

R Woman 631

Chapter 631: a pest that affects social customs

Readers could no longer see "Butterfly Dreamer."

Editors couldn't see her either.

The number one spot was even snatched away by "The Return of the Past."

"Butterfly Dreamer" was very unwilling!

She couldn't accept being defeated by "The Return of the Past" just like that!

Especially seeing today's sea of people, among them only a thousand were her fans, nearly four-fifths were here for "The Return of the Past."

What did "The Return of the Past" have to deserve all this?

She was nothing but a mistress!

Rumor had it that the gifts "The Return of the Past" received from the site during the holidays were ten times more luxurious than hers!

She used to be the one receiving the highest quality gifts!

How could such a hateful mistress enjoy all these privileges?

"The Return of the Past!" "The Return of the Past!" "The Return of the Past!" These three words haunted "Butterfly Dreamer" like a nightmare.

Jealous! She was insanely jealous, her heart twisted with envy.

As a revered author, "Butterfly Dreamer" had never felt such intense jealousy towards another author!

"The Return of the Past" had over ten million online fans, while her own mere one million paled in comparison.

In front of "The Return of the Past," she couldn't even be called a great author, at best she was just a lousy newbie!

From great author to lousy newbie, how could that not hurt?

What was even more infuriating was some old readers outright pointed out the flaws in her writing, suggesting she should read "The Return of the Past" to learn a thing or two, implying her writing was petty while "The Return of the Past" had the grace of a true master.

Even worse, some accused "Butterfly Dreamer" of running out of talent!

In fact, it wasn't that "Butterfly Dreamer's" writing had deteriorated but that the readers had become more discerning! Previously, when "Butterfly Dreamer" was number one on the entire network, crushing all other authors, there was no basis for comparison, and her flaws went unnoticed.

Now, with "The Return of the Past" around, people naturally started seeing the shortcomings of "Butterfly Dreamer" when they compared the two.

Actually, the readers were doing this for her own good.

Life is a process of constant learning and striving for excellence.

Unfortunately, "Butterfly Dreamer" didn't think so much.

She believed it was all orchestrated by "The Return of the Past," hiring fake supporters to discredit her!

All of this was "The Return of the Past's" fault.

It was bad enough that the fake supporters talked trash, but even the editors said the same thing!

If this had happened a year ago, who would have dared to say such things about her! She was the top author on the site, and there were bunches of other sites waiting to steal her away!

Could she, an author god who had been creating for a decade, really be inferior to a newcomer?

Back when she became famous with her first book, "The Return of the Past" wasn't even born yet!

So, "Butterfly Dreamer" was extremely unhappy with "The Return of the Past"!

And she couldn't understand how people nowadays could idolize a mistress!

Wasn't that sick?

The more "Butterfly Dreamer" thought about it, the more bitter she felt inside.

Eleven o'clock sharp.

"The Return of the Past" still hadn't arrived.

The person in charge of the event was getting anxious, and said hurriedly to a young lady beside him, "Li Hua, quickly go outside and see if 'The Return of the Past' has come! Also, does anyone have 'The Return of the Past's' phone number? Contact her immediately."

The person in charge of the event was a middle-aged man, probably in his forties or fifties, wearing glasses, looking very gentle, but when angry, he was quite frightening, his face red with rage.

He hated people who were not punctual the most.

With other authors, he would have already stopped waiting, but "The Return of the Past" was a super popular author.

The fans present today were almost all "The Return of the Past's" readers.

With such popularity, even if she were a bit arrogant, she had the right to be.

The young lady, scared, whispered back, "Teacher Wen, only Sister Linglong has 'The Return of the Past's' phone number. We don't have it over here."

"What about Linglong? Get her to call immediately!" the person in charge complained while looking at his watch, "What's going on, don't they have any sense of time? It's already been five minutes!"

Someone nearby quickly responded, "Linglong has gone to pick up 'The Return of the Past' and should be back soon. Teacher Wen, please don't worry."

"Go find her, quickly!" urged the person in charge, his voice indicating he was close to shouting in frustration.

"Alright, I'm going right now." Apparently frightened, the young girl turned and ran.

Yet, the person in charge still bellowed from behind, "Run faster! Didn't you eat?"

The girl's legs nearly buckled from fright.

Teacher Wen was one of the most well-known figures in the literary world, and he was always very serious, so the young men and women were somewhat afraid of him.

Seconds and minutes ticked away, and before long, it was 11:10.

'The Return of the Past' still hadn't shown up.

The fans remained quiet, willing to wait all day for their beloved idol if necessary.

But the authors seated at the signing table were getting restless and began to whisper among themselves.

"This 'The Return of the Past' really thinks highly of herself, making so many of us wait just for her!" one author said in dissatisfaction.

"I hate this kind of untrustworthy behavior, poor moral integrity, and lack of punctuality the most. Who knows how such a person ever got popular!" another author chimed in.

An author with glasses pushed them up on his nose and slowly said, "I've read 'The Return of the Past', the writing is indeed not bad; she's a role model in our literary world. Right, we should refrain from spreading rumors before things are confirmed lest we bring trouble upon ourselves."

The bespectacled author, around 30 years old, was known as 'Rain River', her name reflecting the serene image she projected, and she spoke in a gentle, soft voice.

"The facts are clear as day, do we really need confirmation? I bet 'The Return of the Past' is just too guilty to show up! She even had the audacity to claim she's Chu Jin on the internet before—I'm embarrassed for her!"

"To be honest, what 'The Return of the Past' did was really underhanded. The National Goddess and the head of the Mo family were a great couple until she had to meddle. To make matters worse, she didn't even apologize afterward. If I were the National Goddess, I wouldn't let her off easily!"

Rain River was always very rational.

So, she wouldn't speak without knowing the full story.

But mouths belong to others, she couldn't control what they said. However, she could control her own words.

Seeing this, Rain River chose not to speak up and instead lowered her head to fiddle with her phone.

"I really don't understand how 'The Return of the Past' got so popular. Could it be that the head of the Mo family spent a fortune on her? Teacher Wen is very punctual, and he never delays events like this. Why would he make an exception for 'The Return of the Past'?"

Another author smiled meaningfully, "With money, you can make the devil turn the millstone. The Mo family is rich as a nation! No wonder the head of the Mo family had an affair, and the National Goddess doesn't dare to speak out!"

"'The Return of the Past' really is despicable, even daring to seduce someone else's fiancé!"

"People these days, what wouldn't they do to get famous? Just the other day, I saw someone livestreaming themselves eating shit on a streaming platform! Just thinking about it makes me sick!"

"'The Return of the Past' is even more disgusting than that shit-eater! At least, they earned their fame with their own 'skill'!"

'Butterfly Dreamer' had been silent all along, but as she listened to everyone else, a small smile played across her lips. It seemed she wasn't the only one who disliked 'The Return of the Past'.

It turns out 'The Return of the Past' had already provoked public outrage.

This suited her just fine.

Indeed.

Just thinking about the miracles 'The Return of the Past' had achieved in the literary world made these people's hearts turn sour with envy!

With this in mind, 'Butterfly Dreamer' stood up and said, "I think Tiantian is right. Why should so many of us wait for just her? Our time is extremely valuable. Plus, what right does 'The Return of the Past', a scandalous homewrecker with questionable morals, have to keep us all waiting? She's nothing but a disgrace to our literary community!"

No one is perfect, not even in the literary world, and some in their midst hold themselves in high regard.

A mere homewrecker, how could she be compared to them, the authors!

Furthermore, 'Butterfly Dreamer' was a veteran author with considerable influence, seen as an idol by many, so her words garnered a lot of support from fellow authors.

Setting other factors aside, just 'The Return of the Past's' achievements were enough to cause jealousy.

These veteran authors had struggled for years to attain similar success. Why should 'The Return of the Past' be able to achieve instant fame with just one book? Their collective works couldn't even measure up to a single one of hers.

Consequently, some authors eagerly awaited 'The Return of the Past's' fall from grace.

And now, an opportunity presented itself; naturally, they would not let it pass.

As a result, more and more authors stood up, agreeing with 'Butterfly Dreamer's' statement.

Only a man with a crew cut and Rain River remained seated, choosing not to voice their opinions. They saw through the situation and understood that some talent just couldn't be envied.

"We've only been waiting a few minutes, it's not a big deal; perhaps 'The Return of the Past' is stuck in traffic. She could arrive any minute now. Please take a seat, seniors, getting anxious won't help," said Rain River in a calm voice.

Upon hearing this, one of the authors immediately retorted, "This has nothing to do with waiting! It's about 'The Return of the Past's' poor character! With the way she behaves, she has no right to share a stage with us!"

The male author also said, "Qi Tiantian, some words should not be spoken too soon. In the legal field, there's a crime called defamation."

The author with the pen name Qi Tiantian sneered, "It seems to me that you two are in cahoots with 'The Return of the Past'! Isn't it just because someone has become popular you want to curry favor? It's disgusting!"

"Unreasonable!" The male author couldn't be bothered with her and picked up his cup to drink tea.

"Rain River" also stopped speaking. In such a situation, whatever you say, these people won't listen!

They were determined to trample "The Return of the Past" down completely.

No matter the industry, competition exists, and the literary circle is no exception.

Out of ten authors, eight stood up to raise objections. Now, even the organizers had to take it seriously.

"Please calm down, everyone. 'The Return of the Past' has not yet arrived. Please wait a little longer. If anyone is hungry, I will promptly have some fruit platters brought up; everyone, please be patient," said the person in charge.

Upon these words, staff immediately set to work, bringing up neatly cut fruit platters to the signing table.

With a slight smile, "Butterfly Dreamer" picked up the microphone leisurely and looked in the direction of Teacher Wen as he slowly began to speak.

"Teacher Wen, we authors live by the clock; time equals life, equals words, equals royalties. We really don't have time to waste on waiting for someone, especially not for someone of dubious character who's a mistress! I don't know what's happened to the world. Shouldn't a mistress be condemned by everyone? How is it now that a mistress can be upgraded to an author? And even to the rank of a literary master! Don't you think 'The Return of the Past' insults the profession of an author, contaminating the entire literary community?"

"Butterfly Dreamer" continued, "Authors like 'The Return of the Past' should be immediately banned. We can't keep indulging them. Otherwise, it'll directly impact the next generation of our country! Such people are like the parasites of society, undermining social morals!"

As a seasoned author with a fierce way with words and excellent speaking ability, "Butterfly Dreamer" needed only a few sentences to cast "The Return of the Past" into the abyss of hell, making revival impossible.

Moreover, he labelled "The Return of the Past" as someone harmful to the children of our country.

His words were extremely self-righteous.

"I don't want people to associate the term author with offensive synonyms such as mistress, schemer, or 'Lotus'. Therefore, I ask Teacher Wen to do justice for us hardworking authors and give us back our peaceful and beautiful writing environment! Don't let authors like 'The Return of the Past' tarnish the reputation of our entire literary community."

"Butterfly Dreamer" spoke each word clearly, every word was sharp, and every sentence was piercing. Each word belittled "The Return of the Past" to worthlessness and without any evidence, branded "The Return of the Past" as a mistress!

Moreover, her speech was eloquently delivered, from the perspective of the literary community, without a hint of personal sentiment.

Not only were there journalists shooting from outside.

Inside the signing event, journalists were recording and streaming live the whole time. Seeing "Butterfly Dreamer" stand up to speak, the cameraman even gave "Butterfly Dreamer" a big close-up.

The atmosphere at the scene became a bit tense.

After "Butterfly Dreamer" finished speaking, another author immediately took over the conversation.

"Teacher Wen, I think Senior Dream Butterfly is right. With the character of 'The Return of the Past', she is not worthy of being an author. Didn't recent exposure reveal her plagiarism? Even if she didn't plagiarize, she probably hired ghostwriters! Otherwise, how could a mistress write such articles! We ask Teacher Wen to handle this matter seriously and with fairness. Block 'The Return of the Past's' articles and strip her of her author status! Such a person does not belong in the literary community."

"Right! Demand that 'The Return of the Past's' works be blocked!"

"Authors like 'The Return of the Past' are negatively impacting the next generation of our country."

"Teacher Wen, please purify the air for our literary community!"

"We can never become colleagues with a mistress."

Similar voices became more and more prevalent.

Teacher Wen's face had turned extremely ugly!

There's a saying: don't air your dirty laundry in public! Although these authors came from different websites, they all belonged to the literary world! Whether 'The Return of the Past' is a mistress is another matter, but these authors went ahead and directly questioned whether the works of 'The Return of the Past' were really written by her!

Isn't this publicly slapping the face of the literary community?

It's too selfish!

They had no consideration for the bigger picture!

Didn't they realize 'The Return of the Past' was an honor to the entire literary community?

In Teacher Wen's view, no author present could compare to 'The Return of the Past'!

It's ridiculous. I wonder what these authors were thinking, asking him to remove 'The Return of the Past' from the literary community!

The literary community now relied on 'The Return of the Past' to draw the crowd!

They had no idea how many fans she had brought in today!

To say that 'The Return of the Past' is the face of the literary community is not an exaggeration.

Most importantly, Teacher Wen had read the writings of 'The Return of the Past', and he believed in her! How could a woman with such a clear and pure mind ever do such a thing!

Teacher Wen could certainly tell these authors were here to deliberately cause trouble.

Teacher Wen looked coldly at the authors on stage, "Everyone sit down. We'll wait another 10 minutes! If 'The Return of the Past' doesn't arrive within 10 minutes, we'll start without her."

He deftly sidestepped the issues raised by the authors.

They also hoped these authors could understand the underlying message of his words.

But "Butterfly Dreamer" was relentless, continuing on.

"Mr. Wen, everyone knows you have always been a fair and just senior, and we hope that this time you will not let us hardworking authors down, nor let 'The Return of the Past' tarnish the reputation of the literary world! Grant us the justice we deserve!"

As things had developed to this point, "Butterfly Dreamer" was bent on dragging 'The Return of the Past' down! Otherwise, how could she face the audience in front of so many TV sets!

Moreover, once 'The Return of the Past' was discredited, the original literature website would become her domain!

Naturally, "Butterfly Dreamer" would not miss such an opportunity.

"Isn't this making a fuss over nothing? How has 'The Return of the Past' corrupted the morals of the literary world? All of you here are celebrities of the literary world. I hope that when you speak, you filter your words through your cerebrum and cerebellum! Don't believe those baseless rumors! Did you witness 'The Return of the Past' becoming a mistress with your own eyes, or did the head of the Mo family admit it?"

Mr. Wen continued, "The National Goddess hasn't even issued a statement to confirm the incident! What, are all of you here engaged to the head of the Mo family?"

After Mr. Wen's words, the room fell somewhat silent.

Moments later, fans of 'The Return of the Past' all burst into applause.

Thunderous applause and shouts of approval.

Upon hearing this, some authors felt guilty.

Indeed, Mr. Wen's words made sense; after all, nobody had seen 'The Return of the Past' cheat with their own eyes! It was all just exaggeration by the online public opinion!

The most important thing was that the National Goddess had not yet spoken out to confirm the matter.

They were now accusing 'The Return of the Past' of being a mistress, corrupting the literary world, and affecting the next generation of the country—wasn't that an overstatement?

Seeing other authors wavering, "Butterfly Dreamer" steeled her heart, looked at Mr. Wen, and continued.

"Mr. Wen, if you don't give us authors an explanation today, then I, "Butterfly Dreamer," will stop writing from today on and withdraw from the literary world! I, "Butterfly Dreamer," refuse to share a profession with someone of such poor moral character!"

Having said that, "Butterfly Dreamer" took off her name tag and placed it on the table.

Stop writing?!

This was a serious matter!

It seemed that "Butterfly Dreamer" was determined to bring down 'The Return of the Past'.

Seeing this, the other authors also showed their determination one after another by taking off their name tags to demonstrate their resolve.

"Mr. Wen, we hope you won't let us down!"

"Me too."

"And me."

"..."

Seeing the situation about to spiral out of control, the reporters were getting more and more excited; they loved nothing more than a good scandal.

On one side, authors jointly protested to expel 'The Return of the Past' from the literary world.

On the other side, the fans of 'The Return of the Past' were unhappy.

They loudly chanted, "Protest! Protest! We, the House of 'The Return,' do not accept malicious slander!"

As they had come here today, they all truly believed in 'The Return of the Past' and knew that 'The Return of the Past' would never do such a thing.

Everything that happened here was recorded by cameras and streamed on online streaming platforms.

[This is too much! 'The Return of the Past' is 'The Return of the Past'! Works are works! Not to say whether she is a mistress or not, but her literary talent is indeed good! Jealousy makes people ugly!]

[Ahh! I missed 'The Return of the Past' book signing today! Is it still possible to go now?]

[If 'The Return of the Past' really is a mistress, then it makes sense for these authors to do this!]

[I love Dream Butterfly so much, please don't leave the literary world! Don't stop writing! If anyone should stop, it's 'The Return of the Past,' the mistress!]

[Looking forward to sister 'The Return''s face-slapping comeback.]

[To the one above, hehe, it looks like 'The Return of the Past' would hardly dare to come now, still talk about face-slapping!]

[Front row seat reserved! Tea and sunflower seeds ready!]

[Wow, it's such an exciting scene! So thrilling!]

[My heart aches for my beloved Dream Butterfly... don't be sad, such a person is not worth it.]

["Butterfly Dreamer" is so disgusting! Deliberately inciting other authors and even using the threat of stopping writing to pressure Mr. Wen! How foolish for these authors to stand up with her!]

Chapter 632: Don't talk nonsense

[Loving "The Return of the Past"!]

[So anxious, why hasn't my sister from "The Return of the Past" arrived yet?]

[Honestly, mistresses are really disgusting. If it's really confirmed that "The Return of the Past" is a mistress, I will never read her books again.]

["The Return of the Past" is too scared to come now!]

[I predict that this time "The Return of the Past" is really going to fall into the gutter!]

[Sigh... I really liked "The Return of the Past"! Who knew, she actually became a mistress just for fame!]

