

R Woman 571

Chapter 571: Release the Snake to Bite You

"Understood." The group that just got off the vehicle seemed listless.

Song Shiqin's face was gloomy as he raised his voice, "Understood?"

The crowd was jolted to attention and instantly shouted loudly, "Understood!"

Satisfied, Song Shiqin then had two officers distribute a black bag to everyone.

After everyone had received their bags, Song Shiqin continued, "Simply put, wilderness training means that you will rely on your abilities to survive in these mountains for ten days. The bag contains a tent, a dagger, and a satellite phone. In case of an emergency, you can use this phone to call for help, and we will arrange for someone to come to your aid."

"Instructor, what will we eat? And what about drinking water?" a male student asked.

Song Shiqin glanced at him and said sternly, "Fend for yourselves. There are basic cooking tools in the bag."

Hearing this, people looked at each other, and disbelief was evident in everyone's eyes.

They were all coddled darlings at home, some who had never even set foot in the kitchen, and now they were being told to fend for themselves...

There are basic cooking tools in the bag.

Does that mean even the ingredients have to be self-sufficient?

As the realization set in, some people found it hard to accept. However, everyone was still looking forward to what was to come, as it was their first time participating in such an interesting training. It seemed to resemble a summer camp.

"Next, we'll begin forming groups," continued Song Shiqin. "There will be mixed-gender groups of six."

At these words, excitement bubbled amongst the crowd again.

Everyone was eager to find out who they would be teamed up with.

minutes later, the groups were decided.

Chu Jin was actually in the same group as Qiao Muyan, along with another girl and three boys.

Though Qiao Muyan was dissatisfied, she did not express it on the spot and the six of them started walking into the mountains.

There were a total of ten groups, each heading in different directions.

Among the six, the three boys were quite excited, constantly talking about something. Boy A said, "Have you all watched 'Wilderness Survival'?"

Boy B said, "Of course, I've watched it. Ed Stafford is the person I admire the most."

"I've also watched that show. The Ed you're talking about is Ed Stafford, right?" Girl A chimed in, and then said, "I feel like we're now in a real-life version of 'Wilderness Survival'."

"You don't think we'll starve to death here, do you?" Boy C interjected gloomily. He was the only child in his family and was used to being spoon-fed. Other than studying, there wasn't much he needed to worry about. Now that he was roped into wilderness training, wasn't this almost like being left to his own devices?

"If Ed could survive without starving, how could we possibly starve to death?" Boy B retorted.

Girl A added, "Ed even dared to eat excrement. Would you dare to do that?"

At that thought, several people cringed in disgust. To survive, Ed really would eat anything.

"Don't worry, with us here, we won't make you girls eat excrement!" Boy A patted Girl A's shoulder assuredly.

"Exactly!" Boy B also patted his chest. "Leave the matters of survival to us men! For the next ten days, we guarantee to treat you to delicious and spicy food."

It's just wilderness survival, what's there to be scared of?

Ed had nothing, not even hair, and he could survive so many days in the wilderness. They had all the tools they needed, even pots—how could they possibly starve to death outside?

Boy C still seemed a bit timid and weakly said, "Can I... cling to your coattails?" He had already automatically excluded himself from the 'men' category.

"Li Yuanbo, look at yourself, no better than a woman," Boy B mocked without mercy.

The others joined in with the laughter.

The further they walked into the jungle, the denser the undergrowth and the trees became, casting deep shadows as if to blot out the sun.

Chu Jin was leading the way, clearing the path for those behind.

Even so, the group stumbled and staggered behind him, their steps growing slower, their breathing heavier as they collapsed exhausted on the rocky ground.

Having not eaten lunch, they were now hot, tired, and thirsty.

Physically and mentally drained.

"I can't go on, I'm exhausted."

"I'm so thirsty."

"I'm craving a chilled drink..."

"There's no chilled drinks, but mineral water would be fine."

Qiao Muyan was so exhausted that she didn't even have the time to cause trouble for Chu Jin, leaning against a tree trunk, sweat pouring down like rain, her mouth dry and tongue parched, but she had to keep going to show Song Shiqin a different side of herself.

Chu Jin surveyed their surroundings and looked up at the sky, then spoke, "Everyone get up quickly. We need to find a water source before it gets dark and set up camp."

"Brother Jin, can we take a break? I really can't walk anymore," said Boy A.

"I can't walk anymore either," Girl A and Boy B said in unison.

"No breaks," Chu Jin frowned, "It's about to get dark soon. It'll be even harder to walk then, and moreover, in these deep mountains, wild animals are likely to roam at night. We must find a place with a water source, pitch the tents, and make a fire immediately."

The nighttime jungle was extremely dangerous, and it was summer; plus, they were already showing clear signs of dehydration!

Therefore, the most pressing matter was to find a suitable place to stay.

Hearing the possibility of wild animals, everyone was frightened into standing up quickly, and timid Boy C said, "Brother Jin, let's hurry then." He didn't want to be eaten by wild beasts.

Only Qiao Muyan still sat on the ground as if she hadn't heard Chu Jin at all.

What was Chu Jin anyway? She wasn't about to let her call the shots.

"So which way do we go?" Boy B scratched his head, looking troubled, feeling that all those wilderness survival shows he watched were in vain. At the critical moment, they weren't the slightest bit of use.

Chu Jin used the stick in her hand to push aside the underbrush and continued, "If we go this way, we're sure to find a water source."

"Okay, Brother Jin, we'll follow you." Seeing Chu Jin's experienced and composed demeanor, the others quickly found their mainstay and followed behind Chu Jin.

Girl B looked back and saw Qiao Muyan still sitting there, asking, "Hey, Qiao Muyan, aren't you coming?"

Qiao Muyan slowly lifted her gaze, "The instructor didn't say Chu Jin is our group leader. Why should we go wherever she says? I think we should go this way."

Qiao Muyan got up and went in the opposite direction from Chu Jin.

She was determined to knock Chu Jin down a peg.

Just let her go around seducing men!

Let her think so highly of herself!

She, Qiao Muyan, was not to be trifled with.

"Hey, don't be impulsive. Everyone else is going this way, so you should too," Girl B tugged at Qiao Muyan's wrist.

The rest stopped in their tracks and looked at Qiao Muyan, saying, "Brother Jin has a lot of experience, let's just listen to her. Don't throw a diva temper tantrum and waste time, it's going to get dark soon."

"Me, throw a diva tantrum?" Qiao Muyan lifted her hand to point at herself, "It's you guys who have been bewitched by Chu Jin! What if we can't find a water source on this path? What if we encounter wild animals? What makes Chu Jin so sure that this path will definitely lead to water? I don't want to be killed by her!"

Chu Jin stepped forward, her tone indifferent, "Then just go your own way. I don't mind. Good luck." Having said that, Chu Jin turned and walked on, and the others followed her.

Qiao Muyan was furious!

Chu Jin actually dared to ignore her!

After walking a few steps, Chu Jin turned her head back and added, "Oh, right, Qiao Muyan, as you walk, be sure to watch your step. Don't step on any little creatures, okay?"

Qiao Muyan gave a contemptuous snort and instinctively looked down. A black snake, flicking its tongue, was slowly crawling towards her feet.

"Ah!" Qiao Muyan screamed, her eyes tightly shut.

She was terrified of these smooth, cold-blooded animals.

Disgusting to death!

Chu Jin's lips curled slightly as she casually approached Qiao Muyan. Amid the gaze of everyone, she bent down to pick up the snake as if it were a clump of mud, her expression coolly detached.

Holding the snake by its critical spot, its tail tightly coiled around her wrist, the sight was somewhat frightening.

This caused everyone to shudder, inhaling a cold breath.

Chu Jin, holding the snake in one hand, lightly patted Qiao Muyan's shoulder with the other, her tone indifferent, "Stop screaming. The snake isn't poisonous; it will only hurt you a little."

As soon as Qiao Muyan opened her eyes, she saw Chu Jin holding the snake next to her. Frightened, she stumbled back two steps, then ran behind the other four, standing with a pale face. This Chu Jin was too terrifying! Was she even human?

For the first time, Qiao Muyan began to doubt whether Chu Jin was human.

Chu Jin tossed the snake aside and then clapped his hands, "Let's keep going."

But the others did not move forward.

Chu Jin raised his eyebrows slightly, somewhat puzzled.

The others made a 'please' gesture towards Chu Jin, "Brother Jin, you should lead the way."

If they encountered more snakes or something, with Chu Jin in front, everything would be all right.

Chu Jin smiled faintly and proceeded forward with a stick in hand.

At this point, Qiao Muyan no longer dared to raise any objections and obediently followed behind everyone, genuinely feeling a bit scared.

Sure enough, an hour or so after Chu Jin led the group, they found a grassland with a flowing river and several large, unknown trees growing on its banks.

It was a very suitable place to pitch tents.

It wasn't until they reached this spot that the group could see the sky again.

The sunshine was no longer that intense.

Seeing water, everyone cheered happily, ran to the edge, and began drinking without concern for cleanliness.

Flowing water wouldn't harbor many bacteria, and drinking a few sips occasionally would be fine.

Male Student C pointed excitedly at the water surface.

"Wow! There are fish!"

"Shall we have grilled fish for dinner tonight?"

"There are also shrimp!"

Everyone acted as if they had discovered a new continent.

Chu Jin crouched, studying how to set up the tent, and when the others finished drinking and came back, they too started to pitch tents.

After putting up the tents, they began dividing up a series of tasks.

Chu Jin and Male Student C went to prepare ingredients for that night's dinner.

Qiao Muyan and Male Student B went to collect dry branches and other flammable materials.

Female Student A and Male Student A were responsible for digging a hole to store water near the tent, so they wouldn't have to keep running back and forth.

After assigning clear tasks, everyone set off.

Male Student C had poor survival skills and no initiative, so he could only follow Chu Jin.

Chu Jin led him into a thicket, one of which was covered with bright red fruits, very tempting.

Male Student C's eyes lit up and he quickly picked one and was about to pop it into his mouth, the fruit looking really appetizing.

"Don't eat it!" Chu Jin immediately knocked the fruit out of his hand.

Male Student C asked dejectedly, "Why can't I eat it?"

Chu Jin explained, "This is *Strychnos nux-vomica*, it's highly poisonous. In ancient times, if someone was poisoned by it, they had to drink dung water to induce vomiting."

On hearing this, Male Student C's face turned as ugly as if he had eaten feces. He immediately stepped back a few feet and, looking at Chu Jin with admiring eyes, said, "Brother Jin, you're so awesome." He was even more impressive than this grown man.

"Do you think I got my name Brother Jin for nothing?" Chu Jin raised his eyebrows slightly.

Chu Jin led Male Student C to a big tree and stopped. A breeze carried the scent of fruit, and through the leaves, one could see it was laden with yellow fruits.

They were pears.

Chu Jin pointed to the tree, "You pick fruit here, I'll check elsewhere. Come back in thirty minutes to find me."

But the boy shrank back, "Brother Jin, I'll come with you." What if there were wild animals? He needed protection!

Chu Jin assured, "Don't worry, there are no wild animals here. I'll be nearby and won't go far. After you finish picking the fruit, I'll come back."

"Alright..." Male Student C reluctantly nodded, "Then remember to come back as soon as possible."

"Okay." After saying this, Chu Jin turned around and left.

Male Student C was left shivering on the spot. Remembering Chu Jin's instructions, he attempted to climb the tree to pick pears.

Gradually, he was not so afraid anymore.

About forty minutes later, Chu Jin returned.

In one hand she held a plump wild rabbit, in the other hand two pheasants, and her bag was filled with a good amount of wild mushrooms.

Upon seeing her, Boy C was instantaneously stunned; he had never before seen such an impressive girl.

However, he had also done well, picking a lot of fruit.

When Chu Jin and Boy C returned to camp with their spoils, everyone else was also astounded and asked, "Jin, how did you do that?"

"I set up some little traps, if you're interested, I can teach you," Chu Jin said as she plucked the chickens.

The crowd clamored to learn.

Qiao Muyan watched coldly from the side, frowning slightly at the bleeding rabbit, "Aren't you being too cruel? The little rabbit is so cute, how could you bear to kill it?"

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, ignoring her, and tossed the two pheasants, now devoid of fur, to a girl nearby, "Gut them and then take them to the river to wash. I'll handle the rabbit."

"Okay," Girl A said, heading to the river with a knife in one hand and the chicken in the other.

"I'll help you," said Boy B, hurrying to follow.

Chu Jin hung the rabbit upside down from a tree, swiftly skinning and deboning it with practiced hands, she cleaned and furrowed her knife, her clear face showing little expression, untainted by the scent of blood, her movements imbued with grace, possessing a certain aesthetic.

The other two boys assisted her, their faces unable to hide their admiration.

Qiao Muyan retched by the side.

Disgusting.

How utterly disgusting.

Chu Jin's methods were simply too cruel, too outrageous!

"Stop it!" Qiao Muyan stretched out her hand in front of Chu Jin to halt her actions, "I will not allow you to harm these little animals! They are living beings too; how can you be so cruel? Don't you have any humanity left?"

She had to capitalize on this issue to make everyone see Chu Jin's true colors. A wicked woman like Chu Jin should be expelled! She wanted everyone to see that only she, Qiao Muyan, was the kind-hearted, generous, and soft-hearted person here.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Were you raised on vegetables?"

The two boys by her side couldn't stand it anymore, "Qiao Muyan, I saw you ordering spicy rabbit dices in the cafeteria a few days ago, when did you switch to being a vegetarian?"

Whatever had gotten into Qiao Muyan to make such an idiotic move was beyond them. She was taking her holier-than-thou act a bit too far.

"Jin isn't asking you to eat it."

"Exactly, do you think you're the Virgin Mary, concerned for all living creatures?"

"I," Qiao Muyan bit her lip, "I just don't allow you to do such bloody things! The rabbits are so cute; how can we eat them!" By the end, tears were welling up in her eyes.

Chu Jin couldn't be bothered to say more, she pushed Qiao Muyan away with a hand, "This just proves that cuteness can be eaten. Move aside, don't block me."

Qiao Muyan tried to lunge forward again, but Chu Jin looked up slightly, her tone light yet deterrent, "Be careful, or I'll let the snake bite you." Though her voice was very faint, it held a sense of intimidation, no trace of jest.

Qiao Muyan swallowed hard, remembering the black snake, and silently backed away a few steps, not daring to come forward anymore.

After preparing all the ingredients, Chu Jin realized a problem.

They didn't have any equipment for starting a fire.

"Shall we try starting a fire by friction with wood?" Boy C suggested.

Though not very self-sufficient, he was well-educated and knew some basic common sense.

"We could also use a magnifying glass to start a fire," suggested Boy A.

Boy C shook his head, adjusting his glasses, "No, that won't work."

"Why not?" Boy A continued to ask.

Boy C thoughtfully explained, "The principle behind using a magnifying glass to create fire is by concentrating light onto a single point, drastically raising the temperature at that point until flammable material placed there ignites, but there's no sun right now."

Looking up, everyone realized that the sun had already set.

Just then, there came a cracking sound from the side, they all looked over to see that Chu Jin had already ignited some kindling and was now roasting the rabbit over the fire.

Chapter 572: Barbecue

Amidst the discussion among the group, Chu Jin had already started the fire.

It turned out that action was faster than words.

Nobody knew how she managed to do it.

Could she have used some kind of cheat?

Everyone watched her figure, moved their lips, but didn't know what to say.

A goddess indeed.

Not only beautiful in appearance but also graceful in action.

The wild rabbit, sizzling with fat and emitting a tantalizing aroma, whetted everyone's appetite.

Chu Jin asked someone to find a small pot, chopped the chicken into pieces, added some mushrooms, and let it simmer slowly over a low fire. Before long, the delicious scent began to waft through the air, and the group sat around the fire, propping their chins with their hands, and swallowing saliva incessantly.

This wilderness training wasn't as bad as they had imagined.

Chu Jin took out some edible salt and seasonings from her black bag, sprinkled them on the rabbit meat. With a sizzling sound, the aroma intensified, carrying a hint of cumin and barbecue that was simply irresistible; it was almost enough to make one want to swallow their own tongue.

Qiao Muyan sat to one side, swallowing hard, feeling even hungrier.

On the other side.

In the jungle, six people sat in front of a tent, sighing and groaning.

"I'm so hungry."

"I want to eat Peking duck from Quanjude."

"Even a bowl of rice with pickled vegetables would do."

"Roasted goose... "

Jiang Yifeng came out from one side, holding some fruits and distributing them to everyone, "Eat something. These are what I picked from over there."

Seeing there was food to eat, the group didn't even have time to say thanks before they started devouring the fruits voraciously.

When you're hungry, even bran and vegetables taste sweet.

"Mmm... Thanks, squad leader."

"So sweet, the squad leader is amazing."

Among the young masters and young ladies, Jiang Yifeng indeed stood out. He was independent, had a good sense of direction and did not show fear in the face of such a wild jungle.

"I found some sweet potatoes. I'll roast them for you to eat." Just then, Chu Tian came over, holding a few sweet potatoes.

Chu Tian and Jiang Yifeng were in the same group.

One of the classmates immediately lit up and said excitedly, "Yes, please, that would be great!"

Jiang Yifeng looked at her, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes. He had thought Chu Tian was just another superficial heiress, but it turned out her ability to take action was stronger than anyone else present.

Chu Tian nodded, skillfully wrapped the sweet potatoes in mud, and then struck a piece of iron against stones several times. Using the principle of friction, she successfully started a fire, leaving the other students staring in amazement.

"Chu Tian, that's amazing!"

"666, who taught you this?"

Chu Tian smiled softly and lifted her eyelids leisurely, "Actually, it's not a big deal. I grew up in the countryside, and children there start fending for themselves at the age of three."

She spoke casually, without any intention to conceal the fact that she came from the countryside.

Compared to the others, Chu Tian seemed much more genuine and natural.

It is what it is.

Others, probably, wouldn't be able to be as carefree as she was.

In Jiang Yifeng's eyes, a bit more admiration was added as he watched her.

At that moment, a female classmate nearby sniffed gently, "Do you guys smell that barbecued meat? It's so fragrant..." As she spoke, she stood up, following the scent with her eyes closed and a look of bliss on her face.

"It smells like roasted whole rabbit..." one of them stood up too.

Once that was said, everyone began to sniff lightly, and the aroma of roasted meat mixed with cumin drifted with the mountain breeze into everyone's nostrils.

A boy swallowed hard and said, "It's the smell of barbecue. If we had a couple of ice-cold beers to go with it, that would be even better."

Chu Tian also smelled it, and she furrowed her brows slightly, "It must be wafting up from the base of the mountain."

It was unlikely for such a barbecue smell to appear on the mountain. Not to mention meat, even finding a few sweet potatoes had taken her hours to achieve.

