

## R Woman 64

Chapter 64: Mind

As her voice fell, two servants put down their tools and turned to leave.

Wang Qi immediately looked towards Chu Jin, "Miss Chu, can we start now?"

Chu Jin nodded, "Yes, let's get started."

As she finished speaking, she added, "Everyone, please be gentle with your movements when digging. If you feel you've hit something, remember to tell me immediately."

The servants nodded in agreement.

The sky grew darker, making the full moon above even more luminous, while the stars that had clustered around it had at some point slipped behind clouds, vanishing without a trace.

Time ticked away by the second.

The three sticks of incense in the burner were burning shorter and shorter.

And the layer of glutinous rice scattered on the ground before was quietly undergoing a change.

From the original white, it turned brown, and from brown, it was gradually becoming dark brown...

Wang Qi, with his hands clasped behind his back, paced back and forth beside the crowd, muttering incessantly, "How's it going? Found anything yet?"

The pit grew deeper and larger, but aside from some soil and rocks, nothing else was uncovered.

Wang Qi's brow furrowed deeper and deeper, as continuing like this was not a solution.

He walked over to Chu Jin and whispered, "Miss Chu, could it be we're digging in the wrong place? It's been such a long time, and we haven't found anything."

Chu Jin was also puzzled; theoretically, whatever was under the ground should have made some sort of noise by now.

Looking down, she noticed the glutinous rice at her feet, and a flash of peculiarity flickered in her eyes. She quickly crouched down, picked up a few grains, and realized that the glutinous rice scattered on the ground had turned black.

Chu Jin twirled the rice grains between her fingers, and they crumbled easily, releasing a faint trace of black energy from her fingertips before vanishing into thin air.

"Uncle Wang, this is it, keep on digging." Her voice was faint but her expression grave.

Upon hearing this, Wang Qi didn't dare to relax. He immediately walked into the crowd and commanded, "Continue digging."

Shen Lingtian stood behind Chu Jin.

Chu Jin was facing away from him, bending over and searching for something in her backpack.

From his angle, he could perfectly see the slender and fair nape of her neck exposed to the air, shining like a luminescent jade under the silver moonlight. Shen Lingtian's gaze darkened.

He stepped forward a few paces, crouching in front of Chu Jin, and spoke gently, "Miss Chu, what are you looking for? May I offer my assistance?"

Chu Jin continued her task without lifting her head, replying, "No need, thank you."

Her voice was indifferent and cool, with no trace of joy or sorrow to be heard.

Shen Lingtian didn't take offense, his lips curving into a charming smile.

"Miss Chu looks quite young, you must still be in school, right?"

After speaking, he added, "I happen to know several principals of renowned high schools in Capital City. If Miss Chu ever encounters any trouble at school, feel free to seek me out, or, you can directly mention my name. Those people, after all, owe me some favors."

Judging by Chu Jin's attire, she didn't seem to come from a wealthy family.

Moreover, to be out and about at such a young age, enduring hardships...

In this life, we all chase wealth and status; his words were so straightforward that Chu Jin should have had some reaction by now.

After all, opportunities like this, to climb the ranks of high society, were truly rare.

Chu Jin didn't speak but took out three sticks of incense from her backpack, replacing the incense in the burner that was about to burn out.

Shen Lingtian followed closely, his voice exceedingly gentle, like in a past life, "Miss Chu, do you perhaps have some misunderstanding about me?"

Chu Jin suppressed the disgust in her heart, looked up, and was about to say something when a low cry suddenly came from the crowd, "Miss Chu, come quickly, we've found something!"

At the sound, Chu Jin placed the incense burner properly and promptly made her way into the crowd.

The servants consciously made way for her.

The pit had been dug quite deep already, with a few servants busily clearing the dirt at the bottom.

Wang Qi was standing at the bottom of the pit, beads of sweat already forming on the tip of his nose.

Seeing this, Chu Jin also jumped down, a breeze lifting a wisp of her fluttering azure hair.

Shen Lingtian stood behind her, squinting slightly, a dark light flashing in the depths of his eyes.

Chu Jin walked over to Wang Qi, "Uncle Wang, how is it, what is it?"

Upon seeing Chu Jin, Wang Qi's anxiety subsided a great deal. He raised his hand and pointed to a black wooden box nearby, "Over there. It hasn't been opened yet; it's waiting for you."

The pitch-black wooden box, with two strips of talisman paper attached to its side, looked exceedingly eerie, causing one's skin to crawl.

Although it had been buried underground for quite some time, not a speck of dirt clung to the black box, which emitted a chilling aura.

It was almost unbearable to look at directly.

Although it hadn't been opened, and it was unknown what was inside, Wang Qi's heart was racing non-stop, filled with unease, fearing that something bad was about to happen.

Chu Jin glanced at it briefly, "Let's bring it up first."

Several servants efficiently carried the box to the surface.

Under the silver moonlight, the black box seemed even more chilling and intimidating.

It was as if a sharp, pale ghostly hand could reach out from inside the box at any moment.

"Miss Chu, what should we do now?" Wang Qi instinctively looked to Chu Jin for guidance.

Although he was an adult and a businessman, he had never encountered such spooky events before; at this moment, Chu Jin was his pillar of strength.

He hadn't expected that something could truly be excavated here, let alone such a sinister and gloomy box.

Chu Jin reached for the tarot card on the stone table, reversed: The Moon.

The card depicted the moon, water, a scorpion, a dog, and a wolf, but the most prominent was the sorrowful moon, and the most baffling was the scorpion, floating on the surface of the water.

Water is Yin, night is darkness, moonlight is also Yin, and the scorpion is a creature of darkness as well.

The antonym of Yin is Yang.

Chu Jin focused on the card in her hand, pondering for a moment before saying, "Find something to block the moonlight on the box, then have someone born in the Year of the Rooster open this box."

As the saying goes, the golden rooster heralds the dawn; people born in the Year of the Rooster carry the strongest Yang energy.

Hearing this, the servants glanced at each other, indicating that none of them were born in the Year of the Rooster.

"No one?" Wang Qi became so anxious that a fine sweat broke out on his forehead, "Then what do we do?"

He then slapped his forehead in realization, "Right! Miss Chu, I was born in the Year of the Rooster. Can I do it?"

Chu Jin nodded, "Yes," and then took a crystal bead from her pocket and placed it in Wang Qi's hand, "Take this with you."

Zi from the Purple Thunder Space immediately exclaimed, "Jin! How could you give that to him?"

As she spoke, she embarrassedly added, "Jin, as long as you're happy, that's fine. Do you still have enough props for the exchange? If not, remember to tell me..."

Chu Jin paid no attention to Zi.

Wang Qi took the crystal bead and walked step by step towards the black box, each step feeling as if treading on the edge of a knife.

Moreover, the closer he got to the black box, the faster his heart beat, and goosebumps kept rising one layer after another.

Wang Qi took a deep breath, tore off the two strips of talisman paper on the black box, closed his eyes and slowly lifted the lid of the box with trembling hands.

A foul stench immediately filled his nostrils completely.

Wang Qi slowly opened his eyes, saw the contents of the box clearly, and his pupils suddenly contracted. Terrified, he went limp all over, and after letting out an 'ah', he blacked out and collapsed onto the ground.

His complexion was as pale as paper.

That scene would be unforgettable for him for the rest of his life—an eternal nightmare!