

## R Woman 611

Chapter 611: Appraisal Results

This is no heroine.

She is clearly a goddess!

Upon realizing this fact, everyone screamed excitedly.

"It's her! It's her!"

But after shouting, they regretted and covered their mouths; they should have been more low-key, as they might have scared the goddess away!

The poem says that the greatest can hide in plain sight.

It must be the same for a goddess.

Being a goddess, it would be enough just to watch her from a distance, and not selfishly approach her because you like her.

Some people excitedly posted on social media.

Cherry Little Ball: Ahhh! I encountered the goddess at the hospital. [Image jpg] [Image jpg] [Image jpg]

There were three photos in total, all side profiles of Chu Jin.

Her features already defied nature and took profile killing to the extreme.

Once the post was up, it immediately attracted a lot of likes and shares.

Many people asked whether the person in the photos was the same as "the Heroine of Capital City".

Chu Jin paid no attention to the reactions of passersby and went straight to the VIP ward with the little lass in tow.

Zhao Yan still lay there on the hospital bed.

Without the slightest hint of vitality.

Her complexion was pale.

Chu Jin had never paid attention before, but now that Chu Xiu suddenly appeared, she specifically took note of Zhao Yan's facial features.

Although delicate, Zhao Yan's features bore no resemblance to her own.

On the contrary, Zhao Yiling did have some resemblance to Zhao Yan.

"Mom, I've come to see you," said Chu Jin in a soft voice, suppressing the doubts in her heart as she placed the fresh flowers beside the bed.

Even knowing that Zhao Yan wouldn't respond, Chu Jin still made a habit of saying "Mom, I've come to see you" each time she visited.

Perhaps this was a stubborn attachment left by the original owner of the body.

The little lass looked at Zhao Yan on the bed, then at Chu Jin, and softly asked, "Jin Ge, is she your mom?"

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded gently.

Once she knew the definite answer, the little lass immediately trotted out of the ward.

Chu Jin's eyebrows rose slightly; before she could understand what was happening, she saw the little lass walking slowly back toward the bed, hands behind her back, saying as she walked, "Grandma, I've come to see you."

According to the family hierarchy, Jin Ge's mother would be her grandmother.

She was young, but not stupid.

Someday, Jin Ge would become her "mama" after all.

So her calling out "grandma" wasn't wrong.

Therefore, the little lass called out "grandma" with much affection.

It was as though, indeed, she was her true grandmother.

Chu Jin: "... " This child really was a quick learner, imitating everything on the fly.

Imitating perfectly.

However, Chu Jin didn't correct her way of addressing her; with the little lass being so adorable, it wouldn't be bad to have her as a goddaughter.

Being a goddaughter, it was not inappropriate for her to call Zhao Yan "grandma" according to their relations.

"Jin Ge," the little lass walked up to Chu Jin and tugged on the hem of her clothing, asking in a low voice, "Jin Ge, what's wrong with grandma? Is she sick?" Her innocent eyes revealed concern.

The little lass really cared about her grandmother.

Before, she could only watch other children with their grandparents. Now, she had her own.

She could finally stop envying other children.

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded, "Grandma is sick."

"Is grandma's illness serious?" the little lass continued to ask.

Chu Jin didn't hide anything and said softly, "Although grandma has a very serious illness, I believe that she will definitely like Pengpeng very much."

"Really?" The little lass looked up happily, thinking to herself that grandma really had good taste. She liked herself a lot, too.

She was like her dad, loved by all and making everyone happy wherever she went.

"Really," Chu Jin patted the little lass's head, then continued, "Pengpeng, you stay and play here with grandma for a while. I'm going upstairs to take care of something. You can't run around, okay?"

"Okay," the little lass nodded sensibly, "Jin Ge, go ahead with your work. I can stay by myself; I promise I won't run around."

As she spoke, the little lass even raised three fingers in a salute.

"Okay," Chu Jin kissed the little lass's cheek, "Pengpeng is such a good girl. I'll go upstairs then."

"Goodbye, Jin Ge," the little lass waved to Chu Jin.

The little lass was well-behaved and sensible, so Chu Jin left without worrying.

The little lass watched Chu Jin leave, then turned to enter the ward, gently taking Zhao Yan's wrist in her hand.

Zhao Yan's wrist was very thin from being bedridden for so long, creating a stark contrast with the little lass's chubby hand.

"Grandma is so pitiful," the little lass sighed like an adult as she clutched Zhao Yan's hand.

Then cautiously, she gathered her strength and layers upon layers of Spiritual Energy poured from her hand, transferring onto Zhao Yan's. The energy followed the meridians, flowing into every part of Zhao Yan's body.

The little lass's lips had turned slightly white, but Zhao Yan still appeared lifeless as ever.

It was a futile effort.

Clearly, this Spiritual Energy had no effect on Zhao Yan.

The little Lolita staggered back a couple of steps, muttering to herself, "So, Grandma really does have a serious illness."

No wonder Chu Jin was searching for Soul Resurrection Grass.

It turned out Chu Jin wanted to cure Grandma's illness.

She already felt awful without a mom, and Chu Jin, well, it was as if he had no mom at all...

Chu Jin must be feeling even worse than she was, right?

Daddy is so mean!

How could he use the Soul Resurrection Grass to threaten Chu Jin!

Is this how you pursue a girl?

So stupid!

No wonder Chu Jin doesn't think highly of Daddy!

He's so utterly foolish!

How could she have such a stupid daddy!

The little Lolita looked at Zhao Yan, as her innocent large eyes shed their naivety, as if she had grimly decided on something.

She gently took Zhao Yan's hand, and earnestly said, "Grandma, you must get well soon."

About two hours later.

Chu Jin returned from outside, his hair having been sent for identification, with results expected tomorrow.

When Chu Jin came back to the ward, the little Lolita had fallen asleep next to Zhao Yan.

Peaceful and well-behaved, even her sleeping face was incredibly adorable.

Chu Jin looked at her, his eyes curving into a smile, and quietly walked over to pick her up and lay her on the sofa nearby.

The little Lolita did not seem much heavier, but once in his arms, she was surprisingly solid, like a little pig.

Lastly, Chu Jin took off his jacket and covered her with it.

The ward did not smell pleasant.

Chu Jin took a stick of incense out of his backpack and lit it.

This incense was made of pure plant extracts.

The light fragrance was very pleasant.

It smelled like tea, yet also minty.

It could dispel the hospital's medicinal odors and also had the effect of calming and refreshing the mind.

When the nurse aid returned, Chu Jin specifically gave her a few boxes, instructing her to light this type of incense every day.

After that, Chu Jin performed a set of acupuncture on Zhao Yan to promote blood circulation.

By the time he finished, it was five in the afternoon.

The little Lolita slowly woke up from the sofa, rubbed her eyes as she looked at Chu Jin, and said in surprise, "Yikes! Chu Jin, what are you doing here!?"

Chu Jin smiled gently, walked over, and patted her little head, mimicking her tone in a somewhat goofy manner, "Yikes! Pengpeng, what are you doing here too!?"

The little Lolita was confused, looking around the environment for a good while before she caught on.

"Chu Jin, when did you get back?"

"I've been back for a while," Chu Jin replied as he put on his jacket, "unlike you, little lazy pig, sleeping till now."

The little Lolita immediately made a cute gesture, "Chu Jin, have you ever seen a lazy pig as cute as me?"

"That's exactly what you are," Chu Jin chuckled as he tapped her head.

"I'm not a little lazy pig," the little Lolita objected discontentedly, "I'm clearly a little cutie..."

"Alright, alright, little cutie," Chu Jin laughed, amused by her, "then let's head home now, little cutie. Do you need me to carry you?"

"No need, I'm not a baby boy, I'm not that fragile." The little Lolita said as she slid off the sofa.

Looking at the little Lolita, Chu Jin felt as if his heart had grown several years younger.

Chu Jin led the little Lolita out of the hospital.

Twilight was falling.

The sky was already darkening, with the breeze carrying a hint of chill.

The little Lolita looked at the sunset in the sky and tilted her head, asking, "Chu Jin, what are we having for dinner tonight?"

Somehow, she thought today's sun looked just like a fried egg.

Golden and orange.

If you sprinkle some green onion on it, might it be even tastier?

Chu Jin asked with a smile, "What would you like to eat?"

"Chu Jin, you look so handsome when you smile," the little Lolita complimented him before adding, "I want to eat everything."

Chu Jin: "...". This child may be small, but her desires were not.

Her words were well-practiced, and if one wasn't careful, they could easily fall into her sweet-talking trap.

"Chu Jin, do you know how to cook?" the little Lolita continued to ask.

Chu Jin, while leading her forward, replied, "No."

"You don't?" The little Lolita instantly lit up with excitement.

"Yeah, Pengpeng, do you?" Chu Jin asked with a smile, turning the question back on her.

"Cooking is a job for boys, why should us girls get mixed up in that?" The little Lolita proudly raised her cute little head.

"Chu Jin," she went on, "it's normal that you can't cook! These days, the heavy chores should all be handled by boys! Like my daddy, oh, my daddy can cook. Let me tell you, my daddy cooks really well, he can not only cook, but he also does a lot of housework. He's amazing! If you married my daddy, he'd definitely not let you do any work at all!"

"In the future, you'll be in charge of the Mo family!" The little Lolita continued, "You will be the mistress of the Mo family..."

When she talked about Mo Qianjue's virtues, the little Lolita could go on and on non-stop for days and a half.

The goal? Well...

Of course, there was only one.

And that was successfully coaxing Brother Jin back home!

"This child should be renamed 'Scheme King.'" Zi from the Purple Lightning Dimension muttered softly.

Scheme King?

Chu Jin slightly raised his eyebrows; this name did indeed suit the little loli.

So young yet so skilled at scheming.

She would definitely be even more formidable when she grew up.

When passing by the market, on a whim, Chu Jin led the little loli inside.

This was the little loli's first time in a market.

She acted extremely excited, like a little bird that had just escaped its cage, chirping non-stop.

The market environment wasn't very good.

It was dirty and messy.

There were a lot of people coming and going.

It was noisy all over.

Chu Jin took the little loli to buy fish and shrimp, vegetables, tofu.

Thinking of the patient at home, Chu Jin also bought some bones and a free-range chicken.

When leaving, Chu Jin bought the little loli a stick of candied hawthorn.

By the time they arrived at Huagui Park, it was already past five in the evening.

Chu Jin took the groceries into the kitchen.

After coming out of the kitchen, Chu Jin walked over to the little loli and spoke softly, "Pengpeng, how about I take you to meet a little brother?"

"Little brother?" The little loli turned her head, asking, "Is the little brother handsome?"

"Of course, he's handsome." Chu Jin nodded.

Chu Jin wasn't lying; Chu Xiu's looks were really quite remarkable.

Definitely fresh meat material.

The kind that could slay a bunch of young girls.

If one really had to give a rating on beauty, Chu Xiu's looks were only second to hers...

"Brother Jin, why are you so narcissistic?" Zi spoke up softly.

Chu Jin slightly raised his eyebrows, "Are you as narcissistic as I am?"

Zi: "...". Now he understood why the little loli was so narcissistic! This was clearly a case of 'one takes on the color of one's company'!

Although he was quite narcissistic himself...

"Then I want to go!" The little loli quickly stood up from the sofa, took Chu Jin's hand, "Let's go, let's go see the handsome little brother!"

Chu Jin: "...". So if the little brother wasn't handsome, she wouldn't be willing to go see him?

The door of the guest room on the third floor was open.

The little loli stood outside the door, poking her head in curiously, "Is the handsome little brother inside?"

"Yes, inside," Chu Jin replied softly.

Perhaps hearing the noise outside, Chu Xiu put down the book in his hands and slowly walked out.

"Why did you come out? You're injured, hurry back and lie down on the bed." Seeing Chu Xiu emerge, Chu Jin stepped forward quickly, supporting his arm, and helped him walk back inside.

"Sister, I'm fine." Even though he said he was fine, Chu Xiu's complexion was still extremely pale, without a trace of color.

The little loli followed behind the two of them, her eyes shining while looking at Chu Xiu, as if she had found treasure.

My God!

How could there be such a good-looking little brother in the world?

This little brother's looks were just a tiny bit inferior to Brother Jin's.

Just a tiny bit, mind you...

The three of them entered the room, and Chu Jin supported Chu Xiu to sit on the bed.

The little loli moved forward proactively, batting her big eyes, and spoke sweetly, "Little brother, I'll give you some candy."

"Thank you," Chu Xiu extended his hand to receive it.

Faced with such a soft and adorable little loli, surely anyone would find it impossible to refuse, right?

"Little brother, my name is Mo Pengpeng, the Mo from 'Mozi,' and the Pengpeng from 'I walked the fields, and the wheat was green.' You can call me Pengpeng, or you can call me Brother Peng."

Chu Xiu politely curved his lips into a smile, "Hello."

He's always been a man of few words and didn't know how to interact with a little one.

"Little brother, what's your name?" the little loli continued to ask. She even climbed onto the bed on her little short legs, huffing and puffing, and sat beside Chu Xiu.

"My name is Chu Xiu." Chu Xiu replied politely.

The little loli blinked her big eyes in an obedient baby manner, "Which Chu and which Xiu?"

Chu Xiu smiled and said, "The Chu from 'Chu stones of rare beauty,' and the Xiu from 'a beautiful brocade world.'

Although she didn't understand what those idioms meant or which characters they were referring to, the little loli still pretended to understand, nodding repeatedly and seriously said, "So it's that Chu, that Xiu."

"So can I call you Brother Xiu from now on?" the little loli blinked her big eyes and looked at Chu Xiu, her voice sweet.

That little look of hers, so soft and so cute, made it impossible for Chu Xiu, a young man of few words, to resist.

"If it makes you happy," Chu Xiu uncharacteristically uttered several more words than usual.

"Brother Xiu, let me peel the candy for you," the little loli picked up the candy and said while peeling it, "Brother Xiu, let me tell you, this candy is really sweet, really delicious!"

Chu Xiu took the piece of candy with a stiff hand.

He had never tasted anything as sweet and cloying as this in his entire life.

Sigh...

It's really awful!

Only little girls like this kind of stuff; he definitely wouldn't.

But under the expectant gaze of the little loli, Chu Xiu still contradicted himself by saying, "It's delicious."

Seeing that there was nothing more for him to do here, Chu Jin quietly returned to his room, leaving the little loli to keep Chu Xiu company, as a patient should stay cheerful.

With the little loli, the human happy fruit, there, Chu Xiu was unlikely to get bored.

In the room, the little loli was chattering away to Chu Xiu.

Most of the time, Chu Xiu listened attentively, saying little, but the little loli didn't mind and kept on talking happily.

It had to be said that the little loli's ability to lift spirits was incredibly strong.

Two hours later, when Chu Jin came to call the little loli downstairs for dinner, he discovered that Chu Xiu and the little loli were chatting away merrily together.

The aloof boy was instantly turned into a chatterbox.

Their laughter was so intense that their expressions contorted together.

Seeing this, Chu Jin's lips curved into a smile as he approached the little loli, "Pengpeng, stop bothering your Embroidery Brother now. Come downstairs with me for dinner."

"Embroidery Brother, are you coming down to eat with us?" The little loli followed behind Chu Jin, reluctantly walking out the door, looking back every three steps.

Chu Xiu had intended to refuse her, but the words that came out were forced into a, "Okay."

At dinner, the little loli was showing all sorts of favor towards Chu Xiu.

"Embroidery Brother, you're sick, so you should eat more meat!"

Consequently, the vegetables in Chu Xiu's bowl piled up like a little hill.

Chu Xiu also picked a large shrimp and put it in the little loli's bowl, "You too, eat more and grow tall."

Although the two weren't biological siblings, their affection for each other was certainly better than that of actual siblings.

The next morning.

Chu Jin went to the hospital to collect a report, leaving the little loli at home to accompany Chu Xiu.

At the hospital.

Chu Jin smoothly collected the DNA report.

The conclusion, translated from a section filled with professional jargon into plain language, was that the DNA similarity between the two was over 99%, confirming that they were direct blood relatives.

In other words, Chu Xiu was indeed her brother.

Chu Jin looked at the DNA report for a long time without snapping back to reality.

No wonder she'd felt a strange sense of familiarity when she first saw Chu Xiu.

Looking back, it might be the workings of their blood relation.

After a moment, Chu Jin took out her cell phone from her pocket and made a call.

She wanted to share this news with Mo Zhixuan.

When Mo Zhixuan heard the news, he wasn't overly surprised but simply spoke slowly, "Wait for me to come back."

"Okay," Chu Jin replied and then hung up the phone.

Stashing the DNA report in her bag, Chu Jin collected herself and continued walking forward.

Now that it was confirmed that Chu Xiu was her brother, she had to take up the responsibilities of being an older sister.

Zhao Group.

Under the leadership of Zhao Yiling, Zhao Group's business was booming and the Zhao Clan had made a high-profile return to the public eye.

Today, however, the usually radiant Zhao Yiling was noticeably off.

She was distracted during the meeting, and when her assistant called out "President Zhao" several times, she didn't respond once.

The conference room fell into an uneasy silence, with no one daring to speak.

"President Zhao?" The assistant tentatively called again.

"Hmm," Zhao Yiling quickly snapped back to attention, "Go ahead."

Zhao Yiling's distraction was not without reason.

Tian Luo was dead.

Her only support was gone; now, what could she use to fight against Chu Jin?

Originally, she had planned to use Tian Luo's hand to get rid of Chu Jin. Who would have thought that Tian Luo would be so useless, so easily eliminated!

It seemed that they had to proceed with Plan A, first to defeat Chu Jin in the business world!

She had to prove to Chu Jin just how formidable she was!

She wanted to leave Chu Jin with nothing!

She wanted revenge!

Seeing Zhao Yiling's state, the assistant continued, "President Zhao, there is a problem with Plan Z. Shall we still launch the new product as scheduled?"

"Release it!" Zhao Yiling answered without hesitation, "Of course we will release it!"

This product was developed specifically to suppress the new product of theking!

With theking's new product about to hit the market, their own product must keep pace relentlessly.

After all, the market runs on the survival of the fittest.

For the same product, if Zhao Group's is cheaper and performs better than that of theking's, any rational person would choose Zhao Group's!

Not theking's!

So, in this battle, she was sure to win!

Zhao Yiling had great confidence in herself.

Chapter 612: who are you calling a dog?

Moreover, as Zhao Yiling knew, theking had paid a hefty price to get this new product to market, not only burning through all its funds but also borrowing a large amount of loans from the four major banks, leaving it heavily indebted.

Now, all the hopes of theking rested on this product.

If the product launch failed, theking would go bankrupt overnight.

Chu Jin would also be left with nothing.

Without a penny to her name, what could Chu Jin use to contend with me?

Thinking of this, Zhao Yiling's lips curled into a smug smile.

Shen Lingtian had planted a mole inside theking, which was why she had a thorough understanding of the new product's performance and flaws, and that's why she had developed a new product that was even more incredible than theking's in such a short period of time.

Similarly, Zhao Yiling had also put all her bets on this new product.

Not only that, but Zhao Yiling had also played a few tricks, and with her clout as the National Goddess, she lured quite a few investors from theking's camp over to her side.

That's why, although theking might seem glossy and impressive on the outside, in reality, it was barely clinging to life. Should the new product fail to attract attention upon release, theking would lose everything!

