitched forward.

Chu Jin's pupils contracted and she reached out to catch him. The nearly six-foot-tall boy collapsed onto her.

The sudden turn of events caught everyone off-guard, eliciting a cry of surprise; they didn't know what to do, and for a moment, nobody thought to help Chu Jin support the boy.

"What's going on?" Song Shiqin's voice came from behind.

"Instructor, someone has fainted over here." The crowd immediately cleared a path for Song Shiqin.

Chu Jin swiftly laid the boy flat on the ground, took out the Golden Needle from her pocket, and sealed his major acupoints.

Her movements were smooth and fluid, almost as if infused with the elegance of martial arts.

Under the sunlight, the Golden Needle glittered with a dazzling light. The students, who had not expected her to perform such an action, inhaled sharply, their eyes wide open in shock and amazement.

Acupuncture.

It was a scene that in the past, they could only witness on television; today, it unfolded live before them, and the person in action was their very own classmate!

Who would believe, without seeing with their own eyes, that such a delicate girl could possess such skill!

Song Shiqin simply watched her and did not intervene; from his angle, he could see the exposed pale skin of her neck and the softness hidden beneath her collar.

His eyes darkened unintentionally, heating up so much that Song Shiqin quickly looked away.

"Do not gaze upon what is improper."

As the incident unfolded, a reporter quickly ran over and captured everything with his camera.

The reporter had become completely captivated by Chu Jin's beauty.

He had only one thought in mind.

That was, this girl was going to become famous!

Despite being able to rely on her looks alone to get by, she chose the path of genuine talent, and moreover, it was the nearly extinct ancient Chinese medicine from China mainland.

This girl was not ordinary.

Qiao Muyan watched Chu Jin with dissatisfaction.

She regretted not having her family hire a teacher to instruct her in the art of ancient medicine when she was a child.

Otherwise, the person gaining all the attention today would have been her, not Chu Jin!

When Qiao Muyan saw that Song Shiqin's gaze was not fixed on Chu Jin, her irritation slowly subsided.

After the needlework was done, the color returned considerably to the boy's face.

Chu Jin then took out a black pill from her pocket and fed it to him.

Only after swallowing the pill did the boy slowly open his eyes.

Chu Jin then stood up and turned to two boys nearby, saying, "You two, help him over there to rest a bit." At this moment, she was no longer the 18-year-old girl she seemed to be; she radiated the exclusive authority of a superior, instinctively compelling obedience.

Quite imposing.

The two boys stood up straight and helped the boy off the ground, nearly forgetting the existence of Song Shiqin, they supported the boy and headed towards the resting area.

Chu Jin then turned her gaze to the reporter and slowly extended her hand, saying softly, "Give me the camera."

Though her tone was extremely soft, it carried an intimidating force that made the seasoned reporter shudder involuntarily as he handed over the camera with trembling hands.

Chu Jin took the camera, pressed a few buttons at random, quickly returned it to the reporter, and looked up at him earnestly, "I have a 'no-photos' condition, so stop taking pictures of me."

Seeing the deleted photos, the reporter wanted to cry but had no tears and asked, "Really, I can't take pictures?"

Even the students around felt a great pity; the photos were very beautiful, taken from excellent angles with no dead spots, as if they had been carefully retouched.

But Chu Jin had deleted every single one.

"Really..." Chu Jin shook a finger, "No photos."

In the sunlight, her slender finger looked almost translucent, and her expression was equally serious.

The reporter, still not giving up, continued, "Our photos have a very high exposure rate. If these were put online, you would definitely shoot to fame."

"I don't want to be famous," Chu Jin replied flatly.

If she had wanted fame, why would she have waited until now?

The reporter was stunned, for the first time hearing someone declare they did not want fame!

While others were trying everything to become famous, this girl, presented with the opportunity to do so, firmly rejected it!

Could this girl be speaking in irony?

As the young reporter hesitated, a voice sounded in the air.

"If I see even the slightest news about her on a phone tomorrow, you know the consequences." When he got to the last two words, Song Shiqin grabbed the reporter's collar in one fell swoop as if he was an eagle snatching a chick.

All the students' attention was drawn to Song Shiqin.

His action was extremely domineering, giving off the vibe of a tyrannical military officer.

Compared to the stupefied students present, he was more than a hundred times cooler!

The girls' eyes turned into peach hearts.

"Instructor Song is so loving."

"Damn, damn, damn! Too handsome!"