However, there were indeed cumin powder and edible salt in her backpack.

Probably the school was worried that they would suffer from edema due to lack of salt.

Chu Tian knew some inside information about this training. If she wasn't wrong, there would be several hidden cameras around here, recording their every move. The instructors and school leaders would evaluate their 10-day training through these cameras.

The team with outstanding performance would receive a trophy, and moreover, an excellent participant would be selected from that team for a TV station interview.

It was a great opportunity to gain fame.

She certainly wouldn't miss it.

Judging by the current situation, it seemed that her team had the most distinguished progress so far.

After all, they had managed to eat their first self-sufficient meal.

She must get her hands on that trophy.

"I bet it's the instructors gathered together, having a barbecue party. It's so inhumane. The instructors are feasting while we're here roughing it, eating chaff and vegetables..."

"Eat your sweet potato," Jiang Yifeng stuffed a baked sweet potato into the boy's mouth, "We should be grateful we have food at all. Stop complaining. Let it go for today. Tomorrow morning, let's divide the work. We'll make three groups with two people each looking for food and water sources. After completing our tasks, let's meet back here."

The smell of barbecue grew stronger, and with the mountain breeze, it found its way into everyone's nostrils.

Some even thought they were hallucinating from hunger.

Otherwise, how could there be a barbecue stall in these desolate mountains? Maybe a ghost market?

At the base of the mountain, inside a military tent, several officers were stunned as they watched the large screen in front of them.

The large screen was split into many smaller ones, each showing the current situation of each team.

The first team, six people were gathered together eating roasted sweet potatoes and wild fruit.

The second team, six people sat on the ground sighing deeply. They hadn't even had a sip of water all day.

The third team was in a similar dilemma; several people were haggard and sat together holding a complaint session.

...

The seventh team, six people sat around a campfire. One hand held a bowl of wild chicken and mushroom soup, and with the other, they gnawed on the perfectly roasted wild rabbit. They even had cleaned fruit for dessert, looking extremely comfortable.

The sight made the instructors in front of the screen swallow hard. Through the screen, they could almost smell the aroma of the meat.

It was so damn tempting.

Originally, they had thought the first team performed the best since they managed to find wild fruit and sweet potatoes and knew to share with the team.

But they hadn't expected the seventh team to be so astonishingly good-this wasn't training, but rather living the high life!

"Song guy, that girl on the screen is from your class, right?" an officer pointed to the slender figure on the screen.

She was gnawing on a rabbit leg, her eating style neither as elegant as the others nor as wild as the men's but natural and casual, without any pretense, and very pleasing to the eye.

A smudge of black ash was on her left cheek, probably from the barbecue. It added a charming touch to her jade-like face, making it particularly eye-catching.

Having watched the video, the officers naturally knew that all this was thanks to Chu Jin.

Without Chu Jin, these people would probably not even have found water.

She was like a natural-born commander.

In any situation, at any place, she was unfazed by danger.

Indeed, for these people to be grouped with Chu Jin was a stroke of extraordinary luck.

"What's the name of that girl?" a military officer asked with great curiosity.

"I want to know, too," another officer spread his hands helplessly and turned his gaze to Song Shiqin, "Brother Song, what's the name of that girl in your class?"

Song Shiqin didn't need to look up to know who the officer was referring to. Sitting there with a chessboard set up in front of him, he played a game against himself, his expression grave. Upon hearing the question, he responded without lifting his head, "Go deliver some food to the groups that haven't found anything."

A non-answer.

The two officers exchanged a glance, seeing the same confusion in each other's eyes. What did Song Shiqin mean by that?

Was he protecting her?

Was it necessary to be so protective that he wouldn't even let others know her name?

Gossip is human nature.

Several officers were curious to know if there was any drama between Chu Jin and Song Shiqin.

"Can't you all hear my command?" Song Shiqin spoke in a cold voice.

The officers were jolted and straightened up instinctively, loudly responding, "We heard you."

"If you've heard, why are you still standing here?" Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed slightly, cold light flashing in them, almost predatory.

"We're going now!" The officer immediately picked up a few black bags and headed towards the door.

Although this training exercise was to develop everyone's independence, the school wouldn't actually neglect the students and just let them be; if they ended up causing some health issues due to hunger, that would not be a good outcome.

The bags contained fruits, vegetables, and other foodstuffs like rice.

However, they were all raw; it was still a test of the students' practical skills.

Meanwhile.

Qiao Muyan sipped her bowl of wild chicken and mushroom soup with a satisfied expression. The taste of wild produce was superior, incredibly fresh, rich yet not greasy. She drank two bowls in a row without feeling full.

Actually, she still wanted to eat some roasted rabbit, it smelled so tantalizing.

But her pride wouldn't allow her to do so.

Once said, words could not be taken back.

She had to stick to her principles!

Admittedly, Chu Jin really had some skills, managing to make these things so delicious and fragrant!

However, Chu Jin's scheming was too heavy, using such despicable means to curry favor; she definitely wouldn't fall for it!

"Brother Jin, your cooking is amazing, this rabbit meat tastes better than any barbecue restaurant I've ever been to!" Girl A complimented while eating.

"Yeah, totally, Brother Jin, if you opened a barbecue restaurant, all the barbecue joints in Capital City would have to shut down." Boy A chimed in.

"The mushroom soup is great too; it's too delicious, Brother Jin, did you used to learn how to cook or something?" Boy B added.

Chu Jin offered a faint smile, looking up slightly and said, "You are exaggerating, it's probably due to the ingredients. These items are all natural and pollution-free, naturally better than those artificially bred ones outside. After all, the truest flavor of food is the best."

Before this, Chu Jin only knew how to make dumplings and boil noodles. She learned to cook these dishes entirely out of necessity, as she couldn't just starve herself.

She relied on her extraordinary memory to mimic recipes and managed to produce these dishes.

"If you've learned, just say you've learned, why pretend?" Qiao Muyan said contemptuously.

Chu Jin was really too good at faking it, clearly having learned from Chuyi and still feigning modesty. She couldn't stand such people!

Hypocrite!

"Speaking of pretending..." Chu Jin glanced sideways at Qiao Muyan, the corners of her lips lifting lightly, her tone indifferent, "You are the epitome of acting."

Her demeanor was radiant and defiant, a smile playing at the corners of her mouth, reflecting the light of the fire, dazzling like stars, slightly entrancing to behold.

That comment left no face for Qiao Muyan.

People like Qiao Muyan, simply put, lacked manners, acting high and mighty just because of her family's status. She really saw herself as Little Princess, expecting everyone to dote on and protect her!

With a smack, Qiao Muyan slammed her bowl to the ground, and soup and oil droplets immediately scattered. Chu Jin was becoming more and more arrogant! How dare she talk to her like that! She should remember her place!

Seeing that the situation was unfavorable,

male student C quickly pulled out a piece of rabbit leg and handed it to Qiao Muyan, "Qiao classmate, this roasted meat tastes quite good, give it a try."

"Try what? Get lost!" Qiao Muyan swung away male student C's arm, causing the rabbit leg to roll toward the fire.

"Qiao Muyan, this isn't your home, what are you acting like a spoiled princess for!" male student A stood up directly, he had been enduring Qiao Muyan for a long time already, a selfish and entitled princess, doing nothing but reaping the rewards, and that would have been fine, but the worst thing was her random temper tantrums, showing no gratitude at all!

"Fine!" Qiao Muyan angrily pointed at everyone, "You all are ganging up to bully me, right? Just you wait!"

After saying that, she crawled into the tent, fuming.

Her attitude made it seem as if everyone really was bullying her.

In Qiao Muyan's eyes, it was as if everyone had colluded with Chu Jin to pick on her! It wasn't her fault! It was all Chu Jin's fault! If it weren't for Chu Jin, everyone would definitely be doting on her by now!

She was the one who was supposed to be the center of attention!

After that small episode, the five of them continued eating. After finishing their meals, two people were responsible for washing the dishes, two for boiling water because all the food was provided by Chu Jin, so the others rushed to do the work, leaving Chu Jin with idle time.

The first night in the wilderness was quiet, with Chu Jin taking the night watch.

The night in the wilderness was extremely peaceful, with the sound of frog calls echoing in the ears, and above, the sky was filled with a blanket of stars, occasionally dotted with one or two glowing fireflies.

Chu Jin lay on the grass outside the tent, her hands pillowing her head, gazing at the starry sky and lost in thought, her mouth curving into a slight smile as she suddenly envisioned the scene with Mr. Mo from that night.

Her eyes, too, curved into crescent shapes, reflecting the bright starlight, her gaze alluring amidst the shimmering light.

The night grew deeper.

Occasional snoring sounds could be heard coming from the tents, but Chu Jin still maintained her position lying on the grass. In reality, her consciousness had already entered the Purple Thunder Space.

"Jin bro," Zi sat at the stone table, her small hand supporting her chin, looking somewhat dejected.

"What's wrong?" Chu Jin asked while meditating.

Zi's expression was filled with worries not fitting her age, "Without the Soul Resurrection Grass, what should we do in the days to come?"

The thought alone made Zi very concerned; after all, it was a matter of life and death. Maybe one day, while eating sunflower seeds and scrolling through Weibo, having a good time, she would suddenly pass away...

Such an experience would be hard for anyone to endure...

She wasn't ready to "Scatter Like Ashes" yet.

There were still so many delicious foods she hadn't tasted, so many fun things she hadn't done.

Chu Jin lifted an eyebrow slightly, "Don't panic, I'm here with you. What's there to be afraid of?"

Zi sighed deeply, unable to face life and death as calmly as Jin bro.

"Jin bro, that Mo Qianjue is really ungrateful! You saved his life after all, and he can't even spare a single Soul Resurrection Grass!" Zi grew very angry when Mo Qianjue was mentioned, her little face scrunching up! How could he have the nerve to suggest that Jin bro marry him!

An old cow eating tender grass! Absolutely shameless!

"Didn't he save my life too?" Chu Jin spoke in a casual tone, "What is meant to be will happen; what is not meant to be cannot be forced."

The Soul Resurrection Grass was Mo Qianjue's private property, and how he chose to deal with it was his business, she had no right to interfere or to inquire.

"Jin bro," Zi suddenly looked at Chu Jin, her expression turning serious, "If we can't find the Soul Resurrection Grass, we really will 'Scatter Like Ashes'."

This was the first time Zi spoke so formally to Chu Jin about this issue.

"Yes," Chu Jin's expression remained unchanged, "I know."

Anyone would feel fear when facing death, even someone like her who had already died once. She knew all too well the sense of powerlessness of losing one's life.

Having been given a second chance at life, she cherished her life more than anyone else.

But cherishing life is one thing,

fear is another,

and powerlessness is yet another.

Under no circumstances would she trade love for survival, nor would she betray her lover just to live. The taste of betrayal was something she had experienced once and that was more than enough.

Chapter 573: the only solution to worry is sunflower seeds

"Jin brother," Zi swallowed, then continued, "Otherwise, you, you just..." She couldn't bring herself to say the remaining few words, what she wanted to say was, otherwise, Jin brother, you should just marry Mo Qianjue...

"Just what?" Chu Jin slightly raised his eyebrows.

"Nothing." Zi forced a casual smile, "Jin brother, you should focus on your training."

Since things had already reached this point, she might as well face each day with a smile. To live another day was a gift. With that thought, Zi picked up some melon seeds and began cracking them with a satisfied look on her face.

How to relieve worries? Only with melon seeds.

In the silent night, suddenly there was a rustling sound, like a huge beast crawling through the darkness.

Chu Jin was jolted alert, her consciousness returned to her body, and she opened her eyes, standing up from the ground. She was very vigilant, scanning her surroundings.

The bright moonlight draped a mysterious veil over the earth.

The rustling sound continued near her ear.

Chu Jin moved stealthily towards the back of the tent, the sound grew louder, as if it was right behind her. Chu Jin walked slowly forward then suddenly turned around, but there was nothing behind her.

At that moment, an object suddenly leapt onto her, knocking her to the ground.

It all happened too fast, Chu Jin was totally unguarded and was thus overwhelmed. The person wore a hat that shadowed their eyes, revealing only a lean and delicate lower jaw.

"Don't make a sound, it's me."

The voice was very familiar—it was Song Shiqin.

Hearing this, Chu Jin breathed a sigh of relief. She knew that the situation was extremely dangerous, so she didn't resist.

If it wasn't for Song Shiqin, she guessed the creature upon her would have been that monster.

At this moment, the rustling sound grew louder, resembling the noise of an animal gnawing on flesh, accompanied by rough breathing. One by one, the sounds seemed to be multiplying.

Chu Jin's ears were slightly twitching, always alert to the movements nearby.

At times like these, any noise could spell disaster for the students sleeping in the tents.

Suddenly, a familiar medicinal scent entered Chu Jin's nostrils. Her pupils contracted, she came back to her senses and lifted her eyelids to look at Song Shiqin, only to find his gaze fixed on a corner in the darkness.

Chu Jin frowned slightly.

Smelling this familiar medicinal scent.

She couldn't help but think of the dream she had in the car that morning.

Was it a dream?

Or did that event really happen? Was that person Song Shiqin?

But if it was Song Shiqin, why was there nobody in front of her the second she opened her eyes?

Moreover, Song Shiqin was driving at the time, steadily following behind the bus all the while.

This indicated that he didn't stop the car during his drive.

And there was no third person on the car.

Perhaps she was just being paranoid?

It was only a dream.

But if it wasn't a dream, then why did this familiar medicinal scent emanate from him?

A dream, not a dream.

Even Chu Jin herself was confused.

Why did this medicinal scent seem so familiar?

Something flashed swiftly through her mind, so fast that she couldn't catch it.

As Chu Jin pondered, the weight on her lifted as Song Shiqin stood up. He looked around first, then lowered his gaze to Chu Jin and said with a hint of apology, "Sorry for being abrupt just now, it was urgent. Song has overstepped."

Immediately, he bent over and reached out his hand to Chu Jin.

The eyes exposed under the brim of his hat were so profound! Like the night itself.

Song Shiqin wasn't in his military uniform but was wearing a black shirt with a hat of the same color pressed down on his head, blending into the night, emanating a dangerous aura.

Like a black *Lycoris radiata*.

Chu Jin did not reach out her hand; instead, she leaped up from the ground and stood up, the whole process extremely suave.

Song Shiqin watched her, his expression unchanged, and continued, "There are some large mutated species on this mountain that hide in caves during the day and only come out to forage at night. However, they suffer from night blindness, so as long as we make no noise, they won't attack us actively. Be extra cautious at night."

Chu Jin nodded, "Alright," she said, and then added, "Thank you for earlier."

Facing Song Shiqin, Chu Jin always had a very strange feeling, an odd sensation that couldn't be described with words. As for dealing with someone as mysterious as Song Shiqin, it was better to keep a respectful distance.

A son of Heavenly Dao, not to be trifled with.

Chu Jin concealed her gaze, hiding the emotions in her eyes.

At that moment, Zi from the Purple Lightning space suddenly spoke up, "Jin brother, since we can't find the Soul Resurrection Grass, you could take advantage of Song Shiqin. Absorbing some of the imperial aura from Song Shiqin wouldn't be bad. Who knows, it might even ward off a disaster."

After all, he possessed the aura of an emperor for three lifetimes, a favored one by Heavenly Dao.

Chu Jin ignored Zi. The level of danger that Song Shiqin represented was no less than Mr. Mo from before. It was better not to take that risk; it could well lead to being stuck in the mire.

Moreover, what good could come from a woman approaching a man with an ulterior motive?

Better not to provoke any.

Life and death are predestined.

Song Shiqin spoke in a bland tone, still looking like that stern instructor, "No need to thank me, just doing my duty." With that, he added, "Rest well, I'm leaving now. You don't have to worry about the safety of others. There are more of our people around keeping watch."

Chu Jin smiled slightly, the smile stopping at politeness, her voice light, "Instructor Song, take care."

When he heard the title "Instructor Song."

Song Shinqin's steps seemed to freeze for a moment, but quickly returned to normal, and his tall figure disappeared into the night.

Chu Jin watched as he left, her eyes deepening.

She did not sleep all night.

Soon, day broke, and the sunrise over the mountain was spectacular, with the sun casting a golden sheen over the earth.

Chu Jin dug up some edible wild vegetables in the nearby jungle, then found about half a pound of white rice. She gathered some mushrooms, cleaned them, and put them in a pot to simmer on a low heat.

An hour later, the vegetable and mushroom porridge was ready, fragrant and soft, a delight that perfectly offset the greasiness from last night's barbecue.

A large pot of porridge was devoured completely; everyone wished they could even swallow their tongues.

Girl A rushed to wash the dishes.

Boy A and Boy C cleaned up the ashes left from cooking.

Boy B went to fetch water.

Only Qiao Muyan sat there, staring blankly at a branch nearby; if she was not mistaken, that should be a miniature camera. Qiao Muyan's pupils contracted! No wonder Chu Jin was so proactive, cooking and keeping watch! It turned out she wanted to show off!

Every move they made on this side was under surveillance by the instructors down the mountain!

This Chu Jin! She's really too calculating!

No, she couldn't go on like this!

She had to let the instructors watching the screens see a different side of her! Why should Chu Jin steal all the glory?

With that in mind, Qiao Muyan got up with a smile and walked over to Chu Jin, "Classmate Chu Jin, do you need any help with anything?"

Chu Jin was holding a spade and digging a hole in the ground nearby. Seeing Qiao Muyan approaching, she handed the spade to her, "Then you dig a hole. It doesn't have to be too deep, about 1 meter is fine. Remember to dig it round. I will look for other things; thank you for your hard work."

Qiao Muyan took the spade, her smile unchanged, but she cursed Chu Jin a thousand times in her heart! She had merely asked if she could help, and Chu Jin actually put her to work!

And it was a 1 meter deep hole! Was this preparation for burying someone?

Should a young lady of wealth like herself be doing such physical labor?

It seemed that Chu Jin really had it in for her!

Qiao Muyan felt aggrieved but also wary of the cameras, daring not to show her true feelings. She had to dig strenuously, and in less than ten minutes, her pale palms were covered with blisters, hurting terribly.

This task was simply not meant for humans to do! Chu Jin was clearly doing this on purpose to target her!

Qiao Muyan's eyes reddened from the pain.

When had she ever done such rough work in her life?

She used the shovel to scoop the dirt out bit by bit, weakly. Male Student A couldn't stand watching and walked over to Qiao Muyan, "Let me do it. If you keep digging like this, it won't be ready until next year."

Qiao Muyan, a far cry from her usual haughty self, handed the shovel to Male Student A and whispered a "Thank you."

This "thank you" really startled Male Student A, giving him a feeling of shock and surprise, and he couldn't help thinking, was this really the haughty Qiao Muyan?

Could the sun have risen from the west?