The shareholders sitting around the conference table were reassured by Zhao Yiling's confident manner.

Many of them had defected from theking's side, and they were now secretly congratulating themselves for finally picking the right team!

They were all waiting, expecting Zhao Yiling's new product to make them a fortune!

As for theking, bankruptcy didn't seem far off.

Almost everyone was waiting for theking to go bankrupt.

They all watched with an attitude of enjoying the drama unfold.

It was said that the founder of theking was such a coward that he wouldn't even show his face. Could a person like that really think of competing with the National Goddess, or was it just a joke?

The product launch was imminent, and theking was also busily preparing day and night.

After leaving the hospital, Chu Jin took a taxi to the king.

The new product would soon make its debut, and it wasn't good for him, as the boss, to remain unseen during such a crucial time.

So, Chu Jin specially brought afternoon tea as a gesture of morale-boosting for everyone.

Shen Lingtian managed the company well.

Everything was in order, with every person fulfilling their duties.

When Chu Jin arrived, Shen Lingtian was in a meeting with a group of senior executives, discussing the new product launch.

The expressions on Shen Lingtian's and the executives' faces were not good, and there was an inexplicably somber atmosphere in the air.

After listening for a while, Chu Jin understood the situation.

It turned out that the Zhao Group and Shen Clan had collaborated and together developed a new product.

To call it a new product.

Would be more like a knockoff product.

They had stolen the king's idea, improved the product's performance and price, and even priced it at half of what the king's product cost.

Moreover, they had chosen the same day as the king to release this product.

Wasn't this an outright provocation?

theKing had already received numerous cancellations from its partners.

With a superior product on the market at half the price, any discerning person would likely choose the cheaper option, right?

After all, there is no trade without cunning.

Sometimes, people are just that pragmatic.

However, theKing's new product had not yet been released; how did the Zhao Group and Shen Clan get their hands on these trade secrets?

And since they knew every detail about the new product's performance and flaws, there must be a mole in the development department.

So, the main discussion at this meeting was whether or not to change the release date to an earlier time and then lower the product's price.

Only by reducing the price could they save the few remaining orders they still had.

These days, theKing was receiving cancellation calls almost every hour.

If this continued, they would be defeated before they even began.

The senior executives had been discussing for an hour.

In the end, they decided to cut the price by half and release the product three days earlier.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin stood up from her chair, hands in her pockets, and walked nonchalantly to the front of the conference table. She leaned over, adjusted the microphone, her red lips slightly parting, "No need to release it early, and no need to cut the price, everything will proceed according to the original plan."

Proceed according to the original plan? Not cut the price?

Miss Chu, are you sure you really know how to do business?

As soon as these words came out, the shareholders around the conference table began to discuss loudly.

If they proceeded according to the original plan, it meant that they would be directly confronting both the Zhao Clan and the Shen Clan.

Moreover, the Zhao Clan's product was intentionally designed to suppress the king's product. Charging ahead foolishly at this time was no different from a moth flying into a flame, or throwing an egg against a rock.

"Miss Chu, I disagree with your plan!" A shareholder stood up directly.

"I also disagree, Miss Chu. At this time, just be a quiet background figure, don't meddle unnecessarily!"

"General Liu and General Wang are right, Miss Chu. The business world is like a battlefield. It's normal for you to not understand at your young age. If we don't change our strategy, I'm afraid we'll be completely wiped out by the enemy!"

Everyone was vehemently opposing Chu Jin's proposal.

Only Qin Zhenglin stood there, simply watching Chu Jin, remaining silent.

He knew that Chu Jin had a way to deal with these people.

He just needed to watch.

"Everyone, quiet down," Chu Jin raised her hand to adjust the microphone again. Her seemingly careless action exerted an air of authority that successfully intimidated everyone around the table.

The air suddenly fell silent.

In an instant, she seemed like a different person, her presence entirely unveiled.

She looked like someone who had long been in a high position of power, not like a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old girl.

No one dared to speak another word.

The person on the stage looked down at them, a slight curve at the corner of her mouth, and she began to speak slowly.

"Please have faith in theking's product, and also in yourselves!" Chu Jin continued, "Now, as the president of theking, I declare that everything will proceed according to the original plan! Who among you..."

At this point, she paused, glanced around at everyone, and continued.

"Has any objections?"

Word by word, so clear, as if coated with a layer of deterrent force, resounding with conviction.

There was hardly any explanation.

Just one sentence had pronounced the verdict.

It was a verdict, not a consultation.

Utter assertiveness.

Who else had objections?

Who dared to have objections?

The senior executives were all intimidated and no one dared to speak out against her.

Even so, Chu Jin's words had made their blood surge with excitement.

They felt as if they had chosen the right leader.

After the meeting, Chu Jin cheerfully distributed milk tea and pastries from her bag to everyone, with a smile as warm as sunshine, adding a "Thank you for your hard work."

Like a quiet and obedient girl next door, so amicable.

She seemed like a completely different person from the one who had been speaking at the conference table moments earlier.

The attendees silently took the milk tea she handed out, inwardly praising her; not for nothing was she their young boss—just with this kind of control over her powerful presence, it was something they couldn't learn in ten lifetimes.

Qin Zhenglin had absolute faith in Chu Jin.

Initially, he was somewhat anxious, afraid that there would be problems with the product, failing to meet Chu Jin's expectations.

Now it seemed, everything was in Chu Jin's hands.

the king would never go bankrupt, and Brother Jin would not be easily defeated.

"Blondie," as he stood there in a daze, he heard a clear voice, and Qin Zhenglin instinctively looked up in the direction of the sound.

Actually, he knew who the person was without looking up.

In the entire company, aside from Brother Jin, no one else dared to call him "Blondie".

"Brother Jin," Qin Zhenglin said, looking at her as he spoke.

"Catch," Chu Jin simply tossed a cup of milk tea towards him.

Qin Zhenglin stretched out his hand and caught it precisely.

After distributing the milk tea, Chu Jin leisurely walked over to Qin Zhenglin's side.

"Aren't you going to ask me why?" Chu Jin asked lightly, biting on the straw.

"No need to ask," Qin Zhenglin also took a sip of his milk tea, "because I trust you."

From the day he had met Chu Jin,

she had been constantly shattering his worldview every day, so no matter what Chu Jin said or did, Qin Zhenglin would always be the first to trust and support her.

Moreover, if it hadn't been for Chu Jin,

he probably would have been killed by the Lu family by now.

To him, Chu Jin was both light and faith.

"Good brother," Chu Jin slightly curved her lips, gently thumping Qin Zhenglin's left shoulder.

And Chu Jin regarded Qin Zhenglin as a brother too.

She trusted him deeply, otherwise, she wouldn't have given full control of theking to him.

"Thank you, Brother Jin."

"It's me who should thank you," Chu Jin turned to look out of the window, "Thank you for managing theking so well that I haven't had to worry a bit."

"That's all part of my job," Shen Lingtian, affirmed, let out a bashful smile.

Looking at the scenery outside the window, Chu Jin said deliberately, "The show is about to start!"

Shen Lingtian knew when he looked at her that Capital City was probably in for a big change.

In the following days, theking was still preparing for the product launch.

Calm and unhurried.

Without showing the slightest sign of nervousness.

Three days later.

The products from Zhao Group and theking were officially released.

As Zhao Yiling had anticipated.

On the first day of the product launch, Zhao Group's orders were full, and the daily revenue was off the charts.

On the other hand, theking's place was deserted, with no one showing interest.

The odd customers who did show up were there to cancel their orders.

Only a handful of loyal old customers did not cancel their orders.

However, relying on just these one or two old customers wasn't enough to solve the pressing issues.

Now, the executives at theking were getting anxious again, a day had passed without a single new order, but several hundred cancellations had been added; if this continued, wouldn't they lose so much they wouldn't have pants to wear?

Previously, seeing the certainty in Chu Jin's demeanor, they truly thought she had some clever strategy! But now it seemed she was just talking big!

That's right!

She's just a kid, what kind of grand strategy could she have?

"President Qin, we can't go on like this, let's drop our prices," several executives said anxiously as they walked into Qin Zhenglin's office.

"Yeah, yeah, President Qin, should we drop our prices?"

"Lower the prices, lower the prices," the other executives echoed behind.

Qin Zhenglin was actually a bit worried too, but he still looked calm and composed as he said to everybody, "Hasn't the president already said that we should have faith in our own products? Besides, the president hasn't spoken yet; who dares to lower the prices on their own?"

Right now, he needed to keep things stable.

If he started panicking along with them, who knows what kind of chaos would ensue below!

He believed that Chu Jin would definitely have a solution.

"General Qin, our President is young and doesn't understand the ways of business, but we, as the older generation, can't just sit by and watch her make mistakes. We haven't signed a new order today, and if this continues, we'll all end up sipping the northwestern wind together!"

"Don't worry," Qin Zhenglin raised his eyes to look at everyone and said with a steady tone, "I trust that our President won't let us sip the northwestern wind. Now off you go. And don't even think about lowering the prices."

Seeing Qin Zhenglin so adamant, everyone could only sigh and shake their heads as they left the office.

This Qin Zhenglin must have lost his mind. At a time like this, he actually still believes the words of a young girl.

Zhao Clan.

Zhao Yiling sat in the executive chair with satisfaction and said to her assistant, "Make a trip to the king and tell them we're willing to take off their hands those piles of rubbish failed products."

"Yes, President Zhao." Having said that, the assistant was about to turn and leave.

"Wait a second," Zhao Yiling picked up a check and handed it to the assistant, "Take this with you. For a pile of scrap metal, one hundred thousand yuan is more than enough! Right, and while you're at it, tell the king's employees that if they're willing to join the Zhao Clan, we're always welcoming."

Her move was nothing more than to humiliate Chu Jin.

"Is there anything else you would like to instruct, President Zhao?"

"That's it," Zhao Yiling waved her hand dismissively. "You can go now."

The assistant turned and left respectfully.

"Hold on," Zhao Yiling spoke again, watching the assistant's retreating figure.

The assistant paused and turned back, "President Zhao, is there anything else?"

Zhao Yiling picked up her suit jacket and put it on while walking and said, "I'm coming with you."

If she intended to humiliate Chu Jin, how could it count as humiliation if she wasn't there herself?

Zhao Yiling wanted Chu Jin to know that no matter the aspect, she was ten times better than Chu Jin!

Chu Jin was simply no match for her!

Zhao Yiling, accompanied by three people, walked arrogantly into the king.

Coincidentally, Chu Jin was also at the king.

"Sister," Zhao Yiling said, looking at Chu Jin's back with a smug expression. Although she called her "sister," her eyes shot out a vicious gleam.

It was almost as if she couldn't wait to kill Chu Jin right then and there to feel satisfied.

Hearing this, Chu Jin casually glanced back with a hint of a smile, "Miss Zhao must have gone to the wrong place, there's no 'sister' here for you."

Zhao Yiling covered her mouth with a light laugh and continued, "It's okay if you don't recognize me as your sister, but I really did come here to help you today. I just want to ask you one question, Chu Jin, how does it feel to lose to me?"

"Lose to you?" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly. "Zhao Yiling, you're daydreaming in broad daylight."

Lose?

The word 'lose' was never in her dictionary!

"Chu Jin, stop pretending to be strong," Zhao Yiling continued, "You know the current situation of the king better than I do. In consideration of the fact that you once called me sister, I will be kind enough to take off your hands this pile of scrap metal."

With that, Zhao Yiling took out a check from her wallet and smiled, "What do you think? Isn't one hundred thousand quite a lot?"

One hundred thousand?

The total value of those products was over two billion yuan, and she thought she could buy them with a mere one hundred thousand?

Initially, the executives at the king were secretly relieved to hear that Zhao Yiling was willing to buy these products.

They thought that Zhao Yiling still had some conscience and wasn't utterly ruthless with them.

Now it seemed Zhao Yiling had just come to watch the drama!

Chu Jin didn't look at Zhao Yiling but rather turned to the others and spoke with a hooked lip, "Where is security? Where's security, haven't they seen a rabid dog here? Hurry up and kick this dog out!"

"Who are you calling a dog?" Zhao Yiling was furious. Even at this moment, Chu Jin had the audacity to be so bold!

Chu Jin gave Zhao Yiling a glance and said with a cool tone, "Whoever responds is who I'm referring to."

Zhao Yiling held back her anger, looking at Chu Jin with a ferocious face, "Keep laughing, keep laughing, you won't be laughing for long!"

"Don't worry," Chu Jin quirked her lips slightly, enunciating each word, "I will definitely have the last laugh."

Just as she finished speaking, a security guard with a baton came in and started ushering Zhao Yiling out.

Unable to humiliate Chu Jin and instead being humiliated by her, Zhao Yiling felt like she could burst from anger. Before turning to leave, she said to the executives beside Chu Jin, "Each of you is talented, and coincidentally, I, Zhao Yiling, am the one who appreciates talent. If you wish, you can come with me. The Zhao Clan is very welcoming to all of you."

Chapter 613: Past Events

Zhao Yiling's statement was extremely elegant.

She likened herself to a connoisseur of talent.

Zhao Yiling originally thought that after she finished speaking, everyone would follow her and leave theking.

After all, theking was no longer able to bring them any benefits.

Unexpectedly, as soon as she spoke, everyone acted as if they had not heard her, ignoring her completely, yet they all looked at her as if she were a fool.

This is unscientific...

Theking has already fallen; why do these people have no reaction at all? Are they planning to stay here and bite the dust?

These are all theking's executives.

They would not leave easily until the very last moment.

Moreover, that moment has not arrived yet.

They will surely hold their ground and weather the storm with theking!

And this Zhao Yiling, it's obvious she isn't a good person! How dare she try to poach their executives? Ridiculously overestimating oneself! Utter fantasy! Having accompanied theking this far, they will certainly continue to the end. What does it mean to walk halfway and stop?

It's unacceptable to lose face.

Zhao Yiling was so angry, her face turned green!

These people really didn't know what was good for them! She graciously accepted them, yet they did not appreciate it!

After Zhao Yiling left, these executives finally put aside their smiles, turned to look at Chu Jin with some worry, and said, "President Chu, lower the price, please! If our prices are half as cheap as Zhao Clan's, these people will definitely rush to buy from us!"

Family shame should not be spread abroad; they couldn't show weakness in front of Zhao Yiling, but behind closed doors, they still had to solve the problem at hand.

With things having developed to this point, other than lowering the price, there seemed to be no other solution!

In fact, even if the king's price was half as cheap as Zhao Clan's, people might not necessarily choose the king!

After all, Zhao Clan had Zhao Yiling, the "National Goddess," as their selling point.

Zhao Yiling was someone with millions of fans!

Moreover, Zhao Clan's products looked much more high-end than the king's!

Any clear-sighted person would choose Zhao Clan.

"No need to lower the price," Chu Jin was still calm and composed, lazily leaning back in her chair with her legs crossed, and said indifferently, "Not only will we not lower the prices, but we will raise them instead, and set a purchasing limit – one machine per ID card."

She spoke slowly, a faint smile hanging on her clear and delicate face, contrasting sharply with the anxious executives by her side.

No matter what happened, she remained unflustered.

Like an imperturbable orchid, always ready to surprise people unexpectedly.

"What?" The executives were stunned.

They didn't mishear her, did they?

Raise the price? Set a purchasing limit?

Was the president out of her mind?

The uninquired products were bothersome as it was, and now the price was to be increased?

Did she think the consumers were foolish?

Was the president dreaming?

"Yes, you heard correctly," Chu Jin continued, "raise the price, set a purchasing limit." She spoke each word clearly.

It was impossible to guess what she was truly thinking.

The executives looked at each other.

Before the high-level executives could react, Chu Jin stood up from her chair with a light smile, "Gentlemen, rest assured, this time, I guarantee you'll make a killing."

Having spoken, Chu Jin then turned to look at Qin Zhenglin and said, "Mr. Qin, please arrange it as I said."

In front of these executives, naturally, Chu Jin couldn't call him by his nickname.

"Alright, I'll issue the announcement right away." Without any doubt, Qin Zhenglin turned and left.

Theking supported not only offline transactions but also owned an online mall.

The group of executives thought, this is it, this is the end.

Even someone as sensible as Qin Zhenglin was taken in by Chu Jin!

This time they were really finished!

After arranging some matters, Chu Jin left the company.

With Qin Zhenglin there, she could be an easygoing laissez-faire manager.

Outside.

The sunlight was just right.

As Chu Jin was just walking out of the company's entrance, she was greeted with blinding sunshine, and she subconsciously raised her hand to shield her forehead.

In the sunshine.

That hand was so pale it was nearly transparent.

She wore a white shirt and tight jeans, which accentuated her long, slender legs.

Although people were coming and going around her, Mo Zhixuan spotted her at a glance.

After not seeing her for several days.

His wife...

Seemed to have become even more beautiful.

Such a beautiful girl would belong to him in the future.

In his long life, Elder Mo had never felt as content as he did at this moment.

Just as Chu Jin reached the roadside, a black Bugatti Veyron 'whooshed' to a stop in front of her.

The car window slowly lowered.

Revealing a distinct and chiseled profile.

It was Mr. Mo.

"Mo Zhixuan!" Chu Jin looked at him with some surprise, walked around to the other side, opened the door, and sat in the passenger seat, "Wasn't it tomorrow's flight? How come you're back today?"

The conversation had only taken place last night, one could never guess what Elder Mo was thinking...

Mo Zhixuan glanced at her and said in a leisurely tone, "I missed you, so I came back earlier."

"Really?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

Mr. Mo chuckled, "Of course it's true."

After a rather evasive chat.

Miss Chu had a new understanding of Mr. Mo.

Old, thick-skinned, and shameless!

Facing Miss Chu's accusation, Mr. Mo made no rebuttal.

Men who care about their face in front of their wives are not good men!

Up ahead was a red light.

The car slowed to a stop.

Mo Zhixuan turned his eyes toward Chu Jin and asked seriously, "Do you need my help?"

That theking was in such a crisis, it was normal for Mo Zhixuan to be aware of it.

Chu Jin, of course, knew what he was referring to and answered with an equally serious tone, "No need, I can handle it myself. You just sit on the side and enjoy the show."

"Okay." Mo Zhixuan did not ask further, merely nodded slightly, and then added, "If you encounter any difficulties, make sure to tell me right away."

He respected her opinions and would give her enough time in private matters, not interfering too much.

But.

He didn't want to be a worthless fiancé.

He wanted her to know that no matter what, he would always be standing behind her.

Chu Jin understood the meaning behind his words and nodded slowly, "Mhm."

All was understood without saying more.

She was very grateful to have met him in this lifetime.

Inside the living room.

The little girl sat on the couch watching TV, hugging a white fat cat in her arms.

Bread was sitting pitifully on the side.

That melancholic little gaze was simply unbeatable.

Like a little wife who had been abandoned.

Ever since the little girl met Xiao Bai, Bread had completely fallen out of favor.

That fat cat really had no shame. Despite its age, it was actually competing for affection!

Upon seeing Chu Jin return, Bread immediately sprang to life, running towards where Chu Jin was.

"Jin-ge." The little girl also hurriedly put down the Whitey in her hands and ran towards Chu Jin.

So.

Mr. Mo was completely neglected. Just a moment ago, Jin was still holding his hand!

Looking at his empty palm.

Mr. Mo felt deeply melancholic!

