

R Woman 641

Chapter 641: Save Her

Chu Jin played the konghou with one hand while snatching a long whip from the air with the other, lashing it fiercely towards Zhao Yiling. The situation was so dire that she didn't even have time to wonder how Zhao Yiling had appeared there.

The whip carried a bitter chill of malice and struck Zhao Yiling directly, instantly tearing her skin and flesh apart.

Zhao Yiling groaned, but almost miraculously, the scar healed itself!

It was as if she had never been injured at all.

Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brows, clearly noticing the anomaly, "Zi, why can't I harm her?"

"Because..." Zi began with a bit of bitterness in her voice, "you are, a person who defies the world..."

In other words, others could harm Chu Jin, but Chu Jin couldn't harm others.

Just because she was a person who defied the world.

Because no one can contend with the Heavenly Dao.

Apart from the melody of the konghou that could cause them actual harm, all other attacks by Chu Jin were void, only causing them a momentary pain.

"Chu Jin, today, you are doomed!" Zhao Yiling charged at her again.

Over these three years, Zhao Yiling had cultivated a special ability specifically to counter the Empress' spirit, and with the help of the array, she indeed could stand against Chu Jin.

At this moment.

The curse of defying the world began to take effect within Chu Jin, a trickle of blood oozing from the corner of her mouth! Her pale complexion was even more bloodless against her red attire.

Zhao Yiling took this opportunity to lift a magic artifact, aiming it straight for Chu Jin's vital point!

If it hit, Chu Jin would perish.

The smile on Zhao Yiling's face grew more and more pronounced.

At this critical juncture, a clear and graceful figure dashed forward, kicking Zhao Yiling away with one swift move.

"Pu!" Zhao Yiling lay on the ground, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

"Jin, are you alright?"

Meanwhile, a very familiar voice sounded in the air.

Chu Jin gently looked up, only to see that the newcomer had tied her hair into a long ponytail, wore a linen tunic, clean and brisk, with attractive and striking features.

"Xinran!" Chu Jin softly called out, a hint of shock flashing in her eyes.

Miao Xinran had actually returned!

"Jin," Miao Xinran walked to Chu Jin's side, taking an elixir from her pocket and feeding it to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin swallowed the elixir, and her complexion improved a great deal.

Miao Xinran stretched out her hand to set a decision, creating a barrier in the air, "Jin, stay here, I'll go out and help them!" Having said that, she dashed out of the barrier.

Chu Jin clutched her chest, vomiting another mouthful of fresh blood.

She relied on the konghou to stand up.

Looking at the fight outside the barrier, Mo Qingyi was injured, Duanmu Zhe was also injured, Tong Zhi's body had reached its limit, the air grew thicker with the scent of blood, the snowflakes were flying everywhere, numerous evil cultivators fell, and countless more flooded in from all around.

The scene was like hell on earth.

If this went on, everyone would die.

Because of her.

So many people were fighting for her, she had no reason to hide here!

Chu Jin steadied herself, grabbed the long whip, and was just about to tear through the barrier when Zi's voice echoed in her mind.

"Jin, play the konghou sonata! If you can bring out the greatest power of the konghou, perhaps there would be a glimmer of hope!"

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin put down the long whip, turned around in front of the konghou, and a drop of fresh blood fell onto the konghou, unbeknownst to anyone, lighting up the strings of the konghou with a strange glow.

Chu Jin, enduring the pain within her body, gently raised her leg and stood on the tail of the konghou, channeling strength into her hands as she began to pluck the strings.

The wind swept up her black hair and the broad hem of her red dress, merging them together.

Graceful.

As though she could ride the wind away at any moment.

A trace of blood still hung on the corner of Chu Jin's mouth, but it did not detract from her grace; instead, it added a touch of enchanting allure!

The wind grew stronger and stronger.

Around the barrier, layers of evil cultivators and demons lay piled.

With ferocious expressions.

They all wanted to break the barrier, to kill Chu Jin with their own hands.

Only in this way.

Could they receive the care of the Heavenly Dao and ascend.

Chu Jin gathered all her spiritual power in her fingertips, as shocking purple lightning coiled around her palms.

Soon, melodious notes of the konghou flowed from her fingertips.

At first, it was gentle and pleasant.

Then, it became more domineering, more piercing!

Chu Jin's face grew paler and paler, blood constantly oozing from her lips, turning her complexion white as paper within a short time.

Her meridians inside were breaking apart, and her blood was flowing backward.

Yet she persisted.

Persisted.

She could not fall.

Chu Jin's fingers moved faster and faster over the konghou strings, almost creating afterimages.

The sound of the konghou grew more and more piercing!

That sound, as if infused with a magic power, was deafening and majestic!

Everyone present couldn't help but cover their ears.

Including the evil cultivators and demons, who had no choice but to pause their fighting!

Under the dangerous melody, everyone's faces painfully twisted together.

Some with weaker willpower convulsed uncontrollably.

It hurt.

The sound of the konghou seemed to transform into countless sharp swords, stabbing into everyone's hearts and penetrating their skin and bones!

The pain was so intense it made it impossible to breathe!

Only Mo Zhixuan and Han Zixiu, suspended in mid-air, were still entangled with the Heavenly Dao.

A phoenix reborn from the konghou's music soared directly toward the sky.

The phoenix flew straight up into the sky.

It launched a direct attack on the center of the dark clouds.

"Boom!"

With a loud explosion, the two dark clouds dispersed, and the Heavenly Dao vanished without a trace.

However, everything was far from over.

An earth-shattering laugh suddenly echoed from the sky, "Hahaha!"

Mo Zhixuan and Han Zixiu turned around at the same time, gripping their magic artifacts and launching an attack toward the direction of the Heavenly Dao.

Only by annihilating the Heavenly Dao could Chu Jin be saved.

Chaos reigned above and below the sky.

Taking advantage of the chaos,

Ling Que quietly approached Chu Jin, slightly bent her finger, and a streak of light shot out from her fingertip, instantly disappearing into Chu Jin's forehead.

Then, Ling Que took out a yellow talisman paper and threw it towards the sky.

As soon as the yellow paper left her hand, it burst into flames, and soon turned to ashes.

After doing all this, a sly smile curled on Ling Que's lips.

Her beautiful eyes gleamed with triumph.

Empress,

You can finally disappear from this world forever!

With the disappearance of that yellow talisman paper, Mo Zhixuan and Han Zixiu could clearly feel the power of the Heavenly Dao growing rapidly.

It was the right moment.

A Heavenly Dao avatar cast down, bringing endless oppression to the person below.

The killing intent was thick, and for Chu Jin, the Heavenly Dao showed no mercy.

"Zing—" The sound of the konghou suddenly stopped.

At that moment, a blurry figure flew swiftly over, positioning themselves directly in front of Chu Jin!

In mid-air.

Han Zixiu was entangled by another Heavenly Dao's spirit and couldn't get free.

He could only watch helplessly as Mo Zhixuan took the full brunt of the blow intended for Chu Jin.

"Heh, playing the hero for the beauty," a mocking voice echoed in the air, "Mo Zhixuan, didn't you say that no one could hurt you?"

"Pfft!" Mo Zhixuan spat out a mouthful of blood.

With a longsword in hand, he knelt on one knee before Chu Jin.

"Mo Zhixuan! Have you lost your mind?" Chu Jin exclaimed in shock, not minding her own wounds, and immediately embraced Mo Zhixuan.

How could he be so foolish...

"I'm fine," Mo Zhixuan said with a slight smile, reaching out to wipe the trace of blood from Chu Jin's mouth, "Don't worry."

No sooner had he finished speaking than more blood kept bubbling out of Mo Zhixuan's mouth.

That face.

It was paler than Chu Jin's.

"Stop talking, please, stop talking!" Chu Jin wiped the blood with her sleeve, her tears falling like broken pearls.

For the first time since being reborn,

She felt such panic.

An overwhelming sense of helplessness flooded her entire being.

She could only watch, helplessly, as those she knew so well fell one by one because of her.

Yet she was powerless.

There was nothing she could do.

Mo Zhixuan gently wiped the tears from Chu Jin's face, trying to appear nonchalant as he smiled and said, "Silly girl, why cry? I'm truly fine."

"Those who defy the heavens will meet a terrible end! Die!" The Heavenly Dao unleashed its might again, overwhelming and crashing down on the two like a tidal wave of elemental forces.

Mo Zhixuan's expression changed, and he stretched out his long arms to protect Chu Jin in an embrace.

Just then,

Two figures stepped out, blocking Heavenly Dao's advance.

One of them even set up a barrier around Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

Chu Jin looked up in surprise.

She saw that the newcomers were Song Shiqin and Mo Qianjue.

Mo Zhixuan coughed lightly and more blood surged from his mouth.

Without time to think, Chu Jin quickly took out the Golden Needle and a medical kit from her space.

"Sit tight, I'll treat your wounds." Chu Jin's body had also reached its limit, and at that moment, she was completely running on fumes.

She was hanging on by a thread.

"I'm fine," Mo Zhixuan pressed down on Chu Jin's hand holding the Golden Needle, looked up at her, his deep phoenix eyes reflecting her image. He suppressed the sweet taste of blood in his mouth, reached out to touch her cheek, tenderly caressing it, and slowly said, "Jin, promise me, no matter what happens, you must live on."

Chu Jin's tears fell like rain, nodding while saying, "Let's live on together, I have so much more to tell you..."

"Shh." Mo Zhixuan placed a finger to her lips, "Stop talking, close your eyes, I've got something for you."

Chu Jin slowly closed her eyes, as two lines of clear tears fell from her long, thick eyelashes.

Mo Zhixuan supported her head with one hand and curved his other around her neck, delivering a kiss with his thin lips to her red ones, just as he usually did.

But what was different this time

was that between their kisses, there was a strong taste of blood.

If Chu Jin were to open her eyes at that moment, she would find that Mo Zhixuan's eyes were wide open; besides the affection in those deep and profound phoenix eyes, there was an unfathomable darkness.

He wanted to remember her appearance forever.

Forever.

He really couldn't bear to let go.

Couldn't bear to leave her.

Couldn't bear to depart from her like this.

It had been so hard for them to finally come together.

But, no matter how reluctant, he had to let go.

His life in exchange for hers.

It was worth it.

Only, the thought of her becoming alone again, from now on,

made his heart ache to the point where he couldn't breathe.

He really wanted to just keep kissing her like this.

Forever and ever.

Until death do us part.

But, that was not possible...

Mo Zhixuan gathered energy into his lower abdomen, calling forth the Spirit Pill within him and directing it upwards.

Chu Jin felt her body growing hotter and hotter. The pain was gradually subsiding as if she was enveloped by a piece of thin, light feather.

By the time she realized what was happening, it was already too late.

She tried hard to open her eyes.

Mo Zhixuan, however, held her tightly in his embrace.

"Let me go..." Chu Jin pushed against Mo Zhixuan's chest with her hand.

But he didn't budge an inch, his solid chest like a city wall.

It was not until the red Spirit Pill had successfully traveled from his belly into her mouth that Mo Zhixuan finally released his hold.

"Jin," Mo Zhixuan looked up at Chu Jin, a faint arc forming at the corner of his mouth. He caressed her cheek and said, "...forget about me, and live a good life."

Those brief dozen or so words.

Drained all the strength from his body.

His face grew paler and paler, his hand slipping weakly from her cheek, leaving behind a faded smile at the corner of his mouth.

"Mo Zhixuan..." Chu Jin clutched his hand tightly, pressing it to her face as tears blurred her vision.

His body temperature began to drop drastically.

In just a few short seconds, it became as cold as ice.

Bone-chillingly cold.

"Mo Zhixuan!" Chu Jin hugged him tightly, her hoarse voice crying out those three words, her sobs nearing a wail.

How did it come to this?

She had never imagined that one day he would leave her in such a way.

Today was supposed to be their big, joyful day...

"Brother!" Mo Qingyi covered her mouth in disbelief, tears flooding her face, her shoulders trembling so much she nearly lost all her ability to fight.

Chu Tian seized the opportunity, gripping the Longsword in her hand, and thrust it straight into Mo Qingyi's back.

Mo Qingyi turned around in disbelief, clutching her heart, her hands full of blood...

And the crazed Chu Tian took advantage of her unguarded state to pull out the Longsword and thrust it back into Mo Qingyi's chest.

Mo Qingyi coughed up a mouthful of fresh blood.

She fell straight toward the ground.

"Qingyi!" Duanmu Zhe shouted, instantly kicking the Elder away and leaping over to catch Mo Qingyi.

Duanmu Zhe held Mo Qingyi tightly in his arms, his hot tears dropping one by one onto her face.

"Duanmu Xiaosi, men do not shed tears lightly; why are you crying?" Mo Qingyi whispered with a smile.

"I'm not crying," Duanmu Zhe struggled to pull out a weak smile, "I'm not."

"Duanmu Xiaosi," Mo Qingyi looked at his tear-streaked face, "Do you know? I actually really like you. I've always liked you, even when I went abroad for three years, I couldn't forget you. Am I... am I pathetically hopeless?"

Duanmu Zhe couldn't speak anymore, his whole body trembling, his tears falling uncontrollably. He was the truly hopeless one, knowing she was back but still not having the courage to confess his feelings.

"I'm sorry, it was all my fault before. I bullied you and even secretly tore up the love letters you gave to other classmates..." On reflection, Duanmu Zhe really was a good young man; all these years, not fighting back, not talking back, always cleaning up her messes...

Duanmu Zhe gripped her hand tightly, "The one who should say sorry is me, I let you down. That love letter was actually meant for you, but I never had the courage to give it to you by hand. Do you remember this rubber band?"

Duanmu Zhe took a rubber band from his wrist, "I secretly took this rubber band from your house, and I've worn it for six years, so, the person who has always liked you... it's me..."

So it turns out that rubber band was hers.

So it turns out Duanmu Zhe also liked her.

In this world, nothing is better than having the one you like, like you back.

It's just a pity.

She found out too late.

Mo Qingyi took the rubber band and a faint smile crossed her lips, then slowly closed her eyes, her hand holding the rubber band dropping powerlessly.

In an instant, Duanmu Zhe was overwhelmed with grief; his eyes filled with a near-despairing torrent of tears, he held Mo Qingyi's body and wept bitterly.

Seeing this, Zhao Yiling narrowed her eyes slightly, her suppressed hatred for many years bursting forth; this bastard! Good that he's dead! Good! Duanmu Zhe deserves to die too! They all should die! Zhao Yiling snatched the Longsword from Chu Tian and drove it directly into Duanmu Zhe's back!

One stab, one stab! Blood quickly stained Duanmu Zhe's clothes red.

Duanmu Zhe just collapsed onto Mo Qingyi, a trace of a smile spilling from the corner of his mouth.

How wonderful.

In life, they hadn't been able to be together.

In death, they finally were.

Not meeting in life, yet in death sharing the same grave.

Tong Zhi, Zhou Xunian, Mo Qianjue, and others collapsed one after another.

Falling into pools of blood.

Even Han Zixiu fell from the midst of the sky.

Chu Jin put down Mo Zhixuan and slowly stood up, looking at everything around her, disconsolate and overcome with sorrow.

"Hahaha——"

A mournful laugh echoed through the air, chilling and heart-wrenching.

Drop by drop, tears of blood fell to the ground.

They were all dead.

Dead because of her.

Dead because of her, the one against the world.

What exactly had she done wrong?

Just then, Heavenly Dao seized the opportunity and struck again, another heavy blow.

"No!"

Miao Xinran threw herself forward.

Directly shielding her from the lethal strike.

"Xinran!" Chu Jin reached out and grabbed Miao Xinran's wrist.

"Jin," Miao Xinran looked at her, her face covered with tears of blood, smiling, "In the next life, we must still be best friends."

As she finished speaking, Miao Xinran closed her eyes.

Chu Jin's lips trembled violently; she couldn't utter a word as a rush of blood surged to her throat and she vomited a sweet, metallic taste.

"Stop it! Stop all this! What exactly has she done wrong? How could you do this to her!" Xuanyuan Shangchen pointed his sword at the skies and roared in anger.

Talking about being an abomination against the world?

She had clearly done so many good deeds; how was that going against the heavens?

"You want to save her?" the voice of Heavenly Dao sounded.

"Yes!"

"If you take this lightning tribulation for her, I will let her go." At the end of his words, a terrifying bolt of lightning gathered in the sky.

Without a moment's hesitation, Xuanyuan Shangchen agreed, "Alright!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, the bolt of lightning directly struck him down.

In an instant, Xuanyuan Shangchen's body was torn and lacerated; no one knew the pain he was enduring.

He collapsed on the ground.

Xuanyuan Shangchen lay there, looking at Chu Jin, his eyes filled with no regrets.

For her.

It was worth it.

But what Xuanyuan Shangchen had never expected was that another thunderbolt gathered in the sky, and this time, the target was Chu Jin!

Heavenly Dao!

Heavenly Dao actually went back on its word!

Xuanyuan Shangchen tried to push Chu Jin aside, to take the tribulation himself, but he couldn't muster any strength; the power of the tribulation was too great, and he was not far from death.

He couldn't imagine.

What would happen if that bolt of lightning struck Chu Jin.

He could accept his eternal disappearance from this world but couldn't bear the thought of her eternally vanishing from this world.

Just then, a youth rushed over frantically!

He pushed Chu Jin aside.

With his own body, he shielded Chu Jin from the lightning tribulation.

This was Chu Xiu.

Chu Jin reacted, forcefully pushing Chu Xiu to the side.

Just then, Zhao Yiling brandished a longsword and chopped directly towards them.

"Bang!"

Chu Xiu collapsed directly onto Chu Jin.

Blood.

It dyed red the wedding dress she was already wearing.

Damn it! Chu Xiu deserved to die!

Zhao Yiling laughed triumphantly; she enjoyed seeing Chu Jin's look of despair, she wanted to crush Chu Jin beneath her feet, she wanted Chu Jin to neither live in peace nor die in rest!

Zhao Yiling pulled the longsword from Chu Xiu's body and stabbed it straight toward Chu Jin's chest!

With a surge of killing intent.

Her hatred was overwhelming.

In this moment, Zhao Yiling's face showed nothing but hate and triumph.

Chu Jin held Chu Xiu, her eyes filled with nothing but despair.

"Master!" Suddenly, a tiger's roar burst through the air.

Little White transformed into the White Tiger, leaping fiercely over, directly kicking away the sword in Zhao Yiling's hand, and with a huge burst of light, Zhao Yiling staggered several steps backward, unsteady on her feet.

