

R Woman 681

Chapter 681: Luo Yu, Luo Yu.

"I know," the experimenter gripped Chu Jin's wrist, pressing the gun closer to her head, "keep it cool, or I'll take your little life right now."

Chu Jin slightly curled her lips, her clear and handsome face almost devoid of superfluous expression, "As a person, I hate it when someone points something at my head the most. Didn't your mother teach you to be polite?"

As soon as she finished speaking, she lightly lifted her foot and delivered a whirlwind kick, her right foot lightly flicking the gun out of the experimenter's hand into the air, followed by a reverse kick straight to the experimenter's head.

With a "bang," the experimenter fell to the ground, landing in a heap.

Just as the experimenter tried to rise, Chu Jin stepped on his shoulder, and in an instant, he was immobilized.

"You, the speed is okay, but the skills are still lacking." As she spoke, she gently raised her hand and accurately caught the gun falling from the sky.

The pose was extremely cool.

Mo Zhixuan on the side was not to be outdone, dealing with the gun-wielding experimenter who held him at gunpoint in just one move.

A powerful team working together.

Everything happened so fast that the experimenters hardly had a chance to see how they made their moves.

A few experimenters rubbed their eyes in disbelief, the whole thing seemed too surreal.

"Bang, bang, bang." Moments later, the experimenters reacted, picked up their guns, and began firing furiously at Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

Just as Chu Jin was about to take action, Mo Zhixuan's figure flashed in front of her, shielding her from countless bullets. The experimenters were astonished to find that no matter how they aimed, they could not hit the two of them.

Because the bullets just stopped in front of Mo Zhixuan as if they were stuck on some invisible barrier.

The crowd was terrified and continued firing fiercely.

Unfortunately, it was still useless; the bullets could never penetrate that invisible barrier.

"I'm done playing with you guys," Mo Zhixuan said in an easy tone, slowly raising his right hand and giving a gentle wave. Following his motion, the suspended bullets as if endowed with life, clustered together and, under the incredulous gazes of the onlookers, reflected back towards them.

They were tinged with an intimidating force and a thick murderous intent.

At that moment, the eyes of those eight people reflected nothing but the bullets.

Involuntarily, their pupils dilated.

My God!

What were they witnessing!

Were these two people defying the heavens?

To actually control the bullets!

"Bang, bang, bang." All eight experimenters were knocked to the ground, blood staining their sterile suits.

A thick scent of blood suddenly filled the air.

Chu Jin walked to the center, inspecting the equipment and also found some semi-finished potions.

"We can't stay here," Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan and continued, "Do you have any gasoline?"

She felt like Mo Zhixuan was some sort of Doraemon, whose pockets contained everything.

Sure enough, Mo Zhixuan looked at her and slowly nodded, "Yes."

"Good," Chu Jin said with a faint smile, "There's another door over there; let's check it out."

"Mhm." Mo Zhixuan followed her footsteps.

Pushing open the heavy iron door, Chu Jin immediately spotted various precious herbs on the iron shelves, including the orchid grass she was searching for.

Chu Jin's lips curled slightly as she approached the shelf, packing all the herbs into Mo Zhixuan's basket.

For a doctor, at any time, encountering any herb, rare or common, one must not let the opportunity slip by.

Besides the large iron racks, there were large iron boxes, all of them locked.

Faint breathing could be heard coming from these boxes.

Having heard the experimenters talk about using them for experiments earlier, Chu Jin's heart skipped a beat at the thought that these boxes might contain people. She reached out her hand, grasped the iron padlock, and with a slight twist, the lock was opened by her.

She opened the door.

Everything inside was shocking to Chu Jin.

Although the boxes did not contain humans, they held a variety of rare animals from the forest.

Tigers, lions, monkeys, and even... national treasures.

These normally majestic Kings of the Forest now cowered at the sight of Chu Jin, trembling all over, trying to curl up as much as possible to avoid being noticed by her.

They were all huddled in small cages, starved to the bone.

Seeing this scene, Chu Jin clenched her fists. She suddenly regretted letting those experimenters die so easily, she should have tortured them mercilessly, locked them in these iron cages, and let them taste the flavor of despair.

Chu Jin opened the door to the cage, wanting to release these giant beasts, but they all curled up in their cages, too scared to move.