["The Return of the Past" isn't really going to not show up, is she?]

[Are you stupid or what upstairs? Which thief would be foolish enough to turn themselves in at the police station?]

The barrage was lively, and the scene was out of control as well.

If it weren't for the security personnel maintaining order, the fans of "The Return of the Past" would have rushed out and beaten up those eight authors by now.

"The Return of the Past" was their goddess, they absolutely couldn't allow their goddess to be insulted like this!

"Teacher Wen, please make a decision immediately! Block "The Return of the Past"'s articles and revoke her author status!" The eight authors were still as relentless as ever.

Since things had escalated to this point, they had to bring down "The Return of the Past" today at all costs!

Besides, they didn't do anything wrong, "The Return of the Past" was a mistress!

"Nonsense!" Teacher Wen slapped the table and said sternly, "Sit down, all of you! Everything will be discussed after 'The Return of the Past' arrives! She should be here in about five minutes. You're all seasoned authors; some words carry responsibility once said. I will pretend I never heard what was just said, take back your name tags."

Just now, Teacher Wen had received a call from Linglong. Linglong told him that she and "The Return of the Past" would arrive very soon!

At most five minutes.

Listening to Linglong's voice, there seemed to be nothing unusual, so "The Return of the Past" must have brought some strong evidence with her.

These eight authors weren't minor figures; Teacher Wen would try to protect them all if possible.

Nowadays, genuinely talented individuals are becoming rare.

The literary community would have to rely on these people in the future.

If things turned sour, it wouldn't be good for either side.

Moreover, everyone is from the literary community, why must things escalate to this point?

Teacher Wen might be serious, but he was a very kind person.

He didn't want to see these authors ruin their future prospects because of a momentary impulse!

Upon hearing this, Qi Tiantian immediately said, "Five minutes away? Teacher Wen, are you joking? If 'The Return of the Past' had the courage to come, she would have arrived long ago, why drag it out until now? I think she's just feeling guilty; after all, which mistress can withstand being exposed to the light? Teacher Wen, stop covering for her!"

"Moreover, Teacher Wen, we're all adults who know the weight of our words and the consequences. Since we've spoken, we can't take it back. A mistress is a mistress, black can't be said to be white, so please, Teacher Wen, handle this impartially, or else, we people here today, will forever withdraw from the literary community and never write again for the rest of our lives!"

The last sentence, Qi Tiantian said with resounding conviction, without any regret! Even if "The Return of the Past" dared to come, what proof could she present to show she wasn't a mistress?

Or could she bring the National Goddess to vouch for her?

Thinking about it, it seemed impossible, so "The Return of the Past" was doomed this time!

After this, there would be no more "The Return of the Past" in the literary circle!

Teacher Wen scoffed coldly; he was really angry!

These authors really had no sense of propriety!

Initially, he wanted to save face for these authors, but now it seemed unnecessary!

These people were shameless!

Teacher Wen looked coldly at those on stage and said, "Since the matter has come to this, let me be frank with all of you. The total worth of all eight of you standing here does not compare to one 'The Return of the Past'!"

After this statement, the atmosphere both onstage and offstage became somewhat eerie.

All eight authors had various expressions on their faces.

Teacher Wen's words were a great insult! He left no face for these authors!

It's just not right.

When it comes to achievements and literary talent, they simply can't compare to "The Return of the Past"!

The only thing they might compete in is morality!

But, no one can prove that "The Return of the Past" is written by a mistress.

Similarly, Teacher Wen by saying this has clearly shown his protection and trust for "The Return of the Past"!

The comments on the barrage were also spectacular.

[What a domineering teacher! 666666!]

[Whoa! I'm inexplicably a fan of Teacher Wen.]

[Honestly, I feel these 8 authors are going too far! Why do they have to be so aggressive? Teacher Wen had already given them a way out earlier, but they chose not to take it.]

[Haha, that slap in the face! Smack smack smack! My "Return" has always been excellent, what can you little bitches compare with?]

[Good on you, Teacher Wen! That's the kind of dominance we need!]

[Damn it! That's too much! Teacher Wen is obviously covering for that mistress!]

[I know this author, it's Qi Tiantian, she's been exposed for plagiarism in a post before! In short, she is a "little white lotus".]

[Candid Teacher Wen, do you realize how hated you're making yourself by saying that?]

Seeing the situation increasingly unfavorable for herself, "Butterfly Dreamer" smiled sarcastically, clutching her chest as if in deep pain, she began to speak.

"Teacher Wen, you have always been a fair and just senior in my heart, but what about now? Do you realize that you have changed, you are no longer the Teacher Wen I knew! You actually publicly defend a mistress! I'm so disappointed in you! Don't you have any idea how 'The Return of the Past' became popular?"

"In the past, I always believed that no matter how long the night, daylight will always come! But now, I realize I was wrong! There is no daylight in this world! This world has always belonged to those with money and power!"

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I would never have believed it, even you have changed! Teacher Wen, you are the person I trust and admire the most! But now! You really disappoint me!"

"I don't understand what you're thinking, actually comparing us with a mistress, do you really think that we eight authors are inferior to a mistress in your eyes?"

By this point, "Butterfly Dreamer" was crying like rain, her voice hoarse, "What an irony! Has the literary world really fallen to this state? Is there no light and justice in this world anymore?"

"Teacher Wen, I used to listen to you the most, no matter what you said, I would unconditionally obey. But today, I must defy you, not for myself! Only for light and justice!"

"Today, I, 'Butterfly Dreamer', will make this clear: as long as I'm in the literary world, I won't let 'The Return of the Past', that mistress, ruin the reputation of us authors!"

At the end, "Butterfly Dreamer" was sobbing uncontrollably, as if she had suffered a grave injustice.

In her words, "Butterfly Dreamer" was full of slander against "The Return of the Past," not just about personal character but also the work itself.

And that phrase "only for light and justice" also stirred the emotions of other authors, as well as their fans.

Everyone was voicing their indignation on behalf of their beloved idols, feeling it was undeserved.

Although there were many fans of "The Return of the Past" on site, there were still one-fifth of fans of other authors. At this moment, they were all raising their hands in protest, "The Return of the Past, get out of the literary world!"

"Mistress, get out of the literary world!"

The comments on the barrage gradually leaned toward "Butterfly Dreamer."

The weak, they are always in a state to be sympathized with.

As an author, "Butterfly Dreamer" naturally knows how to manipulate people's hearts, and she also knows how to cultivate her fanbase.

["Butterfly Dreamer" is quite pitiful too, she hasn't done anything wrong.]

[I'm actually crying! Really! "The Return of the Past" is so shameless! I didn't expect the literary world to be in such chaos!]

[Hehehe, the acting skills of 'little white lotus' are really good!]

[Don't cry, Dream Butterfly, we're here for you.]

[Since ancient times, the poor can't fight the rich, nor can ordinary folks fight officials, it's just the way it is. But, I really feel sorry for this author called 'Butterfly Dreamer', knowing that the status quo can't be changed, yet still making a stand here! I support you! Society needs this kind of positive energy!]

[This woman is just too good at pretending! Whether "The Return of the Past" is a mistress is still debatable! She makes it sound as if "The Return of the Past" is definitely a mistress! Isn't it just jealousy? If you're capable, write a groundbreaking masterpiece yourself! Trash!]

[If "The Return of the Past" wasn't a mistress, why would she be too scared to show her face?]

[Hug for Dream Butterfly.]

[Dream Butterfly, don't be afraid. The light has always been with you, and so have we. We will always be by your side.]

[I cried too! I feel so sorry for Butterfly Dreamer.]

[Support Dream Butterfly, "The Return of the Past," the mistress, go die!]

Fans of "The Return of the Past" were very rational and kept quiet, biting their lips hard and restraining their emotions, their gazes fixed on the entrance.

They knew that was where their hope would come from.

Facing the tearful accusations word by word from Butterfly Dreamer, Teacher Wen turned blue with anger. In his memory, Butterfly Dreamer had always been a well-read and sensible author who knew when to advance or retreat.

Moreover, aside from "The Return of the Past," Butterfly Dreamer was the second author he had high hopes for. She had been in the literary world for more than ten years and had created quite a few glories for the literary world before this.

But now, Teacher Wen could never have imagined that Butterfly Dreamer would say such things!

It completely overturned the image of Butterfly Dreamer in his heart.

"Butterfly Dreamer!" Teacher Wen struggled to calm himself and lowered his voice slightly, "Considering your past contributions to the literary world, let's put an end to today's matter. Please, take the other authors and sit down. You and 'The Return of the Past' are both authors, sprung from the same root; why is there such urgency to fight amongst yourselves?"

Teacher Wen advised her kindly, but Butterfly Dreamer was completely unappreciative.

"I'm sorry, Teacher Wen, but I, Butterfly Dreamer, have always been straightforward and honest in my conduct, never bowing to evil forces. You can give up on that idea. I'll say it again, in the literary world, if there is 'The Return of the Past,' then there is no Butterfly Dreamer, and if there is Butterfly Dreamer, then there is no 'The Return of the Past.' You decide."

Butterfly Dreamer had finally caught a small tail of "The Return of the Past"; how could she let go so easily?

Of course, she wanted to press on until the end!

To make sure "The Return of the Past" could never turn the tables again.

"Teacher Wen, please announce to the media quickly that from now on, there will be no mistress 'The Return of the Past' in the literary world!"

"Right! A mistress has no right to be an author."

The other authors echoed the sentiment.

The time was right.

Sounds of footsteps came from the entrance.

By the sound of it, it was very likely that "The Return of the Past" had arrived.

The air fell silent all at once.

Everyone's gaze turned toward the entrance, filled with anxiousness, tension, unease, mockery, anticipation, triumph...

All sorts of looks were present.

Step—step—step.

The footsteps were getting closer.

People's necks were stretching longer and longer.

Everyone was curious to see what "The Return of the Past" actually looked like, since she was rumored to be involved with the head of the Mo family.

The beauty of the National Goddess was witnessed by all, so "The Return of the Past" probably wouldn't be too far off, either.

The figure at the entrance gradually took shape in the air.

She wore a pink dress with a fitted cut, and on her feet were a pair of little white shoes; the whole look was cute, with a touch of a Korean vibe.

Although there was a little difference from what people imagined "The Return of the Past" to be, it wasn't disappointing.

Very cute.

"Sister Returning, Sister Returning!" Fans down in the audience started to stir and wave towards her.

The live chat was also very lively.

[Is this "The Return of the Past"? She looks quite cute, doesn't seem like the face of a mistress.]

[She looks so disgusting! I want to throw up!]

[The Return of the Past is so ugly!]

[Finally seeing the true features of The Return of the Past!]

[Wow, our "The Return of the Past" sis is so cute and adorable!]

[I like "The Return of the Past" sis more and more~]

[Seriously doubting the aesthetic of the Mo family's head, they actually found this kind of merchandise appealing! Truly admirable!]

[Our Dream Butterfly is so much prettier than "The Return of the Past"!]

[Didn't "The Return of the Past" claim to be the National Goddess, Chu Jin, before? How painful is the slap on her face now?]

[To be honest, someone with such a wrong set of values really isn't fit to be an author, as said by "Butterfly Dreamer", "The Return of the Past" directly affects the next generation of our motherland!]

[Having the nerve to call herself the National Goddess with this kind of quality! Hahaha...]

[Support "Butterfly Dreamer", "The Return of the Past" should just get out of the literary circle!]

"She's 'The Return of the Past'?" an author said disdainfully, "She's not even that good-looking, huh? I don't know what the Mo family's head sees in this kind of merchandise."

"Butterfly Dreamer" also looked at that person with an intense gaze, excitement flickering in his eyes, "The Return of the Past"! Today I will ruin your reputation!

Anyway, "The Return of the Past" is as good as dead today!

"The Return of the Past! You homewrecker, how dare you show your face here!" Qi Tiantian pointed directly at Linglong, "Get out of here right now, we don't need trash like you in the literary community!"

Linglong looked bewildered at Qi Tiantian.

What the heck?

What nonsense is this kid spouting?

"The Return of the Past" is a homewrecker, haha, that's just hilarious!

Teacher Wen also hurriedly asked, "Linglong, why have you come first? Where's 'The Return of the Past'?"

As soon as these words came out.

Around them arose a wave of sighs.

So this person isn't "The Return of the Past" after all! Scared them for no reason!

"Where's 'The Return of the Past'? Why isn't she here? Is she hiding in a corner, too scared to show up? It would be understandable, with a disgusting homewrecker like her, everyone would rightfully want her punished. If I were her, I wouldn't dare to show my face either!"

"Get 'The Return of the Past' to come out right now; she owes an apology to Dream Butterfly senior."

"No need for an apology," "Butterfly Dreamer" wiped away tears, his voice hoarse as he spoke, "I can't stomach an apology from a homewrecker like her. All I want is a fair and just solution, plus, the person she's wronged isn't me, the most direct victim is the National Goddess!"

"Butterfly Dreamer's" words were beautifully spoken.

He managed to express his own integrity indirectly and mentioned the National Goddess, conveniently riding on the National Goddess's popularity.

If "The Return of the Past" has come and still doesn't dare to show up, she must be feeling guilty!

"Butterfly Dreamer" appeared to be very sad on the surface, but inside he was extremely pleased!

[Dream Butterfly is right, converted to a fan, "The Return of the Past" owes our goddess an apology!]

["Butterfly Dreamer" seems like a simple-minded author, I hope Teacher Wen can be a bit fairer in dealing with this matter.]

[Alas, after all this, turns out this person isn't "The Return of the Past"!]

["The Return of the Past" probably doesn't have the face to show up!]

["Butterfly Dreamer" is indeed an exemplary author, it's just a pity that he has encountered such an unfair website and superior, this Teacher Wen is such a jerk, actually protecting that homewrecker!]

[Nowadays websites are all about profit.]

[Where has "The Return of the Past" gone? I thought Linglong was "The Return of the Past" just now! It turns out she's an editor after all that commotion!]

"Where's 'The Return of the Past'? Bring her out quickly! If she has the nerve to do that kind of stuff, why doesn't she have the nerve to face people?"

"Linglong, hurry up and get your author out here! Let us have a good look at the homewrecker's grace."

"Everyone here is a seasoned author, so please watch your language, and also, are you familiar with the defamation laws of Hua Nation?" Linglong continued, "You can mess with medicine, but mind what you say!"

Being an editor, you definitely protect your own author, especially when "The Return of the Past" is your goddess.

"Butterfly Dreamer" couldn't be bothered to say more to Linglong, turning his attention to Teacher Wen and continuing, "It seems like 'The Return of the Past' won't be showing up, Teacher Wen, please make a decision quickly."

Chapter 633: courtesy calls for reciprocity (part 2)

"What's being decided? What's all this excitement about?"

Just then, a clear and melodious voice emerged in the air, and a slender figure was slowly walking in from the entrance.

With a lithe frame and a straight back, she resembled a slender bamboo.

Backlit by the light, her delicate facial features were obscured, rendering them somewhat indistinct.

She strode forward confidently, each step stirring up a biting wind.

An intimidating aura rippled with her movement, prompting an involuntary fear among the audience.

Although her true face was not clear, everyone could tell that she was no ordinary person.

With the experience from before, the crowd wisely chose not to speak out. What if they mistook someone again? Wouldn't that be embarrassing?

It was only as she drew closer that her true face became visible to all.

It was a face so stunning that it took one's breath away.

If there were a word to describe it, it would probably be—

Peerless beauty.

At the same time, it was also an exceedingly familiar face.

This was—

The National Goddess!

Realizing this, screams erupted from the audience.

An immature thought surfaced in their minds!

Could this person really be "The Return of the Past"?

Several authors were stunned!

They were all acquainted with the National Goddess.

Especially Butterfly Dreamer, who turned pale with fright! Sweat poured down his face, and he was overwhelmed with a foreboding sense, nearly going weak at the knees.

This couldn't be, this person couldn't possibly be "The Return of the Past."

How could "The Return of the Past" be the National Goddess!

The National Goddess must have known about "The Return of the Past"'s book signing event here and came to find trouble for "The Return of the Past"! Butterfly Dreamer reassured himself in his heart.

Yes!

It had to be that.

Meanwhile, the online comments went wild.

[Ah! My goddess! My goddess is here!]

[The goddess has arrived, someone's about to be in trouble!]

[Oh my! Could the goddess really be "The Return of the Past"?)

[That shouldn't be the case, right?]

[Ah, ah, so exciting, my goddess is so domineering! Look at that face, those long legs!]

[Is the goddess here to thrash "The Return of the Past"?)

At this moment, nobody on the live feed cared about Butterfly Dreamer anymore; all eyes were captivated by Chu Jin.

This was the real definition of a crowd puller!

"Miss Chu! You've come looking for 'The Return of the Past,' haven't you?" Butterfly Dreamer looked at Chu Jin with an ingratiating smile and continued, "However, unfortunately, 'The Return of the Past,' being too ashamed to show her face, did not attend today. But rest assured! Our literary world will never allow such a morally corrupt author to exist! I will make sure Teacher Wen expels this home-wrecker 'The Return of the Past' from the literary world!"

"What's your name?" Chu Jin slowly raised her eyes, the chill in them palpable, staring straight at Butterfly Dreamer and coldly spoke.

On hearing this, Butterfly Dreamer excitedly said, "Miss Chu, I am Butterfly Dreamer, a platinum author at the Original Literature website. But rest assured, I am absolutely not with 'The Return of the Past.' I personally despise the morally depraved behavior of that mistress! Myself and the seven authors behind me have taken a united stand, jointly expelling 'The Return of the Past' from the literary world! If Teacher Wen doesn't handle this justly today, then me and the other seven authors will lay down our pens right here and exit the literary world forever, a world that does not permit the likes of 'The Return of the Past' to exist!"

Upon hearing 'The Return of the Past,' the National Goddess's expression grew so fearsomely cold, she must have come to settle scores with 'The Return of the Past' after the autumn harvest!

After all, which woman could tolerate the existence of a mistress.

Now 'The Return of the Past' was truly in trouble!