Chapter 642:

Chu Tian saw the White Tiger flying this way, a torrent of hatred swirling in his eyes. It was this very beast that cast him aside by the road yesterday, covered in disgrace. Today, he finally had his chance for revenge!

Chu Tian grabbed a longsword and fiercely stabbed towards the White Tiger, accompanied by a massive wave of light, delivering a heavy blow!

The huge body of the White Tiger was rapidly shrinking at the speed of light, until it was the size of an ordinary house cat, plummeting downwards rapidly. Meanwhile, Chu Tian seized the opportunity to chase after the victory, wielding the longsword and slashing toward Chu Jin's direction once again.

The White Tiger, like a kite with its string cut, fell straight into Chu Jin's embrace.

Chu Jin waved his left hand, and two tarot cards tinged with a biting chill flew towards Chu Tian!

"Whoosh whoosh—"

The two tarot cards directly severed Chu Tian's arms.

Blood sprayed.

"Ah!" A painful howl echoed in the air.

Chu Tian looked incredulously at the scene before him.

Her hands were gone.

Her arms had been severed from the shoulders by the tarot cards.

Her whole body convulsed with pain.

The current her, no different from a cripple, wished to close her eyes and faint, yet her consciousness was clearer than anyone's.

The sharp, unyielding pain.

Pain that ripped through the heart and lungs.

Chu Tian lost her balance and fell to the ground, writhing like a spineless animal, her facial features contorted with pain.

Wasn't Chu Jin suppressed by the array?

How did he still possess such terrifying power?

Chu Tian's eyes filled with a despair close to giving up.

Beyond the physical agony, there was panic in her soul.

"Master," the White Tiger reached out its little paw, gently rubbing Chu Jin's cheek, "I promised sir that I would protect you well, and now, I have... "

Chu Jin held it tightly in his arms, tears wetting the snow-white fur of the little White Tiger.

"Master, I might not be able to protect you anymore... Remember to take good care of my fish, change their water every day, my fish are very delicate, tap water must be settled for more than 3 days, there's a glass jar on the balcony with settled water already prepared, Little Red and Little White don't like to eat fish feed, remember to dig earthworms from the garden for them to eat every morning..."

Little White spoke while blood bubbled from its mouth, its breath growing weaker and weaker.

"Jin brother, if there is an afterlife, I still want to be your little brother..."

Chu Jin bit his lip tightly, his face streaked with tears, unable to utter a word, just nodding desperately.

"Jin brother, goodbye." Afterward, the White Tiger was no more in this world.

The body of the White Tiger gradually shrank, slowly turning transparent, until it disappeared into the air.

Chu Jin gazed at the scattered bones on the ground, his face so filled with despair that there wasn't a trace of expression left, his eyes bottomlessly cold, like the ice of late December, chilling, and panic-inducing.

This chill seeped directly into the marrow.

At the same time, an overwhelmingly powerful force burst forth from Chu Jin!

Zhao Yiling and the Elder both shivered in the cold.

Even the heart of the Heavenly Dao trembled a little.

At this moment, she was like a deity of slaughter, her body radiating a destructive and murderous aura capable of annihilating both heaven and earth.

She slowly raised her head, sweeping a glance over the remaining crowd, and finally, lifting her gaze to the horizon, her pitch-black eyes slowly turning blood red!

Between heaven and earth, winds howled and clouds surged, the blood moon hung high.

The red robe fluttered, entangled with the black hair that was growing longer by the moment, spreading out in all directions.

It was as if those locks of hair had come alive, dancing behind her.

"Zheng Chuyi," Chu Jin spoke softly, her voice cold with an echo that resonated in the emptiness, each word chillingly sharp, "I will make sure you walk every layer of the Eighteen Layers of Hell!" With that said, she lifted her gaze to the heavens, her fierce eyes set on the Heavenly Dao, "Including you!"

In her blood-red eyes, there was not a trace of emotion.

The black hair and red dress made her an alarming sight, a strange red totem appearing on her forehead, her red garments billowing, red mist swirling around.

The Heavenly Dao couldn't help but shiver.

This feeling, it's too terrifying!

Zhao Yiling and the Elder behind her both cautiously took two steps back.

Particularly Zhao Yiling, who showed an expression of extreme fear on her face. How did this Chu Jin...

How did she know that she was Zheng Chuyi?

"Thinking of leaving?" Chu Jin slightly lowered her gaze, the corners of her mouth curving into an icily cold arc, as she took steps forward, one by one, closing in on the Elder and Zhao Yiling. Wherever she walked, the ground was sealed in ice, with fissures cracking underfoot.

As Chu Jin was about to reach them, the Elder grabbed Zhao Yiling's wrist and they started to run swiftly.

Alas.

It was too late.

Their legs were sealed by the cold ice onto the ground.

They couldn't move an inch.

The Elder and Zhao Yiling could only watch helplessly as Chu Jin approached them step by step, with a world of ice and snow trailing behind her. Even the sky above was enveloped within the freeze.

Heavenly Dao unleashed thunderous retributions, bolt after bolt of lightning striking down upon Chu Jin.

Alas.

There wasn't a single mark on Chu Jin's body, the thunderous retributions no longer able to shake her in the slightest.

On her face, there was even a faint smile.

Both the Elder and Zhao Yiling showed looks of terror.

"There has never been anyone who could defy the Heavenly Dao!" roared the Heavenly Dao, its fury and terror cascading in more powerful forces towards Chu Jin!

It is precisely because no one has ever defied the Heavenly Dao.

That's why it is so angry.

It will not allow Chu Jin to challenge its dignity.

Even less so, will it permit the existence of someone like Chu Jin who defies the natural order!

Her existence is a disgrace to the Heavenly Dao!

It was so a thousand years ago, and unexpectedly, after numerous cycles of reincarnation, Jun Huang became Chu Jin, and she remained thus!

The expression of the Heavenly Dao grew more ferocious.

More and more thunderous retributions emerged from the horizon, all targeting Chu Jin.

Chu Jin still kept moving forward, unstoppable, emitting a strong desire to kill. With a flick of her sleeve, a red light burst forth, reflecting back all the forces sent by the Heavenly Dao!

"Bang!" The sky filled with snow light.

Heavenly Dao, personified, clutched at its heart, standing amid the clouds, incredulously watching the scene unfold.

It has always been the Heavenly Dao that controlled the fate of others.

When.

Has the Heavenly Dao ever been retaliated against?

This person!

This person dares to defy the natural order!

The Heavenly Dao was even more enraged!

This time, it must annihilate Chu Jin.

Otherwise, leaving her in this world would always be a calamity!

The Elder revealed an incredulous look.

He had thought that this battle was a sure win.

But who would have imagined...

However, what does it matter if Chu Jin could defy the natural order?

Mo Zhixuan is dead, Mo Qingyi is dead, Tong Zhi is dead...

All these people are dead.

They died because of her.

Thinking of this, the great Elder burst into loud laughter, echoing to the heavens.

"Hahaha."

On the road to Yellow Springs, to have these companions.

He was satisfied!

Satisfied!

Chu Jin seemed to have won, but in fact, she lost!

Lost completely.

"Jun Huang, kill me, quickly kill me!" the great Elder roared in excitement, hoping to distract Chu Jin's attention and buy Zhao Yiling a glimmer of hope for survival.

"Want to die?" Chu Jin walked up to him and stopped, her voice soft, her long black hair fluttering behind her set off her delicate features so demonically, "Rest assured, I promised the Eighteen Layers of Hell, and I won't spare you a single one!"

As those words ended, a speck of light flickered from her fingertips.

The speck turned into a cold blade that cut off the tongues of both the great Elder and Zhao Yiling.

Their eyes widened, blood gushing like fountains.

"How pitiful..." Chu Jin lifted Zhao Yiling's chin with her hand, a gorgeous smile blooming on her lips.

Horror painted across Zhao Yiling's face, she shook her head desperately, low whimpers escaping from her mouth.

Horrible.

This person was truly too terrifying!

Like a devil crawled out from hell.

Chu Jin raised her hand again, conjuring a short blade. She held Zhao Yiling's chin in one hand and the short blade in the other.

"Swoosh—"

A pair of ears fell to the ground.

Bloody.

The great Elder watched from the side, filled with rage and pain, wishing he could suffer in Zhao Yiling's place.

...

The great Elder could only watch helplessly as Zhao Yiling transformed from a beautiful girl with all her limbs intact into someone who could only wriggle on the ground like a decapitated worm.

To call her a 'human worm' was not quite right.

Because her eyes were still intact.

Panic was written all over those large eyes.

All limbs lost.

Her whole body was bleeding, yet her consciousness was painfully clear.

Like a reptile.

Wriggling on ice.

The pain had made the great Elder forget his own suffering as he struggled violently, wishing he could simply kill Zhao Yiling rather than watch her endure such agony.

Sometimes, being alive is more painful than death!

"Don't rush." Chu Jin leisurely glanced aside, "You're next."

The great Elder's pupils dilated rapidly.

He could only watch as his limbs were severed from his body one by one.

Unfortunately.

He had no power to resist, like fish on a chopping board, at the mercy of the butcher.

Pain so intense that he couldn't breathe.

The chill emanating from Chu Jin grew heavier.

All the evil cultivators around had been frozen solid.

In the world, only Chu Jin stood proudly alone.

Red garment, black hair.

Xuanyuan Shangchen looked at her, his lips slowly curving into a smile.

The life and death of the people in the world had nothing to do with him.

He only wanted.

For her to be alive.

How good it was that she was still alive.

Xuanyuan Shangchen coughed up blood, his entire body bearing no intact spot.

"Xuanyuan!" Ling Que watched the scene unfold with disbelief, fear showing on her face. She had calculated everything but did not foresee Chu Jin defying fate and releasing the Empress' spirit.

She did not anticipate that she would personally end Xuanyuan Shangchen's life!

She should not have broken the array.

Regret.

Ling Que truly regretted it.

"Xuanyuan, don't die! Don't die!" Ling Que held Xuanyuan Shangchen, tears of remorse falling.

Chu Jin glanced over, stepped forward, and looked down at Ling Que, her lips parting lightly, "You can go down and accompany him in burial!"

The exceedingly cold voice echoed with each word heavy with resonance.

Chu Jin lightly raised her hand, and a sharp short blade was thrust into Ling Que's chest.

Blood.

It stained Chu Jin's hand and the side of her face red.

Ling Que did not resist, and simply closed her eyes.

Heavenly Dao stood on the clouds, full of disbelief! Just as it tried to vanish as a wisp of blue smoke, in the blink of an eye, Chu Jin had appeared before it.

No interweaving of white hair and clouds.

The clash of red and white was so shockingly vivid.

What was more unbelievable.

Even the clouds had been frozen by her.

Heavenly Dao had no physical form.

Facial features unclear, only a rough silhouette could be seen.

Heavenly Dao looked at Chu Jin, displaying a merciful expression, and spoke with great authority.

"Jun Huang! The sea of suffering is boundless; turn back and you will find the shore! All these people underground have died because of you, don't you feel even a slight sense of guilt in your heart? Your very existence is against the Heavenly Dao! By living in this world, you only bring harm to others! If you still have a conscience, then commit suicide as an apology!"

Chu Jin's lips curled into a smirk, she reached out and grabbed Heavenly Dao's throat, "Heavenly Dao is unjust! What need have we of you! Today, I shall enforce justice on behalf of heaven!"

As her words fell.

A powerful and intimidating murderous intent erupted from Chu Jin, her white hair billowing out, spreading to her surroundings, her clothes fluttering.

Along with.

The red clouds on the horizon roiled violently.

Afterwards.

The world knew no more defiance against fate!

Heavenly Dao's eyes widened in disbelief, feeling its consciousness slowly dissipating bit by bit.

Impossible.

This must be an illusion.

Heavenly Dao cannot disappear.

But in the end, Heavenly Dao did disappear.

Without a trace.

Chu Jin landed on the ground and walked over to the Konghou, her hand reaching out to stroke its strings, a long-lost smile playing on her lips, "Old friend, I'm back."

"Zeng." The Konghou produced a melodious sound, as if responding to her.

Chapter 643: Chu Jin, Deceased!

Chu Jin stood on the phoenix's tail, reaching out to pluck the strings of her instrument.

Mystical music flowed from her fingertips.

This melody.

Unique.

It could purify the soul.

With the music, a miracle occurred.

Dragons and phoenixes danced.

It could bring the dead back to life.

It could heal the dead and flesh out bare bones.

The legends of the Konghou were not false.

In the sky, a burst of golden light! Auspicious clouds appeared one after another.

The Golden Dragon and the phoenix rose at dawn, circling above Chu Jin's head, wailing, as if reluctant to leave...

"Jin, don't do it!" Zi realized something was wrong and screamed out loud.

Glaciers melted, the earth revived.

Evil cultivators all scattered like ashes to the tune.

The wounds of those lying on the ground began to slowly heal.

Upon closer examination, one would find that the breathless had begun to breathe feebly.

Battered trees started to return to their former state.

The evil cultivators had scattered like ashes, yet only Zhao Yiling and the Elder Chu Tian, along with their two spiritual pets, remained in their transformed states, wriggling on the ground, yearning for the golden light to grant them a new life.

Alas.

The life-restoring sounds of the Konghou had no effect on them.

Yet, they still did not give up, crawling like reptiles, wriggling their bodies towards the direction of the Konghou.

"Jin, stop playing, if you keep going, you will die..." Zi had already broken into sobs.

"To exchange my death for their lives, it's worth it... Besides, if I die, you can be completely reborn, a good thing," Chu Jin's voice could no longer be discerned of any emotion, hollow, sad, cold...

It turned out.

She had known everything all along, she just hadn't exposed it.

"Jin, I'm sorry..." Zi slowly lowered his head, tears blurring his vision.

"Don't tell me you're sorry," Chu Jin's voice weakened gradually, "It's all about survival. I was already a dead person, no matter how much I did, it couldn't change the present. Zi, I should be the one thanking you. If it weren't for you, I might not have had the chance to be reborn at all. You at least allowed me to live this long, which is enough..."

"Jin, the one who revived you isn't me..." Zi wept as he spoke, "It's Xuanyuan Shangchen. It has always been him. I just exploited a loophole to lodge myself in your consciousness, you aren't Qin Jie, you are the sovereign phoenix, the real Qin Jie was killed by Shen Lingtian long ago, that so-called past life is nothing more than a dream I wove for you, making you forget your own identity, making you think that you are Qin Jie..."

Zi sobbed, confessing everything.

It turned out, from the beginning to the end, it had all been a plot. He simply wanted to use the spirit of the Empress within Chu Jin to nourish himself, in order to achieve rebirth.

Tarot cards, energy crystals, these were all things he used to restrain Chu Jin.

But he never expected that Chu Jin would break free from his control, becoming one with the Tarot cards and even conquering the energy crystal.

Those Faith Values gained from fortune-telling also could not sustain Chu Jin's life.

All these Faith Values were the energy he needed daily.

This energy could make Zi powerful.

So, Zi had always been using Chu Jin.

Only Chu Jin could grant him rebirth.

However, he never expected that Chu Jin would step by step ascend to the peak, becoming a fortune-teller revered by everyone in China mainland, using Tarot arts to help so many.

All this was beyond Zi's imagination.

Chu Jin showed him the kindest side of humanity.

Alive with passion, punishing evil and promoting good, she lived freely and unrestrained.

And he, a heart once cold and selfish, was melted by Chu Jin.

From the initial emotionless, cold system entity, he became the current Zi, capable of crying, laughing, and even gluttonous.

He willingly called her Jin.

Even.

He wished to lodge in Chu Jin's consciousness forever.

He abandoned his initial decision and became Chu Jin's closest kin.

Yet, he had not anticipated that things would come to where they stood today.

Chu Jin was about to vanish, he should have been happy about it.

But.

He was so sad.

So sad that tears flowed uncontrollably.

"Jin..."

Therefore.

Chu Jin had always been Chu Jin, but because the main soul had not returned, she had been an easy target.

Chu Jin was indeed the ninth life of the sovereign phoenix.

Qin Jie was nothing but a past forcefully imposed on her by Zi.

After Zi wept and finished telling this, he thought that Chu Jin would be angry, but Chu Jin still had a calm demeanor, she chuckled, "That's life, isn't it? There's deception, but also genuine emotion. Zi, live well from now on and stop deceiving people; not everyone is as generous as me."

Chu Jin said, smiling.

The curve of her lips gradually faded, turning pale.

"Puh!"

A mouthful of fresh blood spattered onto the strings.

Yet even so, the music did not stop.

Sometimes, being forgotten is a blessing in itself.

Zi cried and nodded, her little face covered in tear stains.

He regretted it.

He wanted Brother Jin to be alive.

Just like before.

"Zi, 'A man's tears should not be easily shed,' stop crying. There's no banquet in the world that doesn't end,"

Heart-wrenching pain spread to his limbs, but Chu Jin clenched his teeth tightly, his hands strumming the strings of the instrument without slowing down, and continued.

"Tell Mo Zhixuan to live well, to carry on my share as well, and also... little White. I might not be able to help feed it anymore. I'm not good at caring for pets; it's better for it to do it itself. Remember to tell it

not to get tempted one day and secretly eat the fish, and then blame it on the bread-loaf hairstyle. If you're a cat, be a cat with a conscience..."

"Zi, eat fewer sunflower seeds in the future. Eating too many can cause stomach issues, and... you shouldn't eat too many chips either..."

Zi could no longer cry out, just sobbing and nodding continuously.

"Ah..." she sighed softly, "I really don't want to leave this world..."

She didn't want to leave, didn't want to leave Mo Zhixuan, didn't want to leave everyone.

Mo Zhixuan, such an old-fashioned and serious man, besides herself, would likely never charm any other young and pretty girls again.

And there was Zhao Yan; she had just woken up and now had to experience the grief of losing a daughter. If she were gone, Zhao Yan would surely be heartbroken. Her health had only just recovered; could she withstand such a blow then?

Miao Xinran came back, and she hadn't had a proper conversation with her yet,

She hadn't witnessed with her own eyes Miao Xinran and Mo Qingyi finding their happiness.

She wouldn't see Chu Xiu and the little loli come of age; she, as a sister, was leaving first...

And those fans who loved her, would they be sad if they knew she was gone? Would they cry?

Yes.

And Qin Zhenglin.

She hoped that after she was gone, he would manage the king well.

There were still so many people and sights she hadn't had the chance to see.

This life was too short, too short...

Chu Jin's voice grew weaker and her consciousness increasingly blurred as her entire being seemed to sink into a boundless black hole. At that moment, she distinctly felt something being pulled out of her mind.

"Brother Jin, goodbye."

The sky burst into golden light.

The music abruptly stopped.