The National treasure carefully extended a paw toward the edge of the iron door, but as if it remembered something, it quickly retracted it.

Mo Zhixuan was also shocked by this scene and joined Chu Jin in opening a few nearby boxes, which unsurprisingly contained precious beasts.

But after the doors were opened, not a single one of those giant beasts dared to go out.

Clearly, some painful memory from before limited their actions, making them abandon their instinctual drive to survive.

Chu Jin took a step back with Mo Zhixuan and spoke slowly, "Don't be afraid, everyone. We're not bad people. The real bad people are all dead. In a little while, we'll burn this place down, so you'd better come out quickly."

Her voice was clear and melodious, as if imbued with a magical power that could cleanse one's soul.

Hearing this, the animals seemed to understand and after looking at each other, the tiger cautiously extended its front limbs. Only after seeing no clear movement from Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan did it extend its back limbs and walk out of the cage.

After seeing the tiger come out, the other animals dared to follow and leave.

They passed directly by Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan and headed to the laboratory in front.

Soon, the air was filled with the sound of tearing and the chewing of animals gnawing on flesh.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan continued inward, where Chu Jin discovered a room full of advanced weapons, firearms, ammunition, and even missiles.

These were all good items that shouldn't be wasted, so Chu Jin had Mo Zhixuan take them all into his space.

The last room was the experimenters' resting area.

Here, Chu Jin didn't find any significant clues, so she had Mo Zhixuan take the gasoline from the space and sprinkle it in every corner of the resting area.

They couldn't blow it up.

They could only burn all these sinful things to ashes.

The cave was not small; a blast would inevitably cause the mountain to collapse.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan carried the gasoline, sprinkling it from the resting area to the outer laboratory.

In the laboratory, the bodies of ten experimenters had been gnawed clean by the animals, with only a few blood-stained bones remaining.

The animals were gone.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan didn't linger any longer. After sprinkling the gasoline, they threw down a burning match and headed out of the cave.

It was pitch black in front of them.

Behind them, flames filled the sky, and tongues of fire engulfed every corner of the cave, turning steel, silver, and copper into ashes.

About a few minutes later, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan reached the entrance of the cave.

No sooner had they stepped out than they were surrounded by a group of animals.

Leading them was a tiger with blood stains on its mouth.

These were the animals they had just rescued from the cave.

Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly; animals were indeed just animals, cold-blooded to the extreme. He and Chu Jin had just saved them, and now they seemed ungrateful, wanting to eat them.

Mo Zhixuan slightly raised his hand, rapidly condensing a ball of light, ready to strike the animals, but Chu Jin grabbed his hand, "Don't be rash, I think they mean no harm."

It was then that Mo Zhixuan retracted the energy from his hand.

At that moment, the leading tiger raised its head, letting out a long roar that shook the earth, causing birds nearby to scatter in a flurry.

After this tiger's roar, the tiger actually bent its front legs, like a human, and knelt down toward Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

The other animals also followed suit, all kneeling just like the tiger.

Mo Zhixuan watched the animals incredulously; these seemingly mindless animals were so understanding and even knew gratitude, something he had never imagined.

Chu Jin was also surprised and after some thought, took out two handfuls of elixirs and placed them in front of the tiger, "We have a fate between us. Share these with everyone, and remember, no matter how you cultivate in the future, you must not harm humans at will, or I won't forgive you."

The large tiger seemed to understand, nodding its head and extending a paw toward Chu Jin.

Chu Jin reached out and grasped its paw, "Alright, get up now." She inexplicably felt a great affinity for this tiger, as though she had once owned one herself.

After the tiger stood, it took the elixir given by Chu Jin and led the other animals away, disappearing into the miasma.

"Let's go, too," said Mo Zhixuan as he walked up to Chu Jin, extending his hand.

Chu Jin placed her hand in his and stood up, then tentatively asked, "Did I used to have a pet?"

"Yes, you did," Mo Zhixuan nodded, looking up somewhat joyfully. "Did you remember something?"

"Not really," Chu Jin replied with some disappointment shaking her head. "I just felt that the tiger just now seemed so familiar. Did I used to have a tiger as a pet?"

Having a pet tiger.

Although the idea seemed ludicrous, Chu Jin felt that she might have actually raised one.

Mo Zhixuan held her hand as they walked, and said, "Yes, you used to have a White Tiger as a pet, an ancient Divine Beast. You even named it Chu Xiaobai."

