

R Woman 67

Chapter 67: Got photographed

Wu Mingwang was a People's Police officer.

Gu Ronghua had long expected he would have such a response, and now she reached out to hold his hand that was holding the hairdryer with a smile, "I knew you wouldn't believe in these things, at first I didn't either, but that person truly helped me a lot."

Gu Ronghua stood up, placed her hands on Wu Mingwang's shoulders, looked him in the eyes, and said softly, "Come, sit down, I'll show you something, and after you see it, you'll understand what's going on."

Wu Mingwang laughed helplessly and took a seat on the stool Gu Ronghua had been sitting on just before.

Gu Ronghua picked up her cellphone from the side, swiped it a couple of times, and found the recording she was looking for.

Soon, the sound of Gu Ronghua's surprised voice came out from the phone, she said, "A thousand yuan? That expensive?"

Then came the reproachful voice of her mother-in-law, "Ajin's predictions are golden, is a thousand yuan too much?"

From the elderly woman's voice, it was evident that she truly trusted Chu Jin and also liked him a lot.

Upon hearing this, Wu Mingwang stroked his chin, expressing his admiration, "Not bad, not bad, my wife's awareness is quite high, even knowing to record for evidence."

Gu Ronghua gave him a look, "Don't talk, listen carefully."

The phone went silent for a few dozen seconds.

Soon, a clear and melodious voice came through the phone's speaker.

The voice was light and seemingly effortless, yet it carried an irresistible charm, refreshing to the listener's ear.

Regardless of what the owner of the voice was trying to convey, simply listening to it was a very comfortable experience.

The girl spoke unhurriedly, enunciating each word clearly; the more Wu Mingwang listened, the deeper his brows furrowed, and the more shocked he became.

The recording lasted for about 5 - 6 minutes.

Yet to Wu Mingwang, it felt as long as a century.

When the recording ended, Wu Mingwang was still immersed in that clear and melodious voice.

Deep within his mind, it seemed as though some memories were gradually being stirred.

That year, he had just turned 18, freshly graduated from high school, and had been accepted to a well-known police academy.

Taking advantage of the summer vacation, his father took him to visit some distant relatives in the countryside, only to discover upon arrival that the distant relatives had moved away.

After their search for relatives was fruitless, they stayed in the area for a few days before heading home. On the afternoon of their departure, they happened upon a house on fire.

The flames roared towards the sky, and the surrounding area was filled with crying. Mixed within the cries were sounds of a young girl's sobbing coming from the fire, but no one around dared to move, let alone enter the fire to save lives; the fire was simply too fierce.

At the time, he was full of youthful vigor and righteousness. Without a second thought, he rushed into the blaze.

Fortunately, the rescue process went smoothly; no sooner had he emerged from the fire than the house collapsed.

In his arms, he protected a young girl in a pink dress.

She was sobbing inconsolably.

Although the girl's face was blackened by smoke, her eyes, bright like those of a deer, were difficult to overlook.

As if in a trance, he felt as if he saw the young girl in the pink dress again, until the eyes in his memory overlapped with those of the person in front of him.

Wu Mingwang's eyes lit up, and he asked Gu Ronghua, "Wife, did your family live in 'Daba Village' before? Were you at home taking a nap on the day of the fire, wearing a pink dress?"

Wu Mingwang excitedly stood up from the stool and gestured, "You used to be this tall, this skinny, wore two pigtails, and were such a crybaby..."

Daba Village? Pink dress? Crybaby? This was quite a lot of information, and it took Gu Ronghua a moment to process it all.

"Mingwang, how did you know all this?" Gu Ronghua also stood up excitedly from the bed.

Indeed, she had lived in Daba Village until she was nine years old, but they had moved after the fire, and she had not mentioned this to Wu Mingwang.

She was indeed wearing a pink dress on the day of the fire.

Logically, it had been so long that she couldn't remember it that clearly.

Ironically, that day was her 9th birthday, and that dress was the first birthday present in her life, as well as her first dress. It was a soft pink she dearly loved, so as soon as she got it, she couldn't wait to put it on.

Unfortunately, the dress was scorched by the fire, and she had cried for a long time afterwards.

Therefore, the memory was particularly vivid.

Suddenly, Gu Ronghua heard those words in her ears again, "...The name of the noble person you're looking for should contain the character 'Ming'."