Golden light spread across the land as the sun quietly peeked out from the clouds.

It was sunny and bright.

The people who had already died were now, at this moment, slowly opening their eyes and looking around with a blank expression.

Their first reaction was to look at their own hands, questioning in their minds.

Hadn't they already died?

Is this... hell?

Mo Zhixuan suddenly stood up, lifting his gaze to the sky. The sky was clear, the clouds scattered, and the Heavenly Dao no more. Vaguely, he sensed something wrong and looked down beside him.

With that glance, the always composed Mo Zhixuan revealed panic in his eyes.

"Chu Jin!" he ran swiftly towards her, unable to believe what he saw before him. He felt as if his feet were filled with lead, unable to take another step.

Had the sky fallen?

It had.

She was his sky, his everything.

Mo Zhixuan stood stunned, looking ahead as the blood in his body ran in reverse, a great sorrow enveloping him!

He saw.

The ancient Konghou was covered in blood, a bright red, so vivid that her hair was even stained with it, making her delicate cheeks appear white as paper, except her lips were red as fire, forming a slight smile, with dimples lightly etched at the corners.

It gave the illusion that she was still alive.

Mo Zhixuan's breath was unsteady, and he staggered several steps before ultimately kneeling down, trembling hands pulling her into his embrace, kissing her forehead.

"Jin, Jin..." Mo Zhixuan's voice was hoarse, panicked, and helpless.

How could things have turned out like this?

Why was she the one who had died, not him?

Mo Zhixuan couldn't believe it was all real. He reached out to grab Chu Jin's wrist and checked her pulse. There, there was no longer any trace of life; her breathing had stopped too.

She was truly gone.

Mo Zhixuan felt dizzy, the earth seemed to quake, but he forced himself not to fall.

He couldn't fall.

His life was what Jin had exchanged with her own.

How could she bear it?

How could she bear to leave him behind.

Mo Zhixuan's lips trembled as he held her tightly in his arms, his cheek against hers, softly patting her back with his left hand, "Jin, don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! I will stay with you, always stay with you..."

Mo Qianjue and Xuanyuan Shangchen left the place.

They walked toward the distance.

Nobody knew where they were heading to.

The others also got up from the ground and walked over to Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, watching the scene in disbelief, not even sure how to face what had happened.

They felt as if they had a fishbone stuck in their throats.

The sunlight was so good, yet they suddenly felt as though the sky had fallen—

The world, engulfed in darkness.

She had traded her death for their lives.

"Jin, I'll take you home, let's go home," Mo Zhixuan said as he held her, slowly standing up, his legs shaking. His black hair rapidly turned white in the sunlight.

Mo Zhixuan was still wearing his wedding attire.

In the sunlight.

So striking red it hurts the eyes.

He held Chu Jin in his arms, walking with a shaky, tentative step, as if he could collapse at any moment.

Mo Qingyi and Miao Xinran held their heads and wept bitterly.

Tong Zhi's eyes were also swollen from crying.

And Duanmu Zhe, Zhou Xunian, and others from the Superpower World, all had tears streaming down their faces.

Xiao Bai stood stunned in the crowd, almost frightened to breathe too loudly.

Only...

Mo Zhixuan didn't shed a single tear.

His hair turned white, yet not a drop of tear fell from his eyes.

"Old Nine..." Han Zixiu said worriedly, wanting to give Mo Zhixuan a hand, but he retracted halfway, not knowing how to comfort him.

In the hall,

the decorations were still joyous and festive.

Mrs. Mo heard footsteps outside and quickly went to greet them.

She was startled when she saw Mo Zhixuan carrying Chu Jin inside and quickly asked, "Zhixuan, what happened to Jin?"

Mrs. Mo didn't even notice that Mo Zhixuan's hair had turned white.

Mo Zhixuan, as if he didn't see Mrs. Mo at all, carried Chu Jin upstairs with no sign of life in him.

Then, Mrs. Mo saw Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, Miao Xinran, Duanmu Zhe, Zhou Xunian... entering from the door.

Their expressions were very off, incredibly so.

Tears streamed down their faces.

Especially Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, and Miao Xinran, their eyes were swollen from crying.

In that moment,

Panic struck Mrs. Mo, her footsteps faltered, and she hurriedly steadied herself with a nearby vase, a foreboding atmosphere enveloping the surroundings.

"Sister," Tong Zhi came to Mrs. Mo's side, weeping, "Jin is gone!"

Gone?

The ever-composed Mrs. Mo felt a darkness before her eyes and fainted dead away.

Chu Jin was gone.

How was Mo Zhixuan to live after this?

How was their entire Mo family to live after this?

"Sister!" Tong Zhi quickly supported Mrs. Mo.

"Mom!" Mo Qingyi broke down completely, wailing loudly.

Upstairs,

Mo Zhixuan gently laid Chu Jin down on the marriage bed.

On the bed were items such as lotus seeds and peanuts.

Mo Zhixuan slowly collected the peanuts and lotus seeds and then opened the wardrobe to take out Chu Jin's favorite outfit.

A white shirt.

Black trousers.

Mo Zhixuan calmly looked at their clothes hanging in the closet.

These garments still seemed to retain her scent.

His Jin.

She loved cleanliness.

Now, covered in so much blood, she must be so uncomfortable.

"Jin, don't be scared, I'll clean you up," Mo Zhixuan approached the bed, caressing Chu Jin's cheek. His stern face showed no emotion.

Mo Zhixuan bent down to carry Chu Jin to the washroom.

He removed her red wedding dress, placed her in the bathtub, and with a towel, carefully wiped her body.

The water was tinted red, bit by bit.

After what seemed like ages, Mo Zhixuan carried Chu Jin out of the washroom, laying her gently on the bed.

He picked up the clothes and slowly dressed her.

The white shirt and black pants made her appear so pure and elegant, as if she was still alive.

Mo Zhixuan bent down and kissed her bloodless lips tenderly, lingering, intertwining, reluctant to part...

The people downstairs didn't dare to disturb Mo Zhixuan.

They simply stood guard in the hall,

until the next day when the ice coffin was brought over, and Mo Zhixuan finally carried Chu Jin downstairs.

Everyone watched as he carried Chu Jin, stepping closer with each footfall.

They thought Mo Zhixuan would lose control, go mad, or collapse.

But unexpectedly,

he was always calm, frighteningly so, with an aura of chilliness emanating from him.

The chill was penetrating,

as if it could freeze people solid.

"Brother," Mo Qingyi stepped forward, wanting to comfort Mo Zhixuan. She barely uttered a syllable before she started crying herself.

"I'm fine," Mo Zhixuan glanced at Mo Qingyi, slowly uttered three words, and then, very carefully placed Chu Jin inside the ice coffin, calmly closing the lid.

His deep eyes betrayed no turmoil.

"Jin!" Tong Zhi and Miao Xinran couldn't hold back and threw themselves onto the coffin, wailing aloud.

The others, seeing this scene, had their eyes reddened too.

The ice coffin was transparent, allowing a clear view of everything within.

Chu Jin just lay there, clad in white and black, with clear and handsome features, lips red as fire, and skin so pale it was nearly transparent. Her thick, curled lashes cast shadows over her face, making her look as if she were asleep.

Watching Chu Jin.

Chu Xiu's emotions completely collapsed. He bent over, crouched on the ground, hands holding his knees, and sobs spilled from his throat, his shoulders shaking uncontrollably.

In Tian Luo's laboratory where he had narrowly escaped death, he had not shed a single tear.

But this time.

He couldn't hold back.

Seeing off a bride had turned into a farewell.

He had never imagined that one day, his sister would leave him.

His sister was so strong.

How could she leave him?

When Zhao Yan learned of this news, she fainted on the spot and was rushed to the ICU.

Three days later.

The funeral took place as scheduled.

Chu Jin's body was not cremated but was directly buried underground with the ice coffin.

It was not interred in a public cemetery.

But buried in the Mo family's garden.

It was drizzling from the sky.

When the little girl arrived, the grave was already dug.

The ice coffin was positioned to one side.

Ever since the wedding, Daddy seemed to have become a different person, drunk all the time. When she asked him what had happened, he did not answer.

The little girl had missed Jin's wedding because of some matters.

Only today did she find time to visit Jin.

She had missed Jin so much after all these days.

If Jin had married Daddy, then she could see Jin every day...

As soon as the little girl approached the Mo family's gate, she sensed something was wrong. Wasn't a wedding supposed to be full of joy? Why were there white lanterns hanging from the Mo family's gate?

She had never experienced life and death before, nor had she attended any funerals.

Hence, the little girl did not understand what was happening.

The little girl easily entered the Mo family's gate.

What was strange was that.

Every servant she encountered along the way wore a very somber expression, their faces filled with sorrow, and white flowers pinned to their chests.

The air was so silent that not a sound could be heard.

The little girl found the backyard without difficulty.

But when she got there.

She discovered a group of people gathered there.

It was raining.

They were not using umbrellas.

The little girl found it odd, thinking to herself, have all the adults gone mad?

Why don't they use umbrellas?

What was strange was.

Jin's figure was nowhere to be seen among the crowd.

Hadn't those servants just said Jin was in the garden?

The little girl quickened her pace, not bothering with an umbrella as she ran towards the crowd, "Jin, Jin."

Suddenly, a child's voice appeared in the air, and everyone instinctively turned to look.

They saw.

A seven or eight-year-old child running towards them.

"Grandma, Grandaunt, Aunt, why are you all crying?" The little girl looked at them questioningly – why did the adults' expressions all seem so strange?

"Where's Jin? Why don't I see her?" The little girl looked around in confusion.

Mo Qingyi couldn't hold back and began to cry with her hand over her mouth.

"Auntie, did someone bully you?" The little girl tugged at Mo Qingyi's clothes, her big eyes gleaming with concern.

Mo Qingyi seemed unable to bear her own body's weight and knelt to the ground, sobbing softly.

She didn't know how to answer the little girl's question.

The little girl, feeling something was amiss, then walked over to Chu Xiu, "Brother Xiu, where's Jin? Where is she? Speak to me!"

Chu Xiu turned away, his lips trembling violently, avoiding the little girl's gaze, but the tears streamed uncontrollably down his face.

The little girl panicked.

She continued to Mo Zhixuan, looking up at him, "Uncle Mo, where's Jin? Where is she? Why won't they speak?"

"I'm sorry," Mo Zhixuan's voice sounded somewhat hoarse, "Pengpeng, I've lost Jin..."

The little girl stood rooted to the spot.

For a moment, she couldn't digest the meaning of Mo Zhixuan's words.

She looked around vacantly, hoping to see Chu Jin, but suddenly, her eyes landed on the ice coffin.

The little girl hurried over.

As she clearly saw the person lying in the ice coffin, she let out a sigh of relief, perhaps being too well-protected by Mo Qianjue, the little girl had no concept of life and death, thinking Chu Jin was merely asleep.

"Jin, why are you sleeping here? Get up, Pengpeng is here to see you." The little girl pounded on the ice coffin with force.

But the person inside the ice coffin did not respond at all.

"Jin, wake up..." In desperation, the little girl reached out to push the lid of the ice coffin.

Chapter 644: he said he knows the news about Jin Ge

"Pengpeng, stop it!" Chu Xiu came over to stop the little girl's actions, struggling to speak, "My sister... she's dead."

Dead?

The little girl's eyes widened.

She looked at Chu Xiu in disbelief.

That can't be.

Jin was so powerful.

She couldn't be dead.

"Xiu brother, stop joking around..." The little girl tried hard to squeeze out a smile, "Jin... isn't she sleeping there just fine? She's not dead, you're joking with me, aren't you?"

Chu Xiu immediately burst into tears.

The little girl's eyes widened, tears uncontrollably streaming down her face, her small figure collapsing and kneeling on the ground, her young face etched with despair.

Jin was her hero.

As the rain grew heavier.

It became hard to tell if the faces around were wet from tears or rain.

Throughout the process, Mo Zhixuan remained calm.

He even joined the others, lifting the ice coffin into the grave, then picked up a shovel to start covering it with soil.

Watching as the dirt slowly buried the ice coffin.

"What are you doing!" The little girl suddenly stood up, jumped into the grave, and shielded the ice coffin, yelling, "What are you doing! Do you want to kill Jin? Stop it right now!"

The little girl lay on top of the ice coffin, wiping off the dirt with her sleeves, "Jin, don't be scared, I'm here to protect you..."

Tears fell, drop by drop, onto the ice coffin.

She was going to protect Jin.

Before, it was always Jin who protected her, but now, she had grown up and could protect Jin.

As long as she was around, nobody was allowed to hurt Jin!

"Pengpeng, don't do this, Jin has already left us, let her rest in peace," Tong Zhi also jumped down, trying to take the little girl away.

But the little girl, as if she had changed into someone else, pushed Tong Zhi away, "Bad people, all of you bad people, you can't hurt Jin! If you're going to bury Jin, then bury me with her!"

"Don't hurt Jin!" The little girl trembled, her vision blurring, "None of you are allowed to hurt Jin!"

"Pengpeng, calm down," Chu Xiu also jumped down, sobbing, "My sister... she really left! Let her leave peacefully, will you stop the fuss, please?"

The little girl always listened to Chu Xiu, but this time, she was deaf to his pleas.

"Bad person! You're a bad person too! I will never call you 'Xiu brother' again..." The little girl wailed, pushing the dirt off the ice coffin, saying, "Jin, Jin, please wake up, will you? Please wake up, Jin..."

But the person in the ice coffin remained still, as if asleep.

The little girl was stubborn.

Hugging the ice coffin, no one could pull her away.

Mo Zhixuan walked behind the little girl and gently chopped at the back of her neck.

Everything went black for the little girl, and she collapsed into Chu Xiu's arms.

But, even in unconsciousness, the little girl's eyebrows were still tightly furrowed.

"Take her back to rest first," Mo Zhixuan said to Chu Xiu, his voice indifferent.

Chu Xiu nodded gently, then carried the little girl back to the room.

The funeral continued.

All through it, except for the soft sobbing, no other sounds were heard.

When Chu Xiu came back again.

The gravestone had already been erected.

Mo Zhixuan stood in front of the gravestone, wordless, his expression solemn, his thin lips tightly pursed, his silhouette desolate to the point of being terrifying.

There were clearly other people standing around.

But Chu Xiu still noticed his figure at first glance.

He exuded an air of desolation and near despair, perhaps only someone with no attachment to this world could emit such an aura.

The others had already cried themselves out.

Only he remained unusually calm, not a single tear shed.

"Mom, is my brother going to be alright..." Mo Qingyi approached Boss Mo's wife and asked in a low voice.

These days.

Mo Zhixuan had not touched a drop of water or a grain of rice, and had visibly lost weight, with blue stubble sprouting on his chin, giving him an indescribably deflated appearance.

She had never seen Mo Zhixuan like this.

Boss Mo's wife let out a soft sigh, her voice somewhat hoarse, "It's okay... your brother... will surely get through it."

Will he get through it?

Boss Mo's wife wasn't sure herself; Mo Zhixuan was too calm, a calmness that made Boss Mo's wife feel afraid. Was this the calm before the storm? She dared not imagine how Mo Zhixuan would erupt after bottling everything up inside.

After the funeral was over.

Mo Zhixuan walked towards the Mo family ancestral hall with the spirit tablet in his hands, Mo Qingyi holding an umbrella beside him. Throughout the walk, Mo Zhixuan's expression never changed, his deep eyes seemed frozen.

It wasn't until he carefully placed Chu Jin's spirit tablet among the many others in the ancestral hall.

That Mo Qingyi realized something terrifying.

Next to Chu Jin's spirit tablet, it clearly read, "The spirit tablet of the late husband, Mo Zhixuan."

Mo Zhixuan had actually prepared a spirit tablet for himself... Only the deceased have spirit tablets in the ancestral hall.

Clearly, other people in the hall had noticed this as well.

The air was silent to the point of being terrifying.

Mo Qingyi felt dizzy, her steps faltered, and she stumbled several paces backward. If Duanmu Zhe hadn't caught her in time, she would have fallen right into the furnace that was burning beside them.

"Xuan'er..." In just a few days, Boss Mo's wife seemed to have aged over ten years. She looked at Mo Zhixuan as if she had thousands of words to say to him.

But as if knowing what she was about to say, Mo Zhixuan gently lifted his hand to indicate that she didn't need to speak.

Boss Mo's wife sighed softly and remained silent, both helpless and heartbroken. It seemed that Mo Zhixuan really might not be able to get over this hurdle.

"Sister," Tong Zhi wiped her tears and approached Boss Mo's wife, wanting to say a few words of comfort, but found herself unable to start.

The men of the Mo family had always been deeply emotional, and Mo Zhixuan was a particularly obstinate person. The decisions he made were unchangeable by anyone.

Unless.

Chu Jin came back to life.

Ding Siyu watched all this, unable to hold back, and started crying softly on Han Zixiu's shoulder.

Almost everyone was present.

Only Zhao Yan was absent.

The news of Chu Jin's death was too much for her to bear, causing her to become delusional, often speaking nonsense. Fearing another shock to her, they decided not to have her attend the funeral.

Chu Jin's death was not announced publicly.

So, other than those close to her, the news remained unknown.

After the funeral was over.

Chu Xiu didn't stay at the Mo family's place but instead went back to Huagui Park.

Zhao Yan was still waiting for her at home.

Her sister was gone.

In the future, he would take good care of Aunt.

He wouldn't let his sister down.

When Chu Xiu arrived home,

Zhao Yan had already prepared the meal and was waiting for him.

As usual,

she set out three sets of tableware.

It gave Chu Xiu the illusion that his sister was still alive.

"Ah Xiu, you're back from school? Hurry upstairs and call your sister down for dinner. I've been up to call her several times already, but she just refuses to come down," Zhao Yan said with a smiling face.

Her complexion looked very poor, with deep crow's feet at the corners of her eyes.

"Auntie..." Chu Xiu tried very hard not to cry out, but the rest of his words just couldn't come out.

Auntie couldn't take any more shocks.

"What's wrong?" Zhao Yan asked with concern. "Did something happen at school? Tell Auntie, and I'll talk to your teacher for you."

"No," Chu Xiu shook his head, trying to muster a slight smile, then said, "I just suddenly remembered my sister called me to say she won't be coming home for dinner tonight."

"Not coming back?" Zhao Yan slightly frowned. "That girl, why didn't she tell me herself?"

"Auntie, let's eat quickly; I'm starving," Chu Xiu picked up his bowl and hastily shoveled rice into his mouth, swallowing it down with his tears.

The taste was like chewing wax.