"Really?" Chu Jin was overjoyed.

"Of course, it's true. I might deceive anyone else, but I would never deceive you. Oh right, I still have a picture of Xiaobai." With that, Mo Zhixuan took out his cell phone from his pocket and showed her the photo of Xiaobai.

Chu Jin eagerly took the cell phone, but her smile immediately froze at the corners of her mouth. "Mo Zhixuan, you big liar!"

What happened to the ancient beast?

What happened to the White Tiger?

The creature in the photo was clearly just a big white cat.

Though both were feline animals, the difference was far too great!

"I really didn't lie to you," Mo Zhixuan explained, "This is what the White Tiger looked like before it transformed. We used to live in the mortal world, and White Tigers are protected animals, not allowed to be kept as pets."

"Really?" Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows.

"Of course, it's true," Mo Zhixuan continued, thinking of another matter concerning the White Tiger, "Xiaobai is still at home waiting for you to return. I visited it recently, and it seemed quite lonely. It waits for you every day, but unfortunately, it is faced with disappointment daily."

Just like him at that time.

"Then, after we go back, will you take me to see it right away?" Chu Jin's eyes were slightly red.

"Alright," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, and then said, "Actually, it's not just Xiaobai waiting for you. There's also your mother, my mother, Xiu, Qingqing, Aunt Tong... and countless others who are worried about you. They are all waiting for you to return at every moment."

So she still had so many relatives after all.

In that moment, Chu Jin felt so fortunate.

"Then shall we hurry down the mountain?" Although she didn't remember them, in her heart, she desperately longed to see them right away.

"Alright," Mo Zhixuan stopped in his tracks, embracing her waist, "Close your eyes."

Chu Jin gently closed her eyes, her long eyelashes casting a shadow on her face.

When she opened her eyes again, the scene before her had completely changed.

Although they were still in the forest, they were not far from Uncle Wu's cabin—it was just a two-hour walk away.

The sky had turned completely dark, with the moon over the treetops, and the forest was silent.

Mo Zhixuan took a tent out from the space, "Jin, let's stay here tonight and descend the mountain in the morning."

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded, "Then you set up the tent, and I'll go gather some dry wood." With that, Chu Jin walked off to the side.

"Be careful," Mo Zhixuan looked up.

"I know." Chu Jin waved to him without looking back, signaling for him to be at ease.

Soon enough,

A tent appeared on that empty patch of grassland, with a fire burning before it.

A young couple sat embraced before the fire.

The firelight made their faces look so stunningly noble and elegant.

At the foot of the mountain,

Luo Yu was feeling extremely smug.

She couldn't wait to announce to everyone in the Superpower World that she was pregnant with Mo Zhixuan's child.

Right now, Luo Yu, accompanied by Mrs. Mo and the servants of the Mo family, was strolling on Ancient City Street.

Mrs. Mo held Luo Yu's arm personally, attracting frequent glances from onlookers.

Indeed, Luo Yu's goal was to draw attention to Mrs. Mo. Once people noticed Mrs. Mo, they would notice her, and having someone as distinguished as Mrs. Mo holding her arm was tantamount to declaring her elevated status to the world.

Furthermore, Luo Yu exclusively visited maternity stores, purchasing baby supplies and maternity wear.

Luo Yu deliberately did this for the other citizens to see.

She wanted to use this opportunity to inform these people that she was pregnant, that the child belonged to the Mo family, and she wanted everyone to know that she was the Mo family's eldest daughter-in-law, the mistress of the Mo family.

However, for some reason, although people frequently glanced their way, not a single one showed a look of surprise.

Logically speaking, Mrs. Mo taking a young woman shopping at maternity stores should have sparked a lot of discussion.

But these people acted as if they didn't see that they were shopping for maternity items at all.

This was somewhat strange.

Luo Yu glanced at Mrs. Mo beside her, frowning slightly. Could it be that this old woman was behind this oddity?

She didn't want to admit who she was in front of everyone?

Luo Yu walked to a rack of children's clothes, picked up several garments, and casually stuffed them into the arms of Mrs. Mo, "Aunt Mo, could you please hold these for me."

"Sure." Mrs. Mo's expression remained unchanged as she held the clothes, a smile playing at the corner of her mouth. Soon, the Mo family would welcome a new little life, so of course she was happy.

