

R Woman 591

Chapter 591: who is she?

Chu Jin just stood in front of Chu Tian, the corners of her mouth slightly hooked into a faint arc.

Three parts wicked, four parts dazzling, three parts cold, somewhat captivating.

Upon hearing Chu Tian's questioning, she didn't show any signs of panic, always maintaining a careless demeanor.

Calm as such.

In the gaze of everyone, Chu Jin slowly spoke, her voice clear, "First, you're not the renminbi, why should I like you? Second, who do you think you are? What gives you the right to apologize on her behalf?"

Chu Jin responded to Chu Tian's questioning with high emotional intelligence, easily tossing back the pot that Chu Tian had thrown at her.

At the same time, she frankly admitted that she didn't like Chu Tian, unlike others who were coy about it.

To like is to like, not to like is not to like. This forthright character actually earned unanimous praise from everyone.

"Right, who does this Chu Tian think she is! So shameless, even pretending to apologize for someone else!"

"At first, I thought she was quite pretty, but now... heh..."

"This Chu Tian is so scheming. It was that girl who provoked Brother Jin first, yet she twists it like it's because Brother Jin doesn't like her that he deliberately vented his anger on that girl! Not liking Chu Tian..."

"Turns out Chu Tian is a big white lotus!"

"Nonsense! She's clearly a little white flower."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk..."

"..."

The sounds of accusation followed one after another, piercing Chu Tian's ears so harshly.

And within her, she was still enduring the bone-eroding pain of lightning strikes.

Why must everyone treat her this way?

Was it wrong for her to want to survive?

The pain inside grew more severe, and in an instant, sweat poured down Chu Tian's face,

leaving her complexion deathly pale.

Chu Jin noticed Chu Tian's abnormality and frowned slightly.

"Brother Jin, actually, Chu Tian really means no harm to you," said Zi from the Purple Thunder space, speaking up at just the right moment.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Hmm?" If Chu Tian bore her no ill will, then why had she repeatedly troubled her and even tried to thrust her into the limelight?

At the same time, the system's voice echoed in her mind, [Ding! Daily task triggered: Treat the target person, Chu Tian! Task completion: Reward 20% Faith Value. Task failure: You will suffer electric shock punishment!]

Just as the system prompt ended, Chu Tian collapsed to the ground with a bang.

The onlookers let out a gasp of surprise.

After three seconds of hesitation, Chu Jin chose to accept the task.

For three reasons.

First, the electric shock punishment would consume nearly half of her cultivation, and in such times, she could not risk her body or make jokes with her own life.

Second, she could not stand by and watch a vibrant life slip away before her eyes.

Third, up to this point, Chu Tian had not inflicted any actual harm on her.

The girl standing beside Chu Tian was stunned, taking half a day to pull out her cell phone from her pocket and tremblingly dial 120.

"Calling 120 is too late," Chu Jin quickly crouched down, took out a Golden Needle, and thrust it into various major acupoints on Chu Tian's body.

"Little Wu, come and hold her legs down. You, go buy a bottle of mineral water." The first sentence was directed at Yin Wu, the second at the girl.

With hardly any hesitation, the girl ran to the store to buy water, while Yin Wu crouched down to help Chu Jin, holding down Chu Tian's legs.

Chu Jin's composure in the face of danger impressed everyone, who just watched her, almost forgetting to breathe.

A few people even captured the moment with several stealthy photos.

Engaged in acupuncture, Chu Jin could only let them take their pictures.

Since she had chosen to accept the task, she would complete it well.

She would not take someone's life as a joke.

Ten minutes later.

Chu Tian slowly opened her eyes; when she saw Chu Jin standing opposite her, she sprang up, pushed through the crowd, and fled the cafeteria like escaping.

"I'm sorry." The girl beside Chu Jin bowed sincerely, "Chu Jin, I misunderstood you before, I hope you can forgive me."

This girl had not expected Chu Jin to actually save Chu Tian.

If she were Chu Jin, she probably couldn't be as magnanimous as Chu Jin.

She was truly conquered by Chu Jin.

Chu Jin's intelligence, looks, character, medical skills...

Every one of them was attracting her.

[Ding! You've gained 5% Faith Value!]

[Ding! Task completed, reward 20% Faith Value!]

One of the Faith Values came from this girl; Chu Jin looked up at her in slight surprise and uttered a few words, "Be more careful in the future."

With that, she walked out the door with Yin Wu.

The crowd also dispersed.

The girl called out to Chu Jin's retreating back, "Goddess, my name is Ji Qingqing."

Just when Ji Qingqing thought Chu Jin would not respond to her, Chu Jin turned back with a smile, her voice clear, "Okay."

Ji Qingqing jumped for joy. After Chu Jin was completely out of sight, she slapped her head in annoyance, "Ah! I forgot to ask for the goddess's phone number."

After leaving the cafeteria, Chu Jin did not head back to the dormitory immediately but followed Yin Wu out of the school gate.

The two parted ways at the intersection, with Yin Wu off to his part-time job, and Chu Jin heading to the hospital.

Chu Jin had not been to the hospital for quite a long time.

The door to the VIP ward was ajar. Just as she arrived outside, Chu Jin saw someone sitting by the patient's bed.

And there were faint sobs coming from within the ward.

Chu Jin pushed the door open with some confusion.

At the same time, the person sitting by the bed also turned around.

It was a very young woman.

Around twenty, dressed in a luxurious pale purple dress, with very bright features, an oval face, fine eyebrows, phoenix eyes, and cherry lips.

Her eyes were red and swollen, obviously having cried; it seemed she had not expected Chu Jin to come, and she stood up a little flustered, astonishment flashing in her eyes!

Chu Jin gave her a faint smile, "Excuse me, may I ask who you are?"

Chapter 592: do you know that I'm really worried about you?

The woman was initially taken aback, but then she stood up and wiped the tears from her face before slowly beginning to speak, "Hello, I am Ding Siyu."

Her voice was gentle, as if it could wring out water.

Ding Siyu.

A very familiar name. She had not mentioned which three characters it was, but Chu Jin's mind had already conjured the correct three characters.

The woman before her even gave Chu Jin a very familiar feeling, very affable, like an old friend crossing through time and space to meet.

But Chu Jin did not find any information related to Ding Siyu in her memories.

Clearly, the original owner had not met Ding Siyu before.

Yet, judging by Ding Siyu's reaction, she obviously knew Zhao Yan and also the real Chu Jin.

Ding Siyu seemed to notice Chu Jin's confusion and continued, "You are Zhao Yan Auntie's daughter, Chu Jin, right?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, her polite smile shallow, "I am Chu Jin, thank you for coming to see my mother."

For such a long time, Ding Siyu was the first person to actively come and visit Zhao Yan.

Moreover, Chu Jin could feel that Ding Siyu was truly heartbroken, she was crying for Zhao Yan.

Profound kindness and heavy obligation.

Moving beyond words.

"Eighteen years ago, Auntie Zhao Yan did me a favor, so it is only right for me to come see her..." As she spoke, Ding Siyu's voice gradually became hoarser, and she covered her mouth, "Only, I did not expect that when I saw Aunt Zhao again after eighteen years, she would have become like this..."

This explained why Chu Jin did not recognize Ding Siyu.

Lying in the bed, Zhao Yan's temples were already somewhat graying, with the years leaving too many traces on her.

Ding Siyu sobbed uncontrollably by the bedside, while Chu Jin stood behind her, gently patting her back, and in a soft voice comforted her, "Life is unpredictable, Miss Ding, don't be too sad. If my mom knew you came to see her, she would certainly be very consoled."

Chu Jin's voice was very light and soft but tinged with a special kind of magic that could make one feel comfortable in body and mind, suddenly enlightened.

Just like her entire being, bright and peerless, instantly captivating to anyone who saw her.

"Jin," Ding Siyu slowly looked up, her beautiful phoenix eyes swollen and red but not in the least disheveled, revealing a different kind of beauty. After uttering those two words, she seemed to realize her loss of composure and asked somewhat flustered, "May... may I address you that way?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, her demeanor casual and generous, "Of course you can."

"Thank you," said Ding Siyu, relieved, then asked, "Jin, you must be eighteen this year, right?"

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly, and after fixing the flowers by the bedside, she smiled gently, "I just finished my college entrance exams."

"That's great," Ding Siyu smiled softly, "Which school did you get into?"

Chu Jin, while opening the window to let in some fresh air, answered, "Capital University."

Upon hearing these four words, Ding Siyu's eyes flickered with astonishment.

Capital University is highly prestigious and not a place just anyone could get into.

Ding Siyu had not paid much attention to Chu Jin before, and this was her first time meeting her.

She never imagined that Chu Jin could get into Capital University.

If Zhao Yan were still lucid, she would probably be very happy, wouldn't she?

After all, every parent hopes their child will excel.

However, these days, Ding Siyu had heard a lot about the Zhao family business and had personally witnessed the Zhao family's gradual decline, and now its flourishing prosperity, and of course, this was all thanks to Zhao Yiling.

Zhao Yiling had changed drastically, like a completely different person, with incredibly resolute methods. In just one month, she went from a common wealthy daughter to the present National Goddess.

Famous throughout the entire internet.

Matching the popularity of "The Return of the Past."

Even more, she had dragged Sun Manjiao of the Sun family down into the dregs. The Sun family was now far from its former status as a centennial household.

"Jin, you are amazing." Ding Siyu gave a very fair assessment, the girl before her was no longer the meek and dejected heiress; she was beautiful, confident, Amiable, classy—a clear sign that she was no ordinary person.

As if reborn out of fire.

"Thank you," Chu Jin said with a slight smile, reaching for a cup of water to offer to Ding Siyu, "Miss Ding, please have some water."

Ding Siyu took the cup and sipped lightly, then looked up at Chu Jin with a tender voice, "Jin, I'm a few years older than you, if it's possible, could you call me sister?"

Just then, the door to the ward was suddenly pushed open.

Seven or eight men in black clothes came in and lined up orderly.

A flicker of fear passed through Ding Siyu's eyes as she instinctively shrank her shoulders.

"Who are you?" asked Chu Jin with a slight frown.

"Mrs. Good," the men in black did not respond to Chu Jin's question but instead bowed 90 degrees to Ding Siyu to greet her.

And it seemed that if Ding Siyu did not respond, they would remain bent over without standing up.

Ding Siyu twisted her hands nervously, biting her lip without speaking.

Chu Jin arched her eyebrows slightly, unclear about the situation before her.

"Sister," Ding Siyu reached out and grabbed Chu Jin's wrist, her eyes still rimmed with red.

"Sister, don't be afraid," Chu Jin patted Ding Siyu's hand.

The term sister was delivered as naturally as if she had been saying it countless times already.

"Yes," Ding Siyu nodded.

"Yuer," a deep male voice suddenly filled the air, like aged wine, full of flavor, its owner unseen yet his presence felt.

The next second, a tall figure materialized in the air, striding directly up to Ding Siyu. He embraced her swiftly, with the speed of lightning not giving one time to cover their ears, his voice filled with concern, "Yuer, you really scared me to death, why did you come out without telling me? Do you know how worried I was?" In his eyes, there was only indulgence.

Such was his demeanor, as if he wanted to bring the best of the entire world right before her.

Chapter 593:

Ding Siyu just stood in front of the man. It was unclear whether she was too short or the man was too tall, but standing beside him, she couldn't even reach his shoulder.

There was a height difference of about 35 centimeters between them.

When the man looked at her, his eyes were filled with indulgence and a strong desire to possess. However, Ding Siyu's eyes were filled with fear, unease, and avoidance.

"Look at me." The man reached out and firmly grasped Ding Siyu's chin, forcing her to look into his eyes.

He was very domineering, like a strict elder, exuding an oppressive aura. His dark eyes were filled with danger.

Ding Siyu looked at him and suddenly remembered their first encounter.

At that time, it was the first time she had met him.

Yet he had known her for many years.

They were husband and wife but also strangers, for there was no love between them.

Three years of marriage, sharing the same bed with different dreams, "respecting each other as guests."

Regarding their marriage, Ding Siyu could only describe it in four words.

Robbery and possession.

He was a person at the apex of the social pyramid, while she was merely a sacrificial offering for the interests of her family.

The man in front of her seemed to spoil her, to love her, but in reality, it was only possession and novelty that were playing tricks.

Between them, there was only exchange, not love.

This was a marriage of convenience.

"I'm sorry, it won't happen again..." After a moment, Ding Siyu looked at the man and said these words softly, her phoenix eyes filled with a thick mist.

In the presence of this person, Ding Siyu always felt like she didn't exist.

She was afraid of him.

Chu Jin could see a rich aura of harmony in their features, which was referred to as the "couple's look" in physiognomy.

However, their emotional journey was not smooth. They were clearly in love with each other, but neither would speak up.

There was still a long way to go. If they could get past this difficult path, they would eventually enjoy a lifetime of happiness, harmonious as the strings of a lute, with their children around them.

Since it was a matter between husband and wife, Chu Jin didn't intervene and found an excuse to temporarily leave the hospital room.

After Chu Jin left, the man waved his hand, and the black-clad men in the room also left without a trace.

The man pulled a cord, and suddenly a white curtain divided the hospital room. In the not-so-large space, only Ding Siyu and he remained.

The atmosphere became somewhat suffocating.

"I'm sorry..." Ding Siyu apologized again. She rarely had the chance to communicate with him, and whenever she spoke, the words she said most often were "uh-huh," "oh," and "I'm sorry."

As the man spoke, he stepped towards Ding Siyu. "I've said before, we're husband and wife. There's no need for apologies between us."