Whose wild child is this?

Doesn't anyone care?

Is his fiancée's face something to be kissed casually?

If it hadn't been for the little girl looking like a girl, Mr. Mo would have thrown her out long ago.

Well.

Considering that she's a girl and quite cute at that.

Let's just leave it at that.

Though he comforted himself with these thoughts, Mr. Mo's face was still as dark as charcoal.

"Right, Pengpeng, let me introduce you," Chu Jin stood up and pointed at Mo Zhixuan, introducing him to the little girl, "This is Mo Zhixuan, also my fiancé. You can call him..."

Um, calling him brother is definitely not okay.

Mr. Mo is already so old.

"Call him uncle."

Jin-ge's fiancé!?

The little girl looked at Mo Zhixuan, unsure how to react.

Hey, wait!

Is she blind?

She must be dreaming, right?

Wasn't it said that Jin-ge's fiancé was old and ugly?

Wasn't it said that Jin-ge's fiancé was a hunchbacked old geezer?

...

The handsome uncle before her eyes.

Where was he old and ugly?

Although he wasn't quite as good as Papa.

He's still handsome!

After all, Papa is the most beautiful in her heart.

Right, Papa is beautiful.

The handsome uncle is handsome.

So, does that mean Papa really has no chance now?

The little girl immediately felt immense pressure!

It seems that taking Jin-ge home smoothly won't be so simple!

Looking at the handsome uncle before her, the little girl's inner alarm bells went off, and she politely greeted him while retreating a step, "Hello, uncle. I am Mo Pengpeng, Mo from Mo Pengpeng, Pengpeng from Mo Pengpeng."

The guy before her was Papa's romantic rival!

Papa's romantic rival was her own rival!

Of course, she couldn't speak nicely to her own rival.

"Hello." Mo Zhixuan said expressionlessly, uttering two words before quickly raising an eyebrow, "From the Mo family?"

The Mo family?

Listening to the handsome uncle's words, he must also know the famously renowned Mo family.

Maybe he even knows the beautifully stunning Papa.

Maybe Papa's name alone would scare him enough to wet his pants!

Jin-ge would definitely not like an uncle who wets his pants!

Therefore, the little girl quickly nodded her head, very proud, "My Papa is Mo Qianjue. Uncle, do you know him?"

Mo Qianjue.

Heh heh.

Mo Zhixuan smiled without mirth.

Very good, very good.

This shameless old man, digging at his walls right in front of him!

Does he really think he's dead?

"I don't recognize him," Mo Zhixuan shook his head seriously, "I have no impression of nobodies."

"My papa is not a nobody," the little loli immediately retorted, "My papa, Mo Qianjue, is a great hero!"

Handsome uncle is so annoying.

How dare he say papa is a nobody!

Heh heh.

Mo Zhixuan continued to laugh.

A great hero?

Is he a hero who specializes in stealing other people's corners?

But in front of the child, he couldn't lose his manners.

So, Mo Zhixuan reached out and gently patted the little loli's head, wearing a kind smile like a benevolent father, then said, "Go back and tell your daddy, just say, Mo Zhixuan wants to give him a piece of advice, 'It's okay to have an empty head, but don't let water get into your brain.'"

The little loli was somewhat puzzled, "Uncle, why can't water get into your brain?"

Mo Zhixuan went on, "Just look at your daddy and you'll understand." If Mo Qianjue's head wasn't waterlogged, would he have the audacity to try to dig at his walls?

Are his walls that easy to breach?

The little loli didn't dwell on this question and continued to ask, "Uncle, are you really Mo Zhixuan?"

She still couldn't quite believe it.

How did the ugly and old wreck of a man transform into a tall and handsome uncle? '

Is this some kind of magic trick?

"I haven't changed my name, nor my surname." Mo Zhixuan slightly bent over, then said, "Remember to call me brother in the future."

Call Jin 'Brother Jin'.

How did it change to uncle when it comes to him?

Why is he suddenly the uncle?

He is clearly very young.

If the little loli keeps calling him uncle, does that make him a generation older than Chu Jin?

He is clearly of the same generation as Chu Jin.

Chu Jin once again witnessed Mr. Mo's shamelessness.

Intimidated by Mr. Mo's authority, the little loli reluctantly said against her conscience, "Brother."

"Good girl." Mo Zhixuan nodded in satisfaction, "Tomorrow brother will buy you candy."

Mo Qianjue might be clueless and have water in his head.

But the daughter he had was an understanding and obedient child.

No wonder Jin liked her so much.

"Thank you, brother," the little loli immediately thanked him.

Yet she inwardly criticized.

The uncle is so silly.

To think of bribing her with candy, she is no longer a three-year-old child!

Could she be bought with just one candy?

It wasn't long before.

Chu Xiu also came down from upstairs.

"Sis."

"Brother Xiu," the little loli saw Chu Xiu and immediately ran to his side, opening her arms to ask for a hug.

Although the handsome uncle looks good.

He feels so cold.

This baby can't accept that just yet.

Compared to the handsome uncle, she prefers Brother Xiu.

Chu Xiu cooperated and picked up the little loli.

Chu Jin also stood up and said to Chu Xiu, "This is your brother-in-law, Mo Zhixuan."

Chu Xiu was slightly startled before he said, "Hello, brother-in-law, I am Chu Xiu."

"Mhm," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly in acknowledgment, then took out a wooden box from his pocket and handed it to Chu Xiu, slowly uttering three words, "A meeting gift."

Meeting his future brother-in-law.

Of course, he had to prepare a meeting gift.

Mr. Mo might come off as aloof, but he understood the basics of social etiquette.

Although this wooden box looked very ordinary, it was surrounded by a stream of spiritual energy, indicating that the contents were anything but ordinary.

It was his first meeting, and he felt far too inhibited to accept such a significant gift, so Chu Xiu turned his gaze to Chu Jin beside him.

Seeing Chu Jin nod subtly, Chu Xiu then reached out to receive the wooden box and said, "Thank you, brother-in-law."

Mr. Mo tried to come across a bit more approachable, "We are family, no need for formalities."

Chu Xiu then took a serious look at his future brother-in-law.

The future brother-in-law was more than a head taller than him, and although he was simply standing there, he exuded an invisible pressure.

Whether it was his looks or his aura, he seemed just about good enough for his sister.

He might seem cold, but one could tell from his gaze that his sister had a place in his heart.

Therefore, Chu Xiu's first impression of the future brother-in-law was not bad.

Moreover, the more Chu Xiu observed his future brother-in-law, the more familiar he seemed, as if he had seen him somewhere before.

But where exactly?

Chu Xiu frowned slightly.

Suddenly, four characters flashed through his mind.

'Youth Who Slaughtered a City.'

Chu Xiu suddenly recalled a legend that circulated throughout the Three Realms!

A hero of the Three Realms!

And, he had heard from his grandfather that the youth who slaughtered a city was named Mo Zhixuan.

Suppressing the excitement in his heart, Chu Xiu then said, "You... you are Mo Zhixuan, the Youth Who Slaughtered a City?"

He was born too late.

He hadn't personally witnessed the grace of the youth who slaughtered the city, but since his birth, his ears had been filled with tales of that very youth.

The legend of the youth was well-known to every household.

Even now, people in the Superpower World feel excitement when they mention the youth of the past.

Unfortunately, later on, no one knew why.

The youth completely withdrew from the Superpower World.

And those of the older generation, whenever they talk about the real reason the youth left, would change their expressions drastically and remain silent.

In their eyes flickered fear, and... guilt.

No one knew what really happened back then.

A stone statue was even specifically made for the youth in their family.

That's why he felt Mo Zhixuan looked so familiar.

His appearance had hardly changed, identical to that statue.

Mo Zhixuan neither denied nor confirmed it, only saying, "It's all in the past now. Those are but empty titles. I am just Mo Zhixuan now."

His words were as good as an admission.

Chu Xiu was overwhelmed with excitement, "Brother-in-law, I grew up listening to your stories. Why did you leave the Superpower World back then?" Chu Xiu had long been curious about this reason!

If Mo Zhixuan hadn't left the Superpower World, he probably would've united the three realms long ago.

The youth had once sacrificed himself to save the Superpower World, so how could he easily abandon it?

Why would the older generation remain tight-lipped about the reason for his departure?

What were they afraid of?

What were they feeling guilty about?

What exactly happened in between?

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan's expression darkened for a moment, then he subtly asked, "You're a Chu, one of the Chu Family's descendants?"

Clearly, he was avoiding Chu Xiu's question.

He didn't want to talk about the past anymore.

Let bygones be bygones.

He was no longer the youth who slew the city.

Chu Xiu also picked up on the implied meaning in Mo Zhixuan's words and nodded, "Yes, Chu Lifu is my father."

Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly, then followed up, "Since Chu Lifu is your father, how did you end up in the mortal world?"

The Chu Family was a prominent clan in the Superpower World, with a very distinguished status. How could Chu Xiu, as the descendant of the Clan Leader and his son, leave the Superpower World while still underage?

"I..." As the topic came up, Chu Xiu's expression dimmed, "It's a long story. The Chu Family is no longer what it used to be, the Superpower World is no longer as it was. Ever since you left, the Clan Leader has been making all the decisions in the Superpower World..."

Chu Xiu slowly recounted.

He told Mo Zhixuan all about the changes in the Superpower World over the years and why the Chu Family fell.

The process was long.

The story in between was convoluted.

Of course, all these troubles were inseparable from villains.

Because the Chu Family's fame gradually grew, the Clan Leader became wary, fearing the Chu Family might one day replace him.

As a result, the Chu Family was falsely charged with betraying the Superpower World.

Members of the Chu Clan died or were injured.

The few who survived were all banished to the mortal world.

And so, the Chu Family perished.

Chu Xiu thought, if the youth of the past had not left, none of this would have happened.

After quietly listening to the entirety, Mo Zhixuan then asked, "So how did Ah Jin come to be your sister?"

All that Chu Xiu had mentioned happened after Chu Jin was born.

Chu Lifu was once the Clan Leader of the Chu Family in the Superpower World.

Chu Jin, as his eldest daughter, how did she end up in the mortal world?

Or was that DNA test report tampered with?

Chu Jin and Chu Xiu weren't actual siblings at all.

Chu Xiu sighed, then continued, "It was like this, back then..."

As it turned out, Chu Liyan and Chu Lifu were brothers by the same mother.

Chu Liyan was banished from the Superpower World forever for falling in love with a woman from the mortal world, against the clan rules.

After Chu Jin was born, a spiritualist predicted that she would be the doom star of heaven, a curse to her parents and even the entire Superpower World.

How could the Superpower World tolerate such a harbinger of doom?

Thus, the Clan Leader put pressure on the Chu Family.

The doom star of heaven had to be executed.

To spare Chu Jin from this fate, risking her life, the mother of the Chu Family sent the baby Chu Jin to the mortal world overnight, entrusting her to Chu Liyan.

At that time, Chu Liyan and Zhao Yan were newlyweds.

Yet they still took in Chu Jin.

In fact, for the sake of Chu Jin, they didn't have children of their own.

Chu Jin listened quietly; although her face was as serene as jade, a surge of inexplicable emotions churned within her: sourness, anger...

Mo Zhixuan gently took her hand, his deep phoenix eyes conveying warmth.

Seeing their linked hands, the little girl knew, her daddy truly had no chance.

...

On this side,

theking's official account posted an announcement about a price hike and purchase limit, drawing countless netizens' scoffs and mockery.

Netizen A: The boss is an idiot, confirmed!

Netizen B: Originally, I didn't want to buy it, but seeing your capriciousness, I've decided to buy one to try it out.

Netizen C: I'm truly blessed! Such a crappy product has a purchase limit, did the boss come to work without a brain?

Netizen D: I love capricious bosses like this.

Netizen E: Already placed an order!

Netizen F: Such trash products, I wouldn't take them even if they were free.

Netizen H: The official account is really deceiving itself.

Chapter 614: National Goddess

Varied comments surfaced.

For a time, the official Weibo post shot up to the top of the trending searches.

In fact, this could very well be a marketing strategy.

Ever since the official Weibo released this message, many people placed orders out of curiosity.

In just a few short hours, the online store had received nearly two hundred orders.

Of course, a mere two hundred orders were but a drop in the ocean compared to the Zhao Clan's overflowing orders.

The first day.

The Zhao Clan's orders were filled to capacity.

The second day.

Still filled to capacity.

The third day.

It was the same.

Watching the king on the brink of bankruptcy, Zhao Yiling also glowed with happiness these past few days.

This is what is called.

One's spirits soar with joy in felicitous times.

Just thinking about stepping firmly on Chu Jin, Zhao Yiling was thrilled beyond measure.

However.

This situation continued until the fourth day, and Zhao Yiling could no longer smile.

Because this product had a very serious quality issue.

Not only did they receive close to 90% return requests from users, but many users also filed joint complaints with the local Bureau of Industry and Commerce.

Countless partners wanted to terminate their contracts.

Overnight, the Zhao Clan received complaints from countless platforms.

The product developed by the Zhao Clan was a high-tech dream product.

Although it looked like an unprepossessing pillow on the outside.

Its efficacy could not be compared with that of an ordinary pillow.

Because a chip was installed inside the pillow.

It not only massaged, promoting blood circulation and dispelling blood stasis.

But it also made dreams come true.

The so-called dreams come true meant that after a person entered deep sleep, the chip inside the pillow could weave dreams based on what the individual desired.

To put it another way.

Whatever people wanted to see but couldn't, wanted to do but couldn't, they could accomplish it all in their dreams.

Helping people fulfill wishes that they couldn't fulfill in their waking lives.

In short, this was a magical product.

It's precisely because it was such a high-tech magical product that it was highly sought after and bought eagerly by many people as soon as it hit the market.

But now.

The beautiful dream had turned into a nightmare.

After some people used this pillow, not only did they not have their beautiful dreams come true, but they also suffered from continuous nightmares, and some were even scared into having heart attacks.

It's said that two elderly people were scared to death!

With the Zhao Clan's overly successful advertising campaign initially, they now faced accusations of false advertising and deceiving consumers, and with lives at stake, it attracted high levels of attention from the relevant authorities.

Suddenly.

The National Goddess was transformed into a national swindler.

Even Zhao Yiling's Weibo was besieged.

Netizens completely disregarded Zhao Yiling's National Goddess aura.

Netizen A: Swindler, swindler! All you do is cheat us consumers out of our money! I knew it, Hua Nation couldn't possibly produce such high-tech stuff! Talking about making dreams come true, it almost scared me to death!

Netizen B: To the one above, please don't lump all of Hua Nation together! Just because the Zhao Group can't do it doesn't mean other companies can't either! I bought the pillow too, and it's working great!

Netizen C: Where can I buy it?

Netizen D: Begging for the link!

Netizen E: Swindler, may your whole family die off.

Netizen F: Can dreams really come true?

Netizen G: Hope it's not another swindler?

Netizen H: I have a relative who works in the engineering department of theking, and I know the inside story! It's said that the Zhao Clan stole theking's idea! Stolen things are bound to be shady, never as good as the genuine article!

Netizen J: The one I bought is genuine~ The quality is exceptionally good!

...

The Zhao Group plunged into a severe financial crisis, teetering in turmoil.

On the other side, theking caught fire, not only receiving continuous praise but also taking orders until their hands went soft.

They couldn't supply enough to meet the demand.

Consumers didn't even care about the five-digit price tag.

theking's daily sales skyrocketed to nine figures!

Breaking the global sales record.

theking didn't just catch fire, it became a global sensation.

Even foreigners came seeking it out by name.

And it reached a state where it was hard to come by just one.

theKing also became the first company globally to launch such a high-tech product.

By now,

Hua Nation had finally surpassed many countries in terms of technology,

even defeating the tech giant M nation.

In just ten days,

Zhao Clan declared bankruptcy.

Not only bankrupt but also involved in a plagiarism scandal.

theKing formally sued Zhao Group's legal representative, Zhao Yiling.

Half a month later,

Zhao Yiling was jailed for alleged charges including money laundering, tax evasion, plagiarism, and intentional homicide.

Sentenced to death, with a stay of execution of one month.

Assets frozen, properties sealed.

The Zhao family was evicted from Wancheng Villa and rented a shabby civilian house to live in.

Thus, the Zhao family fell from grace.

Zhao Hai was so shocked that he was bedridden.

And Li Ruyu ran off with an outsider lover after the incident.

Only Zhao Shendong and Zhao Hai remained in the Zhao family.

Overnight, Zhao Shendong went from having a wife and daughter to having neither.

Consequently, Shen Clan also suffered.

Shen Lingtian went from being a privileged figure of Capital City to a homeless wanderer in a single night.

theking, without making a sound, brought down two renowned enterprises of Capital City,

leaving everyone astonished.

It also made people even more curious about who the true person behind theking was, with such a cold and ruthless approach!

For a time, the internet buzzed with all sorts of speculation.

Some guessed that theking's hidden boss must be a middle-aged uncle,

while others thought it was a young and capable guy,

and some speculated it was a rich second generation from a wealthy family.

Moreover, with the viral video of "the Heroine of Capital City", there was a new twist in the National Goddess's saga.

Because netizens had found through photo comparisons,

that the side profile of the National Goddess was identical to that of the Heroine of Capital City.

So,

Zhao Yiling was not the real National Goddess at all.

For a moment,

Chu Jin.

These two characters completely took the internet by storm.

After she became famous,

all the old videos that vanished were dug up by the powerful netizens.

Saving someone at the horse track, Divination Master, Golden Needle rescuing, speeches...

Mysterious tycoon, Scholar...

She became the undisputed National Goddess.

Everyone envied her.

But,

she was discreet.

She didn't make any statements,

nor did she open any Weibo account under the name of Chu Jin.

No matter how much people speculated, they could never imagine that their admired National Goddess was the person behind theking.

Nor could they guess,

that the popular "The Return of the Past" was another of her aliases.

Inside the house,

Chu Xiu sat on the sofa browsing Weibo, a clear curve at the corners of her mouth.

His sister was even more outstanding than he had imagined.

He was proud to have such a sister.

Since his sister was so remarkable, he couldn't lag too far behind either.

Chu Xiu looked up into the distance, his expression determined.

These days, Chu Jin was busy finding a school for Chu Xiu, since as his sister, she would definitely take responsibility for him.

Chu Xiu was only thirteen this year, a teenager.

Educating him was a must.

"Chu Xiu," Chu Jin, carrying a backpack, walked in from the outside,

"Sister," a smile appeared on Chu Xiu's lips, as he got up from the sofa,

"I've found a school for you," Chu Jin handed the admission notice to Chu Xiu, "It's fully boarding, I've visited the school, it's well-managed and has a good learning environment, you can come home every two weeks, and I will arrange for the driver to pick you up from school."

To facilitate Chu Xiu's schooling, Chu Jin even bought a car and hired a driver.

Apart from heritage and special abilities, the life system in the Superpower World was not much different from the common world.

Students had to attend school.

Adults had to go to work.

In the Superpower World, Chu Xiu had just started the second year of junior high, but now that he had come to the mundane world, he couldn't fall behind in his studies.

Upon hearing this, Chu Xiu's expression dimmed. He took the notification letter and said with his eyes downcast, "Sister... I, I don't want to go to school..." He didn't want to go to school; he wanted to return to the Superpower World.

He wanted revenge.