Forgetting their fatigue and Song Shiqin's brutal methods, the girls gazed at him like fangirls.

Admiration nearing worship glinted in the eyes of the boys.

When could they also become a charming man like Instructor Song!

Qiao Muyan was on the verge of snapping her own fingers out of spite. That Chu Jin, how exactly did she manage to catch Song Shiqin's eye with some tricks! So shameless! She already has two men, and now she's thinking about seducing Song Shiqin!

The person who should be the center of everyone's attention was supposed to be herself.

The reporter peed his pants out of fright.

He was somewhat familiar with Song Shiqin and knew there were no benefits in offending him. With trembling hands, he took out his phone from his pocket, and under Song Shiqin's threatening gaze, deleted the last few photos.

"Commander, really, they're all gone," he pleaded, his face crying for mercy.

Song Shiqin then let go of his collar and said with a cold voice, "Scram."

The reporter stumbled a few steps and hastily ran off!

He wondered, just who was that girl! She actually received such protection from Song Shiqin!

Was she Song Shiqin's sister? A relative?

No sooner had the reporter turned around than Song Shiqin resumed his stern instructor façade, without sparing Chu Jin another glance. Standing erect, he ordered the group emotionlessly, "Everyone at ease! Attention!"

"Left turn—dress!"

"Eyes front—look!"

"Start running—move!"

"Assemble on the spot."

Moving in unison, everyone started running forward.

Song Shiqin looked at the crowd and announced five words, "Rest in place for ten minutes."

His voice sounded like sweet music from the heavens.

Upon hearing this, everyone let out a satisfied sigh of relief and, without minding the dirty ground, sat down right where they were.

"Actually, our instructor is quite handsome."

"He's always been handsome, it would be nice if he were a bit gentler."

And a few whispered voices, "What do you think is the relationship between Instructor Song and Chu Jin? Could they be a couple?"

"I don't think so, it doesn't look like they know each other from the way they interact."

"Instructor Song was really cool just now!"

Others with wild imaginations said, "Could it be that Instructor Song has taken a liking to Chu Jin?"

"I think it's possible."

"Actually, I think they make a good match..."

Wherever there were girls, there was gossip. They chatted joyfully, completely unaware that Song Shiqin had walked right past them. Strangely enough, Song Shiqin didn't stop them; instead, his lips very rarely turned up a fraction.

Qiao Muyan walked over with a cold face and said in a low voice, "What nonsense are you all talking about here! Chu Jin already has a boyfriend! Besides, how could Instructor Song possibly fancy this kind of woman! If you continue spouting nonsense, be careful of your own mouths!"

Chu Jin not only had a boyfriend but was also kept by another man; how could such a woman be worthy of Song Shiqin?

The group of girls all knew Qiao Muyan and were aware of the Qiao family's status in Capital City, so they stopped talking immediately!

Might makes right!

Chapter 570: Is it a dream?

The Qiao family is a local tycoon in Capital City — who could afford to provoke them?

Although several girls had stopped talking, they were still very upset inside.

Their faces complied, but their hearts did not.

After ten minutes, the military training continued.

The boy who had fainted earlier also came over to resume the training.

The days of military training were tense yet exhilarating, arduous yet joyful.

Over the next 20 days, just as Song Shiqin had said, no matter the wind or rain, everyone kept on going without stopping, persisting together. Qiao Muyan was so busy that she didn't have time to pick on Chu Jin.

They were so tired they felt like their bones were falling apart.

After being dismissed each day, they would fall asleep on their beds without even having time to remove their makeup, snoring away.

If they had a little spare time, they would want to take an extra look at Song Shiqin.

After 20 days, everyone had tanned several shades darker as if they had returned from a vacation in Africa, but at the same time, they also seemed more energetic and had matured a lot.

Only Chu Jin seemed as if she hadn't participated in the military training at all, her skin still as white as snow.

"Jin bro, what brand of sunscreen are you using? It's so effective; look how dark I've gotten," during break time, a group of girls surrounded her, looking at Chu Jin with curious faces and asking.

After spending time together, the students of Chinese Literature Class 6 discovered that Chu Jin was like an all-capable goddess. She could solve anything, whether the boys could do it or not, without a hint of the delicateness expected of a beauty.

Thus, everyone unanimously called her, Jin bro.

Chu Jin twisted open her bottle of mineral water, thought for a moment, and then said, "Comfort face."