Over at the Mo family's place,

Mo Zhixuan had kept himself locked in his room, refusing to step out.

He didn't even care about the company anymore.

It had been like this for three straight days.

Until the last day came.

Pengpeng couldn't stand it anymore and quietly snuck into Mo Zhixuan's room, hopping onto his shoulder and whispering in his ear, "Sir, Brother Jin might still be alive; you need to cheer up."

A light suddenly flashed in Mo Zhixuan's long-dull eyes, "What did you say?"

"I said, Brother Jin is still alive; she must be alive," Pengpeng spoke very earnestly. "I am Brother Jin's contracted spirit beast, I can sense that Brother Jin is out there; although her aura is very weak, please believe me, she must still be alive."

At these words,

a flicker of light suddenly appeared in Mo Zhixuan's dim eyes.

From that day on, Mo Zhixuan's movements became unpredictable.

He could only be seen late at night.

No matter how late,

he would return home.

What if Jin came home and couldn't find him; what then?

He couldn't let Jin be sad again.

The latest post on Chu Jin's Weibo was still from the day she and Mo Zhixuan registered their marriage.

Two red books, a pair of diamond rings.

The over two million comments below were all blessings for her.

But lately, most of the comments looked like this:

"Goddess, goddess, your Weibo is about to grow grass!"

"Damn it, I've gotten used to the goddess showing off every day, and suddenly when she goes quiet, it feels like something's missing..."

"Goddess, give us dog food!"

"It seems pretty quiet over at the Mo family's head as well."

"The couple is newly married, of course, they don't have time for Weibo."

"Suddenly I have a premonition, Goddess's next post would probably be about showing off her baby?"

"Hahaha, I'm really looking forward to the goddess turning into a baby-showing fanatic!"

"After scrolling through the goddess's Weibo, I go to Boss Mo's Weibo and laugh like a kind old mother throughout."

"Goddess, when are you going to come back and show off again~"

"Goddess, after you got Boss Mo, do you not love us anymore?"

"I beg the goddess to post on Weibo, even if it's showing off, I'm willing to see it!"

In the dim room, with the curtains pulled tight, not even a fly could get in, Mo Zhixuan sat on the sofa, scrolling through her Weibo posts one by one, the corners of his mouth lifting into a very faint smile.

Looking at these posts,

it felt like she was still alive.

Right.

She must be alive.

Mo Zhixuan's hand holding the phone gradually tightened until his knuckles turned white.

The bridal room remained the same, the bright red 'double happiness' character still conspicuous, her shoes still on the shoe rack.

Her clothes were still hanging in the wardrobe.

It was as if her scent still lingered in the air.

Mo Zhixuan's hair had turned almost completely white, just sitting there on the sofa, staring at the phone, looking back on the past, not saying a word.

Mo Qingyi pushed open the door and, seeing Mo Zhixuan like this, suddenly remembered a phrase.

Worse than death.

Apart from him, hardly anyone believed Chu Jin was still alive.

They had watched Chu Jin being buried with their own eyes.

Watched as Chu Jin's face was gradually covered by soil.

Every time she thought of these things, she felt somewhat suffocated.

Mo Qingyi steadied her mind, reached out, and pushed the switch.

With a "clack," a harsh white light filled the room.

Mo Zhixuan looked toward the source of the light with an expressionless gaze, then, as if not seeing Mo Qingyi, coldly shifted his eyes away.

"Brother," Mo Qingyi spoke softly.

Mo Zhixuan asked in a flat tone, "What is it?"

"Brother, there's someone downstairs who wants to see you."

"I don't want to see anyone," Mo Zhixuan's demeanor was like dead waters of the deep sea, devoid of any ripple.

He was like an ice sculpture, devoid of any emotion.

Mo Qingyi looked at him and then said, "He claims to have news about Brother Jin."

"What?" Mo Zhixuan swiftly stood up, like a withered tree in spring, and his voice quivered with uncontrollable urgency, "Quickly, take me to see him!"

"Okay," Mo Qingyi nodded, her eyes flashing with worry.

The person downstairs.

No one recognized him.

His attire made him seem like a Jianghu shaman, and his speech was disconnected and incoherent.

Everyone knew he was a scammer.

But the old lady of the Mo family still let him in.

And treated him with due respect.

Chapter 645 Phoenix Awakening

He hoped his deception skills were high enough to fool Mo Zhixuan and give him the belief to keep on living.

Indeed, the decision of the elderly Mrs. Mo was the right one.

Upon hearing these words, Mo Zhixuan seemed to come back to life.

Downstairs.

A dark-skinned young man was sitting on the sofa, wearing thick Daoist robes despite the sweltering heat, beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

What was most critical was that the Daoist robes were patched up all over, making him look hardly like someone from the 21st century.

Old Mrs. Mo brought over a cup of green tea with a courteous gesture, "Master, please have some tea."

"Thank you, madam," the young man said politely.

The youth looked to be about seventeen or eighteen years old.

His facial features were well-defined and three-dimensional, with big, spirited eyes.

The only drawback was that his skin was too dark.

If it were fairer and his attire more normal, he would quite be a handsome young man.

"Mr. Mo," when Mo Qingyi and Mo Zhixuan approached, the youth quickly stood up, his face carrying a respectful demeanor.

"Do you know about my wife's situation?" Mo Zhixuan went straight to the point.

Originally.

He should have turned to dust long ago.

It was only because of Xiao Bai's words that he had persisted until today.

If Jin returned and didn't see him, she would certainly be heartbroken.

Thus, he was still alive.

As long as there was the slightest hope, he would not let go.

Today, he finally saw this day come.

"Yes," the youth nodded before continuing, "Mr. Mo, my name is Zi Qi, you can just call me by my name."

Zi Qi.

Mo Qingyi looked at the dark-skinned youth in front of her.

Suddenly, she had a very familiar feeling.

As if she had seen him somewhere before.

"Sister," Zi Qi suddenly turned to Mo Qingyi with a grin showing a row of neat white teeth, "don't look at me that way, I'll get embarrassed."

Mo Qingyi smiled politely at him, not saying a word.

This person.

Could he be mentally unsound?

Calling her sister?

Is there a mistake?

Does she know him?

"Zi Qi," Mo Zhixuan turned to him, "let's talk in the study."

"Alright," Zi Qi put away his smile and followed Mo Zhixuan's footsteps.

Mo Qingyi watched their retreating figures and suddenly wanted to tell Mo Zhixuan to be careful not to be deceived.

This Zi Qi was quite strange.

But when the words reached her lips, she silently swallowed them back down.

Perhaps it was not such a bad thing for Mo Zhixuan to live in lies.

She hoped that Mo Zhixuan could continue to be confused.

Old Mrs. Mo looked at Mo Zhixuan, her eyes rimmed with slight redness, finally seeing a bit of vitality in him after so many days.

She hoped that this Zi Qi would be his turning point.

Whether through deceit or cajoling.

In any case, as long as Mo Zhixuan could continue to live, that was good.

**

In the Superpower World.

Within a small cabin in a dense primitive forest.

"Old man, do you think this girl can still live?" A woman in her sixties looked worriedly at the old man grinding herbs at the table.

Hearing this, the old man looked up at the girl lying on the bed and sighed, "We've fed her all the medicine we could, whether she lives or not is now up to fate!"

The elderly couple had lived in this primitive forest for most of their lives.

Living off the land.

They were self-sufficient, living like a pair of immortals, the only regret being they hadn't had a child in their youth.

Three days ago.

The old man went out to fish and stumbled upon an ice coffin in a cave. At that moment, he didn't know why, but he brought the ice coffin back to their home.

To their surprise.

The next day, when they were about to bury the ice coffin, it melted on its own and, more incredibly, the person inside the coffin was still breathing faintly.

Still alive!

Realizing this, the couple was overjoyed. It was one of the few living people they had seen in thirty years.

The couple had spent their lives childless, and this must have been a gift from heaven.

But three days had passed, and despite their efforts, she had not woken up.

She lay quietly on the bed, picturesque in black pants and a white blouse, like a sleeping beauty.

"Alas," the woman also sighed softly, "this child is also unfortunate."

Just at that moment.

The girl on the bed gently opened her eyes.

Her delicate peach blossom-like eyes glistened as she looked around blankly, silently assessing her surroundings.

Her mind was filled with unfamiliar terms.

Cabin.

Elderly.

Between the Chu River and Han Border, a panorama of splendid mountains and rivers.

Where is this?

Does she still have something important to finish?

Her head ached a bit.

The girl stretched her hand toward her temple and softly hissed in pain.

"You're awake!" Seeing this, the woman became so excited that the bowl in her hand fell to the ground, splashing the medicine all over the floor.

The elder also hurried to the bedside, reaching out to feel her pulse, his face showing an expression of disbelief!

"Child, you're finally awake!" the woman said with such excitement that her eyes reddened. She sat on the edge of the bed, holding Chu Jin's hand and did not let go.

So many days had gone by, and the child had finally woken up.

"It's good that you're awake, good that you're awake," the elder said with a face full of excitement, "Child, are you hungry? What do you want to eat? I'll go make it for you."

"Hungry," the girl looked at them and nodded.

Although she didn't recognize these two elders, her instincts told her they were good people she could trust.

"I'll go get some porridge for you." With that, the elder walked out the door.

Not long after, the elder came back with a bowl of porridge.

It was a very sweet porridge with a good taste and a faint medicinal fragrance.

The elderly couple watched with affection as the girl finished the porridge and then asked, "Child, what's your name, how old are you this year? Where does your family live?"

Between the Chu River and Han Border, a panorama of splendid mountains and rivers.

These two lines once again surfaced in the girl's mind.

"My name is Chu Jin, the 'Chu' from Chu River and Han Border, the 'Jin' from splendid mountains and rivers, you can call me Jin," the girl blurted out.

Jin.

The term felt very familiar.

It seemed that there was a deep male voice that often called her this.

That voice.

Pleasant, magnetically rich.

But she could not remember the face of the owner of that voice.

"Jin, then where do your family live? Who else is in your family?" the elder continued to inquire.

Since she knew her name, she must also know her family and address.

The child appeared very intelligent.

Her demeanor was extraordinary.

Just by looking, one could tell she came from a wealthy family; how could they let her stay with them, two old folks, in this remote countryside?

Chu Jin shook her head blankly, "I can't remember."

The elder continued to ask, "Then how old are you?"

Chu Jin still shook her head, "I can't remember that either."

Besides her name, her mind was almost a complete blank. She couldn't remember anything.

"Why don't you try to think harder?" the elder suggested, "If you remember, we can send you home."

Although the elder also very much hoped for Chu Jin to stay and be a daughter to the old couple.

But on second thought.

Everyone has a heart of flesh—what parents wouldn't grieve over a lost daughter?

The parents of this child must be anxious right now.

Chu Jin nodded, closed her eyes, and tried hard to recall. However, her vision was obscured by fog; she saw nothing, heard nothing. And just when she seemed to find a door in the dense fog and was about to open it, a drilling pain struck her temples.

Chu Jin pressed her temples, her face twisted in stifled pain.

"My dear child, if you can't remember, then don't force it," the woman quickly comforted Chu Jin, patting her back, "We're not in a rush. Think slowly, and when you remember, then we will send you back."

"Okay," Chu Jin replied softly with a nod.

"Uncle and Auntie, thank you for saving me," Chu Jin then expressed her gratitude.

Although she couldn't remember anything, she could deduce from the current situation that this elderly couple had certainly saved her.

"Meeting you is fate. Don't mention thanks. If," the auntie said, pausing slightly in her tone, "if you truly wish to thank us, why not become our adopted daughter?"

Chu Jin got up from the bed, "Adoptive father and mother above, please accept your daughter's bow."

Since the old couple had saved her, they were like her parents in this new life.

This gesture was proper.

"Good child, good child," the elderly couple excitedly helped Chu Jin up from the ground.

They had thought that Chu Jin wouldn't agree to their request, considering there was nothing here and they lived in such poverty. Unexpectedly, Chu Jin agreed so readily.

The two elders then chatted a lot more with Chu Jin.

Through a series of conversations.

Chu Jin learned that three days ago, she had been discovered by the elder in an ice coffin.

The two old folks.

The elder's last name was Wu.

The woman's last name was Lin.

They had lived in seclusion here for 20 years. Besides themselves, they had an apprentice who would occasionally come to the mountain to visit them.

Aside from this apprentice.

The two elders lived almost in complete isolation from the world.

In a flash.

Another three days had passed.

Over these three days, Chu Jin had lived very happily with the two elders.

She liked this self-sufficient lifestyle very much.

At this moment, she was walking barefoot from a distance, carrying two fish and said with a smile, "Auntie, let's have fish tonight, one braised and one in soup."

Mrs. Lin was sewing clothes and replied, "Alright, later let your adoptive father take care of it, he's best at cooking fish."

In the days since Chu Jin's arrival, the smiles had scarcely faded from the old couple's faces; Chu Jin was like their own daughter to them.

"Then I'll take the fish to adoptive father." Chu Jin carried the fish and headed outside.

"Wait, Jin," Mrs. Lin shook the newly made clothes in her hand, calling out to Chu Jin, "Jin, try on these clothes and see if they fit you well."

Chu Jin was still dressed in the white robe and black trousers.

There were no clothes for young girls to change into here, so Aunt Lin had to sew a skirt herself.

"Okay, thank you, godmother." Chu Jin accepted the skirt and turned to change in the inner room.

The skirt was made of white cotton.

It had frog-button fastenings and was somewhat like a modified version of a qipao.

It fit her perfectly.

Aunt Lin was very skilled with her hands, and she even embroidered a red plum blossom at the waist.

Lifelike.

It added much charm to the otherwise simple frog-button skirt.

Chu Jin wore it in a way that evoked the sense of an international brand, like a proud plum blossom, standing tall and solitary against the world.

It had to be said.

The skirt was indeed very well-suited to Chu Jin's temperament.

Serenely beautiful, beyond the mortal world.

Aunt Lin looked at the girl before her with great satisfaction and nodded, "Our Jin is so beautiful, this old woman has picked up a treasure."

"It's all thanks to godmother's craftsmanship," Chu Jin, arm in arm with Aunt Lin, said with a smile brimming in her eyes, "Godmother, I really love the skirt you made for me."

Chu Jin made Aunt Lin grin from ear to ear.

"If Jin likes it, godmother will make a few more for you."

"Okay, thank you, godmother."

For dinner, there was braised fish and fish soup stew.

Chu Jin chatted with the elderly couple late into the night before returning to her room.

During the day, she was indeed very happy.

But when night came, she would become very unsettled.

It felt as if somewhere, a very important person was waiting for her.

She knew.

She might not belong to this place.

She wasn't born from a crevice in the rocks; she must have her own home, her own circle of life.

"Don't!" Chu Jin once again woke up with a start from her dream.

Cold sweat formed on her forehead, her face wet with tears.

She dreamed of a man.

And a woman wearing a bridal gown.

However, unfortunately.

She could not see their faces clearly.

In the dream.

The man combed out the woman's hair, all three thousand strands of it.

It was a moment of deep sentimentality.

Unyielding even in death.

She could even feel the man's desolate and despairing mood.

He had completely lost his attachment to life.

The scene shifted.

She could clearly see the well-defined palm holding a dagger, carving something.

It was memorial tablets.

There were two of them.

Not just hers.

But his as well.

He was preparing memorial tablets for himself.

Although it was just a dream, Chu Jin could still feel distinctly that he truly could not rise again.

She wanted to stop the man, which was why she awoke in alarm.

Chu Jin covered her heart, gasping for air in great gulps as if it was just a dream, so why did it feel so real?

What happened to that man in the end?

Would he die?

Chu Jin clenched the quilt beneath her, her knuckles turning white from the force.

After a long while, Chu Jin finally calmed down and wiped the tears from her face.

She lay back down on the bed, closed her eyes, and in a daze, it seemed like she entered a stone house.

Everything in the stone house was very familiar.

On the stone table, there were half-eaten sunflower seeds and chips.

Chu Jin stood there as a dark shadow appeared before her, its chubby legs kicked up, leisurely cracking sunflower seeds, and then crisply called out, "Brother Jin."

Brother Jin.

Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brows.

Why did this title feel so familiar?

Chu Jin instinctively reached out, wanting to touch the shadow, but as she stretched out her hand, the shadow quickly vanished into the air.

Without a trace.

"How can this be?" Chu Jin whispered softly to herself, bending down to sit on the stone stool and picking up a chip to put in her mouth.

It was fragrant, crispy.

A very familiar taste.

On the other end of the table was an ancient book with a blue cover, with the words "Sacred Doctor's Benediction" written in big characters.

Also.

A deck of cards.

A spherical Crystal Ball.

Why was all of this so familiar, as if the answer was on the tip of her tongue, yet she couldn't recall anything?

Right on time.

Inside the room, a very soft sound of footsteps arose.

Chu Jin suddenly opened her eyes. Although she couldn't remember anything, her body's instincts were still intact.

Almost in an instant, she sat up from the bed, darted over with a flash, her fingertips slightly curved, and a playing card appeared in the palm of her hand.

With one hand, she grabbed the person's wrists behind his back, and with the other, she held a Tarot card against his neck, exerting a slight pressure. A bloodstain promptly appeared on his pale skin.

"Who are you?"

"Are you the person Master and Mistress saved?" the person slowly started to speak, his voice deep and steady, without a hint of panic despite the danger he was in.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin let go and apologized, "I'm sorry, you didn't knock before entering, so..."

"It's fine," the person rotated his neck, walked a few steps forward, and drew back the curtains, calmly saying, "Miss, your skills are quite impressive. May I ask where you learned them?"

Master and Mistress have been living in seclusion for many years.

Over the years, a number of unorthodox individuals have tried to get close to the elderly couple, but I have always discovered and discreetly dealt with them. I hadn't expected that there would still be someone who slipped through the net.

This girl has extraordinary skills, clearly trained, and her combat abilities compared to his own aren't inferior.

What's most important is her unknown origin, coupled with her claim of amnesia—this is just too suspicious!

Moreover, she has gained Master and Mistress's trust and has even become their goddaughter!

How did a young girl end up in the deep mountains?

She must have an ulterior motive for coming here!

I absolutely cannot allow any danger to befall Master and Mistress.

"Master?" Chu Jin walked to the window, gazing at the little birds on the tree branches, "I seem to... not have a master."

The term "master" felt extremely unfamiliar.

Chu Jin's intuition told her that she did not have a master.

But if she didn't have a master, then where did her martial arts come from?

Chu Jin couldn't help but contemplate this.

The view outside the window was beautiful.

Everything her eyes landed on was engulfed in thick greenery, with the light sound of insects mingled with the clear chirping of birds.

