

R Woman 68

Chapter 68: Mobai, help me.

'Ding'—a crisp sound suddenly broke the silence of the morning, shattering the serenity of the moment.

Chu Jin took out her phone.

It was a bank transfer notification. Someone had deposited a large sum of money into her account.

Although it was not specified who sent it, there was no need to guess—it had to be the Wang family.

For a household as high-profile as theirs, obtaining someone's bank account details was a trivial matter.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly as she looked at the string of digits trailing the number 5, her lips curling into a faint smile.

The total was 5.88 million.

A set of extremely auspicious numbers. Before her rebirth, she wouldn't have cared about such things, but after being reborn, she cared a great deal about these numbers, especially after coming into contact with Tarot cards. A magical set of numbers encompassed all phenomena and could determine future fortunes.

For a family like the Wangs to consider such minute details was quite remarkable.

Morning joggers with cameras captured the moment, clicking away and taking several photos.

The background behind her was the robust plane trees and the faint outline of Western-style houses, with dappled sunlight filtering through the dense foliage.

Quiet, peaceful.

The girl stood against the light, her true appearance indistinct, but the otherworldly aura emanating from her was something no one could replicate.

Putting away her phone, Chu Jin continued to jog along the shaded path.

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Meanwhile, in the Superpower World.

In the backyard of the Zheng family.

There were pavilions and towers amidst the lush greenery and vibrant flowers, with corridors winding through, all reminiscent of an ancient charm. To the unaware, it might seem like a trip back to an ancient era.

In the small pavilion at the center of the lake, a lady in red stood aloof from the world, and from time to time, lively melodies spilled from her fingertips.

Such music seemed to belong in the heavens, rarely heard on earth.

A breeze stirred, bringing with it the scent of lotuses and causing endless ripples among the lotus leaves.

The combination of a beautiful woman and a picturesque scene could intoxicate anyone with just a glance.

A man in black quickened his stride toward the pavilion, but upon seeing the scene before him, his steps slowed, his lips curving into a smile.

The person in the pavilion was the one he had vowed to protect all his life, Zheng Chuyi.

No one could rival the beauty of Zheng Chuyi.

Just then, a servant carrying a freshly brewed pot of tea made their way to the pavilion.

The man stopped the servant and, taking the tray from their hands, said in a deep voice, "You may leave; I'll take it from here."

The servant bowed slightly, "Yes."

The man in black, holding the tea cup, approached the pavilion; his brows unfurrowed, now looking as tender as dripping water.

To avoid disturbing her, the man in black walked more lightly, containing his presence.

Even so, Zheng Chuyi noticed his approach, her delicate willow-leaf eyes slowly opening. The light of early spring shined as her bright eyes gradually unveiled the autumn waters. In an instant, all the colors of the world seemed to fade.

She turned slowly and, in a soft voice, said, "Mubai, you've come."

The beautiful melodies of the qin came to an abrupt halt.

Red is a color of brilliance, but on her, it made the vividness seem dull in comparison.

So resplendent was the red that she wore it with an aura of otherworldly elegance.

Jiang Mubai was momentarily stunned before regaining his composure, and he took off his black suit to wrap it around her, "The wind is strong; take care not to catch a cold. You're an adult; why are you still like a child?"

Though his words sounded reproachful, his tone held not a hint of blame; instead, it was filled with deep indulgence.

Zheng Chuyi pulled the suit closer around her, giving him a light scolding glance, her voice gentle, "It's summer! Besides, I'm not that delicate."

Jiang Mubai set the tea set on the stone table and poured a cup for Zheng Chuyi before slowly sitting down on the stone bench.

"Chuyi," Jiang Mubai looked up at her, his voice tender and lingering over the two simple syllables.

Zheng Chuyi took a sip of tea and whispered, "Mm, go on, I'm listening."

"Chuyi, I," Jiang Mubai carefully chose his words in his heart, "I made a trip to the secular world..."

Jiang Mubai had yet to finish his sentence when Zheng Chuyi, surprised, put down her tea cup and looked up at him, a wave of emotion finally crossing her tranquil eyes.

Seeing her reaction, Jiang Mubai felt a bittersweet tinge in his heart.

His years of guardianship couldn't even match a fraction of that man's influence.