He wanted to revive the Chu Family...

Chu Jin, of course, understood his meaning. She patted his shoulder and said softly with her red lips, "I know what you mean. Since I am your sister, the eldest daughter of the Chu Family, I will certainly take on the responsibilities of the eldest daughter. Don't worry, I will avenge the annihilation of our family, and I definitely will return to the Superpower World, but... not now."

Both Chu Jin and Chu Xiu.

They were both in a period of laying low, their wings not yet fully grown. If they were to confront those people from the Superpower World head-on, it would surely be like throwing eggs against a rock.

"When will that be?" Chu Xiu looked up, his eyes full of confusion.

Having witnessed the tragic deaths of his parents.

He now only thought about revenge.

Everytime he thought that his life was exchanged with the deaths of many, he couldn't peacefully enjoy everything he had right now.

Chu Jin still maintained her indifferent expression and spoke slowly, "A gentleman's revenge can wait ten years. Listen to me, go to school first."

"I..." Chu Xiu stood there, motionless, and then said, "Sister, do you not want revenge anymore?"

His sister was so formidable, and she was born with a phoenix destiny!

If she wanted revenge, why would she fear this or that?

Clearly, she no longer wanted revenge!

That's right, his sister wasn't even raised by their parents...

Chu Xiu's downcast eyes were filled with myriad thoughts.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin wasn't angry. Instead, she leaned forward and sat on the sofa, looked up at Chu Xiu, and continued, "Let me ask you a question."

"Ask," Chu Xiu responded with slightly lowered eyes.

Chu Jin spoke in an indifferent tone, "Which do you think are harder to deal with, Tian Luo or those people from the Superpower World?"

"The Superpower World," Chu Xiu blurted out without hesitation.

Of course, the people from the Superpower World were harder to deal with.

Even if Tian Luo was formidable, he was just a biologist.

Whereas the Superpower World was full of big shots with special abilities.

Chu Jin nodded lightly and said, "Then think about it, we almost lost our lives just dealing with Tian Luo, what strength do we have to seek revenge against those people from the Superpower World? Or do you think... those people from the Superpower World are fools who would stand there and let the two of us chop them with a knife?"

Chu Xiu was now completely speechless.

He had been so fixated on revenge that he hadn't considered these details and had overlooked his own abilities.

Chu Jin was right.

He couldn't even defeat Tian Luo, let alone the people from the Superpower World.

Chu Jin got up from the sofa and continued, "First, study well and don't think too much about other things." As she finished speaking, Chu Jin took a blue-covered antique book out of her backpack and handed it to Chu Xiu.

She continued, "You're talented. Take this and take a look. Only when you're strong can you confront those enemies and revive the family."

The cover of the blue antique book had four big brush-written characters: Heavenly Qi.

Chu Xiu looked at the antique book in his hands, a glint of light flashing through his eyes.

The gloom in his heart was swept away.

"Sister, I understand," Chu Xiu looked up at Chu Jin, "I'll go to school tomorrow."

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Then get ready, I'm going out."

"Okay." Chu Xiu stood up and walked Chu Jin to the door.

Chu Jin didn't return to her room, but instead drove away from Huagui Park.

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In another corner of the city.

Inside an ordinary residential house.

A woman with dark yellow skin and a protruding belly stood in front of a simple stove, frying vegetables.

Intermittent coughing sounds came from inside the house.

The coughing was severe, as if it came from an elderly person, causing the heart to cough out as well.

Just by hearing that sound, one would know that the person must be seriously ill.

Then, amidst the sizzling sound of frying, a man's voice came from inside the house, "Lu Yan, Lu Yan, I'm hungry... hungry..."

Indeed.

The woman cooking was none other than Lu Yan.

Time had passed.

Her belly was now very noticeable.

And on her face, there was no longer the prestigious look of when she was the head of the Lu family.

The man calling out hungry from inside the house was Shen Lingtian.

Having lost everything, Shen Lingtian, unable to handle the blow, suffered a nervous breakdown that led to intellectual decline, turning him into an idiot.

He forgot everyone.

He only remembered Lu Yan.

Lu Yan should have hated him, but upon seeing Shen Lingtian like that, she couldn't bring herself to hate him. So she took Shen Lingtian in.

Together, they were better off than being alone.

"Lu Yan... Hungry..."

Seeing that Lu Yan did not respond, Shen Lingtian supported himself on the walls and walked out from inside the house.

In just a month's time.

Shen Lingtian seemed to have turned into a different person.

Worn out, destitute, with a foolish smile hanging on his face.

He had become skin and bones.

He was diagnosed with lung cancer.

Late-stage.

He had only a few months left to live.

Although Lu Yan could no longer bring herself to hate Shen Lingtian, anyone would be hard-pressed to maintain a pleasant demeanor in the face of someone with impaired intelligence all day long. She frowned and said somewhat displeased, "Why did you come out? Get back inside quickly! The meal is almost ready!"

Shen Lingtian immediately smiled like a child and said, "Oh, oh, I will be good. I'll go back inside now. Don't be angry, okay?"

Lu Yan sighed.

She said no more.

She continued to stir-fry the green vegetables in the pan as tears dropped one by one into it.

Now she went to Qin Jie's grave to confess every month.

She knew that all of this was retribution.

"Heavenly Dao" is cyclical.

It was all retribution.

She knew she was wrong, but in this world, there was no such thing as "Regret Medicine".

If she could do it over, she would definitely not commit such atrocious acts against the heavens and humanity.

In this world, evildoers never meet good ends.

If possible, she wanted to tell her child personally.

One must always have a kind heart to be a good person.

Only with a clear conscience can one live a life of ease and comfort.

She thought about dying.

But the child in her belly was innocent.

She had already decided that once the child was born, she would join Shen Lingtian in death.

To atone to Qin Jie personally in the netherworld.

Chu Jin stood behind a banyan tree, silently watching everything unfold.

She felt not the slightest sympathy for the fate that had befallen Shen Lingtian and Lu Yan.

They had brought it upon themselves.

If it were not for the child in Lu Yan's belly, Chu Jin would have acted long ago to finish her off, yet, leaving Lu Yan alive to endure such agony in this world was a torment in itself.

As for Shen Lingtian,

He was doomed to die tormented by disease.

There was no need for her to take action.

Killing him herself, she feared it would sully her hands.

Witnessing the enemies of her past life finally receive their comeuppance, Chu Jin breathed a sigh of relief, felt unburdened, and turned to walk away.

The time that remained was hers and Mr. Mo's.

Three days later.

At the Mo family.

The little loli tiptoed into Mo Qianjue's bedroom.

Seeing Mo Qianjue lying asleep on the bed, the little loli tentatively called out, "Daddy..."

Once.

Mo Qianjue showed no reaction.

The little loli, worried that he was feigning sleep, continued, "Daddy, Brother Jin is here."

The little loli knew that if Daddy was faking sleep, he would definitely jump up excitedly at the mention of Brother Jin's name.

But after calling out Brother Jin,

Mo Qianjue still did not react.

The little loli breathed a sigh of relief and stealthily climbed onto the bed, carefully reaching out to pat and search Mo Qianjue's body...

Her movements were light, for fear of accidentally waking Mo Qianjue.

Suddenly, her eyes brightened.

She successfully found a key on Mo Qianjue's body.

"I've finally found you," said the little loli as she kissed the key.

Then she quietly got off the bed, drew the bed curtains, lit a stick of sandalwood, and turned to enter Mo Qianjue's study.

Daddy was really too naughty.

To prevent Soul Resurrection Grass from being stolen again, he had actually locked it in the study.

Luckily, she was clever.

She had indirectly learned where the Soul Resurrection Grass was hidden.

Brother Jin really needed Soul Resurrection Grass.

Though she knew that by doing this, Daddy would be very angry!

But compared to Daddy's anger,

She didn't want to disappoint Brother Jin.

She liked Brother Jin.

Even if Brother Jin couldn't become her mom, she still liked him very much.

For Brother Jin...

She was all in!

If Daddy scolded her, hit her, she would accept it!

Being so cute, surely Daddy would not bear to lay a hand on her, right?

Chapter 615: Zhao Yan woke up

The little loli successfully obtained the Soul Resurrection Grass, carefully put it into her pocket, called Bao Bao, and together they left Lawless City.

Little did she know.

Just one second after the little loli took the key from Mo Qianjue, he opened his eyes, which had been tightly shut.

Even.

Mo Qianjue personally watched the little loli leave the city.

Though Mo Qianjue had threatened Chu Jin with the Soul Resurrection Grass, it was just a whim of his.

That wasn't his real intention.

He knew that matters of the heart couldn't be forced.

Since she had chosen Mo Zhixuan,

then, he would bless her.

Lucky for that old geezer Mo Zhixuan!

Mo Qianjue watched the little loli's figure growing more distant and slowly curled the corners of his mouth into a faint smile.

For a moment.

The sky began to drizzle.

This weather, it truly matched his mood.

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On the other side, Chu Jin was holding hands with Mo Zhixuan, strolling down an avenue lined with fragrant camphor trees.

Just like all couples.

The two purposefully restrained their extraordinary aura and didn't attract the attention of anyone else.

At that moment, they were just an ordinary couple.

Suddenly.

The voice of the system echoed in Chu Jin's mind, "Ding! Congratulations to the host, the long-term task is complete, reward 288 Purple Spirit points!"

Chu Jin was stunned on the spot.

Without finding the Soul Resurrection Grass, how was the task completed?

Could the darn system be broken?

Zi was also a bit shocked, and immediately threw down the sunflower seeds she was holding, "Jin, don't panic, let me check what's going on."

After a while.

Zi spoke again, "Jin, I've checked, it's not a system glitch, the task really is complete!" Actually, Zi was also bewildered, how on earth did the task get completed? Could it be that Zhao Yan got up on her own to find the Soul Resurrection Grass?

It's really complete?

Chu Jin was even more confused.

She clearly hadn't done anything.

But she soon came to a realization and said to Mo Zhixuan, "Come on, let's go to the hospital."

If the system indicated that the task was complete, then Zhao Yan must have also woken up.

Could it be that Mo Qianjue saved Zhao Yan? Chu Jin was perplexed.

But...

Not long ago, Mo Qianjue had used the Soul Resurrection Grass to threaten her...

What in the world was going on?

Mo Zhixuan, though feeling a bit baffled, still followed her toward the hospital.

An hour later.

The two of them appeared at the hospital.

They hadn't yet reached the VIP ward when, from a distance, Chu Jin heard the sound of conversation coming from inside.

"Grandma, I'm your granddaughter, my name is Mo Pengpeng, Mo as in Mo Zi, Peng as in I walk in the wilderness, Peng as in the Peng Peng of wheat, and I'm six years old this year."

Then came a very gentle middle-aged woman's voice, "Peng... Peng."

Perhaps because she hadn't spoken for a long time, her voice sounded somewhat abrupt.

The little loli guided her, "Grandma, it's Pengpeng, p—eng, peng."

The gentle voice spoke again, "Pengpeng."

The little loli laughed happily, "Right, Grandma is so smart, it's Pengpeng."

"Pengpeng," Zhao Yan immediately said in delight, like a child who had just learned to speak.

Pengpeng, Pengpeng, she kept repeating nonstop.

The little loli was willing to play along, and for every "Pengpeng" Zhao Yan said, she would happily respond with "Grandma."

"Grandma."

"Pengpeng."

"Grandma."

"Pengpeng."

"..."

Old and young, they repeated this exchange tirelessly, taking delight in it.

Hearing the voices inside, Chu Jin quickened her steps.

Mo Zhixuan also felt somewhat puzzled.

He was aware of his mother-in-law's condition, with all three souls and six spirits scattered, there was no chance for her to wake up, so how had she suddenly woken up now?

When something unusual occurs, there must be demons at play.

Pushing open the door.

Chu Jin saw the figures of the old and young sitting on the hospital bed.

Hearing the sound of the door, they both turned their heads in unison and looked towards Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

Zhao Yan really did wake up, and moreover, her complexion was very good, not at all like someone who had lain in a hospital bed for seven years.

Only, her expression seemed a bit vacant.

A bit like... a child of a few years.

"Mom!" Chu Jin couldn't help but cry out, her voice hoarse, her eyes rimmed with red, as if she had a lump in her throat. Being able to see Zhao Yan wake up brought her more joy than anyone else.

In her past life, her mother had died early, and she had never enjoyed the warmth of maternal love.

After becoming Chu Jin, she had long regarded Zhao Yan as her own biological mother.

So, this cry of "mom."

Was utterly natural.

But Zhao Yan looked at Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin with a blank face, then turned to ask the little loli, "Pengpeng, who are they?"

The little loli blinked her big eyes at Zhao Yan, "Grandma, this is Brother Jin, don't you recognize her?"

Zhao Yan frowned slightly, "Brother Jin? Who is Brother Jin?"

"Mom," Chu Jin said in a strained voice as she sat on the bed, "I'm Chu Jin, Jin, your daughter." It was normal for Zhao Yan, who had been bedridden for so many years, not to recognize her.

A whole seven years.

She had changed from an eleven-year-old girl into an eighteen-year-old young woman.

Even for a perfectly normal person, it would probably be hard to recognize her.

"Jin? Who's Jin?" Zhao Yan looked again at the little loli, somewhat bewildered, "Pengpeng, who is she?"

The current Zhao Yan.

Her mind was a blank; she couldn't remember anything, not even who she was.

The first person she saw when she opened her eyes was the little loli.

So.

The little loli was different from other people to Zhao Yan, someone she could trust and depend on.

That's why, whenever something came up, she would ask the little loli.

"Grandma, Brother Jin is your daughter," the little loli continued.

"Daughter..." Zhao Yan still looked clueless, "What is a daughter?"

"A daughter is..." The little loli's big eyes twirled around for a couple of turns, and then she said, "A daughter is just a daughter! Grandma, you just have to remember that Brother Jin is your daughter. A daughter is the person in the world who treats you the best and loves you the most."

Anyway, in this world, she loved Brother Jin and Dad the most.

Grandma is Brother Jin's mom.

So Brother Jin must also love Grandma very much.

Yes, that explanation should be right, shouldn't it?

The little loli bit her finger.

Zhao Yan nodded as if she understood, then said, "Oh... so Brother Jin is my daughter..." But in reality, she still couldn't quite grasp what a daughter really was.

"That's not right, not right," the little loli quickly waved her hands, "Grandma, you shouldn't call her Brother Jin, you should call her Jin."

"Ah... Jin." Zhao Yan repeated after the little loli.

The little loli immediately nodded, "Right, right, Grandma you're awesome, it's Jin."

"Jin." Zhao Yan called out again.

The little loli clapped her hands, saying, "Grandma is awesome."

"Awesome." Zhao Yan clapped her hands together too.

The little loli laughed heartily.

Why did she feel like Grandma was so adorable?

Are all the grandparents at the kids' homes this adorable?

She liked Grandma even more now.

Seeing how harmoniously the old and the young got along.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan stepped outside the hospital room.

"Auntie is experiencing selective amnesia," Mo Zhixuan immediately diagnosed.

"Selective amnesia?" Chu Jin slightly lifted her gaze, and then asked, "Is there a chance of recovery?"

Although Chu Jin was a doctor, this involved Zhao Yan.

Her mind was in complete disarray.

"It depends on the person. People with selective amnesia generally forget certain things or avoid certain events, people, or objects due to external stimuli."

In other words, if they've chosen to forget.

How would they easily remember?

Mo Zhixuan continued, "Actually, forgetting some things might actually be a good thing for the auntie."

The memories from seven years ago were too painful.

"You're right," Chu Jin nodded slowly, saying softly, "This might be a good thing indeed."

"Don't worry, you have me," Mo Zhixuan stretched out his hand to embrace her, his voice low and firm, "no matter when, even if I forget myself, I won't forget you."

"Mhm." Chu Jin wrapped her arms around his waist and closed her eyes, feeling the steady and strong beat of his heart.

One beat after another.

It could bring peace of mind.

Zhao Yan's awakening shocked the entire hospital; it was simply a medical miracle.

You should know.

Prior to this, Zhao Yan had been diagnosed with severe brain death and multiple fractures all over her body!

No one could have imagined that someone in such a condition could wake up again and be bouncing around lively.

As if nothing had happened to them.

Chu Jin declined the hospital director's suggestion to stay for observation and took Zhao Yan back to Wancheng Villa that very day.

The current Zhao Yan was like a child, never able to be without the little loli for a moment.

Three minutes without seeing the little loli and she would go looking for her.

So, at night, the three of them slept in the same room.

Fortunately, the bed was big enough.

Sleeping three people was more than comfortable.

Only after Zhao Yan had fallen asleep did Chu Jin find the opportunity to talk to the little loli.

"Pengpeng."

The little loli turned her gaze towards Chu Jin, "Big Brother Jin."

Chu Jin handed the little loli a cup of milk and then said, "Tell Big Brother Jin, was it you who cured grandma?"

"Yeah," the little loli nodded unabashedly, "I used the Soul Resurrection Grass to cure her."

Chu Jin slightly frowned and then asked, "Does your dad know about you using the Soul Resurrection Grass?"

"He knows," the little loli said while drinking her milk, "Daddy told me to bring it here. He knew grandma was seriously ill, so he told me to bring it to treat her."

The little loli's expression was natural and didn't reveal anything amiss.

Of course, she couldn't let Big Brother Jin know that she had taken the Soul Resurrection Grass without permission!

If Big Brother Jin found out about this, he would definitely be angry!

And besides, the Soul Resurrection Grass was already stolen and used; might as well create a good impression of Daddy in front of Big Brother Jin.

"It wasn't you who took it without permission?" Chu Jin was somewhat suspicious.

If Mo Qianjue really knew about this, why didn't he appear in person?

Instead, why did he let the little loli act on his behalf?

"It really wasn't taken without permission. I'm a good baby, why would I do such a thing?" the little loli patted her chest, looking serious as she said, "Big Brother Jin, actually Daddy is really nice, don't think of him as so petty."

The truth was, Daddy was actually very petty.

For Daddy's manly pride, she had started to lie.

Sigh—

For Daddy's lifelong affairs, she was also worried sick.

Chu Jin's brow furrowed.

She always felt there was something off about this matter.

But she couldn't figure out exactly what it was.

The little loli continued, "Big Brother Jin, don't worry, I really didn't lie to you. Daddy is very rich. It's just a grass, it's nothing, you don't need to thank him too much."

"Is everything you said true?" Chu Jin turned her gaze towards the little loli.

"It's true, Big Brother Jin, I swear!" As she spoke, the little loli even held up three fingers.

Chu Jin was amused by her little manners, put down her suspicions, and patted her little head, "Alright, go to sleep."

After coaxing the little loli to sleep, Chu Jin felt a bit thirsty, so she got up and went downstairs to get some water.

The night was already deep.

The servants had also gone to bed, leaving the living room in silence.

The pale moonlight spilled in from the outside window.

When Chu Jin got to the corner of the staircase, she saw the flickering firelight in the middle of the living room.

Someone was there smoking.

Chu Jin turned on the light.

She saw Mo Zhixuan sitting on the sofa with his long legs crossed, a cigarette between his thin lips, his phoenix eyes filled with impenetrable darkness.

Noticing Chu Jin coming over, he slightly lifted his gaze.

"Why are you not asleep yet?" Chu Jin walked over and poured a glass of water.

"Can't sleep," Mo Zhixuan looked up.