"I understand," Ding Siyu replied, not daring to look into his eyes. She stepped backward while retreating, "It won't happen again..."

She was always like this around him—always showing a fearful face, like a scared little white rabbit.

Ding Siyu kept retreating until her back hit the wall behind her, and then she stopped.

Suddenly, Ding Siyu thought of a term she saw on the internet a few days ago.

Wall slam.

This was usually a scene that occurred between the male and female protagonists.

But between him and her, there was only horror.

He was the male lead.

But she might not be the female lead.

"Say my name," the man suddenly leaned in.

"Say my name," the man repeated, raising his voice slightly, carrying a sense of authority.

Three years of marriage, and as far as he could recall, she had never called out his name.

Ding Siyu carefully lifted her gaze, her delicate phoenix eyes meeting the man's.

As their eyes locked, sparks flew.

Under his pressure, Ding Siyu slowly opened her mouth, "Han Zi..." but she couldn't finish saying the word...

Ding Siyu's mind went blank, almost unable to react.

The atmosphere in the hospital room quickly heated up.

Chu Jin stood outside the hospital room, looking down at her phone, her fingers typing rapidly on the English keyboard.

She was chatting with an editor.

Linglong Dice: "Dear, the book signing event date has been set, December 12."

Embroidered Rivers and Mountains: "...That soon?"

Now, there was less than a month left until Singles' Day.

Linglong Dice: "Yes, indeed, we must strike while the iron is hot. Your popularity is so high right now; the event will definitely be a huge success."

Some time had passed since the plagiarism incident, and "The Return of the Past" was growing increasingly recognized in the literary world.

Chu Jin's Weibo followers had increased to more than ninety million.

The author with the highest number of followers previously was Rainbow Dance.

With over thirty million followers, she was the number one in the author community. For an author, thirty million followers was already an astronomical figure.

But Chu Jin had outstripped her by an entire threefold.

One can only imagine what a fearsome existence she was.

Chu Jin looked at the message from the editor and slowly typed back "okay."

Lu Yan had been disgraced and was now living a life without a fixed abode, only able to find shelter in dark, damp basements.

As for Shen Lingtian, although he was still the head of the Shen Clan, his days were not easy. Almost every day, he received calls from investors pulling out their investments.

It was as if, unseen, hands were manipulating all this.

Shen Lingtian was no fool; he knew someone was targeting the Shen Clan from the shadows.

But oddly, whenever he tried to investigate, he found nothing.

As Shen Lingtian was fretting, he received a call.

"Hello, I am Zhao Yiling, the person in charge of the Zhao Group." The caller introduced themselves directly.

Chapter 594: is not an outsider.

Zhao Yiling.

As the person in charge of the Zhao Group, Shen Lingtian was familiar with this name, having heard many stories about her these days.

In the business world of Capital City, Zhao Yiling could be said to be a mythical presence.

Known to all, renowned by everyone.

She took less than a month to bring the Zhao Group from the brink of bankruptcy to the pinnacle of success.

In the current Capital City, aside from the stable first-place Mo Clan, the Zhao Group was the most eye-catching.

Recently, Zhao Yiling became famous all over the internet because of the National Goddess incident, known to every household, even outshining A-list celebrities. On Weibo, she had nearly ninety million followers, equal in fame to "The Return of the Past".

Zhao Yiling was not only an internet celebrity but also a representative of modern independent and intelligent businesswomen, becoming a role model for many.

She possessed not only capability and means, a business mind but also a kind heart.

She also embodied the true meaning of the phrase "rich in kindness".

The three characters Zhao Yiling represented not just a person, but hope and light.

Shen Lingtian's hand, holding the phone, shook subconsciously, even thinking he was hallucinating. How could someone as unattainable as Zhao Yiling be calling him?

Could it be a scammer?

He knew many noble ladies from Capital City's elite, but he had never met Zhao Yiling.

Especially now, with the Shen Group on the verge of bankruptcy, twenty Shen Groups were not comparable to a single Zhao Group.

Shen Lingtian, having weathered many storms, quickly calmed down. Zhao Yiling's call at such a time couldn't be bad news. Perhaps, the young lady was moved by his title of "A Man of Lasting Affection."

No matter how mythical Zhao Yiling was, she was, after all, just an eighteen-year-old girl with a likely pure and naive heart, easy to deceive.

Perhaps, Zhao Yiling was the next Qin Jie.

A stepping stone to help him ascend to heaven.

"Hello, this is Shen Lingtian." Shen Lingtian's voice sounded calm, but inside, his heart was already in turmoil.

The female voice on the other end of the phone was incredibly soft. Just listening to this beautiful voice, one could tell that the owner must have a stunningly beautiful face.

After a brief explanation of her purpose, Zhao Yiling continued, "If Mr. Shen has considered it, I welcome you to sign the contract at the CEO's office on the top floor of the Zhao Building tomorrow at 11 a.m."

Shen Lingtian didn't reply. As a businessman, he knew well that there are no pies in the sky. Why would Zhao Yiling extend a hand to him for no reason? Could it really be as simple as her liking him?

Confident as he was, Shen Lingtian was not foolish.

As if understanding Shen Lingtian's concerns, a light laugh came through the phone, soft and penetrating to the marrow. Zhao Yiling stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows on the top floor, overlooking the scenery below, her lips curling up in a determined arc as she slowly said, "Mr. Shen... partnership, mutual benefit."

Without cooperation, the Shen Clan had almost no options left and would go bankrupt in three days.

"What makes me believe you?" Shen Lingtian asked in return.

"You don't have to believe me," Zhao Yiling's smile did not fade as she continued, "The Shen Clan is also considered a century-old enterprise in Capital City. It would be a pity if it went bankrupt just like that, due to someone's scheming..."

One sentence, two meanings.

The first layer: The Shen Clan had reached this point due to someone's scheming.

The second layer: The current situation of the Shen Clan was a foregone conclusion, and it was impossible to turn things around. Apart from Zhao Yiling herself, almost no one else could help Shen Lingtian.

Zhao Yiling's intention was very clear.

"Why do you want to help me?" Ling Tian's voice was filled with wariness. Nobody knew the current situation of Shen Group except for himself. How did Zhao Yiling know that Shen Group had been schemed against by someone despicable?

Perhaps it was Zhao Yiling who had plotted against him. With the current strength of Zhao Group, bringing down Shen Group would be a simple matter.

Ling Tian narrowed his eyes slightly, a sharp glint flashing across them.

This must be Zhao Yiling's strategy of playing the villain before playing the saint, wanting to make Shen Group submit to her.

Zhao Yiling, who was extremely clever, guessed Ling Tian's thoughts in an instant. A dismissive smile appeared on her lips, "Mr. Shen, don't overthink it. Even if the insignificant Shen Group were handed to me on a silver platter, I wouldn't spare it a second glance."

Zhao Yiling's words were full of arrogance, but at this moment, she indeed had the capital to back it up.

Ling Tian's complexion changed. No man likes being trampled underfoot by a woman, especially someone as chauvinistic as Ling Tian.

Women, as creatures, are born to live in reliance upon men.

"Mr. Shen," the soft, gentle voice on the phone came through again, "We both have a common enemy. Only by forming an alliance between Shen and Zhao can we reach the highest peak. Rest assured, I have no interest in your Shen Group whatsoever."

"Do you know who is behind this?" At this point, Ling Tian had completely calmed down; however, he was a bit puzzled about who would target Shen Group and, from what Zhao Yiling's words implied, not just Shen Group but... Zhao Group as well.

Someone actually had the audacity to target Zhao Group.

The power of this person behind the scenes must be terrifying! "Of course," said the confident voice on the other end.

"Who is IT?" Ling Tian immediately asked, even lightening his breath a little, afraid of missing a single word.

For the past month, he had spent a lot of manpower and financial resources but had not found any useful information.

"It's Chu Jin." Zhao Yiling spoke slowly, and when she said the last two syllables, a thick, sinister look passed through her beautiful eyes.

"...Chu Jin?" Ling Tian was stunned for a moment before saying, "You mean, Chu Family's Miss, Chu Jin?"

"Yes, her," Zhao Yiling's voice didn't seem to change.

Upon hearing this, Ling Tian chuckled, "You mean Jin? Impossible..."

After all, Chu Jin was just a young girl in her teens, and a noble lady fallen on hard times living at another's mercy. How could she possibly have the capability to bring Shen Group to its current state in just a month?

Moreover, he knew Chu Jin. She had helped him before. If it weren't for her, he probably would have been hounded by evil spirits by now. How could Chu Jin do something like this to him?

Regarding Chu Jin, aside from admiration, what Ling Tian felt was trust.

Chu Jin had come to his aid, therefore, he trusted her.

"Mr. Shen," Zhao Yiling spoke again, her voice still gentle, "Don't underestimate my cousin. She's quite capable. As for you, you're just a pawn in her hands, happily counting money for her even after she's sold you out."

"Miss Zhao, stop joking," Ling Tian responded casually, "Although I'm down on my luck, I still have my wits about me. You and Jin are sisters, so why speak ill of her? Jin has just graduated from high school and probably can't even understand the most basic financial statement, right?"

In other words, how could a student who has just finished high school have the ability to cause a well-established century-old enterprise to collapse? Isn't that a joke?

Could it be there's some discord between these two sisters, and Zhao Yiling wants to use me as a pawn?

All sorts of things can happen in wealthy families.

But he, Ling Tian, would definitely not stoop to being a pawn for others. In response, Zhao Yiling was very calm, then continued, "Mr. Shen, are you aware of theking Technologies Co., Ltd.?"

In Capital City now, besides the Mo Clan and Zhao Clan, the next big thing is the rising industry, theking.

The products under theking are immensely popular among the contemporary youth. The company's operations are gradually getting on track, and making a name for itself in Capital City is just a matter of time.

Qin Zhenglin's name has also been on the rise due to theking's development, and his methods are exceedingly fierce. In just a few months, he has become a powerful figure in the business world.

But Qin Zhenglin was not the true BOSS of theking; he was merely working for someone else.

No one had ever seen the person pulling the strings behind theking. This individual was shrouded in secrecy; no one knew if they were male or female, or how old they were. The mastermind behind theking was the one truly skilled, for no matter how many people spent a fortune trying to poach Qin Zhenglin, all were refused.

Shen Lingtian himself had personally spoken with Qin Zhenglin, even offering a salary twenty times that of theking to hire him, but Qin Zhenglin still turned it down.

It wasn't just Qin Zhenglin.

Almost no employee, from the top to the bottom of the king, was willing to switch jobs and leave their position.

That was the true mark of success for a company's founder.

The outside world, along with many people, was curious about who the founder of the king was.

Shen Lingtian was also very curious.

However, why was Zhao Yiling bringing this up out of the blue? What did the king have to do with this matter?

Shen Lingtian narrowed his eyes, and then said, "Of course, I know about the king."

"Chu Jin is the founder of the king," Zhao Yiling stated very calmly.

Chu Jin was the founder of the king?

How could that be!?

In that moment, Shen Lingtian almost thought he was hallucinating.

Shen Lingtian collected his thoughts and then said, "Ms. Zhao, are you joking?"

"Joking?" Zhao Yiling gently curved her lips, "Why would I joke? Does Mr. Shen find this matter amusing, or is it that you dare not admit the truth? After all, it's not very flattering for a big man like you to have been completely played by a young girl."

Shen Lingtian was proud and conceited, he never took women seriously, so how could he easily believe that he had been deceived by a high school senior girl? Zhao Yiling's comment cut to the quick.

Upon hearing this, Shen Lingtian's expression instantly turned cold. The memories of his encounters with Chu Jin flashed through his mind, and his eyes narrowed dangerously, filled with menace.

Could it be that he'd underestimated Chu Jin right from the start and misplaced his trust in her?

"If I'm not mistaken, Chu Jin must have given you something that needed to be carried on your person, right?" Zhao Yiling continued, "Doesn't Mr. Shen find some of the events that have occurred to be too peculiar? Out of the blue, how could your video with Ms. Lü have been leaked? And how could Ms. Lü's masterpiece have been published by someone else right before its release?"

Hearing Zhao Yiling's words, Shen Lingtian subconsciously looked toward his right wrist where, he noticed, the Buddha Beads he had been wearing were now mysteriously missing.

Yes, all these things happened too strangely.

Moreover, they occurred after he met Chu Jin.

To be precise, it was after he put on those Buddha Beads. Chu Jin was already a master of occult arts with considerable expertise. It wouldn't be difficult for her to tamper with the Buddha Beads.

Most importantly, after all these events, the Buddha Beads had disappeared.

Shen Lingtian's face grew darker and darker.

However, what he couldn't figure out was why Chu Jin would target him when they had no disputes or hatred. It made no sense for Chu Jin to just target him for no reason.

He couldn't just take Zhao Yiling's word for it.

Chu Jin had no motive to do such a thing. However, Zhao Yiling, as if she knew what Shen Lingtian was thinking, continued, "This matter is related to Qin Jie. If I'm not wrong, Qin Jie's death wasn't as simple as it seemed, and Chu Jin came specifically to seek justice for Qin Jie."

This also explained the real reason why Chu Jin targeted Shen Lingtian.

Shen Lingtian was just an ordinary mortal and naturally couldn't accept the idea of something as contrary to nature as rebirth. If she said too much, she might scare him off; therefore, Zhao Yiling did not elaborate further on the matter of Chu Jin.

Upon hearing this, Shen Lingtian's face turned from green to white. The events of the past few days, like a movie reel, unfolded before his eyes one scene after another.