Even if Teacher Wen wanted to protect her, it wouldn't be possible anymore!

The National Goddess was a celebrity throughout the China mainland.

Her influence was immense.

Butterfly Dreamer grew more and more complacent, and the corners of his mouth involuntarily curled up into a smirk!

Amid his self-satisfied smile, Chu Jin just looked at him, as if watching a clown performing, and opened her mouth word by word, "I am 'The Return of the Past.'"

Her words were icy, striking with force.

Each word landed clearly in the ears of the audience.

Everyone gasped in shock, no one had expected the National Goddess to be 'The Return of the Past'!

The National Goddess was 'The Return of the Past'!

After realizing this, the fans below went crazy with screams, and the whole venue erupted, "Sister 'The Return of the Past'! Sister 'The Return of the Past', look over here! Ahhh!"

"Goddess, goddess!"

Although the fans were very excited, none of them made any inappropriate moves.

They showed great team spirit.

Just like the words written by 'The Return of the Past'.

Mild, simple, yet with a unique charm.

'The Return of the Past' = National Goddess!

After realizing this, "Butterfly Dreamer" and the other seven writers just froze there.

Panic, unease, and other terrifying emotions swept through their bodies! Their faces were as pale as death.

Cold sweat broke out along their spines almost instantaneously.

They all stared at Chu Jin, not knowing how to react.

Their hands were limp.

Their legs were limp.

All the strength seemed to have been drained from their bodies in an instant.

The surrounding screams and applause seemed to mock them, as if materialized, cutting coldly against each one's face.

"Bang!"

One of the writers was so scared that they fell to the ground.

Their face was deathly pale.

As lifeless as withered wood.

How on earth had the National Goddess become 'The Return of the Past'?

Not long ago, they were still accusing 'The Return of the Past' of being a mistress!

Even in front of the media, they threatened Teacher Wen, demanding he expel 'The Return of the Past' from the list!

Who would have thought they'd be slapped in the face so quickly!

And that it would hurt so much.

It was all "Butterfly Dreamer"'s fault! If it wasn't for her instigation, they wouldn't have made such foolish mistakes!

Having just said such words, they were afraid they would no longer have a place in the literary world!

"Butterfly Dreamer" was truly a jinx, bringing trouble not only upon herself but also on these innocent people.

At that moment, fear and panic took hold of the group.

They, who usually held themselves above others, when had they ever suffered such humiliation?

"Hello, hello, 'The Return of the Past', I am the representative of our literary world, my name is Wen Sheng, welcome." Teacher Wen, having regained his composure, hurried forward to shake hands with Chu Jin.

"Teacher Wen, hello, I've long admired your name," Chu Jin replied politely.

Just then, "Butterfly Dreamer" suddenly rushed in front of Chu Jin and Teacher Wen, "No! You cannot be 'The Return of the Past'! Are you someone 'The Return of the Past' sent? Where is she, hiding because she doesn't dare to show up?"

As she spoke, she reached out to grab at Chu Jin's clothes, her face twisted in a grotesque expression, seemingly having lost all control.

Even now, "Butterfly Dreamer" still couldn't believe that Chu Jin was 'The Return of the Past'!

How could she be 'The Return of the Past'?

If she were 'The Return of the Past', then what would she herself be? A joke?

Moreover, how could there be such a perfect person in this world?

Therefore, Chu Jin could not possibly be Chu Jin!

Chu Jin deftly stepped aside, avoiding "Butterfly Dreamer", the corners of her mouth lifting slightly, "So it turns out the renowned author 'Butterfly Dreamer' is a lunatic who pounces on people at sight. I wonder, will the works of a lunatic affect the next generation of our country?"

Obviously, she was already aware of what had happened previously.

At these words, "Butterfly Dreamer"'s face contorted even more, and she raised her hand, slapping violently, "You wretch! Shut your mouth!"

Chu Jin did not dodge, standing there with the corners of her mouth still slightly curved.

"Slap."

The sound of a crisp slap echoed in the air, as expected.

However, the person who ended up on the ground was "Butterfly Dreamer".

Chu Jin's speed was so fast that almost no one saw how she made her move.

It was almost in the blink of an eye that "Butterfly Dreamer" found herself on the ground!

From a superior position, Chu Jin looked down at "Butterfly Dreamer" and spoke slowly, "Miss 'Butterfly Dreamer', I am officially notifying you that your recent actions have severely infringed on my right to privacy and my reputation, and furthermore, have constituted defamation. A lawyer's letter will soon be delivered to your home, so please be prepared."

The cold words sent a chill through "Butterfly Dreamer"'s heart, and she knew she had truly ruined everything!

Her image was destroyed.

She had nothing left.

"Butterfly Dreamer" felt as if her heart had died, painfully shedding a tear.

She truly regretted it and would definitely not make the same mistake again if given another chance!

Ten years of effort, destroyed in one night.

As she finished speaking, Chu Jin looked up at the stage again, "And you seven, will also receive a letter from my lawyer, and if I'm not mistaken, isn't it about time you announce that you're exiting the literary world for good?"

Chu Jin was never a kind person, much less a Saint Mary Sue.

When it came to her dignity and reputation, she had to repay her adversaries in their own coin.

Most importantly, she needed to give an explanation to her fans who had always stood by her.

Upon hearing this, the other seven turned as pale as death, not daring to say another word! After such an incident, it was destined that they would no longer be able to continue in the literary world.

The comment section had gone wild.

Like the people present, no one had expected that "The Return of the Past" and the National Goddess were the same person!

[Ahh! My goddess is really V587!]

[So excited! I can't believe my goddess is really "The Return of the Past."]

[Crazy shouts for the goddess.]

[I knew my goddess would not do those kinds of morally wrong acts.]

[I'm liking Sister "The Return" more and more.]

[National Goddess, stunning beauty V587! I need to lick the screen!]

[My goddess is really so cool!]

[This slap in the face is just too satisfying.]

[If I had known, I would have gone to the signing event today.]

[Is there anything my goddess can't do?]

[Truly thrilling, this is the most exciting live broadcast I've ever seen.]

The signing event continued, and Teacher Wen had the staff escort "Butterfly Dreamer" and the other seven authors out.

These eight people would no longer appear in the literary world in the future.

Chu Jin was seated alongside two other authors.

The fans were very well-mannered, queuing up for autographs.

There were many people.

The air was stuffy.

But Chu Jin never showed any signs of impatience.

The reader at the very front was a very young girl. She looked at Chu Jin with a blush creeping on her face, placing the book on the table with both hands, flipping to the first page, and said somewhat nervously.

"Sister 'The Return,' both my sister and I really like you. Today is my sister's birthday, so could you please write 'Happy Birthday' here? I would like to give her this book as a birthday present."

Chu Jin gently looked up, "Of course, what's your sister's name?"

The eyes were truly too beautiful, like stars and oceans, as if capable of drawing people in, the young girl paused for a moment before she said, "Lili, the pear from 'Kong Rong Giving Up Pears'... "

"Okay." Chu Jin nodded slightly, then began to write.

The strokes were swift yet precise, not in an exaggerated artistic style.

The handwriting was beautiful, strong enough to imprint through the paper, elegant yet virile, with its own distinct style, easily recognizable.

Chu Jin wrote not only 'Happy Birthday' but also kindly added the date and the name of the young girl.

Only at the end did she sign her own pen name.

"Thank you, Sister 'The Return.'" The young girl had never imagined that "The Return of the Past" could be so approachable and thoughtful, instantly increasing her affection for her.

Chu Jin smiled, "I should be the one thanking you."

The readers behind continued to come up one by one.

The pace of signing was quick.

But the visitors who came for the fame kept increasing, making it impossible to leave for a while.

Chu Jin was busy signing for the readers and didn't notice that there was a small commotion in the queue.

Not until a heavy shadow fell upon Chu Jin did she realize something was amiss, looking up to see a face with distinctly chiseled features.

It was Shi Qin.

"What are you doing here?" Chu Jin looked at the newcomer, raising her eyebrows slightly.

Shi Qin looked at her, speaking slowly, "It's 'The Return of the Past's signing event, I'm obviously here for an autograph."

"Where's the book?" Chu Jin tapped the table.

Shi Qin rolled up his sleeves, leaned in slightly, extending his wrist, "Just sign here on my wrist."

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

"Positive," Shi Qin nodded without hesitation, "Go ahead."

Chu Jin glanced at the long queue behind, and instead of engaging in further conversation with Shi Qin, she picked up the pen and quickly left her three characters on Shi Qin's wrist.

"The Return of the Past."

The past has returned, alas, to no recognition.

Shi Qin looked at the flamboyant characters on his wrist, a smirk with an indecipherable meaning appeared at the corner of his mouth, and then he turned and left.

Watching his retreating figure, a strange emotion suddenly surged within Chu Jin, almost bringing her to tears—a feeling both unfamiliar and yet oddly recognizable.

Alien, yet known.

But she quickly came to her senses.

Composing herself, she continued signing.

It wasn't until 8 o'clock in the evening that the signing event finally ended.

When Chu Jin stepped out of the building, the sky was already filled with twinkling stars.

Just as she walked out of the building, she saw Mo Zhixuan's car. He was approaching her with a bouquet of roses in his arms, "Jin."

"Hmm," Chu Jin reached out to take the flowers and then sat in the passenger seat, somewhat puzzled, "What's with buying flowers all of a sudden?"

This was the first time Mr. Mo had given her flowers since they had started dating.

No woman dislikes flowers, and Chu Jin was no exception.

Mr. Mo held the steering wheel with one hand and took out a beautifully wrapped box from the storage compartment with the other, "It's not just flowers, there's also this. Have you forgotten what day it is today?"

Chu Jin placed the flowers in the back seat, unwrapping the box as she spoke, "What day? I have no idea."

Today wasn't her birthday, nor was it Mr. Mo's.

And it wasn't any other anniversary either.

Chu Jin really couldn't think of what was special about today.

"You didn't prepare a gift for me?" Mr. Mo turned to look at her with a face that read "You don't value me at all."

The box contained exquisite chocolates, rich in creamy flavor. Chu Jin picked one and popped it into her mouth, blatantly ignoring Mr. Mo's expression, "Let's not talk about it."

"Today is the 20th of May," Mo Zhixuan said, looking dejected.

Chu Jin then realized that 520 was the homophonic for "I love you" and served as an online Valentine's Day.

To think that the usually staid and serious Mr. Mo had started paying attention to such things! After all, Mo Zhixuan was someone who might not even remember the traditional holidays of China.

Chu Jin picked up another chocolate and brought it to Mo Zhixuan's mouth, "Here, this is your reward, open up."

Mo Zhixuan bit into the chocolate and her delicate, fair fingers all at once.

"You're such a dog," Chu Jin promptly pulled her hand back.

"You signed for Song Shiqin today?" Mo Zhixuan asked again.

While eating the chocolate, Chu Jin replied, "Mm-hmm."

Mo Zhixuan continued, "You personally signed for him?"

Chu Jin offhandedly said, "Personal autographs have to be signed personally, don't they? Do you get your secretary to sign on your behalf when you sign important documents at the company?"

"But you can't sign on his hand!" Mo Zhixuan exclaimed, suddenly slamming on the brakes.

The black Bugatti Veyron almost crashed into the nearby tree with a "swoosh."

"Be careful when you're driving!" Chu Jin glanced out the window and scolded, "What if the cars behind us had rear-ended us?"

"Chu Jin!" Mo Zhixuan called her by her full name, his expression turning serious, "I'm very serious here! I'm telling you, no changing the subject! We're talking about the autograph! Who allowed you to sign on Song Shiqin's hand? Doing such things in broad daylight, what would people think!"

She actually signed on Song Shiqin's hand!

The very thought made Mo Zhixuan incredibly angry!

Signing on someone's hand would inevitably involve a lot of physical contact! How could he let other men touch what belonged to him!

Just thinking about it infuriated him!

"How did it become just the two of us? There were so many readers there! And what's this pulling and tugging, where could I have pulled and tugged?" Chu Jin poked his head with her finger, "Mo Zhixuan, I think your brain is filled with water and your mind's growing fish."

Alone with a man.

Pulling and tugging—it had to be said, Mo Zhixuan's imagination was indeed rich.

"That's right!" Mo Zhixuan grabbed her hand, "My head is filled with nothing but you."

Chu Jin: "..."

"Can you please not meet Song Shiqin anymore? It makes me feel very insecure," he said.

Yes, insecure.

Compared to Mo Qianjue, Song Shiqin was an incredibly formidable rival!

So formidable that he filled Mo Zhixuan with a sense of crisis.

Chu Jin wrapped her arms around his waist, "Mm, I won't see him anymore. How about I sign on your wrist as well?"

At this, Mo Zhixuan became even more frustrated, "Are you saying that I hold the same position in your heart as Song Shiqin?"

Chu Jin quickly shook her head, "Of course not! Why would you think that?"

"Then I want you to sign somewhere different from him."

"Where do you want the signature?"

"On my heart." With that, Mo Zhixuan let go of Chu Jin, pointing at his chest where his heart was beating, "Right here, sign your name."

With a helpless smile, Chu Jin took a pen and inscribed two characters on his chest, Chu Jin.

...

Chapter 634: Three years later

"Then hurry up," Chu Jin let go, compromising.

In a relationship, having a little wicked fun from time to time is normal, especially since she and Mr. Mo had already been honest with each other.

It's just an autograph.

It's no big deal.

Besides, he had promised her he wouldn't do anything else that's not suitable for children.

So, she trusted Mr. Mo completely.

"Okay, I'll be quick," Mo Zhixuan picked up the pen, pulled down the white fabric a little bit, and then a little bit more, with careful movements as if he were handling a treasure.

There was still some heat.

"Hurry up! What are you dawdling for?" Chu Jin urged.

This was in the middle of the main road!

With so many cars passing by, although they were doing nothing, it still made people feel an inexplicable tension.

"Almost done," Mo Zhixuan opened the pen cap with his hand.

Her movements were very delicate.

Each stroke was written very slowly.

At this moment, Mr. Mo was incredibly thankful that his name consisted of three characters.

But, it seemed that the strokes were perhaps too simple.

"Hurry up," Chu Jin couldn't help but rush him.

"What's the rush? Don't you know my name is quite long?"

"Hurry up, hurry up."

"Are you done yet?" Chu Jin urged again.

Fifteen minutes had passed, and he still hadn't moved; the tip of the pen was still moving.

"Not yet," Mo Zhixuan's tone was low.

"I don't want it anymore, I don't want it anymore!" Chu Jin sat up. "You're too slow."

"Too late now," Mo Zhixuan threw the pen backward.

...

Time flies, and in the blink of an eye, three years had passed.

Three years later.

Chu Jin had graduated smoothly from Capital University, and today was the day for graduation photos, while the Mo family was already discussing her marriage date with Mo Zhixuan with Zhao Yan.

This is what they call swapping the school uniform for a wedding dress.

Chu Jin, dressed in her cap and gown, stood with a bunch of classmates for photos; she had hardly changed at all in these three years.

If anything, she had become even more beautiful.

So beautiful it took people's breath away.

Dressed in her cap and gown, she stood among the students, but still, from the crowd, Mo Zhixuan spotted her at a glance.

Just as the photographer pressed the shutter, two girls also in caps and gowns ran over.

"Jin, Jin, let's take a photo together with our dorm mates," the two who ran over were Chu Jin's roommates, Lin Shijia and Liu Xuanxuan.

Surprisingly, Yin Wu was not with them.

"Where's Little Wu? Why didn't she come with you?" Chu Jin took off her cap and asked.

When Yin Wu was mentioned, excitement immediately appeared on the two girls' faces, and Liu Xuanxuan quietly pointed in the distance, "Jin, look over there."

Chu Jin looked up.

There she saw, the usually calm Yin Wu, chasing after a man.

The man was probably a head taller than Yin Wu, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, looking like someone from society, holding Yin Wu's cap in his hand, saying something while looking back at Yin Wu, and running forward swiftly.

Yin Wu was furiously chasing after him.

It was truly no easy feat to anger the gentle Yin Wu like this; it seemed the man had put in quite an effort.

"Let's wait for her," Chu Jin said, her eyes curving with a smile, as she watched the two in the distance.

"Jin, can we take a photo with you?" A few male classmates approached Chu Jin.

These were her classmates, who had always liked Chu Jin very much.

Having a photo with Chu Jin alone was enough for them to brag about for a long time.

"Of course, you can," Chu Jin nodded.

"Thank you, Jin!"

And so, wave after wave of people eager to take a photo with Chu Jin came and went.

"Chu Jin." Even the counselor came over.

"Good day, counselor," Chu Jin greeted politely.

"Chu Jin," the counselor adjusted his glasses, then said, "The principal and several other teachers and professors from the school would like to take a photo with you, what do you think?"

Chu Jin.

In these three years, there's hardly anyone in China who doesn't know her.

China's youngest renowned author.

China's youngest chairman.

China's youngest philanthropist.

National Goddess, Divination Master...

An array of halos surrounded her.

Most importantly, under all those halos, she still managed to keep her original aspirations, was neither arrogant nor impatient, strived forward, and remained humble and polite.

From a down-and-out wealthy family's naive daughter to a National Goddess whom everyone envied.

She was the epitome of positive energy.

She could have relied on her face, but she chose to rely on her talent instead.

It can be said that Chu Jin was the face of Capital University.

The legend that belonged to her would continue to be passed down from class to class.

After that.

Any student who graduates from Capital University will proudly say one sentence, "Chu Jin is my senior."

Or.

"Chu Jin is my junior."

"Jin and I were classmates."

Everyone took pride in this.

Under the expectant gaze of the counselor, Chu Jin quickly nodded, "It's my honor."

"Good, then wait here for a moment, and I'll have them come over immediately." The counselor was extremely excited, if not for the teacher-student relationship, he would have liked to call Chu Jin "Brother Jin."

"Why isn't it ready yet?" Mo Zhixuan, with his arms crossed, walked out from the side, his features as if veiled in a layer of thin ice.