In the moment he took the shovel, Male Student A saw the blisters on Qiao Muyan's hands, was shocked, and quickly grabbed her wrist, "You're injured. Come with me; I'll apply some medicine."

Without further ado, Male Student A pulled Qiao Muyan away to apply medicine.

After coming out of the tent, Qiao Muyan seemed to experience feelings she had never had before. Looking at her hands covered in white ointment, she said to the student very sincerely, "Yang Yuan, thank you."

Yang Yuan scratched his head and chuckled lightly, "It's nothing. We're all classmates, and it's the right thing to do. I'll go dig now, and you get some rest." Suddenly, Yang Yuan realized that Qiao Muyan wasn't as unbearable as he had imagined.

"I'll help you," Qiao Muyan followed him.

The two worked well together. Despite Qiao Muyan's injured hand, she still endured the pain, doing whatever she could.

In the following days, Qiao Muyan seemed like a different person altogether, always eager to help. Everyone's opinion of her began to change, resulting in a six-person group that was unified and had a clear division of labor, earning nods of satisfaction from the instructors and school leaders.

This group undoubtedly stood out among all the new students in the school.

In those ten days, everyone had grown.

Even the most timid Male Student C learned how to cook, fry dishes, and identify wild vegetables.

Qiao Muyan experienced a joy she had never known before.

During that time, she tasted food she cooked herself and even wild fruits she picked with her own hands.

This joy made her forget her prejudice against Chu Jin and even her identity as the third young miss of the Qiao family...

If possible, she wished it could continue this way.

Untouched by worldly concerns.

In the blink of an eye, it was the last day of survival in the wilderness.

That day,

everyone got up early.

Tomorrow, they would leave this place.

After living here for ten days, the thought of leaving was hard to bear, as nearly every spot had memories of their group of six.

Since it was the last day, everyone decided to catch fish in the river together and have a feast of fish in the evening.

So all six rolled up their trousers and ran towards the river.

The river wasn't really deep, the water level reaching only around the knee at the edges, and the deepest part was waist-high, with a bed of pebbles instead of mud.

Under the sunshine, it was all laughter and joy.

With the united effort of the six, in just three hours, they caught a bucket full of fresh and plump fish.

After fishing, the boys started swimming directly in the river.

The girls were on the shore, preparing the fish.

Steamed fish, fried fish, grilled fish, stewed fish, braised fish—everyone was surrounded by all types of fish that evening, eating to their hearts' content.

"Chu Jin, can I talk to you alone for a moment?" In the evening, after dinner, Qiao Muyan said to Chu Jin.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and looked over at the two of them.

Over the past 10 days, the six people had gotten along really well, so much so that everyone had forgotten about the rift between Qiao Muyan and Chu Jin, and also forgotten about Qiao Muyan's past actions.

Now, with Qiao Muyan suddenly saying this to Chu Jin, everyone's hearts were lifted again, a bit nervous.

"Sure," Chu Jin said with a faint smile, standing up.

Actually, through these 10 days of interaction, Chu Jin could feel that Qiao Muyan wasn't inherently bad.

Qiao Muyan followed Chu Jin to a big tree.

"Chu Jin, I've realized that I don't seem to dislike you as much as I did before." Qiao Muyan started off, realizing in these 10 days that Chu Jin wasn't as poor in character as she had imagined.

Rather, she was excellent and genuine.

Although Qiao Muyan really didn't want to admit it, after all, it was the truth.

What seemed like a brief ten days taught Qiao Muyan quite a few lessons: in this world, no one is more noble than someone else, whether you're a billionaire or a poor student; in these tough situations, you have to rely on your own hands to survive.

A good living environment is something you have to create for yourself.

Otherwise, the day you lose your shelter, the day you lose your external halo, you will have nothing.

People are born equal.

Suddenly, she realized how stupid her former self was.

Qiao Muyan even felt a bit ashamed to admit that person was really her.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, her eyes filled with mirth, "So should I thank you for finally not disliking me?"

Hearing such words from Qiao Muyan's mouth was truly not easy!

"No need for that," Qiao Muyan said, her tone cocky, continuing, "Although I don't dislike you now, it doesn't mean that I will like you. I just simply don't dislike you anymore, that's all."

Who would like Chu Jin?

She would certainly not like her love rival!

Thinking of Song Shiqin, the light in her eyes dimmed again. She must be deluding herself, right? Song Shiqin didn't come for her. She could only blame her own overactive imagination.

But even if Song Shiqin didn't come for her, it didn't stop her from liking him!

She just liked Song Shiqin!

From childhood on, it was always others circling around her.

She had many boyfriends and a few bed partners, but she never really loved.

This time, she was determined to act for love.

"Actually, I don't dislike you either," Chu Jin said with a light smile, then reached out her right hand towards Qiao Muyan, her tone earnest, "Qiao Muyan, I'm glad to meet you."

Qiao Muyan extended her right hand and shook hands with her, "I'm also glad to meet you, Chu Jin."

Fate is really a wonderful thing. Qiao Muyan had never thought that one day, she would actually shake hands with Chu Jin.

Not right! It was just a handshake, nothing more! They hadn't reconciled!

Looking seriously at Chu Jin, Qiao Muyan began to speak slowly, "Chu Jin,"

"Hmm," Chu Jin knew Qiao Muyan had something to say, her expression equally serious, "Go ahead."

"I..." Qiao Muyan hesitated, weighing her words in her heart. She knew her request was too much, but for the sake of love, she had to speak.

Qiao Muyan blurted out the words that had been pressing on her heart, "Could you maybe not like Song Shiqin anymore?"

At that, Chu Jin laughed out loud.

"What are you laughing at?" Qiao Muyan's face fell stern, "Are you trying to compete with me for Song Shiqin?"

Chapter 574: it's an obligation, it's also a responsibility

I have to say, Qiao Muyan is quite imaginative.

Chu Jin smiled helplessly.

She really didn't know where Qiao Muyan got the idea that she liked Song Shiqin!

So the reason she had been targeting her all along was because she thought she was going to compete with her for Song Shiqin.

This kid really had a wild imagination.

"Can you stop laughing already!" Qiao Muyan frowned, she was frantic with anxiety, and Chu Jin just laughed out loud, that's really heartless! Could it be that she really wanted to compete with her for Song Shiqin?

At this thought, Qiao Muyan's brow twitched!

No other reason.

Simply because Chu Jin was too formidable an opponent.

If the two of them pursued Song Shiqin together, he would definitely choose Chu Jin.

Then she wouldn't have a chance at all!

Chu Jin didn't rush to speak, a faint smile playing on her lips.

"You really should say something!" Qiao Muyan stomped her foot in agitation, "Are you trying to compete with me for Song Shiqin? How can you be like this? You already have a boyfriend but you're still eyeing what's in your bowl while coveting what's in the pot!"

Chu Jin stopped laughing and looked up at Qiao Muyan, counter-asking, "Where did you get the idea that I like Song Shiqin? And who told you I have a boyfriend?"

Upon hearing this, Qiao Muyan was taken aback, "Ah?! You don't like Song Shiqin?" Then she said warily, "Did you break up with your boyfriend?" Qiao Muyan felt somewhat dazed; the overload of information was too much to process.

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows and continued, "Don't worry, no one is competing with you for Song Shiqin. I don't like Song Shiqin, and the man you saw last time, he's my fiancé."

Chu Jin spoke casually and indifferently, but Qiao Muyan was shocked. She hadn't expected Chu Jin to move so fast, already having a fiancé!

She couldn't be lying to her, could she?

Qiao Muyan looked incredulous, "You're really engaged?"

The guy who drove a Volkswagen last time is Chu Jin's fiancé?

Chu Jin's standards are really low, aren't they? What kind of future could a guy driving a Volkswagen possibly offer her? And who was that man at the dormitory building last time? Chu Jin's sugar daddy? Was she relying on that man's money to support another man?

Qiao Muyan couldn't see clearly or understand Chu Jin, who was right in front of her, this person had too many secrets.

Moreover, she didn't seem like a freshman who had just started university.

Was she really being kept by a sugar daddy?

If that was the case, she must have her own compelling reasons, right?

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "It's true, my fiancé and I are very much in love. I'm not interested in your Instructor Song, so you don't have to worry." After speaking, she patted Qiao Muyan on the shoulder, "Good luck."

Then she turned and walked toward the direction of the tent.

"Hey!" Qiao Muyan called out to her retreating figure, "Chu Jin."

"What is it?" Chu Jin turned around, her smile charming and sweet.

Qiao Muyan swallowed and then asked, "Do you really not like Song Shiqin?" It wasn't that she lacked confidence in herself, but that Chu Jin was too outstanding.

"Really." Chu Jin smiled faintly, then said, "My fiancé is more than ten times better than him, why would I like him?"

Qiao Muyan stood in place, watching her walk away, a flicker of hope ignited in her eyes.

Qiao Muyan didn't take to heart Chu Jin's comment that her fiancé was ten times better than Song Shiqin. After all, how impressive could someone driving a Volkswagen be?

However, Qiao Muyan was quite curious about that sugar daddy, who seemed distinguished and clearly not an ordinary person, someone who could compare with Song Shiqin.

Actually, Qiao Muyan really wanted to ask Chu Jin about the sugar daddy, but considering their relationship had just improved, and it was someone's private matter, she refrained from asking more.

The last night in the wilderness.

Instead of rushing into the tents to sleep, the six of them gathered together to watch the stars and chat about everything and anything.

Talking about future dreams.

Talking about current goals.

They discussed everything under the stars, the laughter and joy even made the instructors watching through the screens unable to help but curl their lips. This scene was so infectious that it brought back memories of their own brazen youth.

The group of instructors in front of the screen had witnessed the growth of this team of six.

They watched them transform from college students who were clueless about everything into mini-experts capable both in the hall and the kitchen.

The ones who changed the most were Qiao Muyan and the male student C, that is, Li Yuanbo.

They were two very different girls: one a prideful and self-assured heiress from an influential family, the other, a scholarly ace pampered by her family to the point of having no practical skills.

But now, they had transformed, as if they were entirely different people. Where was even a trace of their former selves?

Of course, all this could be attributed to Chu Jin.

Her organization skills were strong, as were her hands-on abilities; she was decisive and convincing.

The next day.

the group of six woke up early.

By June, the days start earlier, with the golden sunlight reflecting on the river's surface, a dazzling stretch that resembled shimmering Dragon Scales, quite a spectacle.

The six of them packed their bags and were ready to embark.

"I wonder if we'll ever get the chance to come back," said Girl A with a sense of reluctance as she gazed at their surroundings.

Li Yuanbo added, "Actually, I quite like it here." He would never forget these past ten days.

"Don't make it sound like a matter of life and death," Boy B said, slinging his arms over Li Yuanbo and Girl A's shoulders, "We'll have plenty of chances to come back in the future."

Despite his words, there was an undertone of melancholy in his voice.

Qiao Muyan also looked back, the corners of her mouth lifting into a faint smile. It was here that she had learned to grow.

Chu Jin also liked it here; far from the busy city and the scheming of hearts, it was like a tranquil haven that beckoned one to stay.

When things settled down, she would find a secluded spot with Mr. Mo and retire from the world.

A big dog would be their companion.

They would build a thatched cottage, plant a plum tree, and brew cups of clear tea.

In busy times, they would labor.

In leisure, enjoy the blooms.

Watch the clouds roll and unfold in the sky, living a life of simple toil and peace.

For this life,

It would be enough.

And she hoped that day wasn't too far off.

Two hours later, the group reached the foot of the mountain smoothly and assembled.

It was only then that they realized they were the first one to descend.

In an unusual fashion, the stoic instructor Song Shiqin approached them and said in a deep voice, "Well done."

While Chu Jin remained composed, the other five felt a surreal sense of honor and surprise, wondering to themselves if the sun had risen from the west or if their instructor had been possessed.

"It wasn't hard at all," Qiao Muyan said softly. She couldn't miss any opportunity to interact with Song Shiqin.

As long as she was certain that Chu Jin held no other feelings for Song Shiqin, her own chances would increase.

After not seeing him for several days, Qiao Muyan noticed that Song Shiqin's complexion seemed abnormally pale.

Song Shiqin glanced at her, his expression unchanged, and then turned and walked towards the military tent, leaving behind the words, "Everyone else is free to do as they please, but don't wander too far. Squad leader, come with me."

Chu Jin looked around; Jiang Yifeng hadn't returned yet, so the 'squad leader' Song Shiqin referred to must be her.

With no choice, she followed in Song Shiqin's footsteps.

Together, they headed inside the tent.

Watching their retreating figures, Qiao Muyan sighed deeply, her hands hidden in her sleeves clenched tightly.

Even though Song Shiqin's eyes didn't show much emotion when he looked at Chu Jin, Qiao Muyan could tell that his attitude towards Chu Jin was different.

Song Shiqin's unexpected arrival at the camp, was it for the sake of Chu Jin?

This thought startled Qiao Muyan.

If it were true, would she then have no hope at all?

Meanwhile, Chu Jin followed Song Shiqin into the tent.

The tent wasn't large.

But it was tidy.

A single bed, a simple desk.

The blanket on the bed had been folded into a tofu cube shape.

Simple, neat.

A faint medicinal scent could be faintly smelled in the air.

If one sniffed carefully, a faint bloody scent could also be detected.

Chu Jin frowned slightly. Why would there be a smell of blood all of a sudden? Was it an illusion?

On the desk sat a small army-green lamp with a thick book underneath, a very ancient book, its pages already slightly yellowed, and most notably, the text on the pages was written in large seal script!

The pages were densely filled with seal script characters, not a single simplified Chinese character in sight.

Who would have thought Song Shiqin, a military man, would have such a profound literary foundation to be able to read the seal script.

The large seal script was extremely difficult to understand, and even Chu Jin could not recognize many of the characters.

Chu Jin wandered inside absentmindedly.

Just then, a dark shadow suddenly shot out from inside the room, charging towards Chu Jin with a violent surge of murderous aura, catching her off guard.

It was like an evil spirit that had crawled out from the depths of hell, capable of putting one to death at any moment.

Chu Jin was stunned.

The shadow gave her a sense of déjà vu. It was clearly imbued with the intent to kill, yet she couldn't bring herself to attack it.

The shadow seemed formless and chaotic, but Chu Jin could see a pair of eyes on it.

Eyes like bottomless pits.

As if they could imprison someone.

Rendering one unable to move.

The black shadow was about to collide with Chu Jin.

It all happened so fast.

Song Shiqin leapt into action, wrapping his arm around Chu Jin's waist, pulling her into his embrace as he sidestepped, narrowly avoiding the black shadow's attack.

His gaunt chin rested on top of her hair, a ripple flickering through his eyes.

Faintly, Chu Jin thought she heard a muffled groan of restraint coming from above her head.

"Whoosh"—the shadow vanished within the tent.

Song Shiqin watched the direction in which it disappeared, a deep, brooding darkness flashing in his eyes.

As the shadow faded away, Chu Jin's consciousness returned to normal. She gently pushed Song Shiqin away, but his arm was tightly coiled, his chest like a wall of bronze and iron, his heart pounding fiercely.

Chu Jin looked up to see, from her angle, the distinct features of Song Shiqin—his gaze intensely fixed on where the shadow had disappeared, his brows furrowed tightly, knotted into a frown.

His complexion was abnormally pale, with beads of cold sweat at his temples.

Amidst the familiar scent of medicine, there was a faint trace of blood.

The hand that held her waist was domineering and strong, its searing temperature palpable even through a layer of clothing.

The atmosphere was decidedly delicate.

Chu Jin's brow furrowed slightly. She wasn't prudish, but it was improper for a man and a woman alone to have such intimate contact. Increasing the strength of her struggle, she reminded him, "Instructor Song?"

Instructor Song.

A trace of bitterness flickered imperceptibly in the depths of Song Shiqin's eyes.

What an ironically extreme nickname.

Song Shiqin quickly composed himself and released Chu Jin nonchalantly, nodding apologetically, "I'm sorry, that was out of line."

Chu Jin quickly stepped back, keeping a safe distance, and lightly looked up, "I should be thanking Instructor Song for saving me once again." Chu Jin's mind was puzzling over what that shadow could have been.

Why did it feel so eerily familiar to her?

"Since it happened on my turf, it's my duty to ensure your safety," he said, adding after a pause, "It's also my responsibility."

Chu Jin pursed her lips, not continuing the conversation.

The meaning behind Song Shiqin's words was too deep for a simple reply.

"Take a seat." Song Shiqin pulled out a chair, gestured for Chu Jin to sit, and then brewed her a cup of tea.

The tea smoke curled up, diluting the features of the two people and blurring the environment in the room.

The two sat opposite each other.

"Thank you," Chu Jin took the cup and expressed her gratitude. She looked at Song Shiqin and continued, "May I ask why Instructor Song has summoned me?"

Just then, a deep voice saying "Report" came from outside the tent.

Song Shiqin glanced in that direction and then spoke in a deep voice, "Come in."

A tall figure walked in from outside the tent.

Holding a medicine box in hand.

First, he stood straight and saluted Song Shiqin. Only after did he say, "Reporting, Commander, I've brought you the item you requested."

Song Shiqin emotionlessly instructed, "Put it there."

"Yes." He carefully placed the medicine box on the table in front of Chu Jin. Facing Chu Jin, there wasn't a hint of curiosity in his eyes, his expression solemn, eyes straight ahead, his demeanor as disciplined as Song Shiqin's.

"Commander, if you have no other instructions, I will take my leave," he stated.

"Go ahead," Song Shiqin lightly lifted his right hand and added, "Arrange for two people to stand guard outside the tent. Without my order, no one is permitted to enter."

"Yes!" After another military salute, the man turned and left.

In the blink of an eye, only Song Shiqin and Chu Jin were left in the tent.

The atmosphere was a bit oppressive and somewhat stifling.

Chu Jin picked up the cup and took a light sip of the tea. The flavor unexpectedly raised her eyebrows; it was sweet and the soup was green and clear, fragrant in its simplicity — truly a fine tea. It seemed the position of General Commander did not come unwarranted for Song Shiqin; everything he casually took out was of no ordinary quality.

She loved tea and understood it well.

"I have a favor to ask of you," Song Shiqin suddenly spoke up, looking at Chu Jin with a heavy gaze, the meaning behind it unfathomable.

Chu Jin did not avoid his gaze. She slightly lifted her eyes to meet his, put down the cup, and spoke in a light tone, "Go on."

Song Shiqin stayed silent but turned around, unbuttoning the buttons on his army green shirt one by one.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, somewhat unsure of his intentions.

She always felt that Song Shiqin had become different from before.

Indeed, he was still the same person.

But ever since Song Shiqin became their instructor, he gave her an oddly unfamiliar sense of familiarity, as if they had known each other across a thousand years.

Was it an illusion?