Upon reflection, Chu Jin's behavior was indeed very suspicious.

He had come to completely believe Zhao Yiling's words.

"Mr. Shen," continued Zhao Yiling, "I have no need to deceive you, and the Shen Clan holds no benefits that I desire. I simply can't stand by and watch you being deceived. Now that we share a common enemy, we must face them together. I believe that as long as we join forces, we can certainly bring down Chu Jin."

Zhao Yiling's words were reasonable.

Shen Lingtian was also self-aware; the Shen Clan was insignificant to Zhao Yiling. She had no need to go to such lengths for the sake of the Shen Clan.

"Fine," thinking this over, Shen Lingtian slowly exhaled the word and then said, "I agree to cooperate with you."

"Mr. Shen is indeed a wise man," Zhao Yiling said with a satisfied light chuckle, "I will have finance arrange it right away. Tomorrow, at Zhao Group, let's not miss the meeting."

"Let's not miss the meeting."

Less than a minute after Shen Lingtian hung up the phone, his computer received a notification from the bank.

Someone had transferred one billion to the corporate account of the Shen Clan through a private-to-corporate transaction.

This one billion successfully averted Shen Clan's immediate crisis.

Without a doubt, this billion must have been transferred by Zhao Yiling's order.

Zhao Yiling really was a woman of her word, her sincerity was abundant; Shen Lingtian narrowed his eyes slightly, not minding Zhao Yiling's motives, just this billion alone was enough to trust her unconditionally.

It was just that Chu Jin was really beyond his expectations.

He had never imagined that the person behind all this would be Chu Jin!

A person he had never taken seriously.

Indeed... appearances can be deceiving.

He had almost fallen into the trap set by this young woman!

A hint of ruthlessness flashed in Shen Lingtian's eyes.

The hospital.

Chu Jin stood outside the ward, dressed today in a very simple white dress. It was pure white, without a single decoration on it, and the hem was very long, reaching past the ankles. The dress, although simple, did not lack grandeur or brilliance, something not just anyone could carry off.

Yet ironically, the one wearing this dress was Chu Jin, whose own radiance outshone the dress. With a face as delicate as jade, she wore the plain white yet seemed overpoweringly beautiful.

Just quietly standing there, she became a painting that made passersby unable to look away.

After chatting with the editor for a while, Chu Jin put away her phone. Just then, the door to the ward opened, and Han Zixiu stepped out with his hands in his pockets, swaggering with an imposing aura that was impossible to ignore.

Ding Siyu followed closely behind, her lips swollen, clearly indicating to any observant person what unspeakable things had happened inside the room.

Han Zixiu stepped forward with big strides and Ding Siyu followed, suppressing the shyness on her face and speaking in a gentle voice, "Jin, from now on, we're friends, right?"

"Of course," Chu Jin nodded slightly and said with a soft smile, "Since I've called you 'sister,' I naturally don't consider you an outsider."

Chu Jin felt an incredibly familiar affection towards Ding Siyu, truly treating her as a sister.

Perhaps this was what they called fate. Some people know, with just one look, that in their future life, this person will definitely have a profound connection with them.

Chapter 595: Lu Yan's Fate

Chu Jin could see that calmness on Ding Siyu's face, which carried no desires or wants.

Unlike most people in this world, she truly had no desires or wants.

Helplessly, she dreamt of living a carefree life, yet she was always trapped within the golden pavilion.

Regrettably, Ding Siyu did not know that her current life, seemingly dull and tasteless, was actually the life many dreamt of, even to the point where some people would spend their entire lives, using all their wiles, unable to attain such a life.

"Jin, thank you," Ding Siyu said, taking Chu Jin's hand and thanking her earnestly. Her brows and eyes were tender, and her smile was like that of a caring older sister, full of charisma.

Ding Siyu could feel Chu Jin's enthusiasm and knew that she was not being insincere.

For Chu Jin to act this way toward a stranger she just met was truly rare.

Chu Jin was the first friend she had made in this world, and she was different from others. Some befriended her to get close to Han Zixiu, some for monetary gains, while others did so out of regard for Han Zixiu's power. In Chu Jin's eyes, Ding Siyu saw no trace of worldly concern; her eyes were pure and clean, brimming with good intentions and sparkling with vitality, making it very comfortable for one to look at and difficult to look away.

Meeting such a friend in her lifetime was her fortune.

Ding Siyu made up her mind that she would cherish this friendship in the future.

It must be said, Chu Jin had undergone a tremendous change. Perhaps, this was the best version of her.

Chu Jin had lived her life to the fullest.

The most infamous wastrel of Capital City turned into a talented young lady envied by all.

Such a magnificent transformation was not something everyone could achieve.

She couldn't. What was most valuable was that Chu Jin still retained her innocence and did not become arrogant or conceited because of her transformation. The smile on Ding Siyu's lips gradually grew wider and also spread to Chu Jin.

The two young women laughed and chatted together, their stunning beauty creating a splendid scene, drawing many onlookers to turn their heads.

Some of the passing patients, while watching them, even forgot the torment of their illnesses.

Han Zixiu stood aside, his attractive lips curling into a pleased arc. For the first time in three years, he saw a genuine smile from the heart on Ding Siyu's face, which was so beautiful it made his heart flutter.

The appearance of this girl might well be a turning point for Ding Siyu.

With this thought, Han Zixiu strode forward with long steps, walked up to the two women, and naturally put his arm around Ding Siyu's shoulders, stretching out his hand to Chu Jin, "Hello, I am Han Zixiu."

Seemingly not expecting Han Zixiu to make such a move, Ding Siyu looked up at him in surprise.

In her memory, Han Zixiu had always been someone who looked down on everything. Of course, he had the capital to do so. Han Zixiu rarely took the initiative to be friendly, but at this moment, he was introducing himself to Chu Jin with such formality.

Could it be... he had taken a liking to Chu Jin?

Indeed, someone as exceedingly beautiful as Chu Jin could stir her own heart, let alone a man like Han Zixiu.

If Han Zixiu really fancied Chu Jin, then would she be able to gain her freedom?

The dream she had always yearned for might now be realized, but for some reason, there was a heaviness in her heart, making it difficult to breathe—an odd sensation.

"Hello, Chu Jin," Chu Jin replied, reaching out and gently holding onto Han Zixiu's fingertips.

"Going forward, I'll have to rely on Miss Chu to look after Siyu," Han Zixiu said unhurriedly as he withdrew his hand, his tone serious. Being an experienced judge of character, he naturally knew that Chu Jin was no ordinary person. It was his honor as well that Ding Siyu could make such an acquaintance.

Chu Jin politely smiled, "Mr. Han, you flatter me."

Han Zixiu, still holding Ding Siyu, simply smiled without a word.

Ding Siyu felt somewhat uncomfortable and wriggled her body, but Han Zixiu tightened his grip.

Ding Siyu found it amusing internally—Han Zixiu was indeed greedy, showing kindness towards Chu Jin while expressing such ambiguous closeness with her.

In fact, on certain matters, Han Zixiu behaved quite gentlemanly.

At least, throughout the three years of their marriage, he had never forced her.

Therefore, she was still a virgin.

This was the one aspect of Han Zixiu that Ding Siyu could appreciate.

Today's kiss was an accident and also their first, but strangely, she did not resist it.

After saying goodbye to Ding Siyu and Han Zixiu, Chu Jin proceeded to the patient room, closed the door, took out a Golden Needle from her space, and performed a set of acupuncture on Zhao Yan.

For Zhao Yan.

Chu Jin felt a sense of guilt; she had taken over Chu Jin's body but had not fulfilled the duties of a child.

Given Zhao Yan's current state, with the help of Soul Resurrection Grass, she would wake up and be no different from an ordinary person.

But she...

Chu Jin watched Zhao Yan lying on the sickbed and found herself caught in a dilemma.

She could not betray her love for a single Soul Resurrection Grass.

But is this fair to Zhao Yan?

Zhao Yan clearly had the chance to survive...

"Jin, don't be too hard on yourself," Zi from the Purple Thunder Space suddenly spoke up, "you've sacrificed far more than Zhao Yan has."

Zhao Yan was in a vegetative state, that was her fate.

The arrival of Chu Jin was an unexpected factor. Although Zi really wanted Chu Jin to agree to Mo Qianjue's demand.

After all, only by doing so could he have the hope to keep on living.

But at this moment, he couldn't bring himself to utter the words that would persuade Chu Jin to compromise.

Just like he had said, Chu Jin had given up far more than anybody else.

Chu Jin lowered her gaze, her eyes brimming with myriad thoughts, though she remained silent.

Since her rebirth, it was the first time she felt so lost in life.

The sky was getting darker.

After explaining some things to the caregiver, Chu Jin left the hospital.

The Capital City at night was lit up with beautiful neon lights; although the lights were bright, they couldn't warm the heart.

Tomorrow was Saturday.

Chu Jin didn't need to return to school. Affected by Zhao Yan's incident, her thoughts were in disarray, and currently, she didn't want to go back to Huagui Park; wandering in the bustling downtown area, amidst the coming and going of people, Chu Jin felt for the first time how insignificant she truly was.

Like a speck of dust in the universe.

Inconsequential.

Walking on.

She came to a quiet place.

Ahead, a few children were playing, with several adults chatting behind them.

A woman with a pale complexion and ragged clothes followed the children from a distance, her eyes fixed on them.

Her gaze was intense.

Suddenly, one of the kids threw a drink bottle in the direction of a trash can.

Seeing this, the woman's eyes lit up; she darted forward, about to pick up the plastic bottle...

But a foot slammed down on her fingers.

Grinding down hard.

"New here, huh? You dare to snatch things on my turf!" The owner of the foot was a middle-aged woman with yellowed teeth, large in stature, her voice rough and fierce, wearing a discolored men's Armani T-shirt.

The children and adults walked further away, turning a blind eye to this bullying of the weak by the strong.

"Mom," one of the kids said, twisting their head, "is that auntie being bullied by a bad person? Should we go help her?"

The young mother pulled the child away, speaking sternly, "Children should not meddle in others' business!"

The child, unwilling to be dragged away, continued, "But the teacher taught us that good children should help others."

The woman clearly looked like she was being bullied.

"What kind of nonsense is helping others! Do you have mush for brains? Be careful she doesn't accuse you; we better stay as far away from these people as possible!" The young mother, while walking, lectured the child, "Son, let me tell you, when you come across these situations, make sure you don't get involved! Especially with those falling elderly, never rashly help! Your father and I are just wage earners, we can't afford to get mixed up in their troubles! If you get accused, even selling you off won't cover the loss for our family!"

In today's society, there are more and more bad people, and some education must start from infancy. "But the teacher said..."

"What teacher! Your teacher just talks without feeling the pain! Only knows how to say pretty words! Get her to help someone and let's see! What kind of teacher, isn't this misleading the youth?"

The child stopped talking, seemingly having been convinced by the mother's words. Humans are innately good at heart.

Unfortunately, that inherent goodness is sometimes strangled in the cradle.

Indifference prevailed.

The oppression continued unabated, the large middle-aged woman grabbed the thin woman's hair, viciously saying, "Dare to steal on my turf, you must be tired of living!"

In every industry, it is the survival of the strongest.

The scavengers were no exception.

The large middle-aged woman was the boss of this turf.

A boss established through fighting.

The thin woman looked at her, her eyes full of humiliation and resentment.

She never imagined that one day she would fall to such depths.

A tiger, when it descends to the plains, is bullied by dogs.

"Yo! Still daring to glare at your mother?" A plump middle-aged woman 'smack' dealt the girl a slap across the face.

Crisp and loud.

The girl's face instantly bore a swollen red handprint.

Utterly abject.

"You little bitch, if you dare come to my turf again, see if I don't beat you 'til even your mom doesn't recognize you!"

As the middle-aged woman spoke, she snatched at the bag in the frail girl's hand.

The frail girl, of course, resisted, clutching tightly to the bag in her hand, which contained some recyclables, some reusable, and some that could be taken to a recycling station for money.

Now, her survival depended on these scraps.

"Let go, you little bitch!" The middle-aged woman kicked out fiercely, landing heavily on the girl's chest, the force so great that the girl was kicked to the ground, but she still clung to her bag, which tore open from the great force, spilling its contents.

Trash scattered all over the ground.

Plastic bottles.

Worn clothes.

Rotted apples.

And some old baby clothes.

To ordinary people, this might just be a pile of trash, but to a scavenger, it was a precious treasure.

The frail girl frantically tried to protect these items, tears of near despair streaming down, "Don't, don't take my stuff, it's mine..." her voice already hoarse.

The middle-aged woman clearly had the upper hand.

She took all the good items for herself and put them in her own bag, and she didn't stop there—she continued to beat and kick the frail girl.

The frail girl had almost no room to fight back, only using her hands to protect her belly.

Chu Jin just stood by, watching everything unfold, her lips curling into a cool, faint smile.

The frail girl was none other than Lu Yan.

Lu Yan, who had done all kinds of evil, was now getting her just deserts; she probably never expected she would come to this point, did she?

From the high and mighty head of the Lu family, to a street scavenger.

Now, she was grappling with someone over a pile of garbage, completely without dignity. If one hadn't seen it with their own eyes, they would have doubted that this was once one of "The Two Talents of Capital City".

"You little bitch, still trying to fight back? I'll beat you to death, you whore!" The middle-aged woman raised her foot and kicked viciously at Lu Yan.

"Stop, I beg you," Lu Yan curled up on the ground, hands tightly covering her abdomen, her complexion deathly pale, "I dare not anymore, don't hurt my child..."

A child?!

