

R Woman 671

Chapter 671: You were the one who pursued me first

"Holy shit!" Bai Ruyu suddenly realized, lifting his eyes to look at Xiao Jinnian with a cold sneer, "Xiao Jinnian, oh Xiao Jinnian, I didn't expect you to be this kind of Xiao Jinnian. Now I know who you like! Your taste is seriously messed up! You... actually..."

"You..." Xiao Jinnian looked at him, his eyes a pitch-black ocean behind his glasses, "Guessed it?"

"Of course, I've guessed it! 'If you don't want anyone to know, don't do it!'" Bai Ruyu continued, "No wonder you always sneak out in the middle of the night!"

"Let me explain..." Xiao Jinnian sighed.

"You don't need to explain," Bai Ruyu waved his hand and continued, "Don't worry, I will keep this a secret for you, I definitely won't tell Old Jiang. I was wondering why you had such heavy taste, to actually like her!"

Old Jiang was their driver, a woman with a masculine appearance but a voice sweet and endearing, a staunch single person who loved life, yearned for freedom, and was hostile to all the men who hit on her.

Xiao Jinnian: "..."

Xiao Jinnian had successfully soothed Bai Ruyu, and now, he was leading him towards the car.

It seemed that Bai Ruyu's infatuation was just a momentary curiosity. He couldn't have liked Chu Jin that much, otherwise, he would not have been consoled so quickly.

At this moment, Xiao Jinnian really didn't regret the decision he had made.

On the contrary, he felt somewhat relieved.

That way, he not only helped Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin get together but also saved Bai Ruyu from the cage of marriage.

Very good.

"Do you remember me now?" After a long while, Mo Zhixuan finally let go of Chu Jin.

At this moment, Mo Zhixuan's heart, his eyes, could only accommodate her.

He missed her so very much.

In the past year, there wasn't a minute or a second that he wasn't thinking of her.

Looking back now, he didn't even know how he had managed to get through those tough times.

But fortunately, he made it.

Thankfully, he didn't give up.

Chu Jin shook her head, "No, after waking up on Poland Mountain, other than my own name, I can't remember anyone else." Although her mind was a mess and she couldn't remember anything, Chu Jin was certain that the man in front of her was the most important person in her life, someone she could trust.

The moment she hugged him, Chu Jin felt a sense of security she had known before.

It was as if, deep in her memory, she had hugged him like this before.

"It doesn't matter." Mo Zhixuan bent down and kissed her eyes, "I can help you remember."

"Okay." Chu Jin wrapped her arms around his waist and slowly closed her eyes, feeling his heartbeat; she liked this feeling very much.

It was satisfying.

As long as she was holding him, it was as if she had the whole world.

"I am Mo Zhixuan, Mo from 'none to rival under the heavens', and Zhixuan from 'mystery upon mystery'." Mo Zhixuan lowered his gaze and whispered in her ear, his warm breath spreading across her neck.

As he spoke, he added, "Your husband."

Husband?

Chu Jin of course knew what that word meant.

So she was already married? Chu Jin looked at him incredulously.

Seeing her disbelief, Mo Zhixuan took out a black cellphone from his pocket, flipped through the album, and showed her a photo.

The bright red marriage certificate shone with three words.

Marriage Certificate.

One of them was open, displaying a couple's photo of Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

Both were wearing white shirts and beaming with faint smiles.

Certificate holder: Chu Jin.

Chu Jin took the cellphone, her fair fingertips lightly scrolling, flipping to the first page of the album.

The phone contained a total of 108 pictures.

Almost every one of them was related to her.

There were also their couple photos.

Some were taken by him surreptitiously.

Chu Jin put down the phone and gently lifted her eyes, looking at him, she softly said, "Mo Zhixuan."

They were the simplest three words, but Mo Zhixuan felt as if he was hearing the most wonderful sound in the world.

An entire year.

He had finally waited for these three words.

"Mm, I'm here," Mo Zhixuan stretched out his arms to embrace her, "I'm so glad, so glad I waited for you."

He was glad that he hadn't done anything foolish.

He couldn't imagine, if he had chosen to end his life back then, how desperate Chu Jin would be waking up to find him gone.

"Mo Zhixuan," Chu Jin called out softly again, as if only by doing so would she feel more at ease.

"Hmm, I'm here," Mo Zhixuan's lips curved into a satisfied arc as he leaned in to pick her up horizontally, "Come on, I'm taking you home."

Mo Zhixuan held her like that, walking slowly.

Strolling under the night sky, a gentle breeze blowing.

Little did they know, all of this was witnessed by Luo Yu hiding in the corner.

Her eyes were filled with intense resentment.

Mo Zhixuan was actually doting on another woman behind her back!

How could he do this!

She was carrying his child, and yet he was fooling around with another woman!

Did Mo Zhixuan still have her in his heart?

Did he know that she was already pregnant with his child?

How could Mo Zhixuan do something to betray his own!

Luo Yu clenched her lips tightly, her teeth turning them white from the pressure, her whole body trembling with rage.

Luo Yu wished she could rush out and kill that cheap woman right now!

How could she be so shameless as to seduce her man!

What made Luo Yu even more infuriated was that Chu Jin was the person who had fought with her over a dress.

It was actually Chu Jin!

Now Luo Yu was extremely glad she had drugged Zhao Yan.

Otherwise, at the dress shop that day, Zhao Yan would have recognized the real Chu Jin.

Then she wouldn't have been able to successfully conceive Mo Zhixuan's child.

Chu Jin really was shameless, fighting over a dress with her was one thing, but now she even dared to snatch her man!

How could she be such a whore!

No, Mo Zhixuan was hers, hers alone, no one could take him away.

Mo Zhixuan belonged to only her.

No, she must take some action.

She couldn't just let Chu Jin steal Mo Zhixuan from her.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan like this, she guessed he wouldn't be able to get up for a while!

She wondered what unspeakable methods Chu Jin used to bewitch Mo Zhixuan to such extent that he even carried her personally!

Besides that night, Mo Zhixuan never initiated physical contact with her own self, he hadn't even touched her, how could he touch another woman, what's so good about that woman?

She should have died! Why couldn't she die completely! Why did she have to come back!

The more Luo Yu thought, the less reconciled she felt, her features twisting into a scowl.

However, luckily her belly was worthy of pride!

Hidden behind the stone lion, Luo Yu touched her stomach with a smug look and whispered, "My child, oh my child, you must make me proud, grow up safe and sound."

Luo Yu watched the two figures gradually moving farther away, her mouth curling into a vicious smile.

Just wait.

Once she secures the position of the Mo family's main wife, she'll make sure Chu Jin pays.

By then, she'll have a hundred ways to kill Chu Jin.

Luo Yu had absolute confidence in seizing the position of the Mo family's main wife.

After all.

She held an ace in hand.

Luo Yu gently stroked her stomach.

Mo Zhixuan continued to carry Chu Jin towards the Chu Family's direction.

Zhao Yan would certainly be very happy to see Chu Jin.

To surprise everyone with Chu Xiu, Mo Zhixuan had deliberately not informed them.

"Put me down," Chu Jin hooked his neck, moving slightly.

His chin kept rubbing against the top of her head, causing a tickling sensation.

"No," Mo Zhixuan didn't let her go, instead tightening his arms.

Chu Jin looked up at him, and from her angle, she could perfectly see his fine jawline and the slightly protruding Adam's apple, which had a somewhat sexy appeal.

Chu Jin couldn't help but be spellbound for a moment, then she softly spoke up, "I can walk by myself, aren't you tired?"

"Carrying the whole world, do you think that's tiring?" Mo Zhixuan gently lowered his gaze, the depths of his profound eyes seemingly bottomless, his voice also very deep.

Chu Jin laughed softly, "Were you always this slick with words?"

"Am I really slick with words?" Mo Zhixuan retorted.

"Of course," Chu Jin nodded, "Did you deceive a lot of young girls before?"

With such flirting skills, he must be a pro in matters of the heart, right? Otherwise, how could her past self have been fooled by him?

"Have you ever heard a saying?" Mo Zhixuan raised an eyebrow, revealing a thought-provoking smile.

To maintain balance, Chu Jin wrapped her arms around his neck, her eyes gazing up at him, "What saying?"

"A man is known by the company he keeps," Mo Zhixuan said solemnly, "If I have slick words, then I learned them from you. When you were pursuing me before, you had even slicker tongues than I do now. The things you said were so sappy they could make someone squirm; I only agreed to be with you because I couldn't take your cheesiness. Otherwise, do you think I would hang myself on this crooked tree?"

"I was chasing you?" Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, "Are you sure?"

A youthful beauty like her chasing after a grown man?

Chu Jin was skeptical of Mo Zhixuan's words.

"Yeah, it was you who pursued me first," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "It's you who lost your memory, not me. So don't question my words. It was definitely you who pursued me fiercely, with crying, making scene, and even threatening self-harm. I was so harassed by you that I had no choice left."

Mo Zhixuan spoke earnestly, his serious face showing no sign of deceit.

Chu Jin even started questioning herself.

"Really?" Chu Jin stretched out her hand and rubbed his face.

"Of course, it's true. I remember it very clearly," Mo Zhixuan captured her fingers with his mouth and gently bit down before continuing, "Moreover, I never lie to people."

Chu Jin sighed softly, somewhat gloomily commenting, "If that's really the case, then how blind was I before."

"How could you be blind?" Mo Zhixuan looked down at her, "It's precisely because you have a discerning eye that you were able to recognize someone as outstanding as me. You have no idea, ever since I married you, all the young girls outside have been crying their hearts out, one batch after another, ..."

"Have some shame, will you?" Chu Jin reached out and tapped his face.

Mo Zhixuan's lips curled into a shallow smile, "What's the use of having shame? Can it be used as a wife?"

Chu Jin: "..."

The two walked and talked along the way, with Mo Zhixuan mostly teasing Chu Jin.

Chu Jin's laughter could be heard from time to time in the air.

It was pleasing to the ear.

Just as they were about to reach the Chu Family's gate, a luminous glow suddenly illuminated the eastern sky.

The dark green glow was not very noticeable in the night.

But Chu Jin's pupils contracted because the light was coming from the direction of Poland Mountain, and that glow was familiar to Chu Jin; it was an emergency flare sent by Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

Something must have happened to Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin!

Based on the color of the flare, it had to be an extremely urgent situation.

Otherwise, they wouldn't have launched it at such a late hour.

Chu Jin hastily jumped off Mo Zhixuan, looking pale as she turned to gaze eastward.

Little Grey also ran over from a distance, standing by Chu Jin's feet, emitting an anxious whining sound.

"What's wrong?" Mo Zhixuan came up behind her, looking eastward as well.

"You go back first. The situation is urgent right now, and I won't elaborate further. I'll come back to you after a while." With that, Chu Jin ran towards Poland Mountain.

"I'll accompany you." Mo Zhixuan caught up with her. He'd already lost her once; he wasn't going to make the same mistake again. No matter where she went, he would accompany her.

"Alright, let's go together." Chu Jin reached out to take his hand, and they both ran towards the mountainside.

The journey up the mountain was not easy; it required traversing a stretch of a mountain path and then taking a bamboo raft. Last time they descended the mountain, Jian Yi had blindfolded Chu Jin, so she was not familiar with the way up the mountain. Fortunately, Little Grey was there.

Little Grey led the two of them through the mountain forest.

While they walked, Chu Jin told Mo Zhixuan about everything she encountered over the past year.

She also spoke to Mo Zhixuan about Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

After all, without them, there would be no Chu Jin today.

After listening, Mo Zhixuan understood why Chu Jin was in such a hurry to climb the mountain and also felt great respect for the two old people whom he had never met.

To him, Chu Jin's benefactors were also his benefactors.

Chu Jin's godparents were his godparents too.

He was determined to take this opportunity to properly thank the elderly couple.

Thank him for giving Jin back to himself.

"Don't worry, good people will receive good karma. The two old folks will surely be fine," they stood on the bamboo raft, and Mo Zhixuan squeezed her hand, comforting her.

"Mm." Chu Jin nodded anxiously, her mind clearly elsewhere.

Mo Zhixuan pulled her into his embrace, sitting at the bow, and resting his chin on top of her head. He spoke gently, "Let me tell you about the past; how does that sound?"

"Okay," Chu Jin answered softly.

Mo Zhixuan's voice was deep and magnetic, his pace unhurried, and it sounded very pleasant. Before long, Chu Jin fell asleep in his arms.

Clouds drifted by, obscuring the stars above, and soon, a light rain started to fall from the sky.

Mo Zhixuan cradled her with one arm while he took out a black umbrella from his space, propping it open above their heads. The rain grew heavier, pattering steadily. Little Grey, too, ran to their side, curling up at Chu Jin's feet.

Curiously, Mo Zhixuan didn't chase it away either.

The rain continued all night, and Mo Zhixuan held the umbrella with one hand the entire time, preserving the same position so as not to wake her. He did so the whole night, without moving an inch, even as mosquitoes bit him.

There was a comforting scent from his embrace, securing Chu Jin into a deep slumber with a slight smile gracing her lips.

She dreamt again.

It was that silver-haired man.

This time, however, she finally saw the silver-haired man's true face.

It was Mo Zhixuan.

The vision in her dream was the scene from last night when the two kissed at the Flower Festival.

After this fragment, she dreamt of nothing else.

A night of good sleep.

When Chu Jin awoke again, it was already the next morning.

Mo Zhixuan was still holding her in the same posture from last night; when she opened her eyes, their gazes met.

"Good morning," Chu Jin said with a soft smile.

Mo Zhixuan lowered his gaze slightly and asked, "Morning, want to sleep a bit more?"

"I guess not," Chu Jin blinked at him, "You didn't stay up all night, did you?"

He couldn't have been holding her the entire time, could he? His eyes were clear and spirited, not resembling someone who had gone without sleep, but could he really sleep while holding her?

"Of course not," Mo Zhixuan responded in a gentle voice, "I am not so foolish as to watch you have sweet dreams all night."

In fact.

Mo Zhixuan had been that foolish, staying awake all night without even closing his eyes.

"I think you look like a fool," Chu Jin said as she stood up, looping her arms around his neck and stretching languidly.

Still sitting on the bamboo raft, Mo Zhixuan looked up at her, his eyes brimming with warmth. Watching the person he loved, he felt that even her stretch was a shape of love for him.

She stood at the forefront of the bamboo raft, looking up at the slowly rising sun in the east. The golden morning light poured onto her, making her seem ethereal and serene.

The sunlight was just right, and the years were stable. It couldn't get much better than this.

The bamboo raft floated steadily towards the east.

All around, crisp birdsong filled the air. The air in the mountains was good, and because it had rained the night before, a mist rose from the mountaintops, curling like veils that lent the mountains an air of mystery as if she were in a fairyland on earth.

Mo Zhixuan stood up and brought out a small table from his space to place in the middle of the bamboo raft. The table was laid with toiletries and steaming hot buns. Little Grey watched Mo Zhixuan with curious, round eyes.

"Go." Mo Zhixuan picked up a bun and threw it across to the other end of the raft. Little Grey leaped nimbly, catching the bun in midair.

However, it didn't eat the bun right away but carried it back to Mo Zhixuan, wagging its tail.

Mo Zhixuan patted its head and said, "Good boy."

Only then did Little Grey confidently scamper off with the bun towards the front of the raft.

After doing all this, Mo Zhixuan took out ointment and a toothbrush from his space.

Chu Jin walked over, expressing surprise, "Wow, are you like Doraemon with a magical pocket that holds so much stuff?"

"There's even better stuff in my pocket, want to see?" Mo Zhixuan lifted an eyebrow.

Chu Jin raised a finger and shook it lightly, "Not really."

"You don't have a choice," Mo Zhixuan stood and caught her hand, guiding it into his pocket and towards the inner side of his thigh, where her fingers encountered something hard. Chu Jin squeezed it and asked, "What's this? Can it be taken out?"

Mo Zhixuan couldn't suppress a muffled groan, gripping her hand firmly as he looked into her eyes, his voice husky, "Behave, that's not something you can pull out, but I'll let you have a good look when there's time."

"As if," Chu Jin gave him a sidelong glance and withdrew her hand. That object was somewhat scorching, as if she had held it before.

Mo Zhixuan didn't continue to tease her but walked over to the table, skillfully prepared a toothbrush with toothpaste, and handed it to her, "Brush your teeth first."

"Okay." Chu Jin took it, quickly brushing her teeth before casually scooping up river water to wash her face.

It was fortunate it was summer; such actions were harmless.

The river was long, and after drifting all night, they had yet to reach the other shore.

Little Grey lay at the other end of the raft, contentedly nibbling on the bun.

After freshening up, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan sat at the table to eat, simple porridge and vegetables accompanied by buns and pastries. Although the meal was modest, Chu Jin found each bite surprisingly suited to her taste.

After breakfast, the bamboo raft gradually approached the shore.

Little Grey called out excitedly with "ow, ow" howls.

Once ashore, they weren't far from Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin's home, and Chu Jin led Mo Zhixuan hurriedly into the depths of the forest.

The undeveloped forest was challenging to navigate, with thorns and wild grass everywhere, but their pace was brisk.

Sporadically, they could still see small animals darting through the woods.

Before long, they could spot the three-story wooden house hidden among the trees.

Chapter 672: just in time for Mo Zhixuan

"Look, that's it over there!" Chu Jin pointed to a small cabin not far away, leading Mo Zhixuan by the hand.

If Mo Zhixuan hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he would never believe that people could live in such a primitive forest.

The mountain hid many fierce beasts, and if it were two ordinary elders, they would hardly survive three days here.

It wasn't hard to guess that these elders were no ordinary people.

Seeing the wisps of smoke rising from the roof, Chu Jin breathed a sigh of relief; it seemed Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin were probably quite alright.

"Let's go." Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin and walked towards the cabin.

The cabin was exactly the same as when she had left, nearly unchanged, with three little rabbits in front of the door nibbling on carrots. Seeing Chu Jin approach, they all put down their carrots and rushed over.