So annoying!

He watched with his own eyes as Chu Jin took photos with one boy after another, yet he was unable to stop it!

"Wait a little longer, the president and they want to take a photo with me," Chu Jin gently patted his hand.

Before long, the counselor brought the president and a group of teachers over.

"You're the head of the Mo family, right? A pleasure to meet you." The president excitedly shook hands with Mo Zhixuan.

"A pleasure." Mo Zhixuan also rarely opened his mouth.

After the photo was taken, it was already two o'clock in the afternoon.

Mo Zhixuan first took Chu Jin to have a meal, and then it was time to tailor the bridal dress.

Mo Zhixuan drove the car into an ancient alley of Capital City and stopped.

This was a very old alley, the path laid with blue brick and stone slabs, with the houses on both sides being retro-style buildings that reflected the profound cultural heritage of Capital City over thousands of years.

Almost every household's doorfront was adorned with antique lanterns.

Under the night sky, they emitted a soft glow.

Chu Jin got out of the car, looking curiously at the surrounding environment, "Aren't we supposed to go to the tailor? Why have you brought me to Auntie Tong's place?"

"You'll know once you go in." Mo Zhixuan said mysteriously, putting his arm around Chu Jin's shoulder and walking inwards.

Tong Zhi ran a private restaurant.

According to Mo Zhixuan, the business was very good.

However, every time Chu Jin came, the restaurant was deserted, without a single customer, and there was only one waiter, Little Six.

"Mr. Mo Nine, Mrs. Nine, please come inside." As soon as the two entered, Little Six greeted them.

"Little Six, where is your boss?" Mo Zhixuan glanced slightly to the side.

Little Six draped a white towel over his shoulder, "Knowing that you two were coming, the boss has been waiting inside for a while now, I'll lead you two over."

Then Mo Zhixuan spoke again, "No need, you go ahead with your work, we'll make our way over there."

"Alright then, I'll go attend to the other customers, please take your time." Saying this, Little Six turned and ran toward the restaurant.

Chu Jin looked at Little Six with some puzzlement, thinking, what silly thing is this kid saying? There wasn't a soul in the restaurant when they arrived, isn't Little Six flat out lying with his eyes wide open?

"Mo Zhixuan," Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, pointed to her own head, and then said, "Is there something wrong with Little Six?"

Mo Zhixuan smiled mysteriously, "Whether there's a problem or not, you'll find out in the future."

Seeing that he wasn't saying much, Chu Jin didn't ask any further.

Walking through a classical corridor, they arrived at the inner room.

As they were about to reach the door, it swung open and Tong Zhi, wearing a qipao and swaying her waist, came out from inside, smiling, "You two little ancestors, I've been eagerly waiting for you! Come on in, quickly."

As soon as they entered the room, Chu Jin saw the red silk satin hanging on the rack and the sewing machine placed in the center of the room.

"Jin, stand here, Let me take your measurements," Tong Zhi said as she approached Chu Jin with a tape measure.

"Auntie Tong, are you..." Chu Jin scratched her head somewhat puzzled.

Tong Zhi said beamingly, "For you and Zhixuan's wedding, I didn't have anything special to give, but since you're having a traditional Chinese wedding ceremony, I thought I'd make you a set of authentic handcrafted bridal gowns."

Tong Zhi still found it hard to believe this was reality.

She hadn't yet resolved the major event of her own life, and here was her cold and aloof nephew getting married before she did.

Once, she almost thought Mo Zhixuan would stay unmarried for life, destined for a solitary end.

But unexpectedly, in the end, he fell into the hands of a young girl.

It must be said, love truly is a magical thing.

"Thank you, Auntie Tong." Chu Jin reached out to hug Tong Zhi.

"Silly girl," Tong Zhi patted her head.

After taking her measurements, Tong Zhi took out embroidery samples for Chu Jin to choose patterns from.

The designs to be embroidered on bridal dresses were mostly peonies, phoenixes, and the like.

Initially, Chu Jin thought Tong Zhi was just going to make a simple frog-buttoned bridal dress. She didn't expect that she was even going to hand-embroider the patterns. Nowadays, few can make clothes by hand, and Tong Zhi could even do hand embroidery.

"Auntie Tong, you can embroider too?" Chu Jin asked incredulously.

"Of course, I am quite talented," Tong Zhi said very proudly, "Back in the day, I was the flower of the Superpower World. Men who chased me, hand in hand, could circle the earth twice."

Chu Jin also smiled, "Auntie Tong, you're still a flower now."

Looking at her, Tong Zhi appeared to be only about twenty years old. Time had barely left any traces on her face.

Immediately, Tong Zhi burst into hearty laughter, "You always know what to say, Jin. I love talking with you the most."

Making a bridal dress is a complicated process. After picking the embroidery, Tong Zhi pulled Chu Jin to choose the colors of the silk satin.

Only then did Chu Jin realize,

Just the color red was divided into so many shades.

It made her dizzy to look at.

After selecting everything, it was 8 o'clock in the evening.

The lights were shining brightly in the old Mo family house.

Madam Mo and Zhao Yan sat in the living room, discussing the wedding date.

Chu Xiu was sitting on the side reading a book.

Three years had passed, and Chu Xiu had grown into a 16-year-old graceful youth, with delicate features and a unique air of nobility between his brows.

However, he didn't bear the slightest resemblance to Chu Jin.

Over the years, because Mo Qingyi was not at home either, Zhao Yan had been living in the Mo family's house.

Chapter 635: The peach tree is young and graceful, its blossoms burning bright

Chu Xiu attended a boarding school and would come to the Mo family during vacations.

The two families had long since merged into one.

In order to pick an auspicious date, the Mo family's senior matriarch even put on her glasses.

"In-laws, what do you think about this date?"

"I think the 6th is better than the 8th," suggested Zhao Yan.

Upon hearing this, the Mo family's senior matriarch looked up at Zhao Yan, "Then let's settle for this date, August 18th, what do you think?"

"Sounds good," Zhao Yan smiled, "This date is not bad, just not sure if Zhixuan and Jin like these two dates."

The Mo family's senior matriarch said with certainty, "We picked it, they'll surely be happy with it."

Right then, footsteps and voices came from outside the door.

It was Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan returning.

"Jin, Zhixuan, you're back, we've chosen the date, August 18th, do you two have any objections?" the Mo family's senior matriarch quickly stood up and asked.

August 18th.

It was two months away from now.

Mo Zhixuan of course had no objections; the sooner the better for him.

Chu Jin was always an obedient child and naturally had no objections either.

Thus, the wedding date was happily decided.

The next day, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan went to the Civil Affairs Bureau to register their marriage.

Today seemed to be a good day, the marriage registration office had a long queue, and the faces of the couples were filled with happy smiles.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan stood out for their exceptional looks, and almost as soon as they walked into the hall, they caused a stir.

"Doesn't that look like the National Goddess?"

"And the guy next to her must be the head of the Mo family, right?"

"My goodness, these two are much more attractive than in the photos."

"I didn't expect them to be so down-to-earth, actually queuing up in person for a marriage certificate."

"I have to take a photo to commemorate this! I'm getting my certificate on the same day as the National Goddess!"

"These two together really do match perfectly."

Although there was a lot of discussion, nobody approached to bother them.

It took about two hours before it was their turn.

After filling out their personal information forms, they went for the free marriage health check and took photos.

Both were very photogenic.

Even the stiff ID photos turned out astonishingly beautiful.

During the photo-taking, the photographer's hands were shaking.

He had worked at the Civil Affairs Bureau for many years and had never seen a couple with such high levels of attractiveness on both sides.

When they came out again, each of them had a red marriage booklet in hand.

The booklet bore an ancient phrase:

Two surnames uniting in marriage, one hall forging a pact, a lasting bond formed, a match well acclaimed. Beholding today the peach blossoms in full radiant bloom, suitable for marriage and home, divining future years of endless offsprings' blossom, may you prosper and thrive. With solemn vow of white-haired harmony, this is recorded on grand paper, to honor the covenant sealed with crimson leaves, detailed in the registers of mandarin ducks. This certificate.

Almost the moment they got hold of their marriage licenses, Mo Zhixuan took a photo and uploaded it online, announcing their wedding date.

Consequently.

The special number "818" soared to the top of the trending searches.

The internet was abuzz.

Most of the buzz was congratulatory.

One week before the wedding.

Chu Jin, together with Zhao Yan and Chu Xiu, moved out of the Mo family's home.

There's a tradition in Capital City, three days before the wedding, the couple is not supposed to see each other.

Moreover, the bride must, after all, leave from her family home.

So, a few days in advance, a group of people went back to also make preparations.

The day after Chu Jin returned, Tong Zhi came over with Mo Zhixuan, and to Chu Jin's surprise, Mo Qingyi also came with them.

This was the first time Chu Jin had seen Mo Qingyi in the three years since they'd parted.

Before, because Mo Qingyi was at a military school, they didn't even have a chance for a video call.

Compared with the Mo Qingyi from three years ago,

Mo Qingyi had indeed changed a lot after three years.

The long hair that used to reach her waist was now a short bob at her ears.

Her pale skin had turned into a healthy wheat color.

And she had grown much taller.

The only thing that remained unchanged was her expressive cat-like eyes, which were still so evocative.

She wore an army green T-shirt, black jeans, and short boots on her feet, exuding a valiant and spirited air.

Chu Jin steadied herself before she realized that this was indeed Mo Qingyi!

It wasn't a dream.

"Qingyi!"

"Jin!"

The two of them almost cried out in unison, then they embraced each other tightly.

"Qingyi, you dead girl, when did you come back? Why didn't you tell me when you returned!" Chu Jin's voice was close to a choke.

Mo Qingyi's throat also felt tight as she forced a cheerful laugh, "Didn't I want to give you a surprise? Besides, you and my brother are getting married—such an important event, how could I not come back?"

"Qingyi, welcome back." Chu Jin took a deep breath, still feeling as if she were in a dream.

"Jin." Mo Qingyi hugged her tight, then let go.

The atmosphere gradually eased, and the sound of laughter began to fill the living room.

Mo Qingyi regaled Chu Jin, Mo Zhixuan, and Tong Zhi with tales of what she had seen and heard over the past three years.

She had Chu Jin and Tong Zhi laughing heartily.

Mo Zhixuan, however, remained calm, sitting motionless like a statue, prompting Mo Qingyi to tease.

"Jin, you've become even prettier after three years, unlike my brother who always has such a serious face, as if someone owes him millions. I don't know what you see in him!"

"Blindly fell for him, I suppose." Chu Jin replied with a laugh. Mid-sentence, as if suddenly recalling something, she looked up at Mo Qingyi and asked, "By the way, did Duanmu come back with you?"

Duanmu Zhe hadn't returned since he went to the States three years ago.

At the question, Mo Qingyi's eyes briefly dimmed before she recovered her composure, "No, he... also went to the States?"

So, that fleeting glimpse at the airport wasn't an illusion?

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded, "a week after you left, he followed you to the States. Haven't you seen him there all this time?"

"No," Mo Qingyi smiled lightly, skirting the subject, and continued, "Let's not talk about him! Right, Jin, we're here to deliver your wedding gift attire."

"Right, right, right!" Tong Zhi slapped her thigh, "I almost forgot if Qingyi hadn't mentioned it. Jin, come see if the wedding dress Auntie Tong made looks good."

With that, Tong Zhi picked up the large wooden chest from the ground, moved it onto the table, and carefully opened the lid.

No sooner had the lid been lifted than a golden light emerged from inside the chest.

"Wow! It's beautiful." Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi exclaimed in unison.

Even Mo Zhixuan, usually so calm, now had a glint of excitement in his eyes.

Since the wedding of Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan was to be a traditional Chinese ceremony, the wooden chest contained a very classical set of traditional Chinese wedding attire, complete with a Phoenix crown.

The wedding dress, stitched by Tong Zhi one thread at a time, featured dragons and phoenixes on a gold-trimmed, floor-sweeping, wide-sleeved gown that seemed to come alive, a testament to the embroiderer's profound skill.

The Phoenix crown was commissioned by Tong Zhi from a renowned craft master, forged from real gold and silver, extravagantly glorious under the light.

The embroidered shoes were also personally stitched by Tong Zhi.

This was the most orthodox set of Phoenix crown and robe, exquisitely like a work of art, something you simply couldn't buy off the shelf.

Mo Qingyi reached out and toyed with the golden tassels hanging from the front of the Phoenix crown, "Oh my, I really love this Phoenix crown, it's so much prettier than a hat!"

Tong Zhi immediately said with a laugh, "Then you should hurry up and find one. On the day you get married, Auntie Tong will give you a set even prettier than this."

"Really?" Mo Qingyi asked with a smile.

"Of course, it's true," Tong Zhi nodded then immediately with a gossipy face, said, "By the way, you've been in M country for three years, haven't you brought back a boyfriend?"

Three years had passed, and Mo Qingyi was now a 21-year-old young woman.

"I'm so ugly, no one wants me," Mo Qingyi sighed looking up at the sky.

Tong Zhi patted Mo Qingyi's head, "Nonsense! My great-niece is not ugly at all! How about Auntie Tong introduce someone to you tomorrow?"

Mo Qingyi chuckled, hastily waved her hands, "No need! No need! Speaking of which, this phoenix crown and robe looks so beautiful, let's hurry and have Jin try it on." Mo Qingyi pushed Chu Jin forward.

Tong Zhi's attention was quickly diverted, and she thrust the wedding attire into Chu Jin's hands, "Right, right, right, Jin, you should quickly try it on to see if there's anything that doesn't fit so I can alter it for you."

Chu Jin, holding the wedding attire, said with a helpless face, "This... I don't know how to wear it." Ancient clothing involved complicated tying of laces.

"I know how to," Mo Qingyi eagerly raised her hand, "Jin, I'll take you to put it on!"

Before Chu Jin could react, he was pushed by Mo Qingyi up to the bedroom's changing room.

Mo Zhixuan: "... Damn it! Daring to steal his lines! So annoyed.

Mo Qingyi had insisted she knew how to dress him, but in truth, she was also all thumbs, and after much struggling inside, they barely managed to put the wedding attire on properly.

Under the dazzling crystal lights, Chu Jin stood there in a traditional phoenix crown and robe.

The bridal gown was red as fire, made from top-quality ice silkworm silk. The dragons and phoenixes embroidered onto the sleeves and the edge of the skirt with gold and silver threads were incredibly intricate, as if ready to come alive, radiating glory bright enough to rival the brilliant light from the horizon.

The outer layer of the skirt was very long, spreading across the floor and nearly taking up half of the changing room, with the grand and luxurious patterns of the phoenix subtly visible within the gauzy fabric, their golden light adding an air of nobility.

Although the colors were extremely dazzling, they seemed to have been custom-made for her the moment she put them on, making her fair, luminous skin appear even more translucent.

Her natural red lips needed no embellishment, and the depths of those captivating, delicate peach-blossom eyes brimmed with unique charm, shimmering like water, enough to ensnare one's soul.

Admiration supreme.

Beauty that eclipsed the land.

She made the myriad landscapes look dull in comparison.

It was as if among the multitudes, only she remained resplendent amidst the purple and red.

Chu Jin looked at the person in the mirror, momentarily stunned, almost unable to believe that was himself.

"Oh my god!" Mo Qingyi couldn't hold back her exclamation, "Jin, you're so beautiful! Ahhh!"

Used to seeing Chu Jin in normal clothes, Mo Qingyi felt an almost irresistible urge to kneel before him dressed in ancient attire.

Perhaps the word "beautiful" was no longer sufficient to describe him.

It was a kind of beauty that was spectacular.

"Jin, lower your head, let's put on the phoenix crown," Mo Qingyi suppressed the astonishment in her heart, holding the phoenix crown in her hands.

"Okay," Chu Jin bowed his head slightly.

The phoenix crown was crafted of pure gold and silver, heavy but unmeasured. Chu Jin moved the golden tassels in front of him to the sides and looked up at Mo Qingyi, asking, "Does it look good?"

This perfect face, combined with the exquisite and luxurious phoenix crown, was simply too beautiful for words!

"It looks good!" Mo Qingyi nodded eagerly, "It looks breathtaking!"

A smile appeared on the corners of Chu Jin's mouth, and with his eyes curved, he said, "Really?"

Mo Qingyi continued, "Really, Jin! Stop smiling! If you keep smiling, I won't be able to resist marrying you! Let's go out quickly and dazzle my brother and Auntie Tong."

"Mhm," Chu Jin nodded slightly.

Soon after, Mo Qingyi helped Chu Jin into the living room.

"Auntie Tong, Brother, Xiu."

All three turned around at the same time. When they saw the person in front of them, they were all stunned, unmistakable astonishment coloring their eyes.

Beautiful.

Very beautiful.

Beautiful to the point of taking one's breath away.

Vibrant as a peach tree in bloom, shining in its splendor.

Stunning enough to overthrow kingdoms and realms, unmatched in the whole world.

Even Zhao Yan, who followed downstairs, was stunned, standing there with both hands covering her mouth, her face full of excitement.

Chu Jin slowly lifted her gaze to look at Mo Zhixuan—

Her peach blossom eyes, shimmering like waves, were as bright as the stars, seemingly able to draw one in inexorably, impossible to look away from.

"Come here," he said slowly.

Chu Jin gently moved her feet, as if lotuses bloomed with each step, as though she was treading upon the tip of his heart with every move.

Mo Zhixuan had imagined her wearing the phoenix crown and wedding robe, but now that he saw it with his own eyes, the shock was still uncontrollable.

The phoenix crown and wedding robe seemed as if they were tailor-made for her.

"You look beautiful," Mo Zhixuan, now oblivious to others, left a light kiss on her forehead.

Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi were both dumbstruck.

If they had not witnessed it themselves, they would never believe that Mo Zhixuan, who had always been indifferent and unemotional, could be so enchanted one day.

Chu Jin was not Mo Zhixuan. With so many people around, she felt a bit embarrassed. She quickly stepped out of Mo Zhixuan's embrace and walked over to Tong Zhi, "Aunt Tong, thank you, I really like it."