Chu Jin was shocked. Lu Yan was pregnant?

In the memories of her past life, Lu Yan never managed to have a child. How come now...

Chu Jin stood at a distance, her gaze shifting to Lu Yan's abdomen, her eyebrows slightly furrowed. Lu Yan was actually pregnant! Moreover, the embryo in her belly was very healthy.

The wailing of Lu Yan grew louder and louder.

Without time to think too deeply, Chu Jin swiftly moved in front of Lu Yan and grabbed the wrist of the middle-aged woman, stopping the fatal blow.

The middle-aged woman's eyes bulged with fury as she scolded, "Who's this wild girl! Daring to meddle in my business!"

Chu Jin calmly looked up and coldly spat out one word, "Scram!"

In an instant, a powerful and intimidating aura burst from her, chilling to the bone, silencing even loud breaths. Both the middle-aged woman and Lu Yan were effectively subdued by the aura emanating from Chu Jin.

The person before them looked young, but it was clear she was no ordinary person.

She was not just a young girl, but a demon who crawled out of hell.

The middle-aged woman cowered, pulling her wrist free from Chu Jin's grip, not even bothering to grab her belongings, she ran off quickly.

"Thank you!" Lu Yan got up from the ground, looking at Chu Jin, barely able to hold her gaze, feeling inferior in the presence of such an exceptional person.

There was a time when she too had been that exceptional.

But alas...

Chu Jin glanced at her, her serene face betraying little emotion. Even facing Lu Yan again, she could not suppress the towering hatred in her heart.

She could not forget that great fire.

She also could not forget the so-called "sisterly affection." She was no saint, and felt no pity for Lu Yan.

The only reason Chu Jin had helped her was for the sake of the unborn child's life.

After all, children are innocent.

Children cannot choose their own birth.

Furthermore, sometimes living is more painful than dying!

Zhao Group.

CEO's office on the top floor.

Zhao Yiling sat beside the computer, opened the search engine, and slowly typed three words.

Mo Zhixuan.

The first result displayed on the computer read, "According to legal provisions, some information is not displayed."

Next up was the official website of Mo Group.

It briefly introduced that Mo Zhixuan was the CEO of Mo Group.

Age: none.

Photo: none.

Utterly mysterious.

Zhao Yiling meticulously reviewed the information she had found.

She refused to miss a single detail. Zhao Yiling never thought that one day, she would be using this method to try to get the latest news about Mo Zhixuan.

Irony, sheer irony.

The corners of Zhao Yiling's mouth curled in a scornful arc.

When she reached the last message, Zhao Yiling was drawn to a forum post.

She clicked on it without hesitation.

About Mo Zhixuan, no matter what, she was extremely concerned.

Unfortunately, in the end, Mo Zhixuan betrayed her.

So unfeeling.

For a Chu Jin, he actually betrayed her.

Tears began to well up in the corners of Zhao Yiling's eyes, but she held them back, not letting them fall.

She had been foolish once before.

She would not be foolish again.

Some things, if she can't have them, then no one else should dream of having them either.

As for those that can't be obtained—

It's better to destroy them.

Zhao Yiling closed the computer, her lips curving in an enigmatic smile, took a pair of scissors, and stood before a potted plant, hands moving, branches falling.

Her face was filled with ferocity, her features already contorted.

In less than two minutes, the potted plant had become bare.

"Chu Jin! I vow to tear you to pieces!" At the last two words, Zhao Yiling cut the whole plant down to the roots.

As if the plant before her was not a plant, but Chu Jin herself.

She vented all her hatred on that plant.

Zhao Yiling had already laid out her grand revenge scheme, and had completely understood the causes and consequences of the events. This time, Chu Jin was truly finished.

Considering this, the smirk on the corners of Zhao Yiling's lips began to widen gradually.

Triumphant to the extreme.

Unbeknownst to Chu Jin, she should get ready to welcome this grand gift from her.

Chapter 596: whose tractor is this?

Zhao Yiling was no longer the Zhao Yiling of that time.

She had made enough preparations to deal with Chu Jin, and in her hand, she held two trump cards.

Two trump cards sufficient to plunge Chu Jin into the abyss of hell.

Zhao Yiling not only wanted to take everything that belonged to Chu Jin, but she also wanted to let her experience the torment of complete disfigurement, of being skinned and deboned.

Zhao Yiling wanted everyone to know that no matter in which world, she could live a prosperous life.

She was destined to be the one in the limelight.

Chu Jin wandered under the night sky, moving forward aimlessly. Her grand revenge plan was already half completed. Now, only Shen Lingtian remained. The plan was still in progress, and the day when Shen Lingtian would be utterly disgraced was not far away.

However, she felt no relief, nor did she feel the slightest sense of satisfaction from avenging her great enemies.

She came for revenge, and now that she had fulfilled her past life's wish, her life seemed to lose its meaning.

What should she do next?

Where to go?

What was left in her life?

Initially, she was Qin Jie.

In the end, Qin Jie died, and she became Chu Jin.

Chu Jin.

She gained a lot under this identity.

Kinship, love, friendship, and camaraderie from schoolmates.

Plus an alias: a Tarot master.

But did these things truly belong to her?

If one day she lost this body, then who would she be?

A wave of sorrow spread throughout her body.

...

"Jin bro," sensing the change in her host's mood, Zi spoke up anxiously.

Actually, Zi wanted to say that there were many beautiful people and things in this world.

But this was her host's inner tribulation, which she had to face on her own.

A thought of life, a thought of death.

A thread of demon, a thread of Buddha.

Life or death, Buddha or demon, it all depended on her single thought.

Of course, what she faced was not just these.

"I'm fine," Chu Jin said faintly as she watched Lu Yan limp away. Her features were clean-cut, and her expression was as usual.

Zi continued, "Jin bro, tomorrow is short, don't think too much." Tomorrow is short, one should cherish life because only one day in the future you will realize, every minute you wasted when you were young is what you'll long for in your later years.

"Mm." Chu Jin's lips pursed, and her jade-like features hidden in the night seemed somewhat hazy.

There was no moon or stars in the sky.

The night was profoundly heavy.

Only the faint glow of street lamps allowed her to see the surroundings clearly.

Chu Jin walked step by step, her pace seemingly slow yet each step carried the wind.

Unknowingly, she stopped at the entrance of a mausoleum.

Wind Mausoleum.

The cemetery at night was silent; not a soul was around, with occasional inexplicable noises.

Wind Mausoleum was where she was buried.

In that man-made blaze, the only remains of her skeleton were buried here.

Since her rebirth, this was the first time she had set foot in this place.

She walked forward slowly, a breeze rising, lifting her ebony hair that shone attractively, intermingling in the air, the collision of black and white, strikingly beautiful to the beholder.

Upon entering the cemetery, from a distance, Chu Jin saw a tall figure standing in front of a tombstone.

Chu Jin halted her steps, lifting her gaze toward the figure, several graves separating them, a distance of possibly seven or eight hundred meters.

By the shape of the silhouette, it was clear to see it was a man, a mysterious man.

Even though it was the hot summer season, he wore a knee-length black coat, black boots on his feet, and a black hat pressed down on his head, concealing his features, leaving only a slender jawline and a slightly protruding Adam's apple visible.

A chilling aura emanated from his entire being.

It was intimidating, leaving others reluctant to approach.

Even though she couldn't see the man's features clearly, Chu Jin subconsciously felt he was very familiar.

Behind him was a woman dressed in blue, with a tall figure. Her features weren't too striking, but she possessed a pure and clean temperament that was particularly captivating.

Just one glance was enough to tell that neither the man nor the woman was ordinary.

There they stood in front of the tombstone, neither speaking a word. After a moment, the man reached out to take a bunch of fresh flowers the woman handed him, placing them in front of the tombstone, then he bowed deeply.

It was a bunch of glorious peonies, blooming under the night sky, their beauty as striking as the king of flowers.

In a previous life, peonies were her favorites.

Lotuses signified nobility.

Plum blossoms, strong character.

Orchids, virtue.

Chrysanthemums, purity.

But she loved only peonies, for their true national beauty, for their furious bloom. Peonies needed no fancy words to enchant, they could captivate on sight alone.

People said peonies were too common.

But it was their very commonality she fell in love with, for only the common is real. Only the common can outshine all others, becoming the king among flowers.

Yet, few knew of her affection for peonies. Even her close friends, whom she saw daily, were never aware. How did this stranger of a man know?

She did not recognize the two people before her, never having met them before.

Chu Jin furrowed her brows slightly, watching the two figures by the grave, her mind swirling with thoughts. In her past life, she had been a literary master, accumulating quite a few fans. Could these two be among her fans?

But they didn't look the part.

Who were they... really?

Chu Jin stood there from afar, and despite the long distance between them, she could still feel the sorrow emanating from the man.

Powerlessness, regret, repression...

"Xuanyuan, it's getting late," the blue-dressed woman behind the man mentioned with a smooth tone, much calmer than the man's emotional state.

Indeed, the two were Ling Que and Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Since the day Ling Que laid their cards on the table, their relationship hadn't changed much. They interacted as before, with Xuanyuan Shangchen's heart harboring only that one person, while Ling Que still loved only him.

Yet Xuanyuan Shangchen was blind to it.

"You go back first," Xuanyuan Shangchen spoke, his voice somewhat muffled and hoarse.

Two voices, one male, one female.

They reached Chu Jin's ears, sounding so unfamiliar. She was certain she didn't recognize either of them.

"I'll stay with you," Ling Que spoke softly, uttering merely three words.

In this life, she ultimately succumbed to the two words "Jun Huang".

Xuanyuan Shangchen loved to the point of obsession, succumbing to his affliction.

And she, couldn't she be described the same, sinking into the mire, unable to extricate herself?

If possible, she would rather go back and never have come at all.

Chu Jin's ears twitched, capturing each word of their conversation, which sounded as though they knew her from before. But she had never met them before, and deep within her mind, a flicker of memory seemed forgotten.

"Zi, who are they?" Chu Jin asked in a muted voice, communicating with Zi in the space of the purple lightning using her consciousness.

For some reason, Chu Jin was reminded of the system's warning.

The backlash of the Heavenly Dao.

Plus the words of Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingcheng.

She is someone abandoned by the Heavenly Dao.

Do these things have anything to do with the two people before her?

"Sorry, big brother Jin," Zi frowned slightly, then continued, "I can't figure out who they really are either."

The big BOSSes of human society seemed to be growing in number.

For the first time, Zi felt her own insignificance.

"However, one thing is certain, they bear no ill will towards you, and they're not bad people, so don't worry." The only thing he, as a man, could determine was that these two individuals were not bad people.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, looking at the tall, straight silhouette not far away, seeing no particular emotion in her clear, bottomless peach blossom-like pupils.

"Wait for me." Standing beneath the night sky, the man's gaze was fixedly on the gravestone ahead, his eyes lingered on the faded photograph.

The person in the photo still wore a smile, and a small red birthmark above the left eyebrow added a touch of brightness to their otherwise plain face.

Then the man, as though he had made some sort of decision, bowed deeply to the cold gravestone.

The man's departing figure carried a hint of hermit-like loneliness.

The wind seemed to grow stronger, swirling the scattered leaves on the ground; the leaves and the breeze entangled in midair, refusing to fall.

It was unclear whether it was the breeze that was indifferent or the leaves that were unfeeling.

Chu Jin could only feel her vision blurring, an inexplicable sadness overwhelming her entire body.

In the instant the man turned to leave, the blue-robed woman who had been following behind him suddenly looked up, glancing in Chu Jin's direction, her lips curving into a clear arc of a smile.

Trouble was coming.

The four characters flashed across Chu Jin's mind.

Clearly, the blue-robed woman had noticed her presence a long time ago.

Chu Jin slightly raised her chin, meeting the blue-robed woman's almost provocative gaze head-on, unflinching, radiating a ruler's dominance.

The blue-robed woman seemed taken aback for a few seconds, but quickly averted her gaze and hurried to catch up with the man's steps.

Chu Jin became even more curious about the identities of these two people.

As their figures receded further and further into the night until they vanished, Chu Jin began to walk toward the grave.

Stopping in front of her own grave, her white dress had merged with the colors of the night.

Visiting her own grave,

It was something she had never contemplated before.

A sense of sourness slowly permeated her emotions.

How ironic.

Looking at the plain face on the gravestone, her lips curled into a faint smile.

It was a shallow smile, tinged with a light mockery.

The mocking faded slowly, and a layer of dangerous coldness crept into her clear-cut eyes.

The red birthmark on the left side of her brow, under the veil of the night, displayed endless charm.

With closer observation, one would find that the position of the red birthmark on Chu Jin's eyebrow was identical to the one on the person in the photo, not a hair's breadth different.

By the time Chu Jin left, it was already the middle of the night.

She wandered alone leisurely along the streets.

With the night at its deepest, besides a few drunk ruffians, the streets were nearly empty.

With her beautiful appearance, she naturally attracted the lecherous gazes of the ruffians, but not a single one dared to truly approach her.

As she passed a barbecue stall, Chu Jin bought three cans of chilled beer.

For some reason, she suddenly really wanted to drink.

Not stopping until drunk.

Liquor dispels a thousand sorrows.

With an ice-cold beer sliding down her throat, Chu Jin felt an exceptional coolness and comfort as she walked and drank.

In both her past and present life, she was never a person fond of alcohol, particularly sensitive to it. Therefore, with a can of beer in her belly, a rosy flush quietly crept up her jade-like face, and her steps became a bit unsteady.

Several ruffian-looking youths were closely following behind her. Beautiful women were rare to come by, and beautiful, drunk women were even rarer.