These were the rabbits that Chu Jin had raised by hand. When she found them, there were three, and now there were still three, but back then, they were only the size of palms and now had become big, round, chubby rabbits.

Chu Jin knelt halfway down, touching their heads one by one, smilingly saying, "Fattie, Second Fattie, Little Fattie."

Mo Zhixuan stood behind Chu Jin, looking at the three rabbits with similar sizes and fur colors with a tangled expression. To him, these three rabbits hardly looked different; his Jin was indeed amazing to be able to tell them apart.

"Come on, let's go inside." After petting the rabbits, Chu Jin pulled Mo Zhixuan into the house.

Mo Zhixuan, a man with a deep obsession for cleanliness, didn't mind at all that Chu Jin had just touched the rabbits and was now holding his hand.

"Godfather, godmother, we are back."

When Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin inside heard this voice, they both walked outside smiling broadly.

We are back.

Did this phrase mean that Jian Yi and Chu Jin had already achieved positive results?

"Jin," as Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin came out of the house and saw Mo Zhixuan beside Chu Jin, they both froze for a moment, quite surprised. The two elders didn't expect that it wasn't Jian Yi who came back with Chu Jin but another unfamiliar man.

Chu Jin had only been down the mountain for a month; why would she bring back a strange man? Moreover, judging by the looks of them, their relationship seemed to have gone beyond that of ordinary men and women.

They were holding hands!

Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin were somewhat at a loss, worried that Chu Jin might have been deceived.

"Hello, uncle, and aunt," Mo Zhixuan greeted the two elders politely.

Auntie Lin seemed somewhat displeased, only nodding with a smile and unabashedly scrutinized Mo Zhixuan. This young man, though more handsome and having a stronger presence than Jian Yi, was lacking in one respect.

That was his age.

Jian Yi was definitely at least ten years younger than him.

His features were indeed young and handsome, but Auntie Lin could see a quality in Mo Zhixuan that other young people didn't have.

It was the calmness of someone who had weathered many hardships.

Even if he was outstanding, given his age, he wasn't a match for Jin.

Jin being with him would be an older man with a much younger woman, wouldn't it?

Jian Yi was a better match for Jin. Jian Yi was young, strong, and could accompany Jin for a very long time.

Therefore, at the moment, Auntie Lin was very dissatisfied with Mo Zhixuan.

How could Jin marry an older man?

Uncle Wu, however, warmly said, "Come on in."

Inside, Uncle Wu was busy making tea when Chu Jin stopped him, "Godfather, you sit there, let me take care of making tea."

Uncle Wu put down the teacup and called Mo Zhixuan to sit, "Young man, come sit here."

Uncle Wu couldn't tell if it was an illusion or something else, but even though he was much older than Mo Zhixuan, when he saw Mo Zhixuan, he felt somewhat uneasy and even a bit in awe. It felt as if he was the junior.

This definitely wasn't an ordinary young man.

Uncle Wu quietly tagged Mo Zhixuan with this label in his heart.

He had to be cautious.

"Thank you, uncle."

Mo Zhixuan sat down across the table, his behavior courteous, like a graceful and favored gentleman, difficult for anyone to find fault with or to dislike.

"What is your relationship with our Jin?" Auntie Lin, sitting at the head of the table, looked at Mo Zhixuan and asked.

She looked serious, like a mother-in-law testing her potential son-in-law.

"Aunt," Mo Zhixuan looked up at Auntie Lin and spoke firmly yet respectfully, "Jin and I, we are husband and wife."

Husband and wife?

The word shocked the old couple.

How could Jin, still a maiden, become someone else's wife?

"Nonsense!" Auntie Lin almost choked, "Our Jin doesn't have a couple mark on her arm, you such a person, don't even dream of marrying our Jin."

In the Superpower World, if a man and a woman were to become husband and wife, then there would definitely be a special mark of the man on the woman's arm.

But Chu Jin's arm had none.

That meant, they did not register at the Moon Temple.

The youngster was lying.

"Aunt, please don't get agitated," Mo Zhixuan stood up, took the tea Chu Jin had made, and handed it to Auntie Lin, continuing to speak, "Jin and I met in the secular world. In the secular world, Jin and I are legally married, and moreover, we truly love each other."

"Does this mean you already knew Jin?" Auntie Lin frowned slightly, continuing with the questions.

"Yes," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "A year ago, due to an accident, I lost her inadvertently. Later, someone told me she would appear in the Superpower World, which is why I came back."

Mo Zhixuan maintained his polite demeanor throughout, even when Auntie Lin said he would never marry Chu Jin, he didn't get angry.

"Jin," Auntie Lin turned her gaze to Chu Jin, asking uncertainly, "Is what he's saying true?"

"Yes, godmother." Chu Jin nodded slightly, "I believe him."

"Jin, did you recover your memory?" Auntie Lin asked next.

Chu Jin shook her head, "Not yet."

"Oh, my silly girl!" Aunt Lin stood up and patted Chu Jin on the head, "You haven't even regained your memory and you trust him already? Let me tell you, some people, you may know their faces but not their hearts."

As she spoke that last sentence, Aunt Lin cast a meaningful glance at Mo Zhixuan.

In fact, Aunt Lin didn't dislike Mo Zhixuan. The young man possessed an upstanding nature, which only made him more likable the more she saw of him. However, due to personal desires, she still hoped that Chu Jin would end up together with Jian Yi.

After all, Jian Yi was her apprentice.

Why let the water from one's own paddies flow into others' fields?

Jin was so well-behaved, so beautiful, she did not want to see her marry a stranger.

"Godmother, don't worry, he's not that kind of person," Chu Jin wrapped her arms around Aunt Lin's elbow.

Aunt Lin then turned to Mo Zhixuan, "You say you're already married to Jin in the secular world, but talk is cheap. Do you have any proof?"

"Aunt, please look at this." Mo Zhixuan took a red booklet out from his space.

It was a marriage certificate.

The name of the holder was Chu Jin.

Attached on the photo page were also pictures of the two of them.

Aunt Lin was no ordinary woman; she could tell at a glance that the marriage certificate was not forged.

"So what if you and Jin are married in the secular world?" Aunt Lin handed the marriage certificate back to Mo Zhixuan, "This is the Superpower World, and you have no chance of marrying Jin here!"

Even so, Aunt Lin still somewhat couldn't accept Mo Zhixuan being together with Chu Jin.

If Jin married Mo Zhixuan, what would happen to Jian Yi?

Jian Yi and Jin were the perfect match.

Mo Zhixuan slowly started, "Aunt, Jin and I, we truly love each other, and I hope you can give us your blessing."

After all, these two elderly had once saved Chu Jin, and moreover, Chu Jin had acknowledged them as her godparents, so it was essential to get their approval for this matter.

This was the most basic respect.

In the Superpower World, to successfully marry Chu Jin, Mo Zhixuan needed to pass the hurdle posed by Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

When Mo Zhixuan spoke, although his attitude was humble, he exuded an aura of quiet authority, which put pressure on Aunt Lin.

Aunt Lin felt strange, how could a young person have such an aura? Was it an illusion?

Even though Aunt Lin felt the pressure, she said uncompromisingly and bluntly.

"It's not appropriate, not at all. You're completely unsuitable for our Jin. Look at you, how old are you? Our Jin is only 21 years old this year, still so young. I won't talk about anything else, but when it comes to age, you're just not worthy of our Jin."

"Aunt," Mo Zhixuan looked at Aunt Lin, his tone deep, "I admit that in terms of age, I am indeed a few years older than Jin, but that cannot be the reason we can't be together. I love her, I can give her happiness and everything she desires..."

Aunt Lin thought Mo Zhixuan was just being eloquent with words; after all, Jin was so beautiful, and anyone would want to marry her, "In any case, I won't agree to you being with Jin, unless you can become ten years younger; otherwise, don't even think about marrying Jin!"

Since Chu Jin had acknowledged her as her godmother, she had the right to decide on Chu Jin's marriage.

Letting Chu Jin marry Mo Zhixuan?

How could that be possible?

How could she let such a lovely cabbage be spoiled by a pig?

Aunt Lin's attitude was very firm.

"Old lady!" Uncle Wu stood up and looked at Aunt Lin, "What do you know? I think this young man is quite good. What's wrong with being a bit older? Being older means being more experienced, wiser, and knowing how to cherish someone—far better than those inexperienced youngsters! Young man, don't be scared. If your aunt doesn't support you, I do. I think you and Jin make a good couple."

Uncle Wu didn't have as many thoughts as Aunt Lin; he simply felt that Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin were a good match.

Jian Yi, although excellent,

was in some ways not quite worthy of Chu Jin.

At one glance, it was clear that Jin was not the kind of girl who could be confined to a boudoir.

Besides, by the sound of it, Jin had already recognized Mo Zhixuan, and indeed, they truly loved each other.

If that's the case,

why should they stand in the way of lovebirds?

How disagreeable.

As elders, isn't it better to be likeable?

"Thank you for your support, Uncle," Mo Zhixuan politely nodded in gratitude, "I will definitely not let you down."

Uncle Wu smiled and nodded, "Good, I trust you, and I am at ease entrusting Jin to you."

"You old fool, what do you know that you'd hand Jin over to him? What's so good about being older?" After speaking, Aunt Lin turned to Chu Jin, "Jin, don't listen to your godfather, your godmother is telling you to be cautious when choosing a husband. You absolutely can't go for an older man..."

The older man Mo Zhixuan: "..."

As it stood, Mo Zhixuan's only flaw seemed to be his age, and that was what Aunt Lin clung to relentlessly.

If he was older, he wasn't worthy of Jin.

Jian Yi was younger, only Jian Yi was worthy of Jin.

In Aunt Lin's heart, Chu Jin and Jian Yi were the perfect couple.

Uncle Wu couldn't care less about Aunt Lin's opinion and smiled warmly at Mo Zhixuan before asking, "Young man, what's your name? And who else is in your family?"

Mo Zhixuan was silent for a moment before saying slowly, "I am surnamed Mo, first name Zhixuan. It's the Mo from 'None can stand against' (天下莫敌), and Zhixuan comes from the phrase 'The gateway to all mystery' (玄之又玄) in the Tao Te Ching."

With a loud clang, Uncle Wu's teacup fell to the ground, and he stared at Mo Zhixuan in astonishment, exclaiming, "Did you say... your name is Mo Zhixuan?"

In the Superpower World, there was only one person named Mo Zhixuan.

Although Uncle Wu lived in seclusion in the mountains, he kept well informed about the events below.

"Yes," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "I am indeed Mo Zhixuan."

Aunt Lin's complaints about Mo Zhixuan's age ceased abruptly, and she too stared dumbfounded at Mo Zhixuan.

Chapter 673: I'm going to the Mo family

He said his name is Mo Zhixuan?

At this moment, both elders thought they were experiencing auditory hallucinations.

The Butcher of the City, ah!

The person before them was actually the notorious Butcher of the City.

Eighteen years ago, had it not been for him, the Superpower World would have perished long ago!

They had long noticed that this young man was extraordinary, but they never imagined that he was the notorious Butcher of the City!

No wonder he always gave people an intangible sense of oppression.

He was not just the Butcher of the City, he was also the leader of the Superpower World.

In the future, he was to unify all three realms.

"You... you are Mo... Nine Ye?" Uncle Wu's trembling voice already carried an unconscious term of respect, and, shaking intensely with emotion, his legs bent as he was about to kneel before Mo Zhixuan.

"Uncle, if you act like this, you will embarrass me," Mo Zhixuan quickly supported Uncle Wu, "You are my elder, and I am the younger one, you can just call me Little Mo or Zhixuan."

Mo Zhixuan helped Uncle Wu to sit down on the bench.

"You, you're really Mo Nine Ye?" Auntie Lin looked at Mo Zhixuan with some disbelief.

Oh my God!

Auntie Lin was filled with extreme regret.

What had she just said to the Butcher of the City?

She even complained about the Butcher of the City being old?

Is it still possible to take back what she said just now?

Auntie Lin swallowed hard.

Mo Zhixuan raised his eyes to Auntie Lin, speaking slowly, "Auntie, you need not doubt, I am Mo Zhixuan, you can just call me Zhixuan."

"Zhixuan," Auntie Lin's voice trembled, "don't be mad at your auntie, I was only joking before, actually, Jin and you are simply a match made in heaven."

Chu Jin at the side: "..." Auntie Lin's change of face was faster than flipping a book!

What exactly is Mo Zhixuan's identity?

Merely hearing his name was enough to instill such fear in the two elders.

It was truly bizarre.

Mo Zhixuan looked at the two elders, then continued.

"Uncle and Auntie, there's no need to be tense or feel pressured. Since I am Jin's husband, that makes me your son-in-law as well. It's fine to treat me like any other junior. You saved Jin before, and I have yet to properly thank you for that."

With that, Mo Zhixuan turned his eyes to Chu Jin and said softly, "Jin, come here."

Chu Jin walked over to his side.

Mo Zhixuan took her hand, they exchanged a look, and at once they were in accord, immediately kneeling before Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin.

"This is not right, you mustn't do this, get up quickly," Auntie Lin and Uncle Wu promptly stood up, pulling the two of them up.

How could they let the Butcher of the City kneel before them?

The Butcher of the City was the benefactor of the entire Superpower World.

Doing this would invoke divine retribution.

Although Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin tried their utmost to pull Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan up, the two did not rise. Mo Zhixuan lifted his head, "Uncle and Auntie, please accept our kneeling salute three times. From now on, the two of you are also my godparents, Mo Zhixuan's godfather and godmother."

After saying this, Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin directly bowed their heads in salute.

Although Mo Zhixuan was the notorious Butcher of the City, in front of Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin, he did not put on airs at all, displaying much humility, which showed Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin his full sincerity.

The two elders were deeply moved. It was clear from Mo Zhixuan's actions that he truly cherished Chu Jin. Otherwise, he could not have done this.

The supreme leader of the Superpower World, the former Butcher of the City, was now kneeling before the two elders. Who would believe this if it were told?

"Very well, get up now."

"Get up, please."

The two elders, clearly unsettled, accepted the three kowtows and, trembling, helped Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin to their feet.

Even though Mo Zhixuan was the leader of the Superpower World, in front of Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin, he displayed no pretense, was modest and polite, truly acting like a well-behaved younger family member.

Little did they know just how anxious Mo Zhixuan had been when Auntie Lin was initially opposed to Chu Jin marrying him.

After everyone was seated again, Chu Jin suddenly remembered the emergency signal flare from the night before and asked, "Godfather, godmother, I saw an emergency signal flare last night. Has something serious happened?"

As she finished speaking, Aunt Lin immediately gave Uncle Wu a white look, "It's all your fault, you old coot, I've already said it's nothing serious! But you just had to set off a signal flare!"

"What do you mean it's nothing serious!" Uncle Wu immediately retorted, "You're like this and still say it's nothing! What would count as something serious, then?"

Aunt Lin said discontentedly, "I think you just wish something was wrong with me."

Chu Jin was somewhat confused and looked towards Uncle Wu, "Godfather, what exactly happened?"

"It's like this," Uncle Wu's expression became serious as he spoke, "Your godmother has been feeling dizzy lately, and sometimes when she gets up in the morning, she can't see things clearly. But I just can't diagnose what the problem is, so I wanted you to come back and check on her."

Aunt Lin dismissed it, "Jin, don't listen to your godfather's nonsense. It's not any serious problem. When people get old, their organs start to fail. Some dizziness and blurry vision are normal."

Uncle Wu directly ignored Aunt Lin's words and continued, "Jin, I find this situation a bit strange. Your godmother's health has always been very good, and she's never had any issues, that's why, behind your godmother's back, I sent you a signal flare at night."

Ever since they were up on the mountain, Uncle Wu had discovered that Chu Jin had an exceptional talent for medicine. Everything she learned, she grasped with just a touch, and in less than a year's time, she had learned all of his life's medical knowledge and even surpassed him.

That's why Uncle Wu asked Chu Jin to come back.

He believed that only Chu Jin could resolve this matter well.

Chu Jin nodded and slightly furrowed her brows, "Then this is serious," then she turned her gaze to Aunt Lin, "Godmother, please stretch out your hand. I'll take your pulse."

"There's no hurry, no hurry," Aunt Lin continuously declined, "It's not a serious matter, and it doesn't hurt or itch. You can have a good look at me in the evening. Right now, I'm going to cook. What would you like to eat?"

"You should rest properly. I'll take care of the cooking," Chu Jin stood up, "Speaking of which, I've never cooked for you both before. Let me do it today; you two just relax."

"How could that be okay!" Aunt Lin also stood up, "I should go. The kitchen is full of fumes; how can we let you go?"

"Godmother!" Chu Jin pressed on Aunt Lin's shoulders, "Please let me do it. It's no trouble."

Uncle Wu also said from the side, "Old lady, the child has a heart full of filial piety. Let her do it."

"Alright then," Aunt Lin finally nodded.

"I'll go first then," said Chu Jin with a light smile, turning away from the living room and heading towards the kitchen.

After greeting the two elders, Mo Zhixuan also left following Chu Jin.

In the kitchen.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan following her, Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, "You're not staying in the living room to chat with godfather and godmother, what are you doing here?"

Isn't it said that a gentleman stays away from the kitchen?

Mo Zhixuan expertly rolled up his sleeves, revealing his fair yet toned arms, and spoke in a deep voice, "I'm afraid you'll burn the kitchen down."

"Pfft," Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, "Underestimating me."

Although she had never cooked before, she hadn't eaten pork, but she had seen pigs run; she wouldn't burn down the kitchen.

"Let me do it," Mo Zhixuan took the carrot and kitchen knife from her hands and skillfully shredded the carrot. The sound of the knife, *crunch crunch*, his knife skills could almost compare with a five-star hotel's chef.

Chu Jin watched from the side, stunned.