"Silly child," Tong Zhi covered her mouth and laughed. "What's there to thank, we're all family here. Seeing you looking so beautiful makes me feel so accomplished!"

"Sister, you look so pretty," Chu Xiu couldn't help but exclaim.

"Zhi Zhi, your craftsmanship is really good! You must teach me one day," Zhao Yan said as she came down from upstairs.

"Sure thing, sure thing, with your smarts, Sister Yan, you'll definitely learn in no time! Right, it's getting late, Qingyi and I should head back first."

Zhao Yan nodded gently, "Alright, be careful on your way back."

"Wait," Chu Jin grabbed Mo Qingyi's wrist, "Help me take off the dress before you go." Traditional clothing is especially complicated, with many ribbons and hidden clasps, all on the back, making it impossible to handle alone.

"I'll help you," Mo Zhixuan intercepted Chu Jin's hand, then turned to Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi, "Aunt Tong, you and Qingyi go ahead."

"Then we'll take our leave."

Mo Qingyi was about to say something but was pulled outside by Tong Zhi.

Zhao Yan brought a cup of milk to Chu Xiu, "Xiu, drink your milk and then head up to bed right away, you have school tomorrow."

"Okay," Chu Xiu nodded obediently.

Upstairs.

Mo Zhixuan led Chu Jin into the bedroom.

For the occasion, Zhao Yan had specifically changed her bed sheets and duvet cover to red.

On the dressing table, there was also half of a cut "happiness" character.

The dazzling crystal light illuminated the interior brightly, giving the illusion of a bridal chamber.

Mo Zhixuan looked at her, the affection in his deep and imposing phoenix eyes was unmistakable. He leaned down, brought his thin lips close to her red lips, just about to kiss her when Chu Jin put her hand in between.

"Hmm... Mr. Mo, what do you think you're doing?"

Mo Zhixuan took her wrist, which was as lustrous as jade, and whispered into her ear, "Guess."

"Guess if I'm guessing," Chu Jin said with a faint smile, patting his face gently.

Mo Zhixuan, turning the tables, kissed her on the lips.

Chu Jin slowly closed her eyes.

Pieces of bright red fabric were tossed to the floor one by one.

....

When Chu Jin opened her eyes again, the man was still as composed as ever, taking control and conquering effortlessly, his profound phoenix eyes unusually calm, his facial features stern and his thin lips nearly pressed into a line, as if he was in his office, masterfully strategizing.

...

The next day, when Chu Jin woke up, it was already noon.

Getting out of bed, Chu Jin was nearly unable to stand steady on her feet. She leaned against the wall for a good while before she regained her composure.

Just then.

The door was pushed open, and Mo Zhixuan walked in, looking fresh and energetic.

Aside from making him look even more radiant, the night had virtually no other effect on him.

The disparity between men and women, at times like these, was fully manifested.

Chapter 636: so cute!

"Go wash the sheets!" Chu Jin pushed Mo Zhixuan away, then said, "I'm going to take a bath."

The sheets were stained with red.

It would definitely be inappropriate to let the servants wash them.

She was exhausted last night, so having Mo Zhixuan wash them was more than appropriate.

"Alright." Mo Zhixuan slowly got up, walked to the bed, and pulling back the cover, the bright red on the sheets was especially noticeable.

Looking at these.

For a long time.

It took a while for Mo Zhixuan to come back to his senses, he pulled out the bedsheet, and headed toward the bathroom.

The bathroom was large.

It was divided into two sections.

One for showering and the other for washing up.

Behind the shower curtain was the sound of running water.

Mo Zhixuan glanced in that direction before turning on the faucet, filling a basin with water, and soaking the sheets in it.

Laundry detergent was needed.

Laundry powder as well.

Before this, Mo Zhixuan had never done this himself, so he spent some time reading the instructions on the laundry detergent bottle.

After finishing with the laundry detergent, he picked up the laundry powder.

Ten minutes later.

Mo Zhixuan finally figured out the correct procedure for washing clothes.

Who would believe, if they didn't see it with their own eyes, that the usually lofty Mo Zhixuan was now squatting in the bathroom washing clothes?

Probably no one would believe it if you told them.

After washing the sheets, Mo Zhixuan took them to the open-air balcony to dry.

After all this was done, Chu Jin finished her bath and came out of the bathroom.

She was wearing simple jeans and a white t-shirt, her hair pulled back into a ponytail.

On her feet, she wore a pair of white sneakers.

They made her legs look even slimmer and longer.

Her leg line was slender and well-proportioned, even more graceful than a professional model's.

Youthful and beautiful.

She radiated a unique aura like an orchid in an empty valley.

It could overshadow the showy red.

She could also wear the transcendent white.

This was a true beauty.

Mo Zhixuan was stunned for a moment before stepping forward to seize her hand, "Hungry, right? Let's go downstairs to eat."

"Mhm." Chu Jin nodded gently.

The two went downstairs.

Zhao Yan had already prepared a large table of dishes waiting for them.

It was not just Zhao Yan.

There was also Mrs. Mo, the elder.

Seeing Chu Jin descend the stairs, Mrs. Mo's eyes shone with excitement as she hurried over, taking Chu Jin's hand with great affection, "Jin, you're up? Tired? Why not sleep a bit longer?"

Chu Jin's face flushed slightly.

Seeing Mrs. Mo like this, she knew for certain that the elder was aware of what had happened last night.

Chu Jin said somewhat awkwardly, "No, not tired."

"Good child, good child." Mrs. Mo's eyes nearly brimmed with kindness, "Since you're not tired, you must be starving, right? I specially stewed chicken soup for you. Here, have a bit, it's nourishing."

Mrs. Mo ladled a bowl of chicken soup and handed it to Chu Jin.

"Thank you, Auntie."

This was an authentic rural hen's chicken soup, rich and savory with a thick layer of yellow oil on top. Without even thinking, one knew Mrs. Mo must have scooped the first bowl for her.

The first bowl of soup, the essence of the broth.

But looking at that layer of yellow oil, Chu Jin felt a strong sense of greasiness, so she used her ladle to scoop all the thick oil into Mr. Mo's bowl.

During the meal, Mrs. Mo kept adding food to Chu Jin's plate, completely ignoring her own son, Mo Zhixuan.

Zhao Yan couldn't stand it any longer, she picked up a large shrimp with the serving chopsticks and placed it into Mo Zhixuan's bowl, smilingly said, "Zhixuan, you've worked hard too. Have some shrimp."

Logically, the man should be the most exhausted from the task, as he was the one gathering strength.

But curiously, Mo Zhixuan possessed the capacity to leave others feeling bone-weary while remaining completely unharmed himself.

"Thank you, Auntie."

After the meal.

Zhao Yan packed all of Chu Jin's usual clothes and personal items into a suitcase and carried it down from upstairs.

According to custom.

Three days before the wedding, the bride's clothes and daily necessities must be moved to the groom's house in advance.

Seeing this, Mo Zhixuan quickly ran upstairs to take the suitcase from Zhao Yan's hands, "Auntie, let me help you."

"You child," Zhao Yan followed behind with a beaming smile, "Auntie is not old, I can handle it."

When it was time to get in the car, Mrs. Mo took Chu Jin's hand and said, "Jin, you should also go take a look. I helped decorate your new house. See if you like it. Zhixuan will bring you back tonight."

Chu Jin felt hesitant, but Zhao Yan nodded at her and said, "Go ahead, mom will wait for you at home."

Only then did Chu Jin get into the car.

Half an hour later, the car drove into Phoenix Manor.

Mo Zhixuan, carrying a suitcase, led Chu Jin upstairs.

The new room was the same bedroom Mo Zhixuan had before.

Inside, the decorations...

...were very much to the taste of the elderly.

The Western oil paintings that previously hung on the wall had been replaced with a chubby baby riding a fish, the white walls had been repainted pink, and the black furniture had all been swapped for cherry-wood red.

The black and white bed sheets had also been replaced with bright red ones.

The crystal chandelier on the ceiling had been switched for a colorful string of lights, complete with hanging strips of colored fabric.

Photos of chubby babies were everywhere.

It had forcefully turned the black-and-white, cool chic style into a country pastoral aesthetic.

Chu Jin clearly saw Mo Zhixuan's lips twitching discreetly.

Yet, there was old Mrs. Mo following behind, full of anticipation as she asked, "What do you think, Jin, do you like this style?"

Not wanting to dampen her enthusiasm, Chu Jin nodded and said, "I like it, thank you, aunty."

Moreover, it was, after all, a thoughtful gesture from an elder, and it would be somewhat inappropriate to refuse.

This was nice in its own way.

Chu Jin never cared much for material things.

It was Mo Zhixuan, however, who looked at her with some surprise.

He seemed somewhat amazed by her taste.

Sure enough, after hearing her response, old Mrs. Mo's face bloomed with a joyous smile, "If you like it, that's good, that's all that matters. You and Zhixuan take your time looking around, I'll head out first."

After speaking, old Mrs. Mo cheerfully went downstairs.

In the end, she thoughtfully closed the door behind the two of them.

Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan, "Go get the suitcase."

"Right away." Mo Zhixuan, almost without any hesitation, went to the outer room to pull her suitcase over.

The suitcase was large.

Inside, apart from Chu Jin's clothes, there were also two pairs of shoes.

Chu Jin opened the wardrobe and hung up her clothes alongside Mo Zhixuan's, which were very uniform, either white or black. Once Chu Jin's clothes were added, the color palette immediately brightened.

"Go put the shoes on the rack," Chu Jin handed two shoe boxes to Mo Zhixuan.

Mo Zhixuan fell silent for a moment and stood still, then said, "If you promise me a reward, I'll go."

Chu Jin, busy with hanging clothes and not wanting to bother with him, replied offhandedly, "Yes, yes, just go."

Mo Zhixuan then said, "So whatever I ask for as a reward, you'll agree to it?"

"Yes, yes," Chu Jin nodded, "now go on, why are you being such a chatterbox!"

Only then did Mo Zhixuan carry the shoe boxes towards the shoe rack by the door.

After tidying everything up, Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin to see the baby room next door.

Before stepping into the next room.

Chu Jin absolutely did not expect that Old Mrs. Mo had already prepared the baby room.

The baby room was different from the newlyweds' room next door.

This was simply a paradise of toys.

Everything was adorably pink.

Full of childlike wonder.

"Wow, that's so cute," Chu Jin casually picked up a plump toy bear, her eyes curving into a smile.

"So ugly," Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly, his face showing distaste.

"Much cuter than you!"

At that moment, Mr. Mo's cell phone rang.

Almost as soon as he answered the call, he reverted to that icy-cold demeanor.

Chu Jin silently offered her condolences to the person on the other end of the phone.

After hanging up, Mo Zhixuan gave Chu Jin some instructions and hurried out the door.

Possibly because she was too tired from the night before, Chu Jin wandered around for a while before feeling a wave of sleepiness hit her. Since it was still early, she went back to the bedroom, lay down on the bed, and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

...

Suddenly, it was the day before the wedding.

That afternoon,

Huagui Park had a small visitor.

A little Lolita.

In three years, the little Lolita had transformed into a young girl, but she was still as endearing and cute as ever.

"Pengpeng is here! Why didn't you tell grandma in advance so she could have prepared some tasty food for you!" Zhao Yan said, delighted to see the little Lolita.

"Grandma!" the little Lolita rushed over and embraced Zhao Yan.

The little Lolita was quite tall, already measuring one meter three despite being only nine years old.

"Grandma, where's Brother Jin?" she asked next.

No matter the years that passed, Brother Jin remained her Brother Jin.

Zhao Yan replied with a smile, "He's upstairs."

Chapter 637: Not So Simple

"Then I'll go find her," the little loli continued, "Grandma, I'll come back and keep you company in a bit,"

"Off you go, then." Zhao Yan waved her off with a smile.

Chu Xiu was bumped into at the corner of the staircase, and the little loli rushed up to give her a big hug, "Brother Xiu."

The one meter three little loli wasn't even tall enough to reach Chu Xiu's shoulder.

"You're like a little monkey," said Chu Xiu with a hint of resignation. "When did you get here?"

"Just now," the little loli blinked her big eyes, "Brother Xiu, I'm going to find Brother Jin first. I'll come down to play with you later."

"Mm-hmm," Chu Xiu nodded, "I'm going to the supermarket in a bit; do you want to come?"

"I'll come, so wait for me." With that, the little loli ran off in a flash.

Chu Xiu shook his head with resignation, but the corners of his mouth turned up in a smile.

And so,

Zhao Yan next to him noticed something very strange. Chu Xiu was actually smiling.

The stoic young man was actually smiling.

How rare.

Upstairs.

Chu Jin was sitting in front of the computer chatting with Qin Zhenglin.

She hadn't appeared at the company in a long time, so Qin Zhenglin was updating her on some recent developments.

"Brother Jin!" Just then, a crisp childlike voice filled the air.

"Pengpeng! How come you're here!" Chu Jin turned around, pleasantly surprised.

"Brother Jin, congratulations! You're getting married soon," the little loli said with a regretful expression, "But it's a pity that it's not to my papa. Hey, Brother Jin, are you sure you won't consider my papa? There's still time before the wedding, you can change your mind!"

In the past three years,

the little loli had tried many strategies,

but still couldn't shake the foundation.

Chu Jin laughed, "Your dad deserves someone better!"

The little loli sighed, "There's no one better than you in this world. It looks like Papa is destined to be alone!"

"You're talking nonsense," Chu Jin patted the little loli on the head.

"I'm not," the little loli hugged Chu Jin's neck, and continued, "Where else in the world can you find a beautiful Brother Jin like you? Oh, that's right, Brother Jin, I prepared a gift for you to wish you happiness in your marriage and that you'll have children soon."

With that, the little loli took out a glaze bottle from her pocket and handed it to Chu Jin.

A colorful glaze bottle.

It was very small, probably only the size of a little finger.

But exquisitely extraordinary.

Chu Jin loved it at first sight.

Because she saw no special spiritual energy, Chu Jin took the glaze bottle with confidence, "Thank you, Pengpeng, I really like it."

If the little loli had really prepared something very valuable, Chu Jin would have felt uneasy accepting it.

After all, she already owed a great debt to her for the Soul Resurrection Grass.

Seeing that Chu Jin really liked it, the little loli happily said, "Brother Jin, then you have to carry it with you every day. This glaze bottle is magical; it can bring you good luck."

At first, the little loli was worried that the glaze bottle might be too ordinary and that Brother Jin wouldn't like it.

Papa was too stingy! With so many treasures at home, he actually only gave an inconspicuous bottle!

Luckily, Brother Jin didn't disdain it.

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded and promptly tied the glaze bottle with a red string before carefully placing it in her pocket.

"Brother Jin," the little loli looked at Chu Jin and then asked, "Will you have your own little treasure in the future?"

"Mm," Chu Jin hesitated, then nodded, "I will."

As soon as the words were out, the little loli's eyes reddened, and she sniffled, "Brother Jin, then won't you like Pengpeng anymore after you have your own baby?"

She was worried that Brother Jin would forget her after having his own baby.

The elderly grandmother in the manor often said something.

Hairs aren't as rooted as long ones; children aren't as dear as one's own.

She was no longer a child.

Of course, she understood the meaning of that saying.

What she didn't know was that these words were spoken to Mo Qianjue by the old grandmother.

"Of course not," Chu Jin embraced the little loli in his arms, then said, "Brother Jin will always like Pengpeng, always and forever, no one can replace Pengpeng's place in Brother Jin's heart."

The little loli immediately turned tears into a smile and held out her pinky toward Chu Jin, "Brother Jin, let's pinky promise."

Chu Jin obligingly hooked her little pinky, "Pinky promise, hang on a hook, no changes for a hundred years."

"Anyone who changes is a little dog," Chu Jin gently tapped on the little loli's nose.

"By the way, Brother Jin, I've learned the card shuffling trick you taught me last time. I'll perform it for you now."

"Sure," Chu Jin nodded.

The little loli produced a deck of Tarot cards from her waist as if by magic, and started shuffling them quickly, just like Chu Jin did.

Her movements were skilled.

It was clear she had practiced many times over.

The Tarot cards seemed to come to life, tumbling through the air.

Within her movements, one could vaguely make out Chu Jin's silhouette.

In three years, the little lolita had almost mastered the essence of the Tarot cards.

Chu Jin taught seriously.

And she learned just as earnestly.

"Well done," Chu Jin clapped in encouragement.

"Excuse my poor skills," said the little lolita with a mock bow.

"You little thing," Chu Jin reached out and flicked her forehead.

After chatting with Chu Jin for about an hour, the little lolita suddenly remembered she had an appointment with Chu Xiu, so she hurried downstairs without delay.

On her way down, she happened to meet Zhao Yan escorting a young woman upstairs.

"Hello, Grandma, hello, Auntie," the little lolita greeted politely.

"This is my granddaughter," Zhao Yan introduced to the young woman proactively.

Upon hearing this, a flicker of shock crossed the young woman's eyes, but she composed herself and said, "You are truly blessed; the little girl is very beautiful."

Zhao Yan loved hearing others praise the little lolita's beauty; immediately, her impression of the young woman improved, and she led her to a door, turning her head to say, "It's right here."

Then, she knocked on the door, "Jin, are you inside?"

"Yes," a clear voice came from inside, "Mom, please come in directly."

At that, Zhao Yan gently pushed the door open, leading the young woman inside while saying, "Jin, you have a visitor."

Chu Jin looked back.

And saw a set of stunning features.

Although it had been three years,

Chu Jin still remembered her.

Yes, Chu Tian.

"Sister, I've come to see you," Chu Tian said with a gentle smile, her tone soft.

"You young people chat then," Zhao Yan said, looking at them, "I'll be leaving first."

With that, she turned and left.

"Why have you come?" Chu Jin went over and poured her a glass of water, her tone slightly cold.

She did not like Chu Tian.

Still, a guest was a guest, and on a joyful day of celebration, she could not just send her away.