They were all waiting for an opportunity.

Like hungry wolves, they thirstily eyed the girl before them.

It was at this moment.

'Swoosh,' a black Rolls-Royce stopped in front of the girl in white.

By then, Chu Jin had already downed two cans of beer. For someone not used to drinking, finishing off two cans meant she was at her limit, unsteady as if she were walking on cotton.

Chu Jin casually tossed the empty beer bottle, kicked at the obstacle in her path, and complained unhappily, "Driving a tractor and you dare to drag race! Don't you know this is a sidewalk?" A drunk person makes no sense at all.

The 'tractor's' owner leaned out of the car, his face stern as he looked at Chu Jin. His tone was icy as he spoke, "Why have you been drinking, huh?"

At that moment, she didn't recognize who the man before her was, irritated that some son of a bitch was so blind to drive a tractor onto the sidewalk!

She almost got hit!

"This tractor is yours?" Chu Jin lifted her foot again and kicked at the Rolls-Royce's door, leaving two footprints on the brand-new door panel.

Mr. Mo looked at her, going along with her seriously, "It's mine. What do you want to do about it?"

"I..." Before she could finish her sentence, Chu Jin belched, and a strong scent of alcohol sprayed onto the face of the man opposite her, "Forget it, I'm in a good mood today, too lazy to bother with you. But remember, next time don't you dare race your tractor like that, it's too dangerous..."

Next to them, the Rolls-Royce: Bao Bao feels wronged, but Bao Bao won't say.

A drunk person, not only lacks any logic but also talks a lot.

Chu Jin was continuously lecturing the irresponsible tractor owner, when suddenly the man snatched the beer bottle from her hand and sighed, "Do you even remember who I am?"

Chu Jin shook her head, gazing at the man before her, trying hard to recall, "Eh, why do you look so familiar? Do we know each other? Who are you..." Chu Jin tilted her head, her delicate peach blossom eyes sparkling in the night, captivating; in her eyes, his figure was reflected, causing the man a momentary daze.

"Ah!" Chu Jin pointed at him, suddenly laughed, "I remember now, you look like my dad!"

The girl, laughing suddenly began to cry, hugging the man before her tightly, "Dad, I've missed you so much..."

Mr. Mo: "..." He really had provoked an ancestor!

After crying for a while, the girl suddenly let go of him and wiped her eyes, "No, that's wrong, you're not my dad!"

Mr. Mo's eyebrows relaxed.

Good, the ancestor had finally sobered up. No matter what, it was impossible for such a young man to resemble her father!

Just as Mr. Mo's eyebrows relaxed, Chu Jin continued, "My dad would never drive such a low tractor!" Her tone was full of disdain.

Mr. Mo: "..." The drunk girl was completely different from her usual self, her face slightly red, revealing a naive yet lively charm that was absolutely stunning.

Mr. Mo looked at her, pretending to be mysterious, "Want to know who I am?"

"Yes." The girl, like a curious Bao Bao, nodded eagerly.

"Then kiss me." Mr. Mo's expression remained unchanged, his god-sculpted exquisite features shone under the streetlight, his thin lips curled up slightly. Even Chu Jin, in her drunken state, couldn't resist the allure of his overwhelming beauty.

...

"How can you go back on your words!" The girl kicked him hard, "No respect for the elderly!"

The kick was powerful, and Mr. Mo grunted from the force of the blow.

Mr. Mo maintained his composure, chanting silently to himself three times, "This is my own fiancée, just spoil her, spoil her."

"Never mind, don't tell me. I don't even care to know." Chu Jin bypassed Mr. Mo, staggering forward.

Mr. Mo quickly caught up, grabbed her wrist, and with a forceful pull, he drew her into his embrace. Gazing into those enchanting peach blossom eyes, he said emphatically, "I am your fiancé!"

"Pfft!"

The girl laughed outright, pointing at Mr. Mo, "You're lying, I don't have a fiancé as old as you."

Chapter 597: even dare to mess with Brother Jin!

The little girl was disapproving of his age again.

Mr. Mo felt somewhat melancholic.

He couldn't help but reach out to touch his own face, secretly wondering, was he really that old?

"Am I that old?" Mr. Mo lifted Chu Jin's chin with his hand, looking down at her from above, their eyes meeting, the waves shimmering in those delicate and soul-entrapping peach blossom eyes. The night wind was a bit cool.

It blew the girl's long, black hair around, which danced in the wind with a faint fragrance, mixed with a slight smell of alcohol, enough to cause one's heart to flutter.

She was like a touch of warm sun, illuminating his path ahead, and also warming his heart.

Mr. Mo stared at her, utterly captivated.

Faced with such national beauty.

He thought, even if she asked for his head on her platter, he would willingly offer it with both hands.

Ever since she appeared in his life, Mr. Mo had developed a bad habit, not finding any other person in this world as pleasing to the eye as her.

In his heart, she was flawless, perfect and immaculate, like a goddess.

The former Mr. Mo never understood what 'goddess' meant, but now, he knew.

Only, his goddess seemed to mind his age a bit.

Even when drunk, she hadn't forgotten that issue.

However, he would prove to her with his actions that sometimes, being older wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

"Old..." Chu Jin burped from the alcohol, her eyes somewhat hazy. She pushed his hand away and staggered forward, saying as she walked, "Hey, why are there two people who look exactly the same?"

Because of the drunkenness, she walked unsteadily, like a child who had just learned to walk.

Furthermore, as she walked, she sang, "I am a painter, skilled in painting... originally a profusion of brilliant colors bloomed, yet now they all yield to crumbling wells and dilapidated walls..." To mix a nursery rhyme and a piece of Kunqu opera so ingeniously, no one but the person in front of him could probably do it!

Mr. Mo followed behind her, listening to the completely illogical singing, he couldn't help but rub his temples with a sense of helplessness.

"Be careful!" Seeing that the person in front was about to bump into a big tree, Mr. Mo quickly stepped forward, blocking her path in front of the tree. Then Chu Jin 'thud' collided into his chest, her nose turning sore from the impact, and her eyes instantly reddened.

Damn it!

So painful!

Whose big tree is blind!

How dare it bump into Jin Bro!

Chu Jin rubbed her nose in anger.

In reality, Mr. Mo could have pulled her away completely, but in that moment, he didn't. His mind went blank, thinking only that his body should be softer than a tree, right? Moreover, he liked this kind of initiative, the feeling of her throwing herself into his arms.

Right then, seeing her with tear-filled eyes, he felt heartache again, quickly leaning in to check her nose, nervously asking, "How is it? Does it hurt much?"

"It hurts, hurts so much..." The girl's voice had a crying tone, soft and tender, different from her usual indifferent and cool demeanor, perhaps, this side of her seemed more like an eighteen-year-old girl.

Mr. Mo felt his heart softening into mud, at that moment, feeling both anger and heartache.

The anger was because, had he not seen her tonight, there's no telling what could have happened to her.

After drinking, the little girl had no sense of vigilance, like a... fool.

"It hurts, so much pain, such a big fire..." The little girl wrapped her arms around his waist, her tears wetting his white shirt, and also his heart.

There was nothing Mr. Mo couldn't stand more than seeing her cry; in the moment, he didn't care that she was getting her snot and tears all over him, nor did he remember his severe obsession with cleanliness. He hugged her tighter, letting her face press closer to where his heart was, patting her back like comforting a child, "There, there, don't cry."

At this moment, Mr. Mo inexplicably felt the heartache of an 'old father,' thinking to himself, it's really not easy to raise a daughter.

Ah! No, that's not right! It's a wife! It's really not easy to raise a wife.

Under the gentle coaxing of "daddy," the person in his arms finally calmed down a great deal, and the crying gradually stopped. She looked up at Mo Zhixuan with pitiful eyes and said, "I want to drink water..."

Mr. Mo's expression was as usual, very calm as he took out a bottle of mineral water from his "pocket," unscrewed the cap with one hand, but did not bring it to her lips. Instead, he tipped his head back to take a gulp, his sexy Adam's apple moving up and down several times, which made Chu Jin swallow hard too.

The burning sensation in her stomach and the dryness in her throat were all reminding her how desperately she longed for water.

Thirsty.

So thirsty!

This old man was being too mean! Not giving her water was bad enough, but then he had to go and tease her on purpose! With a mouth that looked like it belonged to a capitalist, he didn't seem like a good person at a glance.

Because of her desire for water, Chu Jin subconsciously reached out to snatch the bottle of mineral water, but failed because she was not tall enough.

She could only stand on her tiptoes, looking longingly at the bottle, licking her dry lips.

With the bottle in hand, Mo Zhixuan looked down at her, his deep phoenix eyes containing a hint of amusement, "Want it?"

"Yes." Chu Jin's eyes fixed on the bottle, she nodded obediently.

"You want it, huh..." Mr. Mo brought the bottle to her face, and just as her hand was about to touch it, he suddenly pulled back and emptied the bottle in one go.

Seeing him finish all the water, Chu Jin panicked, didn't think twice, got on her tiptoes, reached out to hook his neck, and pressed her lips against his, nibbling, seeking the moisture from his mouth.

And Mr. Mo generously transferred all the water in his mouth into hers.

The cold water soothed her throat, and even her mind became much clearer.

Chu Jin slowly opened her eyes, her expression returning to normal, the misty look in her eyes vanishing, replaced by a clear and composed gaze. Taking a few steps back, she looked up at the person across her and breathed a sigh of relief. She scratched her head, confused, "How did I get here? When did you come?"

She remembered she had gone to Wind Mausoleum before.

And then?

It seemed she had bought a bottle of liquor.

And then?

...

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes; she couldn't recall the rest.

She's sober now?

Mr. Mo was somewhat speechless; he hadn't yet had the chance to properly enjoy her warmth...

"Stupid?" Chu Jin waved her hand in front of his eyes.

"Don't remember what just happened?" Mo Zhixuan lowered his gaze slightly, his profound phoenix eyes blending into the thick night, unfathomable.

"What happened just now?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrow, counter-questioning.

"Nothing," Mr. Mo's expression was as usual, reaching out to put his arm around her shoulder, "Let's go, come back with me."

Miss Chu seemed normal at the moment.

Mr. Mo didn't see anything improper. But just as they approached the black Rolls-Royce, Chu Jin stopped in her tracks, expressing disdain, "I don't want to ride in a tractor."

Mr. Mo: "..."

All right!

The girl hadn't woken up yet.

"I want you to carry me."

Miss Chu refused to ride in a tractor, so Mr. Mo had no choice but to bend over, speaking good-naturedly, "Little ancestor, come on up."

"Little what," Miss Chu frowned discontentedly, "Call me Brother Jin, don't you know everyone on the streets calls me Brother Jin?"

"Come on," Mr. Mo patted his own back, his throat feeling hot and slightly hoarse.

"Call me Big Bro Jin." Miss Chu declared with a drunken, haughty face.

Mr. Mo, completely enamored with his wife, called out in a deep voice, "Big Bro Jin."

"That's more like it." Satisfied, Miss Chu nodded and, with a 'whoosh', jumped onto Mr. Mo's back. Fortunately, Mr. Mo was prepared, otherwise the inertia from her leap would have certainly caused him to tumble face-first into the dirt.

"Giddyup!"

Far from feeling any dissatisfaction at being treated like a horse, Mr. Mo indulged her, letting her play around as she pleased.

It was already late at night, and there were few people on the streets. After causing a commotion for a while, Miss Chu eventually lay down on his back and fell soundly asleep.

Not going back to the Mo family's old residence, Mr. Mo carried the person on his back to the nearest villa to settle down.

Though it was close to midnight, Mr. Mo's return to the villa still alerted the household servants.

"Sir?!" Aunt Zhang stumbled out of the servants' quarters, startled to see the man in front of her. What was sir doing back so late at night? Despite her confusion, she quickly got her bearings and, while leading Mo Zhixuan inside, said, "Sir, you must be hungry after such a late night. What would you like to eat? I'll go..."

Aunt Zhang hadn't finished her sentence when she was silenced by a look from Mo Zhixuan. He spoke softly, "Go back to sleep, I don't need anything from you."

Aunt Zhang couldn't recall ever witnessing such tenderness from him before. But when she saw the person on Mo Zhixuan's back, she understood the situation.

This girl was someone Aunt Zhang recognized – the soon-to-be Mrs. Mo.

Though Aunt Zhang had only seen Chu Jin once, that had been enough to leave a deep impression.

Such a beautiful and poised girl.

Even from that one encounter, Aunt Zhang knew this girl was different from those other wealthy young ladies.

Pressing down the thoughts in her heart, Aunt Zhang whispered, "Well sir, if you need anything, remember to call me."

"Mhm," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly and proceeded with Miss Chu on his back.

"Mom, who is it?" Zuo Lingxiang also rubbed her eyes as she walked out from the servants' quarters. She would visit her mother every weekend to stay for a couple of days. Due to a recent incident, she almost lost this opportunity, but thankfully, Mo Zhixuan, considering the many years of dedicated service her mother had given, did not make an issue of it.

However, Mr. Mo had given a warning that if there was a next time, Zuo Lingxiang wouldn't be allowed to set foot in the villa complex ever again.

"Shh!" Aunt Zhang gestured for silence, whispering as she looked toward the stairwell, "The master has returned."

"The master?" A gleam flashed in Zuo Lingxiang's eyes as she looked toward the stairwell, hastily tidying her clothes, "Mom, when did the master return?"

As a mother, how could Aunt Zhang not understand her daughter's thoughts? She frowned slightly and said, "The master came back with Miss Chu. Keep your voice down, don't disturb their rest."