The tone was light but struck deep into her mind.

She never expected that the lifesaver she had been searching for so many years turned out to be the person she had shared her bed with for so long.

When old acquaintances met, they did not recognize each other.

Fortunately, fate did not let them miss each other.

No wonder, at twenty-one, she fell in love at first sight with the twenty-nine-year-old man.

...

"So you were that big brother from back then?"

"And you were that crybaby from back then?"

Almost in unison, both husband and wife saw shock and the joy of reunion in each other's eyes.

The next second, they embraced each other tightly, Gu Ronghua's eyes sparkling with excited tears as she choked out, "Mingwang, it's really you... It's always been you... I've searched for you for so long..."

Wu Mingwang gently patted Gu Ronghua's back, whispering comfort, "There, there, no more crying..."

He never would have thought that the crybaby from back then would become the love of his life.

Everything was just like a romantic idol drama.

"Mingwang," Gu Ronghua, looking into the man's eyes before her, crying and speaking, "It's wonderful, I've finally found you, finally... Do you know? I've searched for you so long... All these years, there's been an unease in my heart; I just wanted to find you to say thank you in person. After that fire, where did you go? Why did no one recognize you?"

"Silly girl, don't cry," Wu Mingwang wiped the tears from the corners of Gu Ronghua's eyes, "After that fire, I took the train back to Capital City with my dad. I went to Daba Village to look for relatives, but they had already moved away. There, there, don't cry—it's not good for Bao Bao."

Gu Ronghua took a deep breath, "All thanks to Jin, it's all thanks to her. Let's go and thank her in person tomorrow, shall we?"

Wu Mingwang nodded, "Yes, I'll take the day off tomorrow to go with you."

One could say that now, Wu Mingwang had no trace of wariness left towards this Ah Jin whom he had never met.

Even a sense of curiosity had arisen.

He was curious about what kind of person deserved such a delicate heart.

And that bit of admiration.

Listening to her voice, she was probably young, wasn't she?

**

Wancheng Villa.

Chu Jin was sitting in front of the computer, updating "Blooms like Brocade"

She looked at this work, her lips curling into a faint smile.

In just over ten days since posting, not only had the reading count reached ten digits, but the favorites had also jumped from 0 to over 1700.

The number of comments had risen from 0 to over 800.

Among them, one comment was particularly eye-catching, "Just yesterday, I broke up with my boyfriend of three years. After reading Sister Past's writing, I realize that heartbreak is not that frightening. Sister Past's words are very healing and impactful. They settle my heart while also evoking deep emotions. I believe Sister Past must be someone with a story, just like the words from her writing: The mountains remain mountains, the waters remain waters. They may seem the same, yet everything has changed, and the mountains are no longer those mountains, the waters no longer those waters."

'The Return of the Past' was her pen name.

Chu Jin scrolled through the comments left by readers.

Her eyebrows and eyes curved, her fair and slender fingers dancing across the black keyboard.

She was replying to reader comments one by one.

**

The next morning, just as dawn was breaking, Chu Jin woke up. Tossing and turning in bed and unable to sleep, she eventually got up, went out for a run.

Chu Jin ran around the tree-lined paths surrounding the Zhao family villa for a dozen laps or so.

By that time, the day had fully broken, the sun rising slowly in the east, ushering in a wide swath of golden light.

What was originally a quiet tree-lined path gradually welcomed a few more early morning runners.

Chu Jin stopped running, gazing up at the slowly rising sun, feeling for the first time how wonderful life could be.

After watching for a while, perhaps finding the sunlight too dazzling, she extended her fair, slender left hand to shield her forehead, basking in the fragmented sunlight seeping through her fingers onto her eyes, feeling unusually uplifted. A subtle and radiant smile formed on her lips as the golden rays evenly bathed her, wrapping her in a soft golden halo—pure and lovely.

This scene was exactly caught by a photography enthusiast among the morning runners.

From his angle, the young girl cleverly merged with the morning sun. Although only a vague profile was visible, it was a sight so entrancing that it was hard to look away.

It even made him afraid to breathe too loudly, for fear of disturbing such a beautiful scene.

He swiftly picked up the camera hanging around his neck, pressed the shutter...

Just then, a breeze blew, lifting the locks of hair in front of her chest, adding a hazy beauty to the whole image.