It seemed that the longer she was in contact with Song Shiqin, the less she understood this man.

At first, he suspected that she was a spy from another country.

After that, he regarded her as a lifesaver.

And now? She could no longer understand.

Chu Jin suddenly remembered the incident of signing a contract with Song Shiqin at the Zen Palace.

She had passed out without any forewarning.

When she woke up, it was already evening.

Song Shiqin's figure was long gone by her side.

Thinking about it now, there were indeed many suspicious points.

For no apparent reason, why would she have passed out?

What happened during the time she was unconscious?

And that shadow just now, what was its relation to Song Shiqin?

The previous Song Shiqin never believed in ghosts or spirits.

It seemed like things were getting increasingly complicated.

Mystifying and incomprehensible.

Lost in thought, Song Shiqin took off his army green shirt, revealing a strong back, bronze-colored skin with no extra flesh around the waist and muscle lines that were extremely well-defined.

The only detraction was the intersecting scars on his back, as if cut by some sharp blade, with skin turned outward and white bones eerily visible, continuously oozing blood. As the blood flowed, black qi also emanated from the wounds — the injury was very severe. Just looking at it was enough to send chills down one's spine.

Chapter 575:

It was clear that this was no ordinary injury.

Chu Jin's pupils contracted slightly—no wonder she smelled a strong scent of blood upon entering the room.

It had to be said that this person's willpower was truly strong.

Despite such a severe injury, he didn't make a sound, and just now, he had even stepped in to save her.

But how could an ordinary person sustain such injuries?

Sitting down on a stool, Song Shiqin spoke in a deep voice, "These injuries are beyond the capability of an ordinary military doctor to treat, I'm troubling you." His voice, as usual, was as if the injured person was not him.

Chu Jin got up without asking about the origin of his injuries and went directly behind him to stand. Then, she opened her medical kit, put on rubber gloves, took out the Golden Needle, and sealed his major acupoints, successfully stopping the bleeding.

"It might hurt a bit, bear with it," she said softly.

"Mmm," Song Shiqin let out a syllable from the depths of his throat.

The wound was too large; relying solely on the Golden Needle to stop the bleeding was futile. Chu Jin took out anti-inflammatory medicine from the medical kit and sprinkled it on his wound, and immediately after, she took out a needle and thread and started suturing the cuts.

Every stitch was decisive, without the slightest hesitation, and not even a furrow of her brow.'

Her movements were extremely efficient as well.

Without any anesthetic or use of painkillers, the needle and thread pierced through skin and flesh, yet Song Shiqin did not utter a single sound.

The type of pain that could gnaw at one's heart caused layers upon layers of cold sweat to form on his forehead.

He was indeed a tough man.

During the stitching, Chu Jin noticed a black Lycoris radiata tattoo on the right scapula of the man.

It seemed to bloom from the other shore of hell.

Imbued with the scent of death.

Mysterious yet dangerous, as if it could devour a person at any moment.

That familiar bizarre sensation intensified, and Chu Jin froze even in the middle of suturing at the sight of the *Lycoris radiata*.

"Zi," Chu Jin communicated with Zi in the Purple Thunder Dimension through her consciousness.

"Hmm?" Zi snapped back from the tablet computer, "What's up, Jin Bro?"

Chu Jin frowned slightly and continued, "Can you check if Song Shiqin is still Song Shiqin for me?"

Zi looked confused.

"Jin Bro, what do you mean by that?" After speaking, she added, "If Song Shiqin isn't Song Shiqin, then who could he be?"

Chu Jin knitted her brows, hiding the emotions in her eyes, "I have a strange feeling that Song Shiqin seems to be different from the Song Shiqin of before."

Seeing her serious expression, Zi tossed the sunflower seeds aside, closed her eyes, "I'll check it out."

"Good."

Just then, Song Shiqin slightly furrowed his brows and let out a soft hiss, turning his head to look at Chu Jin, "What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

Chu Jin snapped back to reality, realizing that the needle was still lodged in the flesh, having not moved. She pushed it through without showing any reaction and said quietly, "No problem, I just suddenly thought of a herb that isn't in this box."

Song Shiqin turned his head, his tone even, "What herb? I'll have someone bring it over."

"No need," Chu Jin continued with her task, her expression natural, "I have already found a replacement."

Song Shiqin was not suspicious and after a confirmation "Mmm," he didn't speak further.

At that moment, Zi in the Purple Thunder Dimension slowly opened her eyes.

While continuing with the sutures, Chu Jin asked, "How is it? Did you find anything?"

Zi shook her head, "Jin Bro, you might be overthinking it, Song Shiqin is still the same Song Shiqin as before, I didn't find anything unusual."

"Are you certain?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

As she did, she inadvertently applied more force to her hand, causing pain that made Song Shiqin slightly furrow his brows but he did not say much else.

"I'm certain," Zi nodded solemnly, "Jin Bro, you're definitely overthinking it. Think about it, Song Shiqin is the Son of Heaven, protected by the Heavenly Dao. Nobody can deceive the eyes of the Heavenly Dao."

That's right.

As she spoke, Chu Jin came to an understanding. How could she have forgotten this detail? Song Shiqin was the Son of Heaven; who would have the audacity to impersonate the Son of Heaven?

So, Song Shiqin was still Song Shiqin.

It was just that she had never truly recognized the real Song Shiqin before. Perhaps the current Song Shiqin wasn't the true Song Shiqin either.

He had always been hiding his true self.

Zi added, "Jin, actually, it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to interact more with Song Shiqin." Without finding the Soul Resurrection Grass, Zi could only pin all her hopes on Song Shiqin.

She hoped he could bring hope to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin naturally understood what Zi meant.

However, she couldn't bring herself to approach someone with an ulterior motive. If possible, she didn't want to get entangled with Song Shiqin more than necessary.

Yet, fate played its tricks.

He had become her military training instructor.

There were some things she couldn't refuse, nor was she able to refuse.

Seeing that Chu Jin wasn't talking, Zi also fell silent, cracking melon seeds with a snap and a crunch, holding a tablet computer, and enjoying her carefree days, cherishing every day she had now.

Chu Jin continued suturing the wound, and from beginning to end, Song Shiqin was very cooperative, not moving an inch.

Before long, his back was covered with more than a dozen crisscrossing scars, similar to those of centipedes. Although they had stopped bleeding, they still looked somewhat horrifying, causing a tingling sensation on the scalp.

Chu Jin remained calm, methodically removed the Golden Needles from his body, and then pocketed them.

Finally, she took out a bottle of red medicine from the medical box and applied it to the sutured wounds.

She didn't know what the medicine was, but Song Shiqin just felt a cooling sensation on his back, refreshing and soothing, the pain receding like the tide, as if the excruciating pain had been an illusion.

After she was done, Chu Jin removed her rubber gloves and casually picked up a shirt from the side, draping it over Song Shiqin's back.

Then, she walked over to the desk, picked up a fountain pen and a piece of paper, began writing while she spoke, "The wound has been treated. During this period, avoid raw, cold, and spicy foods. Get someone to fetch these herbal prescriptions, simmer them over a low flame, reduce three bowls of water to one, and drink once a day for three days."

With these words, Chu Jin handed the note to Song Shiqin.

Song Shiqin buttoned up his shirt methodically and then reached out to take the piece of paper, a hint of admiration in his eyes, "Okay, thank you."

Still that brisk and vigorous calligraphy, bold as if to pierce the paper.

Such handwriting couldn't be achieved without decades of practice.

Familiar, yet also foreign.

Chu Jin gave a light, polite smile and continued, "Remember to go to the hospital to remove the stitches in three days."

Song Shiqin put on his coat, "Alright." His movements were crisp, as though he had never been injured.

Chu Jin, looking at Song Shiqin, said in an even tone, "If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving first."

"Mm," Song Shiqin nodded gently.

Chu Jin turned to leave.

Just as she was about to exit the tent, Song Shiqin called out, "Wait a moment." His voice was normal, revealing no change in emotion.

"Is there something else?" Chu Jin turned back, her eyebrows slightly raised.

Song Shiqin looked down at her, his expression unchanged, and after a moment, he slowly said, "You should leave Mo Zhixuan as soon as possible. If you continue like this, it's no good for you or for him. You shouldn't be with him."

He knew he had no place to say this.

But he had to say it.

Not for himself, but purely for her sake.

All he wanted was to watch her be happy from a distance. But with Mo Zhixuan, she would only fall into endless pain or even face death.

Their love wasn't recognized by the Heavenly Dao.

It was doomed not to blossom, much less bear fruit.

Song Shiqin was serious.

Chu Jin chuckled lightly, her voice clear and melodious, "Then who does Instructor Song think... I should be with?" She slowly lifted her delicate jaw, her eyes shimmering but tinged with an indescribable chill, startling the soul.

Song Shiqin's expression remained the same, and he spoke with a faint tone, "As long as it's not Mo Zhixuan." In truth, his heart was already in turmoil.

How should I tell her?

Mo Zhixuan is not her destined partner.

She is also not Mo Zhixuan's destined partner.

No one can escape the punishment of the Heavenly Dao.

Chu Jin looked at him, the smile at the corner of her mouth unchanged, and said slowly, "But for me... I only want Mo Zhixuan." No one else is Mo Zhixuan.

Song Shiqin smiled too, then asked, "Do you love him?"

"Love," Chu Jin looked at him, her red lips parting slightly as she gently spoke, "and love deeply, until death do us part."

Each word, powerful and resounding.

In that moment, Song Shiqin felt the wound on his back as if it had torn open again, so painful he could hardly breathe.

Although it was the expected answer, even after witnessing their intimate moments countless times, he still found it somewhat unacceptable.

Despite the agony within him reaching its limits, Song Shiqin still maintained an indifferent facade, yet the depths of his eyes were profound.

Some pains should only be tasted once, but the same pain, he had tasted countless times.

In this lifetime, no matter what choices she made.

Down to hell.

Up to the yellow springs.

He would be with her.

Even if it means—

"Scatter Like Ashes."

Unable to reincarnate.

Some things, it's enough to miss just once.

After saying these words, Chu Jin turned and left; had she looked back, she would have seen that this towering man, who never uttered a sound through whippings and bone-piercing needles, now had tear-reddened eyes.

Grief, beyond expression.

All he could do was to protect—

and to accompany her into the abyss of hell.

After Chu Jin left, Song Shiqin also turned and returned to his tent.

Just then, a formless black shadow appeared in the air, "You know to remind her not to be with Mo Zhixuan. How come you don't remind yourself to stop getting closer to her!"

The voice was incredibly hoarse, yet also rough with a hint of brutality, very strange.

This black shadow was the same one that had just attacked Chu Jin; it floated mid-air, resembling a wisp of black smoke.

Song Shiqin's face was grim as he reached out and grabbed the black shadow, his eyes bloodthirsty as he said, "Didn't I tell you! Do not harm her!" Song Shiqin clenched the black shadow tightly.

His whole body trembled.

He was in a state of utter fury.

The black shadow struggled painfully in Song Shiqin's grasp, "Let go of me, let go! I'm doing this for your own good. If this continues, she will drain all the fortune from your body, and then, both of you will die! You already know the outcome, why must you defy heaven?"

Song Shiqin's face was cold as he gradually increased the strength in his hands, radiating a fierce energy, as if he had become a different person.

The black shadow cried out in terror, "Have you gone mad! Let me go now, or I'll really 'Scatter Like Ashes'! Just let go, and I won't meddle in your affairs anymore!"

Song Shiqin then slowly eased the force in his hands, lifted the black shadow, and warned deliberately, "If there is a next time, I will make sure you 'Scatter Like Ashes'!"

The black shadow hung its head, its expression terrified, "Okay, I understand..." The feeling of death was terrifying.

"Get out!" Song Shiqin flung it aside.

Having gained its freedom, the black shadow drifted up into the air, its voice hoarse, "I think you've really gone mad, mad for so many years and still not enough, still wanting to continue your madness, even willing to strike down your old partner."

Song Shiqin said nothing, leaning back into a nearby chair, he picked up the porcelain-white cup, and gently sipped the tea. Although the tea had gone cold, when it reached his mouth, it was still sweet.

Holding the cup, Song Shiqin delicately traced along the handle, as if what he was holding was a precious treasure.

On the cup, it seemed her warmth still lingered.

"You're truly at death's door!" the shadow continued, "Take my advice and stop making these mistakes. Continuing like this, neither of you will have a good ending. Even if you are the Son of Heaven, you can't withstand such torment. You two are even now, why must you be so fixated?"

"It's not your place to comment on my affairs," Song Shiqin's expression was icy.

The shadow spoke with a hint of helplessness, "I'm just showing concern for you."

Song Shiqin ignored it and continued drinking tea.

"Do you know that the purple aura in you has been completely exhausted? If you go on like this, you'll end up just like her," the shadow said earnestly, "She goes against the world, and you are the Son of Heaven. You two are not from the same world. Why can't you see the reality?"

Not only does she go against the world, but she also automatically absorbs the purple aura from his body.

Yet, this person keeps sending the purple aura to her, like a fool.

The purple aura represents one's destiny.

"To her, I am willing," Song Shiqin spoke slowly, his face expressionless, "Enough, you don't need to say more. My mind is made up."

She is the reason he lives.

If she were not in this world, neither would he be.

"You think I want to keep talking?" the shadow said with some speechlessness, "If it weren't for our many years of friendship, do you think I'd bother with you?"

Song Shiqin still drank his tea.

The shadow continued, "You've done so much for her, does she know? Has she ever shown gratitude? In the end, aren't you just making a wedding dress for someone else! Let me ask you, when you see her with Mo Zhixuan, doesn't your heart ache?"

This was indeed a heart-piercing statement.

The most painful thing in the world is to watch the person you deeply love being affectionate with someone else.

Especially when you were the one who caused it.

The shadow had never seen anyone as foolish as Song Shiqin, who would sacrifice his own life for her, only to end up without even a word of thanks.

And she treats him like a stranger.

What was he hoping to achieve?

This is what they call love.

The love of a single person?

An uncelebrated love.

"Enough!" Song Shiqin slammed his teacup onto the table violently, "If you continue spouting nonsense, do you believe I will make you unable to ever speak again!"

The shadow trembled with fright.

It seemed to want to say more, but instead clamped its mouth shut, not daring to utter another word.

Quietness returned to the air.

The clean, army green shirt on Song Shiqin was instantaneously stained red with fresh blood, drop by drop falling to the ground.

The shadow sighed.

Song Shiqin really was mad. For her sake, he would go as far as hurting himself like this! How was this different from self-harm? To be able to turn against oneself so ruthlessly! It was truly too much!

And utterly not worth it!

Does it not hurt?

The pain of heartbreak alone is unbearable, let alone the physical agony he must be enduring.

Diseased to the core, only she can cure him, with no other medicine able to do so.

Chu Jin leisurely walked back, and Qiao Muyan hurried to meet her, speaking with some nervousness, "Chu Jin, why were you gone for so long?"

"Don't worry," Chu Jin's lips curled with reluctance, "Nobody is stealing your Instructor Song."

"Then what were you all doing in there?" Qiao Muyan continued to ask.

Considering Song Shiqin's identity, Chu Jin concealed the fact that he was injured and simply said, "We were just discussing matters related to military training."

"Are you serious?" Qiao Muyan pressed on.

"Seriously," Chu Jin nodded lightly.

Chapter 576: I wish you success

Although Chu Jin said so.

Qiao Muyan was still somewhat unconvinced.

Chu Jin had been gone for so long, alone with a man, could it really be that they were only discussing matters of military training so simply?

And, with Song Shiqin being so outstanding, could Chu Jin really remain unmoved?

Chu Jin was so beautiful, was she really content to marry someone who drove a Volkswagen?

For a moment, Qiao Muyan's thoughts were in turmoil.

She liked Song Shiqin, so she was determined to win him over.

But Chu Jin had become the biggest obstacle between her and Song Shiqin.

Qiao Muyan lowered her eyelids, hiding the emotions in her eyes, before continuing to ask.

"Chu Jin, do you truly not like Song Shiqin?"

She was in dire need of an answer now.

An honest answer.

Although Chu Jin had already given her the answer last night, there was still a great deal of unease in her heart.

A woman's sixth sense is always very accurate.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Really." She looked serious, with not the slightest hint of joking in her eyes.

She truly held no other thoughts about Song Shiqin, unable to comprehend where Qiao Muyan got the idea that she liked Song Shiqin.

"You're not lying to me?" Although she had received a definite answer, Qiao Muyan was still a bit uneasy; after all, she was not confident enough because Song Shiqin had never given her a second glance from start to finish. Song Shiqin was a man untamed and proud.

A wildness about him that seemed unconquerable.

This very wildness was what stirred the desire within Qiao Muyan to conquer.

So, upon realizing that Song Shiqin was not here for her, the idea of actively pursuing him took root in her mind.

And she really liked Song Shiqin a lot.

No other man had ever moved Qiao Muyan's heart in such a way.

Chu Jin smiled lightly, somewhat helplessly saying, "Would I need to lie to you about this kind of thing?"

Qiao Muyan also smiled, retorting, "Then, do you think I should take the initiative to pursue Song Shiqin?"

Chu Jin spoke indifferently, giving her sincere advice, "There's a saying that it's only a veil between a woman pursuing a man. You can try it; after all, happiness is pursued on one's own initiative. If you don't try, how will you know whether it's possible?"

As she spoke, she added, "However, I don't think Song Shiqin will be easy to win over. You should prepare yourself for a long battle."

After all, Song Shiqin was Hua Nation's General, and there were certainly no shortage of people pursuing him. It likely wouldn't be easy for Qiao Muyan to win him over.

In this matter, it's either the man takes the initiative, or the woman does.

Perhaps Qiao Muyan might just touch Song Shiqin's heart.

Who could be certain of such things?

Qiao Muyan suddenly smiled, "You're right, I must win Song Shiqin's heart."

From this conversation, Qiao Muyan could tell that Chu Jin truly had no interest in Song Shiqin; if she did like him, she wouldn't have so readily supported her pursuit of him.

Gradually, Qiao Muyan's mind settled down.

"I wish you success," Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Thank you," Qiao Muyan smiled lightly.

She was now truly not at all displeased with Chu Jin.

At this moment, students were continuously coming down from the mountain.

The high school students were excited but disheveled.

These ten days had felt like years for these students; not eating well, not drinking well, not sleeping well, transforming them from street fashionistas to disheveled and sharp characters.

Eating chaff and swallowing greens felt like a return to those famine years, the only thing missing was gnawing on tree bark.

After ten days, they had all lost more than a circle of weight.

Now all they wanted was to have a good meal of meat and take a nice bath; they no longer had any other desires.

This wilderness training was really too damn terrifying!

Only now did they realize that the days of military training were truly blissful.