The room had heating.

...

She reached out to pat someone's face, "Mr. Mo, please remember, you are a gentleman."

Mr. Mo caught her hand, "No, in front of you, I never want to be a gentleman."

Chu Jin slightly raised her lips, "What's wrong with you?"

It was clear that Mr. Mo was in a bad mood.

A man, when it's time to be comforted, still needs to be comforted.

"Why does Pengpeng call my mom 'grandma'?" Mo Zhixuan's voice sounded somewhat gloomy.

At first, he didn't pay much attention to it.

But later on, the more he heard it, the more unpleasant he felt inside.

How did his mother-in-law become Mo Qianjue's daughter's grandma?

This must be another one of Mo Qianjue's schemes.

It turns out it was because of this, Chu Jin laughed softly, "Because Pengpeng is my goddaughter."

"Really?"

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Not really."

"Don't lie to me," Mr. Mo spoke again.

"I'm not lying to you."

"Let's have one, shall we?" Mr. Mo began feeling restless, "Our daughter would definitely be cuter than Mo Qianjue's daughter!"

Mo Zhixuan had even thought of a name for their daughter.

Have a daughter.

Have a bunch of daughters.

Each one looking just like Jin.

He didn't like boys.

So, don't have sons.

Mo Zhixuan's thoughts were beautiful; however, reality was extremely cruel.

"Beautiful my foot," Chu Jin pushed him away with her hand, composedly stood up, and waved at him with nonchalance, "Goodbye now, I'm going upstairs to sleep, good night, sweet dreams."

Mo Zhixuan looked at her departing figure with a face full of grievance; with his wife gone, what good were dreams!

That night, some slept well, while others remained sleepless.

Because of Zhao Yan, Chu Jin specially requested two weeks off from school to stay at home with her.

Along with staying home, there was also the little loli.

The next day.

It was said that Zhao Yan had woken up.

First thing in the morning, Elder Mrs. Mo, Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, and Duanmu Zhe arrived with big and small bags in tow.

The villa, though not large, echoed with harmonious joy.

Though Zhao Yan had lost her memory, she was, after all, born a wealthy heiress, and the innate elegance in her bones didn't vanish.

Moreover, she was very intelligent, mastering many things after just one look.

Elder Mrs. Mo was kind and friendly, taking the initiative to chat with Zhao Yan.

Unexpectedly, the two of them hit it off quite well.

Chu Jin, Mo Qingyi, Tong Zhi, and the little loli were chatting together.

Duanmu Zhe, on the other hand, was busy in the kitchen with Mo Zhixuan, preparing lunch.

Since it was a family gathering, Chu Jin gave the servants a day off.

Laughter kept coming from the living room.

The little loli, being the youngest and cute, intelligent and sweet-talking,

quickly became everyone's new favorite.

Especially the Elder Mrs. Mo.

She was almost grinning from ear to ear when the little loli affectionately called her "grandma."

"Pengpeng," Tong Zhi also loved children and smiled at the little loli, "you call her 'grandma,' so do you know what you should call me?"

The little loli had once studied the matter of familial hierarchy.

Faced with Tong Zhi's question, she calmly said, "What does Jin call you?"

Tong Zhi smiled and said, "He calls me aunt, Auntie Tong."

"Call you great-aunt," the little loli blurted out immediately; such a simple question couldn't stump her.

She was very smart.

"Good child, so smart." Tong Zhi stroked her little head contentedly.

"Great-aunt," the little loli bowed gracefully, then added, "Great-aunt, since I'm so smart, will you give me a big red envelope?"

"Yes, of course." Tong Zhi scooped up the little loli, "Tell great-aunt what you like, and she'll buy it all for you."

"I don't like anything; I only like great-aunt." The little loli's skill at charming others was absolutely first-class, and soon, Tong Zhi was completely enchanted.

Mo Qingyi also joined in the fun, "Pengpeng, since you call my mother grandma, does that mean you can't call me 'sister' anymore?"

Sharp as the little loli was, she immediately responded, "Aunt."

"Hmm," Mo Qingyi nodded in satisfaction, "My great-niece is so good."

Duanmu Zhe in the kitchen couldn't concentrate on cooking anymore upon hearing the commotion outside; he came out, beaming a fatherly smile at the little loli.

"Pengpeng, what about me?" he said while winking at the little loli.

"Hmm..." The little loli scratched her head, pretending to be troubled before slowly saying, "Considering how domestic you are, I'll call you 'uncle-in-law' then."

The little loli might have been young, but she had big ideas, and she noticed a lot of things.

The people around her burst into laughter.

They all knew Duanmu Zhe's little crush.

If the two children could really end up together, it would indeed be a good match.

Elder Mrs. Mo and Tong Zhi were pleased to see if it might happen.

Duanmu Zhe, achieving his aim, acted embarrassed, "Look at what the child is saying..."

What Duanmu Zhe really wanted to say was, what a good, perceptive child!

But he was worried about scaring Mo Qingyi.

Some emotions needed to be restrained.

Some things had to be approached gently.

Mo Qingyi also blushed, but when her gaze fell on the black rubber band on Duanmu Zhe's hand, her expression dimmed.

In Duanmu Zhe's heart, there was always room for someone else.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have said that the little loli was speaking nonsense...

Was Duanmu Zhe bothered?

Who was that glimpse of moonlight in his heart?

Mo Qingyi was genuinely curious.

Who was it that haunted Duanmu Zhe's thoughts?

The laughter continued.

The little loli was laughing too.

She really liked it here,

And she liked the people here too.

There were grandma, great-grandma, great-aunt, aunt, and Jin...

This place gave her the feeling of a real home.

Why couldn't she and daddy have a home like this?

Chapter 616: Jiuge, you've changed

If possible, the little loli really wanted to live here forever.

But she still had her daddy.

Her daddy must be very lonely by himself.

She couldn't leave her daddy alone there.

Although the little loli was young, she was sometimes very mature mentally and would ponder many issues.

The Mo family's matriarch extended her hand and hugged the little loli in her arms, kissing her on the left, then on the right, thinking to herself that if only this were her own granddaughter.

However, looking at Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

The day that she hoped for was surely not far off.

Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin were both so attractive; she believed that their future children, her granddaughters, would be just as delightful and cute as the little loli.

The Mo family's matriarch was not a person stuck in feudal decay.

She didn't hold the outdated idea of preferring boys over girls.

In fact, compared to boys, she liked girls more.

How nice girls were, like little cotton-padded jackets, aware of the cold and the heat.

Like Chu Jin, Mo Qingyi, and the little loli.

If it were a boy.

Like Mo Zhixuan, who had such a cold face all day, who could stand it?

He might grow up and not even be able to find a wife.

The Mo family's matriarch was peeling nuts for the little loli while indulging in these pleasant thoughts.

She treated the little loli just as if she were her own granddaughter.

After staying in the living room for a while.

Duanmu Zhe quickly returned to the kitchen, a joyful smile on his face.

The little loli's address of "son-in-law" had greatly pleased him.

His daughter would definitely be just as adorable as the little loli in the future!

Even a child could see the affection he held for Mo Qingyi, so how come Mo Qingyi hadn't shown any reaction so far?

Could it be...

She had really fallen for someone else?

The "male god" she mentioned?

Thinking of this, Duanmu Zhe sighed deeply.

Sigh...

The road to wooing a wife is long and arduous.

If only he could be as awesome as Nine Ye.

Seeing him with his wife, paired up and enviable.

Truly, one only envies mandarin ducks and not immortals.

Meanwhile, Mo Zhixuan, who was chopping vegetables, seemed to have heard Duanmu Zhe's heartfelt wish, looked up at Duanmu Zhe and said, "Not everyone can be as awesome as I am. Let me tell you quietly,"

Mo Zhixuan coughed softly and continued, "Your sister-in-law... actually wears the pants in the relationship."

Wears the pants in the relationship?

Ha.

Duanmu Zhe's smile didn't reach his eyes.

A face is a nice thing to have, so please, Nine Ye, care to save some face?

Of course, these words he dared only say in his heart and wouldn't dare to bring up openly.

"Nine Ye," Duanmu Zhe also coughed lightly with some hesitation, "Wears the pants? Are you sure... you didn't get it backwards?"

Would someone who wears the pants be cooking here?

Ha.

Mr. Mo arrogantly chopped the fish head, "What? You don't believe me?"

Just then, Chu Jin's voice came from the living room, "Mo Zhixuan, bring over a bottle of cola."

Mr. Mo immediately dropped the knife, didn't even bother to wipe his hands, and rushed to open the fridge door to get the cola.

Duanmu Zhe looked at Mo Zhixuan speechlessly.

With that performance, you still dare say you wear the pants?

There was some distance between the kitchen and the living room.

No sooner had Mo Zhixuan stepped out of the kitchen with the cola, than he heard Qingyi's voice once more, "Mo Zhixuan, boil the cola and add some shredded ginger too."

"Alright, right away." Mr. Mo took the cola back to the kitchen without a word of complaint, and even smiled while doing so.

For Jin.

He would go to great lengths.

What was cutting some ginger?

"Duanmu, did you really believe what I just said?" Mo Zhixuan asked while cutting the ginger.

The witness to it all, Duanmu Zhe, smiled mysteriously, "I believe, of course I believe, Nine Ye, you're so capable, it's only natural for your wife to wear the pants."

Believe?

You'd have to be kidding to believe that!

The once-best swordsman in the Superpower World, Mo Nine Ye, was now cutting ginger in the kitchen with expertise and proficiency!

Who would believe that if you told them?

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "I also think I've changed." He then changed the subject, "I've become more handsome. No wonder your sister-in-law loves me to death."

Duanmu Zhe: "... Please let him die!

How on earth did the once high-and-mighty Nine Ye turn into a bragging husband?

He must be opening up all wrong!

Duanmu Zhe closed his eyes then opened them again, and sure enough, Nine Ye had reverted back to his cold self—only, if he wasn't holding a spatula, he would definitely appear even colder.

Duanmu Zhe took a deep breath and continued to chop the tree-toad in his hand, deciding to speak less and work more.

Otherwise, he would definitely be shown off to death by the bragging husband next to him.

"Wait," Mo Zhixuan suddenly spoke.

"Nine Ye?" Duanmu Zhe looked bewildered at Mo Zhixuan, "What's the matter?"

"What are you chopping in your hand?" Mo Zhixuan followed up.

"Tree-toad, what's up?"

Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly, "Stop chopping it, throw it away. It smells weird, your sister-in-law doesn't like it, she prefers mushrooms. Cut some mushrooms and put them in the soup instead."

Duanmu Zhe nodded and swiftly discarded the tree-toad, "Then I'll go soak some mushrooms."

The two men busied themselves in the kitchen, completely without complaint.

In the living room, there was laughter and chatter.

All of this was very harmonious.

Moreover, once Old Lady Mo stayed, she didn't want to leave. Elderly people tend to like lively atmospheres, and compared to the Mo family, she preferred the ambiance here. That evening, Old Lady Mo didn't leave and rested with Mo Qingyi.

Tong Zhi didn't stay because of the business at her shop.

As for Duanmu Zhe, he had no shame and also stayed over.

Fortunately, there were plenty of rooms in the villa, so accommodating a few extra people wasn't a problem.

Time flew by quickly.

In the blink of an eye, two weeks had passed and Zhao Yan's condition had improved. She adapted well to new situations very quickly, and aside from not remembering her past memories, she was no different from anyone else in other aspects.

However, Zhao Yan still liked the little Lolita very much.

She would often ask where the little Lolita had gone.

And she would stare blankly at pictures of the little Lolita on her phone.

She always remembered that the little Lolita was her granddaughter.

It was time for Chu Jin to return to school.

There was a distance between Capital University and Huagui Park, so she couldn't come home on time every day after school, and she was not at ease leaving Zhao Yan alone at home.

Hence,

Old Lady Mo stepped forward and said she would take Zhao Yan to Phoenix Manor to live with her.

Mo Qingyi had school, and Mo Zhixuan was hardly ever at home, so she was bored by herself. Conveniently, having Zhao Yan there would mean she had company.

It just so happened that Zhao Yan and Old Lady Mo got along very well.

So, the matter was settled.

But worrying that Chu Jin might not be at ease, Old Lady Mo came to pick up Zhao Yan with Mo Zhixuan that day.

Speaking of which, the little Lolita was quite surprised when she returned to Lawless City.

After her dad found out about the missing Soul Resurrection Grass, he didn't get angry or scold her, not even a single question was asked.

It was as if nothing had happened.

He was still as good to her as he had always been.

The little Lolita had been prepared to face her dad's questioning.

Even,

she had prepared her lines.

What's the deal with dad?

Was he confused by anger?

Looking at her dad's charming smile, the little Lolita was very anxious.

Therefore, she mustered up the courage and approached Mo Qianjue.

Lifting her cute little head, she smiled and said, "Daddy, are you really not going to ask me any questions?"

Keeping it in was truly unbearable!

So, the little Lolita decided to speak up.

To avoid being on tenterhooks all day.

"What questions?" Mo Qianjue looked at the little Lolita with a puzzled face. In fact, he had long forgotten about the Soul Resurrection Grass matter. Since he had decided to give it to Chu Jin, why would he keep thinking about it?

Wouldn't that seem too petty?

"Daddy," the little Lolita swallowed nervously, "think carefully, do you really not have any questions to ask me?"

Was dad pretending on purpose?

The little Lolita was very anxious.

Mo Qianjue was somewhat speechless, "My little ancestor, what exactly do you want to say? Have you taken a fancy to some limited edition toy again? Tell daddy, and he'll buy it for you."

Mo Qianjue had always been indulgent when it came to the little Lolita's requests.

His daughter had been spoiled since she was little.

"Daddy, think carefully," the little Lolita said cautiously, "like...about the issue with the grass, don't you really want to ask something?"

With that said, Mo Qianjue did indeed remember.

He bent down to hold the little Lolita in his arms and kissed her cheek saying lightly, "It's just a blade of grass, isn't it? Since it's taken, it's taken!"

Just a blade of grass?

That was the Soul Resurrection Grass, Daddy's treasured grass.

It was Daddy's betrothal gift for getting a wife...

The little Lolita was completely flabbergasted!

This reaction from Daddy was not right.

She stole the betrothal gift Daddy was going to use to get a wife, and Daddy actually...kissed her!

Shouldn't he be hitting her instead?

Maybe Daddy misunderstood, the little Lolita continued, "Daddy, it's the Soul Resurrection Grass, oh, your savings, Daddy, I'm sorry, I took your savings, Daddy hit me!"

The little Lolita quickly bowed her head in apology.

"Daddy, go ahead and hit me, it's okay, I've got thick skin and I'm not afraid of pain."

Mo Qianjue chuckled softly, "Silly child, why should I hit you? To save a life is more meritorious than building a seven-level pagoda; you're doing a good thing, Daddy supports you."

"Daddy, are you really speaking from the heart?" the little Lolita looked up incredulously, this was too unexpected for her!

"Of course," Mo Qianjue nodded. "When has Daddy ever lied to you?"

"Daddy!" The little Lolita happily hugged Mo Qianjue's neck, "Long live Daddy, Daddy is the best Daddy in the world!"

Father and daughter hugged each other, and Mo Qianjue's eyes were filled with indulgent affection.

After a while, the little Lolita looked up at Mo Qianjue, "Daddy, did you know about this all along?"

At that time, it didn't seem like much, but now it all seemed too smooth!

How could someone so meticulous as Daddy have his keys stolen so easily?

So, Daddy had always been a good Daddy!

Mo Qianjue didn't deny it and slowly nodded, "Mm," and then said, "Pengpeng, if something like this happens again in the future, you can tell Daddy directly, as long as it's not something bad, Daddy will agree to it."

The little Lolita nodded vigorously, "Mm, Daddy, I know."

Capital University.

Chu Jin had been back at school for three days now.

The long-term mission was finally completed.

Zi also went for an upgrade.

Apart from occasionally going out to set up shop, Chu Jin spent the rest of her time in the dormitory and classrooms.

After Qiao Muyan and Liu Meng Haoran moved out of the dormitory, the two princess beds were dismantled and replaced with bunk beds.

At the same time, two new roommates moved into the dorm.

The new roommates were also freshmen.

One of them was named Lin Shijia, the other Liu Xuanxuan.

Both of them were from the journalism department, and coincidentally, both were fans of the National Goddess.

They were Chu Jin's little fangirls.

When they found out that they were going to live in the same dormitory as Chu Jin, they were ecstatic.

With the exposure of the National Goddess, Chu Jin had also become famous at Capital University.

She had become the universally recognized campus beauty of Capital University.

She was also the highest ranking in terms of beauty amongst all the campus beauties ever.

Lin Shijia stood excitedly in front of Chu Jin, her eyes sparkling as she said, "Goddess, Goddess, I really like you! Can you give me an autograph?"

Liu Xuanxuan was not to be outdone, squeezing up to Chu Jin with an admiring look on her face and said, "Goddess, I like you even more than she does, how about we take a photo together?"

Chapter 617: First Snow

When faced with a kind request, Chu Jin never refused. She began by signing autographs, then took a group photo.

"Today is the first day the two of us moved into the dormitory. How about all four of us take a group photo together?" Liu Xuanxuan suggested.

Lin Shijia agreed, "That's a good idea, let's take a photo to commemorate this."

Yin Wu was also very supportive, "Sure."

Compared to Qiao Muyan and Liu Meng Haoran, Yin Wu liked these two roommates better; this was the atmosphere a dormitory should have.

Lin Shijia, knowing how to handle the situation, immediately set her phone to the automatic photo mode.

With a "click," the phone captured the most beautiful moment.

After taking the photo, Lin Shijia cautiously asked Chu Jin, "Goddess, may I post our group photo online to show off?"

It was best to ask for Chu Jin's opinion on such matters.

After all, the National Goddess was really popular.

Posting her photo could be seen as riding on her fame, but Lin Shijia genuinely just wanted to show off...

But she was afraid that Chu Jin might misunderstand.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "Of course, the photo is yours, you can post it however you like."

"Thank you, Goddess."

Lin Shijia immediately went off happily with her phone to post the photo.

As expected, as soon as the photo was uploaded to Weibo, it attracted countless envious comments, and Lin Shijia's Weibo followers rocketed from double digits to five digits.

The photo Lin Shijia posted was of the four of them together.

[So jealous of the blogger! To think she lives with the Goddess!]

[Damn! Did the blogger save the galaxy in her last life or something?]

[Can the blogger post updates often? Let us know about the Goddess's daily life...]

[Same request from above.]

[Actually, the blogger and the other two girls are also pretty, it's just that they seem lackluster compared to my Goddess.]

[Comrades, is your phone screen okay? Mine has been licked to pieces!]

[Aside from my Goddess, the other three girls are also very beautiful, they must be basking in my Goddess's fairy aura.]

[The Goddess's beauty reigns supreme!]

[Goddess, the second girl to your left, blogger, please share her contact information.]

Lin Shijia was very happy to share these comments from netizens with the other two roommates.

Because Chu Jin was focused on typing something on her computer, Lin Shijia didn't disturb her.

"Little Wu, Little Wu, look, someone said you're pretty! They're asking me for your contact!"

Upon hearing this, Liu Xuanxuan immediately leaned over, "Am I there? Did they say I'm pretty?"