"Thank you, sister," Chu Tian took the water and sat down in a chair.

Chu Jin didn't beat around the bush; she looked directly at Chu Tian and asked, "What do you want?"

Chu Tian took a sip of water then looked up at Chu Jin with a serious expression, speaking deliberately, "Sister, you cannot marry Mo Zhixuan!"

Chu Jin's lips curled slightly, sarcasm at the corners of her mouth, "Reason."

This Chu Tian was indeed interesting.

To say such an outlandish thing.

Telling her not to marry Mo Zhixuan?

On what grounds?

It was laughable.

"There is no reason!" Chu Tian exclaimed passionately, "You simply cannot marry Mo Zhixuan! Sister, trust me! I would not hurt you! Mo Zhixuan is not suitable for you; the two of you cannot be together."

This was the ultimate task given to Chu Tian by the system.

If Chu Tian could prevent this, she would be able to break her contract with the system.

And thereby obtain her freedom.

Chu Jin smiled lightly and continued, "Chu Tian, I really want to know, what standing do you have to say this? We have no kinship, no ties, why do you think I would listen to you?"

"Sister!" Chu Tian stood up excitedly, grasping Chu Jin's hands, her expression somewhat savage, "Sister, you must listen to me, you absolutely cannot marry Mo Zhixuan, you two are not suited for each other! He will kill you! It's destined that you two cannot be together! Sister, believe me!"

Chu Tian's words were not entirely without reason.

She was indeed destined for Chu Jin.

All the tasks issued by the system were for the sake of keeping Chu Jin alive.

This time, the system ordered her to stop Chu Jin's wedding to Mo Zhixuan.

Surely, it was because the wedding would bring fatal danger to Chu Jin.

Otherwise, the system would not issue such a strange task!

However, these were just Chu Tian's speculations; no one knew the actual truth.

"Nonsense!" Chu Jin brushed away Chu Tian's hands with a swing, her voice cold, "Leave, you are not welcome here!"

Her wedding to Mo Zhixuan was inevitable, and no one was going to stop it!

Chu Tian was flung to the ground, but she was still unwilling, crawling to Chu Jin's feet, "Sister, what I'm saying is true! Mo Zhixuan really will kill you!"

"Get out!" Chu Jin waved her away.

But Chu Tian was still not willing to give up.

Chu Jin blew a whistle.

A crisp sound, as if imbued with Spiritual Energy, vanished instantly into the air.

Before long, a large white cat jumped in through the window.

"Jin bro," the white cat even spoke human language.

Chu Tian was stunned, incredulously taking two steps back.

Chu Jin glanced at Chu Tian and said to the white cat, "Get her out of here, never to set foot in this place again!"

"Alright," the white cat's long tail swept, and both it and Chu Tian vanished into thin air.

The white cat was not an ordinary feline, but a transformation of the White Tiger.

Meanwhile.

Chu Tian was abandoned outside Huagui Park, and when she tried to re-enter, she could no longer find the villa where Chu Jin was.

At that moment.

The system's voice echoed in her mind.

[System detects that the mission has not been completed! Punishment mode activated! Punishment level: "Scatter Like Ashes"!]

Hearing this, Chu Tian's face turned ashen.

She closed her eyes in agony.

Waiting for death to come.

However, she waited for a long time, but "Scatter Like Ashes" did not come.

So, she slowly opened her eyes.

She saw a woman in a blue dress standing before her, her face veiled so that her true appearance could not be seen.

"Who are you?" Chu Tian asked warily.

"The one here to save your life," the woman in blue spoke softly.

Chu Tian sized up the blue-clad woman with a skeptical look, "Just you?"

"Yes," the woman in blue nodded gently, "just me. Do you know why you didn't die just now?"

"You..." Chu Tian stumbled back two steps.

"Don't be frightened," the blue-clad woman gently patted her shoulder, "I truly am here to help you. I can let you live, free from the system's control, live forever."

"Who are you, really? Why do you want to help me?"

"Because we have a common enemy, Chu Jin," the woman in blue said, her eyes flashing ferociously, "Only with her death! Can I find peace!"

"You're wrong!" Chu Tian stepped back, "My enemy isn't Chu Jin, I want her to live!"

Her rebirth was for the very purpose of ensuring Chu Jin's survival.

The woman in blue smiled slowly, "Stop lying to yourself. Deep down, you're dying for Chu Jin to meet her end sooner. Now, there's an opportunity for Chu Jin to die forever, and for you to live freely. It's up to you to seize it or not!"

"What opportunity?" Chu Tian narrowed her eyes slightly.

The woman in blue continued, "Chu Jin was born against the will of the heavens, just fulfill your destiny and kill her, and you'll earn rebirth!"

Chu Tian replied lightly with a smile, "Why should I believe you?"

"Because I can end your life anytime. If you trust me, you might live a bit longer," the woman in blue's eyes were filled with mockery.

Compared with Chu Jin's life, her own was obviously more important, Chu Tian held on to this crucial piece of information and asked, "What do I have to do?"

Just then, noises came from the surroundings.

The woman in blue halted the words about to spill from her lips, looking around alertly, "I'll come to you tonight with the details, wait for me at home." With that, she turned and left.

Chu Tian gazed in the direction where the woman in blue disappeared, lost in thought.

It seems, for Chu Jin to wed Mo Zhixuan successfully,

would not be so simple.

The next day.

Chu Jin woke up early in the morning.

After a hurried breakfast, Ding Siyu arrived with the make-up artists.

Ding Siyu was the maid of honor today, so she came quite early.

There were six make-up artists in total.

A very auspicious number.

Chu Jin had a good foundation and was very pretty even without makeup, so the make-up artists only gave her a light touch-up.

They applied lipstick.

Did her hair and adorned her with the Phoenix crown and just covered her with the red bridal veil,

when Mo Zhixuan and the wedding procession arrived.

At the same time, deafening sounds of firecrackers and fireworks rang out simultaneously.

As per tradition.

The door to the bride's chamber definitely should not be opened easily.

Mo Zhixuan approached and knocked on the door, "Jin, open the door."

A voice came from inside, Ding Siyu's, "You want us to open the door? Show some sincerity first."

Sincerity?

Mo Zhixuan frowned attractively. Looking up, he glanced at Duanmu Zhe.

Duanmu Zhe immediately understood, reassuring Mo Zhixuan with a confident look, "Ninth brother, I've got this." With that, he pulled out a big handful of red envelopes and began to slip them one by one through the door's crack.

He called out inside, "How about that? Is our sincerity not enough?"

"Not enough, not enough, you think you can bribe us with just these red envelopes? No way! Not even a window!" This was Mo Qingyi's voice.

Mo Zhixuan raised his eyebrows.

This little girl is ruthless!

She's actually scamming her own family.

"Then what more do you want to see for sincerity?" Mo Zhixuan slowly spoke.

The voice of Ding Siyu came from inside again, "Jin is our nation's goddess, Ninth Brother, if you think you can just marry her like this, I'm afraid it's not that simple. Now, I'll give you a few tasks to test you. If you pass them smoothly, we'll open the door and let you in."

Mo Zhixuan gave Han Zixiu a warning look.

But Han Zixiu had an expression that screamed [My wife is amazing].

"Are you ready, Ninth Brother?" Ding Siyu's voice was gentle, even when she was making things difficult, it remained soft.

"Ask away." Mo Zhixuan was the picture of calm, back in his day, he was the most knowledgeable person in the Superpower World, what question could possibly stump him?

"Please tell us," Mo Qingyi cleared her throat and continued, "what are the modern 'Three Obediences and Four Virtues' for both men and women?"

The modern 'Three Obediences and Four Virtues' for men? What the heck is that?

Mo Zhixuan was utterly baffled as he looked towards Duanmu Zhe!

Duanmu Zhe, an unmarried man, how would he know such ridiculous things! With great reluctance, Mo Zhixuan turned his gaze to the only married man present, Han Zixiu.

Han Zixiu, who was well-trained by Ding Siyu at home, of course knew the answer to this kind of question!

Unexpectedly, Han Zixiu didn't make it difficult for him and took out a piece of paper to write down the answer for him.

After Mo Zhixuan saw the answer, he felt his worldview topple over!

Still, he read from the paper:

"A good husband must follow when his wife leaves the house, obey when his wife commands, and blindly agree when she's wrong; wait when his wife puts on makeup, be generous when she spends money, be tolerant when she gets angry, and remember her birthday."

"Never gentle, never considerate, never reasonable; can't talk back, can't scold, can't hit, can't provoke."

The first is the modern 'Three Obediences and Four Virtues' for men.

The second is for women.

Inside the room, Ding Siyu and Mo Qingyi exchanged glances before bursting into laughter.

"Have you memorized it all?" Mo Qingyi's voice came through again.

"Memorized it," Mo Zhixuan answered earnestly.

Only then did Mo Qingyi and Ding Siyu open the door.

Mo Zhixuan walked in front, holding roses, followed by two groomsmen and a professional photography team.

And a bunch of onlookers.

The groomsmen were Duanmu Zhe and Han Zixiu, and the bridesmaids were Mo Qingyi and Ding Siyu.

Chu Jin sat on the bedside in a bright red bridal gown, her head covered with a red veil. Through the red fabric, she could vaguely see a tall figure approaching her.

Dressed in a bright red traditional Chinese wedding attire, Mo Zhixuan had an innate regal bearing that seemed accentuated against the red, making him look absolutely majestic and unstoppable.

He walked forward, step by step, as if each step was on her heart.

Chu Jin had never felt her heartbeat race so fast.

Mo Zhixuan stopped in front of Chu Jin and just as he reached out to lift the veil, Ding Siyu stretched out her hand to block them.

"Wait a moment, Ninth Brother," Ding Siyu said with a smile, "let's not beat around the bush. You must pass another test before you can take our Jin away."

"What test?" Mo Zhixuan asked, still calm and composed.

Ding Siyu looked at Mo Zhixuan with a serious face, "Ninth Brother, do you love Jin?"

Without any hesitation, Mo Zhixuan said, "Love, until the seas run dry and the rocks crumble... till death do us part..."

"If you love her, you must shout it out loud," Ding Siyu nodded approvingly, "Please, Ninth Brother, use ten different languages to tell Jin 'I love you.'"

For Mo Zhixuan, speaking ten languages was a trivial matter; he was a polyglot.

Upon hearing this, his lips parted slightly, ready to say the first language.

Ding Siyu then crossed her arms and smiled, "Ninth Brother, when have you ever seen a proposal done standing?"

No sooner had she finished speaking than a servant placed a bag of instant noodles prepared in advance on the ground.

Mo Zhixuan got the hint immediately and knelt down on the noodles.

Ding Siyu continued, "Take a careful knee; don't break the noodles!"

As she finished, a burst of laughter erupted around them.

This was indeed a rare sight, the mighty head of the Mo family getting pranked.

And yet, there was not a trace of anger on his face, only a faint smile that charmed all who saw it.

Kneeling there, Mo Zhixuan tried to minimize the pressure on his knees and looked up at Ding Siyu, "Can I start now?"

Ding Siyu nodded, "You may, but let me explain the rules. The ten different languages are: Mandarin, Hakka, Min, Cantonese, Wu, Gan, 'Barbarian,' Xiang, Hui, and Ping..."

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan was confused.

All of these were local dialects from China mainland.

Aside from Mandarin, he hadn't even heard of the others!

"It's okay if you don't know," Mo Qingyi stepped forward from behind Ding Siyu and offered her hand to Mo Zhixuan, "as long as the red envelope is thick enough, we'll teach you thoroughly."

Chapter 638: Pick up the Bride

Mo Qingyi had been in the military for three years.

He learned a lot of skills.

Just ten dialects, no big deal.

"I have the red envelopes right here," Duanmu Zhe immediately took all the red envelopes from his chest and handed them to Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi happily accepted the red envelopes and looked up at Mo Zhixuan with a smile before speaking.

"Listen carefully, bro, I'm only going to say this once. The first one is Hakka. In Hakka, 'I love you' is 'ya zhong yi yi.' The second one is Min dialect, 'wa ai li.' In Cantonese, 'ou hou zhong yi nei a!' Wu dialect, 'a la lao huan xi nong e'..."

Because he deliberately made it difficult for Mo Zhixuan, Mo Qingyi spoke very quickly, finishing ten different dialects in just over ten seconds, leaving the others around him with shocked expressions.

Nowadays, speaking a foreign language is no longer surprising.

Being able to speak all the languages left by our ancestors, that is what's truly incredible!

Mo Zhixuan had a good memory and a decent ability to imitate, but faced with ten dialects, he still struggled a bit. He spoke these various regional languages like a foreigner who had just learned Chinese, with a very stiff accent and awkwardly.

This provoked laughter from everyone.

Some even laughed so hard their faces cramped.

No one expected the head of the Mo family to have such a soft and endearing side.

"...no life! I miss you to death!" Mo Zhixuan finally finished the last dialect.

The crowd laughed even harder.

By now, Mo Zhixuan couldn't help but sigh again at the profoundness of Chinese culture. Compared to the bizarre dialects left by our ancestors, foreign languages were simply weak!

After a series of tests, Mo Zhixuan finally got to lift the veil and, holding a bouquet of flowers, knelt on one knee in front of Chu Jin, "Chu Jin, will you marry me?"

This was the first time he called her by her full name.

Chu Jin's heartbeat accelerated even more. She slowly looked down, her eyes meeting Mo Zhixuan's, and at that moment, her runaway heartbeat miraculously stopped. She slightly curved her lips, a faint smile spreading across her face, her dimples shallow, and with gently parted red lips, she said, "Yes."

At the same time, she reached out to take the flowers.

Chu Jin held the bouquet to her chest, making her already radiant face outshine even the flowers.

The girl was lovelier than the blooms.

Mo Zhixuan took the veil and gently placed it back over her head, then proceeded to kneel in front of Zhao Yan and Chu Xiu, falling to his knees before Zhao Yan, "Mom, thank you for entrusting Jin to me. Rest assured, for all of my life, I will be good to Jin alone."

Zhao Yan's eyes were slightly red as she lifted Mo Zhixuan up, her voice tight, "Mhm, Mom believes in you. You must take good care of Jin."

As for Mo Zhixuan, Zhao Yan was completely at ease.

She had long treated Mo Zhixuan as her own son.

However, as the mother of a daughter, she couldn't help feeling somewhat sorrowful on the day her daughter was married.

"Take good care of my sister. Don't you dare bully her, or I'll beat you so bad you'll be searching for your teeth!" Chu Xiu extended a hand and playfully punched Mo Zhixuan's chest. The sixteen-year-old boy, radiantly handsome, already carried an aura unlike ordinary people.

Through the veil, Chu Jin's eyes suddenly warmed when she heard Chu Xiu's words, feeling a sourness in her heart and suddenly realizing she had someone to rely on.

It was a different kind of security than what Mo Zhixuan provided.

Chu Xiu offered her the warmth of family ties, thicker than water.

It let her know that in the days to come, she could rely on her mother's family and brother.

This feeling was very good.

Very warm.

"Don't worry! I'll cherish Jin more than my own life!" Mo Zhixuan also playfully punched Chu Xiu back, his expression serious.

This was a way men communicated with each other.

""

"The auspicious time is almost upon us," Han Zixiu glanced at his wristwatch and reminded everyone nearby.

Chu Xiu nodded, acknowledging that she was aware, and then walked over to squat in front of Chu Jin, "Sister, I am here to see you off on your wedding day."

The simple eight characters weighed more than a mountain.

Chu Jin looked at the not-so-frail shoulders of the young man before her, took a pair of bamboo chopsticks from a servant, leaned on Chu Xiu's back, and as Chu Xiu stood up, he effortlessly lifted Chu Jin onto his back, stepping outside with each step firm and stable.

This was a custom in Capital City.

When a girl gets married, she must be carried on the back of her brother or carried by her brother to the car and then escorted all the way to the groom's house.

This is called sending off the new bride.

Chu Jin, lying on Chu Xiu's back, felt incredibly content.

She remembered when she first met Chu Xiu; he was only thirteen years old, and his height did not even reach her shoulders.

In the blink of an eye, he had grown into a man capable of protecting his sister.

As Chu Xiu carried Chu Jin to the villa's gate, she threw the chopsticks in her hand into the yard without looking back.

Observing the scattered chopsticks on the ground, Zhao Yan, following behind, couldn't help but cry out.

Throwing the chopsticks was also a tradition.

This signified that from then on, the girl had completely left behind her family's care, officially becoming a part of someone else's household.

This sentiment was very close to the saying, "A married daughter is like spilled water."

Although it was a Chinese wedding, there was no palanquin prepared.

Outside the villa, rows of top-of-the-line luxury cars were parked, the end of the procession out of sight.

In front of each luxury car stood a young man in a black suit wearing sunglasses, standing statue-like, motionless—a very imposing sight!

Chu Xiu walked to the first bridal car, settled Chu Jin inside, and then Mo Zhixuan went around to the other door and climbed in.

Once everything was ready with the leading wedding car, the young men standing in front of the other wedding cars opened the doors and got in.

They moved with military precision.

Clearly, they had undergone professional training.

The bridesmaids and groomsmen took the second wedding car.

Other relatives were free to choose their rides.

It was only when the deafening sound of firecrackers filled the air that the wedding procession grandly set off, the long line of cars stretching out seemingly without end.

Moreover, what drew the most attention was that all the wedding cars had license plates beginning and ending with the number 8.

Above the luxury cars hovered two helicopters, showering down rose petals.

Wave upon wave of petal rain came down, accompanied by wafts of fragrance.

Moreover, on each petal, were the words "Chu Jin, I love you."

Most importantly, these petals were eco-friendly and would dissipate into the air after half an hour on the ground, eliminating the need for any manual cleanup.

The sky was filled with a rain of rose petals.

It's as romantic as a scene from an idol drama.

Journalists from major media outlets waited by the roadside, ready to broadcast this grandiose wedding at the earliest convenience!

This was going to be a wedding that would cause a global sensation.

Huagui Park was about ten kilometers away from Phoenix Manor.