"I'm not familiar with the environment here," Mo Zhixuan lifted his eyes to look at Chu Jin, "Take a look and see what ingredients we have and bring them to me."

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded and brought over fresh wild carp, as well as homegrown potatoes, Chinese cabbage, tomatoes, and a few eggs from their own chickens.

Looking at these ingredients, Mo Zhixuan came up with a menu in his mind, then asked, "Can the two elders eat spicy?"

"They can," Chu Jin nodded.

"Good," Mo Zhixuan said while picking up the fresh carp and quickly gutting it. Not only was his carrot shredding skillful, but his fish slicing skills were even better.

Every slice of fish was thin and of uniform size.

Most importantly, despite being in a kitchen filled with the smell of fumes and holding a kitchen knife and fish in his hands, he gave off the impression of someone commanding from an office chair.

Irresistible.

Cold and distinguished.

When Aunt Lin came in, Mo Zhixuan was stir-frying the sauerkraut, and a scent of sour and spicy wafted through the room.

Aunt Lin was astounded.

She had thought that Mo Zhixuan was there to sip tea and crack sunflower seeds while watching Chu Jin cook.

After all, someone of his high status definitely hadn't seen a rural stove like this nor had he ever been in a kitchen; a bit of curiosity was normal.

But unexpectedly, Mo Zhixuan took matters into his own hands!

The person who was supposed to crack sunflower seeds and enjoy the show had become the cook.

The person who was supposed to cook had become the one cracking sunflower seeds and enjoying the show.

Aunt Lin hurried to Chu Jin's side and whispered, "Jin, you really don't know what's proper. How could you let Zhixuan do it himself? You should quickly go and take his place."

That's Mo Zhixuan, after all!

Leader of the Superpower World!

How could he do women's work? His presence in the kitchen was already extraordinary, and now he was actually doing it himself!

For a moment, Auntie Lin was extremely anxious and uneasy.

"He insisted on doing it himself," Chu Jin gave half of the sunflower seeds to Auntie Lin, "I think he's doing a pretty good job. Auntie, eat some seeds, look how skillfully he's cooking."

"What are you thinking, child! Eating seeds now!" Auntie Lin poked Chu Jin's head, "Zhixuan is a big shot, how can he do such things? You should hurry up and replace him."

Auntie Lin actually had some feudal thoughts; she believed that women should wash clothes, cook, and take care of children.

Men, especially successful men like Mo Zhixuan, should not do such womanly tasks.

Jin today was also a bit thoughtless.

How could she let Mo Zhixuan do these tasks just because he liked her? Wasn't this taking advantage of his affection and becoming arrogant?

What if Mo Zhixuan got angry? What then?

Before Chu Jin could speak, Mo Zhixuan said with a smile, "It's fine, Auntie, let Jin rest for a while, eat some seeds, drink some water. This kind of thing is not suitable for her; I can do it."

Auntie Lin: "..." Her worldview had collapsed!

Chu Jin smiled, "See, I told you, he asked to do it himself, and you didn't believe me."

Even as she walked outside, Auntie Lin still felt a bit dizzy, still finding it hard to believe the scene she had just witnessed. She turned to look back at the kitchen, where the bustling sound and shadow were still busy.

Auntie Lin hurried to the living room and discussed the situation with Uncle Wu. To her surprise, Uncle Wu was not at all astonished, "I saw it coming. Zhixuan is truly devoted to Jin. You, stop making a fuss. In the face of true love, no matter how powerful a person is, they will bend."

Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin were completely different kinds of people.

Together, they complemented each other perfectly.

Before long, delicious dishes were served on the table.

Five dishes and one soup, sumptuous and appetizing in color, fragrance, and taste.

Auntie Lin's jaw nearly dropped in astonishment; she had braced herself for Mo Zhixuan to produce several bowls of burnt food, but she hadn't expected his cooking skills to be so good.

One could tell at a glance that he cooked frequently.

Who would have imagined, a man of such high status as Mo Zhixuan, would cook so often! This was just too incredible.

The meal was exceptionally harmonious.

On this side,

Luo Yu got up very early today, considering her pregnancy, she didn't wear heavy makeup, but opted for a light look instead. After picking a loose-fitting dress, she rushed downstairs.

The living room was, as ever, quiet.

This surprised Luo Yu; logically, today should have been bustling since Mo Zhixuan had found Chu Jin, and the two were so affectionate, it made no sense for Mo Zhixuan not to bring Chu Jin back.

Could it be...

Mo Zhixuan had taken Chu Jin straight to the Mo family?

At that thought, Luo Yu's heart skipped a beat, if that were true, wouldn't her position as the lady of the Mo family be at risk?

No, she couldn't let that little hussy Chu Jin succeed.

She needed to go to the Mo family immediately to assert her status as the mistress.

If she didn't show up now, Mo Zhixuan might be seduced away by that little enchantress!

Taking into account the fetus in her womb, Luo Yu grabbed a sandwich to bite on, followed by half a glass of milk, then she hurriedly walked out the door.

Seeing her hurried figure, Chu Xiu followed and asked, "Sister Luo Yu, where are you going?"

"To the Mo family," Luo Yu replied impatiently.

She knew that Chu Xiu didn't look favorably upon her and had never treated her as a sister. Now that Chu Jin was back, Chu Xiu would probably disregard her even more, so Luo Yu felt no need to be polite.

"What are you doing at the Mo family?" Chu Xiu could sense the impatience in Luo Yu's tone and frowned slightly.

"To secure my status," Luo Yu looked up at Chu Xiu, speaking loudly, "Mo Zhixuan got me pregnant, he has no reason not to take responsibility. Oh, are you coming too? After all, you are the uncle of the child in my belly."

With those words, Luo Yu touched her stomach proudly, even sticking it out a bit as if she were already heavily pregnant.

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Chu Xiu spoke coldly, "My brother-in-law is not that kind of man!"

How could Mo Zhixuan possibly betray Chu Jin?

Although Luo Yu looked a bit like Chu Jin, based on his understanding of Mo Zhixuan, such actions were improbable!

"It doesn't matter what you or I say," Luo Yu laughed, "Only the child in my belly has the final say!"

"How is that possible!" Chu Xiu clenched his fists tightly and furrowed his brows.

"How is that impossible?" Luo Yu pressed aggressively. "Could the child in my belly possibly be fake?"

Chu Xiu's face was a picture of restraint. If it weren't for the fact that Luo Yu was pregnant, he would have punched her already. "It was you who set up my brother-in-law, wasn't it?"

"Set up?" Luo Yu curled her lips slightly, "Do you think a man like Mo Zhixuan can be easily set up by me? In such matters, if it isn't mutual consent, do you really think they could happen? Zhixuan has already told me, he doesn't want to waste his time on a dead person. He's been wanting to have a child for a long time, after all, the vast Mo family can't go without an heir!"

Luo Yu laughed triumphantly, twisting the truth.

Right now, she had nothing to fear—after all, what she was carrying was the legitimate eldest grandson of the Mo family.

"You!" Chu Xiu's forehead veins bulged as he yelled, "Who are you calling a dead person!"

But Luo Yu was not at all afraid of Chu Xiu. Instead, she stepped forward, "Who else could be referred to with the word 'dead person' other than Chu Jin? To call her a dead person is too kind to her, in my opinion. She's nothing but a slut—the kind that seduces men everywhere, without shame!"

The mere thought of what happened last night made Luo Yu furious!

How could Chu Jin be so disgusting?

Are there no other men in the world?

She just had to take her Mo Zhixuan!

Fortunately, she had been cautious. Otherwise, she would have lost to Chu Jin!

"You!" Chu Xiu was thoroughly enraged. Luo Yu could say whatever she wanted about him, but he wouldn't allow her to speak of Chu Jin that way!

"What about me?" Luo Yu raised her head defiantly, looking at Chu Xiu, "Well? You got the guts, then hit me!"

She was carrying Mo Zhixuan's child, after all. Even if Chu Xiu were given a hundred times the courage, he probably wouldn't dare to hit her.

If he harmed the child in her belly, a thousand Chu Xius couldn't compensate for it!

Chu Xiu was so angered that he lost his reason and swung his hand down in a slap.

"Xiu! What are you doing! She's your sister!" Just as the slap was about to hit Luo Yu's face, Zhao Yan ran out from the side, stepped in front of Luo Yu, and grabbed Chu Xiu's hand.

Maternal instincts are strong.

Despite Zhao Yan's sickly and frail appearance, the moment she saw her 'daughter' being bullied, she was instantly filled with strength.

"Aunt!" When Chu Xiu saw Zhao Yan, he calmed down in an instant.

"Mom, Xiu actually hit me, you must take my side!" Luo Yu immediately played the victim, clinging to Zhao Yan's arm and weeping.

"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid," Zhao Yan gently stroked Luo Yu's head, "Mom is here, I absolutely won't allow anyone to hurt you."

A gleam of triumph flashed in Luo Yu's downcast eyes.

Heh.

Competing with her? Chu Xiu is still too inexperienced.

"Xiu, what's gotten into you today!" Zhao Yan looked at Chu Xiu very sternly and scolded, "After all, Jin is your sister, can't you speak properly? How can you resort to violence?"

"Aunt!" Chu Xiu raised his eyes to look at Zhao Yan, about to say something, when suddenly he recalled Doctor Lin's words.

The current Zhao Yan couldn't withstand any shock.

If she suddenly learned the truth now, she definitely wouldn't be able to bear it.

With this in mind, Chu Xiu chose to remain silent, his handsome face filled with restraint.

This Luo Yu!

I truly underestimated her before!

"Mom, I was really scared just now. I want Xiu to apologize to me," Luo Yu leaned into Zhao Yan's embrace and continued.

This was clearly Chu Xiu's fault. Even if Jin had done something wrong, he still shouldn't have hit her! Zhao Yan looked up at Chu Xiu and continued, "Xiu, apologize to your sister."

Hearing this, Chu Xiu gave Luo Yu a warning look and, pressing his lips together, said nothing.

"Apologize now!" Zhao Yan clutched her chest and started to cough, "Xiu, are you trying to anger your aunt to death?"

Zhao Yan's coughing grew more severe and her face became paler.

Only then did Chu Xiu reluctantly speak, his lips tight, "I'm sorry!" With that, he darted back to the Chu family.

"This child," Zhao Yan finally stopped coughing, shook her head helplessly, and looked at Luo Yu, "Xiu is still young, you as his elder sister, should be more patient with him. After all, he is your younger brother."

Although Zhao Yan had made Chu Xiu apologize, she didn't really blame him—in her heart, she had long treated Chu Xiu as her own child.

"Yes," Luo Yu nodded understandingly and replied softly, "Mom, don't worry, I know."

"That's my good daughter," Zhao Yan nodded with relief.

"Mom," Luo Yu looked up and continued, "Right, I'm going to the Mo family. Do you want to come with me?"

Chapter 674: Auntie Mo, I'm Pregnant

At this moment, Chu Jin must be at the Mo family's residence.

Bringing Zhao Yan along would ensure Chu Jin watched as Zhao Yan took her as her own daughter, and by then, Chu Jin's heart would surely suffer terribly—after all, Zhao Yan hadn't recognized Chu Jin the last time they were at the clothing store.

The drug I've fed Zhao Yan has no cure, meaning she can never recall the real Chu Jin until she dies.

Zhao Yan will forever be my mother.

The only downside is that the drug's side effects are severe, and it has already ravaged Zhao Yan's body.

Otherwise, Zhao Yan would have always been my most powerful support.

"Go to the Mo family?" Zhao Yan's brows lifted in confusion, "Why go to the Mo family?"

Luo Yu smiled as she spoke, "I have good news for you, I'm pregnant. It's Mo Zhixuan's child, and the legitimate eldest grandson of the Mo family. This visit is, of course, to secure a status for myself, lest the position of the Mo family's matriarch be snatched away by some other little bitch!"

By the end of her sentence, Luo Yu's eyes sparked with venomous light.

Little bitch!

Trying to compete for Mo Zhixuan!

She doesn't stand a chance!

"Pregnant?" Zhao Yan's voice was brimming with joy, "Jin, are you serious? Am I about to become a grandmother?"

"Of course, it's true," Luo Yu nodded eagerly, "Mom, how could I lie to you about such a thing? Let's go. Mo Zhixuan must marry me now!"

"That's a certainty," Zhao Yan nodded in agreement, "If he dares not to marry you, I will break his legs."

Zhao Yan was still very protective of Chu Jin.

Upon hearing this, Luo Yu's smile became even more triumphant.

She hadn't expected her pregnancy would make Zhao Yan so happy, then certainly the old Madam Mo would also be thrilled.

After all, the thing the old lady was looking forward to the most was having a grandson to look after at home.

"By the way, Jin," Zhao Yan continued, "with such a joyous occasion, does Zhixuan know? Does the in-law family know?"

Luo Yu shook her head with feigned shyness, "I haven't had the chance to tell them yet."

"Let's go," Zhao Yan took Luo Yu's arm, "Then we must hurry to the Mo family and share the news with them. If auntie Mo hears about this, she will be overjoyed."

"Okay," Luo Yu responded and, holding Zhao Yan's arm, walked towards where the car was parked.

The Chu Family had its own driver, so Luo Yu and Zhao Yan soon arrived at the Mo family's residence.

The Mo family's gatekeepers and soldiers all recognized Luo Yu and Zhao Yan, so their entry was quite smooth.

Aside from the bustling servants, the Mo family's home seemed somewhat silent and empty.

Luo Yu frowned slightly. Could she be wrong, and Mo Zhixuan hadn't brought that little bitch Chu Jin back?

Whether he did or not, now that she was here, she had no intention of leaving.

She must seize this opportunity to stay here.

Declare her sovereignty.

To prevent that little bitch Chu Jin from coming back and claiming her place.

"Where is the old Madam Mo?" Luo Yu approached a servant and commanded haughtily, "Take me to her immediately."

The servant replied respectfully, "Miss Luo, the old lady is currently reciting scriptures in the Buddhist hall. I'll first take you and Madam Chu to the guest hall."

Miss Luo?

Luo Yu slightly curled her lips.

These blind servants!

They even dared to call her Miss Luo.

Let's see if they dare to do so after today!

"That's fine, lead us there," Luo Yu said, hand on her hip, sticking out her flat belly as she walked slowly. She looked like a pregnant woman, about to give birth.

The nearby servants all glanced at her from the corners of their eyes, a flash of confusion in their gaze.

Zhao Yan, feeling unwell, was helped by the servants to rest in her room.

Due to her health, the Mo family had prepared a separate room for Zhao Yan.

Under the watchful eyes of the servants, Luo Yu arrogantly lifted her head and gave a cold look to a servant beside her, "Blind thing, don't you know to give me a hand? If something were to happen to the child in my stomach, could you bear the responsibility?"

Luo Yu wished she could announce to the whole world that she was pregnant.

Only then could she feel satisfaction and superiority.

After all, from today on, she would be the envied Lady Ji of the Mo family.

The servants trembled at Luo Yu's scolding, hastily reaching out to support her.

This Miss Luo, although not the master of the Mo family, was their honored guest, and more importantly, there was a rumor among the servants that one day Miss Luo would take Chu Family's eldest daughter's place and marry Mo Zhixuan.

If she truly married Mo Zhixuan, she would be the future mistress, and naturally, the servants couldn't afford to offend her.

And Luo Yu had just mentioned her child.

The child in her stomach.

If anything were to happen to Luo Yu's pregnancy at the Mo family, it would be difficult for them as servants to explain.

Thus, Luo Yu was supported forward like an old Buddha being escorted.

Just then, Mo Qingyi stepped out from the main house, hands in his pockets, and looked up at Luo Yu with a mocking tone, "Isn't this Miss Luo? Such a grand entrance for a walk, tsk tsk tsk, needing the support of two people. Have you broken your leg, or did you undergo some major surgery?"

Mo Qingyi had long seen through Luo Yu's cunning ambitions, which is why he never liked her.

If it weren't for considering Zhao Yan, someone like Luo Yu wouldn't have been allowed half a step into the Mo family.

Upon hearing this, Luo Yu smiled slowly and replied, "A broken leg isn't much, what's important is that the child in my stomach is fine."

The child in her stomach?

Mo Qingyi looked up in surprise?

Did Luo Yu mean that she was pregnant?

Without a boyfriend and not knowing whose bastard she carried, she still dared to flaunt it so openly!

Her heart was truly big enough.

"Pregnant?" Mo Qingyi sneered coldly, "Carrying an unknown bastard in your stomach, yet you dare to come knocking at our Mo family's door, tainting our threshold. Who gave you the audacity?"

Instead of anger, Luo Yu laughed, raised her chin proudly, and said, "I'm carrying your Mo family's bastard, so of course, I came to your Mo family's doorstep."

Mo Qingyi was utterly stunned!

He suddenly remembered the scene from Luo Yu's last visit to the Mo family.

Not only did Luo Yu go upstairs with Mo Zhixuan last time, but they also stayed together for quite a while, and most importantly, when she came down, she had changed into a different dress!

Could it be... that time?

Mo Qingyi's face turned somewhat pale!

Mo Zhixuan is really foolish! How could he choose someone like Luo Yu! And now, he has even let Luo Yu get pregnant!

The servants nearby were also stunned! None of them expected that the child in Luo Yu's belly was actually Mo Zhixuan's.

No wonder she was so arrogant! She even dared to mock Mo Qingyi, it turns out she had the capital to do so.

She is carrying Mo Zhixuan's first child, the Mo family's heir, who might even inherit Mo Zhixuan's throne in the future.

Luo Yu walked straight to the sofa and sat down, instructing the servant, "Go cut some fruit for me and bring it here, also prepare a cup of whole milk, the doctor has instructed me to get plenty of calcium."

"Yes," the servant bowed slightly and immediately withdrew to prepare the fruit.

The child Luo Yu is carrying is the Mo family's heir, and in the future, she will be the mistress of the Mo family, who would dare to offend her!

It seems the wind in the Mo family is truly about to change.