Normally she didn't really use skincare products. At the age of eighteen or nineteen, in the prime of youth, there was no need for those chemical products. Because of the military training, she saw a set of sunscreen while shopping at the mall and bought it on a whim.

Upon hearing this, everyone showed a surprised expression, having thought that Chu Jin was using some high-end skincare products — it turned out to be such an affordable one.

Comfort face is a domestic skincare brand, extremely popular and common.

This goddess is too down-to-earth, right?

People couldn't help but have a better impression of Chu Jin.

"I also use comfort face, how come there's such a big difference between us?" a girl touched her sun-tanned face, speaking somewhat sadly.

"I've been using imported ones, you know." The ones I use are imported and cost five or six times more than comfort face, yet the effect isn't even half as good. It's really baffling.

Qiao Muyan stood behind a group of students, sneering.

Paupers are just paupers after all and only deserve such cheap skincare products.

With 10 days left until the end of military training, let Chu Jin be smug for a few more days. After 10 days, she was determined to make Chu Jin look foolish.

During this time, she had had enough of Chu Jin.

These students were blind, favoring Chu Jin, a pauper who couldn't bring them any benefit or value, over their own Miss Qiao of the Qiao family. They had no discernment.

Fortunately, during this time, Song Shiqin hadn't had much contact with Chu Jin, and there seemed to be nothing unusual between them. Otherwise, Qiao Muyan might have gone crazy.

Since it was the last day of in-school military training, the training ended around 3 p.m.

After Song Shiqin went over the precautions, he announced dismissal.

The last ten days were for wilderness training, testing the college students' ability to survive in extreme outdoor conditions.

The students were quite looking forward to this training.

No need to stand at attention or march, just bring tents and daily necessities and live in the wilderness for ten days. It's like going on a picnic, should be fun.

So, with liberation at hand, smiles were on everyone's faces.

"We're finally free!" a girl let out a long sigh and then stretched out her arms contentedly.

A passing upperclassman from the second year gave her a sympathetic look.

Back then, they were just as naïvely enthusiastic.

In the end, they learned that standing at attention and marching were the least of worries!

Wilderness training was the most brutal!

Back in the dormitory, Liu Meng Haoran was lying on the bed, snoozing away, Yin Wu was sitting there reading a book, and Qiao Muyan sat in front of the dressing table doing her makeup.

She had been going without makeup for more than twenty days, and now she could finally take her time to apply a delicate makeup look.

The next morning, before the sky had even brightened,

everyone had already assembled on the sports field.

The principal stood on the podium, holding a microphone, feeding everyone some motivational chicken soup.

About twenty minutes later, the lecture ended, and the instructors sent the class monitors to check everyone's backpacks.

Apart from everyday clothes and medicine, all other items were confiscated.

"Ah... can't we even bring food?"

"What are we supposed to eat for those ten days?"

"Damn, are we going to starve to death?"

"..."

"Oh my god, even skincare products are being confiscated?"

Peoples' laments filled the air as they belatedly realized that this wilderness training might not be as glorious as they had imagined.

About an hour later, the students began to line up and head towards the school gates.

Rows of buses were parked outside the school gate.

There were also several military off-road vehicles parked behind the buses.

By then, the sky had already brightened.

"Those off-road vehicles look so cool." A few lively boys whistled in the direction of the vehicles.

The girls' eyes sparkled with excitement.

Without the instructor or the counselors, the scene inevitably became a bit unruly.

Gradually, the line began to get chaotic.

"Chinese Literature Class 6, assemble over here." Chu Jin raised her little red flag and called out with a clear, melodious voice.

Despite the noise, her voice was clearly heard by everyone.

Everyone moved toward her and formed up in line.

Chu Jin waved her little red flag again and continued, "Now start lining up to get on the bus. Keep quiet inside the bus and don't talk loudly."

"Brother Jin, can we sit wherever we want?" a boy asked—this was a perfect opportunity to flirt.

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded.

The crowd cheered and proceeded to board the bus in an orderly fashion.

Chu Jin followed onto the bus, and after roll call was done. When she wanted to sit down, she tragically found that the bus was already full.

Chu Jin was slightly embarrassed.

Qiao Muyan, sitting by the window, was secretly pleased with the situation.

The bus had exactly 58 seats, but there were 59 people in their class.

"Brother Jin, why don't you squeeze in with us?" A girl with short hair and her friend scooted over to make a tiny space available.

"Brother Jin, you should sit with us," the boys nearby started to coax.