Along this ten-kilometer stretch, every 400 meters or so, a pair of men and women dressed in qipao stood by the road, handing out wedding candies and red envelopes to the onlookers.

He who sees, shares.

The amount in the red envelope varies, but the least is 188.

The most is 520.

A display of opulence.

The most precious thing is, there was no scene of scrambling, everyone was very well-mannered.

The wedding procession made its way, surrounded by countless onlookers, with applause and blessings rising and falling in a magnificent sight.

A little girl tore open her red envelope and hopped and skipped, saying, "Mom! Mom! There are six bills!"

There was also a scavenger, who directly received a luxurious gift package.

What he received was not just a gift package, but a new path in life.

What caught everyone's attention was a middle-aged woman leading a six-year-old boy to the crowd.

The cheongsam-clad staff member immediately handed candy and a red envelope to the woman, smiling, "Ma'am, this is for you and the kid, wishing you a long life and the kid good studies, improve every day."

This was the most special part of the candy distribution at the wedding.

With every candy given, a blessing followed.

Gift roses, hand leaves fragrance.

"Thank you," the woman took the candy but not the red envelope, adding, "Is that Master Chu I saw in the wedding car just now? Three years ago, she saved my grandson and me. Today, I am here to wish her well, but I can't accept the red envelope. By the way, I have also prepared a gift for Master Chu, could you please pass it on to her?"

The woman was Chu Jin's first guest.

As she spoke, the woman took an exquisitely wrapped gift box out of her bag and handed it to the staff member, "Please trouble you with this."

The staff member immediately assured her with a smile, "Don't worry, I will personally deliver it to Miss Chu."

The wedding car continued to move slowly forward.

Every so often, Chu Jin could see groups of people standing neatly on the side of the road, holding banners.

The banners read:

[Dear old friend, we will always be behind you.]

[Goddess! May you always be happy!]

[Goddess, we are your eternal guardians!]

[Goddess, no matter when and where, please remember, we will always be your strongest support.]

All the well-wishers had come voluntarily, some had been touched by Chu Jin's kindness, some were her fans; they stood from a distance, not coming up to disturb.

For them,

Chu Jin was like a beacon of light, a faith that illuminated the path ahead for them.

Chu Jin looked through the window, seeing all this, her eyes blurring with unstoppable tears.

Mo Zhixuan wrapped his arm around her, kissed her forehead in silent comfort, and then took out his phone to send out a few messages.

Immediately, wedding cars at the back stopped.

From them, snacks, candies, and red envelopes were distributed to the crowd.

Unexpectedly,

They accepted the snacks and candies, but not the red envelopes.

They hadn't come for money.

Just the fact that Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan arranged for the cars to stop and offered them these things was beyond their expectations.

This also proved they had not loved the wrong goddess.

And the goddess had not married the wrong man.

Even more unexpectedly, a group of small animals chased after the wedding car.

These were stray cats and dogs that had nearly been put to sleep.

Thanks to Chu Jin's help, they were now living happily and had mastered various skills.

Among them, some became military dogs, others police dogs.

There were even military cats, police cats.

Some even made significant contributions to national scientific research.

Animals have spirits, and perhaps knowing that today was their benefactor's big day, they had slipped out onto the streets early to wait.

And then there were certain mountain villages.

Broad cement roads had replaced the muddy paths of old.

Children showed their purest smiles in shiny new school buildings.

Two of these school buildings had particularly prominent names.

Jinxu Building and River Mountain Pagoda.

The names of these two buildings were directly taken from Chu Jin's name.

The people here, regardless of age or gender, all called Chu Jin the National Goddess.

Today was the National Goddess's day of joy.

Hence, all the elementary schools had a day off.

However, the children from these mountain villages didn't go home, instead, they stayed at school to participate in talent shows to wish the National Goddess a happy marriage.

Even though they knew Chu Jin couldn't see them, they were very serious.

Some cameras captured this precious moment.

The National Goddess's wedding shook the world!

Whoever was responsible, large screens in central cities around the world were broadcasting this grand wedding live.

Beneath the screens, a bunch of foreigners were covering their mouths, screaming in amazement.

They'd thought their western countries were the most prosperous!

But as it turned out, the truly prosperous country was China!

When they saw the touching scenes on the screen,

Some were moved to tears.

This atmosphere was infectious.

This wasn't just a wedding.

It was a display of unity, kindness, and harmony within a nation.

"It's the National Goddess! The National Goddess of China!"

"So beautiful!"

"Isn't she China's youngest philanthropist?"

"No! I heard she's the CEO of The King, the creator of the globally popular Dream Pillow!"

"You all are mistaken! She is a writer, who wrote a masterpiece called 'Blooms like Brocade,'" said the foreigner, pulling a book out from his backpack, "Here, this one! Her pen name is 'The Return of the Past'!"

Chapter 639:

"Blooms like Brocade" had already become as famous as the world's great novels, translated into various languages and distributed to countries everywhere.

"No, no, no!" another foreigner interrupted the one holding the book, "I know her, she is the most renowned fortune-teller from China mainland, Chu Jin! She is so accurate that everyone calls her Master Chu!"

Philanthropist, CEO, National Goddess, fortune-teller, "The Return of the Past"!

Little did people know, all these honors belonged to one person!

A city celebrated as one married, a whole world rejoiced!

The name Chu Jin.

Had become a point of pride in everyone's heart.

Elsewhere.

The entrance to the three realms, the essential path to Phoenix Manor.

A fleeting shadow darted through the deserted streets.

The time was right!

—Hiss!

Along with the sound of a sharp, lengthy screech of brakes, a black military Hummer came to a stable halt at the crossroads.

It dominantly blocked the shadow's path.

The shadow turned solid, raging as it stared down the Hummer, enhanced with Spiritual Power and was about to strike the vehicle with force when suddenly, the car door was yanked open, and a military boot was the first to step out.

Under the sunlight, the black boots reflected a cold, snowy glare!

A somewhat hoarse but dignified voice rang out in the air.

"Li Chi, long time no see!"

The Elder narrowed his eyes slightly, lifting his gaze toward the newcomer.

Under the sun, that person wore a proper military uniform, exuding a sense of justice from top to bottom! And beneath the military cap, hid a set of distinctive features.

Stars for eyebrows, eyes sharp as swords, stern to the extreme.

The Elder, looking at the man, threatened, "Song Shiqin, I don't want to hurt innocent people today. If you know what's good for you, you'll get far away from me!"

Song Shiqin had the countenance of an emperor of three lifetimes.

He was a favorite of the Heavenly Dao.

Avoiding a direct confrontation with him was preferable, if possible.

"No one is allowed to harm her!" Song Shiqin's gaze turned icy, "I'm giving you three seconds to leave! Otherwise, don't mind me personally sending you to hell!"

"What a big talker!" Li Chi laughed disdainfully, "Well, today I shall see what you're really capable of!"

Li Chi was a malevolent spirit from the ancient empress era.

Endowed with incredible Spiritual Power.

Defeating him wouldn't be easy!

Song Shiqin casually drew a handgun from his waist and fired straight at Li Chi's forehead!

This was a ghost gun.

A gun that must shed blood upon firing.

To kill a god when it encounters one.

To strike down Buddha in its path.

Its power was immense.

Song Shiqin had come fully prepared that day.

Even if it meant—

Sacrifice.

In a past life, he had failed to fulfill her wish.

In this life, he was determined to give her a grand wedding!

Even if the groom wasn't him.

As long as she was happy, he was willing to clear all obstacles for her!

At the sight of the gun, fear showed on the Elder's face! A fierce light flashed in his eyes as he randomly grabbed a shadow from the air to block the bullet!

To sacrifice his underlings to save his own life was something probably only Li Chi would do!

Song Shiqin leaped, lightly using the lamppost for leverage!

"Bang!"

The lamppost, with its intimidating force, fell on cue, dust rising everywhere!

About to hit the Elder.

At a critical moment, the Elder flashed away, avoiding the lamppost.

"Song Shiqin, is she really worth it for you?" The Elder, forced to retreat by Song Shiqin's attacks, protested, "Don't forget! Chu Jin is someone who defies the heavens! Heaven itself wants her dead, yet you insist on keeping her alive! Are you not afraid of heavenly retribution?"

Heavenly retribution.

The Elder was not joking.

If Song Shiqin continued to be so stubborn, he would be abandoned by the Heavenly Dao and become a defier of heaven just like Chu Jin.

"Whoever makes it hard for her, I'll make it hard for them!" With those words, Song Shiqin narrowed his eyes slightly, took aim at the Elder's heart, and pulled the trigger for a shot!

But to everyone's surprise, there was no gunshot in the air.

The bullets had run out!

A look of disbelief flashed across Song Shiqin's eyes!

Seeing Song Shiqin lose his advantage, the Elder quickly reacted, raised his dagger, and furiously attacked Song Shiqin!

In the nick of time!

Just as the dagger was about to pierce Song Shiqin's heart—

A figure in blue appeared out of nowhere, kicking away the dagger in the Elder's hand.

Fast, very, accurate!

The blue skirt traced a beautiful arc through the air.

This figure.

Was too familiar!

The Elder's pupils constricted slightly.

There was a moment of stunned hesitation.

Song Shiqin swiftly recovered, lightly lifted his leg, and, seizing the moment of the Elder's hesitation, savagely kicked at him!

"Bang!"

The Elder was sent flying, forming a parabola, and crashed heavily onto the ground.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"Ling Que, why are you here?" Song Shiqin turned to look at the newcomer, asking in surprise.

Ling Que's eyes flashed with genuine concern, "If I hadn't come, you would have been injured just now!"

"It's alright!" Song Shiqin gently curved his lips, "Even if I really was injured, I wouldn't die!"

"The Ghost Gun is out of bullets! Hurry and come back with me!" Ling Que grabbed Song Shiqin's wrist.

Song Shiqin's expression turned cold in an instant as he shook off Ling Que's hand, his eyebrows tightly furrowed, he spoke in a deep voice, "You took the bullets!"

In that moment, a myriad of fearful forces swirled around Ling Que.

She knew that Song Shiqin was truly angry!

Whenever it involved Chu Jin, Song Shiqin would lose his reason!

"Yes!" Ling Que looked up at Song Shiqin, her eyes reddening in an instant, "It was me who took them! But I did it all for you! I want you to live, to live forever!"

Everything she had done was for Song Shiqin!

Even if Song Shiqin didn't like her!

Out of a debt owed, Chu Jin has always been a knot in Song Shiqin's heart, an eternal bond.

As long as Chu Jin lives, Song Shiqin could not have peace!

Only if Chu Jin died could Song Shiqin truly live for himself.

"You go, stop following me!" Song Shiqin turned away coldly.

"I won't leave! If you don't, I won't!" Ling Que opened her arms, attempting to embrace Song Shiqin, but he swiftly dodged, avoiding her steadily.

Ling Que missed her embrace but wasn't embarrassed, she continued, "It's alright, I can wait for you, always wait for you. Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan are already married, from now on, Mo Zhixuan will protect her, you don't need to follow her anymore! Leave them be in their couple's world, you're just being a nuisance! No one will thank you for it!"

Ling Que's words were piercing.

Indeed, Chu Jin was already someone else's bride, nothing to do with Song Shiqin anymore.

Why should Song Shiqin persist like this?

He was putting his life on the line to protect her here.

Did Chu Jin ever appreciate him?

Moreover, Chu Jin didn't even know about it!

Ling Que continued.

"Come back with me. Chu Jin is now a defier of the Heavenly Dao, those who oppose the Heavenly Dao never end well! Furthermore, she's already someone else's bride, she has nothing to do with you anymore! Continue this way, and you will die! No one in this world can contend against the Heavenly Dao!"

Yet it was as if Song Shiqin hadn't heard a thing.

He slowly raised his eyes to look at Ling Que, and said word by word, "If Heaven stands in my way, I'll slaughter Heaven! If people stand in my way, I'll slaughter all under the heavens!"

Each word seemed to carry a chilling force.

Resounding with conviction.

Ling Que's eyes reddened in that instant as she looked at Song Shiqin and asked with a choked voice, "Even if it means death?"

Song Shiqin lowered his eyes slightly, his features calm, solemnly uttered four words, "Even if it means death."

He was serious, with no trace of joking.

For her, Song Shiqin truly would do anything.

"Foolish!" Ling Que exclaimed angrily, swinging her hand, "You're foolish! For a Chu Jin! Is what you're doing worth it?"

Song Shiqin looked at Ling Que, his profound eyes filled with a dark hue, "She is the reason I cling to life! I won't allow anyone to disrupt her wedding!"

Ling Que's bright eyes gradually dimmed as she spoke softly, "Fine, then I'll accompany you."

You should know.

You are the reason I cling to life as well.

You should know.

For you, I can sacrifice everything.

You should know.

A love letter has three lines.

Every line is you.

Ling Que shed a clear tear, her eyes firming with even more resolve.

Indeed, numerous dark shadows attacked from all directions.

Song Shiqin and Ling Que immediately entered a state of combat.

The union of Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin provided these evil cultivators with an opportunity.

On the day of their grand wedding, it was when their spiritual power was at its weakest.

Not only that, but at that time, the curse of contra mundum within Chu Jin would also erupt.

Once the curse erupted, Chu Jin would become as vulnerable as an ordinary person.

Then, killing her would be as simple as slaughtering a chicken.

That is why these evil cultivators were so brazen.

If they could take this opportunity to eradicate Mo Zhixuan in one fell swoop, all the better.

After all, Mo Zhixuan possessed a Seven Aperture Linglong Heart.

Killing Chu Jin could gain the favor of the Heavenly Dao.

Killing Mo Zhixuan could obtain the Seven Aperture Linglong Heart.

Two birds with one stone.

The chance to ascend and become a daoist was right before their eyes; naturally, these people would not let it slip by easily.

Those who came to besiege today included not only various evil cultivators but also other demons and monsters.

Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

These two people.

One Yin.

One Yang.

They were never meant to be in the same world.

If Chu Jin defied the will of Heaven and came together with Mo Zhixuan, even Mo Zhixuan would be implicated.

The evil cultivators were increasing in number.

Bodies were strewn everywhere.

Fortunately, the surroundings of Phoenix Manor were filled with enchantments; ordinary people could neither enter nor see inside.

In the distance.

It seemed like one could hear the sound of firecrackers.

Deafening.

Song Shiqin's mouth curved into a slight smile, taking out a paper fan from his embrace and tossing it into the air, immediately beams of light filled the sky, cleansing the bloodshed, and the surrounding dark Qi vanished without a trace.

Beside him, Ling Que was still fighting with the evil cultivators.

Black Qi was emitted from Ling Que's hands from time to time, coalescing above.

Song Shiqin slightly frowned, while looking towards Ling Que, he raised his hand slightly and caught the falling paper fan from midair, he spoke coldly, "Ling Que, be careful not to let her notice anything unusual!"

Ling Que remained silent, with a hint of bitterness flashing in his eyes.

A palm wind passed, dissipating the black qi directly.

For Chu Jin!

Song Shiqin really would do anything!

The air returned to normal.

The long line of luxury cars slowly passed in front of Song Shiqin.

However,

the people inside the cars did not see them.

Just then, an evil cultivator rushed over.

Ling Que coldly lifted his gaze, and with a sweep of his palm, the evil cultivator was split in half, bloodied.

"On this joyous occasion, don't let her encounter any mishaps!" Song Shiqin said with displeasure, glancing sideways as he held his paper fan and gave it a gentle wave, making the two halves of the corpse that Ling Que had split disappear into the air.

Song Shiqin flipped over and stood in front of Ling Que, sternly questioning, "Didn't I tell you? Don't let her notice anything out of the ordinary! How could you still be so careless!"

Whether intentionally or not,

the two halves of the corpse had almost crossed the barrier and fallen onto the wedding car behind.

That's why Song Shiqin was so angry.

"I'm sorry," Ling Que said, looking down in apology, "It wasn't on purpose."

Song Shiqin heaved a sigh, "Forget it, you go; I can handle this alone."

Ling Que suddenly looked up at Song Shiqin and pointed to the corpses scattered about, "You're fighting life and death here for her, while on the other side, she's getting paired off with someone else. Xuanyuan, is it really worth it?"

Indeed,

Song Shiqin, who bore the mark of an emperor for three lifetimes, was Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Or rather, Song Shiqin was his reincarnation.

Before Chu Jin intervened to save Song Shiqin, he still retained his own consciousness.

Afterwards, he completely became Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Xuanyuan Shangchen paid her no attention.

Holding the paper fan, he eliminated one evil cultivator after another.

He showed Ling Que his answer with his actions.

More and more evil cultivators appeared on this side.

Like never-ending ants, they came in waves one after another.

No matter how powerful Xuanyuan Shangchen and Ling Que were, they began to show signs of fatigue.

Just then,

a tremendous noise came from behind.

Xuanyuan Shangchen and Ling Que turned around.

There they saw Qin Zhurao and Qin Jinyong, who had returned from being transformed into demons.

The two of them still bore their deathly visages, ferocious and gruesome, with maggots dropping in clumps from their rotting faces.

They exuded an inescapable aura of Ghost Qi and malevolence.

"Give us your lives!" shouted the two as they lunged in the direction of Xuanyuan and Ling Que.

Carrying a boundless ghostly force!

It was almost suffocating.

Xuanyuan Shangchen leaped up, borrowing force in mid-air to grapple Qin Jinyong's neck with a fierce kick!

Qin Jinyong staggered, nearly falling over.

Meanwhile, the Grand Elder was making a comeback!

He led countless Underling Nether Soldiers, surging towards them!

Raising a short knife, he slashed at Xuanyuan Shangchen's back.

Ling Que, constrained by Qin Zhurao, couldn't attend to Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Over the years, Xuanyuan Shangchen had spent countless amounts of purple qi to resurrect Jun Huang, weakening his former capabilities.

Otherwise, how could Qin Zhurao and Qin Jinyong possibly match Xuanyuan Shangchen!

Now, the Grand Elder joined the fray.

Three against two.