Quiet, pleasant.

The cabin had two floors. Chu Jin only needed to stretch her hand out to touch the sturdy branches, which bore unnamed flowers. The breeze brought wafts of fragrance as it blew.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, looking down at everything before her.

No master?

The man's frown deepened even more. How could she have such fine skills and claim to have no master?

Did she think he was a three-year-old child?

That gullible?

The man lightly curved his lips upward and continued, "Then, Miss, you truly are a genius to have learned such skills on your own. Admirable indeed."

Perceiving the underlying meaning of his words, Chu Jin turned slightly and looked earnestly at the man, "I really don't have a master."

She had thought about it for a long time.

She truly had no master.

Words like "Jin" and "Tarot cards" felt very familiar to her.

Only the term "master" was unfamiliar.

Sunlight poured in through the window, casting a gentle halo around her.

In the sunlight, her features were picturesque, her red lips like fire, her skin like snow, dressed in a white dress with a red plum at her waist, blooming proudly against the snow, making her slender waist appear as if it could be snapped with a single hand.

She was breathtakingly beautiful, and those delicate, peach-blossom eyes were particularly captivating.

She was really beautiful.

So beautiful—

It made one want to destroy her on the spot!

Beauty is poisonous.

Those four words emerged in the man's mind.

The prettier things are on the outside, the uglier they tend to be on the inside.

People are no exception.

This beautiful creature before him was certainly no good person.

The man indifferently withdrew his gaze and continued, "I know, and that's why I said that you are extraordinarily talented. To have such skills without a master... if you had a mentor, your future would be boundless."

He spoke slowly while his gaze stealthily evaluated Chu Jin.

He attempted to spot any flaws on her face.

Alas, from start to finish, she maintained an unruffled demeanor.

Heh.

The man sneered inwardly.

This beautiful flower was really good at masking her true self.

"My name is Chu Jin, 'Chu' from Chu River and Han Border, 'Jin' from splendid mountains and rivers," Chu Jin lifted her eyelids slightly and said in a light tone, "You can just call me by my name."

Could it be that this man is wary of her?

Therefore, Chu Jin didn't say much.

This person was Master and Mistress's beloved disciple; she should avoid provoking him if possible.

The man smiled slightly, "Jian Yi, 'Jian' from simple, 'Yi' from devoted. That's my name. By the way, I heard Master and Mistress mention that you have amnesia?"

If she had amnesia, then how could she remember her own name?

Whether it was real amnesia or feigned, probably only she knew for sure.

Jian Yi felt more and more that such a person should not be allowed to stay by Master and Mistress's side!

Moreover, this Chu Jin showed absolutely no reaction upon hearing his name; her act was too obvious.

Jian Yi forgot.

She was a person with amnesia.

How could she know of his renown?

Chapter 646: the one who returned

Jian Yi looked at Chu Jin.

He took a step forward and then asked, "Have you really lost your memory?"

The scrutinizing look in his eyes was very obvious.

He dealt with spies year-round.

It was not easy for him to trust others.

Even less so someone with an unclear background, who also claimed to have amnesia.

"It seems so," Chu Jin pressed at her temples, and said with some headache, "Other than my name, I can't remember anything else."

This was what troubled her the most.

She couldn't seem to remember anything.

What should she do in the future... where should she go?

Ought she to stay here indefinitely?

"Don't worry," Jian Yi walked over to the table and sat down, and said with implied meaning, "Take your time to think, I believe that one day, you will figure it out."

Who on earth had sent this beautiful woman here?

Jian Yi narrowed his eyes slightly.

He couldn't act rashly at the moment, to avoid startling the snake.

He would definitely investigate thoroughly.

"Let's hope so," Chu Jin reached out to pour him a glass of water, "Brother Jian, have some water."

Jian Yi was the apprentice of her godfather and godmother, and he was older than herself; it was always right to call him brother.

She couldn't just keep calling out 'Jian Yi,' could she?

She was a polite person, after all.

Yes, she must have been a polite person in the past as well.

"Thank you." Jian Yi picked up the water and downed it in one gulp.

Brother Jian.

Haha.

So eager to establish a connection with oneself; one couldn't be sure what she was scheming.

Did she truly think he was so naive?

That she could calculate against him at will?

Jian Yi's lips curled imperceptibly, and then he put down the water glass and continued, "You sit for a while, I'm going to check on Master and Mistress."

"Alright, Brother Jian, take your time," Chu Jin stood up to see him off.

Downstairs.

Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin were preparing breakfast. It seemed they were no different from an ordinary couple.

Simple, unadorned.

"How did it go, did you see Jin?" As soon as Jian Yi came downstairs, Auntie Lin hurried over and asked with a smile.

"Mistress, I saw her," Jian Yi answered blandly.

Excitement flashed in Auntie Lin's eyes, then she said, "How is she, Jin is pretty, isn't she?"

Jian Yi nodded, to be fair, Chu Jin was indeed the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Not just beautiful.

But also of a fine temperament.

Like a plum blossom resembling an orchid.

Very few women were like her.

Although Chu Jin was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, she was not the most beautiful woman in his heart.

Seeing him like this,

Auntie Lin's smile became even more pronounced, and her expression turned increasingly kind.

Jian Yi was their one and only apprentice.

Chu Jin was their one and only goddaughter.

If they wanted Chu Jin to become a true member of their family, the only way was for Chu Jin to marry Jian Yi. Although Jian Yi held a high official position outside and was very handsome, which made him popular with the young maidens, Jin was so pretty that she was more than good enough for him.

They genuinely liked Chu Jin very much and didn't want her to leave anymore. As long as Chu Jin married Jian Yi, she wouldn't have to leave and could stay here with them forever.

The elderly couple had neither son nor daughter, so it was not so unreasonable for them to have such thoughts.

After all, old people.

Are always afraid of loneliness.

Mrs. Lin looked at Jian Yi, then continued to speak.

"Jian, if you think Jin is not bad, I can go and talk to her. Let's set a date, and I, as your master's wife, will help take care of everything. What do you say?"

Jian Yi frowned slightly.

From the sound of his master's wife's intentions.

She wanted to marry off that beautiful flower to himself?

No wonder the beautiful flower was so enthusiastic about him; this was her agenda!

There were thousands of women who yearned to share his bed. Did that beautiful flower deserve him?

In Jian Yi's mind.

Only a woman as fairy-like as her was worthy of him.

"Master's wife," Jian Yi said with a smile, "you should stop matchmaking. Even if I were willing, the young lady might not be, and besides, I'm just a rough man; I'm not worthy of such a rich young lady!"

"Look at what you're saying!" Mrs. Lin smacked Jian Yi on the head, "You're such a handsome young man, how did you become a 'rough man'? Don't worry, if you're willing, I've got Jin's back. You don't need to be concerned."

Jian Yi was so handsome.

And he held an official position too.

There was no reason for Jin not to be interested in him.

Upon hearing this, Jian Yi's expression darkened for a moment. That beautiful flower truly had her ways! She had even charmed the master's wife!

The master's wife having such a ludicrous idea must have been instigated by the beautiful flower.

He was absolutely not going to marry that beautiful flower.

"Master's wife, I'm still young, there's no rush," Jian Yi continued, "Young people these days are not into arranged marriages but favor love marriages. You should let your disciple be fashionable too. Happiness can't be found in a marriage based on compulsion."

Mrs. Lin was disinclined to hear this and was about to retort.

Just then, Uncle Wu came out wearing an apron and carrying steamed buns and dumplings, "Old woman, go and call Jin down for a meal."

"Jian," Mrs. Lin turned to Jian Yi, "go and call Jin down for a meal."

Affection grows over time.

She had to create opportunities for these young people.

The fact that Jian Yi didn't like Jin now didn't mean he wouldn't like her in the future.

"Okay." Jian Yi turned to go upstairs.

But as he turned, his expression turned utterly gloomy.

He must find a way to get rid of that beautiful flower!

Otherwise, his master and mistress might one day be completely deceived by her.

A few minutes later.

Chu Jin followed Jian Yi downstairs.

During the meal, Mrs. Lin kept signaling Jian Yi to serve food to Chu Jin's plate.

But Jian Yi acted as if he didn't catch Mrs. Lin's cues.

Mrs. Lin glared at him in exasperation.

This child!

What's the matter with him?

Acting so haughty as if Jin had to chase after him!

Jin was so beautiful; she could have her pick of men. Why would she hang on a crooked tree like him?

Mrs. Lin got so angry that she didn't want to bother with Jian Yi anymore.

On the other hand, Uncle Wu said cheerfully, "Jian, there are just your master's wife, Jin, and me in this mountain. You should come back more often to keep us company."

What old people fear most is loneliness.

Keeping them company is a small thing.

But building a relationship with Chu Jin is a big thing.

If these two ended up together, the old couple would soon be able to hold a fat grandchild.

Jian Yi took a bite of his steamed bun, "It's not going to work recently, that person is back, and our Superpower World is bustling up and down the mountain, all preparing for the inheritance ceremony. After today, I might need some days before I can come back and visit the two elders again."

"That person?" Uncle Wu's expression turned solemn, "Are you talking about the city-slaughtering youth?"

Jian Yi nodded with admiration shining in his eyes, "Yes, him! You know, only he is worthy of the King's throne, no one else qualifies to sit on it."

Talking about that person, Jian Yi immediately became another person, filled with excitement, unable to hide the admiration in his eyes!

That person!

He was truly a legend of the Superpower World!

Jian Yi grew up listening to his myth.

Now, that person had come back to lead them! How could he not be excited?

Upon hearing this, Aunt Lin also showed a delighted expression, "It's really great that he can come back! With him, our Superpower World will see its day!"

"Exactly!" Jian Yi also said with absolute determination, "I believe, under his leadership, our Superpower World will surely become the leader of the three realms!"

"When will that person return?" Uncle Wu continued to ask.

Jian Yi set down the bun in his hand, looking at Uncle Wu, "He has already arrived in the Superpower World, just waiting for the inheritance ceremony three days from now."

Uncle Wu breathed a sigh of relief, "That's good, as long as he's back."

The city-slaughtering youth had left the Superpower World in tears years ago, deeply disappointed with the Superpower World. Uncle Wu thought he would never return in this lifetime, but to his surprise, within his lifetime, he actually got to hear about the city-slaughtering youth's return.

Chu Jin wasn't particularly interested in the person they were discussing.

She kept her head down and ate her bun the whole time.

Without joining the conversation.

In a blink of an eye.

Another two months had passed.

During this period, Jian Yi, accompanied by a little assistant, had come back once.

That little assistant brought Chu Jin some daily necessities.

The weather gradually turned colder.

Especially in the mountains, that morning, as soon as Chu Jin pushed open the window, she found large snowflakes floating outside.

Not far away, everything was a vast expanse of white.

"Snow." Chu Jin's eyes and eyebrows curved, she extended her pale hand to catch a floating snowflake.

But the snowflake had just drifted into her palm when it melted into water.

In the distance.

Chu Jin seemed to see amid the heavy snow, a couple in the midst of kissing.

The man was as handsome as a jade tree.

The woman's beauty was unmatched.

The sight was incredibly pleasing to the eye.

Their love was also very pleasing to the eye.

The scene changed.

Chu Jin then saw several young figures having a snowball fight in the snow.

Their figures, running and frolicking in the snow, laughed happily.

Chu Jin's lips curved into several arcs as well.

Then.

The man brought out a red cloak from the house for the woman to put on.

A bright red cloak.

Red as blood.

It made the woman's skin look even more lustrous and translucent.

The man, clearly a very austere person, but when he put the cloak on her, his actions were so tender and affectionate, as if he were treating a rare treasure with utmost care.

Chu Jin knew this man.

He was the white-haired man she would often see in her dreams.

At this time, his hair had not yet turned white.

The person he loved had not yet died.

They were living happily together.

Their love was enviable.

For some reason, in front of Chu Jin and in her dreams, she would always witness these two people, but she could never see their faces clearly.

The scene before her eyes gradually faded away, and looking at the heavy snow all over the sky, Chu Jin was suddenly filled with excitement. She grabbed a wool coat from the coat rack, putting it on her as she hurried down the stairs.

She wanted to make a snowman.

As the outside was a snowy world, Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin, seeing her playing in the snow in thin clothes, immediately said with concern, "What's so fun about snow? Your godfather is lighting a fire. Come back quickly to warm up by the fire."

"It's okay, I'm not cold," Chu Jin replied as she quickly built a snowman.

Only... its looks were not too good.

Looking at the snowman, Chu Jin suddenly felt a sourness inside, a strange feeling, as if... it also hurt, making it hard for her to catch her breath.

Unbeknownst to her.

In another place.

The man left his busy affairs to stand in the garden, also standing alone, staring blankly at an unsightly snowman.

His white hair shone in stark contrast with the snow all around.

The heart, also aching to the point of breathlessness.

It had only been a few months, but to him, it felt as if a century had passed.

Jin.

Where exactly are you?

In the man's phoenix-like eyes, there was a depth that couldn't be fathomed.

Meanwhile.

When Jian Yi and his assistant arrived with packages of supplies for winter, they saw such a scene.

The girl, dressed in a red coat, stood among the snow.

With lips red and teeth white.

She stood out like a proud red plum between heaven and earth, radiating a unique charm reminiscent of an orchid from an empty valley, unforgettable at a glance.

Realizing someone was coming, Chu Jin collected her thoughts, looked aside and greeted them, "Big brother Jian."

Beauty turns back—

A hundred charms born.

Even many years later, Jian Yi still couldn't forget that moment.

"Hmm," Jian Yi glanced away, nodding lightly as a response.

Jian Yi had always been on guard around Chu Jin, hence his cold demeanor towards her.

So.

After such a long time.

Jian Yi still addressed Chu Jin as Miss Chu.

In a way, Jian Yi really wasn't a bad person.

It's just that he seemed to dislike her.

Chu Jin was also acutely aware of this, so whenever Jian Yi came, she would avoid him if possible, to spare him discomfort.

Mutual dislike wasn't good for anyone.

Therefore, Chu Jin didn't linger to chat but turned and returned to her wooden hut.

That day, Chu Jin stayed upstairs the entire time, apart from coming down to eat. She spent the rest of her time reading, practicing calligraphy, and studying ancient medicine.

Chu Jin's avoidance only deepened Jian Yi's misunderstanding.

Because, Jian Yi thought, this was Chu Jin's tactic of feigned surrender.

Chu Jin was using special methods to attract his attention.

But was he so easily deceived?

Jian Yi scoffed.

Time flies swiftly.

Before they knew it, another year had passed.

...

Chapter 647: Descending the Mountain

This period, Jian Yi seemed to have a lot of free time, always running up the mountain when he had nothing to do.

It was already springtime.

The greenery among the mountains and forests was lush; flowers of all kinds bloomed riotously, creating a spectacle as if it were a fairyland on earth.

Chu Jin, wearing a thin spring shirt, shuttle through the woods, like a free butterfly.

Following her was a plump and pudgy grey fox.

"Chu Xiaohui! How many times have I told you! No raw meat!" Chu Jin snatched a wild chicken from the mouth of the grey fox, her face stern as she scolded.

"Awuu..." Little Grey drooped its head, whimpering softly with bright, shiny black eyes that sparkled and looked at Chu Jin with such a pitiful expression it seemed ready to cry at any moment.

An expression that read "The wild chicken started it."

The epitome of innocence.

Chu Xiaohui was an ordinary grey fox, with no particularly exceptional features but had the advantages of being smart and understanding human nature; it was chubby and very cute.

Last winter, when heavy snow sealed off the mountains, Chu Jin encountered this injured fox deep in the forest. It was severely hurt, with all four legs broken, emaciated, and close to death, but under Chu Jin's careful care, it recovered quickly.

And grew fatter and fatter.

Until it became a little tubby.

After the little fox recovered, Chu Jin tried to release it back into the deep mountains, but the little fox refused to leave her side and no matter how many times she tried to send it away, it wouldn't leave. With no choice left, Chu Jin decided to keep it.

And gave it a name.

Chu Xiaohui.

Her subconscious told her that Chu Xiaohui was the right name for it.

It seemed to have other companions.

Little Red, Little Black, Little White?

Did they really exist?

Chu Jin didn't know.

"Alright, alright, stop acting so pitiful," Chu Jin patted Little Grey's head, "Go clean this wild chicken properly, I'll cook us some roasted chicken."

Upon hearing this, Little Grey's eyes lit up, it picked up the chicken, and ran ahead quickly.

Chu Jin gathered some dry twigs nearby, and by the time Little Grey returned with the prepared chicken, Chu Jin had already started a fire.

Before long, the scent of roasted meat filled the air of the wilderness.

An aroma so enticing, one couldn't resist.

Little Grey ate with glistening grease all over its face, almost wishing it could swallow its tongue, gobbling down more than half of the chicken and still not feeling full.

After tasting the roasted chicken made by Chu Jin's own hands, Little Grey suddenly felt very sorry for its former self.

The delicious scent attracted many wild animals from the surroundings.

Strangely, they only watched from afar and dared not take a single step closer.

As if there was something around them that they feared.

After finishing the chicken, Chu Jin restored the area to its original state and started descending the mountain with her basket on her back.

Inside the basket were several precious herbs.

In the past half-year, Chu Jin had learned a lot from Uncle Wu, especially in ancient medicine, which she excelled at.

It was she who had single-handedly treated Little Grey.

Therefore, Chu Jin was quite confident in her medical skills.

Moreover, Chu Jin had found a set of Golden Needles in that little stone house.

Now, she wielded the Golden Needles with such skill that seemed otherworldly.

The needles felt extremely familiar to her.

Just as if.

She had used them before.

"Little Grey, let's go," Chu Jin turned her head to look at Little Grey, who was chasing a rabbit.

"Awo~" Little Grey let out a cry, leapt up, caught the rabbit by the neck, and swiftly bounded towards Chu Jin.

Chu Jin took the lifeless rabbit, placed it in the basket, and petted Little Grey's head, smiling sweetly, "Such a good boy."

Ever since she had Little Grey.

There was no shortage of various game to eat daily.

Little Grey could even catch fish.

A girl and a fox descended the mountain quickly.

And soon disappeared into the woods.

Little did they know.

After they left, a person emerged from the hidden depths of the forest, tall and elegant, with a side profile of striking beauty. He looked at the charcoal marks on the ground, a smile playing on his lips, his silver hair shimmering in the sunlight with dazzling light.

Chu Jin and Little Grey had just returned to the wooden house when they saw Jian Yi's assistant standing by the door.

The assistant was very pretty, with a sweet mouth. Seeing Chu Jin return, she greeted her with a beaming smile, "Jin, you're back."