Even one boy sat on another's lap to free up a full seat for Chu Jin.

"You guys shouldn't mess around, okay," the bus driver interjected as he walked in, "If we get checked for overloading, it'll cost 6 points off my license."

Right then, the counselor walked in and, smiling at Chu Jin, said, "Student Chu Jin, Class 8 happens to have an extra seat, come with me."

Such situations were common among the classes—sometimes there would be one person too many, other times one too few. The counselor was used to it by now.

Chu Jin nodded and followed the counselor.

As they approached Class 8's bus, the Class 8 counselor informed them that the last empty seat had been taken by a student from another class.

With no other choice, the counselor had to lead Chu Jin back.

Chu Jin, dressed in a plain white T-shirt and ripped jeans, turned many heads; her slender figure resembled a graceful bamboo stalk.

As they passed a military off-road vehicle, the door swung open.

The first thing that caught the eye was a pair of gleaming army boots.

Looking up from the boots, they faced a pair of deep black eyes, whose piercing gaze felt somewhat daunting.

"No more seats?" Song Shiqin looked at the counselor and asked.

"Yes," the counselor nodded, "I was just about to take Chu Jin to another class to check."

"No need," Song Shiqin said indifferently.

"Huh?" The counselor was taken aback, not quite catching on.

Chu Jin was also slightly taken aback. Apart from the time they fought over the journalist's camera, she had almost zero interaction with Song Shiqin during these 20 days.

Song Shiqin circled around to the other side of the car, opened the driver's door, "It's too much trouble, just take my car." As an instructor, Song Shiqin was also expected to accompany them on this wilderness training.

"This..." the counselor said, somewhat embarrassed, "Is that appropriate?"

He knew of Song Shiqin's identity and even found it somewhat puzzling why the grand military chief of Hua Nation would come to Capital University to serve as an instructor for these new students, especially since his appointment seemed to be parachuted in at the last minute.

The originally scheduled military training on September 5 was postponed by one day on the evening right before it was due to start, and that very night, Song Shiqin arrived with his soldiers, replacing the previous instructor.

This sudden change had shocked the school leaders, who had been on tenterhooks ever since, hoping the military training would end soon for fear of accidentally angering the military chief.

"There's nothing inappropriate," Song Shiqin said expressionlessly, "Get in, we're leaving in 5 minutes."

The counselor could only glance at Chu Jin, thinking to himself, could this young woman be an old acquaintance of Song Shiqin's? Otherwise, why would Song Shiqin be so nice to her?

Without putting on airs, Chu Jin simply said "Thank you" and then sat in the passenger seat.

Unperturbed.

"Then we'll trouble Instructor Song," said the counselor after a moment's delay.

Song Shiqin replied as usual, "Of course," and then pulled open the door and got into the vehicle.

The atmosphere inside the car was somewhat stuffy.

Neither of them spoke.

Song Shiqin still had the demeanor of a stern instructor.

Chu Jin faced forward, without glancing sideways.

On the bus, Qiao Muyan witnessed all of this and felt her teeth itch with hatred! She was truly about to be driven mad by Chu Jin! She had never even ridden in Song Shiqin's car, and now Chu Jin had managed to do so before her.

If she had known this would happen, she should have offered her seat! Then she would be the one sitting beside Song Shiqin right now!

Before long, the car started moving slowly, passing through the bustling city center to the quiet outskirts, and then onto the bumpy mountain road, causing the people in the bus to sway back and forth. Without their phones, everyone just closed their eyes and leaned back in their seats to sleep.

Throughout the journey, neither Song Shiqin nor Chu Jin said a word.

"There's a phone in the storage compartment on your left, if you're bored you can take it out and play," Song Shiqin suddenly spoke up. Although he was talking to Chu Jin, his eyes remained firmly fixed on the road ahead.

Chu Jin was stunned for a moment before she realized he was speaking to her. She turned her head and said, "No, thank you," then slowly closed her eyes, leaning back in the seat to rest.

Song Shiqin didn't say more, his hands firmly on the steering wheel as he drove attentively.

Time passed, but how much, who knew?

Chu Jin seemed to have entered dreamland.

In her dream, something seemed to be pressing down on her, heavy and burdensome, with warm breath spraying on her face.

It was a very real, very clear sensation.

Chu Jin could even feel the other person's slow and powerful heartbeat.

Thump thump thump—

One after another.