Xuanyuan Shangchen and Ling Que were gradually losing ground.

If anyone was present, they would surely notice that Ling Que, was only defending, not attacking.

And most of the time, Ling Que was watching Xuanyuan Shangchen out of the corner of his eye.

"Xuanyuan, we're no match for them! Let's get out of here!" Ling Que, while restraining Qin Zhurao and the Grand Elder, called out to Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Xuanyuan Shangchen acted as though he didn't hear.

"Xuanyuan!" Ling Que called out again, unwilling to give up.

Xuanyuan Shangchen still didn't respond.

Seeing that Xuanyuan Shangchen couldn't see her, Ling Que's eyes flashed; she turned and took a direct hit from Qin Zhurao!

"Puh!" Ling Que spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Xuanyuan!" Ling Que, without even bothering to wipe the blood from the corner of her mouth, looked desperately at Xuanyuan Shangchen, "Run away!"

Xuanyuan Shangchen, with a flick of his fan, sent a beam of golden light towards Ling Que.

It swept her right out of the barrier.

How could Xuanyuan Shangchen run away at such a critical moment!

How could he leave the danger to her.

Even if it meant pouring out all his strength, he would give her a grand wedding.

"Xuanyuan!" Ling Que screamed heartrendingly from outside the barrier.

Xuanyuan Shangchen, as if deaf to the outside world, continued to fight with the three inside the barrier.

Xuanyuan Shangchen's military attire was already soaked with blood.

The air was thick with the stench of gore.

The killing intent was heavy.

But Qin Zhurao, Qin Jinyong, the Grand Elder, and their like, seemed invincible.

Just then, three bamboo leaves imbued with a piercing chill flew in from outside the barrier!

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh—"

The three bamboo leaves turned into the sharpest of blades and directly pierced the foreheads of the three attackers.

"Boom, boom, boom—"

Three people fell in response.

A figure like a graceful tree approached against the light, walking leisurely this way.

A breeze swept by.

Bringing a distinct fragrance.

It was the scent of lotus.

"Clip-clop, clip-clop—"

The footsteps grew louder and clearer.

Xuanyuan Shangchen looked up.

He saw a man dressed in plain Tang attire, hands lightly clasped behind his back, strolling as if he were in his own leisurely garden. Although clearly a man, his face was more delicate than that of a woman.

His black hair was tied at the back of his head, exuding classical beauty yet not lacking in masculinity.

This was Mo Qianjue.

"The Ghost Lord from the era of the Ancient Empress—Xuanyuan Shangchen, turns out to be nothing special." A voice as smooth as jade echoed in the air.

Xuanyuan Shangchen put away his paper fan and looked towards the man, narrowing his eyes slightly, "Mo Qianjue... what brings you here?"

Mo Qianjue flicked his fingers, and a glimmer of light flew out, his lips curling into a slight smile, "How could I miss such an occasion?"

He was never one to be petty.

On the day of her grand wedding, how could he not attend to congratulate?

Xuanyuan Shangchen reached into the air, grasped a pill, and swallowed it, then said to Mo Qianjue, "Thanks."

Mo Qianjue looked at him pridefully, "I only saved you for her sake."

At that moment.

More and more evil cultivators launched their attack.

Mo Qianjue immediately went on alert.

Thanks to Mo Qianjue's medicine, Xuanyuan Shangchen's wounds had also healed significantly.

The two cooperated very well.

They defeated wave after wave of evil cultivators.

Inside the protective barrier, blood filled the sky.

Outside the barrier, the atmosphere was one of jubilation.

Ling Que's lips curved in a mocking arc.

This Jun Huang really had some tricks up her sleeve!

She even managed to captivate the most perfect three men in the world, all devoted to her!

Even risking life and death!

On what grounds!

On what grounds could Jun Huang effortlessly capture these men's hearts without doing anything?

Jun Huang was merely a defier of the heavens, what gave her the right to have all this?

And yet, herself...

She had given so much for Xuanyuan Shangchen, yet he just couldn't see her!

Why?

It's not fair!

She wasn't greedy.

Just having Xuanyuan Shangchen would have been enough.

Why did the heavens have to treat her this way?

Ling Que looked at the two figures inside fighting the evil cultivators, her wet eyes flashing with poisoned ruthlessness, her hands gently bending to reveal a short blade in her palm.

"Jun Huang!" Ling Que's gaze was venomous and biting, "You forced my hand!"

Today, you must die!

To kill Jun Huang is to comply with the Heavenly Dao.

So, Ling Que had no psychological burden.

Ling Que narrowed her eyes, a sinister color almost spilling from them, she gently lifted her hand, making a small cut in the barrier.

Inside the barrier, Song Shiqin was much relieved with Mo Qianjue's help.

Their cooperation was flawless.

The day gradually darkened.

On this side.

The wedding ceremony of the Mo family had reached the stage of bowing to the ancestors.

Because Mo Zhixuan had no father.

The head of the table was taken by Lady Mo and Tong Zhi.

"First bow to the heavens and the earth."

"Second bow to the high hall."

"Husband and wife bow to each other."

"The ceremony is complete—"

No sooner had the words been spoken, applause broke out all around.

Then came the sound of laughter.

"Very good, very good," Lady Mo nodded with satisfaction, her face beaming with joy.

In the barrier, Xuanyuan Shangchen and Mo Qianjue both felt a twinge of bitterness at hearing this, but it was quickly replaced by joy.

The ceremony was complete.

Wonderful, she had finally gotten her wish.

The evil cultivators had almost all been defeated here.

Just as Xuanyuan Shangchen and Mo Qianjue breathed a sigh of relief, the once-solid barrier suddenly exploded.

Numerous evil cultivators surged in from all around.

The Elder, Qin Zhurao, and Qin Jinyong, who had been laying on the ground, revived once again.

This was the power of the Heavenly Dao.

All those who wished to kill Chu Jin were complying with the Heavenly Dao, and so, they were resurrected.

Mo Qianjue and Xuanyuan Shangchen's eyes flashed with surprise as they exchanged a look before picking up their weapons once more, leaping into the air, and engaging with the evil cultivators.

To the death!

They would defend her peace at all costs.

Chapter 640: Greetings to the Lord of the Three Realms!

Mo family.

The wedding was held outdoors.

On stage, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan stood together, performing various ceremonial rituals.

The witty emcee tried every trick in the book to amuse the couple.

Below the stage were the boisterous guests.

Laughter filled the air.

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe stood together, watching Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin on stage, their faces beaming with sincere smiles.

She was very happy.

Her brother had finally found his happiness.

Suddenly, Mo Qingyi felt a wave of dizziness in her head, and she raised her hand to rub her forehead. At this moment, if anyone was looking her in the eye, they would surely notice the purple glow shimmering in her pupils!

"Not good!" Mo Qingyi's pupils constricted as she looked up at the sky. As the purple light faded, a wariness settled in her eyes.

Duanmu Zhe also sensed something was off and looked up at the sky too. After exchanging a glance with Mo Qingyi, they discreetly withdrew from the crowd below the stage.

Han Zixiu also noticed the anomaly, squinting his eyes slightly and gesturing for his assistant nearby to come over.

"President."

Han Zixiu leaned in to whisper a few words into the assistant's ear.

"Understood, President." After listening, the assistant respectfully departed and then went to Ding Siyu, whispering, "Madam, the butler called to say that the old lady is feeling unwell. The President is tied up here, so, if it's possible for you, could you go and check on her first?"

Upon hearing this, Ding Siyu's expression changed, "Alright, wait here for me, I'll be right back."

Her mother-in-law's health had always been a concern.

She usually took care of her, and she wouldn't trust any other doctor, so she needed to go back and see for herself.

Ding Siyu ran over to the elderly Mrs. Mo, explained the situation, and immediately, Mrs. Mo very understandingly said, "Your health is important, you should hurry back. Have Zi Xiu accompany you."

"Thank you, Aunt Mo, then could you please let Jin know I had to leave first?" After speaking, Ding Siyu hurried away.

Seeing Ding Siyu and the assistant leave, Han Zixiu sighed with relief.

He recalled the conversation he had with Mo Zhixuan that day.

"She's a defier of this world, incompatible with you, destined not to be together. Let go! It's for the best for both her and you."

"If she is a defier of this world, then I will defy the world with her! Should she defy the heavens, I will defy the heavens alongside her!"

Then came a deep sigh.

Mo Zhixuan had always been a person of restraint.

But after meeting Chu Jin, his restraint had become Chu Jin.

Han Zixiu gazed at the sky, sighing once again.

He hoped that tonight,

he would come back with his life still intact.

He and Ding Siyu hadn't had children yet.

Since Mo Zhixuan had chosen Chu Jin and decided to face all challenges with her, then as a brother, he naturally couldn't drag them down.

Sigh.

Han Zixiu never imagined that one day, he would be facing life and death with Mo Zhixuan.

This feeling,

wasn't too bad.

Just then, the previously calm air suddenly erupted with raging winds, lightning, and thunder.

Thunder exploded across the sky.

It was terrifying.

The strong winds sent everyone stumbling.

Decorations and tables and chairs also made "bang bang" sounds.

The guests were a total mess, all screaming "ah ah" and running around in panic.

It was like the scene of a disaster movie.

Fortunately, people from the Superpower World were relatively calm, quickly escorting ordinary people present to a safe area.

On stage, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, in their wedding attire, still stood there.

Unlike others,

they remained composed while looking at the sky.

"They've finally come!" Mo Zhixuan looked up at the sky, his dangerous eyes narrowing to slits, impenetrably deep.

An intimidating aura radiated from him, keeping others at bay.

Dangerous, harsh.

"What has come?" Chu Jin held his hand and also looked up at the sky.

No sooner had she spoken,

then a massive bolt of lightning crashed down from the sky! Thunder roared!

"Boom!"

Mo Zhixuan gently tugged Chu Jin by the wrist, and the lightning struck right down where Chu Jin had been standing.

The platform was blasted open with a huge hole still smoking.

Had it hit a person, it would have reduced them to ashes!

Before they could recover,

more lightning followed, striking toward them with lethal intent!

The power was immense.

Each bolt was intent on killing!

"Rumble!"

Mo Zhixuan pulled Chu Jin, dodging one bolt after another.

Chu Jin was no fool, quickly realizing the lightning was targeting her, so she pushed Mo Zhixuan away and lured the lightning by herself.

At that moment, countless evil cultivators surged from all directions.

"Zi, what exactly is happening?" Chu Jin dodged the lightning while communicating telepathically with Zi.

What baffled Chu Jin even more was that the spiritual power within her seemed to be weakening.

Moreover, it felt like something was trying to burst out of her chest.

A strange sensation she had never experienced before.

"Zi, talk to me!" Chu Jin called out again.

"I...," Zi hesitated, "I don't know."

Did she truly not know?

Or was she just too afraid to say it?

"Jin, get out of here, leave this to me!" Mo Zhixuan walked over, formed a hand gesture, and suddenly, a transparent barrier appeared, enveloping the two and temporarily blocking the lightning and the attacks from the evil cultivators.

At this moment, the wedding site had completely turned into an array!

Countless evil cultivators stood outside the barrier, clawing and attempting to tear it open with their bare hands.

"I'm not leaving!" Chu Jin conjured an oil-paper umbrella from the air, opened it, and it shone brightly, "If we go, we go together!"

With that, she stepped outside the barrier, fighting the evil cultivators hand to hand.

These evil cultivators had come prepared, having set up the array in advance!

Anyone standing within the array would have their spiritual energy and magic weakened.

Evil cultivators within the array, on the other hand, would have their powers enhanced.

"Boom!" A ferocious thunderbolt viciously struck right at Mo Zhixuan's feet.

Then, the dark clouds in the sky coalesced into a human face, which spoke in a human voice, "Mo Zhixuan, you were a man of destiny, born to be the Lord of the Three Realms! Yet you forsake a promising future to defy the heavens! Stand aside now, it's not too late to turn back. Join me in extinguishing this defiant being, and I shall spare your life!"

A man of destiny, born to be the Lord of the Three Realms.

Mo Zhixuan had always been the king standing at the pinnacle.

It was only after meeting Chu Jin that he gained a vulnerability.

Upon hearing this.

"Heh," A hint of mocking laughter curled Mo Zhixuan's lips, and he said coldly, "Unless I no longer wish to live, there is no one in this world who can make me die!"

His words were incredibly domineering.

And not at all an exaggeration.

Unless he chose to end his own life.

Even the Heavenly Dao could not personally put an end to him.

As he finished speaking, Mo Zhixuan directly fetched a longsword from the air.

As the longsword appeared, a dragon's cry arose!

The dragon's cries echoed one after the other.

Resounding throughout the heavens.

Imposing as if swallowing mountains and rivers.

Mo Zhixuan, wielding the longsword, flashed forward, leapt into mid-air, and intertwined with the purple thunder and lightning.

From a distance,

One could see a Golden Dragon entwined around the longsword, shining with golden light and an awe-inspiring aura!

A defiant being.

Chu Jin had heard this term more than once and had a vague understanding of its meaning.

This calamity.

Was inextricably linked to her, the defiant being.

Another thunderbolt smashed down.

It directly turned Chu Jin's Oil-paper Umbrella to dust, scattering it into the air!

If not witnessed with their own eyes, no one would believe that the Oil-paper Umbrella could be destroyed just like that!

An Oil-paper Umbrella that could bring vitality.

Thus did one see the true might of the Heavenly Dao.

In mid-air, Mo Zhixuan was entangled in a struggle with the Heavenly Dao, a contest between kings that seemed evenly matched.

Chu Jin had no time to ponder and directly chanted an incantation.

Instantly, a flash of rosy light sparked.

An exquisite Konghou adorned with carved dragons and phoenixes appeared in the air, luxurious and majestic, exuding arrogance!

This was an ancient Konghou.

At the same time, countless thunderbolts struck the Konghou, but it remained unscathed! Instead, it became even brighter around it!

How could an artifact of the ancient Empress be so easily destroyed?

Chu Jin lightly tapped her toes, flashed to the Konghou, and gently plucked its strings with her bare hands.

"Zing—"

With the divine sound, a miracle occurred.

The Dancing Dragon and Phoenix.

Each note of the phoenix's cry orchestrated the heavens! Piercingly sharp!

These musical notes turned into a tangible force, striking directly at those evil cultivators. The colossal sound waves even surged into the clouds, lending Mo Zhixuan a helping hand!

Chu Jin just stood there, beside the Konghou.

The phoenix crown fell from her head, her hair disheveled, black locks fluttering wildly, intertwining with the red hem of her dress, her delicate peach blossom eyes shimmering with brilliance!

"Struggling in vain!" sneered Heavenly Dao. Although he couldn't defeat Mo Zhixuan, he could easily send Chu Jin to her death! Heavenly Dao's attacks were relentless, and frost nails like ice blades ferociously shot towards Chu Jin! The world plunged into darkness, like the mournful wails of damned spirits.

Fear!

Terror!

If there had been any ordinary people present, they would probably have been scared to death on the spot.

Meanwhile, to the west, three dark silhouettes had broken through the barrier, launching an attack in Chu Jin's direction!

It was the Elder, Qin Jinyong, and Qin Zhurao!

These three, because of the array, now possessed immortal bodies and had lost their rationality, becoming unimaginably powerful.

"Chu Jin! Today, I must kill you!" From the east, Chu Tian brandished a longsword, thrusting it straight towards Chu Jin.

"Seeing so many people wanting you dead, I am reassured!" Zhao Yiling, dressed in a white robe, gently landed on the ground, her lips curling into a hint of a smile.

She had lain dormant for three whole years for this day.

Today, she would finally avenge her past humiliation!

All people, each carrying a strong intent to kill, attacked in Chu Jin's direction.

With an overwhelming might.

As if they could destroy heaven and earth.

Chu Jin focused solely on her music, her fingers strumming the konghou faster and faster, the notes growing more urgent!

A deafening sound.

A sharp phoenix cry pierced the sky!

But it was too late to act when everything happened so fast!

The ice blades, which were just about to penetrate Chu Jin's body, turned to ash in the previous second.

Layers of red light unwound from Chu Jin's fingertips.

Heavenly Dao's expression changed.

While Heavenly Dao was distracted, Mo Zhixuan swung his longsword, a dragon's roar echoing the phoenix's cry, shining together!

The Dragon and Phoenix cried in unison.

"Die!"

The cloud in the shape of a human face instantly vanished into thin air.

There, just as Mo Zhixuan was letting out a sigh of relief, the cloud behind him swiftly condensed into a human face again. At the same time, countless bolts of lightning struck down at Mo Zhixuan!

Over there.

Numerous evil cultivators, along with Zhao Yiling, Chu Tian, Qin Zhurao, Qin Jinyong, and the Elder, wielding magic artifacts, attacked Chu Jin from all directions.

"Brother Jin!"

"Sister-in-law! We're here to help you!"

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe rushed over, tangling up with Qin Zhurao and Qin Jinyong.

Tong Zhi, holding the Five-Colored Phoenix Fan, joined the fray, "Dare to spoil my grandnephew and niece-in-law's moment, I'll send you all to hell!"

Chu Tian and the evil cultivators behind her were struck down to the ground by the fan.

Han Zixiu looked up at the sky, where Mo Zhixuan was entangled with Heavenly Dao. Han Zixiu leaped into the air, standing midair, "Mo scum, you better not kick the bucket! If you do, no one will call me brother-in-law."

"Take good care of Ding Siyu. You don't need to worry about here!" Mo Zhixuan glanced at him, rarely not bickering with him.

Ding Siyu, being of mortal flesh, would probably find it hard to escape this calamity without Han Zixiu's protection.

"Don't worry, I've made arrangements for her. You should worry more about yourself!" With those words, Han Zixiu swiftly joined the fight.

Heavenly Dao's expression changed.

He immediately used his ability to clone himself, and suddenly, two clouds shaped like human faces appeared in the sky, doubling the attack power.

"Chu Jin, come meet your death!" Zhao Yiling, leading a host of evil cultivators, charged straight towards Chu Jin!