Jiang Yifeng led a few people from behind towards this side, with Chu Tian standing to his left. Compared to other groups, their situation was more than tenfold better; at the very least, they were well-fed and well-rested. Both Jiang Yifeng and Chu Tian were capable with their hands. If Chu Jin hadn't been there, first place would undoubtedly belong to them.

Actually, Chu Tian was quite confident in herself this time.

Because she and Jiang Yifeng worked very well together.

Their group's performance could be said to stand out among all the new students.

Over these ten days, their group hadn't received any help and had persevered through wind and rain.

Chu Tian spotted Qiao Muyan standing in the distance chatting with Chu Jin and couldn't help but frown slightly. If she remembered correctly, Qiao Muyan was supposed to really dislike Chu Jin, so why were the two of them chatting and laughing so happily now?

There were even laughs and smiles.

This was too abnormal.

Jiang Yifeng also caught sight of Chu Jin at a glance. Both being class leaders, he couldn't help but pay more attention to Chu Jin than other girls. Chu Jin was the most unique girl he had ever seen.

She possessed a wisdom not found in her peers, and every frown and smile was so captivating.

No matter when, she always maintained a nonchalant demeanor, neither showing off nor hiding her abilities.

Her grandeur came naturally, from the inside out.

He greatly admired Chu Jin.

It was a very pure admiration. This kind of girl was best appreciated from afar.

Chu Tian glanced at Jiang Yifeng, then quickly said, "I'm going to see my sister." Through the past ten days of interaction, a subtle and somewhat ambiguous relationship had gradually formed between her and Jiang Yifeng.

Jiang Yifeng turned his gaze away and said softly, "Hmm, go ahead." He always felt that sometimes, Chu Tian and Chu Jin were quite similar; they both could bring him unexpected surprises.

More often than not, Chu Tian's composure and mystique didn't seem fitting for a teenage girl and felt very much like Chu Jin—perhaps because the two were sisters.

Speaking of sisters, the two didn't look alike at all.

But after spending some time together, Jiang Yifeng felt that Chu Tian's temperament was slowly becoming more like the indifferent quality of Chu Jin.

Bit by bit, they were blending together.

Chu Tian approached Chu Jin and said in a sweet tone, "Sister." Even though Chu Jin had emphasized that she should not call her sister in the future, Chu Tian still did her own thing, unable to change that habit.

Chu Jin turned and looked at her, smiling politely.

"You two are sisters?" Qiao Muyan looked at them with some surprise.

Before Chu Jin could speak, Chu Tian said, "My sister and I are not blood-related. It's only because we both have the surname Chu that I call her sister."

"Oh," Qiao Muyan nodded thoughtfully, "So you both have the surname Chu? What's your name then?"

Although they had been training together for a month, Qiao Muyan still had no impression of Chu Tian. With 59 people in the class and Chu Tian not having any particularly outstanding qualities, it was normal for her to forget.

Chu Tian might have a cute appearance and delicate features, but in Capital University, where beautiful girls were everywhere, she seemed rather ordinary.

Hearing this, Chu Tian wasn't embarrassed and simply said, "Chu Tian, Chu with the double woods radical, and Tian as in 'tranquil wind, bright moon'."

Qiao Muyan nodded and extended her hand toward Chu Tian, "I'm Qiao Muyan, nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you," Qiao Muyan shook her hand.

Through their conversation, Qiao Muyan found that she got along really well with Chu Tian, and everything Chu Tian said echoed her own thoughts.

The two of them were like old friends who had known each other for many years.

And Chu Tian had a way with words that was especially pleasing, with every sentence reaching the depths of her heart.

Chu Jin didn't join in their conversation but found a quiet spot to enter the "Purple Thunder Space" to meditate and cultivate. Without the Soul Resurrection Grass, she had to accelerate the cultivation of her own abilities.

About an hour later, the crowd gradually assembled.

The instructors from each class began to call the roll.

Song Shiqin also appeared in front of everyone, still maintaining the demeanor of a stern instructor.

"All present, assemble."

The voice rang out strong and forceful, as if he had never been injured, and his posture was just as straight.

"At ease, attention."

The movements of the crowd were uniform and impressive.

Having circled around the troop, Song Shiqin then commanded, "From left to right, number off!"

"1."

"2."

"..."

After confirming that the headcount was correct, he then arranged for everyone to board the vehicle—the same coach bus they had arrived in.

"Chu Jin." Qiao Muyan quickly caught up with Chu Jin.

Chu Jin turned, a flash of confusion in her eyes, "What's the matter?"

With a subtle flicker in her beautiful eyes, Qiao Muyan weighed her words before responding, "Isn't the bus short on seats? This time, I'm offering my seat to you." In truth, she wanted to seize the chance to ride in Song Shiqin's car.

How could Chu Jin not understand Qiao Muyan's intentions? She nodded slightly and said, "Then thank you." Chu Jin had been worrying about the seating situation. Being in the same car as Song Shiqin, the atmosphere would be quite awkward.

Moreover, she had just had such a vivid and bizarre dream about him.

This caused Chu Jin to subconsciously resist being near Song Shiqin.

Now that someone was willing to swap seats with her, granting her a favor and resolving her own issue, why not take advantage of it?

It was the perfect chance to give Qiao Muyan an opportunity.

Qiao Muyan didn't expect Chu Jin to agree to her request so swiftly and couldn't help feeling surprised, yet very happy, she said, "No, it's I who should be thanking you."

Chu Jin pointed to the coach bus, "Then I'll go ahead and get on."

Qiao Muyan nodded, "Okay, go ahead."

Watching Chu Jin join the other students on the coach, Qiao Muyan gradually relaxed, her lips slowly curving into a faint smile. Then she lifted her foot and walked toward the direction of the military off-road vehicle.

Her heartbeat was racing fiercely.

The closer she got to the vehicle, the more nervous Qiao Muyan felt. Just thinking about the person inside the car was enough to melt her heart.

But reality was far from as pleasant as she had imagined.

Ten minutes later.

Qiao Muyan, with red eyes, was sobbing as she ran to the side.

Sitting on the coach, Chu Tian saw this and quickly ran off the bus, approaching Qiao Muyan with great concern, "Muyan, what happened to you?"

"Wu wu——"

Seeing her approach, Qiao Muyan threw herself into her arms and cried heartbreakingly.

"Alright, don't cry anymore," consoled Chu Tian softly, patting Qiao Muyan's back, her eyes filled with concern.

Since Qiao Muyan had told Chu Tian about Song Shiqin before, she had a rough idea of the reason.

Qiao Muyan continued to cry sorrowfully, her tears quickly dampening Chu Tian's shoulder.

Chu Tian then asked, "Did Mr. Song snap at you?"

As she thought back on what had just occurred, Qiao Muyan cried even harder. She had never experienced such humiliation in her life.

She had just knocked on the window of Song Shiqin's car.

Before she could even explain her purpose, Song Shiqin had simply told her to "Get lost."

A very cold voice.

Since Qiao Muyan had decided to pursue him, she naturally couldn't give up easily, so she tactfully explained her intentions.

Unexpectedly, Song Shiqin actually said, "As a girl, can't you have a little shame?"

An extremely hurtful sentence.

He didn't take into account at all that she was a girl.

He trampled her dignity underfoot.

Choking back tears, Qiao Muyan recounted the incident to Chu Tian.

Seeing her like this, Chu Tian let out a gentle sigh and then said, "Then come sit in my car, a driver just happens to be coming to pick me up."

While crying, Qiao Muyan nodded her head.

Her love, before it even began, had already died in the cradle.

This was the first time she had ever been so serious about liking someone.

Who knew that in the end, this would be the outcome.

She was after all the Qiao family's precious daughter! To be scolded as shameless!

Chu Tian brought Qiao Muyan to the car, and the driver uncle was naturally curious as he brought home the young lady with a weeping student, giving her a couple of extra glances through the rearview mirror.

"First, wipe your tears," Chu Tian said as she pulled out a few tissues and handed them to Qiao Muyan.

"Muyan, you're too anxious, how could you go directly to Mr. Song? And besides, these things can't be rushed; they need to be taken slowly and step by step. Even if Mr. Song had a bit of a good feeling for you, he would still reject you today."

Chu Tian's voice was very gentle as she continued.

"No man likes a woman who throws herself at him, especially not an outstanding man like Mr. Song."

Upon hearing this, Qiao Muyan stopped crying and suddenly looked up at Chu Tian, grabbing her wrist and asking, "Then what should I do?"

Chu Tian pulled out a tissue and gently wiped the tear marks on Qiao Muyan's face, sighed, and said, "Actually, for this kind of thing, you should ask my sister for more advice. She has more experience, and I only talk in theory."

"You mean Chu Jin?" Confusion flickered in Qiao Muyan's eyes, not quite understanding the meaning behind Chu Tian's words.

"Yes," Chu Tian nodded gently, "My sister and her future brother-in-law are very much in love, and she has his heart firmly in her grasp. In matters of love, she has far more experience than I do. Aren't you roommates with my sister? You should ask her for advice on such matters; my sister is indeed a winner in love."

Qiao Muyan ceased crying and narrowed her eyes slightly, "Does Chu Jin really have a fiancé already?"

Chu Tian smiled faintly, "Yes, and her future brother-in-law is truly outstanding, rich and handsome, with a good family background. He compares well with Mr. Song; he has eyes only for my sister and is bent on marrying no one but her. Tell me, doesn't that mean my sister is experienced? Not only is she experienced, but she also understands the hearts of men; otherwise, my future brother-in-law wouldn't be so utterly bewitched by her."

At these words, a flicker of light passed through Qiao Muyan's eyes. She was finding Chu Jin more and more incomprehensible, one moment she was chummy with every common man, and the next, she had a rich and handsome fiancé who was said to be on par with Song Shiqin!

Was it truly that Chu Jin was experienced, or was she simply more cunning?

"You really are a fool," Chu Tian poked Qiao Muyan's forehead disapprovingly and continued, "Not seeking advice from such an outstanding example as my sister. Look where it got you, running headfirst into a wall, right?"

Qiao Muyan bit her lip, pondering Chu Tian's words and finding more and more that they didn't add up.

If Chu Jin had such rich experience in love and a deep understanding of men's hearts, then why hadn't she guided her clearly?

Moreover, she had consulted Chu Jin before, and it was Chu Jin who supported her proactive pursuit of Song Shiqin! When she had asked to switch seats with Chu Jin, Chu Jin did not stop her either!

Could all this have been deliberately set up by Chu Jin?

Did Chu Jin intentionally want to see her make a fool of herself? She must have known that Song Shiqin would surely insult her!

Was that it?

Qiao Muyan sank into contemplation.

Seeing her like this, Chu Tian handed Qiao Muyan a cup of water, "Here, have some water first."

"Thank you," Qiao Muyan's voice sounded a bit hoarse.

Chu Tian gave a gentle smile, "What's there to thank me for? It's rare for us to hit it off so well. From the first time I saw you, I felt you were particularly kindred, as if maybe we had met many years ago."

Qiao Muyan looked up in surprise and joyfully said, "I feel the same way."

"Maybe it's what they call fate," Chu Tian pushed her stray bangs behind her ear and continued, "Actually, you don't need to be too heartbroken. Mr. Song is just like that. He's not targeting you; I'm afraid that today, except for my sister, he would say the same to anyone else who approached."

Chapter 577: Trusted the wrong person

"Really?" Qiao Muyan took a sip of water. Could it be true that the person Song Shiqin fancied was Chu Jin?

Qiao Muyan's gaze gradually turned cold.

"Yeah," Chu Tian said with a light smile, "Mr. Song treats everyone the same, except for my sister. His attitude towards her is different. However, it seems like my sister doesn't like him much, and doesn't want to get too close to him."

Upon hearing this, Qiao Muyan felt as if there was a heavy stone lodged in her heart, making it oppressive and breathless.

From what Chu Tian said, it wasn't hard to deduce that Chu Jin had known Song Shiqin for a long time.

Yet, Chu Jin had never told her that she knew Song Shiqin.

But to confirm her own thoughts, Qiao Muyan asked, "Do Chu Jin and Song Shiqin have a past acquaintance?"

Chu Tian nodded with a smile, "Yeah, my sister and Mr. Song have known each other for a long time. Moreover, Mr. Song holds a high military rank. Honestly, even I hadn't expected him to become our instructor."

Qiao Muyan's eyes began to fade little by little. The meaning behind these words was clear: Song Shiqin had come for Chu Jin. Qiao Muyan felt like a fool, played in circles, and in the end, she even had to thank them.

Chu Jin knew that the person Song Shiqin liked was her, yet she hypocritically encouraged Qiao Muyan to pursue him!

Such a brilliant tactic!

Chu Tian gave her a look and said softly, "Yanyan, you're actually quite lucky to be living in the same dorm as my sister. If you have any problems, you can ask her for advice. My sister has known Mr. Song longer than I have and understands him to some extent. With her as your strategist, do you still fear you won't win Mr. Song's heart?"

"Will she help me?" Qiao Muyan sneered at herself.

Chu Tian's eyes were gentle, "My sister is kind-hearted. As long as you ask, she will certainly help. After all, she already has a fiancé now, and you are her roommate."

Kind-hearted?

Qiao Muyan let out a cold, mocking laugh. If Chu Jin truly wanted to help her, she wouldn't have ended up humiliated in public! Chu Jin was clearly just watching her make a fool of herself! Pretending to support her pursuit of Song Shiqin, yet in her heart, already regarding Qiao Muyan as a fool!

Seeing her cold laugh, Chu Tian expressed surprise, "Yanyan, what's wrong? Why are you laughing?"

"Laughing at my own stupidity," Qiao Muyan's lips curled with mockery, "for trusting someone I shouldn't have."

I never would have thought Chu Jin was such a person!

She really regretted opening her heart to Chu Jin!

"Huh?" Chu Tian was taken aback, puzzled, "What do you mean by that?"

"Never mind," Qiao Muyan wiped the tears from her face and turned to Chu Tian, then asked, "Chu Tian, do you also like Song Shiqin?"

At the question, Chu Tian's gaze shifted evasively, then she nodded slowly, "Yes, but I know I'm not as good as my sister, so I don't harbor any unrealistic fantasies.

Pausing for a moment, Chu Tian continued.

"But Yanyan, you're different from me. You're prettier than me, come from a better family, and have more courage than I do. I've completely lost hope, but you have my sister as your strategist. You'll definitely be able to touch Mr. Song's heart. So, I wish you both the best."

Qiao Muyan didn't expect Chu Tian to so generously admit her affection for Song Shiqin, and to say such things to her. Qiao Muyan was moved; at the very least, Chu Tian was authentic and could bravely admit her feelings for Song Shiqin.

Not like Chu Jin, so pretentious! Clearly interested in Song Shiqin, yet too scared to admit it! Obviously having a history with Song Shiqin, yet pretending they were strangers!

"Tian Tian," Qiao Muyan looked at Chu Tian earnestly, "Thank you."

"Thank for what?" A flicker of confusion passed through Chu Tian's eyes.

Qiao Muyan didn't directly answer Chu Tian's question, but continued, "Tian Tian, have you ever considered that Chu Jin might not be as good as you think?" Qiao Muyan could hardly bear the thought of such a simple, straightforward girl being deceived by Chu Jin.

"That's not possible." Chu Tian was earnest, "My sister is truly wonderful, really wonderful. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't be where I am today. Yanyan, you haven't been in contact with my sister for long enough, so you don't know. She is a very good person, and I'm truly grateful to her."

By the last sentence, gratitude filled Chu Tian's face.

It was evident that she truly trusted Chu Jin.

"Let's not talk about that," Qiao Muyan gave a gentle smile, "Teach me how to pursue Song Shiqin. Since Chu Jin knows him, you must have some understanding of him too."

Chu Tian spoke softly, "Hmm, but I might not know as much as my sister does,"

"It's okay, you can just tell me whatever you know." Qiao Muyan grabbed Chu Tian's hand, her face full of anticipation.

Chu Jin didn't want her to catch up with Song Shiqin, so she had to catch up with Song Shiqin! Not only did she want to catch up with Song Shiqin, but she also wanted to expose Chu Jin's true face to everyone!

She wouldn't let Chu Jin continue to be smug!

Chu Tian continued, "Just like I said before, men don't like women who throw themselves at them, so the way you approached him just now was definitely wrong. Actually, it's better to keep a distance, like my sister does. The less she wants to be close to Mr. Song, the more curious he becomes. This is also because of possessiveness..."

Qiao Muyan sneered inwardly, Chu Jin's tactics really were profound. Intentionally making oneself approach Song Shiqin, causing him to dislike her, then appearing in front of Song Shiqin at the right moment, allowing him to see a different her!

Isn't this the tactic of advancing by retreating!

It turned out she had become the stepping stone for Chu Jin's tactic of advancing by retreating.

As Chu Tian and Qiao Muyan talked all the way, gradually, Qiao Muyan wasn't so heartbroken anymore and even regained confidence, planning to pursue Song Shiqin anew! If only she had met Chu Tian sooner, she wouldn't have gone through so much trouble!

However, Chu Tian was really too innocent and too trusting of others. She had unconditional trust in Chu Jin! She defended Chu Jin everywhere and said nothing but good things about her.

Qiao Muyan tried to warn Chu Tian several times, but Chu Tian kept cutting her off.

Who knew what kind of amethyst powder Chu Jin had fed her to make her trust Chu Jin so much.

"That's all I can tell you. For the rest, you can ask my sister after you go back to the dormitory," Chu Tian said before reaching for her cup and tilting her head back to drink water, feeling a bit thirsty after talking for so long.

Qiao Muyan nodded, "Okay."

"I wish you and Mr. Song happiness," Chu Tian said playfully, winking at Qiao Muyan.

Qiao Muyan's face blushed slightly, "Thank you."

The car soon entered Capital University.

The students ran out of the bus, unable to hide their excited hearts.

After ten whole days, they had finally returned to the school they had been longing for.

Qiao Muyan and Chu Tian went upstairs side by side, and coincidentally, Qiao Muyan found out that Chu Tian lived in the dormitory next door. She marveled once again at the wonder of fate.

When Chu Jin arrived at the dormitory, Yin Wu was walking out of the washroom, drying her hair.

"Jin, you're back!" Seeing Chu Jin, Yin Wu hugged her excitedly without even finishing drying her hair.

"Hmm," Chu Jin smiled and patted her back, "How was living outdoors these past days?"

"It was so much fun, and I learned a lot," Since Yin Wu had grown up in the countryside, the wilderness training didn't pose much of an issue for her. Moreover, through this wilderness training, teachers and classmates gained a new understanding of her.

It was a rather nice feeling.

"And you? How about you?" Yin Wu continued to ask.

Chu Jin's smile was full of delight, "Just like you, very happy."