Lin Shijia teasingly said, not hiding her amusement, "As if the netizens are blind! Look at how you're acting all timid! Pretty? You'd be lucky if you didn't scare someone to death!"

"You're the timid one!" Liu Xuanxuan retorted and playfully slapped her, "I'm a little Fairy!"

The three of them looked through the comments together while laughing and chatting.

Chu Jin was chatting with an editor on her computer.

Because "Blooms like Brocade" was selling so well and the physical books were in short supply, the website decided to postpone the book signing for a few more months.

What was originally scheduled for December 12th was now moved to May of the following year.

Moreover, there would be a live broadcast by a television station at that time.

After discussing some details with the editor, Chu Jin carefully filled out an author interview on the backend.

This kind of interview that didn't show her face suited her perfectly.

Having finished these tasks, Chu Jin opened her phone and leaned lazily against the back of her chair to check Weibo.

Ever since she registered her Weibo account, she had developed the habit of checking Weibo daily.

Her Weibo account now had ninety million followers.

And the number of followers continued to grow.

Each post on Weibo had over 100,000 comments.

The popularity of "The Return of the Past" on Weibo even surpassed that of top celebrities in their prime.

Such is the power of literature.

Moreover, besides fans like star big V's such as Qingli, the followers of "The Return of the Past" included famous directors, singers, hosts...

Almost every big V from the entertainment circle followed her.

Chu Jin scrolled through the comments.

She found that nearly half of them were pleas for updates and more interaction.

So, she picked up her phone, took a picture of her half-drunk coffee, and posted it.

The Return of the Past V: Afternoon moments, wishing all the fairy ladies and little fairies a happy Laba Festival.[Image.jpg]

Once the Weibo was posted, it immediately drew a crowd of netizens commenting.

[Ahh! My Sister Guiren has finally updated!]

[Sister, happy Laba Festival.]

[Jin Jin, I'm drinking the same type of coffee as you. (Click to display photo)]

[Past Past, shouldn't you be eating Laba congee on Laba Festival? What's with the coffee?]

[Sister from the Past, I love you.]

[Hahaha, my pen is the same as Sister from the Past's too. (Click to display photo)]

[Sister from the Past is so down-to-earth! I'm liking her more and more.]

[Just to drink the same coffee as Sister, I immediately ordered one online, only to discover that the coffee she's drinking costs only 10 yuan...]

[I'm not alone upstairs, I ordered one too. (Click to display photo)]

[This coffee is really delicious!]

And thus, the beverage shop's coffee, which had been neither hot nor cold in business, was set ablaze by a single Weibo post!

The owner of the beverage shop was so busy they questioned their existence, unable to believe what was happening, and even wondered if the delivery platform had glitched.

Meanwhile.

In the Mo Group office building.

Inside the meeting room, a conference was underway, with Mo Zhixuan sitting at the head of the table. His stunningly handsome face was pulled tight as if covered with a thin layer of ice, exuding a chill that made everyone's heart tremble with fear.

He pursed his lips, sweeping his gaze across the people seated below without a sound.

The frost in his eyes was like a blade, seemingly solid, coldly striking each person's face.

The atmosphere was terribly oppressive, causing nearly everyone to break out in a cold sweat, dreading that Mo Zhixuan might inadvertently notice them.

Suddenly, the cellphone on the table vibrated.

And a message popped up.

It was a notification from Weibo, a reminder that comes only when someone particularly followed makes a post.

Mo Zhixuan's Weibo was very simple.

He followed just one person.

Upon seeing the message, Mo Zhixuan's frosty expression softened slightly. He picked up his phone, glanced at the Weibo post, and said, "Today's meeting is adjourned. Dismiss."

Finally, the meeting disbanded, and everyone below sighed with relief as if a great burden had been lifted.

Mo Zhixuan, phone in hand, walked out while instructing his assistant, "Order me a coffee."

"Yes, BOSS."

The assistant looked composed but was inwardly shocked.

It was as if the sun had risen from the west!

The aloof CEO who seemed above worldly pleasures actually wanted coffee. Having followed the BOSS for over a decade through thick and thin, the assistant had never seen him drink anything other than tea.

But today, the BOSS was actually asking for coffee!

A miracle! A true miracle!

The assistant hurried to prepare the coffee, then carefully delivered it to the CEO's office.

However, upon seeing the coffee he prepared, the man seated in the boss chair slightly furrowed his handsome brows.

As he knitted his brows, the assistant's heart trembled, wondering if he had done something wrong.

The assistant had chosen Panama's Geisha coffee from Hacienda La Esmeralda, intensely fragrant and rich, considered the finest among coffees, and most importantly, expensive!

A mere small cup cost 2500 RMB.

The assistant believed that only something costly could adequately reflect the BOSS's character!

But judging by the CEO's reaction, he obviously disliked it.

Although Mo Zhixuan was a bit icy, like a towering iceberg, he wasn't one to throw temper tantrums. He glanced away from the coffee and looked at the assistant while holding up his phone, "This cup is for you, get me this kind instead."

The assistant looked down and saw that the BOSS's phone screen displayed a picture of instant coffee.

This kind of coffee was very common, costing just a few yuan per cup in a regular beverage shop.

It wasn't on the same level as the Geisha coffee he had prepared.

Was the CEO trying to get a taste of ordinary life?

Despite his questions, the assistant happily took the Geisha coffee away and phoned in the order for the instant coffee designated by the BOSS.

minutes later.

Chu Jin scrolled through her Weibo and saw a post that mentioned her.

New Encounter V: Tastes very good. [Photo.jpg] @The Return of the Past V: Afternoon moments, wishing all the fairies and little fairies a happy Laba Festival. [Photo.jpg]

Thinking it had been about ten days since she last saw Mr. Mo, Chu Jin immediately retweeted his post.

The Return of the Past V: You don't have to go to the office today? Happy Laba Festival. //@New Encounter V.

New Encounter V: At the office, will pick you up tonight. //@The Return of the Past V.

The Return of the Past V: Sure. [Emoji/Smile] //@New Encounter V.

New Encounter V: Wait for me. //@The Return of the Past V.

The back-and-forth reposting between the couple was extremely swift. What were normal conversations between lovers appeared to the single dogs as real dog food, flaunting their affection in various styles.

Netizen A: "The other party has rejected your dog food and knocked over the dog bowl in front!"

Netizen B: "The cold dog food is slapping wildly on my face..."

Netizen C: "Where are the dog lovers? There's a single dog here in need of rescue!"

Netizen D: "Drinking coffee from IC, Sister Guiren is so down-to-earth."

Netizen E: "I've devoured this bowl of dog food, do as you please."

Netizen F: "I inexplicably find Sister adorably cute."

Netizen G: "When are you planning the wedding? Ready to create a little Gui Gui?"

Netizen H: "The two above, please note that today is Laba Festival, not Valentine's Day."

Netizen I: "So sweet it's explosive! Cloyingly sweet until this old man cannot take care of himself!"

"..."

Meanwhile, the powerful netizens also uncovered another shocking piece of news.

The CP of "The Return of the Past" when first met, seemed just like a very ordinary Weibo account, without verified status; the main page also lacked much introduction, and there was only one follower. But in fact, when first met was actually a hidden big shot.

Because some curious netizens checked out the followers of when first met and found that the official Weibo of Mo Group, ranked first on the China mainland's business leaderboard, was actually following them!

Moreover, in the following list of Mo Group's official Weibo, there was only when first met.

What did this mean?

When first met was no ordinary person at all.

This was Mo Group, not the Li Clan, nor the Wang Clan!

The number one Mo Group in China mainland.

Not only that, but the official Weibo of TheKing Group, which had been trending worldwide lately, also followed them.

This was somewhat unbelievable!

Two business tycoons were following an ordinary person?

So, for a time, there were various opinions on the internet.

Some guessed when first met might be a relative of the owners of these two corporations.

Others guessed that when first met might be a major client of these two companies.

Yet others speculated that when first met might be some big shot in the political arena.

...

Three in the afternoon.

Mo Zhixuan arrived at the gate of Capital University in his car right on time to pick someone up.

This time, he wasn't laying low, driving that luxurious Bugatti Veyron, a limited global edition. As the car came to a halt, it attracted much attention.

It was too eye-catching!

As a result, as soon as Chu Jin exited the campus gates, she spotted Mr. Mo's car among the many luxury vehicles!

The skies in December were already very cold, overcast, and just as Chu Jin stepped out of the school, large snowflakes began to drift down from the sky.

Fluttering about.

This was the first snowfall of the year.

Cheers emerged all around, "Ah, it's snowing!"

Some couldn't help but open their arms and dance in the snow, "So beautiful."

"First snow, it's the first snow! I want to take a photo and post it on my social feed."

"I hope the snow gets heavier so I can build a snowman when I wake up in the morning."

"Don't use an umbrella, quick, put the umbrella away. Haven't you heard the saying? We walked, and suddenly our hair turned white. Don't you understand romance?"

Various excited voices echoed around.

The corners of Chu Jin's mouth also lifted slightly, as she pulled her coat tighter and walked forward.

Mr. Mo also stepped out of the car, looking affectionately at the person in the snow, taking steps towards him.

In that moment, everything around became a backdrop, and his eyes had room only for her.

Chu Jin was wearing a white cable-knit sweater, black skinny pants, tasseled ankle boots, and over that, a khaki long coat. A casual ensemble, yet it exuded a peerlessly beautiful aura.

Her black hair flowed freely down her back, billowing in the wind, adding to the exquisite beauty of her delicate pale face.

She walked slowly, and each step seemed to press upon his heart.

At that instant, Mo Zhixuan could clearly hear the beating of his own heart.

Ten days hadn't seen each other, yet it felt as if a lifetime had passed.

"Mo Zhixuan," Chu Jin approached him and spoke softly.

"Don't move," Mo Zhixuan uttered in a low voice, slowly raising his right hand to gently remove the snowflakes from her hair. As he looked down, their gazes collided, and all at once, there was silence.

All things in heaven and earth became void; in their eyes, there was only each other.

Perhaps influenced by this romantic atmosphere, Mo Zhixuan couldn't help but reach out his hand to cradle the back of her head, his thin lips met her rosy ones, and he kissed her gently.

Before long, the snow had whitened their hair.

There were many couples around.

Therefore, their figures did not stand out in the crowd.

The heater in the car was on full blast, and Chu Jin took off her coat as soon as she got in.

Gazing out at the scenery, Chu Jin said, "Let's go to Peace Bridge No.1 Middle School. Chu Xiu has the day off, so I called home and told the driver not to pick her up."

"Okay," replied Mo Zhixuan leisurely, steering the wheel. The car was about to go straight through the intersection but stylishly took a turn instead.

Peace Bridge No.1 Middle School's gate was crowded with the cars of students' parents.

At this time, school hadn't formally let out yet, so the parents had all gathered in front of the gate, craning their necks to look into the school grounds.

The snow was falling heavily, and in no time, a thick layer had accumulated on the ground, crunching underfoot.

Chu Jin opened the car door, and without even taking the time to put on her coat, walked outside and squatted down to play with the snow.

After all, she was a girl, and even having lived two lifetimes, the girlishness in her bones wouldn't change. She had the innocence of a young girl, the aloof beauty of a mature woman, and a heart-stopping sense of vicissitude...

Mo Zhixuan picked up her coat and followed behind her like an old father, nagging affectionately, "Put on your clothes quickly, you'll freeze..."

Chu Jin crouched there, ignoring him, focusing on rounding the snowball in her hands, before suddenly tossing it at Mo Zhixuan with the speed of lightning.

Mo Zhixuan had not anticipated her doing such a thing, completely unprepared, he was hit square in the face, and furthermore, the snowball struck him right on the left cheek.

Mr. Mo was left utterly dumbfounded!

"Pfft..."

Chu Jin started laughing joyfully, "The silly son of the landlord..."

She actually dared to hit Mr. Mo's face!

If it had been someone else, they probably would be nothing more than a corpse by now.

But who let this person be Mr. Mo's own beloved wife?

Once Mo Zhixuan snapped out of it, he immediately bent down to grab a handful of snow and hurled it towards Chu Jin, who nimbly dodged the incoming attack and scooped up more snow to retaliate.

Smack—

Another snowball swiftly hit Mo Zhixuan on his right cheek.

Now with snow on both cheeks, Mo Zhixuan's face was symmetrical.

Watching the disheveled Mo Zhixuan, Chu Jin bent over with laughter, "Haha... worthy of being the silly son of the landlord, don't you know how to dodge...?"

Mo Zhixuan wasn't angry, instead, he joined in with her laughter, his eyes brimming with warmth that could drown someone. He walked over slowly and draped the coat over her, speaking gently, "Stop laughing foolishly and put it on, don't catch a cold."

Chu Jin, while laughing, tiptoed carefully to wipe the snow from his face.

So, when Chu Xiu came out from the school gate, he witnessed this tender, affectionate moment.

He walked straight ahead without looking sideways, and when he reached the two of them, he covered his mouth and coughed lightly.

"Ahem..."

The pair didn't react.

"Ahem!" Chu Xiu raised his voice.

Still, the two of them showed no reaction.

Chu Xiu shook his head helplessly, was his presence really that unnoticeable? Thus, he had no choice but to shout.

"Sis, Brother-in-law!"

Only then did Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan realize someone was there, they looked at Chu Xiu, "School's out! Let's go, we're going home."

Mo Zhixuan reached out his hand to Chu Xiu, "Give me your backpack." He had noticed that the other parents were carrying their children's backpacks and only Chu Xiu was carrying his own.

It had to be said that at times, Mr. Mo could be quite attentive.

A warm current ran through Chu Jin's heart; many details she hadn't thought of, Mr. Mo had.

"Thanks, Brother-in-law." Chu Xiu took off his backpack and handed it to Mo Zhixuan.

"Silly boy, what are you thanking your brother-in-law for?" Chu Jin habitually reached out to pat Chu Xiu's head, only to discover that in just two weeks of not seeing him, Chu Xiu had grown taller by quite a bit. In a few more days, she wouldn't be able to reach his head.

"Yeah, I got it sis." Chu Xiu nodded.

The three of them got into the car together, Chu Jin sat in the passenger seat, and Chu Xiu took the back seat.

On the road, Chu Jin and Chu Xiu discussed school and studies, while Mo Zhixuan occasionally chimed in; the atmosphere was very harmonious.

Since today was the Laba Festival, they didn't go back to Huagui Park but went straight to Phoenix Manor instead. Zhao Yan also lived there, having all the family gathered together for the festival made it more lively.

Everyone was present.

Except for Tong Zhi, nearly everyone was there.

Tong Zhi, being a good boss, had to dine with her restaurant staff on the Laba Festival, so she couldn't come.

For the Laba Festival, naturally, they ate Laba porridge, served with exquisite pastries.

The Mo family matriarch sat smiling at the head of the table, watching the younger ones beside her, contemplating in her heart how many years it had been since the Mo family had been this lively?

In the past, during the festivals, it had only been her and Mo Qingyi at home.

Mo Zhixuan was almost never at home.

Now that they had Jin, the home finally felt alive.

At this moment, all she wished for was a chubby granddaughter.

Mo Qingyi, who was restless by nature, pulled Chu Jin out to build a snowman immediately after eating, "Jin bro, Jin bro, let's go to the garden to build a snowman, all right? It hasn't snowed this much in many years."

This year's snow was especially heavy; in just five to six hours, the snow accumulation outdoors had reached more than ten centimeters.

"Sure," Chu Jin agreed with a smile brimming on her face.

"Xiu Xiu, come join us," Mo Qingyi turned and called out to Chu Xiu.

Xiu Xiu?

Chu Xiu was not a fan of this nickname! But there was no helping it, Mo Qingyi was too enthusiastic.

"I won't join, you go and play with sis, I'll go back to the room and do my homework." The Mo family had also prepared a separate room for Chu Xiu.

Chapter 618: the implication of the first snow

"Such a good boy! Hurry back and do your homework." Mo Qingyi revealed a smile as tender as a loving mother's, stood on tiptoes, and patted Chu Xiu's head—a soft and adorable boy always sparks the maternal glow in girls.

Chu Xiu was only thirteen years old this year, yet he was already close to one meter seventy in height, making the one-meter-sixty Mo Qingyi seem especially petite beside him.

"Then I'm off!" Chu Xiu blushed and ran off like the wind.

Thirteen-year-olds had already begun to understand the concept of gender differences.

Some students in his class were even starting to have early romances.

And there were quite a few classmates stuffing love letters into his desk during breaks.

The youthful and beautiful Mo Qingyi standing so close to him made him somewhat uncomfortable.

"Chu Jin, let's go then." Mo Qingyi hooked her arm through Chu Jin's, and the two of them walked toward the back garden together.

"Brother Nine, Brother Nine," Duanmu Zhe ran over excitedly, "Let me join you in building the snowman. I'm not bragging, but I'm really good at making snowmen!"

Chu Jin smiled and replied, "Welcome."

Mo Qingyi kicked out playfully and laughed, "You're everywhere, aren't you?"

Duanmu Zhe didn't dodge and took the kick squarely.

The three of them made their way to the back garden together.

No sooner had they stepped outside than they were greeted by a vast expanse of white silence, a spectacular scene.

Mr. Mo, who was up in the study looking at documents, saw the three people building a snowman in the garden downstairs and felt he couldn't let his wife be the only one left out. He picked up the coat from the hanger, draped it over himself, and headed downstairs.

In the living room, the elder Mrs. Mo and Zhao Yan were cracking sunflower seeds and chatting away.

Both women were grinning from ear to ear, though what they were talking about was anyone's guess.

Catching sight of Mo Zhixuan hurrying downstairs, Mrs. Mo asked, "Zhixuan, are you heading to the company this late?"

"No." Mo Zhixuan's reply was succinct. Tall and long-legged, with his coat billowing in the wind, he had a commanding presence that made him seem like a mighty emperor.

It was breathtaking.

"Then where are you rushing off to?" Mrs. Mo's memory of her son suggested that only matters of work could concern Mo Zhixuan to this extent.

If he wasn't going to the company, where else could he be headed at this time of night?

Mrs. Mo frowned slightly.

As he headed out, Mo Zhixuan said, "I'm going to build a snowman."

Mrs. Mo: "..."

Hey, wait a minute!

She didn't go deaf, did she?

What did Mo Zhixuan just say? Build, build a snowman?

Son!

Get back here, that's not like you at all!

Mrs. Mo, somewhat in disbelief, turned to Zhao Yan beside her and asked incredulously, "In-law, did you hear clearly what Zhixuan just said?"

Zhao Yan looked back with a smile, "It sounded like he said he's going to push a snowman. Let's go, in-law, and have a look."

As she spoke, Zhao Yan stood up and pulled Mrs. Mo toward the outside,

She didn't know Mo Zhixuan as well as Mrs. Mo did, nor was she aware that Mo Zhixuan was traditionally a cold and distant iceberg. She simply took him to be an amicable and friendly younger relative, so his words didn't surprise her much.

Moreover, having lain in the hospital bed for so many years, even though now amnesic, Zhao Yan still yearned for freedom in her bones.

She also loved lively places and preferred being around many people.

Through the time spent together, Zhao Yan had come to regard the Mo family as her own.

Though she had lost her memory, she wasn't foolish; she could tell who treated her well.

The two old ladies got along very harmoniously.