And then the scent of medicine lingering around her nose, light and subtle, not pungent but rather relieving fatigue, making one somewhat covetous of the scent.

It was the fragrance of a very familiar medicinal herb.

What herb could it be?

Chu Jin frowned slightly, as if an answer was on the verge of emerging in her mind, but she just couldn't remember it.

She tried hard to open her eyes but her eyelids felt as they were glued shut, unable to open, with nothing but darkness before her.

Then, a pair of warm, soft lips touched hers, their tongue extended but not penetrating deeply, just gently outlining the shape of her lips, inch by inch.

Inch by inch of yearning.

Inch by inch of infatuation.

Inch by inch of tenderness.

Inch by inch of entanglement.

The scent of medicine become clearer, passing from his lips to hers, enveloping her in the familiar fragrance.

Was it a dream?

If it was a dream, why did that sigh lingering in her ear sound so familiar?

If it was a dream, why did the scent of the medicine feel so well-known?

If it wasn't a dream, then who was he?

The rough palm moved to her collarbone, gently caressing it, slightly ticklish, devoid of any lustful air, only deep affection.

The lips that were pressed against hers did not move away.

The rough touch on her collarbone was still there.

Chu Jin suddenly opened her eyes to find — nothing.

The car was still traveling on the road.

Next to her, Song Shiqin was driving with an expressionless face.

The car was moving fast; the scenery outside the window turned into a blur.

The sunlight streamed through the windshield, somewhat dazzling. Chu Jin subconsciously raised her hand to shield her eyes, slightly furrowing her brow.

The hand under the sunlight looked almost transparently white.

Thin sweat appeared on her pale forehead.

Her heart was still a bit panicked.

Seeing this, Song Shiqin immediately reached up and pulled down the sun visor above Chu Jin's head.

"What's wrong?" Song Shiqin turned his gaze and asked, "Are you feeling unwell? Do you want to stop and rest for a while?"

This was the second of the few words that Song Shiqin had said during the entire trip.

Chu Jin then came back to her senses and smiled politely, "I'm fine; there's no need to stop the car."

"Are you sure you're okay?" Noticing the unnatural paleness on her face, Song Shiqin asked with some concern.

Chu Jin's tone was light, "I'm really okay."

In the closed car besides her and Song Shiqin who was driving, there was no one else.

Everything was reminding her that all that had just been a dream.

Was it really a dream? But why was the touch on her lips still so vivid?

If it wasn't a dream, then how could all this be explained?

It must have been a dream.

Because there was no third person in the car at all.

Chu Jin furrowed her eyebrows and touched her own red lips, her mind a whirlwind of thoughts. Suddenly, she thought about Mr. Mo. Wasn't this experience somewhat unfair to Mr. Mo?

How could she have had such a dream out of the blue?

Song Shiqin freed one hand, took a bottle of water from the storage compartment, and handed it to her, "Drink some water. If you feel uncomfortable anywhere, tell me directly, don't be shy."

Chu Jin was startled at first, then realized what he meant, took the water, and thanked him.

She twisted the cap and took a sip, her eyebrows raising in surprise.

Expecting it to be just ordinary mineral water, she hadn't anticipated a hint of fragrance within it, somewhat like peach blossoms, faint and subtle, the sensation soft and refreshing upon tasting.

With a hint of sweet fragrance.

A stunning flavor.

It looked like nothing more than plain water, but it concealed a wealth of beauty within.

Chu Jin couldn't help but take a few more sips.

Then, Song Shiqin spoke again, "Take another nap; we probably have another hour before we reach our destination."

"Okay," Chu Jin replied softly, without further words.

This time, she fell asleep again, but did not have that strange dream anymore.

By the time they reached their destination, the sun was high in the sky, past noon.

Everyone gathered at the foot of a mountain.

Surrounded by dense jungles, tall trees, mountains, and water, various bird calls and insect sounds filled the air, the only thing missing was signs of human life.

"Everyone present, assemble."

Even though they had driven nearly six hours, Song Shiqin still looked energetic and not at all tired, his figure imposing, his military uniform showcasing the spirit and heroism of a soldier.

"At ease, attention."

Though the students weren't wearing military uniforms, performing such actions was still impressively sharp and splendid.

Song Shiqin looked at everyone and spoke in a deep voice, "Next, I'm going to discuss the contents of this wilderness training with you. This training will last for ten days. No one is allowed to back out or evade their duties, rain or shine. Understand?"