He hadn't even mentioned him yet.

And she was already so eager.

Although he had long known this would be the outcome, he still couldn't help but feel bitterness.

Zheng Chuyi's gaze drifted into the distance as she smiled seemingly unconcernedly, "What did you do there?"

Her thoughts too drifted far away.

It was said that the old lady Mo had arranged another marriage for that person.

It was unknown how long this one would last.

For so many years, almost every time she heard news of that person, it was because of this.

Although she knew none of those people were his destined partners, her heart would still ache faintly every time she heard such news.

If those things had not happened that year, if she had been more resolute in her stance, if she had not turned away...

But in life, there are not so many what-ifs...

Seeing her like this, Jiang Mubai's heart clenched in pain, but he still said nonchalantly, "This time, I didn't get to see Ninth Brother but ran into his worldly fiancée."

"Is that so?" Zheng Chuyi forced a cheerful smile, "How does she look? Is she worthy of him?"

Jiang Mubai took a deep breath, his tone muted, his eyes only warming when he mentioned her, "Plain and common, not a fraction as good as you."

Zheng Chuyi chuckled lightly with her hand over her mouth, "You always know how to sweet-talk me."

Jiang Mubai said nothing more and handed the prepared dossier to Zheng Chuyi's hands, "This is all the information on that worldly person, take a look."

Zheng Chuyi took the information and examined it very carefully.

Unfathomable emotions churned in the depths of her eyes.

Zheng Chuyi's grip on the document tightened, and her face turned slightly pale. Suddenly, she understood why Jiang Mubai had gone to the secular world himself.

This worldly girl named Chu Jin was clearly different from the previous eighteen.

Chu Jin? Chu Jin!

Zheng Chuyi's pupils constricted, and a glimmer of light suddenly appeared in her previously inscrutable eyes. His fiancée was named Chu Jin?

Did it mean that he still had her in his heart?

All of Zheng Chuyi's changes were captured by Jiang Mubai.

The hands hidden in his sleeves were already clenched into fists.

Suddenly, Zheng Chuyi put down the document and looked up at Jiang Mubai, "The eighth of next month is the night of extreme yin, he cannot be without me."

Moreover, she couldn't wait like this any longer.

She had already made a mistake that year; this time, she wanted to make up for her past faults.

Jiang Mubai remained silent, simply looking at her.

At this moment, no matter how vast the world was, his eyes could only accommodate her, and she was the only one in his eyes, leaving no room for anything else.

Seeing that Jiang Mubai had not spoken, Zheng Chuyi's eyes reddened in an instant. She reached out and took Jiang Mubai's hand, pleading, "Mubai, help me..."

Jiang Mubai sighed softly, closed his eyes, and pulled her into his embrace, murmuring lowly, "Chuyi, why do you torment yourself? Why do you do this..."

Zheng Chuyi did not resist and simply let Jiang Mubai hold her.

"Mubai, help me, will you? This time, I don't want to lose him again, you know I can't be without him."

Zheng Chuyi's voice had turned hoarse.

Jiang Mubai's heart felt as if it was being torn to shreds, as even though he had always known that this day would come, the pain was unbearable.

He didn't even have the courage to speak his true feelings.

Mo Zhixuan was her happiness.

He was just a Guardian, in the past, now, and in the future as well.

After a long while, Jiang Mubai finally nodded, "Okay."

That faint word seemed to exhaust all the strength of his life.

He steadied Zheng Chuyi's shoulders, gazing at her earnestly, pronouncing each word deliberately, "Chuyi, you must be happy."

Though his heart was filled with bitterness, he still forced a smile.

In front of her, he didn't want to show any signs or burden her with any worries.

All he wanted was for her to be happy.

Although he was jealous of Mo Zhixuan, he bore no resentment towards him; he only detested himself for not being Mo Zhixuan.

Zheng Chuyi nodded, a genuine smile spreading from the corners of her lips.

It was the most beautiful smile Jiang Mubai had seen on her face, enchanting and captivating, as if no other's grace could compare.

She said, "Mubai, you too must be happy."

Jiang Mubai concealed the bitterness inside and replied softly, "Okay."

He was afraid that if he said one more word, his emotions would break free uncontrollably.

The moon in the sea is the moon in the sky, the person before me is the one in my heart.