"Qingyi, why are you standing there? Sit down. From now on, we are going to be sisters-in-law, so we should really get along well," Luo Yu lay on the sofa, touching her belly with a smug face.

This feeling of becoming the mistress is truly wonderful.

"Don't falsely claim relationships," Mo Qingyi glanced at her, "Someone of your calibre, do you match? Have you not looked in the mirror to see what kind of moral character you have!"

Mo Qingyi has always been straightforward and outspoken, without any deceit. Whatever she thinks, she says, no matter how much time passes, she always keeps this innocent nature.

Just seeing Luo Yu's smug and petty triumph makes her feel utterly uncomfortable all over.

"Hehe," Luo Yu chuckled lightly, "My moral character is not important, what's important is that Zhixuan likes me. Let me warn you, you'd better keep your voice down, if you scare the child in my belly, can you afford the consequences? He is your Mo family's future heir, after all."

Mo Qingyi clenched her fists but didn't say a word. If she could, she really wanted to beat up Luo Yu!

A petty person getting what she wants!

Not even considering what kind of moral character she has!

And yet she delusionally dreams of becoming the mistress of the Mo family!

Luo Yu didn't look at Mo Qingyi anymore and turned to the servant, continuing to speak, "Did you send someone to invite the old lady?"

"Yes, Miss Luo," the servant approached with a deep bow, speaking very respectfully, "Someone has been sent to invite her already."

"Good," Luo Yu waved her hand, "You may go now."

Right then, another servant came over with a plate of cut fruit and whole milk, "Miss Luo, here are the fruits and milk you asked for, please enjoy."

Luo Yu picked up a piece of strawberry with satisfaction and placed it in her mouth.

Moments later, the old Madam Mo walked out from the Buddhist hall, her body still fragrant with the scent of sandalwood from her prayers.

Seeing the old Madam Mo coming, Luo Yu immediately stood up, looking towards her with a soft voice, "Auntie Mo, you've come."

Such a delicate and kind demeanor, a stark contrast to her sharp-tongued self just moments ago. Even a professional actor couldn't switch roles as naturally as she did.

Mo Qingyi couldn't help but roll her eyes.

This was the first time she had ever seen someone as disgusting as Luo Yu.

"Mom," Mo Qingyi walked over and supported the old Madam Mo's arm, "don't be fooled by this woman!"

"Lan said you had something to tell me?" the old Madam Mo sat down in front of the sofa, her gaze sharp as she looked toward Luo Yu.

Lan is the name of a servant.

Lan only told the old Madam Mo that Luo Yu had an important matter to inform her about and did not know about Luo Yu's pregnancy.

"Yes," Luo Yu with a smile on her lips, sat back down on the sofa, and spoke deliberately to the old Madam Mo, "Auntie Mo, I'm pregnant."

Pregnant?

The old Madam Mo frowned slightly, somewhat surprised.

In the old Madam Mo's surprised gaze, Luo Yu continued to speak, her tone steady, "It's Zhixuan's child."

With a 'bam!', something in the old Madam Mo's head seemed to shatter into pieces.

Luo Yu was carrying Mo Zhixuan's child!

The old Madam Mo was aware of the previous instance when Luo Yu and Mo Zhixuan had gone up the stairs alone to be by themselves.

Could it have been that time?

How foolish!

Mo Zhixuan is really foolish!

How could he allow such a woman to bear the Mo family's offspring!

For a moment, the old Madam Mo didn't know how to react.

As the matriarch of the Mo family, she of course hoped that Mo Zhixuan would soon extend the family line.

After all, Mo Zhixuan was of such an age now, and to date, didn't have any children.

In the previous years, with Chu Jin around, she at least had something to look forward to, but now that Chu Jin was gone, she had no hope at all.

After all, the dead cannot be brought back to life.

But now, someone suddenly tells her she's carrying Mo Zhixuan's child!

For the old Madam Mo, it was both a joy and a sorrow.

Joy because the Mo family finally had a successor!

Sorrow because the child's mother was this kind of person.

The old Madam Mo was not a foolish person, she saw Luo Yu's true nature clear as day.

"Auntie Mo, you don't intend to take responsibility for me and the child in my belly, do you?" Luo Yu stood up, then said, "If you don't want to take responsibility, that's fine, then I will go to the hospital and have it aborted!"

"Go ahead and abort it! Go ahead and abort it!" Mo Qingyi waved her hand, "We don't care! Who are you trying to scare here!"

"You!" Luo Yu was so angry she ground her teeth and turned to leave.

She was gambling.

Gambling that the old Madam Mo would stop her.

She could see from the old Madam Mo's eyes that she still cared about the child in her belly.

After all, this was Mo Zhixuan's first child.

Speaking of which, that Chu Jin was really useless. After so many years with Mo Zhixuan, she couldn't get pregnant. Could it be infertility?

Serves her right for not being able to secure the position of Madam!

"Qingyi! Don't talk nonsense!"

Chapter 675: They are cornered beasts

Indeed, just as Luo Yu turned around, the Mo family matriarch stood up, chiding Mo Qingyi and then walking up to Luo Yu, she began, "Since you're pregnant, our Mo family will definitely take full responsibility, and we won't neglect you. Qingyi speaks her mind without thinking, she means no harm, so don't take it to heart."

The Mo family matriarch had her own ideas, if Luo Yu was truly pregnant, she had to keep the child.

After all, it was the Mo family's bloodline.

Moreover, Mo Zhixuan must have mistaken Luo Yu for Chu Jin, that's why...

Otherwise, why hadn't there been any other women approaching him during this past year?

Mo Zhixuan didn't often make foolish mistakes; she had to keep this child to continue the Mo family lineage.

To the Mo family matriarch, this child was the future of the Mo family, the hope of the Mo family, like a new sprout in a desert; even if she died of thirst, she would channel all nutrients into this new sprout.

Hearing this, Luo Yu's lips curled into a slight smile; she knew she had bet correctly.

The Mo family matriarch simply couldn't let go of this child.

Luo Yu turned around, smiling, "With your words, I feel reassured."

The Mo family matriarch gave Luo Yu a glance and then said, "Take a seat first."

Luo Yu gracefully sat down on the sofa, as the Mo family matriarch said to a servant, "Go invite Doctor Wang over."

"Yes," the servant replied and left.

Sitting on the sofa, Luo Yu gently stroked her belly with one hand and rested the other on her lower back, her demeanor as if she were carrying a royal heir.

"How long have you been pregnant?" the Mo family matriarch looked at Luo Yu and continued to ask.

Luo Yu's lips curved lightly, "Aunt Mo, didn't you send for the doctor? Let the doctor come, and she'll naturally tell you."

The Mo family matriarch fell silent, counting her Buddha beads.

Mo Qingyi was irked by Luo Yu's arrogance and was about to say something when the Mo family matriarch silently stopped her.

Luo Yu caught all these gestures, and in that moment, her smugness intensified.

In the eyes of the Mo family matriarch, what was Mo Qingyi?

No matter how precious she was, she was not as valuable as the child in her own belly.

"Mom, look at her smug face!" Mo Qingyi grumbled discontentedly.

"Endure it," the Mo family matriarch gently patted Mo Qingyi's hand.

Doctor Wang arrived quickly.

After a series of examinations, Doctor Wang turned to the Mo family matriarch with a smiling face and said, "Congratulations to the madam, judging from Miss Luo's pulse, she is indeed pregnant. The fetal pulse is very stable; you don't need to worry."

"Really pregnant?" the Mo family matriarch asked somewhat uncertainly, "Doctor Wang, are you sure you saw it right?"

Doctor Wang smiled, "Madam, rest assured, I have checked repeatedly, Miss Luo is indeed pregnant."

Doctor Wang was a reputable doctor in the Superpower World, known for her medical ethics, and it was unlikely that she would make a mistake.

Recovering from her initial shock, the Mo family matriarch continued to inquire, "Then, Doctor Wang, may I ask how many days pregnant she is?"

The Mo family matriarch was a meticulous person, so she had to ask clearly.

It had been about 20 days since Luo Yu's last visit to the Mo family.

That time, Mo Zhixuan had called Luo Yu upstairs and spent a long time alone with her, and when she came down, Luo Yu had changed her skirt.

If Luo Yu was truly pregnant with Mo Zhixuan's child, it was probably from that day's event.

"Judging from the pulse, it should be about 20 days or so," continued Doctor Wang.

days?

Luo Yu felt bewildered, a trace of confusion flickering through her lowered eyes.

She had only been intimate with Mo Zhixuan hardly more than 10 days ago, yet the child was said to be 20 days...

days ago, it was the night she returned from the Mo family.

It was also the night she was with... 10 old men.

Luo Yu started to panic because she hadn't even been close to Mo Zhixuan before that.

Could it be that the child belonged to one of those 10 old men...

Luo Yu's face turned a bit pale.

How could this be?

But the Mo family matriarch was very pleased and said with a smile, "Linna, see Doctor Wang out."

"Of course, madam," Mo Lingna nodded, then gestured to Doctor Wang, "Doctor Wang, this way, please."

Seeing the old Mrs. Mo like this, Luo Yu's heart gradually calmed down. With things having come to this point, she had to persist. Maybe the doctor made a misdiagnosis? Just by taking her pulse, he knew the period of her pregnancy?

How could that be possible?

The child in her womb must be Mo Zhixuan's!

It had to be Mo Zhixuan's!

Anyway, the old Mrs. Mo had already believed it, and indeed, Mo Zhixuan had been intimate with her. Mo Zhixuan had to admit it, whether he wanted to or not.

"Since you're pregnant, do not run about. Stay here and live," the old Mrs. Mo continued, then said to the maid beside her, "Lan, go and clean up a guest room for her."

Regardless of Luo Yu's character, the child in her womb was indeed of the Mo family. They could not mistreat the Mo family's bloodline.

A guest room?

They think a mere guest room will suffice to appease me?

It won't be that simple.

Luo Yu slightly curled her lips, picked a piece of mango from the fruit plate to put in her mouth, chewed it twice, wrinkled her eyebrows, then took a paper towel and spit the mango into it, saying with disgust, "How can it be so sweet! Disgustingly sweet! Do you have starfruit? I want starfruit, and I also want green plums."

The fruits she requested were all sour, and as the saying goes, 'sour for boys, spicy for girls.' Hearing this, the old Mrs. Mo immediately turned to the maid and said, "Qinghe, hurry to the supermarket and buy the fruits Miss Luo just mentioned."

"Okay, Madam," the maid bowed slightly and was about to head out.

Just then, Luo Yu spoke again, "I don't want fruits bought by a maid. How about you go in person, Mrs. Mo?"

Luo Yu wanted to cut down the old Mrs. Mo's prestige, to see if she would dare to ignore her in the future!

"Luo!" Mo Qingyi stepped forward, "Don't overstep your bounds!"

"What did I do?" Luo Yu lightly lifted her eyes, "If you don't want to buy it, then don't buy it. After all, the Chu family has plenty of people to buy fruits for me, I'll just leave!"

With that, Luo Yu stood up from the couch, pretending to walk toward the door.

"I'll go buy it," the old Mrs. Mo said softly.

For the sake of the Mo family's bloodline, buying some fruit was nothing.

"Mom," Mo Qingyi walked up to the old Mrs. Mo, blocking her path, "Mom, I won't let you go!"

Luo Yu laughed lightly, looking at Mo Qingyi provocatively, "Qingyi, since you won't let Mrs. Mo go, then you should make the trip on her behalf. After all, you're my child's aunt. It's only right for you to go."

"You want me to go?" Mo Qingyi also laughed, "In your dreams!"

"So that means..." Luo Yu caressed her belly, "None of you want to go? Since that's the case, I'll have to go myself." While speaking, she began walking towards the door.

The old Mrs. Mo gently pushed Mo Qingyi's hand away, stepping forward, "Luo Yu, don't take it to heart, Qingyi didn't mean anything else. Please sit here and rest for a while. Be careful not to upset the baby. I'll be back soon."

"Mom!" Mo Qingyi reached out and grabbed the old Mrs. Mo's wrist.

The old Mrs. Mo gently patted Mo Qingyi's hand, signaling that she was fine.

"Let me go," Mo Qingyi gritted her teeth, "I'm young and quick on my feet."

When she finished speaking, Mo Qingyi looked up at Luo Yu, "Starfruit and green plums, right?"

"Yes," Luo Yu nodded her head, very pleased, "Hurry up, I'm still waiting to eat."

Mo Qingyi gave her a look and then turned to leave.

"Auntie Mo," Luo Yu lifted her eyes to the old Mrs. Mo, "Don't just sit around. I heard that pregnant women shouldn't exercise vigorously, but you see, I exercise and run every day. Given the circumstances, I probably shouldn't run now. Could you come over and help massage my shoulders? My shoulders are so sore and painful..."

"Okay," the old Mrs. Mo's expression remained unchanged as she walked over to massage Luo Yu's shoulders.

"A bit harder, right here, and here." Luo Yu leaned against the couch, closed her eyes, and wore a face of enjoyment.

Luo Yu had two reasons for doing this.

One was to show the Mo family's servants who the real mistress of the Mo family was.

The second was to deflate the old Mrs. Mo's prestige.

Two birds with one stone, why not?

Before long, Mo Qingyi came back with the cut starfruit and green plums, tossing them in front of Luo Yu with annoyance, "Here, eat."

"Cut fruit?" Luo Yu opened her eyes, beginning to nitpick, "Other people's cut fruit is so unhygienic? Are you trying to harm the child in my womb? I want whole ones; you buy them and then cut them for me personally."

"Don't push your luck!" Mo Qingyi frowned.

If it weren't for the old Mrs. Mo, if it weren't for the child in Luo Yu's womb, she would have slapped Luo Yu dead long ago.

The child was innocent after all.

And most importantly, the child was of the Mo family's bloodline.

With a smile playing at her lips, Luo Yu looked at Mo Qingyi, "So what you mean is, you want me, a pregnant woman, to buy them myself?"

Mo Qingyi bit her teeth. She had never seen someone as annoying as Luo Yu!

She actually had the Mo family matriarch massage her shoulders!

Is it just because she's pregnant with a child?

Does she really think she's the Empress Dowager now?

If Chu Jin were here, there wouldn't be a place for her to speak in the Mo family!

"Qingyi, why are you staring at me like that? It's quite frightening." Luo Yu continued, "It doesn't matter if you scare me, but if you scare the child in my belly..."

Before Luo Yu could finish her sentence, the Mo family matriarch looked up at Mo Qingyi with an even tone, "Qingyi, be good and go."

Mo Qingyi turned her gaze to the Mo family matriarch, her expression softened a bit, "Alright, I'll go."

Twenty minutes later, Mo Qingyi returned with fresh star fruit and green plums, washed them herself, cut them into pieces, and served them to Luo Yu.

Thinking that Luo Yu would be satisfied now, who knew that after just one bite, she spat it out. If not for Mo Qingyi's quick reaction, it would have landed on her.

"It's so sour! Are you trying to sour me to death?"

Mo Qingyi rolled her eyes at Luo Yu, "Eat it or don't, I'm not going to indulge you!" With that, she turned and went upstairs, out of sight, out of mind.

"Stop right there." Luo Yu stood up, "Go buy another one for me."

Mo Qingyi, as though she hadn't heard Luo Yu's words, continued swiftly upstairs.

A curve formed at the corner of Luo Yu's mouth, then her expression changed suddenly, her face contorted as she clutched her belly, "It hurts, my stomach hurts so much..."

The moment the Mo family matriarch heard this, she immediately became anxious and approached Luo Yu, "How do you feel, should we call Dr. Wang over?"

With her hand on her belly, Luo Yu's face showed intense pain, "No need, I just wanted to eat the star fruit and green plums Qingyi bought..."

"Qingyi," the Mo family matriarch turned to Mo Qingyi, "stop being petulant, hurry and go buy them for Luo Yu."

Mo Qingyi let out a long sigh, turned around, and said calmly, "Fine, I'll go."

She knew the importance of the child in Luo Yu's belly.

Only then did Luo Yu sit contentedly on the sofa, "Aunt Mo, continue massaging my shoulders."

"Okay." The Mo family matriarch stepped forward.

In her heart, the Mo family matriarch was quite uncomfortable too, Luo Yu's behavior was indeed excessive, but for the sake of the Mo family heir, she endured it.

It wasn't easy for Mo Zhixuan to have this child.

She had to focus on the bigger picture and ensure the Mo family's legacy.

Twenty minutes later, Mo Qingyi came back, but Luo Yu was still not satisfied.

She made Mo Qingyi run errands back and forth seventeen or eighteen times before Luo Yu became content.

Mo Qingyi, exhausted and sweaty, slumped on the couch, unwilling to move.

Who knew that after eating just one piece of star fruit, Luo Yu dumped the entire plate of cut fruit into the trash can.

Mo Qingyi was so angry she wanted to strangle her, but she had to swallow her anger.

Luo Yu's purpose in doing this was precisely to torment Mo Qingyi, and this was only the beginning.

Didn't this Mo Qingyi used to look down on her?

The real drama...

Was still to come.

Luo Yu lightly curled her lips, stood up from the sofa, "Alright, I'm going to rest now, someone take me to my room."

The Mo family matriarch gave a look to the servants, and instantly two of them approached Luo Yu, supporting her arm, "Miss Luo, let's go."

"Why are the two of you coming?" Luo Yu frowned slightly, pointing at two other servants beside the Mo family matriarch, "I want those two."

Luo Yu was referring to Lan and Qinghe, who stood by the Mo family matriarch's side.

Upon hearing this, Qinghe and Lan were both troubled, as they were responsible for personally attending to the Mo family matriarch.

Mo Qingyi looked up, clearly displeased, "Luo Yu, I'm warning you, this is the Mo family, and you don't get to run wild here. That's enough, if you keep pushing your luck, overstepping your bounds, watch out because I won't be polite to you."