"Little Ling." Chu Jin greeted with a gentle smile, "Did you come with Brother Jian?"

"Yeah," Little Ling continued, "Brother Jian and your uncle and aunt are inside chatting."

Chu Jin set down her basket and began to lay out the herbs to dry in the courtyard, just about to enter the house.

Little Ling walked over, took Chu Jin's arm, preventing her from opening the door, and smilingly said, "Jin, I heard you're growing snow lotuses. Take me to see them, will you?"

Little Ling usually had no interest in plants. Why would she think of looking at the snow lotuses today?

It must be because the conversation inside the house was not meant for outsiders to hear.

Clever as Chu Jin was,

How could she fail to detect the underlying reason? "Sure, I'll take you to see them. They're going to bloom in a few days."

Chu Jin led Little Ling outside.

Inside the house.

Sitting opposite the two elderly people, Jian Yi spoke seriously, "Master, Mistress, I hope you can seriously consider my suggestion. Life in the deep mountains is difficult. Chu Jin is still young. How many of her best years can she afford to waste?"

Upon hearing this, Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin's faces showed distress.

They had lived with Chu Jin for a year and had come to treat her as their own daughter. Now, with Jian Yi suddenly proposing to take Chu Jin away, the elderly couple found the idea unbearable.

But then, upon further thought.

Jian Yi was right. Chu Jin was still young. Staying with two old people like them would only waste her youth.

She was young and should see the world. They, an old couple, shouldn't hold her back.

Moreover, having Chu Jin go with Jian Yi might actually be a good thing.

The two young people staying together by themselves would be nice, and perhaps by next year, they would bring a chubby grandson to them.

With this thought, the old couple gradually came around, "Jian Er, you must take good care of Jin, and don't let her suffer any grievances."

"Mistress," Jian Yi stood up excitedly, "does this mean you agree?"

Jian Yi was no fool. He knew his master and mistress had long treated Chu Jin as their own daughter. The master had even passed on all his medical knowledge to Chu Jin. Jian Yi didn't expect his master and mistress to agree to his proposal so easily.

It seemed the master and mistress were deeply poisoned.

Just mentioning not holding Chu Jin back had made them so anxious.

Chu Jin had a shrewd mind and easily won the trust of her master and mistress. The elderly couple couldn't stay with her any longer.

If this continued, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Therefore, Jian Yi had to take her away.

"Yes," Aunt Lin nodded, "although we are reluctant to part with Jin, you're right. Jin is still young. She should travel around and see the world. We, as her master and mistress, shouldn't delay her prime years any longer."

"Master and Mistress are wise, and I admire you," Jian Yi stood up and then said, "I will have Little Ling prepare. We will go down the mountain tomorrow."

"Down the mountain tomorrow?" Uncle Wu stood up excitedly, "Why the rush?"

What Jian Yi wanted was to cut the knot quickly, not to let his master and mistress sink deeper.

"In a few days, it will be the once-in-a-decade Hundred Flowers Conference in our Superpower World. It's a rare opportunity, and I want to take Jin to see it," Jian Yi said with a smile.

The Hundred Flowers Conference.

It's a big festival that occurs once every ten years in the Superpower World.

It shares a magical similarity to the festival of lanterns.

On this day, all the young men and women dress up and go out.

They enjoy the flower lanterns, solve flower riddles, and it's very lively.

Regardless of gender, if one encounters someone who makes their heart flutter, they offer a fresh flower picked in the morning. If the other party accepts, a happy union in the future is anticipated, and it becomes a wonderful story.

Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin only caught the literal meaning and thought to themselves that the kid finally got smart. They smiled and said, "Alright, then let's set off tomorrow. I'll prepare some food for Jin to eat on the road."

"Old man, what are you still sitting there for? Jin loves the pickled vegetable cakes you make. Go make some extra for Jin to take with her."

"Alright, alright, I'm on it," Uncle Wu hurried to his feet.

Jian Yi looked at the two busy elders, a deep expression in his eyes.

After dinner.

Aunt Lin took Chu Jin to her room for a chat.

The conversation was about Jin and Jian Yi going down the mountain.

Having stayed in the mountains for over half a year, Chu Jin also longed for life outside the mountains.

But after listening to Aunt Lin, she still felt reluctant to leave.

Even cold stones can be warmed by holding; let alone a human heart. In the span of half a year, she had come to regard Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin as her dearest family.

The sudden separation made Chu Jin's heart sour.

"Godmother, aren't you and godfather coming down the mountain with us?" Jin held back the sour feeling in her heart and asked.

Jian Yi, standing outside the door, heard this and frowned imperceptibly.

Chu Jin was actually trying to deceive the master and mistress into coming down the mountain!

He had long known that this Chu Jin was up to no good!

Aunt Lin, holding Chu Jin's hand, said with a smile, "Jin, your godfather and I are used to living in the mountains, so we won't join you. It's your young people's world, and there's no need for us old folks to meddle. Just remember to come up and visit us whenever you have time."

Chu Jin nodded, "Don't worry, Brother Jian and I will definitely come back to see you and godfather often."

Outside, Jian Yi slightly lifted his lips; once Chu Jin left the mountain, she would never be able to return in this lifetime.

He wouldn't let his master and mistress face even the slightest danger.

"Silly child," Aunt Lin smiled and gently stroked Chu Jin's head.

"It's not easy to climb this mountain, so you two don't always need to worry about us. Jian Er has been kind-hearted since he was a child, has become a sizable official, and entrusting you to him, I am completely assured. Jin, we and your godfather have no other wishes, just hoping you and Jian Er get along well. Jian Er is a man, occasionally his thinking may unavoidably be a bit chauvinistic, I hope you won't mind, be more tolerant. If he dares to bully you, just write to me, and I will help you teach him a lesson."

Chu Jin knew the intentions of Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

The two elders wanted to match her up with Jian Yi.

It was complete and utter matchmaker nonsense.

For some reason.

Chu Jin always felt her heart was full and couldn't fit anyone else.

Why was her heart full?

In her idle moments, Chu Jin thought long and hard but couldn't come up with an answer.

Perhaps it had something to do with that white-haired man.

Hearing this, Chu Jin smiled lightly and said, "Godmother, rest assured, Brother Jian and I are just like real siblings; he won't bully me. Besides, with you and godfather here, he wouldn't dare to bully me."

Siblings.

Aunt Lin was not a fool; she could naturally hear the real meaning behind Chu Jin's words.

No matter, time breeds affection.

As long as Jian Yi came to his senses, he would surely win Jin over.

"Jin," Aunt Lin continued, "since you're going down the mountain, your godfather and I have no precious things to give you. Take this with you; in case you encounter any emergencies, just blow it, and you'll turn calamity into fortune."

With these words, Aunt Lin placed a conch shell in Chu Jin's hand.

"Alright," Chu Jin accepted the conch, "Thank you, godmother. When I'm not here, you and godfather must take care of yourselves on the mountain."

"Silly child, we're all family, what's there to thank for?" Aunt Lin said with a smile, patting Chu Jin's head.

Jian Yi, standing outside the door, furrowed his brow even deeper.

The mistress is really muddle-headed! How could she give such a precious thing to Chu Jin!

That night, Chu Jin chatted with Aunt Lin for a long time before returning to her room to sleep.

That evening.

She had another dream.

It was still that white-haired man.

His face was indistinct.

He stood before a solitary grave.

It was as if he was saying goodbye to someone.

Intuition told Chu Jin that buried there must be someone of utmost importance to him, possibly the woman in red she had seen that day.

Unfortunately, Chu Jin could never make out the words carved on the tombstone.

Early the next day.

Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin accompanied Chu Jin, Jian Yi, and Little Ling down the mountain.

The road out of the mountain required crossing a river.

The weather was clear, with warm sunlight shining down.

Blue sky.

Green water.

Verdant mountains.

The scenery was exceptionally beautiful.

"Goodbye, Jin," the elderly couple supported each other, waving at Chu Jin with smiles all over their faces.

"Goodbye, godfather, godmother," Chu Jin stood on the bamboo raft, reluctantly watching the two old people, while Little Grey squatted at her feet, making low whimpers as if saying goodbye to the great mountains.

Jian Yi stood by, steering the bamboo raft, and seeing Chu Jin like this, he only felt she was putting on airs and sneered inwardly.

This beauty sure loved to play dramas!

Watching the bamboo raft disappear into the long river, Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin started to cry.

They really couldn't bear to part with her.

But they couldn't cry in front of Chu Jin.

What if Chu Jin saw them like this and refused to leave?

Meanwhile.

Seeing the bamboo raft about to dock at the riverbank, Jian Yi took out two black cloth strips from his pocket.

Little Ling took one of the strips and expertly blindfolded herself.

Jian Yi passed the remaining cloth strip to Chu Jin, "Miss Chu, the whereabouts of the master and mistress must not be disclosed to outsiders. For your own good as well as the mistress's, please blindfold yourself."

"Alright," Chu Jin took the cloth strip, not hesitating at all, blindfolding herself promptly.

Jian Yi was somewhat surprised.

He hadn't expected Chu Jin to comply so readily without asking any questions.

This was beyond his expectations.

Jian Yi took out a rope and had Chu Jin and Little Ling hold onto the end of it while he held the other end and led the way.

Little Grey followed behind, his body adorned with the salted fish and chicken legs prepared by Aunt Lin, swaying leisurely.

Jian Yi turned left and right, moving in an odd manner through the woods, almost a blur among the trees, with the trees behind them continuously overlapping and crisscrossing. Even without a blindfold, an average person could never remember the way they came.

Half an hour later.

Jian Yi halted, unwinding the black cloth from their eyes, "We're here."

Chu Jin opened her eyes, slightly stunned by the scene before her.

Bright lights and busy streets, everyone hurrying along.

These sights were almost identical to those she had witnessed in her dreams.

The only difference was that Chu Jin could see blue or green glows flickering at the temples of these passersby.

But in her dreams.

She seemed to have never seen them.

This was an ancient yet bustling street.

Not long after Jian Yi, Chu Jin, and Little Ling had arrived, a black car approached from a distance.

Two men in blue uniforms got out of the car.

Jian Yi handed over his package to the uniformed men, then said to Little Ling, "You and Deputy Officer Li should go back first to get ready. I'll take Miss Chu around to familiarize her with the environment."

"Okay, big brother Jian," Little Ling replied, then said to the two officers, "Let's go."

The black car soon disappeared from view.

"Let's go," Jian Yi turned to look at Chu Jin.

"Okay," Chu Jin followed behind him.

Jian Yi's intention in taking Chu Jin around was clear.

He wanted to probe into Chu Jin's background.

Meanwhile, he sought an opportunity to catch her slipping up, if she were hiding something.

Back on the mountain, Chu Jin always avoided him, and Jian Yi had wanted to confront her personally but could never find the chance.

Now, having brought Chu Jin down from the mountain, he naturally wouldn't miss this opportunity.

"Miss Chu, shall we go have something to eat first?" Jian Yi stopped in front of a building.

A European-style building.

From this perspective, it appeared magnificent, with uniformed greeters at the entrance, and a constant flow of extravagantly dressed people coming in and out.

Strangely, there were only men entering and leaving, no women at all.

This was somewhat odd.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, raising her eyes to look at the golden, embossed characters on the sign above the gate.

"A Thousand Charms and a Hundred Beauties."

She could faintly smell the scent of cosmetics and alcohol coming from inside.

Subconsciously, Chu Jin felt some aversion to this place.

"Big Brother Jian, are we going to eat here?"

"Mmhm," Jian Yi nodded, "Yes, does Miss Chu have any objections?"

"I feel that this place is not very nice," Chu Jin spoke frankly, "Let's go somewhere else."

Jian Yi narrowed his eyes slightly.

He had always known that Chu Jin was feigning amnesia.

"A Thousand Charms and a Hundred Beauties" was no ordinary place.

This was a paradise for men.

Similar to the courtesan houses of ancient times.

Different from the secular world.

The Superpower World allowed such clubs to exist, to satisfy physiological needs, which was considered perfectly normal.

However.

There was an unwritten rule here.

Apart from the staff, no other women were allowed to set foot inside.

If a woman ignored this rule and entered, she would never be able to leave again.

They would be forcibly kept there.

To become one of the thousands of courtesans.

Didn't Chu Jin claim to have lost her memory?

So?

Why didn't she dare to step into "A Thousand Charms and a Hundred Beauties"?

Could it be that she felt guilty?

Jian Yi's lips curled imperceptibly as he said, "Since you dislike it, let's go somewhere else."

If she was a fox,

then her tail would surely show more and more.

"Okay." Chu Jin nodded lightly.

Afterward, Jian Yi led her into a normal restaurant.

The staff in the restaurant clearly recognized Jian Yi, and they welcomed the two of them with warmth yet respect.

After the meal.

The two walked out of the restaurant.

Just as they got to the door,

a flurry of peach blossoms rained down, carrying waves of peach fragrance, and petals fell on peoples' heads and faces...

Chu Jin also reached out to catch a petal, a flash of surprise in her eyes.

She had initially thought it was just an illusion, but to her surprise, these were real peach blossoms.

At this rate of scattering.

How many peach blossoms would be wasted?

Wouldn't it be better to use them to brew peach blossom wine?

Chu Jin's lips curved slightly, amused at the prodigality of the people in the Superpower World.

To attract public attention, they could think of such extravagant methods.

Murmurs could be heard from around.

"The number one beauty is about to arrive."

"Wow, I'm so excited."

"What a grand spectacle, as if she's afraid others wouldn't know she's the number one beauty of the Superpower World! How embarrassing!"

"It's Miss Mu."

"Miss Mu is so beautiful."

"Does she really think just because her name includes the word 'Fairy', she is a fairy herself?"

"Here she comes, Miss Fairy is coming."

With that, a rustle ran through the crowd, everyone craned their necks, looking in that direction.

Even Jian Yi stood there, like a statue, his gaze fixed forward, unwilling to move.

This was indeed rare.

Wasn't Jian Yi always indifferent to women?

So why now? Was he like a hungry wolf in the presence of food?

Chu Jin pinched a petal and lightly sniffed it, also following the gaze of the crowd in that direction.

The number one beauty, huh.

Chu Jin also wanted to see what this number one beauty looked like that she deserved such a divine description?

After scattering so many peach blossoms.

Could she be the reincarnation of a peach blossom fairy?

Chapter 648: what a coincidence

Chu Jin, while enjoying the intoxicating peach aroma, looked towards the end of the highway.

What she saw was...

On the other side of the road, several men were carrying a sedan chair, heading in this direction.

In modern society, vehicles are the norm for transportation.

Sedan chairs rarely make an appearance.

It's no wonder they attracted a crowd of onlookers.

In front of the sedan chair stood two young women in long dresses, each holding a bamboo basket. They were the ones scattering the flower petals.

Wafts of peach fragrance emanated from their bodies.

The real highlight, however, was the woman sitting on the sedan chair.

She was a very young woman.

Probably around eighteen or nineteen years old.

Dressed in a bright red dress, with a sheer veil covering her face, she sat lazily on the sedan chair, her hand lightly propping up her head as she looked down on the onlookers with indifference.

In her eyes, there was nothing but disdain.

To her, all these people were mere subjects beneath her feet.

Merely ants.

This person was none other than Mu Xianxian.

Following Zheng Chuyi, the unparalleled beauty of the Superpower World.

Now, with the Elder dead, and Zhao Yiling gone as well, Mu Xianxian was even more unrestrained.

Plus, Mo Zhixuan had returned.

More importantly,

Chu Jin was gone.

Before, Chu Jin had always been her rival, but now that Chu Jin was gone, she could rightfully be with Mo Zhixuan.

After all,

She was now the leading beauty of the Superpower World.

Apart from her,

Mo Zhixuan truly had no other choice.

Those other small fries...

Posed no real threat to her.

Except for that one!

That wretch always by Zhao Yan's side!

Just thinking about it made a vicious light flash in Mu Xianxian's eyes.

Just wait,

Sooner or later, that wretch would die by her hand!

To cater to Mo Zhixuan's tastes,

She deliberately wore a vulgar red dress and added a mysterious touch by veiling her face.

What can't be seen is always the most attractive.

She wanted to leave a mystique in front of these citizens of the Superpower World, to give them a sense of unattainability.

After all, she truly was unattainable.

Chu Jin, looking at the person on the sedan chair, suddenly felt a sense of déjà vu and asked Jian Yi, "Who is she?"

Jian Yi's gaze shifted back, and his eyes regained calmness, "She is Mu Xianxian, the number one beauty of our Superpower World."

"Mu Xianxian?" Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, why did she find that name so familiar?

But she couldn't remember where she had seen this person before.

A puzzled look crossed Chu Jin's eyes.

"What, do you know her?" Jian Yi looked down.

For some reason,

After seeing Chu Jin, Jian Yi didn't feel the same amazement when looking at Mu Xianxian anymore.

It's just that this beauty was too stunning,

Stealing the limelight from Mu Xianxian.

It seems, this pest must be dealt with!

She posed a serious threat to Mu Xianxian.

He could not let anyone threaten Mu Xianxian's position.

"I don't know her..." Chu Jin shook her head; she should not know her, right? She thought for a long time but couldn't figure out who this person could be.

Jian Yi slightly frowned, his voice carrying a warning, "Don't overthink it; the position of the number one beauty isn't just about looks."

Chu Jin felt somewhat speechless.

This Jian Yi really was overly dramatic.

Could he possibly think she wanted to displace Mu Xianxian as the number one beauty?

It's just a flashy title, after all.

She had no interest in it.

Besides, she didn't find that so-called number one beauty all that breathtaking.

Too hyped.

"Thanks for the reminder," Chu Jin said with a slight smile, then added, "But I'm really not interested in that position."

"It's good that you're aware of your limitations," Jian Yi said, looking down, irritation flashing in his eyes.

He was so annoyed by this beauty! How dare she look down upon the position of the leading beauty, Mu Xianxian!

So brazen.

That was just too presumptuous.

Did she really think she was something special?

Mu Xianxian on the sedan chair, with a lowered gaze, coldly swept over the crowd below.

Suddenly, her eyes narrowed, revealing a dangerous gleam.

She excitedly stood up from the sedan chair.

Why did that person's profile resemble Chu Jin so much?

Wasn't Chu Jin supposed to be dead?

Mu Xianxian looked again in that direction, but the familiar profile was no longer in the crowd.

She must have seen wrong.

Mu Xianxian reassured herself internally.

Chu Jin was dead, so how could she possibly come back to life?

She had only seen Chu Jin once, and her memory of Chu Jin's face had long since blurred. Surely, that person just now wasn't Chu Jin.