Miss Chu.

At the mention of that name, Zuo Lingxiang's gaze dimmed momentarily, betraying a subtle flash of jealousy.

Some people are just born with good fortune. All they need to do is be born into the right family, and without doing anything, they can have everything.

Unlike someone like her, who had to struggle out of the countryside, work hard at her studies, and strive to better herself, only to find that what she fought so hard for was taken for granted or even deemed worthless by those rich folk.

That was unfair.

That was the disparity between the rich and the poor.

So, Zuo Lingxiang aspired to become rich!

To become rich at any cost.

Only with money could she stand out.

Zuo Lingxiang pushed down the jealousy in her eyes and continued, "So Mr. Mo and Miss Chu have returned together? Are they... sleeping together?"

"What does that have to do with you!" Aunt Zhang's voice turned cold. "Lingxiang, remember your place."

Aunt Zhang was a wise woman; she knew there were some heights her daughter simply couldn't reach.

A man like Mr. Mo was far beyond the aspirations of their humble station.

"Mom, they're not married yet, are they? To brazenly live together like this, aren't they afraid of being laughed at?" It's just too damaging to social mores, with neither the man married nor the woman wed.

This Chu Jin, she doesn't seem very old.

As a girl, she doesn't know how to respect herself at all.

Does she think it's still like the old times? Thinking just because the rice is cooked, she can firmly tie down a man?

How naive!

In the end, not only will she lose her chastity, but her heart will also be broken! She will suffer for it.

Zuo Lingxiang curled her lips in disdain. She had a roommate who was just like that, thinking she had found herself a wealthy heir for a boyfriend, acting so arrogantly every day, walking with her head held high, as if she were above everyone else. She gave herself to him prematurely, and what happened? She was first deceived into an abortion, then abandoned, ending up with nothing, and also lost the right to become a mother.

These women, they are just so naive.

She was different from these women, she wouldn't be so foolish.

She had talent and beauty, and believed that one day, certainly, some wealthy person would take an interest in her.

She intended to cast her net wide and broaden her search, targeting money.

With wealth in hand, she'd see who would dare look down on her then!

"It's not your place to comment on the gentleman's affairs," Aunt Zhang sighed deeply, speaking earnestly, "Lingxiang, Mom doesn't ask for you to be rich and powerful, just to be safe and healthy, and stay by Mom's side, that would be enough. As the old saying goes, 'What is predestined will come to pass, and what is not cannot be forced.'

A simple and unassuming life is true happiness.

Unfortunately, Zuo Lingxiang's ambitions were too great.

To even think... of setting her sights on the gentleman, that was simply overestimating herself.

"Okay, okay," Zuo Lingxiang, pushing Aunt Zhang into the house, responded perfunctorily, "I got it, Mom. Let's go to sleep."

Aunt Zhang sighed again, "Lingxiang, you must take to heart what Mom says, Mr. Mo is not someone we can aspire to marry..."

"I know!" Zuo Lingxiang, lying on the bed, said impatiently, "Mom, aren't you annoying? Are you really my mother? What's wrong with me? I have hands and feet, talent and beauty, why do I become 'that kind of person'? What kind of person is 'that kind of person'? In your eyes, am I really so worthless?"

As the first university student to emerge from the village, Zuo Lingxiang was quite proud.

Moreover, she was indeed beautiful.

She was the flower of the village.

Therefore, she considered herself to possess both talent and beauty.

In another sense, she could indeed be considered to possess both talent and beauty.

Aunt Zhang continued, "Lingxiang, one needs to be self-aware. I'm truly gratified that you were able to attend university, but you can't let that be the cause of your conceit. There are many people in the world much better than you..." Aunt Zhang hadn't finished speaking when Zuo Lingxiang hurriedly interrupted her, "Stop it! Aren't you bothersome?"

Her mother lacked foresight and any kind of ambition, too petty-minded.

A countrywoman will always be a countrywoman.

That was her lot in life!

How could she have a mother like this? It was a blight on her life.

If she had been born into a rich family, she would definitely be better than she was now!

Heaven was just too unfair!

Aunt Zhang heaved a deep sigh, saying no more, recognizing that her failure to raise her daughter well was her own dereliction as a mother.

Upstairs.

Mr. Mo had just opened the door of the master bedroom when the little girl on his back opened her eyes. Looking around at the surroundings, she mumbled half-asleep, "Eh, we're home?"

"Yes, we're home."

Chapter 598: drunk

"Move it!" Chu Jin pushed against his forehead with her hand, looking very disgusted. "You stink to death!"

Mr. Mo's actions paused for a moment as he looked up, somewhat shocked.

He stank!?

Unbelievable, it was the first time someone had said he smelled bad!

Taking advantage of this gap, Chu Jin slipped out from under him like a nimble, bewitching fish.

"I stink?" Mr. Mo leaned in.

"Very much," said Chu Jin, her eyebrows slightly raised and her expression serious.

Seeing her so earnest, Mr. Mo almost started to doubt himself. He looked down and sniffed, and only when he was certain there was no unusual smell on him did he relax.

How could a person with severe mysophobia tolerate any strange odors on himself?

"Pfft!" Seeing him so tense, Chu Jin couldn't help but laugh out loud. "Just kidding. I'm going to take a shower."

With that, she darted into the bathroom.

She was now fully awake and somewhat unable to tolerate the pungent smell of alcohol on herself.

Chu Jin went into the bathroom, filled the bathtub with water, added a few drops of essential oil, and then lay down in it with her bare feet sticking out.

It was then that Chu Jin realized an important problem.

She hadn't brought any change of clothes with her into the bathroom.

Having no other choice, Chu Jin yelled out, "Mo Zhixuan, bring me some clothes."

Mr. Mo, with a slightly raised eyebrow, took a white shirt from the wardrobe and knocked on the bathroom door, speaking in a deep tone, "Wear mine for now. I'll have someone bring you new clothes tomorrow morning."

Chu Jin cracked the bathroom door open just a sliver, stretching out her fair and slender arm, "Where's the shirt?"

Mr. Mo looked somewhat speechlessly at that glaringly white arm, a faint smile appearing on his lips. The little girl was guarding against him as if he were a thief.

After changing into the shirt, Chu Jin came out to find no sign of Mr. Mo in the room. She didn't give it much thought; after being up almost all night, all she wanted was to sleep well.

The room maintained a constant temperature for all seasons. Chu Jin climbed into bed, covered herself with the blanket, and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning.

As soon as Chu Jin opened her eyes, she saw Mo Zhixuan's distinctive face. Chu Jin froze for a few seconds, then quickly came to her senses, rubbing her temples with a bit of a headache. Last night... She seemed to have drunk too much.

The hangover didn't feel good at all.

Her head was a bit dizzy, and it hurt a bit.

Alcohol was indeed not a good thing.

"Good morning, Jin," came a deep voice from above her head.

"Morning," Chu Jin said groggily, yawning, "What time is it?"

"Just past nine, you can still sleep a bit more," Mr. Mo's voice sounded somewhat lazy.

It was full of security, the only time she could let down her guard and sleep peacefully.

Because all the storms were blocked by the man in front of her.

Downstairs, someone was already busy in the kitchen. Zuo Lingxiang hummed an English song as she bustled about.

Two servings of sandwiches were already on the table.

Mr. Mo strolled into the kitchen nonchalantly. Upon seeing the figure in the kitchen, he furrowed his brows slightly. Mr. Mo usually didn't pay much attention to people who didn't matter, and at this moment, he had already forgotten who Zuo Lingxiang was, simply assuming she was a maid in the villa.

"Good morning, sir," greeted Zuo Lingxiang, flashing a textbook smile. She wore exquisite makeup and had on a flattering dress. Being short, she had deliberately chosen a pair of high heels to compensate for her lack of height.

Although she was frying eggs, she wasn't wearing an apron.

Overall, she didn't seem like a maid.

Mo Zhixuan frowned subtly, nodding slightly as a response.

Mr. Cool, indeed.

Like an iceberg.

Zuo Lingxiang thought to herself subconsciously.

At the same time, she couldn't help but marvel at Mo Zhixuan's breathtakingly handsome features, which she thought surpassed even those of movie stars and popular young idols.

No one is perfect, and although Mr. Mo had stunning looks, his personality was cold as ice. Such a person probably had no heart, she figured, and was likely just toying with Chu Jin.

Luckily, she was self-aware. She didn't covet Mr. Mo's person but his wealth.

Even if she couldn't get his wealth, to sleep with him just once was a win for her.

"Sir, my mother isn't feeling well today, so she had me prepare the breakfast. I've grilled a steak and fried some eggs; it will be ready in a moment." Seeing the puzzled look on Mo Zhixuan's face, Zuo Lingxiang continued, "Sir, Aunt Zhang is my mother."

By the look on his face, he seemed to have mistaken her for a maid!

She was no maid; she was a graduate from a prestigious university.

Just by looking at Jin, you could tell she wasn't university material, nothing but a vase.

She couldn't fathom what he saw in Jin!

If Chu Jin was stripped of her 'wealthy heiress' label, she would be nothing.

Aunt Zhang wasn't unwell but had drunk water laced with sleeping pills, and that's why she was still asleep—her mother, poor in both wealth and ambition, was not only unsupportive but positively a hindrance. Had she been awake, she would surely have spoiled her plans.

With that reminder from Zuo Lingxiang, Mo Zhixuan recalled that Aunt Zhang had been with the villa for many years. Aunt Zhang, being a loyal and straightforward person with no hidden agenda, had earned his trust, which was why he had so easily forgiven Zuo Lingxiang for the incident before.

"You're not needed here," Mo Zhixuan spoke slowly, his voice deep and magnetizing, "Go on out, take advantage of the holiday, and take Aunt Zhang out for a stroll."

Zuo Lingxiang hesitated as she watched Mo Zhixuan, "Sir, the eggs will be ready soon..."

It wasn't just the eggs; she had prepared a delicate steak, made sandwiches by hand, and boiled milk.

Her purpose was to make Mo Zhixuan take a second look at her.

Because Zuo Lingxiang knew that a wealthy young lady like Chu Jin would definitely not cook.

Although she didn't match Chu Jin in looks, she was ten times more skilled in other areas. She spoke several languages, was talented and knowledgeable, a thousand times stronger than Chu Jin, who was like a canary locked in a cage.

Zuo Lingxiang experienced a very strange sensation when it came to Chu Jin.

Part envy, part disdain.

"I said, go out," Mo Zhixuan coldly repeated.

"But..." Zuo Lingxiang said with difficulty, "the eggs..."

"Out!" His two words were icy, chilling to the bone. Mo Zhixuan, accustomed to high office, had an imposing presence that others found irresistible. He usually kept it in check and was barely noticed, but now, with his aura fully unleashed, he was like an emperor who looked down upon the world, and Zuo Lingxiang simply couldn't withstand it.

Zuo Lingxiang broke out in a cold sweat, forgetting about the eggs as her legs trembled, nearly fleeing the room, not daring to look directly at Mo Zhixuan.

Too terrifying!

Sir was truly terrifying.

At the same time, he exuded a fatal allure, making her unable to resist the urge to approach him, to conquer, to possess.

How could someone like Chu Jin be worthy of such an outstanding man?

As Zuo Lingxiang left, Mo Zhixuan's expression softened. He rolled up his sleeves to reveal muscular forearms, moved to the stove, and packed up the steak, sandwiches, and everything into a lunchbox; then he cleaned the pots and pans and started anew making porridge, kneading flour, and frying pancakes.

Jin didn't like Western breakfasts.

Jin liked the breakfasts he made with his own hands.

They say a great man should stay away from the kitchen.

He used to think the same.

A man should be born unto the battlefield, to protect his home and country. What kind of man deals with kitchen affairs, like a woman? Was that even considered being a man?

But now, he felt that a true great man should be capable on the battlefield and in the kitchen.

For his wife, nothing was too much trouble, nothing he wouldn't do.

Zuo Lingxiang stood outside the door, almost grinding her teeth in frustration. Sir had rejected her breakfast! She was also incredibly shocked—Sir was actually cooking himself!

And he did it with such style, so captivating.

An ordinary man in the kitchen would surely look effeminate, but although in the kitchen, Sir had the air of a sovereign directing his territory.

So much for gentlemen staying away from the stove.

Probably just some nonsense made up by flawed people.

In a moment, Zuo Lingxiang's gaze grew even more infatuated.

Before long, the aroma of porridge wafted from the kitchen.

Carrying the packed lunchbox, Mo Zhixuan walked outside, spotting Zuo Lingxiang still lingering, he said with slight annoyance, "Why haven't you left yet?"

Zuo Lingxiang paused, then replied, "I stayed to see if Sir needed any help."

"There's nothing for you to help with here. Go keep Aunt Zhang company," Mo Zhixuan said, continuing towards the door.

Chapter 599: depressed

Zuo Lingxiang stood behind Mo Zhixuan, watching his retreating figure, her eyes filled with a subdued emotion, her expression somber.

"Sir, it seems like you just can't see me."

That's right, with Chu Jin, such a large vase around, it would be strange if the sir could see anyone else!

Though Chu Jin may lack talent, her appearance is second to none, with no one in Capital City to rival her beauty.

Not to mention, she herself was but the daughter of a mere servant.

The more Zuo Lingxiang thought about it, the more unpleasant she felt, as if acid was welling up inside her.

Why should Chu Jin hog all the good fortune to herself?

But soon, a satisfied curve appeared on Zuo Lingxiang's lips.

Chu Jin's time in the spotlight won't last long.