As long as Luo Yu didn't cross the line, Mrs. Mo was willing to do whatever she asked at this time.

Seeing Mrs. Mo like this, a sneer flitted across the depths of Luo Yu's eyes.

This Mrs. Mo used to look down on her the most, but now, she still had to treat her like an ancestor.

"And this, please hold this as well," Luo Yu said as she picked up a pile of baby care products.

Before long, Mrs. Mo's hands were full, while the hands of the servants behind her were empty.

It gave the impression that Mrs. Mo was the servant instead.

With her hands too full, Mrs. Mo intended to transfer the items to her space.

However, as if Luo Yu had seen her intention, she spoke in a tricky way, "Aunt Mo, you're the child's grandmother after all, so to show your sincere heart to the child, could you please hold these items yourself, without taking any shortcuts? Only by doing this can you show the child your sincere heart."

As Luo Yu spoke, she caressed her belly with a smile on her face.

Upon hearing this, Mrs. Mo said nothing, just carried the items, following beside Luo Yu.

Luo Yu saw that Mrs. Mo had been trained by her to the point where she didn't even dare to speak, and for a moment, her tail was almost lifted to the sky.

"That's enough, we won't buy anymore, let's go with these," Luo Yu said as she picked up a bag of diapers and placed it atop everything else in Mrs. Mo's arms, "Let's go back."

Ancient City Street was some distance away from the house where the Mo family lived.

It would take about 15 minutes by car.

But Luo Yu insisted on walking back.

She had also walked on the way there; her goal was to be seen by more people.

However, in the busy streets with people coming and going, not a single person gave her a second glance.

It was as if they hadn't seen Mrs. Mo, who was right beside Luo Yu.

Mrs. Mo was a smart woman, and she understood Luo Yu's intentions.

The Mo family wouldn't recognize Luo Yu, so nobody knew about her pregnancy.

To everyone else, Mrs. Mo was just an ordinary elderly woman with no connection to the Mo family.

Mrs. Mo had long used her special ability to alter her aura and appearance; it was just that Luo Yu hadn't realized it.

With the support of the servants, Luo Yu arrogantly led the way, full of pride, seeing everyone else as mere ants compared to her, she alone seemed to be of the highest nobility.

The streets of Ancient City Street were crowded.

Midst the throng of people, a sleazy-looking middle-aged man noticed Luo Yu.

He threw away the steamed bun in his hand and stared at Luo Yu, a calculative gleam in his eyes.

No wonder he hadn't seen Luo Yu for so long; she had been hiding in the Superpower World, indulging in luxuries!

From her appearance, it was clear that she was living a good life.

The sleazy smile on the middle-aged man's face widened as he quickly approached Luo Yu, "Luo Yu, stop right there!"

He called her Luo Yu, not Luo Yu.

The voice was too familiar.

Luo Yu halted in her tracks and looked back.

She saw a man dressed in shabby clothes, with a scruffy beard and messy hair resembling a bird's nest, looking like a beggar from under the bridge.

"Look at you, Luo Yu, I thought you were dead! To think you've been hiding here living the good life!" The middle-aged man advanced, grabbing Luo Yu's collar with a sinister look, as if she owed him a great deal of money.

"Where did this lunatic come from!" Luo Yu looked at the man before her, a flash of guilt in her eyes. She shook off the middle-aged man's hand, "You must have mistaken me for someone else!"

The middle-aged man was weak despite his bluster, and Luo Yu's shove sent him sprawling to the ground.

"Let's go!" Luo Yu said coldly, glancing at the middle-aged man with anger and striding away.

The servants followed closely behind.

"You wretch! Luo Yu, you heartless bitch, whore! You get a little success and you disown your family!" The middle-aged man caught up, cursing loudly, "People like you will be struck by lightning sooner or later!"

"Luo Yu, what's going on?" Mrs. Mo stopped, her face full of authority.

"Aunt Mo, he's just a madman, I don't know him. Let's go quickly," Luo Yu said as if she had become another person, her eyes and brows soft, "And you servants, what's wrong with you? Don't you see you should help Aunt Mo carry some things? You have no sense at all!"

Chapter 682: I am your only uncle

"Yes, Miss Luo." The servants hurriedly took the things from the Old Madam Mo's hands.