"Heh," Luo Yu smiled, lifting her chin and patting her belly, "I really want to see how you're going to be impolite. Go ahead, have a go at my belly if you dare."

The Mo family matriarch glanced at Mo Qingyi, "Alright, Qingyi, keep your words few." Turning back, she looked at the two servants, "Lan, Qinghe, during this time, stay close to Miss Luo, and serve her well."

"But..." Qinghe looked at the Mo family matriarch somewhat troubledly.

She had been at the matriarch's side for years and had grown accustomed to her ways of life. She was a bit uneasy about another person stepping in.

"Mom, stop spoiling her!" Mo Qingyi frowned slightly.

Looking at Luo Yu's smug face, as if her tail were about to lift into the sky!

Mo Qingyi couldn't stand this type of person!

The Mo family's matriarch did not pick up on Mo Qingyi's words but, instead, said to Lan and Qinghe, "Go."

"Yes." With the matriarch's mind made up, the servants could only obey.

It appeared that in the future, the direction of the wind at the Mo family would indeed change.

Luo Yu grew increasingly smug.

The Mo family's matriarch turned to Luo Yu and then said, "Rest assured and nourish the fetus here. Should you need anything, feel free to ask directly."

"Alright." Luo Yu nodded, "Thank you, Auntie Mo. By the way, Auntie Mo, as a maiden with no formal status, staying here in such a manner isn't proper. When does your Mo family plan to give me a title? What I'm carrying is the direct grandson of your Mo family."

When she spoke the last sentence, Luo Yu seemed especially assertive.

Mo Qingyi was somewhat speechless.

Luo Yu was really naive, thinking that just because she was pregnant with the Mo family's child, she could ascend and be the phoenix atop the tree?

The Mo family's matriarch settled herself onto a sofa and began to speak slowly, "Let's talk about this matter when Zhixuan returns. Rest assured, since the child in your belly is our Mo family's blood, we will not mistreat you."

"That's fine. I'll wait for Zhixuan to come back," Luo Yu said, then turned to look at Lan and Qinghe, "Let's go."

With the support of Lan and Qinghe, Luo Yu walked upstairs, high-headed and chest out.

As long as she secured her footing in the Mo family, she needn't fear them not giving her a proper title.

After all, she was the child's biological mother.

Watching Luo Yu's figure disappear around the staircase corner, Mo Qingyi threw the pillow she was holding onto the ground in dissatisfaction, exclaiming, "She really makes me furious!"

"Angry about what?" The Mo family's matriarch picked up her teacup and gently took a sip, "She's carrying your brother's child, which is a good thing. We should be happy."

In contrast to Mo Qingyi's indignation, the Mo family's matriarch remained as calm as always.

As if this matter hadn't affected her at all.

"Mother!" Mo Qingyi sat up straight, "You still have the mood to drink tea? Look how smug she's become."

"Enough, don't overthink it," the Mo family's matriarch set down her teacup and stood up, "Come on, let's mother and daughter take a stroll in the back garden. The lotus flowers are quite nice this season."

Mo Qingyi also stood up, taking the arm of the Mo family's matriarch, and complained, "Mother, really, you have such a big heart. At a time like this, you still feel like admiring flowers?"

The Mo family's matriarch only smiled, saying nothing.

Soon, the two of them arrived at the back garden.

There was a very large man-made lake in the back garden, right in the midst of summer, the green lotus leaves and the pink lotus flowers majestic with an endless green touching the sky, the sun-painted lotus flowers showed a different kind of red.

Such a sight was really spectacular.

In the middle of the man-made lake was a pavilion, and Mo Qingyi, helping the Mo family's matriarch, walked into the pavilion. Gently blown by the breeze, which drove the heat away from their hearts, it was quite pleasant.

Mo Qingyi grabbed a handful of feed and began to feed the koi swimming under the lotus leaves.

After a while, Mo Qingyi slowly began to speak, asking, "Mother, do you really plan to let Luo Yu stay at our place just like that?"

"Yes, I do," the Mo family's matriarch nodded, "She's carrying your brother's child. We can't let her wander without a place to stay."

As she scattered the feed, Mo Qingyi said, "I think Luo Yu has great ambitions. Her goal... is probably not as simple as just staying at our house."

Perhaps, from the very beginning, this has all been a trap.

Luo Yu had her sights set on Zhixuan from the start.

The Mo family's matriarch let out a soft laugh, also grabbing a handful of feed and scattering it into the lake, then continued, "Qingqing, what do you think these koi are?"

Mo Qingyi was a bit perplexed and casually responded, "Koi are just koi, what else could they be?"

The Mo family's matriarch continued to laugh, "Trapped beasts. They are all trapped beasts, a group living parasitically in the lake. They have gotten used to our feeding, having lost their ability to hunt. Once we stop feeding them one day, all they can do is wait to die."

"Oh," Mo Qingyi nodded thoughtfully, yet she felt somewhat impressed by the insight.

Then the Mo family's matriarch asked, "Do you know why we continue to feed them? What's the significance of doing this? Do these koi possess any value?"

"I know," Mo Qingyi replied with a smile, "It's because they have ornamental value. Look, the red, white, and black ones, how attractive they are."

"Right," the matriarch nodded, a deep look in her eyes, "Because they have ornamental value. But one day, when we tire of them, when we've had enough of looking at them, then they'll just have to leave it to fate. Actually, sometimes it's the same with people."

At the end of her sentence, the Mo family's matriarch looked towards the distance.

With that explanation, Mo Qingyi understood.

In fact, the meaning of the Mo family matriarch's words was quite simple; she was comparing Luo Yu to these koi.

Because Luo Yu was currently useful, the Mo family's matriarch would provide well for her.

Once Luo Yu successfully gave birth to the child, she would become a completely useless pawn, and at that time, whether she lived or died would be left to fate. At present, the child was what mattered most.

Chapter 676:

Koi fish are trapped beasts, and so are people.

To the elder Madam Mo, Luo Yu was no different from these koi fish.

What she cared about was never Luo Yu herself, but the child in her belly.

The Mo family couldn't lose its heir apparent under her watch.

Otherwise, a hundred years later, she would have no face to meet the ancestors of the Mo family.

"So," the elder Madam Mo turned to look at Mo Qingyi, "do you understand now?"

"Yes," Mo Qingyi nodded, "Mom, I understand. Rest assured, as long as I can tolerate it, I'll never provoke her first."

"Good child." The elder Madam Mo patted her hand.

Just then, a servant rushed over, out of breath, "Something terrible has happened, elder Madam!"

"What's the matter?" the elder Madam Mo frowned slightly, "Speak slowly, there's no need to panic."

While wiping the sweat from his forehead, the servant said, "Luo... Miss Luo is having stomach pains, you should quickly go and see to her!"

Hearing this, the elder Madam Mo's face turned pale, and she quickly pulled Mo Qingyi with her as she ran toward the front courtyard.

When they arrived at the main hall of the front courtyard and hadn't even ascended the stairs, they could hear Luo Yu's hysterical screaming.

"I want to stay in this room! I'm not a visitor, why should I stay in the guest room! Ah! My stomach hurts so much! I'll be driven to death by you servants!"

Then came the voice of a servant, "I'm sorry Miss Luo, please don't be angry, this is the young lady's room, you can't stay here, if you're not happy with the room we've prepared for you, we can rearrange another one for you, how does that sound?"

Luo Yu, furious, said, "Are you deaf? I've told you! I only want this room! I won't stay in any other room!"

She acted as though she were the real master of the house.

The servant said in a difficult tone, "Sorry Miss Luo... You really can't stay in this room, it belongs to the..."

Before the servant could finish, Luo Yu cut him off, her voice aggressive, "Belongs to who? Do you think your young lady is more important, or am I? Or, do you think, the child in my belly is less important than your young lady? Do you know, the child in my belly is the future young master of the Mo family! Get out of my way! Otherwise, I'll make you regret it!"

What does Mo Qingyi amount to?

Could it be that she even less important than a pail of spilled water?

Luo Yu, considering the child in her belly, was very domineering and difficult.

Listening to these voices, Mo Qingyi clenched her fists in anger, cracking her knuckles loudly, looking like she was ready to fight.

This Luo Yu was getting bolder and bolder.

It seems she won't learn unless taught a lesson.

That's infuriating!

She actually wants to move into my room, why doesn't she just reach for the sky?

Damn it!

Does she really think I'm easy to bully?

"Hold back." The elder Madam Mo took Mo Qingyi's hand, speaking calmly, "Have you forgotten what I just told you?"

Remembering the child in Luo Yu's belly, Mo Qingyi had no choice but to swallow her rage.

Though she swallowed it, Mo Qingyi was so angry even her liver hurt.

She had never been treated like this in her entire life!

The elder Madam Mo pulled Mo Qingyi upstairs to the scene of the incident.

Seeing the elder Madam Mo and Mo Qingyi arrive, all the servants bent over respectfully, "Elder Madam, young lady."

The elder Madam Mo slightly raised her hand and glanced at the crowd, then said, "What's going on here? I could hear your voices all the way over, what's all the fuss?"

Before the servant could speak, Luo Yu said with righteous indignation, "Madam Mo, it's not me, but the servants of the Mo family are really lacking insight; they can never tell who is the master and who is the servant. They even dare to argue with me; tell me, if they scare the child in my belly, who among them can afford the responsibility?"

Her words had a double meaning.

The first layer meant that Luo Yu was expressing that she was already the master of the house, Mo Qingyi was just a girl and couldn't provide an heir for the Mo family, so Mo Qingyi was an outsider.

The second layer was that Luo Yu was now carrying Mo Zhixuan's child, and if anyone displeased her, she would not forgive them.

With such an accusation made, all the surrounding servants shivered with fear.

It was too frightening!

If anything were to happen to the child in Luo Yu's belly, they would be in serious trouble.

"Elder Madam, this is what happened, Miss Luo was not satisfied with the room we arranged for her, she..." said the servant, looking up at Mo Qingyi, "she insisted on staying in the young lady's room..."

"Yes, exactly," Luo Yu, hands on her hips, belly thrust out, said boldly, "I want to move into her room. So what, Madam Mo, will you not allow it?"

Mo Qingyi didn't even want to glance at Luo Yu.

Truly an insult to the eyes.

If this were in their military, people like Luo Yu wouldn't survive three days.

"As someone once said," Mo Qingyi looked at Luo Yu, "don't take my tolerance as your capital to be shameless! If you provoke me again, believe it or not I'll blast you with one shot!"

"Come on, blast away," Luo Yu laughed, sticking out her belly.

Mo Qingyi, always a forthright person, impulsive, having spent many years in the military, could absolutely not tolerate someone like Luo Yu. Right away, she pulled a gun from her waist.

Before Luo Yu could react, Mo Qingyi held the gun to her head, "Try acting up again and see? Let's see if my gun is faster or your mouth!"

This sudden development petrified the group of servants and the elder Madam Mo.

Luo Yu was scared as well.

She knew the temperament of Mo Qingyi.

But now, she couldn't show weakness; things had come too far, and besides, the elder Madam Mo was there! Surely the elder Madam Mo wouldn't let Mo Qingyi run wild.

With these thoughts, Luo Yu put her mind at ease, covered her belly with both hands, and made a pained expression, "My child, my poor child, it's Mommy's fault, Mommy can't protect you anymore, I hope we can still be mother and child in the next life... Mo Qingyi, if you have the guts, just shoot! If you don't shoot, then you're not human!"

Mo Qingyi gritted her teeth, "Fine! Today, I'll act as a scourge to the people!"

As soon as she said that, she pulled the trigger. Just as the bullet was about to fire out, Elder Mrs. Mo threw herself over, "Qingqing, no!"

"Bang!" A shot fired into the air, hitting the ceiling directly.

"Qingqing! You're being too outrageous!" Elder Mrs. Mo looked at Mo Qingyi, slightly angered.

Mo Qingyi stood there, silent. She admitted that she had been a bit impulsive just now, but she just couldn't stand people like Luo Yu.

If given another chance, Mo Qingyi would pull the trigger without hesitation.

Luo Yu collapsed to the ground crying, "I can't live anymore! I won't live anymore! My child, no one here can tolerate the two of us, let's just leave, I hope in your next life you can be born into a good family, it's Mommy's lack of ability..."

Elder Mrs. Mo hurriedly helped Luo Yu up, comforting her, "Alright, alright, Qingqing was just playing with you, stop crying..."

Luo Yu wiped her eyes, pointed at Elder Mrs. Mo, and shouted angrily, "Playing? Have you ever seen anyone play by firing a gun? 'When the child is untaught, it's the father's fault.' Her father is gone; that's your fault! Look at the good daughter you've raised! What kind of mother are you!"

"Try pointing a finger at my mom again!" Mo Qingyi walked over to Luo Yu, gun in hand again pressing against Luo Yu's head.

"Qingqing, put down the gun!" Elder Mrs. Mo looked at Mo Qingyi, her face full of authority.

"Mom!" Mo Qingyi bit her lip, unwillingly looking at Elder Mrs. Mo, her hand trembling.

"Put it down!" Elder Mrs. Mo said coldly. "Don't make me say it a second time, unless you don't want to acknowledge me as your mother!"

With things having come to this point, even if Mo Qingyi was unwilling, she had no choice but to put down the gun.

"Worthless thing!" Luo Yu shoved Mo Qingyi, "Go away!"

Mo Qingyi's body was trembling, but she could only swallow her anger. No matter what, she couldn't let Elder Mrs. Mo be disappointed.

"Auntie Mo, did you not hear what I said?" Luo Yu walked up to Elder Mrs. Mo. "I said I want to live in this room!"

Elder Mrs. Mo smiled kindly, "Don't get angry, it's not good for the fetus. You want to move into Qingqing's room because there's something wrong with your current room? Actually, that room is quite nice, I especially had them pick it for you; it's well-ventilated from south to north, and moreover, it has a large balcony with a view of the backyard garden."

Elder Mrs. Mo was calm and even-tempered from beginning to end, a stark contrast to the arrogant Luo Yu.

She was, after all, someone who had seen the world and could keep her cool at all times.

"There's nothing wrong with that room," Luo Yu looked up at Elder Mrs. Mo, "but I just don't want to stay there. I want to live in Mo Qingyi's room. Otherwise, I'll go back to the Chu family and stay in my own room."

"Go ahead! No one's stopping you!" Mo Qingyi gritted her teeth.

"Qingqing!" Elder Mrs. Mo spoke softly.

Instantly, Mo Qingyi fell silent.

Elder Mrs. Mo looked at Luo Yu and continued, "If you want to live in this room, then move in. It's just a room, there's no need for such a fuss."

"Then I thank you." Luo Yu smiled triumphantly. She then turned to the servants behind her, "You all heard her, didn't you? Hurry up and move my things in."

Luo Yu had long known that Elder Mrs. Mo valued the child in her womb greatly, which is why she dared to be so presumptuous.

"Yes." The servants bowed slightly and moved the items prepared for Luo Yu to Mo Qingyi's room.

Mo Qingyi stood there, fists clenched, watching coldly.

Luo Yu stood with her belly out, a smug smile on her face.

The servants entered in single file, moving items big and small into Mo Qingyi's room.

"These, these, and these, throw them all out," Luo Yu commanded in Mo Qingyi's room, casually pointing at Mo Qingyi's personal belongings.

The servants dared not really throw away Mo Qingyi's things, especially with Mo Qingyi still standing there.

Seeing the servants not making a move, Luo Yu rolled up her sleeves, walked to the vanity, picked up the high-end skincare products, and threw them straight out the door.

Clothes, shoes, bags...

She didn't care at all about the presence of the Mo family's matriarch and Mo Qingyi.

Her arrogance knew no bounds.

If it hadn't been for the old Mrs. Mo, Mo Qingyi might have wanted to throw Luo Yu out like trash.

This person was just too presumptuous!

"Enough," Mrs. Mo patted Mo Qingyi's shoulder, "Let's go."

Before they turned around, objects continued to be thrown out of the room. Whether intentional or not, a piece of clothing landed directly on Mo Qingyi's head.

Mo Qingyi, at her limit, yanked the clothing off her head and walked towards Luo Yu. Then, Mrs. Mo immediately grabbed Mo Qingyi's wrist and whispered, "Child, a moment of patience in a moment of anger prevents a thousand moments of sorrow. For the sake of our Mo family, for my sake, you must endure."

It was a good opportunity to temper Mo Qingyi's temperament.

Only those who can 'endure' can achieve great things.

Mo Qingyi was indeed too impulsive with her youth.

Mo Qingyi took a deep breath, struggling to calm herself down.

Right then, a shoebox was thrown against Mo Qingyi's back.

Mo Qingyi suppressed the rage in her heart and strode out.

Watching Mo Qingyi being bullied by her without daring to fight back, Luo Yu laughed triumphantly. What could Mo Qingyi do?

In the end,

Wasn't she still trampled under Luo Yu's feet?

Mo Qingyi actually dared to point a gun at her!

This was just the beginning.

She would make Mo Qingyi pay a much steeper price.

As Mo Qingyi reached the downstairs, Luo Yu's voice could once again be heard from the room, "Open all the windows for me. You, you, you, go get the disinfectant. I want to thoroughly disinfect this room. It used to be lived in by someone disgusting, and it smells disgusting too..."

Chapter 677: Cold Butterfly Possession

"Out of sight, out of mind," Mo Qingyi stood up directly from the sofa, "Mom, I'm heading to the unit. I might not be coming back these few days."

She was afraid that if she stayed any longer, she'd be pissed to death by that Luo Yu!

Her tolerance wasn't as big as the Old Madame's!

"Mm," The Old Madame Mo nodded, "Be careful on the road."

The Mo family was indeed a bit toxic now, and Mo Qingyi's temporary departure was for the best, lest she get into another conflict with Luo Yu.

Halfway to the door, Mo Qingyi turned back and looked at the Old Madame Mo before asking, "Mom, have you told my brother about Luo Yu's pregnancy?"