Yin Wu was somewhat surprised. She thought Chu Jin would complain to her; after all, many people in their class couldn't stand that kind of hardship, especially the rich young ladies who had never done a day of labor, simply couldn't put up with such an environment.

Seeing Chu Jin's demeanor and upbringing, one could tell she must have come from a prestigious background. It was unexpected that someone from such a background could endure such harsh conditions.

Yin Wu couldn't help but feel a growing fondness for Chu Jin in her heart.

Chu Jin was constantly refreshing her worldview.

It was as if there was nothing she couldn't conquer.

Taking advantage of the fact that the other two hadn't returned yet, Chu Jin quickly took a paper bag from the bed and went into the bathroom.

Inside the paper bag were the clothes Mr. Mo had sent over last time.

After ten days in the outdoors without bathing, today, she was going to give herself a good bath.

Forty minutes later, Chu Jin emerged from the restroom, feeling refreshed and invigorated.

By then, the other two people in the dorm had already returned.

Qiao Muyan and Liu Meng Haoran were discussing something, hiding in Princess's bed, with occasional chuckling laughter coming through.

It was already 5 pm.

Yin Wu dragged Chu Jin off to the cafeteria for dinner.

Seeing that the two had already left the room, Liu Meng Haoran lifted the bed curtain and got out, tiptoed to the door, and shut it, "Miss Qiao, you might as well get up now, they've gone far away."

On hearing this, Qiao Muyan quickly jumped down from the bed and looked at Liu Meng Haoran, "Make sure the door is locked,"

"Mm-hmm, don't worry, I've locked it up," Liu Meng Haoran nodded, then went to the window and drew the curtains.

Qiao Muyan went straight to Chu Jin's bed, rifled through her desk, and then lifted Chu Jin's cup, bedsheets, and made a mess of the bed.

Liu Meng Haoran, on the other hand, pulled out Chu Jin's suitcase, unzipped it, and found nothing much inside except a few garments for changing and a bunch of snacks, all with imported packaging, obviously beyond what Liu Meng Haoran could afford.

A hint of jealousy flashed in Liu Meng Haoran's eyes before she took the snacks and placed them on the floor.

Qiao Muyan didn't find anything on the bed and squatted down with Liu Meng Haoran to continue rummaging through the suitcase, turning everything upside down, not knowing exactly what they were looking for.

Suddenly, Qiao Muyan found two white T-shirts and threw them to the floor as well.

"Miss Qiao, is there anything special about these two T-shirts?" Liu Meng Haoran asked, somewhat puzzled.

Qiao Muyan continued to search the suitcase without looking up, "Don't underestimate these T-shirts. They are the new summer dream collection, limited edition, with a double-digit price. Do you think someone like Chu Jin can afford it?"

"Double-digit price?" Liu Meng Haoran's eyes widened in astonishment, madness born from jealousy seething within her. It's just not fair! Why does Chu Jin have these things? Just one T-shirt is more precious than all the clothes in her wardrobe! No! More precious than all the clothes she's worn in her entire life!

Chu Jin's sugar daddy is really generous! Why couldn't she have such good luck?

Qiao Muyan found a few more clothes in the suitcase, threw them all on the ground, turned out the logos, took out her phone from her pocket, and photographed each of them.

Including those snacks.

Qiao Muyan also found a set of diamond jewelry in the suitcase and photographed it as well.

Liu Meng Haoran looked at all the things on the floor, her eyes lighting up, acid rising in her heart at the thought of them being hers.

After taking the pictures, Qiao Muyan sent them all to Liu Meng Haoran.

After viciously stomping on the clothes several times, she gathered them up, put them back into the suitcase, then returned the suitcase to its original spot, and restored her bed to the way it was before.

After they finished, the two checked again to make sure everything looked normal, then they drew back the curtains and opened the door.

Qiao Muyan sat contentedly at the vanity, applying makeup.

Liu Meng Haoran was eating snacks by her side.

Both were extremely calm, as if nothing had just happened.

On the other side, after eating, Chu Jin and Yin Wu went together to the class assembly.

When Chu Jin arrived at the class, almost everyone had already gathered.

Today she wore a pink knee-length dress, with a belt around her waist that highlighted her already slender waist, making it look even more delicate. Although she was slender, she did not seem frail as she stood among a group of green students, she stood out exceptionally.

This military training seemed to have no substantial impact on her, her skin was still as snow-white and delicate to the touch.

Having become accustomed to seeing each other in military uniforms over the past month, the sudden return to their own clothing was particularly striking, brightening everyone's eyes.

Almost the entire class cast sidelong glances at her.

"Playing to the gallery! Preening and posturing!" Qiao Muyan sneered to herself, Chu Jin was really good at putting on a show, her acting skills were so impressive that she herself was almost fooled!

Even though she was already betrothed, she had the audacity to step out in a skirt, deliberately attracting the gazes of others!

Chu Jin was quite popular in class 6, and as soon as she sat down, a group of students gathered around her, chattering and calling her 'Brother Jin'. Chu Jin responded with a smile brimming with amiability.

For a moment, it was as if they had returned to the most innocent of times.

Qiao Muyan was furious, wishing she could tear off Chu Jin's fake face right then and there and expose her deceitful acts. She had managed to fool the entire class!

It was not until the instructor walked in that the classroom finally fell silent.

Song Shiqin had come in with the instructor.

He wasn't wearing his military uniform but a black shirt with tailored dress pants and shiny leather shoes on his feet.

The casual attire still gave off a tough and commanding aura, making it impossible for anyone to look away.

"Wow, so handsome!"

"Oh my, the instructor looks great even without his military uniform."

"I could stare at those legs for ten years! No, a hundred years!"

The class murmured quietly among themselves.

Song Shiqin was just there to go through the motions, as it was customary for instructors to share their reflections with the students after military training.

The instructor had thought Song Shiqin would just take a glance and leave.

After all, someone as high-ranking as Song Shiqin wouldn't have the time to waste on idle chatter with a bunch of kids.

Unexpectedly, Song Shiqin actually picked up the microphone and spoke earnestly.

Thirty minutes later, when Song Shiqin finished, the students below had tears in their eyes.

Damn, they hadn't expected the stoic instructor to have such an emotional side.

After giving his speech, Song Shiqin, holding a box, distributed mobile phones to everyone.

The instructor on the side was stunned; he hadn't anticipated such a gesture from the formidable army chief, nor did he understand what attracted the Hua Nation's army chief's attention to their class.

After distributing the phones, the instructor said a few words and then dismissed everyone.

The military training was followed by the National Day holiday, so they had a seven-day break before classes officially resumed.

Chu Jin, holding her mobile phone, strolled leisurely down the road. As soon as she turned on her phone, Mr. Mo's call came in, as if he had timed it perfectly.

She hadn't seen him for a month, and as Chu Jin looked at the three characters dancing on her phone screen, she couldn't help but smile.

"Hello."

"Is the military training over?" A low and frosty voice came from the other end of the line.

"Yes, it's over. We're on holiday from today," Chu Jin said with a hint of excitement in her voice.

"I'm waiting for you at the school gate."

Chu Jin was momentarily stunned, "Now?"

"Yes, now," Mr. Mo stated succinctly.

"I'll be right there." After hanging up the phone, Chu Jin didn't even bother going back to her dormitory and instead headed straight for the school gates.

From a distance, she could see a Volkswagen parked there.

Chapter 578:

Chu Jin couldn't help but quicken her steps.

Thirty days is neither long nor short, but Chu Jin even felt that Mr. Mo seemed to have become even more handsome.

Is it really true that beauty is in the eye of the beholder?

Even in an ordinary Volkswagen, Mr. Mo managed to make it feel like a luxury edition of an expensive car.

As soon as she got into the car, Chu Jin leaned over and gave Mr. Mo a big hug; the familiar scent of tobacco enveloped her, and she greedily inhaled, "When did you get here?"

Looking at him, he seemed to have waited for quite a while. It was tough on him; he didn't even know when her class ended and just waited foolishly.

"Just arrived not long ago," Mo Zhixuan wrapped his arm around her waist, the corners of his mouth curling up into a faint smile, warmth glowing in his deep, phoenix eyes.

The girl he had been yearning for was finally throwing herself into his arms, and the sensation was simply wonderful.

Qiao Muyan hid behind a tree, watching Chu Jin enter the Volkswagen.

That's right.

It was still that very ordinary Volkswagen. The windows were closed, so it was impossible to see the man's face clearly, but according to what Chu Tian said, Chu Jin's fiancé was no ordinary person. How could someone like that be driving an unremarkable Volkswagen?

Chu Jin really was a flirt!

So shameless.

Already engaged, yet getting into another man's car.

Qiao Muyan sent the photos she had captured to Liu Meng Haoran.

This time, she was determined to ruin Chu Jin's reputation.

Someone like her didn't deserve to have love.

This kind of person should be scorned by the whole school.

She didn't know what Song Shiqin saw in her, but she would definitely show him her true colors this time.

Meanwhile, inside the car.

Looking at the swiftly passing scenery outside the window, Chu Jin turned her head and asked, "Where are we going?"

Clearly, this was not the way to the villa.

Mo Zhixuan's lips curved slightly as he slowly said two words, "We're going home."

It was a simple phrase of four words, yet it sent a warm current slowly crossing Chu Jin's heart.

Enchanting music lingered in the car.

Chu Jin lazily leaned against the back of the seat, closing her eyes to rest. Her long hair messily fell across her chest, framing her porcelain-white face with sharp contrasts; her crimson lips were pursed into a beautifully curved line, complementing her stunningly breathtaking features.

Her beauty was effortless, breathtaking, and awe-inspiring.

Mo Zhixuan glanced over, slightly spellbound.

"Bang!"

The consequence of his distraction was that the car's front crashed directly into the roadside green belt.

Coming back to his senses, Mr. Mo quickly shifted his gaze and stepped on the brakes.

"Tss—"

The strong impact woke Chu Jin up from her slumber.

At that moment, Mr. Mo finally understood the true meaning of 'beauty is a dangerous distraction.'

She looked at Mr. Mo beside her in a daze, "What happened?" Her clear voice was a bit husky from just waking up, but it wasn't unpleasant, quite the contrary—it was incredibly soothing.

Mr. Mo calmly glanced at her, unhurriedly unbuckling his seatbelt, and said, "It's nothing, keep sleeping. I'll go out and check."

Chu Jin squinted her eyes slightly, and only then did she notice that the Volkswagen had made an intimate contact with the green belt; smoke was billowing from the front of the car.

It seemed like the collision wasn't light.

This was a very wide and smooth road.

There wasn't much traffic either.

Even a bad female driver wouldn't have an accident with her eyes closed here.

Mr. Mo was an experienced driver after all.

How could he have an accident on a road like this?

This is just too abnormal.

She pressed her temples with a speechless expression, and also unbuckled her seatbelt to get out of the car.

The green belt was knocked askew.

The front of the car was dented, and its parts were scattered all over the place.

The scene was "too gruesome to bear."

It was impossible for the car to drive away normally now.

Mo Zhixuan stood to the side making a phone call, his stature like a jade tree against the light, blurring his distinctive facial features. From Chu Jin's angle, she could just make out the slightly protruding sexiness of his Adam's apple, his exquisite jawline carved like a knife, and his thin, cold lips.

A king-like aura that couldn't be ignored emanated from him.

Cold and compelling.

It made people subconsciously feel a sense of dread.

His cold and low voice continually carried in the wind, entering her ears with a sense of oppression, making it evident the pressure the person on the other end of the phone must be feeling.

Chu Jin stood by the car, watching his figure, as her red lips slightly curved into a smile.

After ending the call, Mo Zhixuan took long strides towards her and looked down slightly, asking, "Why did you get out?"

A large shadow came over her, blocking the harsh sunlight—an advantage of having a boyfriend with a tall stature.

Chu Jin gently lifted her gaze, her mouth forming a light smile, dimples faintly showing, eyes playfully clear, "I came to appreciate the driving skills of an experienced driver." As she finished speaking, Chu Jin said with a smile, "With such road conditions, you still managed to get the car into this state, Mr. Mo, you're quite impressive."

Her enchanting peach-blossom eyes twinkled with a clear spirit.

Mr. Mo casually shifted his gaze away from her face, "Maybe it's because I haven't been sleeping well lately." His tone was natural, betraying no particular emotion.

"Hmm?" Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, "Why haven't you been sleeping well?"

Mr. Mo took her hand in his, gently stroking it as he looked down at her. The inkiness in his eyes deepened, and with a meaningful tone, he said, "Have you ever heard the saying?"

"What saying?" Chu Jin asked back, her beautiful eyes showing confusion.

Mr. Mo looked at her, his voice deep as he spoke, "A gentleman keeps his tools in hiding and makes his move when the time is right."

Chu Jin hadn't let her thoughts wander elsewhere. To her, this was nothing more than a famous saying from the "I Ching," but what did this saying have to do with his sleep?

"Hmm?" Chu Jin hummed again, the pitch of her voice rising slightly.

Before long, a young man arrived at the scene, driving a flashy Maybach.

"BOSS." The young man respectfully handed over the keys to Mo Zhixuan. His eyes briefly met Chu Jin's, and he paused, astonishment flashing through, before quickly bowing his head again.

His mind was a storm of emotions.

All these years.

This was the first time he saw a woman by the BOSS's side, and such a beautiful one at that.

The perennial bachelor had finally seen the light.

This... is this the Boss's wife?

She looked to be quite young.

The BOSS is going for someone younger!

Indeed, old men all like young girls.

Probably because young girls are easier to deceive.

Spring has finally arrived for the BOSS, does that mean they'll have easier days ahead?

Does this mean they won't have to face the BOSS's cold face anymore?

This is an assistant with quite an active imagination.

He even wondered secretly whether the BOSS might give him a raise.

From his lofty position, Mo Zhixuan glanced down at his assistant, his tone cold, "You stay to deal with the scene."

In front of others, he always had the same icy expression.

The assistant instinctively straightened up, "Yes." Even though it wasn't his first day with the BOSS, the assistant still felt a little breathless every time he faced him.

Mo Zhixuan, holding Chu Jin, walked towards the Maybach. Just as he opened the passenger door, Chu Jin didn't sit down but instead stretched out her hand towards him, "Give me the keys."

Mr. Mo raised his eyebrows slightly, "What's wrong?"

"I'll drive." Chu Jin directly snatched the keys from his hand, pushed him into the car, and closed the door in one swift series of actions.

The assistant watched, dumbfounded.

Boss's wife is quite bold, huh.

The scariest part is, the Boss actually cooperated the whole time.

That's just too abnormal.

Not the Boss's style at all.

Looks like there's a cure for every ailment.

The iceberg Boss has met his nemesis.

After stuffing the person into the passenger seat, Chu Jin circled to the driver's side, started the engine, and drove off, with the Maybach quickly disappearing from view.

The assistant silently retracted his gaze, feeling as if his entire worldview had been refreshed, and upon glancing back at the black car that had become intimately acquainted with the greenery, couldn't help but twitch the corner of his mouth.

Good Lord, I've seen a ghost!

A, a Volkswagen?

The president of Mo Group is actually driving a Volkswagen!?

What kind of situation is this? The assistant rubbed his eyes in disbelief, but the scene before him remained unchanged.

It's really just an ordinary Volkswagen!

The Boss's garage is full of luxury cars, but today, he's actually going out in an ordinary Volkswagen!

And it's a manual transmission at that!

I don't quite understand the thought process of the rich.

Or is it that the Boss, in order to accommodate his wife, opted for a manual Volkswagen?

With Chu Jin driving, Mr. Mo enjoyed his leisure, sitting calmly in the passenger seat, half-squinting his phoenix eyes, with his peripheral vision filled with her figure.

People are most attractive when they're concentrated on doing something.

Mr. Mo found that when she was serious, she looked vastly different from her usual self, especially captivating.

Before long,

The car entered Phoenix Manor and stopped in front of the Mo family's old house.

Steward Uncle Wang had been standing at the entrance of the manor early to welcome them.

"Young Master Nine, Miss Chu."

"Uncle Wang," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly.

"Hello, Uncle Wang," Chu Jin also spoke politely.

Uncle Wang said with a smile, "Miss Chu, you've finally come back. The old madam and Madam Tong have been talking about you for a long time; please come in with me quickly."

In the living room.

The old madam of the Mo family, Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, and Duanmu Zhe were all present.

"Jin, I've missed you to death." As soon as Chu Jin entered the house, she was embraced by Mo Qingyi.

Having not seen Mo Qingyi since school started, and after a session of military training, Mo Qingyi's face was noticeably darker and firmer.

Chu Jin returned her hug, "I've missed you too."

As soon as she sat on the sofa,

Tong Zhi and the old madam came over to fuss over her.

"Jin, are you tired from the military training?"

"Look, you've lost weight! You need to drink more chicken soup tonight to replenish your strength."

"Jin, eat some grapes, these grapes were freshly picked by me from the farm this afternoon."

"Have some watermelon, it's good for the skin."

"Jin, your skin is really nice, still so white, look at how dark Qingyi has become."

The deprecated Mo Qingyi: "..."

Mo Zhixuan, being the actual son, was completely ignored.

Chu Jin answered all the questions with a gentle smile, showing not the slightest impatience.

During dinner, Chu Jin found it hard to decline the hospitality and ended up eating two bowls of rice and three bowls of chicken soup...

She was too stuffed.

In the end, Chu Jin simply collapsed on the living room sofa, unwilling to move.

The Mo family's elderly Madame Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, and Duanmu Zhe were playing a game of "Fight the Landlord" with four people.

Chu Jin was lazily leaning on the couch, acting as Mo Qingyi's military advisor.

With Chu Jin as her military advisor, Mo Qingyi was unstoppable, plastering Duanmu Zhe's face with sticky notes, and even Tong Zhi and the elderly Madame weren't spared.

"It's getting late, time to head upstairs and rest," uttered.

Mo Zhixuan came down from upstairs, hands in pockets, his hair slightly damp, presumably from a recent shower.

As Tong Zhi managed her cards, she said, "My dear nephew, what time do you think it is? Jin is finally on a break, let her have a little more fun."

Mo Zhixuan turned his gaze to Tong Zhi and spoke slowly, "Aunt Tong, studies have shown that people of a certain age should not overwork themselves, and they definitely shouldn't stay up late, as it could accelerate aging."

He spoke earnestly, with such a serious expression that it would be hard for anyone not to believe him.

Tong Zhi quickly discarded her playing cards, "That's it, no more playing, let's all head to our rooms to sleep." She always took her looks seriously. No wonder she noticed a few new crow's feet recently, probably from staying up late.

Mo Qingyi still wanted to play, "Don't listen to my brother's nonsense, Aunt Tong, let's play a few more rounds."

"Let's go to bed," the elderly Madame joined in, "It's not good for young people to stay up late either, it causes acne."