"Auntie Mo, let's leave, don't bother with these kinds of people." Luo Yu hooked Old Madam Mo's arm again, feigning affection, as she now only wanted to quickly distance herself from this place.

The middle-aged man who looked like a beggar was none other than Luo Yu's uncle, Luo Yingjie.

Luo Yu had never expected to encounter Luo Yingjie here.

Luo Yingjie was nothing but a rascal, the lowest of the low! Indulging in all vices like eating, drinking, whoring, gambling, he knew them all.

In Luo Yu's eyes, he was just a lowly commoner!

Such a person was simply not worthy to be her uncle.

As a matter of fact, Luo Yu had long ago forgotten her own relatives.

In her consciousness, only the members of the Chu Family were her relatives, her support.

Luo Yingjie was still chasing after her.

Luo Yu turned back and said coldly.

"Sir, I think you have mistaken me for someone else! I'm not your so-called Luo Yu. I am Luo Yu, with 'Luo' from 'Yi Luo chuan fang,' and 'Yu' from 'Ban Jiejun Yu,' not the Luo Yu you're talking about!"

Initially, Luo Yu despised her own name for being too common, so she completely changed these two characters from head to toe.

Not only had the name changed, but Luo Yu was no longer the Luo Yu of the past.

She was now Luo Yu.

The most honorable woman in the Superpower World!

Luo Yu would never acknowledge her past self.

"Luo Yu, good for you, Luo Yu! Now that you have climbed up the social ladder, you actually deny even your uncle! And changed your name and surname, right? Good! Very good!" Luo Yingjie's eyes flashed with malevolence, "Let me tell you, don't think that just by changing your name, I won't recognize that you are Luo Yu! Since you're heartless, don't blame me for being unrighteous! Beware that you don't regret it when the time comes."

The last sentence contained a threatening tone.

Luo Yu stopped in her tracks and said to Old Madam Mo, "Auntie Mo, please wait here for a moment. I'll go and have a look."

Old Madam Mo glanced at her, "You go deal with your matters first. Lan and Qing He, let's go home. Qingshuang and Cui Zhu, stay and take care of Miss Luo."

With that said, Old Madam Mo turned and left, followed closely by Lan and Qing He.

The faces of Lan and Qingshuang were not unfamiliar to the people of the Superpower World, after all, these two were favorites by Old Madam Mo's side. Once Old Madam Mo left, the people would recognize Lan and Qing He.

In that case, Luo Yu's scheme would have succeeded.

That was why Old Madam Mo suggested bringing Lan and Qing He with her.

Now, Luo Yu could not bother to assert her authority with Old Madam Mo anymore.

A flicker of worry crossed her eyes as she quickly approached Luo Yingjie and asked in a lowered voice, "What exactly do you want to do?"

Luo Yingjie sneered, "Heh, now you recognize me? Let me tell you, now that you've climbed high, don't even think about shaking me off. Otherwise, I will reveal all your past scandals."

Luo Yingjie hadn't bathed in half a month, and his smell was not pleasant.

Luo Yu frowned and pulled out her wallet, placing it in Luo Yingjie's hands, "Take this and scram! Don't say we know each other ever again!"

Luo Yu knew what Luo Yingjie's goal was.

He just wanted money, so she gave him all the money she had on her.

It wasn't the first time Luo Yingjie had blackmailed Luo Yu.

Luo Yingjie weighed the wallet in his hand and sneered mockingly, "My dear niece, you think with just this bit of money, you can get rid of me?"

"That's all I have!" Luo Yu couldn't stand it any longer.

How could she be so unlucky!

Actually having an uncle like Luo Yingjie, so disgusting.

Why were other people's uncles either wealthy gentry or high-ranking officials?

Instead, her uncle was a rogue who couldn't show his face in public!

Just then, Luo Yingjie took a strong sniff and said, "Yo, turns out you're pregnant, no wonder you're so high-and-mighty! Tell me, if people found out about those dirty things you did in the past, could you still be so haughty?"

Luo Yu bit her lip, with a hint of venom in her eyes, "Luo Yingjie, if you know what's good for you, you'd take this money and get lost! Otherwise, don't blame me for being rude! If you push me to desperation, I am capable of anything!"

From the look in Luo Yu's eyes, it was evident she was contemplating murder.