Or maybe it was that wretch.

With that thought, Mu Xianxian settled down and sat back in the sedan chair.

Meanwhile,

Chu Jin dashed toward the other side of the street.

Just moments ago,

She had seen a man with silver hair pass by her.

Seeing that white hair,

Chu Jin's heart tore with pain, as if only by finding him could she soothe the wound.

But after chasing after him, she couldn't find him anymore.

Chu Jin looked around blankly.

Was it just her imagination?

She was sure she had seen him.

The full head of white hair was very conspicuous in the crowd.

Just then, Jian Yi caught up to her, sounding somewhat displeased, "What are you running off to?"

At first,

Jian Yi thought Chu Jin had sneaked here to deliver intelligence to the Superpower World.

But after catching up, he realized Chu Jin had suddenly stopped here, not moving anymore.

It seemed likely she had spotted him and therefore halted her actions!

Such a cunning beauty!

"Sorry," Chu Jin faintly withdrew her gaze and continued, "I just thought I saw someone familiar."

Jian Yi had been suspicious of her all along, so Chu Jin didn't plan to hide it from him.

"Someone familiar?" Jian Yi slightly narrowed his eyes and said with a hint of scrutiny, "Aren't you supposed to have amnesia?"

The implication behind these words was that a person with amnesia should not be able to recognize anyone familiar.

Unless.

The amnesia was feigned.

Chu Jin smiled faintly and said nonchalantly, "You might not believe it, but it was someone... from a dream."

Jian Yi: "... Did he look like an utter fool?

Someone from a dream!

Haha.

Why didn't she just say it was someone from the heavens?

"Let's go," Jian Yi took his eyes off her and moved forward.

"Okay." Chu Jin lifted her foot to follow.

Little did she know.

Right behind her, that white-haired figure flashed by once again.

His silver hair shimmered brilliantly under the sunlight.

The corners of his mouth were slightly lifted.

His enchanting fox-like eyes squinted slightly as he watched the figures of Chu Jin and Jian Yi, a look of excitement flashing in his eyes.

Including that time in Capital City and on Poland Mountain.

This was the third time.

The third time he had encountered this beautiful little lady, truly a stroke of fate.

The smile on the man's face became even more pronounced.

Chu Jin and Jian Yi were walking on the bustling streets.

The streets were crowded and lively.

Various vendors hawked their wares.

Candied haws, sugar figurines, cotton candy, sugar painting...

And an array of snacks.

In the past, all these could only be seen in dreams, but now she could finally experience them in reality, and this made everything look new to Chu Jin.

She touched this and looked at that.

Although Jian Yi found this beauty quite disagreeable, he still generously spent money to buy her many trinkets.

Of course, the prerequisite was that these trinkets weren't really expensive.

Chu Jin might not be a good person, but she was still a girl, after all, and it wouldn't be good for him to be too stingy.

Moreover, every time Chu Jin squinted her eyes and said "thank you" to him, he felt a very strange sense of satisfaction.

Thinking of this, the corners of Jian Yi's mouth curved up unconsciously.

But it quickly returned to normal, maintaining an expression that said, "I'm not familiar with you."

How could he have a good impression of this beauty? This was an illness that needed to be cured!

He had to stay resolute and not let himself be bewitched by this beauty.

Jian Yi warned himself internally and then walked forward without a sidelong glance at Chu Jin again.

"Uncle, what are these you're making?" Chu Jin stopped in front of a sugar figurine vendor, curiously looking at the various figurines laid out and reaching out to touch them.

A faint smile graced her lips, her dimples shallow and her exquisitely dainty peach blossom eyes glittering with light, captivating to the beholder.

Jian Yi tried his best to focus his attention on the figurines instead of her.

This beauty was like a poppy, exuding a fatal charm that unwittingly drew people in.

Like a siren, she wore an exquisitely beautiful shell but harbored a malicious heart.

"Sugar figurines, miss, would you like one?" The uncle looked up, and upon seeing Chu Jin's face, a trace of astonishment flickered in his eyes.

This girl.

She was born truly beautiful.

Compared to that first beauty who plays at being mysterious, she is several times more beautiful.

People in the Superpower World all share one very common trait.

They appreciate beauty.

As long as you are good-looking, no matter what unforgivable things you've done, you can be forgiven.

Face

In the Superpower World, it really can be your meal ticket.

So, the uncle on the spot was filled with a good impression of Chu Jin.

"I'll take one." Chu Jin nodded, curiosity sparkling in her eyes.

"Alrighty," the uncle quickly took a ball of dough and began to knead it in his hands, "Young lady, what shape would you like?"

"Uncle, can I have it made into any shape I want?" Chu Jin asked, with a bright shine in her eyes.

The uncle nodded with pride, "Of course, I'm not bragging, but be it anything that flies in the sky or runs on the ground, any shape at all, I can mold it for you."

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly and said with a smile, "Uncle, then could you mold a dough figure that looks exactly like me?"

"Certainly, three minutes." As he spoke, the uncle began to mold the dough.

The ball of dough shifted into various shapes in the uncle's hands.

Soon, a dough figure took form.

Drawing the eyebrows, adding color.

In no time, an exquisite mini-version of Chu Jin was crafted from the dough.

"Wow, it's beautiful," Chu Jin excitedly received the dough figure from the uncle's hands, admiring this mini-version of herself, and praised him, "Uncle, your craftsmanship is amazing; you've made the dough figure so beautiful!"

"Oh, it's nothing," the uncle said, a bit embarrassed by the compliment, "It's all because you're beautiful. By the way, you're from out of town, aren't you? I don't think I've ever seen you before."

People in the Superpower World always have a deep impression of beautiful people.

So, the uncle was certain he had never seen Chu Jin before.

Hearing the uncle's words, Chu Jin's eyes curved in a smile, "Uncle, great minds think alike, I also think I'm quite good-looking."

It was an incredibly narcissistic remark, but coming from her, it didn't feel out of place at all.

As if that's just how things should be.

The uncle was so amused by her that he burst into hearty laughter.

Jian Yi's mouth twitched: "... I've never seen someone so shameless! To actually praise their own looks!

How is that any different from a vendor praising their own melons?

When it was time to pay, the uncle even gave Chu Jin a discount because of her good looks.

A dough figure costing 108 yuan, he only charged 8 yuan.

Standing to the side, Jian Yi: "... Uncle, are you getting senile? Aren't you supposed to knock off that 8 yuan?

For the first time in his life, he realized that this is how people rounded down...

Chu Jin also understood the importance of money.

Without money, nothing could be done.

Therefore, she decided that from today on, she would be self-reliant.

She couldn't depend on Jian Yi to get by.

After the two left.

The uncle who molded dough figures made several mini 'Chu Jins' and placed them among a pile of dough figures.

This strategy really worked.

In no time, all the dough figures he molded were sold out.

The uncle watched as customers came and went, smiling so widely that his eyes squinted into slits.

Indeed.

Beauty could bring good luck.

Perhaps tired from walking, Jian Yi led Chu Jin to a simple tea stall and stopped.

After ordering two bowls of herbal tea, he went off to answer a phone call.

Chu Jin was left sitting there alone, with a pile of trinkets she had just bought on the table in front of her.

As Chu Jin sipped her tea, she observed her surroundings and pondered what she could do to make money.

After all, with money, you can travel anywhere.

Chapter 649: get lost before I take action.

Today's journey.

It made Chu Jin deeply realize the importance of money.

Suddenly.

Chu Jin's gaze fell upon a fortune-teller's booth.

The fortune-teller was a very young man.

The tools for divination were a deck of playing cards.

A deep blue cover.

Barely had Chu Jin's eyes touched upon that deck of cards when three words flashed through her mind.

Tarot cards.

In that strange stone house, there was such a deck of Tarot cards.

It seemed the same, yet not quite the same.

Chu Jin always felt that her Tarot cards looked better than others.

Right then.

The young man laid out a Universal type spread.

The one who came for divination was also a young man.

He asked the question, "Is my current girlfriend really the one I will marry in the future?"

To come for divination with such a question, it seemed that this young man had quite a distrust of his own girlfriend.

The card the young man drew as his bottom card was 'The Lovers'.

At first, Chu Jin listened to the fortune-teller's explanations and couldn't really find any fault, but as it went on, her brows knitted more tightly.

If that fortune-teller had interpreted the correct meaning of the cards, that would have been fine!

Even if he was wrong, it wouldn't matter much as long as he didn't mess with the couple.

However, Chu Jin detected deliberate provocative language in the fortune-teller's interpretation. Every word he uttered was laced with denigration towards that unnamed woman. Clearly, he intended to break up the couple.

Unfortunately, the young man was rather foolish.

He actually took it for truth! So angry he trembled all over, by the looks of it, he wished he could go back and give his girlfriend a beating to vent his anger.

If this continued, the loving couple would part ways due to the fortune-teller's instigation.

"Young man," the fortune-teller said with feigned wisdom, "don't blame me for speaking harshly, your girlfriend, a fickle and frivolous woman, is even looser than the girls known for their coquettishness; she doesn't deserve you."

"See this card?"

The fortune-teller pointed to 'The Lovers' card and said, "The Lovers in reverse, this means that the two of you are simply not compatible. And look, the couple pictured on the card are naked, which signifies that a third party has come into play. If I'm not mistaken, every night when you go back, you can smell another man on your girlfriend, can't you?"

The young man's face showed shock as he looked at the fortune-teller and nodded repeatedly, "Master, you're truly divine! You're right, that bitch! How dare she betray me, I'll skin her when I get back!"

Chu Jin couldn't hold back anymore, stood up from her seat, walked over to the two, glanced at the Tarot cards on the table, and spoke in an indifferent tone.

"Master, you look quite young, how can you tell such blatant lies? This 'The Lovers' card is clearly in the upright position, how did you make it out to be 'in reverse'? You wouldn't happen to have poor vision, would you?"

Upon hearing this, the fortune-teller quickly looked up, about to explode in anger, but seeing that his accuser was a great beauty, he immediately put on a different face, all smiles as he said, "Beautiful lady, you must have seen it wrong. This card is clearly in reverse. I am a fortune-teller, how could I make a mistake? You must be mistaken."

With that, he reached out to take the card from the table.

Unexpectedly, Chu Jin was quicker, extending her slender fingertips and pressing the card down, her eyebrows slightly lifting as she said, "If the master didn't make a mistake, then why the hurry to take the card back?"

The color drained from the fortune-teller's face as he forcefully tried to pull the card away and found that he couldn't budge it.

The girl, who appeared fragile and delicate, turned out to be quite strong.

That made sense, after all, who in the Superpower World was truly an ordinary person?

She just kept pressing down on that card, no matter how hard he tried, the card remained immovable.

Chu Jin casually picked up 'The Lovers', her lips curving into a slight smile as she began to speak, "The Lovers in the upright position, set against the backdrop of the story of Adam and Eve, express the true essence of love, a card filled with hope and vitality,"

As she said this, Chu Jin's eyes narrowed slightly, her tone pausing, looking toward the young man as she continued.

"The reverse position, on the other hand, is quite the opposite. Sir, I suppose you and your girlfriend have reached the stage of discussing marriage, haven't you?"

Seeing that Chu Jin was quite beautiful and spoke logically, the young man quickly nodded and said, "Yes, but I didn't expect that bitch to dare to betray me!"

At this point, the young man's face was full of anger, and he was visibly shaking.

"Don't get worked up just yet, don't believe in one-sided words and assume that your girlfriend has betrayed you," Chu Jin said calmly, then continued, "You've known each other for over four years, could that not compare to a stranger you've only met once?"

"Oh, wait." Chu Jin's smile deepened at the corners of her mouth, gaining a somewhat mischievous tone, "I shouldn't say stranger, after all, this fortune-teller grew up with your girlfriend, always regarding her as the goddess of his heart. Alas, the King was willing, but the muse was unresponsive..."

At this, the young man's face changed slightly, turning to look at the fortune-teller with an evaluative gaze.

The fortune-teller was breaking out in a cold sweat, his face turning pale.

Because Chu Jin's description was pinpoint accurate—it was a story of love turning to hate when it was unrequited. The fortune-teller wanted to destroy the happiness of the woman he couldn't have.

To put it in one sentence, what I can't have, nobody else shall have.

Love.

It didn't just drive women mad.

Men.

Were no exception.

The young man steadied his mind and then asked, "So, what's the deal with me smelling other men on her?"

Chu Jin extended her hand and gently patted the fortune-teller's shoulder twice.

It seemed like she didn't use much force, but with each pat, the fortune-teller's body shrank a bit, until he collapsed onto the chair next to him, his face utterly bloodless, a ghastly pale.

Chu Jin revealed a harmless, enchanting smile, her dimples showing slightly, "This, you'll have to ask him."

"I, I, I..." The fortune-teller completely lost his nerve, having planned this scheme for many days, never imagining that in the end, it would be ruined by a young girl, "I'm sorry, it's all my fault. I slipped hallucinating powder into her work meal, causing you to have hallucinations..."

So, it was all a setup by the fortune-teller.

The young man's girlfriend had in fact never betrayed him.

"Scumbag!" The young man, fuming, swung his fist and beat the fortune-teller until his face was bruised and swollen.

He had almost misunderstood the person he loved most dearly.

He had nearly lost his reason.

"Miss, thank you," after beating up the fortune-teller, the young man thanked Chu Jin very politely.

"You're welcome," Chu Jin said with a slight smile, "take good care of your girlfriend, she's a good woman. Never do anything to make her sad or despair. Lastly, I wish you both happiness."

Perhaps it had something to do with that peculiar dream, but Chu Jin hoped that all lovers under heaven could find their happily ever after.

The young man pulled out the money that was on the fortune-teller's table and drew a few more bills from his wallet, handing them all to Chu Jin, "Miss, you are the real fortune-teller. If it weren't for you today, I might've done something foolish. This fee should rightfully be paid to you; please be sure to accept it."

Chu Jin didn't refuse, taking the money the young man handed her with a slight smile, "Thank you."

This was the first pot of gold she had earned after coming down the mountain.

Through this incident, Chu Jin had confirmed her future goal to make a living.

Starting tomorrow.

She too would become a fortune-teller.

Yep.

She happily made up her mind like that.

With cash in hand, Chu Jin returned to the tea stand in high spirits, even willingly paying for the tea.

Jian Yi was taking a call around the corner and hadn't come back yet.

Chu Jin counted the money in her hand.

A total of three thousand in cash.

After paying for the tea just now, she was left with two thousand nine hundred seventy-eight.

According to her observations along the way,

Two thousand and seventy-eight could probably support her for about 5 days in this place.

Chu Jin had a very good impression of the Superpower World.

The people here were very kind; when Chu Jin paid for the tea, the warmly inviting proprietress gave her a discount.

Overall, Chu Jin had an extremely positive impression of the Superpower World.

Walking down the street, even strangers would greet each other.

Toddlers walking on their own didn't need to fear kidnappers.

This indicated that the ruler here was a wise one.

When Jian Yi came back from his call, he saw Chu Jin holding the money and counting it.

"Where did you get the money?" Jian Yi sat down, took a sip of tea, and a flicker of confusion crossed his eyes.

Chu Jin put the money into her backpack, "Earned it."

Earned it?

The corners of Jian Yi's mouth curled with a hint of sarcasm.

Was it not the case that while he was away, an accomplice had brought her the money?

As if she could earn thousands of dollars in a mere ten or so minutes?

Let alone thousands of dollars—even dozens of dollars would be beyond her grasp, wouldn't they?

Believe that if you will—

Who would?

After Chu Jin put the money in her bag, she seemed to remember something and reopened the bag, taking out two bills and handing them to Jian Yi, "This is for you."

Jian Yi had bought her quite a few trinkets, and though they weren't worth much, it was still clear they needed to be accounted for.

She didn't want to owe Jian Yi anything.

Suddenly, Jian Yi found Chu Jin's train of thought hard to follow.

According to typical behavior, wasn't it better for her to entangle with him as much as possible?

Why was she so eager to set clear boundaries between them and even repay money?

Could this be another one of her counter-tactics?

Jian Yi took the money from her hand without a change in expression and put it in his pocket, "If we're done drinking, let's go."

"Hmm, let's go," Chu Jin stood up and followed behind Jian Yi.

The two returned to the bustling street.

Just then, a black sedan with an overwhelming aura sped past them.

At the same time, Chu Jin glanced up slightly to see the car already at the intersection ahead, executing a beautiful drift before quickly vanishing from sight.

She didn't know if it was an illusion or something else.

Chu Jin always felt that the person sitting in that car seemed incredibly important to her.

Unfortunately, with spiritual energy enhancing the windows and its high speed, she couldn't see who was inside.

In a fleeting moment,

she thought she saw a wisp of silver hair.

"Who was in that car just now?" Chu Jin looked at Jian Yi.

Jian Yi watched the black car disappear, narrowed his eyes slightly with a fiery light flickering in his gaze, then lowered his eyes to Chu Jin and said with a stern tone, "Don't meddle in others' affairs. The person in that car is not someone you can afford to provoke!"

The warning in his words was very strong.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, said nothing, and gazed at the corner of the intersection, her eyes filled with a thousand thoughts.

Who exactly was in the car?

That streak of silver hair seemed to overlap with the person in her dream.

For a moment, Chu Jin couldn't quite distinguish between reality and dream.

"Let's go," Jian Yi looked at her with a warning in his eyes, "Come back with me. There are many important people around here, try to go out less if it's not necessary!"

With Chu Jin's nature, she would definitely collide with these important people!

Moreover, Jian Yi realized that Chu Jin's ambition was great.

First, she approached the master and his wife, gaining their trust, then she managed to have herself taken down the mountain with them.

After that, she used Jian Yi's identity in the Superpower World to get close to that person.

But no one knew what her ultimate goal was.

The only certainty was that Chu Jin's ambition was immense, and she was far from as simple as she seemed. He had to be extremely careful to avoid being used by her.

Because the person sitting in the car just now was—

the most respected man in the Superpower World.

Mo Zhixuan.

Out of all the cars on the street, she had to ask about that one.

Her intent was too obvious, wasn't it?

Did she really think he was a fool who couldn't see through her real thoughts?

Chu Jin withdrew her gaze and continued to follow behind Jian Yi, and soon, the two of them disappeared into the crowd.

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The atmosphere inside the car was cold, as if encased in ice.

The man sat in the backseat, looking straight ahead without a glance aside, his silver hair full, his features as perfect as a sculpture made of ice, without a single flaw, his delicately shaped phoenix eyes slightly upturned, his thin lips tightly closed, almost invisible due to the force with which they were pressed together, exuding a chilling coldness.