She was confident that once the sir saw those things, he'd kick Chu Jin to the curb without a second thought.

The look in Zuo Lingxiang's eyes brightened more and more, as if she could already see Chu Jin's miserable future.

The things she held in her hand were enough to bury Chu Jin.

Mo Zhixuan's figure walked further and further away, quickly disappearing into the air.

As she watched him leave, Zuo Lingxiang retracted her gaze and walked back into the house.

Just then, Chu Jin descended the stairs.

Catching the morning light, as if draped with a translucent veil rendered her true features somewhat unclear—mysterious, yet ostentatious, and particularly eye-catching.

Today, Chu Jin wore her hair in a fresh bun, revealing the graceful curve of her neck.

She was clad in a white shirt that didn't quite fit properly.

The hem of the shirt just covered her hips, revealing her long and slender legs, and she was barefoot.

Even a woman like Zuo Lingxiang had to admit it was astonishing.

Though reluctant to acknowledge it, she had to concede that Chu Jin was indeed beautiful.

Beautiful but not vulgar.

Alluring but not garish.

Her beauty was just right—a fraction more would have been too much, a fraction less would have been too little.

She was not of this world.

No wonder she could mesmerize a man of restraint and indifference like the sir...

Tsk, to come out dressed like that, I wonder who she's trying to seduce!

Shameless.

The online forums were right, she's fickle, inconstant...

Though this was on her mind, Zuo Lingxiang greeted Chu Jin with great respect on her face, "Miss Chu, good morning."

"Morning." Chu Jin replied indifferently, glancing around. She didn't see Mr. Mo. She had been drawn here by the aroma of porridge, thinking that only she and Mr. Mo were in this villa. It never occurred to her that there would be another person.

Zuo Lingxiang, Chu Jin remembered this person, and her impression was not good.

Even though she hadn't seen Mr. Mo, Chu Jin followed the fragrance to the kitchen, where she found the porridge and small dishes Mr. Mo had prepared, along with pancakes and boiled eggs, and brought them to the dining table.

"Miss Chu, let me help you," Zuo Lingxiang offered with a smile. Although now there were only she and Chu Jin left, she still had to maintain a facade. She had suffered in Chu Jin's hands once before and would not make the same mistake twice.

Hearing this, Chu Jin remained composed, continuing to carry the plates to the dining table. "Why is it you who came? Where is Aunt Zhang?"

Aunt Zhang was a good person, it's a pity she couldn't raise a good daughter.

Looking at Zuo Lingxiang's attire, Chu Jin knew her true intentions.

Chu Jin was in a good mood today and thought it might be an opportunity to replace Aunt Zhang in teaching Zuo Lingxiang a lesson, to prevent her from overstepping her bounds and embarking on a path of no return.

A little tree that isn't pruned won't grow straight.

Zuo Lingxiang was still young; as long as she sincerely repented, it wasn't too late.

Although she spoke as if she wanted to help, Zuo Lingxiang showed no intention of actually doing so. "My mother isn't feeling well today, so she asked me to fill in for her. Miss Chu, just let me know if you need anything," she said.

Because Zuo Lingxiang knew that a proud, high-society daughter like Chu Jin would disdain the offer of her help, which was why she acted so humbly.

It had been a long time since those past events; Chu Jin most likely had forgotten who she was.

People like Chu Jin normally weren't very bright, easily manipulated by Zuo Lingxiang's few words.

When it came to intellect?

Chu Jin certainly couldn't match her. A faint smile played on Zuo Lingxiang's lips.

The more she thought, the happier Zuo Lingxiang became.

What high-society heiress, what fiancee of the gentleman—in her eyes, they were nothing more than a tiny insignificant grain of sand.

Chu Jin walked to the dining table unconcernedly, sat down, picked up a red-skinned egg, and began peeling it without giving Zuo Lingxiang a direct glance. She spoke in a leisurely tone, "Since you're here to cover for Aunt Zhang, then don't idle away. Work requires a certain look, so go change into your uniform. The way you're dressed right now is an eyesore for me. Once you change, I will tell you what your duties are for today."

What!?

Zuo Lingxiang's eyes widened as she stared at Chu Jin, incredulity written all over her face.

Chu Jin actually dared!

She truly thought she was the lady of the villa? The master had never treated her like a servant, yet she dared to command her!

How could there be such a shameless person in the world.

"What's wrong?" Chu Jin looked up at her, brow slightly raised, and said, "Can't understand human language?"

Zuo Lingxiang clenched her fists in humiliation. She was certain Chu Jin had recognized her, and that's why she was making things difficult for her! She actually wanted her to wear a maid's uniform! Did that also mean she was expected to do a maid's work?

A graduate from a prestigious university, when had she ever suffered such humiliation?

But for the sake of her plan, she must endure.

Chu Jin, just you wait!

Your laughter won't last for more than a few minutes!

"Alright, Miss Chu, I'll go right now," Zuo Lingxiang hid the sinister look in her eyes and turned to head towards the servants' quarters.

The moment the door closed behind her, she couldn't wait to reveal her true face, trembling with rage.

Before leaving the house, to prevent Aunt Zhang from waking up midway, Zuo Lingxiang took out half a sleeping pill and fed it to Aunt Zhang.

Chu Jin sat in the dining room, leisurely peeling both eggs, separating the yolks from the whites.

The whites were all for herself.

The yolks were all for Mr. Mo.

That was the advantage of having a boyfriend; he could take care of all the things she disliked.

Despite her hunger, Chu Jin didn't start eating, choosing instead to wait for Mr. Mo so they could eat together. When they were together, she had no habit of dining first.

Luckily, it wasn't long before Mr. Mo returned, carrying a paper bag in his hand.

"You're back?" The moment she saw Mr. Mo, Chu Jin's eyes lit up like sparkling stars, bright and enchanting.

"Mhmm," Mr. Mo approached, handing her the paper bag, "see if you like it?"

Through the white paper bag, one could vaguely see the fabric inside, a mix of white and purple. It didn't take much guessing to know that it must be a dress.

Mr. Mo was very fond of buying her dresses.

All kinds of them.

But these dresses all shared one common feature—they were all knee-length or longer, down to the ankle.

It must be said, the thoughts of older men are indeed very old-fashioned.

They don't understand the fashion of the young.

But Chu Jin kept these comments to herself, fearing that saying them out loud would hurt the old man's pride.

"I love it, love it," Chu Jin said while sipping porridge, her words extremely perfunctory, "As long as it's something you bought, I like it." She really didn't care much about clothing; as long as it was wearable, it was fine.

Isn't there a saying?

No matter what, a beautiful person will always look good.

Being such a beauty herself, she naturally wasn't picky about clothes.

Mr. Mo could tell she wasn't being entirely sincere but was still happy. At least she was willing to humor him. Mr. Mo naturally ate the yolks she had left behind without any issue.

Zuo Lingxiang, coming out from the servants' room, was shocked by the scene before her eyes.

Oh my God, what did she see?

The master was actually eating the leftovers of Chu Jin?

Not only that, the master, usually as cold as an iceberg, now looked at Chu Jin with a softness in his eyes and brows.

In that instant, something called jealousy madly overtook Zuo Lingxiang's heart, preventing her from thinking or focusing. All she wanted was to replace Chu Jin and to erase her existence forever.

"Miss Chu, Mr. Mo." Zuo Lingxiang approached Chu Jin humbly.

She purposefully put Chu Jin's name before Mo Zhixuan's, hoping to draw Mo Zhixuan's attention.

Successful men are all chauvinists, naturally disliking being second to a woman. With this, she could potentially draw out Mr. Mo's disdain for Chu Jin.

She was laying the groundwork for the drama to come.

Zuo Lingxiang was a very clever person.

She knew what situations were to her advantage.

Upon hearing her, Chu Jin lifted her eyes indifferently, "Have you changed?"

Chapter 600: I am willing to be deceived.

Zuo Lingxiang wasn't particularly beautiful, in fact, she could at best be described as decent-looking. However, under the guise of makeup, her features appeared extremely exquisite.

In the secluded village, such a person could indeed be considered a fashion trendsetter.

But she had forgotten this was Capital City.

The bustling Capital City, where beauties abounded, especially those like her who feigned their beauty.

"I've changed." Zuo Lingxiang replied obediently, with a humble demeanor, yet she was seething inside. This Chu Jin was really something, pretending to ask when she could clearly see that Zuo Lingxiang had already changed into her maid's attire. Did she really think she was the lady of the house?

Some people really have no self-awareness!

"Since you've changed, then don't just stand there," Chu Jin spoke again, her tone indifferent, "Do you know what Aunt Zhang does every day?"

"I don't know." Zuo Lingxiang answered softly.

Chu Jin lowered her gaze to take a sip of her porridge, casually pulling out a napkin to wipe her mouth, and retorted, "You're here to replace Aunt Zhang and you don't know what she does every day?"

Heh.

Zuo Lingxiang sneered inwardly, Chu Jin really put on airs! She wasn't a maid, so why should she know what a maid did every day? She was going to be a wealthy man's wife in the future!

"Miss Chu, just tell me directly what you need me to do." Zuo Lingxiang straightened her back, meeting Chu Jin's gaze, neither servile nor overbearing. She might be poor and the daughter of a maid, but she had her own backbone!

She would absolutely not bow to evil forces.

She believed the master would surely notice her distinctiveness.

Chu Jin looked at Zuo Lingxiang, her eyebrows slightly raised, "Then start with the carpet on the first floor. Take it up to wash and disinfect first. Be careful when washing; these are expensive wool carpets and cannot be machine-washed, only hand-washed."

"But..." Zuo Lingxiang looked down at her feet, "Miss Chu, these carpets are clean."

Chu Jin must be deliberately making things difficult for her.

Why wash a perfectly good carpet?

These carpets covered dozens of square meters, thick and heavy, and needed to be washed by hand. Was this some kind of joke? She had just gotten her nails done last week! Moreover, she had never washed clothes at home, and here Chu Jin was making her wash carpets!

"Clean?" Chu Jin's lips curled up slightly, as she casually spilled a cup of juice on the floor, "Now, see, it's dirty, isn't it?"

That attitude was both flamboyant and proud.

Arrogant and domineering, yet so beautiful it was startling, and one could not look away, as if she was born to be so.

Such a person was born to shine, to be watched by everyone, no matter what they did, they were never tiresome.

"You!?" Zuo Lingxiang looked at Chu Jin in disbelief, "Miss Chu, you are deliberately making this difficult for me!"

"You're right," Chu Jin smiled lightly, "I am deliberately making it difficult for you. If you don't want to do it, you're free to leave." The smile on her lips was so bright.

"You..." Zuo Lingxiang's face turned red and white with anger, speechless with frustration.

Leave?!

How could she possibly leave so easily?

She wouldn't leave until she achieved her goal!

Moreover, her mother was now earning a high monthly salary, which could support her daily spending. If her mother lost this job, who would give her money? How would she lead such a comfortable life? She could even stay here during holidays; this is a high-class villa area, not just anyone could come in!

Her roommates envied her smooth entry and exit to this villa.

Even if she couldn't gain anything from the master, she would not leave!

Anyone living here was no ordinary person. Who knew, perhaps one day she might meet someone even richer than the master?

Scheming thoughts floated through Zuo Lingxiang's lowered gaze.

Actually, Chu Jin's words were exactly what Zuo Lingxiang wanted to hear.

The more difficult Chu Jin acted, the more it highlighted Zuo Lingxiang's gentle and generous demeanor.

Furthermore, she had a trump card up her sleeve.

Thinking of this, Zuo Lingxiang felt much better.

"Seeing you like this, it seems you don't want to leave?" Chu Jin continued, "Since you don't want to leave, then get started. After the carpet is clean, there's other work waiting for you."

"Yes, Miss Chu. I'll get to it," Zuo Lingxiang swallowed her pride, glancing out of the corner of her eye at Mo Zhixuan nearby. The man wore a pristine white shirt, sitting casually, a cigar held between his index and middle fingers, with faint smoke curling from his thin lips.

His attention remained focused on the girl opposite him, his eyes filled with indulgence and affection, as if he could no longer accommodate another person.

Zuo Lingxiang stared at him, her heart racing.

She thought that if she could be the one in his eyes, she would be willing to go to hell.

Zuo Lingxiang bent down to clean up the carpet.

The wool carpet wasn't easy to handle, and in a short while, Zuo Lingxiang was drenched in sweat.

During this time, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan went upstairs. Before leaving, Chu Jin instructed, "Make sure to clean up the bowls and dishes too, a maid should look the part. We pay you to come here, not to act like a miss of a wealthy family."

"I understand, Miss Chu." Zuo Lingxiang appeared compliant, but inside, she had cursed Chu Jin hundreds of times over!

However, Zuo Lingxiang's attention was quickly captured by something else on the table.

There was a black cell phone on the table.

It was master's frequently used one.

Zuo Lingxiang's lips gradually curled into a smile. She had been worried about not having an opportunity, and quietly, she picked up the phone.

What excited Zuo Lingxiang even more was that the master's phone didn't have a password set.

It seemed that even the heavens were helping her.

But Zuo Lingxiang didn't have the guts to do anything else; she only looked at the phone number before putting the phone back in its place.

Twenty minutes later.

Zuo Lingxiang came out of the restroom with an evident smile on her face; it was clear that the day's fortunes were about to change.

She had already sent the photos of Chu Jin on a date with another man to her husband.

And that Volkswagen – that car was just too ordinary; it was obvious that it didn't belong to her husband.

Chu Jin sure had the guts to secretly keep a gigolo while married to her husband.