She didn't believe that Mo Zhixuan could tolerate such a Luo Yu.

In fact, Mo Qingyi still had some doubts whether the child in Luo Yu's stomach was really Mo Zhixuan's.

With Mo Zhixuan's character, he shouldn't be capable of such a thing!

"Not yet," The Old Madame Mo shook her head, "Agent Li said your brother has been busy with some important matters recently and his phone is out of reach. Let's not tell him about this for now. Important matters come first, to avoid distraction. We'll wait until he comes back to talk about it."

Mo Qingyi nodded, signifying her understanding, "Then I'm off, Mom. Don't always indulge that Luo Yu, agreeing to every excessive demand she makes. I don't believe she'd willingly leave our family."

Isn't Luo Yu just relying on her pregnancy? Mouthing off about leaving the Mo family as a threat, but in reality, where would she be willing to leave the Mo family?

Mo Qingyi might be a bit blunt, but she wasn't stupid.

She had long seen through Luo Yu's intentions.

"Mom knows her limits. Don't worry," The Old Madame counted her Buddha Beads, then said, "Go ahead, I'm here, so you don't have to worry about home."

Mo Qingyi pouted, "Just be careful on your own, and don't let Luo Yu bully you. Remember to call me if anything happens."

"Alright, rest assured, she can't bully me," The Old Madame rose to see her off.

Mo Qingyi casually took a hat from the servant's hand, placing it on her head, hiding her outstanding features.

Outside the door was parked a domineering SUV.

Mo Qingyi didn't even bother to open the door; she placed her hands on the car window and leapt into the driver's seat with such flair.

This caused the nearby servants to feel like whistling.

After jumping into the driver's seat, Mo Qingyi put on her sunglasses, started the engine, held the steering wheel with one hand, and gestured a casual wave to the Old Madame outside the window with the other.

The Old Madame also waved back at her until the SUV disappeared from sight, then she walked back into the house.

The SUV sped all the way, and finally entered a military base on the outskirts of Superpower World.

Desolate around the military base, the outermost perimeter boasted watchtowers, surveillance posts, automatic machine gun stands, concrete walls, and barbed wire.

It looked very solemn and imposing.

As she neared the military base, the sounds of training could be heard from within.

If a stranger heard this, it would surely ignite a fiery passion to become a soldier within them.

Mo Qingyi parked the car and stepped out, and the sentry on duty immediately gave her a military salute, "Greetings, Officer."

Although Mo Qingyi wasn't in uniform, she still gave the sentry a standard military salute in return, "Hard at work!"

At that moment, even though she wasn't wearing a uniform, the righteous aura that was special to soldiers was all at once apparent, her bearing was spirited and impressive, exuding a powerful presence that demanded equal respect as any man.

Mo Qingyi whistled as she walked on.

She finally had a break and had planned to rest well at home; instead, she had to deal with that despicable Luo Yu.

She felt much better in the unit where she didn't have to see someone as disgusting as Luo Yu.

Mo Qingyi went straight to the dorm to take a shower and then laid down on the bed, drifting into a deep sleep.

The soundproofing of the dormitory was effective; lying in bed, not a hint of the outside training could be heard.

Poland Mountain.

Night fell in the blink of an eye.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan arrived in Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin's bedroom to check Aunt Lin's pulse.

By night, Aunt Lin was visibly weaker than during the day, her complexion somewhat pale, but she still forcefully insisted, smiling as she said she was fine.

Chu Jin sat by the bed, first reaching out to touch Aunt Lin's forehead, then placing her hand on Aunt Lin's pulse.

Aunt Lin's pulse was very unstable, and the beating was irregular. Chu Jin frowned subtly, and immediately pulled out silver needles from her pocket, quickly inserting them into various acupoints on Aunt Lin's body.

Golden Needle?

Uncle Wu was stunned; when they were on the mountain, he had never taught Chu Jin the use of Golden Needles; she simply didn't know how.

In just a few short months, Chu Jin had even learned how to use the Golden Needles.

Indeed, she was a prodigy of ancient medicine.

He really hadn't misjudged her at the beginning.

Uncle Wu felt very relieved.

As soon as the Golden Needles were inserted into Aunt Lin's acupoints, she slowly fell asleep, her breathing even and steady.

Seeing this, Uncle Wu asked with some surprise, "Jin, your godmother... why did she suddenly fall asleep?"

"It's a normal reaction, you don't need to worry," Chu Jin said, barely lifting her eyes.

"Oh," Uncle Wu nodded, then continued, "By the way, Jin, what's wrong with your godmother? What kind of illness does she have?"

Seeing Chu Jin's demeanor, one knew she must have diagnosed the cause of the illness.

Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brow and said, "Don't worry, godfather, godmother isn't seriously ill and isn't sick either. She's just been infested by a Chanderlie in the mountains. Fortunately, we've discovered it in time. Once I remove the Chanderlie, she'll be all right."

Because Aunt Lin wasn't really sick, Uncle Wu couldn't diagnose the cause.

The old couple had lived here for half their lives, never imagining they would be inhabited by a Chanderlie at a time like this.

The Chanderlie is a parasite that lives deep in the mountains. It's slender and appears transparent. As soon as it comes in contact with living beings, it burrows into the body through pores. Normally, it survives by absorbing the marrow and blood from living creatures. It's named "Chanderlie" because it has a pair of soft wings on its body.

If a Chanderlie infests a host for more than three months, it can cause hallucinations, a state of constant drowsiness, and even control a person's brain, turning the host into a puppet.

Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin had been safe all these years here, which meant they had grasped the rules of survival in this place, knowing how to avoid such harm. So why now was Aunt Lin suddenly infested with a Chanderlie?

This was somewhat unusual.

Clearly, there was someone behind the scenes orchestrating this.

After all, what could be worth harming two elderly people?

For wealth?

Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin had long resided in the deep mountains, living a simple life, far removed from the hustle of the world, barely possessing any substantial wealth.

But if it wasn't for wealth,

what else could it be?

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, a myriad of thoughts swirling within. On reflection, Jian Yi had been full of defenses against her from the start, acting as if he feared she would take something precious from the elderly couple.

So, what could Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin possibly have on their person?

Uncle Wu frowned slightly, looking at Chu Jin, and asked, "Jin, are you sure you haven't made a diagnostic error?"

"I'm certain," Chu Jin nodded. "It definitely is a Chanderlie infestation. You can listen to godmother's pulse. A normal person's heart rate averages 70 to 80 beats per minute, yet godmother's heart rate fluctuates rapidly, spiking to over 150 beats per minute and, at its slowest, falling below 50. These are the symptoms of a Chanderlie infestation."

Upon hearing this, Uncle Wu immediately placed his hand on Aunt Lin's pulse. After a moment, he frowned, because what Chu Jin said was exactly right.

But was it really possessed by the Cold Butterfly?

Uncle Wu wasn't sure either.

After all, Chu Jin was young and lacking in experience; if by any chance the wrong medicine was used, it would be too late for regrets.

Since it was about the life and death of Aunt Lin, Uncle Wu was more cautious.

Understanding Uncle Wu's concerns, Chu Jin continued, "Godfather, people possessed by the Cold Butterfly exhale breaths that are icy cold. Why not reach out and feel Godmother's breath?"

Uncle Wu immediately reached out towards Aunt Lin's nose.

The moment he did, Uncle Wu's face changed, and he looked up at Chu Jin, "Jin, there's no time to waste. Hurry and extract the Cold Butterfly from your Godmother."

Chu Jin shook her head, "Not yet. It's not that simple to extract the Cold Butterfly successfully. Moreover, we are lacking a few medicinal herbs. For now, we can only suppress the Cold Butterfly inside Godmother to stop it from growing. I will go up the mountain to gather herbs first thing tomorrow morning."

"Then I'll go with you," Uncle Wu added quickly, being more experienced in gathering herbs.

"No need," Chu Jin replied with a slight shake of her head, "You should stay at home to take care of Godmother. Plus, I'm worried that you might be possessed by the Cold Butterfly as well. It's best if you don't go. Besides, with Godmother in this condition, she can't be left alone."

At her words, Uncle Wu turned pale and immediately placed his left hand on the pulse of his right wrist. The pulse indeed was almost the same as Aunt Lin's.

However, because he was healthy and frequently worked in the pharmacy, he hadn't shown any symptoms yet.

Seeing this, Chu Jin knew she was right and took out a black pill from her pocket, handing it to Uncle Wu, "Godfather, this medicine can suppress the growth of the Cold Butterfly. Take it for now. Don't worry; it's not a big problem. As long as I'm here, I can definitely extract the Cold Butterfly from both you and Godmother."

As long as the Cold Butterfly was detected in time, it wasn't a big problem, just that the treatment would take some time.

"Mm, Jin, I believe in you," Uncle Wu nodded without hesitation and swallowed the pill.

Chu Jin did not speak further and gently bowed to remove all the Golden Needles from Aunt Lin.

After removing the Golden Needles, Chu Jin fed another pill to Aunt Lin and then said, "Godfather, I'm going to go back to rest with Mo Zhixuan. You should rest well too. Good night."

Uncle Wu stood up to see the two out, "Mm, you two go rest. Jin, you and Zhixuan can stay in the room you used to occupy. Your Godmother cleans it every day; it's not dirty, so rest assured."

Since these two were formerly a couple, it was normal for them to live together, so Uncle Wu saw nothing untoward about this arrangement.

At this, the corners of Mo Zhixuan's mouth lifted in a barely there smile.

He was starting to appreciate his godfather more and more.

He handled things nothing short of beautifully.

"Thank you, Godfather. You don't have to see us out; you should head back and rest," Mo Zhixuan said, turning to Uncle Wu.

Uncle Wu stopped and then added, "All right, then you two should go on up. Zhixuan, if you're not comfortable there, or if you need anything at all, remember to tell me."

Mo Zhixuan was an important figure, after all; one couldn't afford to have him feel slighted.

"Mm," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan nod so naturally, Chu Jin reached out and knocked on his head, then turned to Uncle Wu, "Godfather, you don't have to be so polite with him. Please go and rest; we're going up now."

With that, Chu Jin pulled Mo Zhixuan towards the stairs.

The wooden staircase creaked loudly under their feet.

The second floor of the cabin had several vacant rooms, screened off with beaded curtains, which lent them an antique charm.

"Jin, with so many rooms, which one is yours?" Mo Zhixuan asked, following her.

Chu Jin kept walking forward as she responded, "Just around the corner ahead."

In her heart, she felt a bit uneasy and nervous. Although she knew her relationship with Mo Zhixuan had been very close in the past, after all, this was the first time she was going to live in the same room with a man since her memory loss.

Chu Jin's bedroom was large, with an attached bathroom, which was very convenient.

Indeed, as Uncle Wu had said, the room was clean and tidy, with a pleasant fragrance permeating the air.

It was clear that the place was often cleaned.

Chu Jin walked to the table to pour a glass of water for Mo Zhixuan, "Drink some water, and, by the way, the bathroom is over there, you can go take a shower first."

No sooner had she spoken than Chu Jin regretted it!

Heavens.

Why would she say something like that?

Who asks someone to take a bath as soon as they enter the house?

It felt somewhat strange.

But the words were already out, and it was too late for regrets.

Mo Zhixuan took the cup and had a sip of water, then calmly said, "Alright, I will go now."

Seeing that Mo Zhixuan didn't show any particular reaction, Chu Jin finally felt relieved.

Soon, the sound of water running came from the bathroom.

It was only then that Chu Jin abruptly remembered, there were no suitable clothes here for Mo Zhixuan to wear...

It was not until Mo Zhixuan came out that Chu Jin realized she had been overthinking it all.

Mo Zhixuan had a space of his own, what kind of clothes didn't he have there?

As he buttoned his cuffs and stepped out, he casually said, "I'm done, your turn to go in."

The diamond cufflinks reflected the cold light under the lamp, somewhat dazzling.

"Oh." Chu Jin picked up her pajamas and headed for the bathroom.

Passing by Mo Zhixuan, she distinctly smelled the handmade soap scent emanating from him.

This handmade soap was something she had crafted herself with various plants and flowers while she was in the mountains.

The scent was very nice.

Now, smelling this scent on Mo Zhixuan felt even more extraordinary, and inexplicably, her heartbeat quickened.

Chu Jin entered the bathroom.

Mo Zhixuan lay on the bed, clothed, listening to the sound of water from the bathroom.

About an hour later, she finally came out.

Chu Jin thought to herself that it had been such a long time, Mo Zhixuan must have fallen asleep by now.

But to her surprise, when she came out, Mo Zhixuan was still lying on his side on the bed, one hand propping up his head and the other resting by his waist, looking at her with bright eyes.

Chu Jin's heart gave an unexplained tremble, and she slowly moved to the edge of the bed, cautiously asked, "Why haven't you slept yet?"

"Waiting for you," Mo Zhixuan replied languidly.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan still lying there unmoving, Chu Jin tiptoed a few steps closer, "Waiting for me? You could have gone to sleep first."

Mo Zhixuan slowly shifted his gaze, looked into Chu Jin's eyes, and the corners of his mouth curved into a faint smile.

Chu Jin involuntarily stepped back, "I just remembered, I haven't washed my clothes yet, I'll go wash them now." With that, she turned and strode toward the bathroom.

However, before Chu Jin could get close to the bathroom door, she was suddenly swept off her feet with a firm arm around her waist.

"What are you doing? Put me down quickly." Chu Jin slapped at his back.

...

Before long, a pitter-patter of light rain started to fall outside.

Chapter 678:

In the darkness, Mo Zhixuan's lips curled up in satisfaction.

Only by embracing her so genuinely could Mo Zhixuan truly feel at ease.

The next day.

As dawn broke, Chu Jin woke up, or more precisely, hunger had awakened her.

The scent of steamed buns from downstairs drifted up, intensifying Chu Jin's hunger. She casually grabbed a pillow, stuffed it into his embrace in a move like a cicada sloughing its skin, and smoothly slid out of bed.

...

Luckily, she had prepared a buckled shirt for today. The collar just covered her collarbones, otherwise, she would have really been unable to face anyone.

When Chu Jin changed and came out, Mo Zhixuan was already up, sitting on the edge of the bed, leisurely buttoning up his shirt, an unusual trace of laziness on his stern features.

Even so, it did nothing to hide the aura of a superior that was inherent to him.

"Baby, you've worked hard," Mo Zhixuan said tenderly.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, struggling to get used to this form of address. She lifted her foot and gave him a kick, "Baby, what baby? Call me Brother Jin."

"Brother Jin has worked hard," Mo Zhixuan complied very naturally with a 'Brother Jin' that sounded utterly natural.

"Go take a bath first," Chu Jin glanced up at him, "I'm going downstairs to eat."

"Mhm," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, then turned and went inside.

The bed had already been made by Mo Zhixuan. Chu Jin walked to the window, drew the curtains for ventilation, and after finishing these tasks, she headed downstairs.

Downstairs in the dining room, Aunt Lin had already prepared breakfast.

After last night's acupuncture and medication, Aunt Lin looked much more spirited.

Aunt Lin turned her head and said with a smile, "Jin, it's time to eat. Where's Zhixuan? Why didn't he come down with you?"

"He's brushing his teeth. There's no need to wait for him; let's eat first." No sooner had she spoken than Chu Jin grabbed a fluffy bun and started nibbling on it.

"You child, don't you have any manners? Wait for Zhixuan," Aunt Lin took the bun from Chu Jin's hands, "He's an honored guest. If you act like this, others will say we have no manners."

Even though Mo Zhixuan now called Aunt Lin 'godmother' just like Chu Jin, Aunt Lin still couldn't help venerating Mo Zhixuan from the bottom of her heart.

She was still somewhat restrained.

After all, this man was a deity of the Superpower World.

How many could truly remain unruffled and unafraid in his presence?

"Only you are so proper. We're all family, and Zhixuan doesn't have as many thoughts as you," Uncle Wu handed a bun to Chu Jin, "Jin, eat. Your godmother is just making a fuss over nothing."

"Thank you, godfather," Chu Jin said with a smile in her eyes.

Just then, Mo Zhixuan also came down from upstairs. After politely greeting the two elders, he sat down next to Chu Jin.

Mo Zhixuan had long achieved the state of fasting. He only symbolically tasted a few bites of the breakfast Aunt Lin had painstakingly prepared.

For the rest of the time, he just watched Chu Jin eat.

After breakfast, Aunt Lin brought Chu Jin the tools for herb gathering.

A bamboo basket, inside of which there was an oil-paper umbrella and a small shovel.

Chu Jin was just about to reach for them when she felt a heavy shadow loom behind her, a faint smell of tobacco filling her nostrils, and a strong, slender hand intercepted the basket before her, Mo Zhixuan thus stood behind her, merely leaning in slightly to effortlessly take the basket from Aunt Lin's hands.

At 1.7 meters tall, Chu Jin was considered outstandingly tall among girls, yet standing in front of Mo Zhixuan, she became utterly diminutive.

This man was almost twenty centimeters taller than her.

A true embodiment of the phrase, "tall with long legs."

After taking the basket, Mo Zhixuan casually slung it on his back. The old-fashioned basket did not look out of place on his back, instead adding a hint of mystery and attractiveness to his presence.

Seeing him do this, Aunt Lin was stunned, "Zhixuan, what are you doing? Quickly put down the basket and let Jin carry it."

A person like Mo Zhixuan should be in the imperial palace, directing the affairs of the empire, not laboring in the mountains like a rustic woodman.

"I'll go with Jin," Mo Zhixuan replied politely.

"What?!" Aunt Lin's voice rose an octave, "You want to go too? No, you shouldn't go, you're like an emperor, how can you go to such places? The woods are filled with dangers, what if something dangerous happens? Let Jin go on her own, you just wait here for her to come back..."

These words were somewhat hurtful.

So, if Chu Jin encountered danger, it wouldn't matter?

In Aunt Lin's eyes, Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin were different.