Mo Qingyi backed down and went silent; recently, she not only got tanned but also broke out in lots of acne...

Her brother and mother combined were truly the originators of slyness.

A few words from them could pinpoint someone's weakness.

Mr. Mo walked over to Chu Jin and extended his hand, "Let's go," he said.

Chu Jin glanced at him but did not reach for his hand; she had eaten too much earlier and hadn't gotten over it yet. Plus, she had eaten a banana to help with digestion, and now she really didn't want to move at all.

Mr. Mo arched his handsome brows and half-knelt in front of her, "Get on, I'll carry you upstairs."

Chu Jin was momentarily stunned before reacting; she didn't play coy and climbed straight onto his back.

His back was wide, expansive, and gave a great sense of security.

Mr. Mo easily picked her up and made his way upstairs, his eyes soft, not feeling in the least that there was anything improper about this gesture.

Seeing this, everyone in the house was no longer surprised.

It seemed that all of Mo Zhixuan's inhibitions went out the window when it came to Chu Jin.

To say nothing of carrying her upstairs, if Chu Jin asked for his heart,

he would not hesitate to carve it out and offer it with both hands.

Tong Zhi and the elderly Madame casually walked to the back hall, discussing whether they could schedule the couple's wedding sooner and even decided on the color scheme for the future children's room.

"Can we not be this lovey-dovey so late at night!" Mo Qingyi hugged a pillow and wailed.

"Jealous? Want to be in a relationship?" Duanmu Zhe teased, leaning in with a mischievous grin.

Mo Qingyi smacked him on the head with a pillow, "Psh, as if I'm envious of you!"

Duanmu Zhe was not the least bit bothered by Mo Qingyi's attitude. Mimicking Mo Zhixuan, he half-knelt in front of Mo Qingyi and gestured to his back, "Come on, I can carry you, too."

Mo Qingyi noticed the black rubber band on his wrist and dimmed a bit. She carelessly stuffed the pillow on his back and nonchalantly said, "Who needs your carry? Narcissist."

After saying that, she hurried upstairs.

Mo Qingyi wasn't interested in boys who already had someone in their hearts.

Nor did she care to fight over a boy with another girl.

Duanmu Zhe was really dedicated—able to wear a rubber band on his wrist for so long.

Probably for two or three years, right?

That girl must be something special.

If Duanmu Zhe's heart belonged to someone, why would he bother with her? Or did he always think of her like a little sister, and she had misunderstood him all along?

Duanmu Zhe watched her retreating figure, a faint smile tracing his lips.

Mo Qingyi felt a mess inside; she took a bath and went straight to sleep after returning to her room.

The lights in the main bedroom on the second floor stayed on.

"Mr. Mo, older people shouldn't overwork and certainly shouldn't stay up late. You should go to sleep early too," Chu Jin said, adding force to her hands.

"So you actually have the heart to be this tough!"

Chu Jin spoke disbelievingly, "Your face, where is it?"

"Here it is," he said, pointing to his own face.

Chapter 579: not even looking at where this is (second update)

"You've got really thick skin." Chu Jin pinched his face, going with the flow.

"It's thick for you alone," Mr. Mo buried his chin in the crook of Chu Jin's neck, greedily breathing in her refreshing scent, and murmured in a low voice, "What should I do? I feel like I can't control myself."

"Endure it," Chu Jin said in an indifferent tone, feeling the pulsing heat in the palm of her right hand, her cheeks already red, and then whispered a reminder, "Didn't you just say that it's not good for someone of your age to..." She couldn't finish the word "overexert," because her lips were sealed by his.

Beauty leads to trouble.

The room was filled with amorous scenes.

It was not until two hours later that the lights were turned off.

That night, some slept well, others were sleepless.

Because of the night's activities, Chu Jin didn't wake up until after 9 o'clock the next morning.

After eating, Mo Qingyi mysteriously pulled Chu Jin into her bedroom, claiming she had something to tell her.

Chu Jin followed her into the room and raised her eyebrows slightly, "What's the matter? Why the secrecy?"

"Take a seat first, Jin," Mo Qingyi said, pulling Chu Jin down to sit on the swing chair with a serious look and not a trace of jest in her eyes, clearly having something important to say.

Seeing her so serious, Chu Jin also straightened up.

Mo Qingyi took a deep breath and told Chu Jin everything from beginning to end.

Basically, Miao Xinran had left without saying goodbye to go abroad.

Qin Jinyong, on the other hand, was missing.

Within just a month, the company that Qin Jinyong ran had completely gone bankrupt.

No one knew what had happened.

Listening to Mo Qingyi's explanation, Chu Jin furrowed her brows and asked, "Which country did Xinran go to? Did she go with Qin Jinyong?"

Why would Miao Xinran go abroad out of the blue?

Even if Qin Jinyong's company had gone bankrupt, she shouldn't have gone abroad without a word.

Difficulties should be faced together.

Moreover, leaving without saying goodbye wasn't Miao Xinran's style.

Just a month ago, the three of them were still together, laughing and talking.

Miao Xinran was the first friend Chu Jin made after her rebirth, and one who truly cared for her; Chu Jin was somewhat unable to accept this news.

Besides, the three of them had made a pact to attend university together.

What on earth happened during this one month?

What secrets were hidden?

Mo Qingyi shook her head with a hint of sadness, "I don't know either, she only left me a letter, and now I can't get in touch with her." Saying this, Mo Qingyi walked to the desk, picked up an envelope, and handed it to Chu Jin, "Jin, this letter was left for you by Xinran."

Chu Jin took the envelope and opened it right away, familiar handwriting came into view.

The handwriting on the paper was very delicate—

A stark contrast to Miao Xinran's carefree personality.

—

Jin.

Please forgive my sudden departure.

By the time you read this letter, I might be dancing with a herd of elephants on the savannah of Africa, or traversing the tropical rainforests...

I am grateful that fate allowed us to meet.

If it weren't for you, I would have been reduced to a pile of bones by now.

You were willing to risk your life for me, and yet, I've let you down.

...

Qin Zhurao was right about one thing.

I am but an ungrateful wretch.

A white-eyed wolf that never grew familiar.

...

I can face everything, but I can't face you calmly.

Jin, I'm sorry.

Perhaps, "I'm sorry" are three words too pale and powerless.

But now, apart from "I'm sorry," I have nothing left to say.

I have failed you.

And I have failed myself.

I will spend the rest of my life atoning for my sins.

...

In the end,

Jin, I wish you and Brother Jiu a lifetime of happiness and joy.

Goodbye.

A letter full of remorse left Chu Jin baffled.

How could the lively and cheerful Miao Xinran write such heavy words?

And, for no apparent reason, why would Miao Xinran apologize to her?

Where had she done wrong by her?

Chu Jin knitted her brows, took out her cell phone from her pocket, and dialed Miao Xinran's number. However, what came from the phone was the cold voice of an automated message—

"I'm sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service."

Opening QQ and WeChat, Miao Xinran's profile picture was grayed out.

The timeline of her Moments and Qzone stopped on August 12th.

It was a group photo of three people.

In the photo, the three of them were smiling like flowers.

There was a caption above the picture: When your wedding dress touches the floor, I shall match you in a short skirt—To my bestie.

Miao Xinran was a good girl, with a simple mind. Chu Jin believed she would not have done anything to wrong her. There had to be some misunderstanding! Some feelings can't be faked!

"Qingyi, when did you find out about this?" Chu Jin looked up at Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi sighed and said, "I found out 7 days ago, when I came back from military training." Because Mo Qingyi and Chu Jin were not in the same college, their military training dates and locations were different.

When Mo Qingyi had first seen this letter, she was utterly shocked; she simply couldn't believe it was true.

She and Miao Xinran had been good friends for many years and had grown up together like sisters. Miao Xinran's sudden departure had been a great shock to her. During those days, she had tried many ways to contact Miao Xinran, but to no avail.

"Who gave you this letter?" Chu Jin continued to ask.

"Duanmu gave it to me." This letter was given to her by Duanmu Zhe, but he was also unclear about Miao Xinran's specific whereabouts. He only told Mo Qingyi that Miao Xinran was safe and that Mo Qingyi didn't need to worry.

If the letter was given by Duanmu Zhe, then he must know the inside story. And if Duanmu Zhe knew what was going on, then Mo Zhixuan must know as well. The three of them usually had a good relationship. It made no sense that Mo Zhixuan and Duanmu Zhe would stand by and do nothing when Qin Jinyong's company had problems.

There had to be other reasons.

She had to figure it out.

"Have you seen Qin Zhurao?" Chu Jin continued, since Miao Xinran's letter mentioned Qin Zhurao, this matter couldn't be unrelated to her.

Mo Qingyi's expression darkened slightly, "She's dead."

"Dead?" Chu Jin was somewhat surprised! Although she didn't like Qin Zhurao, the news still felt regrettable; after all, she was so young, how could she just die?

Mo Qingyi nodded, "Yes, she's dead."

Chu Jin slightly frowned, carefully folded the letter, and put it back into her pocket. She then said to Mo Qingyi, "I'll be right back." With those words, she hurriedly left.

There were too many mysteries waiting for her to unravel; she had to get to the bottom of it immediately!

Mo Qingyi chased after her, asking, "Jin, where are you going?" But Chu Jin's figure had already vanished into the stairwell, she had even left without her phone.

"Zi, help me check Xinran's location," Chu Jin said as she walked and communicated with Zi.

"Okay."

Zi had a good impression of Miao Xinran and, upon hearing the request, immediately put down the melon seeds she was holding and started checking Miao Xinran's location.

Back in South Mountain Town, because of the snacks, Zi, Miao Xinran, and Mo Qingyi had formed a deep friendship.

As long as she was given something tasty to eat,

Zi would even be willing to call someone daddy.

Chu Jin couldn't find Mr. Mo downstairs and was informed by Uncle Wang that Mr. Mo had just left for the company.

Seeing the hurried look on Chu Jin's face, Uncle Wang said with a smiling expression, "Miss Chu, you don't need to worry. If you're looking for the Ninth Master for something, I can have a driver take you there."

Chu Jin didn't refuse and nodded slightly, "Okay, then I'll trouble Uncle Wang."

"It's my duty," replied Uncle Wang before continuing, "Please follow me."

Thirty minutes later, an inconspicuous Mercedes appeared below the Mo Group building.

Chu Jin opened the door and got out, looking up at the building that seemed to tower into the clouds, took a deep breath. Even having seen many grand scenes in her former life and having been a business magnate, she felt somewhat intimidated by such an imposing structure.

The Mo family truly deserved to be the number one family in China mainland.

Just this imposing presence was not something ordinary corporations could match.

Chu Jin looked back at the driver to tell him not to wait for her and then stepped towards the entrance of the Mo Building.

There were many people coming and going below the Mo Building.

Men and women alike cast their gazes at her.

Not for any other reason, but simply because she was stunningly beautiful, with a face unmatched in this world.

As if stepping out of a painting.

A similar scene seemed to have occurred at some point below the Mo Building as well.

People always remembered beautiful things vividly.

That afternoon,

A woman in a red dress captured everyone's attention.

Both women were similarly breathtaking and eye-catching,

But they represented two different styles.

The woman in red exuded a gentle and watery grace.

While the woman before them had a 360-degree flawless charm, with purity that did not diminish her allure, allure that did not take away from her elegance, and an elegance that suggested a touch of otherworldliness, despite looking to be only in her teens, she gave off an imposing natural aura.

Even though she wore simple white clothes with black trousers, and her jade-like face was free of makeup, it was still hard to take one's eyes off her.

Chu Jin hurried into the Mo Building, went straight to the reception, and said very politely, "Hello, I'm looking for your president, Mo Zhixuan."

The receptionist was clearly stunned upon seeing Chu Jin, then quickly revealed a standardized smile, "May I ask if you have an appointment?" There weren't many women coming to look for their president recently, and including the woman before her, there were two with very high attractiveness.

Previously, there had been one who wore a red dress, with the surname Zheng.

Because of her heavenly beauty, the receptionist remembered Zheng Chuyi very deeply, and at that time, Miss Zheng had gone up with Mo Zhixuan in the private elevator, so the receptionist took her to be the future lady boss.

Now, there was another looking for their president, and judging by her tone, she seemed very familiar with their president, even calling him by his full name.

Looking at her, she didn't seem very old, did she?

What was her relationship with the president?

She couldn't be here to throw herself at him, could she?

After all, their president already had Miss Zheng, who was so beautiful and approachable. The receptionist had a very high liking for Zheng Chuyi and thus subconsciously felt some resistance to Chu Jin.

So young and already dreaming of climbing the social ladder.

What a pipe dream.

A flash of barely noticeable disdain quickly passed through the lowered eyes of the receptionist.

"I don't have an appointment," Chu Jin shook her head slightly and then continued, "Just tell me which floor he's on, and I'll go up directly to find him."

The receptionist gave an apologetic smile, "I'm sorry, our CEO's schedule is very full, and he doesn't meet with clients who don't have an appointment." As she finished speaking, she sincerely added, "Since you know the CEO, why not give him a call yourself? I'm afraid I can't disclose the location of his office."

If the person in front of her really knew the CEO, then she would certainly have his contact information.

This was also meant as a test.

The receptionists are all rigorously trained and do not easily offend people.

Without knowing Chu Jin's true background, she would definitely not commit such a career-ruining folly.

"Thank you, I understand." Chu Jin didn't say much else, and planned to use her phone to call Mo Zhixuan, but she found that she hadn't brought it with her. It must have been left in Mo Qingyi's room.

The receptionist watched Chu Jin with a cold smile.

By now, she was almost certain that Chu Jin did not know the CEO at all. She must be someone who relied on her exceptional appearance, fantasizing about climbing into the CEO's bed, and thus, turning from a sparrow into a phoenix.

The values of today's youth are getting worse and worse!

They fantasize about getting something for nothing! Such people are truly despicable.

"Miss, you're looking for your phone, aren't you?" The receptionist asked with a smile, familiar with these kinds of petty tricks.

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Could you bother to contact him for me? Just tell him Chu Jin is waiting here for him, thank you."

The receptionist laughed disdainfully, then spoke with gravity, "Young lady, it's better to be down-to-earth. Don't try to take shortcuts, or dream about the unrealistic. As the saying goes, 'No flowers bloom for a hundred days.' Even the most beautiful faces will grow old one day. It's better to do something meaningful while you're young. Meddling in other people's relationships is bound to bring bad karma."

The receptionist's words were all insinuating that Chu Jin was meddling in someone else's relationship. Chu Jin's smile faded, and she slightly raised her distinguished eyebrows, "I wonder if you've ever heard a saying?"

One second ago, Chu Jin had a smiling face, but the next, her expression changed suddenly, causing the receptionist to shudder and ask subconsciously, "What saying?"

This made Chu Jin seem somewhat intimidating.

It was as if she was not a teenager, but a person of high standing.

"Disaster comes from the mouth." Chu Jin spoke word by word, anxious to go up and ask Mo Zhixuan about Miao Xinran. Not wanting to argue with the receptionist, she directly revealed her identity, "I am Mo Zhixuan's fiancée, and I want to see him right now. Please contact him immediately."

As these words were spoken, the receptionist's look of disdain was hardly concealed, including several others nearby who let out light laughter.

They had all seen Zheng Chuyi, and they believed Zheng Chuyi was Mo Zhixuan's fiancée.

Now, an ordinary-dressed young girl claiming to be Mo Zhixuan's fiancée was nothing but a joke.

"Young lady, don't sprain your back talking big. Have a look at who you are and who our CEO is. This is Mo Group! It's not a place for you to mess about. Please leave immediately, or I'll have to call security."

If it were any other time or place, Chu Jin would have really liked to teach these receptionists how to behave! Mo Qingyi's matter was urgent, so Chu Jin had Zi help locate Mo Zhixuan's office.

As it was in the same building, Zi found Mo Zhixuan's office in less than three seconds.

"Jin, just follow this route," Zi waved her small hand, and a transparent screen immediately appeared in the air.

"Okay."

Chu Jin quickly followed the route deeper into the company.

Seeing Chu Jin so shamelessly attempting to barge into the CEO's office, the receptionist's face changed, and after speaking into the intercom, burly security guards appeared from all around to block Chu Jin's way. Mo Group, as China's foremost family, had excellent security arrangements.

The security guards were by no means ordinary.

"Move aside," Chu Jin said coldly, her anger flaring after being looked down upon by such receptionists and now facing a group of guards.

Standing up, the receptionist pointed at the guards and spoke in a forceful tone, "Get her out of here now!"

If it had been any other day, the guards would have acted without a second word, but today, seeing Chu Jin was a woman and so attractive, how could they make a move without seeming like they were bullying the young lady?

The receptionists were too much! Was it necessary to argue with a young girl? Could she possibly be carrying a bomb? Or were they simply jealous of the young lady's beauty?

"Miss, you should leave quickly. Otherwise, don't blame us for being rude," the lead burly guard said, pushing up his sunglasses and speaking with a hint of threat.

Chu Jin slightly curved her lips, "I'd like to see just how you intend to be rude!"

The burly guard slightly raised his hand, signaling the guards behind him to forcefully remove Chu Jin.

But before they could even reach Chu Jin's shoulders,

A shoulder throw.

A spinning back kick.

"Bang Bang—"

Two loud thuds, and two burly guards were thrown to the ground, curling up in pain.

Chapter 580: Blooms like Brocade

Nobody expected that a slender little girl could easily knock down two burly men.

The lead bodyguard was also stunned for a moment, before finally coming to his senses. He couldn't believe it as he took off his glasses and stared at Chu Jin with wide eyes, afraid he had seen something wrong.

Indeed, she was just a little girl who looked no more than in her teens.

She had neither copper walls nor iron arms.

Not even a weapon in hand.

That was too terrifying!

Are you sure she's not a man?

All the bodyguards here were trained. Even a grown man might not be able to win bare-handed, but this little girl managed to take on two at once—could she be cheating?

The receptionists were also stunned. No one had thought that Chu Jin would have such skills!

There stood Chu Jin, her left hand gripping her right, her right hand gripping her left, cracking her joints with a loud snap, causing an onlooker's heart to skip a beat.

The lead bodyguard saw that this little girl was a practitioner. With a slight raise of his hand, all his men quickly surrounded Chu Jin.

The scene just now must have been an accident. It was bad enough that two men couldn't handle a little girl, but they refused to believe that a whole group of them couldn't deal with her!

Eight or nine bodyguards surrounded her. If it had been someone else, they would probably have been scared stiff by this show of force.

But they encountered Chu Jin instead.

Facing the black-clad bodyguards converging on her, Chu Jin did not even frown. With a calm expression, her clear and sharp eyes seemed to have everything under control. The corners of her mouth slowly curled into a radiant and defiant smile.

Her slender figure moved like a nimble, enchanting fish through the crowd, her flowing hair tracing a perfect arc in the air.