The Mo family's garden was vast, blanketed with snow while snowflakes gently danced in the air. In the distance, several figures were throwing snowballs at each other. The sound of laughter filled the air as four people enjoyed themselves.

Proud red plum blossoms bloomed defiantly against the snow.

The air was subtly scented with their fragrance.

The greatest happiness for elders is to see their children living joyfully, and at that moment, Zhao Yan and Mrs. Mo stood together, smiling faintly as they watched the scene in the distance.

"Chu Jin! You threw at me! I demand revenge!" Mo Qingyi scooped up a large handful of snow and hurled it in Chu Jin's direction.

Chu Jin merely smiled and pulled Mo Zhixuan, who was standing by his side, towards him.

'Smack,' a ball of snow hit Mr. Mo squarely on the chest without mercy.

Mo Qingyi sheepishly stuck out her tongue...

Then, out of nowhere, another snowball 'smack' hit Chu Jin.

The scene quickly descended into chaos.

Snowballs flew in every direction.

Even the usually stern Mr. Mo got caught up in the madness.

"Duanmu Xiaosi, you're done for!" Mo Qingyi gritted her teeth, holding a snowball with a fierce look as she chased Duanmu Zhe through the snowy ground.

"It wasn't me, it wasn't me!" Duanmu Zhe raised his hands in surrender, "It was Ninth Sister who threw it!"

Whoosh—

A snowball struck Duanmu Zhe right in the head.

After playing for a while, apparently feeling tired, Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi lay down in the snow.

"Ah!" Mo Qingyi exhaled warm breaths, "That's so cool! Chu Jin, this has been the happiest year of my life!"

"Me too," Chu Jin responded with a smile.

In her previous life, when she was Qin Jie, she never had such happy moments. Then, her home consisted of only her and her grandmother. To support the family, she learned the ways of business at a very young age.

Her entire childhood and adolescence were shrouded in gloom.

Later, after marrying Shen Lingtian, living day to day in his deception, what joy was there to speak of?

Now, she truly felt happy, a happiness that welled up from the depths of her heart.

Every day since meeting Mr. Mo had been wonderfully fulfilling.

"Shall we make a snowman now?" Mo Qingyi suggested. They had come out to make a snowman after all, but who knew it would turn into a snowball fight midway!

The snowman that had already retreated by nearly half was also destroyed.

"Okay," Chu Jin climbed up from the snow, patting the snow off her body.

As she just stood up, someone walked up behind her and gently draped a cloak over her shoulders, enveloping her in a wave of warmth in an instant.

This was a fiery red long cloak, reaching down to Chu Jin's heels. Accustomed to seeing her in light-colored attire, it was Mo Zhixuan's first time seeing her in red, and he was almost caught off guard.

The bright red color set off her already fair skin, now white like a flawless, translucent piece of jade, her eyes delicate and matchless as if filled with gleaming liquid, her naturally red lips perfectly complementing the hue of the cloak.

So beautiful she seemed to have stepped right out of a painting, she took one's breath away.

Her beauty was nothing like that of Zheng Chuyi, completely incomparable.

Her beauty.

Bold, brilliant, unparalleled!

"Put on more, don't catch a cold," Mo Zhixuan finally came to his senses after a long while, his deep voice sounding from above her head.

Chu Jin slightly curled her lips, "Put on more, don't catch a cold." This phrase must be the one Mr. Mo has said the most today.

It was just like that popular saying online, "Your mom thinks you're cold."

Chu Jin stretched her hand to untie the belt of the cloak, "I'm not cold."

But Mo Zhixuan stopped her movements, even fastening the hood of the cloak on her head, "You're not allowed to take it off even if you're not cold, wearing more clothes is never a bad thing."

Uh... Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, Mr. Mo's tone was becoming more and more like that of a kind old father.

Seeing that Mo Zhixuan was so insistent, Chu Jin had no choice but to go make a snowman while wearing the cloak.

Mo Zhixuan watched her figure intently, then took out his mobile phone from his pocket and snapped a photo of her from behind.

In the photo, she was cloaked in a red gown, pacing through the snowy field, her slender figure like a proud red plum blossom.

Making the Sun, Moon, and Stars seem dim.

As if, in the world, only she remained.

Just a silhouette was enough to send one's imagination racing.

Off to the side, Mo Qingyi also stood spellbound.

It had to be admitted, such a Chu Jin was truly breathtaking!

How could there be such a bewitching creature like Brother Jin in this world!

Not only did men find her heart-stirring, even she, a genuine woman, felt excited upon seeing her, with ripples in her heart!

Duanmu Zhe squinted his eyes slightly and with a subtle movement, he took off his coat and draped it over Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi was startled by his sudden action, "Duanmu Xiaosi, what are you doing?"

"Showing concern for the underage girls of our nation," Duanmu Zhe raised his eyebrows slightly, "Can't you tell?"

"You still have a bit of conscience." Mo Qingyi wrapped the coat tighter around her and snorted softly.

"That sounds as if I've never had a conscience before..." Duanmu Zhe was somewhat speechless.

"Haha," Mo Qingyi scoffed coldly, "as if you ever had a heart before." She spoke of a heart, not a conscience, and with those words, Mo Qingyi turned and ran towards Chu Jin.

"Brother Jin, I'm here to help you..."

A glimmer of light flickered in Duanmu Zhe's eyes, as if he had just caught something in Mo Qingyi's words.

Was it Mo Qingyi giving him a hint?

Or was it his own misconception?

At this thought, Duanmu Zhe took a decisive step forward, reached out to grab Mo Qingyi's wrist, and gave a gentle tug.

Caught off guard by the sudden force, Mo Qingyi lost her balance and fell heavily against Duanmu Zhe's chest, a rush of unfamiliar male pheromones assailing her senses, bewildering her momentarily.

Only at this moment did she truly realize how much taller Duanmu Zhe was than her.

From her perspective, Duanmu Zhe actually had quite a bit of... manliness!

Out of the blue, she thought of having a passionate romance with the man before her.

But soon Mo Qingyi came to her senses, feeling she couldn't continue to indulge in these unfamiliar emotions. She pushed Duanmu Zhe away forcefully, somewhat annoyed, "Duanmu Xiaosi, what are you going crazy for?"

"Are you stupid or what!" Duanmu Zhe slapped his hand towards Mo Qingyi's head, saying irritably, "Didn't you see Brother Nine and Sister-in-Law being all lovey-dovey over there? Why would you go over there and butt in?"

This child, one look and you can tell she's asking for a spanking!

The couple was discussing life and dreams, was she going to go over and be a third wheel?

"I was going to make a snowman," Mo Qingyi, although knowing she was at fault, refused to appear too weak in front of Duanmu Zhe, so she put her hands on her hips and retorted fiercely, "What's it to you? Nosy parker!"

"Okay, okay," Duanmu Zhe said, chuckling good-naturedly, and reached out to take Mo Qingyi's wrist, "Let's go over there; I'll keep you company making a snowman."

As he spoke, he led Mo Qingyi in a different direction.

In that instant, Mo Qingyi felt Duanmu Zhe's image loom larger in her mind, she unconsciously looked up and saw a side face that was too clean, familiar yet strange, bathed in the faint light of the snow.

Her heart skipped a beat.

Mo Qingyi gazed at him absentmindedly, finding almost no reason to refuse.

Despite herself.

A verse flashed through her mind, "With a roll of dice, the red beans are set – do you know how deep my love for you is?"

At this moment, her feelings were crystal clear.

She was deeply in love with the young man before her.

Today was the first snowfall.

They say, if you're with your beloved on the day of the first snow, you are destined to stay together until your hair turns white.

At that moment, Duanmu Zhe suddenly turned his head and met her cat-like eyes. He slowly started talking, his tone serious yet with a hint of playful banter that made it hard to discern his true feelings. He said, "Mo Xiaosan, do you know the significance of the first snow?"

Mo Qingyi tried her best to stay calm, pretending she knew nothing and said, "What significance? I don't know, isn't it just snowing? Can there be any special meaning?"

Was Duanmu Zhe implying the same thing?

First snow = together until old age.

Duanmu Zhe looked at her, suddenly bursting into laughter, and ruffled her hair, "The meaning is quite simple – it means you're a pig."

Was Mo Qingyi not picking up on his cues to save him some face?

Duanmu Zhe felt somewhat troubled.

He had made his point so clear; why didn't she respond at all?

It seemed that she still did not have feelings for him.

Chapter 619: Grinding Ink

Duanmu Zhe could only quietly sigh in his heart.

It seems the road ahead is still very long.

Mo Qingyi snapped back to reality at his words and slapped him, "You're the pig!"

Such a Duanmu Zhe!

She had thought his words had another meaning, but it turned out he was calling her a pig!

She was angry and at the same time, somewhat disappointed.

"Let's build a snowman, build a snowman." Duanmu Zhe squatted down to roll a snowball, trying to divert Mo Qingyi's attention.

Over there, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's snowman was already complete.

It was...

Um, sort of hard to look at.

It was hard to imagine that a snowman built with the cooperation of two capable people could end up... so ugly!

"Does it look good?" Chu Jin picked up a carrot as the snowman's nose and looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

To themselves, any snowman they created was beautiful, no matter how others might see it as ugly; to Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, it was unparalleled in beauty.

"It looks good, Jin. Whatever you make looks good," Mo Zhixuan nodded seriously.

"I'll take a photo and post it on Weibo," Chu Jin excitedly pulled out her phone from her pocket, took a couple of photos of the snowman, and then posted on Weibo.

"The Return of the Past"V: "Building a snowman! [photo.jpg]"

[Wow! So excited! Sister actually posted twice on Weibo today, I need to screenshot this for posterity!]

[Sister building a snowman is so cute.]

[Old Return, the snowman you built is quite unique!]

[I reckon only my Return could make a snowman look like this!]

[Snowman: "Who am I? Where do I come from?"]

[This is a snowman with a story!]

[It's impossible for me to build a snowman, I can never build one in this lifetime, I don't know how to roll snowballs, so I can only survive by stealing other people's snowmen, which is much better than staying at home... Other people's snowmen are assembled so beautifully, they speak so nicely, oh, I super like the snowman Sister Return built.]

[Hahaha, I'm dying laughing, the person above, why are you so funny?]

[Che Guevara was here!]

[...]

Perhaps to avoid discouraging Chu Jin on the other side of the screen, everyone was quite euphemistic when commenting on the snowman.

Seeing Chu Jin post instantaneously on Weibo, Mo Zhixuan also curled his lips into a slight smile, opened the Weibo page, and sent out a post.

"First Encounter"V: "The whole world. [photo.jpg]"@The Return of the Past.

The accompanying photo was that of Chu Jin's back, resilient against the snowy landscape.

Cloaked in dazzling red.

No view in the world surpasses you.

Though it was just a photo, her commanding presence seemed to come to life, almost palpable even through the screen.

Although it was only a backdrop, Weibo still exploded!

As soon as the post went up, the comments began to skyrocket.

[Ahhh! Is this my Return? Is this my Return? She looks stunning, doesn't she!]

[Licking the screen! Comrades, are your phone screens still okay?]

[My Return truly is a beauty of the age!]

[There is a beauty up north, supremely lovely and peerless; at one glance, she topples cities; at another, countries.]

[Ah! So excited!]

[I've had my fill of dog food.]

[Finally, a photo of my Return!]

[Oh my! I'm going to flip!]

[I feel like the blogger doesn't deserve my Return...]

[Sister Return is so beautiful!]

[Going crazy for Sister Return!]

[Begging for a front face photo!]

[Don't tell me she's a one-trick backdrop killer?]

[Sir! Sir! First Encounter sir, please share a frontal photo!]

[Mommy! Mommy! As a fan of beauty, I'm turning into a fan of The Return of the Past!]

[This charisma! This figure! This aura! There's nothing like it under the heavens!]

[My Return is a superstar held back by her writing.]

[Mommy, if she entered that circle, wouldn't Fan Shuishui and Zhang Zitai have to step down?]

[Absolutely! Fan Shuishui and Zhang Zitai would have to move over.]

[Love it! Love it so much!]

[...]

The number of comments kept growing, and the crowd of onlookers feasting on the drama grew larger.

A term named "The Return of the Past, real photos" was pushed by the mighty netizens into the hot search ranks.

The follower count on The Return of the Past's Weibo also surged, causing the Weibo servers to crash!

The comment count on Mo Zhixuan's Weibo post even reached 100W+ in a matter of minutes.

Chu Jin was busy making a snowman, completely unaware of these developments, let alone that she had made it onto the Weibo hot search list once again!

And because of this hot search, The Return of the Past's Weibo account became the one with the most followers on Weibo.

Sometimes, the power of words is truly immense.

As for Mo Zhixuan, he was browsing through the comments one by one, a barely noticeable smile playing at the corners of his mouth, feeling happy whenever he saw others praising Chu Jin for her beauty and elegance.

At that moment, he wished he could proclaim to the whole world that this beauty, who could captivate a city with one glance and a nation with another, was his, his...

Forever his.

Hearing his laughter, Chu Jin looked up puzzled, "What are you chuckling at?"

"Nothing," Mo Zhixuan replied, instantly back to normal, casually putting his phone back in his pocket. He walked over to Chu Jin, took her hand, and said in a low voice, "Let's go over there and see how Qingyi and Duanmu are doing with their snowman."

Because she had just touched the snow, Chu Jin's hand was a bit cold, so Mo Zhixuan wrapped her hand tightly in his and tucked it into his pocket.

On the spacious snowfield, a set of clear footprints was left behind.

The snow, which had stopped earlier, began to fall again, dusting both of their hair white.

Over there, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were focused on making a snowman together, so engrossed in their task that they didn't notice Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin approaching.

"Ah! Duanmu Xiaosi! You're really too clumsy!"

"You're the clumsy one!"

Their intermittent arguments continued non-stop, and seeing how happily they were bickering, Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin didn't want to disturb them; they quietly walked away towards another direction, as the snow fell heavier.

The two strolled through the snowfield like that.

Hands entwined, vow unchanging through this life.

The figures in the snow were without parallel in this world.

Meanwhile, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe had just finished making their snowman.

Compared to the snowman of Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, theirs looked way more elegant!

"Ah! The snowman I made is so nice!" Mo Qingyi looked proudly at her creation.

"What do you mean, 'the one you made'?" Duanmu Zhe countered immediately, "I helped too, thank you!"

"Haha," Mo Qingyi scoffed, "If it weren't for you, the one I made would have looked ten times better!"

"I'm convinced by your evil," Duanmu Zhe raised his eyebrows lightly.

The heavy snow also whitened their hair.

Perhaps Mo Qingyi didn't realize that when Duanmu Zhe looked at her, his eyes were filled with warmth, capable of melting glaciers.

Or perhaps Mo Qingyi had already grown accustomed to such gazes.

"Do you have your phone on you?" Mo Qingyi boldly extended her hand to Duanmu Zhe.

"Got it." Without any hesitation, Duanmu Zhe pulled out his phone from his pocket and handed it to Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi took the phone, naturally unlocked it, took a photo, and even switched to selfie mode, making a V sign alongside her snowman for a selfie.

She was so used to using Duanmu Zhe's phone that she didn't think anything was amiss with her actions.

Almost half the photos in Duanmu Zhe's phone were of Mo Qingyi's selfies.

In fact, the way Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe interacted had long transcended the feelings between a normal man and woman; it's just that she hadn't realized it herself.

After taking the photo, Mo Qingyi tossed the phone back to Duanmu Zhe, "Remember to edit it before sending it to me."

Duanmu Zhe immediately matched her with an OK sign, "No problem!"

The snow fell heavier and heavier, and the figures in the snow began to look a bit blurry, but the scene was incredibly picturesque, like something out of a TV idol drama.

Romantic, picturesque.

Mo Qingyi tugged at her clothing, "Duanmu Xiaosi, shall we go back inside? It's pretty cold."

"Sure." Duanmu Zhe wrapped his arm around her shoulders naturally and said carefreely, "Let's go, buddy."

This time, Mo Qingyi didn't refuse his embrace.

He had said, buddy.

It was an embrace between buddies; refusing it would have seemed odd.

The wind howled by their ears.

But to Mo Qingyi, tonight's wind felt warm.

The Mo family's garden was vast, and it took several minutes for them to walk back to the house.

Mo Qingyi looked up at the youth's elegantly handsome profile and blurted out like a ghostly envoy, "Duanmu Zhe..."

It was rare for Mo Qingyi to call him by his full name for the first time; Duanmu Zhe turned to look at her, clearly surprised as he said, "Hmm? What's up?"

"Duanmu Zhe," Mo Qingyi stopped and faced Duanmu Zhe, speaking very seriously, "The moonlight tonight is truly beautiful."

The other meaning of The moonlight tonight is truly beautiful is, I like you.

It's often used to confess love.

This is an internet slang.

Mo Qingyi saw this strategy in a forum.

Duanmu Zhe should know the meaning of this sentence, right?

It was with great courage that Mo Qingyi gathered to speak up.

Perhaps influenced by the wonderful atmosphere, on a snowy day, being with the person one likes, both of them having turned old together...

The moonlight is truly beautiful?

Duanmu Zhe was bewildered! As a good young man who doesn't surf the internet often, he genuinely didn't know the meaning of this sentence!

On such a snowy day, with everything a hazy gray, where is the moonlight coming from?

Has Mo Qingyi gone silly?

Why would she suddenly come up with such a sentence?

Looking up at the sky, Duanmu Zhe said, "Mo Qingyi, what joke are you making? There's no moon in the sky."

Long, long afterward.

Thinking back to this night.

Duanmu Zhe simply wanted to take the Moonlight Treasure Box and kill his former self at this moment!

Because they almost missed a lifetime by passing up this moment.

"Haha," Mo Qingyi laughed out loud, kicking Duanmu Zhe twice, trying to act as if nothing happened, "You big fool, I was just teasing you..."

He rejected himself.

Perhaps out of consideration for his own dignity, Duanmu Zhe did not point it out directly.

Mo Qingyi's first love hadn't even begun before it ended prematurely in its cradle.

A sourness hit Mo Qingyi's nose, and she almost broke down crying, but the little dignity left in a girl's heart told her not to cry! She had to laugh strongly, heartily.

"Mo Qingyi, you've gotten bold! How dare you kick me!" Duanmu Zhe didn't notice her abnormality and started chasing after her direction.

The two of them were messing around in the snowy field.

For Mo Qingyi.

Was she happy?

Happy.

Was she unhappy?

Unhappy.

She knew that after this night, she and Duanmu Zhe could never go back to how they were before.

The snow kept falling.

Just as Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan got back home, Zhao Yan came over smilingly with two porcelain bowls, "This is ginger jujube soup I've stewed, it's good for dispelling the cold, drink it while it's hot."

"Thank you, Mom." Chu Jin accepted the bowl with a smile.

"Thank you, Aunt Yuan." Mo Zhixuan followed suit in expressing his thanks.

Zhao Yan looked at the two, nodding with a smile on her face.

"Aunt Yuan, Aunt Yuan, what good stuff is this? I want some too!" Mo Qingyi bounded excitedly into the room from outside.

"Me too, me too," Duanmu Zhe followed behind.

"There's plenty," Zhao Yan said with a smile, "Just wait a sec, I'll go get you two some."

Outside the door, the snow was flying.

Inside, the atmosphere was warm and joyous.

Zhao Yan was very attentive and even brought a bowl of soup to Chu Xiu.