Even though Mo Zhixuan had acknowledged Chu Jin as his wife, they hadn't yet gone through an official ceremony, meaning this relationship could fall apart at any time.

Moreover, Chu Jin was just a person from the secular world.

She would be more than suitable for someone like Jian Yi, but for Mo Zhixuan? She was a bit... underqualified.

Even if Mo Zhixuan really loved her and was deeply devoted to her, marrying her and having her ascend to the position of the number nine lady wouldn't be so simple. The seat of the ninth lady was fraught with thorns and hardships; she would have to pass numerous tests and master a wide range of skills, such as music, chess, calligraphy, painting, and all kinds of martial arts—it was not an easy seat to occupy.

What's more, when Aunt Lin initially helped Chu Jin, she did so with an ulterior motive. She wanted Chu Jin to marry Jian Yi—that way, Chu Jin could become a true part of her family.

Though Chu Jin had acknowledged her as a godmother and was very affectionate, Aunt Lin had always known one thing.

Children should be one's own, hair should grow from the roots.

Even if Chu Jin was being good to herself now, there was no guarantee she wouldn't change her heart in the future.

Only if she married Jian Yi would she truly and sincerely be good to herself.

After all, Jian Yi was the child she had brought up herself, and nobody knew his nature better than she did.

Little did she know, Chu Jin simply didn't fancy Jian Yi.

Back then, Auntie Lin had hinted many times in front of Chu Jin, hoping she would accept Jian Yi, but all were tactfully rejected by Chu Jin. She had thought that after they went down the mountain, her relationship with Jian Yi would grow even closer; little did she know that in less than a month, Chu Jin had gotten involved with Mo Zhixuan.

If Chu Jin had accepted Jian Yi earlier, wouldn't all the issues with Mo Zhixuan have been avoided?

After all, in the Superpower World, she and Mo Zhixuan were still free individuals.

In Auntie Lin's view, only if Chu Jin married Jian Yi could she fully repay the debt of saving her life. Now that Chu Jin had chosen Mo Zhixuan, then she would forever owe Auntie Lin a life, and it was only right for her to take risks to gather herbs now.

After all, one should repay even the smallest favor with a spring-like fountain.

After all, if it weren't for Auntie Lin and Uncle Wu back then, Chu Jin would have died long ago.

Chu Jin's eyes narrowed, masking the emotions within, surprised that Auntie Lin could say such things...

Perhaps, Auntie Lin hadn't meant it.

After all, in the past year, Auntie Lin truly treated her well.

Just like her own daughter.

And indeed, it was Auntie Lin who had saved her life.

Chu Jin comforted herself in her heart.

"There's nowhere I can't go," Mo Zhixuan slightly lowered his gaze, a cold light seemingly flashing in his eyes, "Jin and I are husband and wife, if Jin can go, why can't I?"

Auntie Lin was about to say something more but was interrupted hastily by Uncle Wu, "Go ahead, just take care. The mountain roads are treacherous, you must be very careful."

Uncle Wu was different from Auntie Lin.

He truly treated Chu Jin as his daughter and saved her simply out of a desire to help, without any ulterior motive.

Auntie Lin, a woman who hadn't had much education and had never had children of her own, had rather fixated ideas about offspring. She had desperately hoped to have a child of her own, and after encountering Chu Jin, she projected these hopes onto her. But Chu Jin went against her wishes.

This rebellion ignited her anger.

She felt that since she had saved Chu Jin, she had the right to decide Chu Jin's life; otherwise, Chu Jin would forever owe her a life.

But it was undeniable that Auntie Lin also liked Chu Jin very much, otherwise, she wouldn't have proposed that Chu Jin marry Jian Yi.

With that said, Uncle Wu turned to look at Chu Jin, advising, "Jin, everything relies on 'fate,' and the same goes for picking herbs. If you really can't find them, don't force it. It could just be a stroke of fate for your godmother and I. You both must come back before it gets dark."

Uncle Wu could sense that the herbs Chu Jin was looking for were no ordinary ones, or else she wouldn't insist on going herself, especially when their backyard garden was already growing many rare medicinal herbs.

Moreover, all sorts of things inhabited the mountains at night, and once dusk fell, it would turn into a slaughter ground for wild beasts.

Especially in the depths of the mountains.

Untouched and undeveloped, who knew what dangers might lurk there.

If the two of them stayed in the mountains, it would most certainly be unsafe.

Yet Auntie Lin, unaware of Uncle Wu's intentions, said to Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, "Your godfather is right. If you can't find them, you mustn't spend the night on the mountain, especially Zhixuan, remember to come back before dark. Your godmother will make some delicious food and wait for you to come home."

Those words were especially heart-wrenching.

It implied that Chu Jin had to find the herbs, or else she shouldn't come back at all—life for life.

After all, this was about life and death, and Auntie Lin had to be a little ruthless; she didn't want to die just yet, not having seen Jian Yi marry and have children.

She was still looking forward to caring for Jian Yi's children.

Listening to these words, Uncle Wu wished he could immediately step forward and silence Auntie Lin's mouth.

It was all fine before, and he had already smoothed over the issue.

Little did he expect that his old partner would be so muddled!

To say it once might be seen as unintentional, but could it be unintentional a second time?

Chu Jin felt a sourness in her heart, a sense of grievance, and looked up at Auntie Lin, speaking as usual, "Godmother, don't worry, I will definitely find the herbs and bring them back."

"That's good," Auntie Lin nodded with satisfaction and said with a smiling face, "Jin, with your words, your godmother feels at ease. Godmother was right to have cherished you before."

Mo Zhixuan held back the anger in his heart, took Chu Jin's hand, and looked at Uncle Wu, "Godfather, we'll leave now, then."

Auntie Lin added, "Zhixuan, be careful on the way, and remember to come back early."

Mo Zhixuan pursed his lips, not responding to Auntie Lin's words. If it weren't for Chu Jin's sake, he really wouldn't want to stay here another second.

At first, his impression of Auntie Lin was good, but how could she seem like a different person when it came to issues of life and death?

She acted as if all this was Chu Jin's obligation, without a word of thanks, and instead uttered such chilled-to-the-bone words!

In fact, even if Auntie Lin hadn't said those things, Chu Jin would have found the herbs beautifully. His Jin wasn't the kind to be ungrateful. Moreover, from Chu Jin's eyes, it was clear that she truly regarded these elderly folks as her own parents.

Chapter 679: I said, I said it all.

"Mm, we will be careful, godmother. Please don't worry." Seeing that Mo Zhixuan was silent, Chu Jin took over the conversation with a smile on her face. No matter what, Aunt Lin had given her a second chance at life, and she couldn't let the old couple down.

She thought she knew why Aunt Lin had suddenly become like this towards her.

It was all because of what happened before with Jian Yi.

If she were to marry Jian Yi, she would not only fulfill the elderly couple's wish but would also be able to repay the debt of life smoothly.

But now.

She and Jian Yi were going down separate paths, against Aunt Lin's wishes. In Aunt Lin's eyes, she owed her a life, and now it was only right to repay it.

Actually, this was good.

They were even with each other.

From now on, when facing Aunt Lin, she could carry less psychological burden.

Having finished speaking, Chu Jin turned to leave with Mo Zhixuan.

Watching the two of them leave, Uncle Wu looked down at Aunt Lin, somewhat frustrated and disappointed, and said, "You, you! How could you say such a thing to the child?"

"What's wrong with me? Why are you getting so angry for no reason?" Aunt Lin didn't realize what she had said wrong because in her eyes, Chu Jin ought to do these things. What was wrong with repaying a debt with money or a life with a life?

Since Chu Jin was unwilling to marry Jian Yi, then she'd have to do everything in her power to save her! Only then would they be even.

Seeing Aunt Lin like this, Uncle Wu shook his head in exasperation.

Really!

He was so angry he could die, and the person who caused his anger didn't even know what he was angry about!

"Don't want to deal with you!" Aunt Lin gave Uncle Wu a sideways glance before turning to enter the house.

Uncle Wu sighed deeply and chased after the direction Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin had gone.

"Jin, Zhixuan," Uncle Wu called out to their retreating backs.

"Godfather, why have you come?" Chu Jin asked, somewhat surprised.

"Jin, Zhixuan," Uncle Wu started with a look of remorse. "I'm really sorry about just now. Your godmother speaks without thinking. Please, don't take her words to heart, especially you, Jin. On behalf of your godmother, I formally apologize to you. I hope you won't take to heart what she said just now."

Uncle Wu sincerely apologized.

He felt somewhat sorry for Chu Jin.

What he had done was an act of kindness.

But now...

"Godfather, you're making too much of it," Chu Jin stopped Uncle Wu from bowing, "You are the elder, and I'm the younger one. How can I accept such a grand gesture from you? Besides, what did godmother say just now? I didn't hear anything, did I?"

Chu Jin playfully blinked her eyes, acting as if she didn't care at all.

For a moment, Uncle Wu felt even more ashamed. He knew that Chu Jin was a good child; she said this just so he wouldn't feel embarrassed.

The words Aunt Lin had just said would have made Chu Jin uncomfortable not just in hearing them, but they had also made Uncle Wu feel incredibly unpleasant.

Uncle Wu had more to say, but Chu Jin quickly interjected with a smile, "Alright, godfather, you should get back. Godmother can't do without someone, and Zhixuan and I have to get going, too."

After finishing, Chu Jin took Mo Zhixuan and they began walking into the mountains.

Uncle Wu watched their retreating figures and sighed deeply.

"Jin, can we hurry back after we find the herbs?" Mo Zhixuan looked down at Chu Jin, his profound phoenix eyes filled with earnestness.

He couldn't bear to see Jin aggrieved.

Though Mo Zhixuan was a man, his thoughts were very delicate. He knew that Aunt Lin's previous kindness to Chu Jin was motivated by a certain purpose.

"It might not be possible," Chu Jin shook her head slightly, "The process of drawing out the cold butterflies is complicated; at the earliest, it may take about half a month. If you're busy, you should go back first. I can handle it myself."

"I'm worried about you. Does Aunt Lin... not like you very much?" Now, Mo Zhixuan even had reservations about calling her 'godmother.'

"Not really, I don't know what's gotten into her; she used to be very kind to me on the mountain. Otherwise, I wouldn't have survived to this day..." As she spoke, her expression turned gloomy.

The sudden change in Aunt Lin's attitude had hit her hard. After all, she truly regarded Aunt Lin as her own mother.

And when she awoke, the first person she saw was Aunt Lin.

The feeling Aunt Lin gave her was irreplaceable by anyone else.

"Jin." Mo Zhixuan stopped in his tracks and pulled her into his embrace.

"It's okay." Chu Jin smiled and pushed him away, "I'm not that fragile. Really, if you're busy, you should go ahead, don't let it interfere with your important matters. I can really do this on my own. Look, I've lived here for a year before, and I was fine, wasn't I?"

Although Chu Jin still didn't know exactly who Mo Zhixuan was, from Aunt Lin and Uncle Wu's reactions, he seemed to be someone with an important role, in command of life and death.

Otherwise, they wouldn't have been so fearful.

"You are my important matter." Mo Zhixuan tightened his grip on her hand, his words flirtatious yet seemingly filled with deep feelings.

Those phoenix eyes were too deep and too heavy, Chu Jin blinked for a moment before smiling and saying, "Unfortunately, my main business is searching for medicinal herbs."

The path up the mountain was far from easy.

It was almost nonexistent.

The deeper they went, the more pervasive the miasma became. Even Uncle Wu probably had never ventured this far into the mountains.

The towering trees blotted out the sky, and combined with the miasma, visibility within the forest was extremely low.

"Wait," Chu Jin said with a slight frown, extending her hand to stop Mo Zhixuan in his tracks.

"What's wrong?" Mo Zhixuan asked, looking down with some perplexity.

"Footprints," Chu Jin pointed to the ground ahead.

In this primeval forest, aside from Uncle Wu and his wife living at the foot of the mountain, no other living person had come by. But now, there were footprints, and the traces were so fresh that Chu Jin felt a sense of crisis.

Especially now that both Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin had been possessed by the cold butterfly.

This could not help but raise their level of alertness.

Mo Zhixuan crouched down, picked up a clump of soil from the footprint, and lightly sniffed it at his nose, then slowly began to speak, "It's a woman's footprint, about three hours old, age around 20, heading in an easterly direction. Shall we follow?"

Chu Jin looked at the footprint on the ground, raising her eyebrows slightly, "A woman with such large feet?"

The footprint on the ground was at least size 45 or above.

This didn't seem at all like a woman's foot.

Upon hearing her, Mo Zhixuan subconsciously looked at Chu Jin's feet, indeed there was a significant difference when compared, "It is definitely a woman's foot, perhaps she is quite tall."

"So sure?" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow.

Mo Zhixuan twisted the soil in his hand, "That's because a unique scent is produced by the hormone secretion on a female's body, which is different from that of a male. If you don't believe me, take a sniff." Saying so, he extended his finger towards Chu Jin's nose.

Chu Jin took a light whiff, "I don't smell anything." She could only smell the earthy scent of soil.

She prided herself on her keen sense of smell, but compared to Mo Zhixuan, she was still far behind.

Mo Zhixuan smiled, took out a tissue, and leisurely wiped his hand.

"People of our family naturally have a different sense of smell from others. It's okay if you can't smell it. As long as our children can smell it in the future, that will be enough."

Children?

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, this man was really thinking far ahead.

Mo Zhixuan observed the surroundings, his brows slightly furrowed. The climate in the forest was rather moist, and the ground soil was quite soft. Normally, there shouldn't be only one set of footprints.

Unless, the other footprints were intentionally erased, and this one was overlooked.

"Let's go find the medicinal herbs first. We can discuss the footprint later," Chu Jin said, looking towards Mo Zhixuan.

"Alright, as you wish," Mo Zhixuan said, glancing sideways.

The figures of the two swiftly moved through the forest.

Chu Jin needed to find a total of ten medicinal herbs, one of which was indispensable, and the most difficult to find. It grew between cliffs and steep rocks, absorbing the spiritual energy of heaven and earth and the essence of the sun and the moon.

Its name was orchid grass.

It was specifically effective against the cold butterfly.

Mo Zhixuan was also familiar with medicinal herbs. With Mo Zhixuan's help, Chu Jin's work became a lot easier, and soon, the other nine herbs were collected.

"Now we only lack orchid grass," Chu Jin said, tossing a blue mushroom into her basket.

Mo Zhixuan's brow furrowed slightly, then he continued, "Orchid grass mostly grows between cliffs and steep rocks, let's go look at the mountain top."

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded faintly, and just as she turned around, she was embraced around the waist, and at the same time, a warm hand covered her eyes.

When she opened her eyes again, they had already arrived at the mountain top.

Unlike the wooded slopes, the mountain top was all rock, with scant trees, and the sunlight was intensely strong, enough to parch one's throat.

Mo Zhixuan considerately unfurled an umbrella, and even took out a bottle of mineral water from his space to hand to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin accepted the water, took a sip, and handed it back to him, asking, "Do you have any with ice?"

With Mr. Mo's abilities, getting an iced mineral water should not be difficult at all.

Mo Zhixuan took the mineral water, tilted his head back for a gulp, and said, "Girls shouldn't have too much cold."

Just as Chu Jin was about to say something, her gaze suddenly sharpened, her eyes narrowed slightly, her fingertips flicked, and a beam of golden light streamed out. At the same time, she dodged in mid-air, lifting her left leg, executing a beautiful spinning kick.

"Bang—Bang—"

The sound of two heavy objects hitting the ground echoed through the air.

"Speak, who are you, and what is your purpose on Poland Mountain?" Chu Jin's foot pressed down on a man.

If not for the quick reactions of Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan just now, they would have been the victims of a sneak attack.

A man and a woman.

The one Mo Zhixuan had captured was a woman.

Their clothing did not seem local.

Rather, it resembled that of the Japanese.

The man was silent, pinned under Chu Jin's foot, his eyes full of the light of humiliation.

"Speak!" Chu Jin increased the pressure under her foot, grinding it down, as the clear sound of bones breaking filled the air.

Even so, the man remained silent.

He was a samurai from the great Japan, how could he submit to being trampled by a mere woman!

The man looked up at the woman caught by Mo Zhixuan, a glint of ruthlessness flashing in his eyes, "Kazuko!"

"Higashizawa-kun."

The woman nodded, immediately catching his drift.

Just then, a small fireball suddenly appeared in the air.

Additionally, the fireball was expanding continuously.

Insufferably hot.

As if it could explode at any moment.

Seeing this.

Both the woman named Kazuko and Higashizawa's man let a smile flicker across their eyes.

Chu Jin nonchalantly kicked the man's back, rendering him immobile, then lightly stepped over to the fireball, the firelight casting her features in an even more striking light. Upon seeing this, Mo Zhixuan quietly retracted the spiritual power in his palm.

The fireball continued to grow larger, its temperature rising ever more scorchingly. Chu Jin just stood beside it, the corners of her mouth lifting in a faint curve, three parts audacious, seven parts glamorous, showing no fear of the fireball at all.

Kazuko and Higashizawa both regarded her with puzzled expressions, a flicker of satisfaction in their eyes. This woman was actually able to smile; did she not know she was about to turn into a pile of ashes!

A samurai from the great Japan would rather die standing than live on his knees.

If they could take two people from Hua Nation down with them before dying, it would be worth it.

In a moment, Chu Jin slowly raised her right hand, and under the bewildered gazes of Kazuko and Higashizawa, she simply pinched the fireball!

And in her hand, the fireball that had been ceaselessly expanding suddenly stopped growing.

She actually caught the fireball with her bare hands!

Seeing this, both Kazuko and Higashizawa had looks of terror in their eyes—who exactly was this woman who could catch a fireball? The fireball they had condensed with their spiritual power had no physical form; how on earth did this woman manage to do it?!

Not only did she catch the fireball, but she was also able to control it. In her hands, the fireball was continuously getting smaller until it had shrunk from the size of a soccer ball to that of a chicken egg.