"Bang, bang—"

The sound of heavy objects hitting the floor and painful groans continued.

Just then, at the second floor, a man with a full head of silver hair stood looking at this spectacle, a hint of surprise flashing in his lowered eyes. Although the man had silver hair, his facial features were quite young, handsome, as if he had stepped right out of a comic book.

"Heh," the silver-haired man chuckled, the corners of his mouth lifting slightly, "Interesting, little beauty, we meet again."

His voice was extremely cultured, in perfect harmony with his appearance.

Bodyguards fell one after another. Chu Jin stood amidst them all, one foot on a bodyguard's chest, arms folded, and slowly lifting her delicate chin with a sparkling gaze, "Well, can I go upstairs now?"

That posture was a bit arrogant, as dazzling as that of a queen, and many notches above the contemporary fragile petite femmes. She shone so brightly she was blinding.

Without comparison, there would be no harm done. The little girls at the side, turned into tiny roses, their eyes almost popping out with stars.

"Too arrogant! Just too arrogant!" The receptionist at the front desk stood up angrily and pointed at the bodyguards on the ground, "You bunch of trash, get up quickly and throw her out!"

This woman was shameless! She actually tried to get the President's attention this way!

Chu Jin's lips curved slightly, and she pointed casually at the crowd. "You, and you, and you, and you too—all come at me. I don't mind stepping over your bodies to see Mo Zhixuan. Just don't regret it later," she said, her tone devoid of any joking.

She exuded a powerful presence that could not be ignored.

"What's going on here?" The commotion caught the attention of the security manager.

"It's like this: This woman of unknown origin claims to be the President's fiancée, has no appointment, and couldn't reach the President, and now she's directly using force against our people!" The receptionist took the initiative to speak up!

Clearly, Miss Zheng was the President's fiancée! Last time they had all witnessed the future lady boss's demeanor themselves! This woman was so bold! To catch the President's attention, she could even utter such words! That was way too shameless!

"Manager, is it?" Chu Jin slightly lifted her eyes, her slender figure as upright as bamboo, from start to finish, she did not show a hint of fear, exuding a natural grandeur from inside out.

The security manager was sharp and well-experienced, instantly recognizing that Chu Jin was no ordinary person. The front desk staff were really blind—if they offended someone important, he wondered how they would handle it!

If Chu Jin dared to make such a big scene, she must have the capital to back it up.

However, he had never heard of the President having a fiancée!

He wasn't one of the receptionists and had never seen Zheng Chuyi.

In his eyes, the President had always been as aloof as an icy mountain, unchanged for over a decade. He had never seen a woman by the President's side, nor had he heard any rumors of the President being involved with any woman.

Out of the blue, how could the President suddenly have a fiancée?

Moreover, President Mo's engagement would have been headline news, dominating all media outlets—not something that would go unnoticed.

Could it be that the President had secretly got engaged?

The security manager found it hard to imagine what the President would look like with a fiancée.

With his cold demeanor, he could freeze someone to death—who could possibly tolerate him?

"Hello, my last name is Ye, and I am the security manager here," Manager Ye said with a smile, "Miss, without an appointment, you indeed cannot meet our President."

"Manager Ye, hurry up and throw her out! Why are you being so polite to someone like her!" The receptionist said with disdain, "You don't really think she's the President's fiancée, do you?"

Chu Jin ignored the receptionist and looked at Manager Ye, raising her eyebrows slightly, "Alright, it seems you are the only sensible person here! Could I borrow your phone for a moment?"

"Of course," Manager Ye presented the phone with both hands.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows, took the phone, and dialed a number from memory.

One second, two seconds, three seconds.

Perhaps due to the unfamiliar number, it took over 30 seconds for the call to be answered.

"Hello, it's me," Chu Jin spoke, her voice clear and melodious.

There was a moment of surprise on the other end before the person realized who it was. It seemed as if they hadn't expected Chu Jin to call them and even felt a little flattered.

Chu Jin was brief and to the point, her tone slightly cold, "Mo Zhixuan, I'm at the lobby of your company."

"I'll come right now."

In the background, Chu Jin could vaguely hear a stern voice, "Today's meeting is over."

"Acting, still acting!" The receptionist sneered, convinced in her heart that this was just Chu Jin's trickery! How could this kind of person really be the CEO's fiancée!

She didn't even know who was on the phone!

Manager Ye, however, was a bit panicked. Even though he hadn't offended Chu Jin, his subordinates had gotten into a direct altercation with her. If she truly was the CEO's fiancée and the CEO started investigating, the blame would certainly fall on him!

Thinking of this, a cold sweat broke out on Manager Ye's forehead.

He was inwardly cursing the receptionists for their lack of discernment, always causing trouble for him!

"Thanks," Chu Jin said as she hung up the phone and handed it to Manager Ye beside her.

Manager Ye, wiping the sweat from his brow with one hand, took the phone with the other, his voice somewhat fearful, "Miss, why don't you follow me to the VIP room to sit for a while? It's cooler there."

"No need."

No sooner had Chu Jin finished speaking than the elevator doors opened. The assistants on each side carefully held the doors as a tall figure stepped out from the elevator.

Bathed in light, his exquisite features, sharp as if carved by a knife, were exposed to the air. His thin lips were almost pressed into a line, emanating a powerful and dominant aura.

Each step seemed to tread on the hearts of those around him, instinctively commanding awe and preventing direct gaze.

Everyone spontaneously cleared a path for him.

Almost everyone became the background; at this moment, in his eyes, there was only one "her."

Seeing this, the receptionist was terrified to the core, feeling a chill run down her spine as cold sweat broke out all over her body! Could this woman really have a relationship with the CEO?!

As Mo Zhixuan walked step by step towards Chu Jin amid the crowd's gaze, his eyes filled with indulgence, where was there a trace of being cold and aloof, "Why are you standing here like a fool? Why didn't you come straight up to find me? Hm?"

Upon hearing this, the receptionist behind almost lost her footing.

Oh my God!

This woman actually knew the President!

The security guards were even more flustered. My goodness! What foolish things had they just done! Manager Ye also broke out in a sweat, silently relieved that he hadn't spoken rudely to Chu Jin earlier.

The President was always so cold to everyone; they never expected him to be so gentle to this young lady in front of them!

Others could only look on with envy.

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly and pulled away from his hand, bluntly stating, "Have you found someone else behind my back?"

Her tone was a bit cold.

She had not wanted to bother with the receptionist's pettiness, but now, her anger had been provoked by these people!

If she didn't teach them a lesson, they would truly think she was soft and easy to manipulate.

Chu Jin always believed in repaying kindness as well as avenging grievances.

Mo Zhixuan was initially taken aback, then straightened up and said, "What nonsense! Besides you, who else could there be?"

Chu Jin's lips curved slightly, "Really?" As soon as she finished speaking, she questioned, "If so, why am I accused of being the third person interfering in others' relationship?"

At her words, the receptionist turned pale with fright, her heart trembling, barely able to catch her breath. She should never have made such a comment!

It seemed that the woman in front of her was the legitimate one, and Miss Zheng was the one shrouded in secrecy!

Too bad, Miss Zheng was gentle and skilled, a hundred times better than the person in front of her! How could she not be the President's fiancée! The President lacked discernment.

Even now, the receptionist was secretly feeling indignant for Zheng Chuyi.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Mo Zhixuan's eyebrows furrowed as he reached out and ruffled her hair, "Who upset you? Hm?"

After receiving Chu Jin's call, Mo Zhixuan hurried down the stairs, so he was unaware of what had transpired.

Chu Jin's face remained cool, "Nonsense? I have a witness! Mo Zhixuan, if you don't make things clear today, our engagement is off! I don't want to become the third party destroying a relationship!"

Why would the receptionist call her a third person out of nowhere? There must be something fishy going on!

As the saying goes, there is no smoke without fire!

Nobody had anticipated that this girl would truly be the President's fiancée, and even more so, she was openly talking about breaking off the engagement!

Everyone considered the President out of their league! Even if the President truly had someone else, it was still her great fortune of three lifetimes to be engaged to him! Yet, she had the audacity to talk about ending the engagement—isn't she getting too full of herself? Does she really think she's somebody special?

For someone like the President, having several wives and concubines isn't strange!

In this world, which man doesn't stray? Especially the wealthy ones! Not to mention the President is not only wealthy but also handsome!

Hearing this, the panic that had been subsiding in the receptionist's heart began to rise again. This woman actually dared to threaten the CEO! She guessed the CEO would turn on her in the next second! Maybe he would even call off their engagement directly!

She had the nerve to question the CEO without even considering her own weight!

"You're never to speak of calling off the engagement again!" Mo Zhixuan reached out to tuck her hair behind her ear, the coldness in his eyes fading away, "You are my only fiancée, who dares to call you the other woman? Tell me, who bullied you? I will help you get back at them." His dominance as the CEO was unmistakable.

The fear that the receptionist had finally managed to shake returned in full force. She had a premonition that she was truly doomed today!

Chu Jin turned slightly, casting her gaze on the receptionist, and spoke slowly, "There, she is the witness."

The receptionist's heart trembled, and she quickly approached, groveling, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! It was all my careless talk! I angered you! Please show mercy, Mrs. President, and don't take it out on me."

"Was it you who said that?" Mo Zhixuan's gaze suddenly turned icy, his tone pressing, making it hard for her to breathe.

The receptionist was sweating profusely, barely daring to speak loudly, a picture of servility.

"Do you want me to fire her?" Mo Zhixuan wrapped an arm around Chu Jin's waist, his gaze filled with affection, a stark contrast to how he had just appeared.

Everyone was left stunned, unable to believe this was the same aloof CEO they knew.

Chu Jin spoke indifferently, "Keeping such a person is a tragedy for a business."

If the receptionist could treat her like this, she would do the same to other clients in the future!

How could a listed company keep someone who judged people by their appearance?

Some mistakes cannot be erased with just an apology.

People must take responsibility for their words and actions.

Mo Zhixuan spoke with a chilling tone, "Li Mo, take her to HR to settle her salary. She doesn't need to come in tomorrow. Such a person is never to be employed by Mo Group again!"

The assistant immediately stepped forward, "Understood!"

The receptionist's face turned ashen. Mo Group had excellent benefits, and her peers envied her for working there, but now, due to a slip of the tongue, she had lost her job. How was she to explain this to her friends and family...

How could things have developed like this?

This was a lesson for all to see.

The group of bodyguards were soaked in cold sweat, wondering if they would be the next one to suffer.

Mo Zhixuan looked down and took Chu Jin's hand, then raised his eyes to stare at the others sternly. He spoke seriously, "Remember this well, from now on she is your Mrs. President, the lady boss of Mo Group!"

Each word resonated firmly, sending a jolt through everyone.

Mo Zhixuan thought to himself that perhaps he should take the chance to formally announce his fiancée soon...

"Ancestor, you must have calmed down now, right? Come with me to take a look at the president's office," Mo Zhixuan said with a slight bow, his eyes filled with adoration.

Ancestor?

Everyone felt as if their world views had been refreshed! They never expected the CEO to have this side of him! He was absolutely spoiling his wife!

Nobody had anticipated that the ice-cold CEO would have such a day!

Chu Jin withdrew her hand and raised her eyebrows slightly, "Lead the way, I have something to ask you."

Everyone watched as Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin entered the president's exclusive elevator, and finally, they breathed a sigh of relief, especially those who had just clashed with Chu Jin. They slumped, exhaling deeply...

Fortunately, the president's wife was magnanimous and hadn't stooped to their level; otherwise, they, too, might now have been packing up to leave.

The top floor of Mo Group.

The president's office.

The office was simply decorated in black and white business style. Other than the computer, the desk was covered with a pile of thick files, and besides that, there was a leather sofa—a stark space not even graced by a single potted plant.

The air was tinged with the scent of ambergris.

Mo Zhixuan guided Chu Jin to the chair in front of the desk, "Take a seat, while I go make you some coffee. Do you want sugar and milk?"

"No need," Chu Jin said softly, pulling out a piece of paper from her pocket and handing it over to Mo Zhixuan, "You better take a look at this first."

Mo Zhixuan took the paper with a puzzled look, glanced at it, and asked, "What about it?"

Chu Jin continued, "Why did Xinran suddenly go abroad? And what about Qin Jinyong? What exactly happened in this past month? Does any of this have anything to do with you?" By the end, Chu Jin had stood up from her chair, desperate for answers.

"Don't get excited, sit down," Mo Zhixuan said, placing his hands on Chu Jin's shoulders and pressing her back down into the chair. He squatted down to meet her eyes, and began to explain slowly, "Qin Jinyong and Qin Zhurao are siblings. The incidents you encountered in South Mountain Town were all planned by them..."

Mo Zhixuan relayed the whole story to Chu Jin.

It then dawned on Chu Jin that both the ghost encounter and the earthquake incidents were orchestrated by the siblings; they were after her life.

Human hearts are unpredictable.

Chu Jin never dreamed that Qin Jinyong would actually try to kill her...

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly and asked, "So, did you kill Qin Zhurao?"

Mo Zhixuan did not deny it as he looked at her.

Seeing the answer in his eyes, Chu Jin continued, "What about Qin Jinyong? Is he dead too?"

Mo Zhixuan's expression remained unchanged as he slightly nodded at the mention; how could he let go of someone who wanted to take her life?

No matter who that person was.

As long as they threatened her, they had to die.

"But this has nothing to do with Xinran! Why would she go abroad? Could it be that Xinran also..."

At this point, Chu Jin couldn't believe it and her eyes widened in shock. Could it be that Miao Xinran never went abroad and had actually... died?

"Miao Xinran hasn't died," Mo Zhixuan reached out to hold her hand, gently caressing it, "She just couldn't face the reality and chose to leave temporarily. Don't worry, I've arranged for someone to protect her 24 hours a day. Nothing will happen to her."

In fact, the whole affair had nothing to do with Miao Xinran. She had always been kept in the dark, even used by Qin Jinyong. In Miao Xinran's heart, Qin Jinyong had always been the strong and kind older brother.

Suddenly telling her that her most respected brother was actually a bad person with deep schemes and heavy machinations, always wanting to kill her best friend, and that this best friend had repeatedly saved her.

This was something Miao Xinran could not accept. Even if the whole affair had nothing to do with her, she couldn't face Chu Jin, so the moment Qin Jinyong's misdeeds were exposed and she learned the truth, she chose to leave. She felt guilty towards Chu Jin and wanted to atone for her own sins.

Mo Zhixuan was a person who clearly distinguished between gratitude and grudges, so when he learned the truth, he didn't make things difficult for Miao Xinran. He even suggested taking her back to the Mo family's old residence, but she refused.

Hearing this, Chu Jin breathed a sigh of relief and then asked, "So where did she go?"

"Africa," Mo Zhixuan said slowly.

"Really to Africa?" Chu Jin frowned slightly. The environment in Africa was harsh, and some areas were even experiencing war; for Miao Xinran, a girl on her own, it was indeed worrisome.

Seeing her doubts, Mo Zhixuan reached out to rub her head, consoling her, "Don't worry, Miao Xinran will be fine. I have arranged for someone to be with her around the clock, and she is doing well now."

Chu Jin was still somewhat apprehensive, "Really?"

"En," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Trust me." Although it was just a faint affirmation, it was imbued with an undeniable authority.

Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan, "Okay, I trust you." In this life, apart from Mr. Mo, there was no other person worthy of her trust like this.

The incident was a heavy blow to Miao Xinran, and letting her calm down alone for a while was not a bad thing.

Right then, a "beep beep" knocking sound came from outside the room.

Mo Zhixuan got up unhurriedly and then reached out to pull Chu Jin's wrist. Before she could react, she was spinning around, and the next thing she knew, she was enveloped in an embracing warmth.

Mr. Mo sat in the boss chair, and she sat on his lap, her back against his chest, feeling his steady and powerful heartbeat clearly.

"Come in." Mr. Mo rested his chin on her shoulder and spoke loudly.

Seeing that the person outside was about to enter, Chu Jin struggled and said somewhat annoyed, "Let me go quickly..." She couldn't bear to perform such a scene in front of others.

"Don't move." Mr. Mo tightened his hold around her waist, his tone normal and composed.

Chu Jin felt something unusual beneath her and immediately dared not move, but she twisted harshly on Mr. Mo's leg.

However, Mr. Mo didn't even frown; instead, he left a pleased kiss on her cheek.

Just then, the male secretary entered the room, and upon seeing the scene, he was stunned for a moment, then bowed his head respectfully and said, "President Mo, it's time for the meeting, and the directors are all waiting for you."

"Let them adjourn," Mo Zhixuan spoke casually, "Come back tomorrow." A meeting would take at least two hours, and right now, keeping company with this person was more important.

The secretary was in a difficult position. How could such an important meeting be rescheduled just like that? It could cause discontent. As he was struggling with what to do, Chu Jin spoke, "Go to the meeting. I'll wait here for you. It's not a good habit to break your word."

The secretary gave her a grateful glance. Truly a sensible and good girl, not arrogant and spoiled like others; it was no wonder she had captured the President's favor.

Mo Zhixuan then stood up, "Then I'll go to the meeting. If you get bored, you can use the computer, the password is your birthday, and if you feel tired, there's a bed in the resting room inside, you can take a nap."

Ever since confirming their relationship with Chu Jin, all of Mr. Mo's passwords had been changed to her birthday.

Such a romantic gesture, of course, was not something Mr. Mo came up with himself, but learned from "Love Guide."

Listening to this conversation, the secretary instinctively felt that the President would definitely be under strict "spousal control" in the future!

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Okay, I got it, go ahead."

"Then I'm off," before turning around, Mr. Mo bent down to leave a cool kiss on her face, then turned and followed the secretary out.

In a blink of an eye, the vast office was left with only Chu Jin.

She turned on the computer on the desk, entered the password, then downloaded a Weibo app and logged in.

No sooner had she logged onto Weibo than she received countless notification sounds—mentions, comments, private messages, follower alerts.

In just two months, her Weibo followers had soared to over five million.

Chu Jin carefully read the comments below her Weibo and discovered that Lu Yan's "The World and You" had already been released, so all the recent comments were reporting Lu Yan for plagiarism.

User A: "Sister from the past, I found a novel that is 100% similar to our 'Blooms like Brocade.' The author's pen name is Blue Smoke, and the book is called 'The World and You.' Please be aware!"

And below, the comments were all about "The World and You."

Obviously, Lu Yan had also noticed this issue and started to counterattack.

User F: "Haha, it's not certain who plagiarized whom yet!"

User Q: "You say our Yan Yan plagiarized, where is the evidence? Don't bite people without evidence!"

Chu Jin slightly curled her lips. Lu Yan really had some nerve. Not only did she plagiarize the entire text, but she didn't even bother to change the book title, sticking to the same title as in her previous life.