Chu Xiu was quite fond of this aunt; Zhao Yan was very gentle, a typical woman from the south of the Yangtze River. She spoke softly and gently, giving Chu Xiu a sense of the maternal love she had longed for.

After getting back to her room, Mo Qingyi dropped all pretenses, buried her head under the covers, and began to weep quietly.

This was the first time she had liked someone so much.

Her first love hadn't seen the light of day before it perished. How could she not be heartbroken?

That night, some slept well while others did not.

The next morning, during breakfast, Mo Qingyi made an announcement to everyone.

After the New Year, she was going to study abroad as an exchange student.

The first to object was the Mo family matriarch, "No way, M country is so far away, I can't feel at ease with you, a girl, going alone, and what if I miss you?"

Chu Jin was also somewhat surprised; Mo Qingyi had mentioned this to her casually before, and she hadn't taken it to heart. Now it seemed Mo Qingyi was serious.

Immediately, Mo Qingyi clung to her grandmother's arm and cooed, "Mom, I'm not a child anymore, I can take care of myself. Don't worry, and besides, with technology so advanced nowadays, we can video chat face-to-face if you miss me."

"Mom, please agree, this opportunity is very rare. There are over sixty students in our class, but only three exchange spots are available."

As the saying goes, a daughter is beyond her mother's grasp once she grows up. The Mo family matriarch sighed, turning to Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, "Zhixuan, Jin, you two quickly help persuade Qingyi."

Mo Zhixuan remained composed as he replied, wiping his mouth with a tissue, "Qingyi, are you sure? Can you handle everything there all by yourself?"

Mo Qingyi nodded firmly, "Yes, brother, I've thought it through, I want to go!"

Mo Zhixuan then added, "Since you've made up your mind, then go. You're not little anymore. Once you're there, pay more attention and don't just grow tall, grow wise, too."

After New Year's, Mo Qingyi would be nineteen, old enough to think independently. Plus, it's only beneficial for a girl to get out there and see the world, with no downsides.

"Thank you, brother."

"Zhixuan!" the old Madame Mo said in frustration and dissatisfaction, "I asked you to help persuade Qingyi! But instead of helping, you've convinced her to go overseas!"

Mo Zhixuan turned his eyes gently, speaking in a very mild tone, "Mom, Qingyi is no longer a child. Going abroad can train her independence. There's nothing wrong with that."

"What do you think, Jin?" the old Madame Mo turned to Chu Jin and asked for her opinion,

Mo Qingyi immediately started making faces at Chu Jin on the side.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "Aunt, everyone has to grow up. Since Qingyi has made up her mind, we might as well respect her decision." In other words, once Mo Qingyi made up her mind about something, no one could stop her. Rather than opposing, it was better to offer support.

The old Madame Mo also heard the implied meaning in Chu Jin's words and sighed again.

"My dear friend," said Zhao Yan with a smile, "These young people all have their own ideas. Let's not meddle in their affairs. This morning I saw that the lotus flowers in the courtyard had bloomed, let's go have a look."

The old Madame Mo stood up, "Alright, let's go look at the flowers."

And so, Mo Qingyi going abroad was settled.

Chu Jin stayed at the Mo family's house for three days, then took Zhao Yan back to Huagui Park. Her vacation had nearly started, but Chu Xiu still had a week of classes left.

At the end of the year, Mr. Mo was even busier than before, and Chu Jin hardly saw him for days.

Mo Qingyi spent her days accompanying the old Madame Mo to watch plays and drink tea. After some time, the old lady came to accept the idea of her going abroad.

days later.

New Year's Eve.

The day when every family comes together.

Early in the morning, Chu Jin was woken up by the sound of firecrackers. Since she was awake, she got up from bed, quickly washed up, and changed clothes.

By the time she came downstairs, Zhao Yan had already prepared breakfast and was waiting for her.

Zhao Yan was very diligent. Ever since she woke up, the household servants had a lot less to do.

"Mom, good morning!"

"Good morning, come and eat."

"Sister, Auntie," Chu Xiu also came down from upstairs.

They had barely started breakfast when Mo Zhixuan walked in from outside. The weather was nice and sunny, and Mo Zhixuan wore only a thin white shirt, prompting Zhao Yan immediately to stand up, "You child, why are you wearing so little? Xiu, quickly go upstairs and bring down one of your clothes for your brother-in-law to wear."

"Right away." Chu Xiu turned and ran upstairs.

"Aunt, I'm not cold," Mo Zhixuan said with a resigned expression.

Zhao Yan frowned, saying, "How can you not be cold wearing so little? You young people prioritize looking good over feeling warm!"

Mo Zhixuan: "... " At that moment, Mr. Mo finally understood the true meaning of "your mother thinks you're cold."

Mo Zhixuan had come to pick them up to celebrate the New Year with the Mo family, as there were not many people in both households, and celebrating together would be more lively.

After all, for the New Year, the most important things are the festivities and reunion.

So for this suggestion, Chu Jin gladly accepted.

The group, having eaten breakfast, set off.

The streets were filled with the spirit of the New Year, everywhere brimming with joyfulness.

"I wish you wealth, I wish you splendor, let the good be invited and the bad turned away, oh~ no one minds an excess of gifts..."

This kind of music could be heard everywhere, and even Chu Jin began to hum along with the rhythm.

On this day, the old Madame Mo gave all the household servants a holiday so they could go home and spend a reunion New Year with their families.

When Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan arrived, the old Madame Mo and Mo Qingyi were in the kitchen, chopping meat filling to fry meatballs, make dumplings... preparing New Year's food.

In fact, these things could be bought at the supermarket, but doing it oneself was more meaningful and brought a stronger sense of the New Year.

Zhao Yan was cutting out paper decorations in the living room. Her hands were very nimble, and she could transform an ordinary piece of red paper into various shapes, leaving Chu Jin stunned.

"Mom, teach me too," Chu Jin picked up the scissors, ready to learn the craft.

Zhao Yan spoke warmly, "Of course, just wait until I finish this one."

Cutting out paper decorations was a delicate task, seemingly simple but actually very complex. Fortunately, Chu Jin was smart and had an excellent memory, and before long, a lively little deer took shape in her hands.

Mo Zhixuan stood by her side and nodded slightly, "My Jin is truly intelligent."

"Of course," Chu Jin lifted her chin slightly, very proud.

"Jin, you're getting conceited!" Mo Qingyi said plaintively.

"I'm the one who spoils her," Mo Zhixuan said in kind.

A reluctant participant to their display of affection, Mo Qingyi: "... " Why did she bother seeking out this torment for herself?

The New Year's Eve dinner would be in the evening, so at noon, everyone had a simple tea time without preparing anything special.

There's a lot to do on New Year's Day, so in the afternoon, the tasks were clearly divided.

The old Madame Mo and Zhao Yan were busy in the kitchen.

Mo Qingyi was responsible for running errands, occasionally fetching oil, salt, sauce, vinegar, or any other needed seasoning for the kitchen.

Given that Chu Xiu was a student, she wasn't assigned any chores and was responsible for eating only.

Chu Jin was tasked with writing and posting New Year's couplets with Mo Zhixuan.

The Mo's house was large, with many doors, so Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan had a big job on their hands.

Mo Zhixuan moved the four treasures of the study from the study room to the living room, spread out the red paper, held the brush, and looked at Chu Jin with indulgent eyes, "Would the lady kindly grind some ink for me, and I shall show you my skills."

Chapter 620: Jin Ge V587

Mo Zhixuan wore a clean, dust-free white shirt with neatly rolled sleeves, revealing a section of his fair, strong arm. His hand, with well-defined joints, held the writing brush in an indescribably attractive manner.

Watching him, he was like a jade-like gentleman who had stepped right out of a book.

Graceful and unmatched in this world.

Chu Jin had a momentary stun before quickly recovering, rolling up her sleeves, and walking over to Mo Zhixuan. She picked up the ink stick, poured some clean water into the inkstone, and began to slowly grind it.

Her ink-grinding posture was very professional, and she was using her left hand. Soon enough, a faint scent of ink wafted through the air.

Mo Zhixuan, holding the brush in hand, dipped it into the inkstone to get some ink, then bent down and started writing.

Two lines of running script fell onto the red paper.

See the writing and see the man.

This saying was indeed no lie.

Mo Zhixuan's calligraphy, just like the man himself, was bold and full of ink, vigorous and natural, grand and majestic!

It revealed the air of a ruler, lofty and unrestrained, within the fluidity of running script!

Even contemporary calligraphy masters, upon seeing such writing, would probably feel deeply ashamed.

Such calligraphy could now only be seen in museums.

"How does my writing look?" Mo Zhixuan looked up at Chu Jin, his deep phoenix eyes bottomless black, just like the ink.

Chu Jin's lips slightly curved, and she slowly uttered two words, "Passable."

"Dishonest," Mo Zhixuan put down the brush and leaned over, "You deserve a punishment."

Before Chu Jin could react, she was held by the head and received a direct kiss—a clear advantage of being tall!

Mr. Mo's nearly 190-centimeter-long legs were not just for show.

In fact, over the last year, Chu Jin had grown quite a bit too, from 165 to 170 centimeters, but compared to Mr. Mo, she was like a little dwarf, barely reaching his shoulder.

While kissing, he also gently bit her red lips, leaving a row of teeth marks that stirred the heartstrings.

After the kiss, Chu Jin gently pushed him away and raised her eyebrows slightly, "Or did you want me to say it was terrible?"

Mo Zhixuan looked at her and began to speak slowly, "It's not just passable—it's utterly captivating."

"Conceited." Chu Jin lightly raised her elegant eyebrows and continued, "You must not have seen true brilliance in writing, have you?"

With those words, she picked up the brush, and, ambidextrously, she rapidly left two lines of characters on the red paper.

"Wow, amazing!" Mo Qingyi clapped excitedly from the sidelines, as she had never seen anyone write with both hands simultaneously.

And she was using a writing brush, no less. More importantly, the writing was beautiful!

Powerful enough to make an impression through the paper, graceful and tall, like a wild horse breaking free or a dragon soaring into the sky.

It was in no way inferior to Mo Zhixuan's handwriting.

"You flatter me, you flatter me," Chu Jin smiled, bowing her hands to Mo Qingyi in a very proper manner.

Mo Qingyi, holding her smartphone, looked towards Chu Jin, "Brother Jin Brother Jin, I want to go viral on Kuaiyin, can you fulfill this wish for me?"

Kuaiyin is currently a super popular video app in China, where many lifestyle experts and internet celebrities register and gain likes and followers through posting videos or livestreaming.

Even ordinary people can post videos.

Some individuals can even become internet famous overnight with a single viral video.

"Hmm? What do you mean?" Chu Jin looked at her, her eyebrows slightly raised.

Seeing an opportunity, Mo Qingyi continued, "Brother Jin, write it again, and I'll record it with my phone and upload it to Kuaiyin. Your ambidextrous stance is definitely a display of skill; it's bound to go viral!"

"Brother Jin, don't worry, I'll find the angle to avoid your face," Mo Qingyi continued.

"Okay." Chu Jin nodded slightly, gathering up the finished couplets, spreading out a new sheet of red paper, and then turning to look at Mo Zhixuan, "Stop dawdling, go grind the ink. Can't you see I'm about to get busy?"

Mo Zhixuan was willing to go along with her and immediately bent over in a servant-like manner, "As you wish, please go ahead."

Seeing Chu Jin agree, Mo Qingyi hurriedly pulled out his phone, "Brother Jin, Brother Jin, wait a moment, I'm going to pick a really powerful background music."

"That works," Chu Jin habitually raised a hand to flick his hair, coolly saying, "Let me know once you've chosen."

"Mhm mhm." Mo Qingyi nodded eagerly.

A minute later, Mo Qingyi selected a super powerful ancient-style music, took the climax as the background music, and gave Chu Jin an "ok" hand signal, "Brother Jin, it's ready."

Chu Jin, adept with the brush, leaned forward slightly, his hands moving in unison, his whole motion flowing as smoothly as clouds and water, supremely powerful.

Once the video was recorded, Mo Qingyi edited some text, "Brother Jin v587!" and then clicked to send it.

There had been quite a few calligraphers who had shown their talent on social media, but hardly anyone could wield the brush with both hands as Chu Jin could!

Therefore, the moment Mo Qingyi's video was posted, it immediately attracted countless viewers.

"Boss, please take my knees."

"Predicting the host will become popular, seizing front row seats."

"Fake, right? Even a master-level calligrapher might not have such skill, is this person for real?"

"So awesome! I couldn't even see clearly how she wrote it."

"Has the video been edited? Was this really done by one person?"

"From a professional editor's perspective, this video hasn't been touched at all, aside from the background music, the host didn't even use the beautify function."

"Host, you're so amazing."

"Everyone shout together: Brother Jin v587! Those below, please maintain formation."

...

All kinds of voices.

Mo Qingyi had been registered on social media for a full year now, and she had never received so many comments. She was so excited that she almost jumped up.

Moreover, the video quickly made it to the trending list.

"Brother Jin, Brother Jin, I've really made it, look, look, already 500 comments!" Mo Qingyi excitedly showed her phone to Chu Jin.

Getting 500 comments in just a few minutes was really quite a lot.

And with that, Mo Qingyi's follower count also shot up.

It truly gave Mo Qingyi a taste of what it's like being an internet celebrity.

After finishing the couplets, Chu Jin busied herself with Mo Zhixuan, going out to paste the couplets and hang lanterns.

At this time, the sky had gradually darkened.

The sound of firecrackers grew louder and more intense.

And fireworks blossomed across the horizon.

The Mo family was quite traditional, and before starting the New Year's Eve dinner, it was necessary to first worship their ancestors.

With the offerings and paper money prepared, the group headed toward the ancestral hall.

In past years, the ancestral worship was quiet with just three people.

This year, there were six, twice as many as before, their journey filled with conversation and laughter, wonderfully lively.

Following the old ancestral tradition, outsiders were not allowed to enter the inner ancestral hall; however, the Mo family matriarch declared that this was a new era and those old customs were no longer in vogue, so she took everyone to the ceremony, as the more the merrier.

The ancestral hall was also located within the Phoenix Manor, so it was just a short walk away.

Before the worship, firecrackers must be set off.

Then came the burning of joss paper and the presenting of offerings.

The ritual was complicated, and Chu Jin had never experienced any of this before. Everything seemed so novel to her, and she kept following Mo Zhixuan, asking questions about everything.

Mo Zhixuan hung a string of firecrackers on a tree and glanced at Chu Jin, "Cover your ears, I'm going to light them now."

Chu Jin immediately took a step back and covered her ears tightly.

With the crackling sound of firecrackers, the ancestral worship ceremony officially began.

Mo Qingyi and Chu Xiu were crouched down, burning joss paper.

Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin to set the offerings.

After the ancestral worship.

The New Year's Eve dinner commenced.

A full table of dishes, with fish and shrimp, the selection was very rich.

Chu Jin took out her cell phone, snapped a photo, and posted a Weibo update.

"The Return of the Past" V: Happy New Year! [Picture jpg]

She then set up a red envelope with 100,000 yuan.

It was for 50,000 people, and it got claimed within less than ten minutes.

Mo Zhixuan also sent out a red envelope.

The cover of the red envelope showed 5,200,000 yuan, and then @ "The Return of the Past" V.

Because the amount of money was large, almost every person managed to receive varying amounts, generally between ten and twenty yuan.

On Weibo, this was considered a super-sized red envelope!

[I'm blinded by riches! Thanks for the red envelope, tycoon!]

[This is a unique way to show off love!]

[Is there anyone else like me who quietly counted the number of zeros?]

[Tycoon, dare you drop one that's 1,314,520?]

[Thanks for the brother-in-law's red envelope.]

[Thanks for the brother-in-law's red envelope, don't break the queue formation below.]

[Rich, extravagantly wealthy!]

Those calling him brother-in-law were fans of "The Return of the Past."

Of course, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan knew nothing of this as, after posting their Weibo updates, they started their meal.

The Mo family didn't have the rule of silence at the dinner table, so there was lively and cheerful conversation all around, creating a warm atmosphere.

The New Year's Eve dinner was a leisurely affair.

With the heating on inside, they didn't worry about the dishes getting cold.

As the dinner drew to a close, the Mo family matriarch prepared New Year's money for everyone present.

Mo Zhixuan also handed out red envelopes to everyone.

After the New Year's Eve dinner, Chu Jin helped to clear the dishes and utensils. When she picked up a cloth to wash the dishes, she was shooed out of the kitchen by the Mo family matriarch, "I can take care of it here, let you young people go out and have fun."

"Exactly, Brother Jin, let my mom handle this stuff, and let's go watch the Spring Festival Gala together," Mo Qingyi said, pulling Chu Jin toward the living room.

Nowadays, watching the Spring Festival Gala on New Year's Eve has become a habit for the people of China mainland.

At 8 p.m., the Spring Festival Gala had just begun.

In the living room, Mo Zhixuan and Chu Xiu were already seated on the couch, chatting about something. When they saw Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi approaching, Mo Zhixuan stood up, "I'll go cut some fruit for you; what do you three want?"

"I want pineapple and lychee," Mo Qingyi was the first to respond.

"Peach," Chu Jin followed.

"Watermelon, thank you, brother-in-law," Chu Xiu said politely.

Mo Qingyi chuckled and patted his head, "Young man, you've got a bright future."

The Mo family always had a variety of fruits in stock, even off-season ones, so upon getting an answer, Mo Zhixuan went to prepare the fruit.

The table was also laden with various types of nuts.

"You're the only boy here, don't eat any, help us peel them instead," Mo Qingyi handed a bag of macadamia nuts to Chu Xiu.

Chu Xiu didn't object, dutifully took the bag, and managed to crack the nuts open with his bare hands, almost without needing a nutcracker.

This left Mo Qingyi stunned, thinking, if this were filmed and put on social media, would it go viral?

A few minutes later, Mo Zhixuan returned with two fruit platters.

A comedic skit was playing on TV.

The room echoed with Mo Qingyi's somewhat demonic laughter.

Even Chu Jin couldn't help but chuckle.

This was what New Year's should look like. The Mo family had never seemed so joyous before; it would be even better if there were a few more children around.

Mo Zhixuan walked over and held Chu Jin in his arms as they sat down on the couch to watch the skit.

The other three burst into laughter, but Mo Zhixuan couldn't find anything to laugh about.

Before this, he didn't even know what the Spring Festival Gala was.

After a while, Chu Jin's mobile phone began to vibrate incessantly.

She took it out to look, and almost all the messages were New Year's wishes. Even though they were mass texts, they represented people's good intentions, so Chu Jin composed a general New Year's greeting text and sent it out.

At the same time, the other three's phones pinged with the notification.

When Chu Jin sent the text, she had selected mass messaging, so besides others, everyone present also received it.

Mo Qingyi immediately took out his phone, a surprised look on his face, "Wow! Brother Jin, you sent me a text? When the New Year comes, texts do too. As texts arrive, so does my blessing..."

Mo Zhixuan took out his phone and also saw the text from Chu Jin. With his exceptional memory, he looked at Chu Jin with a slight frown, "Why is the content of my text the same as hers?"

"Of course they're the same if it's a mass text," Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Can mine be different?" Mo Zhixuan asked seriously, "Send me another one."

Mo Qingyi: "..."

Chu Xiu: "..."

Chu Jin: "..."

Left with no choice, Chu Jin had to compose a different text and send it to him.