Suddenly, as if he had noticed something, his pupils contracted, and he ordered the driver ahead, "Stop the car!"

The two icy words, like frost, caused a shiver in the heart.

"Tsk!" Hearing this, the driver quickly stepped on the clutch, leaving a long trail of brake marks on the ground.

The impact of the abrupt stop didn't affect the man in the car.

He remained as stable as Mount Tai.

But the driver was not so lucky.

His head hit the steering wheel, seeing stars, and immediately a large bump formed on his forehead.

As soon as the car stopped, the man opened the door and ran in the direction they had come from, his gaze intense as if searching for someone. Unfortunately, in the vast sea of people, he couldn't spot the figure that haunted his dreams.

"Brother-in-law, what's wrong?" Chu Xiu also got out of the car.

After the man got out of the car, the kingly aura he was born with caused many passersby to gaze in awe and admiration.

It also resulted in traffic congestion.

"It's nothing," Mo Zhixuan slowly withdrew his gaze, the hopeful light in his eyes gradually fading. He took a pair of sunglasses from his pocket, put them on, and concealed the unfathomable depths of his eyes.

After wearing the sunglasses, the pedestrians resumed their regular expressions and continued to walk forward. Now, when they looked at Mo Zhixuan, they didn't see anything different from an ordinary person.

Traffic slowly returned to normal.

Mo Zhixuan moved through the crowd with a deep voice, "Just now, I thought... I saw Jin."

Chu Xiu didn't speak, her mouth curling into a bitter smile.

A year had passed.

Mo Zhixuan still hadn't accepted the fact that Chu Jin was dead and had never stopped searching for her.

Even, for the sake of Chu Jin, he had returned to the Superpower World.

Because Zi Qi said.

In a year, Chu Jin would surely appear in the Superpower World.

Now, as the year's deadline approaches, there is still no news of Chu Jin.

That Zi Qi is simply a fraud.

Yet Mo Zhixuan believed without a doubt.

He even made Zi Qi the Great National Division.

"That's right," Mo Zhixuan turned to look at Chu Xiu, "Have you had any news of Jin lately?"

"No." Chu Xiu shook her head, her eyes filled with bitterness.

Other than the path to the netherworld.

There probably isn't anywhere else where Chu Jin could be found.

Mo Zhixuan stopped in his tracks, watching the people coming and going, his eyes hidden behind glasses were unreadable.

The year's deadline is about to pass.

Why is there still no news of her?

Jin.

Where exactly are you?

After a long pause.

Mo Zhixuan looked into the distance, sighing deeply.

Just then, a breeze brought a swirl of peach blossom petals, which touched every passerby but strangely avoided Mo Zhixuan.

Not a single petal landed on him.

When Mu Xianxian, seated in the palanquin, saw Mo Zhixuan among the crowd, her eyes lit up, and she hurriedly told her assistant, "Stop, stop now! Immediately!"

It had been several days since she last saw Mo Zhixuan.

At this moment, she was very excited.

Although Mo Zhixuan now had a head of silver hair, it did not detract from his looks; his features were still breathtaking.

They made one's heart flutter.

Occupying the highest position and with extraordinary beauty, such a man was the dream husband for young women in the Superpower World.

Once the palanquin had settled, Mu Xianxian gathered her skirts and elegantly stepped out, walking gracefully towards Mo Zhixuan, "Zhixuan brother, what a coincidence to see you here."

Her voice was sweet, and she removed her veil from her face.

Mo Zhixuan didn't even spare her a glance and turned to walk towards the car.

Mu Xianxian was not embarrassed and followed Mo Zhixuan's footsteps, "Zhixuan brother, are you going to see Aunt Yuan? I'll accompany you."

Mo Zhixuan continued to ignore her, his thin lips tightly pressed.

"Zhixuan brother, don't walk so fast... wait for me." Mu Xianxian lifted her skirt and ran a little to keep up with him.

No sooner had Mo Zhixuan opened the car door and sat in the back seat, than Mu Xianxian also sat down inside, taking it for granted, feeling no impropriety.

Chu Xiu stepped forward, opened the car door, and said very politely, "I'm sorry, Miss Mu, would you mind getting out of the car? This is my seat."

Mu Xianxian snorted coldly, her lips curling up in a sneer, she petulantly said, "Then would you mind sitting in the passenger seat? This place is mine now!"

Chu Xiu really had no clue, believing himself to be someone of consequence even after Chu Jin had died—how dare he speak to her in such a manner!

Once she became the ninth lady.

The second one she would deal with would be Chu Xiu!

Mo Zhixuan slowly took off his sunglasses, eyeing Mu Xianxian with disgust, and uttered two cold words, "Get out!"

Mu Xianxian's eyes suddenly reddened as if she had been greatly wronged, "Zhixuan brother, I..."

An icy glacier seemed to envelop Mo Zhixuan's face, his deep eyes suddenly filled with killing intent as if he could dismember Mu Xianxian at any moment, and an overwhelming pressure rolled toward her.

"Get out before I make a move!"

Mu Xianxian shivered with fear, her face turned pale, and she hurriedly opened the door to get out of the car.

Ever since Mo Zhixuan returned to the Superpower World, his temper had become very irritable and unpredictable; no matter who it was or their status, if they upset him, their fate would not be a good one!

They would die horribly.

Watching a flustered Mu Xianxian, Chu Xiu's lips curled up slightly. Thinking that someone like Mu Xianxian could replace her sister was laughable; she then opened the car door and got in.

After Chu Xiu got in, the black limousine shot away like an arrow released from its bow, quickly disappearing from Mu Xianxian's sight.

Mu Xianxian wanted to explode with rage, her hands clenched her wide skirts, and stomped fiercely on the ground.

After kicking the greenery a few times in anger and realizing she was on the street, which was detrimental to her image as the number one beauty, she quickly raised her hand to cover her face with the veil again, masking her nearly distorted features, and stepped on the palanquin, "To the Chu Family! Hurry up!"

The bearers of the palanquin were no ordinary people, moving like shadows, they quickly arrived at the gate of the Chu Family.

When Mu Xianxian arrived, there was a black sedan parked in front of the Chu Family's main courtyard, the same one that Mo Zhixuan had just ridden in.

He and Chu Xiu had already arrived at the Chu Family.

Mu Xianxian removed her veil, her lips curving into a fitting smile, she looked up and gazed quietly at the majestic courtyard before her, and then stepped inside.

Chapter 650: Jin, go make tea for Xianxian.

Mu Xianxian stepped inside, one deliberate step at a time.

Clearly, she was a frequent guest at the Chu Family; all the servants within the courtyard greeted her respectfully with a "Good day, Miss Mu."

Even from outside the courtyard, laughter could be heard emanating from inside the house.

It was a crisp sound, like that of silver bells, refreshing to the soul.

A venomous look flashed across Mu Xianxian's eyes. The little wretch sure had a knack for seducing men!

Laughing like that, the floozy!

Shameless!

But soon, Mu Xianxian regained her gentle and kind demeanor.

"Aunt Yuan, I'm here," Mu Xianxian said with a beaming smile as she walked into the hall, affectionately holding onto Zhao Yan's arm—a complete contrast from her ferocious expression just moments before.

Mu Xianxian was no fool; she knew how to play to people's preferences. To get close to Mo Zhixuan and claim the position of Ninth Madame, it wasn't enough to merely cozy up to the old madam; Zhao Yan needed to be sweet-talked too.

Compared to the old madam, Zhao Yan, with her mental instability and senile dementia, was much easier to deceive.

Zhao Yan was also more prone to trust others.

Moreover, making Zhao Yan happy would earn Mu Xianxian Mo Zhixuan's favor, furthering her smooth ascent to the position of Ninth Madame.

"Jin, go make some tea for Xianxian," Zhao Yan said to another young woman standing beside her.

The young woman appeared to be about eighteen or nineteen years old, dressed in white with black pants, slender and fair-skinned with delicate features—a rare beauty indeed. Most importantly, she bore a semblance to Chu Jin.

At the very least, she resembled her by a third.

Half a year earlier, Zhao Yan had been mentally unstable due to excessive thoughts of her daughter, sneaking out of the Chu house late at night; coincidentally, it was a night of torrential rain. Not far from home, Zhao Yan fainted in the downpour.

Fortunately, she met a kind-hearted person.

This kind-hearted individual took Zhao Yan home, took great care of her, and in less than two days, Zhao Yan had recovered.

This benevolent person was the one who resembled Chu Jin.

Her name was Luo Yu.

Because she looked somewhat like Chu Jin, Zhao Yan mistook her for Chu Jin and called her "Jin" day and night. She even brought Luo Yu back to the Chu Family, allowing her to become the young miss of the family.

Luo Yu was kind-hearted and didn't want to see Zhao Yan get hurt again, so she followed Zhao Yan back to the Chu Family, acknowledged her as her mother, and even let Zhao Yan call her Jin.

In her heart, Luo Yu also considered herself the very Chu Jin she'd never met before.

She believed this was an opportunity given by the heavens.

Since Chu Jin was dead, and since she resembled her, Luo Yu could rightfully own everything Chu Jin did.

From now on, she would be the young miss of the Chu Family.

And no one could shake her position.

Of course, her ambitions weren't simply confined to being the Chu Family's young miss.

It's said that Chu Jin was previously engaged to that man after all.

"Alright, Mom, I'll do it right now. Just a moment, Xianxian," Luo Yu said slowly with a smile, turning to make tea. The word "Mom" sounded utterly natural from her.

As if Zhao Yan was indeed her real mother.

Mu Xianxian watched Luo Yu with a scoff in her eyes.

This Luo Yu was truly shameless; she merely resembled Chu Jin a bit and already thought she could replace her?

She should take a good look at herself! She couldn't even match a single finger of Chu Jin!

The only person who could be mentioned in the same breath as Chu Jin was herself, the number one beauty of the Superpower World. Luo Yu really was overestimating herself!

Once she became the Ninth Madame,

the first one she would deal with was this Luo Yu!

Although she loathed Luo Yu deep down, Mu Xianxian's face was still full of smiles.

"Aunt Yuan, I haven't seen you for some days, and I've really missed you. When do you have time to come over to our place for a visit?" Mu Xianxian helped Zhao Yan sit down, smiling tenderly.

Looking like this, Mu Xianxian did resemble the Superpower World's number one beauty to some extent.

In fact, Mu Xianxian was very attractive, even more so than Luo Yu, with distinctive features—it was no wonder she occupied the position of top beauty.

Zhao Yan affectionately patted Mu Xianxian's hand, smiling lovingly, "Jin has been busy these days. Once Jin is free, we will definitely come to visit. Hopefully, you won't find us troublesome then."

Upon hearing this, Luo Yu, who was making tea on the side, couldn't help but reveal a smug smile.

No matter how nice Mu Xianxian was, in Zhao Yan's heart, her own daughter was always the best.

In Zhao Yan's eyes, Mu Xianxian would always be an outsider.

Even though Mu Xianxian invited Zhao Yan to visit the Mu Family, Zhao Yan's thoughts were still fixed on her.

Actually,

Mu Xianxian didn't harbor any bad intentions towards Zhao Yan, at most she just wanted to use Zhao Yan to get Mo Zhixuan to notice her.

Therefore, she made Zhao Yan very happy. If Luo Yu had not interfered, the person accompanying Zhao Yan right now would have been herself. What business would Luo Yu have then?

Hearing this, Mu Xianxian was very angry.

Luo Yu, Luo Yu, always Luo Yu!

She had been so good to Zhao Yan, thinking of giving her the best things first, yet Zhao Yan could only see Luo Yu!

All Luo Yu could do was parade around with that inferior face and call "mom." What else could she do?

Why couldn't Zhao Yan understand that even if Luo Yu looked a bit like Chu Jin, at the end of the day, she was not the real Chu Jin!

Chu Jin was so beautiful.

She couldn't even compare to the tip of Chu Jin's little finger!

Lost in thought, Luo Yu brought over the brewed tea with a smile, gently cautioning Mu Xianxian, "Xianxian, have some tea, but be careful, it's hot."

In front of Zhao Yan, Luo Yu always appeared very understanding.

"Thank you." Mu Xianxian picked up the tea, her smile not quite reaching her eyes.

As for Luo Yu, this little white lotus, Mu Xianxian could never bring herself to like her.

She wished this little white lotus would just drop dead!

So, she was not afraid of offending this little white lotus.

"You're welcome," Luo Yu also smiled, a subtle glint in her eyes as she said nonchalantly, "The guest is the guest, and it is my duty to serve."

Her words were extremely artful.

In the Chu Family, Luo Yu had never felt like an outsider.

The guest is the guest?

Mu Xianxian curved her lips into a smile.

This Luo Yu actually had the nerve to say such a thing—she really considered herself a part of the Chu Family, didn't she?

Nothing but a replacement.

Trash! Disgusting!

A dark light flashed in Mu Xianxian's eyes before she continued.

"Luo Yu, you're right, a guest deserves hospitality. You've been in the Superpower World for quite some time now, haven't you? You haven't had a chance to explore yet. When you're free one day, I'll definitely take you around to play the gracious host."

This statement struck a chord.

Moreover, Mu Xianxian did not follow Zhao Yan's cue to call Luo Yu "Jin," but used her real name instead.

Mu Xianxian was also reminding Luo Yu.

Luo Yu would always be Luo Yu, and Jin would always be Chu Jin; no one could replace her!

Did a substitute really think she could turn the tables and become the Chu Family's young lady?

Dream on!

Luo Yu caught the meaning behind the words. Her expression changed slightly, but the smile on her lips remained as she spoke softly, "Xianxian, you're too kind. If I find the time, my mom and I will definitely trouble you."

Luo Yu also deliberately emphasized the words "my mom."

She was also reminding Mu Xianxian that no matter what Mu Xianxian did, it was all in vain. She could never replace Luo Yu's place in Zhao Yan's heart.

What was Mu Xianxian compared to that?

As long as Zhao Yan and the Chu Family acknowledged her, that was enough.

After all, she was Zhao Yan's only daughter.

This was a fact Mu Xianxian couldn't change.

Unless, Chu Jin came back to life.

But that was just a dead person, not a threat to her.

Mu Xianxian also picked up on the subtext in Luo Yu's words and said nonchalantly, "Then it's settled. When the time comes, you can't say you're too busy."

"Of course," Luo Yu also laughed softly, her tone gentle, "that would just be too much trouble for you."

"Not at all," Mu Xianxian smiled very clearly, deftly playing along, "you're not here often in the Superpower World, and guests deserve hospitality after all."

Upon hearing this, Luo Yu's expression changed instantly.

Mu Xianxian, on the other hand, smiled even more smugly.

Regaining ground in front of Luo Yu felt incredibly good!

Extremely good!

Luo Yu's expression eased slightly, and her lips curled into a smile. In the midst of Mu Xianxian's proud gaze, she suddenly stood up, looked towards the staircase, and greeted with a smile and tender tone, "Brother Mo, Xiu."

Her eyes were tender and affectionate as she gazed at the staircase.

To be precise.

She was looking at Mo Zhixuan.

There are some people in this world who can make you fall for them without hesitation at first sight.

Clearly, Mo Zhixuan was such a person.

Mo Zhixuan seemed to be discussing something with Chu Xiu. Upon hearing Luo Yu, he simply nodded at her. His chiseled face didn't carry much expression as he then continued to converse with Chu Xiu, lowering his gaze.

His casual move radiated a powerful aura that commanded respect.

Such a man, born to dominate.

Watching Mo Zhixuan approaching closer and closer, Luo Yu's heart began to beat faster and faster.

The thought that this man would one day belong completely to her made Luo Yu's heart race; it felt like it was about to leap out of her chest.

Chu Jin was Mo Zhixuan's fiancée, which naturally made him her fiancé as well.

"Sister Luo Yu," Chu Xiu approached Luo Yu and greeted her politely.

Since Luo Yu had saved Zhao Yan's life and could stabilise her condition, Chu Xiu had a good impression of her.

Upon hearing this.

A touch of gloom quickly flashed across Luo Yu's face. This Chu Xiu!

All the times she had been so tender and kind to him, treating him like a dear brother.

But what about him? He still called her "Sister Luo Yu." Chu Xiu never really saw her as a sister!

Ungrateful creature!

However, in this household, apart from Zhao Yan who would call her "Jin," others directly used her name, and the servants addressed her as "Miss Luo."

This was by Mo Zhixuan's instruction.

After all, in Mo Zhixuan's heart, no one could replace Chu Jin.

Even if Luo Yu looked a lot like Chu Jin, she was still only Luo Yu.

Apart from Zhao Yan who could not tell the difference, no one else considered Luo Yu a substitute.

"Miss Mu has come too." Chu Xiu's gaze fell on Mu Xianxian and he greeted her proactively.

"Xiu, Brother Mo," Mu Xianxian spoke in a sweet tone.

"Mom, you rest well and take care of yourself, I need to leave now," Mo Zhixuan said as if he had not seen Mu Xianxian, going straight to Zhao Yan's side and speaking in a warm tone, the only time his voice wasn't so cold was in front of Zhao Yan.

Seeing this.

The smile deepened in Luo Yu's eyes.

Mu Xianxian was just like a jumping clown, self-proclaimed as the top beauty of the Superpower World, looking down on everything beneath her, but in front of Mo Zhixuan, she was nothing.

Mo Zhixuan would not even give her a second glance.

"Zhixuan, are you leaving already?" Zhao Yan stood up looking at Mo Zhixuan. "Won't you stay and have a meal with me and Jin?"

Zhao Yan always remembered Mo Zhixuan as her son-in-law, so she often tried to put Mo Zhixuan and Luo Yu together.

Because, in Zhao Yan's subconscious.

Luo Yu was Chu Jin.

And Chu Jin had never left her.

"Mom, Brother Mo has things to do. Don't keep him here, let him go busy himself," Luo Yu took Zhao Yan's arm, sounding very considerate.

Anyway, Chu Jin was already dead.

Sooner or later, she could completely replace Chu Jin. As for winning Mo Zhixuan's favor, it couldn't be rushed; it had to be done gradually.

"Alright," Zhao Yan sighed, then said, "Zhixuan, just be careful on the road, and remember to come see me and Jin when you have time."

"Don't worry, I'll definitely come to see you when I have the time," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, deliberately ignoring the "Jin."

He did not take another look at Luo Yu.

Luo Yu lowered her eyelids, her eyes' expression somewhat unclear. What exactly did Mo Zhixuan mean?

She clearly looked so much like Chu Jin. How could he continue to ignore her?

It had already been half a year, yet Mo Zhixuan still showed no signs of interest in her.