How could someone like that ever be worthy of her husband!

Now, all she had to do was sit back and enjoy the show.

From the corner of her eye, Zuo Lingxiang glanced at the table where her phone had been lying – it was gone now, presumably taken by her husband, who must have seen the messages she sent.

A few days ago, the scandal of Capital University's campus belle being kept by a sugar daddy had caused an uproar.

Even students from the neighboring C University knew about it.

Naturally, Zuo Lingxiang was also in the loop, and though the forum post had since been taken down, she had the foresight to capture screenshots. Now, she had sent all those pictures to her husband.

This time, her husband was certain not to let Chu Jin off easily.

Sitting on the sofa, Zuo Lingxiang thought smugly, not even bothering to clean the carpet, and began reading a book.

This was a new favorite of hers.

The author was incredibly talented, with a deep literary foundation – the prose was vivid and compelling, like a beam of light illuminating the heart.

Printed on the book's cover were four characters –

"Blooms like Brocade."

The author, "The Return of the Past."

Zuo Lingxiang really liked this author.

She was a loyal fan.

In fact, during the days when "The Return of the Past" was accused of plagiarism, she comforted the author daily on her Weibo.

Moreover, Zuo Lingxiang had tipped the author generously on the original literature website, ranking in the top 500 fans – considering the wealth of "The Return of the Past's" fans, making it to the top 500 was no small feat.

Zuo Lingxiang desperately wanted to live the life described by "The Return of the Past" – one of quiet sophistication and composed resilience.

Fearless in love and fierce in hate.

Leading a libertine life, yet quietly free.

Regrettably...

Real life forced her to become a wealthy person.

After reading for a while, Zuo Lingxiang suddenly frowned, closed the book and looked upstairs. It had been so long – why was there still no reaction from her husband?

Could it be that he hadn't seen it?

As she was pondering this, footsteps sounded behind her, and Zuo Lingxiang turned around in alarm to see Mo Zhixuan, her heart racing uncontrollably.

Some people, no matter how often you see them, you never become immune to their presence; every encounter was breathtaking.

Mo Zhixuan was clearly one of those people.

Zuo Lingxiang felt her hands were awkwardly placed.

"Sir," Zuo Lingxiang said, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

Mo Zhixuan's expression remained as cold as ever. In fact, apart from Chu Jin, he had never shown a warm face to anyone else.

"Is that book yours?" Mo Zhixuan's gaze moved past Zuo Lingxiang and settled on the blue-covered book, his eyes and expression softening momentarily.

It was rare to see Mo Zhixuan show such a look, and Zuo Lingxiang nodded, somewhat flattered, "It's mine," she said, then added, "I really like the author of this book."

Did her husband finally notice her?

"Good taste," Mo Zhixuan said with a rare hint of a smile.

The husband was praising her!

The husband finally saw her!

Suppressing her excitement, Zuo Lingxiang replied with a calm tone, "Thank you, sir."

Mo Zhixuan didn't linger on the conversation. He walked to the kitchen, took a bottle of mineral water from the fridge, and as he passed by the living room again, seeing Zuo Lingxiang still standing there, he frowned slightly and said, "Why are you still here? Have you forgotten what Miss Chu instructed you to do?"

Although Mo Zhixuan didn't know why Chu Jin was suddenly giving Zuo Lingxiang a hard time, he knew that she must have her reasons.

Therefore, he was willing to cooperate with Chu Jin.

After all, this was what Zuo Lingxiang was supposed to do.

Since Zuo Lingxiang was filling in for Aunt Zhang, she needed to fulfill her duties.

Hesitant, Zuo Lingxiang looked at him.

Mo Zhixuan's frown deepened, before he added, "From now on, Miss Chu will be the lady of this house. Her words are as good as mine."

Put differently, what Mr. Mo was trying to say was that he was under his wife's thumb, that everything in this place was up to Chu Jin, and whatever she said, went.

Therefore, Zuo Lingxiang had to obey Chu Jin.

Zuo Lingxiang also understood the meaning of his words and struggled to accept it for a moment.

How could her husband still value Chu Jin so much after knowing she kept a gigolo?

After all, it wasn't like there were no other women on earth!

Mo Zhixuan looked at her, his phoenix eyes half closed, his facial features as if veiled with a layer of ice, "Can't understand what I'm saying?"

Zuo Lingxiang's complexion turned pale in an instant, her head lowered, not daring to look at him, she whispered, "I understand."

Mo Zhixuan turned and walked toward the upstairs.

Zuo Lingxiang watched his figure about to vanish into the stairwell, somewhat anxiously said, "Sir, wait a moment."

The sir is still so good to Chu Jin, he mustn't have seen that message yet, so she could remind the sir now, to avoid him being deceived by that Chu Jin.

Mo Zhixuan stopped in his tracks, looking at Zuo Lingxiang with some impatience, his tone slightly cold, "What is it?"

That man's presence was too overwhelming, causing Zuo Lingxiang to subconsciously shrink her neck, swallowing before saying, "... Sir, have you checked your phone?"

A few seconds of silence filled the air, and Mo Zhixuan raised his eyes to look at Zuo Lingxiang, frowning as he spoke in a deep voice, "Did you send that message?"

The sir saw that message?

Aren't men most concerned about the color of the hat they're wearing on their heads?

Could this be the calm before the storm?

In the palm of Zuo Lingxiang's tightly clasped hand, a moist sweat formed; she carefully raised her eyes to Mo Zhixuan, "Sir, I was just worried you were being deceived."

A breeze came through.

It flipped the pages of the book on the table, the paper making a sharp sound, particularly pleasing, and Mo Zhixuan's gaze shifted without a trace from the book as he slowly said, "I am willing to be deceived."

Boom!

A loud noise.

Zuo Lingxiang felt as if something in her mind had suddenly been shattered to pieces.

Her blood seemed to flow backward.

Her carefully prepared drama, in the end, had only earned her these five words.

She felt both suffocated and powerless.

Like a dancing clown.

Sir... how could he do this?

"Sir, I'm sorry," said Zuo Lingxiang, her head down, a cold sweat forming on her forehead, "I overstepped."

Mo Zhixuan didn't look at her, continuing upstairs with large strides.

Zuo Lingxiang collapsed to the ground like a deflated ball, her face a shade of ashen gray.

Her dream of a luxurious life,

Shattered.

In the eyes of the sir, she must be very ridiculous, right?

She shamelessly threw herself at him and tried every means to destroy the relationship between him and Chu Jin; how could he fail to see through her?

He simply didn't point it out.

Perhaps the sir wanted to preserve her dignity, considering the hard work her mother put in over the years.

In fact, what kept Mo Zhixuan so calm was entirely for the sake of that book.

When Chu Jin was subject to public criticism and accused of plagiarism, it was those readers who supported her tirelessly, encouraging her.

The readers of "The Return of the Past" are all kind people.

Therefore, Mo Zhixuan was, in a way, showing affection for the things she loved.

Channeling her sadness into strength, Zuo Lingxiang moved all the carpets in the living room to the bathroom to wash, dry in the sun, and disinfect.

After a whole day, she was exhausted, her back ached, and she was gasping for breath; merely one day had passed, and she was already too tired to continue, wondering how her mother had managed day after day.

As Zuo Lingxiang disinfected the carpets, she reflected on many things.

And the true purpose of Chu Jin was to let Zuo Lingxiang understand Aunt Zhang's daily hardships that in this world, only by giving can one receive in return. Zuo Lingxiang did not know how to give, to be grateful; she only knew how to take, to complain, to dream of shortcuts, which one day would lead her down a road of no return.

Zuo Lingxiang had potential.

Born into poverty but diligent in her studies, she got into a first-class university; she simply lacked proper guidance.

As long as someone enlightened her slightly, Zuo Lingxiang would indeed make something of herself in the future.

After handling the carpets, Zuo Lingxiang busied herself wiping down the sofa, the wall paintings, and the crystal chandelier.

The villa was large and there was plenty to do.

Zuo Lingxiang was very tired, yet very clear-headed.

Clearer than she had ever been.

"Hmm, the carpet is well cleaned, very clean; you've worked hard." Right on cue, a clear voice sounded behind her.

Zuo Lingxiang put down the cloth in her hand and turned to look at Chu Jin, "Thank you for the compliment, Miss Chu, it's all part of my duties."

After a day's reflection, Zuo Lingxiang had come to understand a lot.

The sir wasn't a fool; there must be reasons why he valued Chu Jin so much.

What was she doing, trying to insert herself into the sweet life of a couple?

With so many wealthy men in this world, there was no need for her to cling to one who already had a fiancée.

How was that any different from being a homewrecker?

Zuo Lingxiang didn't like Chu Jin, not one bit, and for this very reason, she was determined to live a life more outstanding and more thrilling than Chu Jin ever could.

The common saying goes, "Thirty years on the east bank of the river and thirty years on the west."

Although at this moment she bows her head before others.

You never know, when we meet again, the one bowing might be Chu Jin.

Chu Jin didn't care at all about Zuo Lingxiang's attitude; she looked around and asked, "Tired?"

"Tired," Zuo Lingxiang frankly dropped all pretense.

After all, she no longer had any other thoughts about Mo Zhixuan, and Chu Jin had no reason to send her away without cause.

"Tired," Chu Jin chuckled, "that's right, comfort is for the dead. In this world, who isn't tired? No pain, no gain; everyone is shouldering a burden and moving forward."

"Bearing a burden and moving forward?" Zuo Lingxiang also laughed, "Does that include Miss Chu as well?"

In Zuo Lingxiang's eyes, Chu Jin was the type of lady who never had to lift a finger, a sheltered rich young mistress.

What face did such a useless young mistress have to shamelessly speak of bearing burdens and moving forward?

Ridiculous.

Chu Jin merely smiled without directly answering Zuo Lingxiang's question and instead handed her a piece of paper, speaking slowly, "In fact, today you haven't even done half of what Aunt Zhang does on a daily basis."

It was much later that Zuo Lingxiang truly understood the real meaning behind Chu Jin's "bearing a burden and moving forward."

At that moment, Zuo Lingxiang somewhat puzzledly took the paper.

It was not an ordinary chart.

To say it was not ordinary, yet ordinary it was; it was a work schedule.

It was filled with tasks that Aunt Zhang had to do every day.

Ten hours a day.

There was practically no downtime.

The villa was large and had to be kept clean and tidy at all times.

A faint redness tinged Zuo Lingxiang's eyes; only now that she had personally experienced it did she realize how hard her mother's work was. She had thought her mother's work was simple and easy, and the money came quickly.

It turned out everything was just as she assumed.

Recalling how she used her mother's hard-earned money to buy expensive skincare products, clothes, get her nails done, spa treatments, Zuo Lingxiang's face blushed crimson.

Her heart was filled with immense regret.

Why had her mother never complained about these things to her?

It seemed she never even once told her mother how hard she worked.

Every time she called her mother, the first words out of her mouth were always asking for money.

This was how she treated her mother.

Yet her mother never blamed her for it.

Zuo Lingxiang was filled with regret and self-reproach.

Chu Jin, as always, maintained her composure and patted Zuo Lingxiang's shoulder, "Since God has given us hands, we must make full use of their value, use them to create myths, to create the impossible. There are no shortcuts in life, and even if you do find one, it will be like the Dodder flower—once it separates from its host, it withers, fades, and in the end... dies."

The Dodder flower is a delicate plant that needs to rely on another plant to survive.

Zuo Lingxiang stared at Chu Jin, unable to utter a word.

She didn't expect that a woman with such an empty head as Chu Jin could say such a thing.

Chu Jin's lips curled slightly. Under Zuo Lingxiang's shocked gaze, she continued, "Actually, the biggest shortcut in life are these hands of ours. They can work countless miracles; it's just that many people have not yet realized it."

Zuo Lingxiang was truly taken aback by Chu Jin, standing there at a loss for words.

Although she was loath to admit it, what Chu Jin said was really true and made sense.

This speech by Chu Jin also awakened her.

Yes, she had been fixated on clinging to the powerful, finding a wealthy patron, being kept, and living the life of a wealthy wife.

But she had never considered, what if one day, the wealthy patron got tired of her and kicked her away?

What would she do then?

How was such a life different from that of the Dodder flower?

Only what she earned through her own efforts was truly hers.

Zuo Lingxiang's change did not escape Chu Jin's notice. She continued with a clear and melodious tone, "I hope you are not that Dodder flower."

"I hope I'm not that Dodder flower either," Zuo Lingxiang outspokenly replied.

Chu Jin might be good at teaching herself, but wasn't her current life just like that of a Dodder flower?

If her husband one day grew tired of her, what would she amount to?

Chu Jin wasn't angered and just lightly smiled, speaking in an indifferent tone, "I am not an ordinary Dodder flower, now, you've been tired the whole day, go and rest." With that, she turned and walked away.

Not an ordinary Dodder flower?

What did she mean by that?

Zuo Lingxiang frowned wordlessly. Did she mean she was a second-rate Dodder flower?

Watching Chu Jin's retreating figure, Zuo Lingxiang suddenly realized she didn't dislike her as much as before.

This Chu Jin, she didn't seem as arrogant and haughty as Zuo Lingxiang had imagined.

Halfway through her steps, Chu Jin paused, looked at Zuo Lingxiang as if remembering something, lifted her chin slightly and spoke slowly, "By the way, here's another saying for you: 'The tree desires tranquility, but the wind does not cease; the child wishes to support the parents, but they are not there.' Life is just this long, don't do anything that you will regret. If you have time tomorrow, take Aunt Zhang to the hospital for a check-up."