"Hmm, let me predict who you are." Chu Jin held the fireball in one hand while pulling out a Tarot card from her pocket with the other.

The Four of Swords, reversed.

On the card, a man lay in a coffin inside a church, hands folded in prayer, with a sword placed beneath him and three other swords hanging vertically above him.

Through the illuminated, stained glass, depicted vibrantly was a Church Member, receiving blessings from someone they revered.

Looking at the card, Chu Jin's lips slightly curled, and then she said, "Ono Higashizawa, male, from the Japanese islands, 28 years old. Kawashima Kazuko, female, 26 years old, also from the Japanese islands; your direct superiors are... Ida Ueni and Kato Mai."

Ida Ueni, Kato Mai?

Chu Jin's eyes narrowed slightly; why did those two names sound so familiar?

Was it... an illusion?

Upon hearing this, both Lord Higashizawa and Kawashima Kazuko were stunned, their eyes filled with utter disbelief.

Although there were many remarkable individuals in the Superpower World.

But as far as they knew, within this realm, superpower teachers and fortune-tellers could not coexist; other than clairvoyance, fortune-tellers possessed no spiritual power or mystical force and were just like ordinary people, needing others' protection.

As for superpower teachers, once they began learning a special ability, they could no longer study the techniques of clairvoyance. Therefore, the position of a fortune-teller was exceptionally rare in the Superpower World. Yet this woman not only spoke prophecies, but her methods were also so fierce.

This was quite inconceivable.

Could it be that the previous investigation was erroneous?

After speaking, Chu Jin walked over to Kawashima Kazuko and said in an indifferent tone, "Kawashima Kazuko, instead of staying properly in Japan, what are you plotting by coming to the Superpower World?"

Disdainfully, Kawashima Kazuko turned her head away, avoiding Chu Jin's gaze.

"Not talking, huh?" Chu Jin's lips curled slightly as she lifted her left hand and just like that grasped Kawashima Kazuko's chin, forcing her to open her mouth, "Tell me, what do you think will happen if I put this fireball into your mouth?"

At this, a look of terror appeared in Kawashima Kazuko's eyes.

She could not imagine what would happen if that fireball were placed in her mouth!

This young girl in front of her seemed ethereal and tranquil, naturally beautiful—surely she could not perpetrate such a cruel act, right?

Kawashima Kazuko's body was trembling slightly.

She wanted to bite her tongue and commit suicide, but she couldn't move because Chu Jin was pinching her jaw.

So, she could only pray silently in her heart, hoping that Chu Jin was just joking; she shouldn't be capable of doing such a thing...

"Are you going to talk or not!" Chu Jin looked down at Kawashima Kazuko from above and spoke again, still with a smile, to a casual observer, she appeared to be gently pinching Kawashima Kazuko's jaw, but only Kawashima Kazuko herself knew how much strength was actually being used.

It hurt, it was so painful!

Kawashima Kazuko felt like her jaw was about to be crushed.

No wonder Kato Mai had warned them before to keep a low profile in Hua Nation, especially in the Superpower World, not to stir up trouble because it was filled with talented individuals; even a random young girl on the street could totally overpower them.

Before, they had not taken Kato Mai seriously, thinking that she was exaggerating. But today, they had encountered just such a situation.

Although it was very painful, Kawashima Kazuko still did not speak.

Even if it meant death, she would not betray Kato Mai and Ida Ueni.

She didn't believe that Chu Jin would really stuff that ball of fire into her mouth!

"Not talking, huh?" Chu Jin's lips curled slightly, "Very well, a mouth is meant for speaking. Since you refuse to open yours, that mouth is of no use."

As soon as she had spoken, Chu Jin stuffed the ball of fire into Kawashima Kazuko's mouth.

"Ah!" A painful scream immediately emanated through the air.

Startled nearby birds flew up in a flutter.

Kawashima Kazuko was curled up on the ground, clutching her mouth, uttering painful groans.

It hurt.

It hurt so much that her heart seemed to be tearing apart.

She would have preferred to die right then.

Kawashima Kazuko curled up on the ground, her eyes shooting a vicious light toward Chu Jin, as if wishing to flay her a thousand times. This woman was truly inhumane.

Being a woman herself, how could she inflict such heavy injury on her own kind!

No wonder there is an old saying in Hua Nation: the most poisonous is a woman's heart!

If even a young girl could have such cruel methods, not to mention those women.

Kawashima Kazuko crawled to Mo Zhixuan's feet, hoping that Mo Zhixuan would look at her. She had a pretty face and was skilled at flirtation techniques; perhaps that man would be enchanted by her and turn against that woman to save her life.

Kawashima Kazuko's flirtation technique only worked on men, so she pinned all her hopes on Mo Zhixuan.

Chu Jin glanced indifferently at Kawashima Kazuko, then walked over to Ono Tozawa, her lips curling slightly, "What about you? Will you talk?" As she spoke, her left hand immediately condensed a red ball of fire.

The power of the fireball was even greater than the previous one.

With disdain, Mo Zhixuan kicked Kawashima Kazuko away and walked next to Chu Jin, slowly opening an oil-paper umbrella to shield her from the intense sunlight.

Kawashima Kazuko still didn't give up, uttering strange sounds from deep in her throat, trying to get Mo Zhixuan to look at her.

Just one look, and she would succeed.

Her flirtation technique had never failed on a man before.

In a moment, Mo Zhixuan took out a handkerchief from his pocket and gently wiped the sweat from Chu Jin's forehead, completely ignoring Kawashima Kazuko who was screaming on the ground, his stern face showing no emotion, except a look of doting only when he gazed at Chu Jin.

Chu Jin stood in front of Ono Tozawa with a faint curve on her lips. She was clearly smiling, but it still gave off a chilling murderous intent, powerful and irresistible, like a seasoned Asura from the battlefields.

Looking at the girl standing in front of him, Ono Tozawa's face was covered in sweat, and his complexion was as pale as paper.

Other than Kato Mai, Ono Tozawa had never seen a woman with such strong spiritual power.

"So, are you going to talk?" Chu Jin bent down slightly, as if she could stuff the fireball into Ono Tozawa's mouth at any moment.

Meanwhile, Kawashima Kazuko was still groaning in pain.

That sound.

Made one's scalp numb and shiver in fear.

Kawashima Kazuko was a person with strong willpower; when Ono Tozawa and she had trained walking on nail boards, she hadn't uttered a sound. But now, she was crying out so miserably.

One could only imagine the kind of torture she was going through.

Suddenly, Ono Tozawa deflated, "I'll talk... I'll tell you everything."

There's an old saying that it's better to stand to die than to kneel to live.

But there's also another saying: it's better to live badly than to die well.

"A wise man submits to circumstances." Chu Jin extinguished the flame on her fingertip.

Ono Tozawa heaved a sigh of relief, then continued.

"My name is Ono Tozawa, and she is my junior sister, Kawashima Kazuko. We are Ninjas from the Japanese islands. This time, our purpose in coming to the Superpower World of Hua Nation is for an experiment..."

Chapter 680:

Ono Tozawa spilled everything he knew.

It turned out they had been on Poland Mountain for over half a year, living in a cave the entire time. With him and Kawashima Kazuko included, there were a total of twelve people. Ida Ueni and Kato Mai did not come in person. Throughout the six months, their technicians have been using the orchid grass on Poland Mountain to research a drug that could mutate ordinary people.

This drug, once it contacted the skin of an ordinary person, would immediately cause morbidity, the loss of reason, cannibalism, and the drinking of human blood, turning them into flesh-eating monsters.

Moreover, the disease was contagious. If one person was infected, it would rapidly spread to ten people, a hundred people, a thousand people, and eventually, the entire country would be destroyed because of it.

The primary goal of Ida Ueni and Kato Mai was to turn all of Hua Nation's people into mutants. Eventually, it would be human against human—by then, the Dongying nation would sit back and reap the benefits.

After all, Dongying is just an island nation vulnerable to being submerged by the sea at any time. Thus, they turned their covetous eyes to Hua Nation.

Decades ago, Dongying had invaded Hua Nation. Despite losing that war, it left Dongying with the impression that Hua Nation's people were weak and easily bullied.

Moreover, after that war, they had become familiar with the life habits of Hua Nation's people and understood the geographical environment of Hua Nation very well.

Hua Nation is a land of abundant resources and gifted people. If Dongying could successfully conquer Hua Nation, then Dongying would grow significantly stronger, dominating the world.

Kawashima Kazuko hadn't expected Ono Tozawa to confess everything. Driven by rage, she forgot the pain in her mouth, stood up abruptly, and grasped a stone, hurling it directly towards Ono Tozawa's head.

Such a weak-willed scoundrel like Ono Tozawa was simply unworthy of being a Dongying person!

Just as Kawashima Kazuko was about to pounce on Ono Tozawa, a transparent barrier suddenly appeared in front of her.

With a "bang," Kawashima Kazuko was repelled by the transparent barrier and flung dozens of meters away. Falling to the ground, blood instantly flowed from her remains, staining the grey stones red.

"Kazuko!" Ono Tozawa looked toward her with immense anxiety.

"She's already dead," Chu Jin said coldly as he raised his eyes, "If you don't want to end up like her, lead us to that cave immediately."

Searching for the orchid grass could wait, but this could not be delayed any longer.

This was, after all, a matter concerning the national security of Hua Nation.

Because those people could create the drug at any moment, and once the drug emerged, Hua Nation would fall into an unprecedented crisis.

Between matters of country and family, one must, of course, prioritize the country's affairs.

Only if the country exists, can a family exist!

This Ida Ueni, his ambition was indeed not small! To target Hua Nation like this! Perhaps he's never experienced death before?

The people of Hua Nation are all valiant heroes, certainly not the pushovers he imagines!

"Don't kill me, please don't kill me... I beg you..." Fear gleamed in Ono Tozawa's eyes.

He was genuinely afraid.

This journey had completely overturned his perception of the people of Hua Nation.

Just encountering two people randomly on the mountain had resulted in this outcome; wouldn't they die even more tragically at the foothills?

"If you don't want to die, then quickly stand up and lead us there," Chu Jin said with a cold tone.

"Okay," Ono Tozawa rose from the ground and looked at Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, "I can lead you there. Please, you must uphold your promise not to go back on your word and let me go afterwards."

"Relax," Chu Jin said with a slight arch of his eyebrow and a cold voice, "Hua Nation is a great country, unlike your island nation. People from a great country always keep their word. Lead the way now, and if I find you trying to slip away, watch your head."

The last sentence carried an extra sense of menacing authority, as if thirsty for blood.

Ono Tozawa's body involuntarily trembled, suppressing any cunning thoughts, and said with trepidation, "Yes, I understand. Please follow me this way."

Ono Tozawa turned and walked into the forest, with Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan following behind.

After entering the forest, Mo Zhixuan retracted her oil-paper umbrella.

The deeper they went, the thicker the miasma became, and visibility was extremely low, almost impossible to discern human figures.

Mo Zhixuan had no choice but to open the oil-paper umbrella again, holding it over her head.

Perfectly fine weather, no rain, no sunshine, and this man was holding an umbrella—was he a fool? Contempt flashed in the depths of Ono Tozawa's eyes.

People from Hua Nation were truly sick.

The miasma became denser, nearly making it impossible to move forward.

Ono Tozawa advanced to the front with a sinister look in his eyes. The miasma not only hindered sight but also contained intense poison. He had taken preventive medicine beforehand, which was why he had been unaffected so far. But it wasn't the same case for Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin. Although they possessed special abilities, they could not resist the violent poison of the miasma.

By now, he assumed their bodies had already begun to change.

He must seize this opportunity to eliminate the two of them.

Ono Tozawa slowed his pace, zigzagging through the forest, trying to lose Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan. His steps were very odd, seemingly slow but actually much faster than a normal person, as expected. When Ono Tozawa looked back, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan had already disappeared from sight.

Ono Tozawa hid behind a massive pine tree, drawing a dagger from his waist, ready to deliver a deadly blow to Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin at any moment.

Looking ahead, Ono Tozawa saw nothing but thick fog, unable to discern anything else.

At that moment, Ono Tozawa suddenly felt a chill at the back of his neck, something sharp piercing through his skin, causing excruciating pain, while a powerful spiritual force enveloped him, rendering him immobile.

Ono Tozawa's face instantly turned pale.

Chu Jin stood there behind Ono Tozawa, one hand in his pocket, the other wielding a dagger against Ono Tozawa's neck, his posture casual and a bit careless, yet exuding a ruffian's coolness.

Mo Zhixuan stood behind her, holding the umbrella over her to keep out the miasma.

"Female hero, spare... spare me..." Ono Tozawa raised his hands, trembling and surrendering.

Before coming to Hua Nation, Ono Tozawa had done his homework and knew that's how capable women were addressed in Hua Nation.

Hua Nation people are all very vain, calling her that way, she would be so flattered she couldn't tell north from south, and maybe then, she would release me.

"Don't you know that people from Hua Nation have always valued promises and trustworthiness?" said Chu Jin with a slight curl of her lips, "So now, you can go to die."

As her words fell, a head tumbled from her hands to the ground.

To Chu Jin, there was no need to show mercy towards invaders like Ono Tozawa; such people, if left alive, would only be a menace to society.

Moreover, they had already reached the area around the cave. Keeping Ono Tozawa alive was pointless.

Ono Tozawa didn't even have time to react before his head was separated from his body.

At the moment his head and body parted, his consciousness was still clear. He felt no pain, only endless panic and disbelief at everything happening.

Until his head hit the ground, Ono Tozawa's eyes hadn't closed. Instead, they were wide open, as if he died with a grievance.

Ono Tozawa never dreamed he would die so miserably.

"Let me wipe it off for you. You can leave this kind of thing to me next time, there's no need for you to dirty your hands." Mo Zhixuan put away the oil-paper umbrella and took out a handkerchief from his pocket, carefully wiping Chu Jin's hands.

"So your job is just to wipe my hands?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrow slightly.

"Sure," Mo Zhixuan replied indulgently, "with added services." As he spoke, he took her hand and gently kissed it, as if to kiss away the blood on her hands.

Chu Jin withdrew her hand as if shocked by electricity, "Can't you be more serious?"

Mo Zhixuan looked helpless and said in a low voice, "I can't be serious when it comes to you."

"I can't be bothered to talk to you." Chu Jin turned around and walked forward; she could sense that the cave Ono Tozawa mentioned was nearby, but she couldn't pinpoint its exact location.

Right then, a powerful force surged forth, gathering the toxic air to both sides and clearing a path that led directly to the entrance of the cave.

Without a doubt, that was Mo Zhixuan's doing.

"Impressive, impressive." Chu Jin turned around and gave him a thumbs-up.

Mo Zhixuan slowly closed his oil-paper umbrella and said humbly, "Oh no, I'm not even half as good as Brother Jin."

Chu Jin's lips slightly curled up, "The old gentleman's eyesight is good, not blind."

Mo Zhixuan: "..." He's old? How is he old? He had been very careful to avoid the topic of age, so why wouldn't she let him off the hook?

Feeling as if he had taken a critical hit, the 'old man' decided to remain silent and walked forward.

Soon, the two of them arrived at the entrance of the cave.

A very ordinary cave, pitch-black inside, it was hard to see the end, and difficult to imagine that an experimental squad lay within.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly and without hesitation, stepped into the cave. Mo Zhixuan reached out to stop her, "I'll go first."

How could he let a woman go first in such circumstances?

Chu Jin did not refuse. She stepped aside slightly and let Mo Zhixuan lead the way.

The seemingly ordinary cave was actually riddled with dangers, filled with mechanisms and traps everywhere. One wrong step could trigger them and be the end of life.

It must be said, the minds of the Dongying people were indeed brilliant, and their technology was very advanced; otherwise, they wouldn't have been able to enter the Superpower World.

The cave was deep, and the further they walked inside, the brighter it became. Chu Jin's hearing perked up; she could now hear voices coming from within.

Mo Zhixuan clasped her hand tightly, avoiding one invisible infrared beam after another.

After turning a corner, the view opened up.

Large shadowless lamps hung from the cave ceiling, lighting the inside as if it were daytime, surrounded by highly advanced machinery. The air was filled with a peculiar fragrance and, amidst it, a faint odor of blood lingered.

Dozens of people, dressed in germ-proof suits, busied themselves around the machines.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan walked boldly into the cave, without much cover.

"Who are you!" an experimenter noticed something amiss and looked at Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan with alarm, speaking fluent Dongying language.

Anyone who could casually walk into a laboratory like this was definitely not ordinary. Their experiment was nearing completion at a critical moment and could not afford any mistakes.

The Dongying people were about to dominate the world.

"Someone here for your lives." Chu Jin's lips curled ever so slightly as she looked nonchalantly at these people. There were ten experimenters in total, exactly matching the number Ono Tozawa had mentioned.

The experimenter spoke Dongying language while Chu Jin spoke fluent Hua language.

Upon hearing this, the other nine experimenters put down their work, picked up their guns, and aimed at Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's heads.

Their guns were not ordinary; they were enhanced with spiritual power. Even if you were as impenetrable as a brick wall, they could shoot through.

"Are all Hua Nation people as overconfident as you? Put your hands up now!" Two men in germ-proof suits had moved to Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's sides with their dark guns pointed at their heads.

All ten experimenters were professionally trained, each one highly skilled.

Seeing this, the other eight experimenters were put at ease.

"Ida-kun, be careful not to hit their vitals. These two have good potential, and we're just short on test subjects," said one of the experimenters as he put down his gun, put on gloves, and went back to dissecting the gorilla on the operating table.

Upon hearing this, a spark of interest appeared in the eyes of the other experimenters. They had conducted experiments for many years but had never used living humans. The population in Japan was not large to begin with, and using people for experiments could risk extinction.

They could not afford to provoke Hua Nation people at the moment.

But now that two had conveniently shown up, of course, they wouldn't miss such an opportunity.