Luo Yingjie was not afraid, but laughed even more intensely, with an ironic tone, "You know what your uncle I am capable of, even if you kill me, I will still spill all your dirty secrets, believe it or not?"

Luo Yingjie had far too many shameful facts about Luo Yu.

Any single one could ruin Luo Yu completely.

That was why Luo Yu was so wary of Luo Yingjie.

Luo Yu clenched her teeth, "Name your price!"

Luo Yingjie did indeed have no small talent, and Luo Yu was very aware of it.

It was just that Luo Yingjie never used his skills on the right path, only ever scheming how to steal and sneak around.

Upon hearing this, laughter twinkled in Luo Yingjie's eyes, "Actually, your uncle's request is very simple. I don't want your money or to name a price. As the saying goes, when one person attains Tao, even the family poultry ascends to heaven. Now that you have become a rich lady, you surely can't leave me to wander outside, can you?"

What Luo Yingjie meant was straightforward—he wanted to move in with Luo Yu into the Mo family.

Money would run out someday, but having a solid backing could ensure a life without worry forever.

Luo Yingjie was no fool.

He knew how to look out for himself.

"What are you talking about? Dream on!" Luo Yu, realizing what Luo Yingjie meant, was somewhat incredulous.

He wanted to move into the Mo family with her?

In a dream, perhaps?

Luo Yu would absolutely never admit to having such an uncle.

Luo Yingjie scoffed, "Yu Yu, if you want to keep my mouth shut tighter, you have no choice. Don't worry, after I move in with that family, I will not say a single word out of place. I am, after all, your only uncle. I expect that family to treat me kindly, otherwise..."

Luo Yu clenched her fists, "Just come with me for now."

By this point, Luo Yu had no choice but to stabilize Luo Yingjie first.

The current Madame Mo held her own belly in such high regard, always obliging and submissive; she probably wouldn't mind her bringing one more person back to the Mo family.

Luo Yingjie said no more and followed Luo Yu, a calculating gleam in his eyes. From now on, he, Luo Yingjie, would be able to reach the pinnacle of life.

From Luo Yu's attire, it was clear that she belonged to an immensely wealthy family, the kind that was rich beyond compare.

Luo Yu brought Luo Yingjie into an upscale club.

When they came out again, Luo Yingjie seemed like a completely different person.

They say clothes make the man, and saddles make the horse; that saying proved to be true.

After changing into expensive clothes and taking a bath, Luo Yingjie was transformed, but that inherently sleazy quality of his remained.

"These clothes, this fabric, tsk tsk tsk, I've never worn such fine clothes in my life. Yu Yu, these must be extremely expensive, right?" Luo Yingjie said, beaming with joy.

Seeing how unsophisticated Luo Yingjie was, Luo Yu frowned with distaste. This kind of person wouldn't even resemble a prince if dressed in dragon robes!

"All right! All right! Let's go," she said.

Luo Yingjie quickly stepped to Luo Yu's side, speaking arrogantly, "Luo Yu, let me warn you, you better be nice to me, or else you won't have an easy time!" The last sentence was laden with threats.

Luo Yu clenched her fists with great restraint.

For the moment, Luo Yingjie felt even more triumphant.

Luo Yu turned to the two servants by her side and said, "You two, go get me a car."

"Yes," Qingshuang and Cui Zhu swiftly stepped back and left.

Watching the two depart, a lascivious light appeared in Luo Yingjie's eyes, "Those two girls aren't bad at all..."

Luo Yu helplessly frowned and reminded him, "I'm warning you, once we get to the Mo family, you'd better repress those filthy thoughts of yours. The Mo family is no ordinary household. If you offend someone there, not only will you have no good days ahead, but I will also suffer alongside you."

Luo Yingjie withdrew his gaze, "I know, I know, you just worry about yourself. As long as I have food, drink, and money, I'll definitely not cause you trouble," he said.

Indeed, just as Luo Yu had expected, Madame Mo didn't object much when she brought Luo Yingjie back, and even arranged a guest room for him.

Now, Luo Yu's pregnancy was the most important matter.

However, ever since Luo Yingjie arrived, the atmosphere in the entire Mo family had changed.

Relying on being Luo Yu's uncle, Luo Yingjie practically acted like the lord of the Mo family.

Bossing people around and swaggering through the Mo family, the servants were very afraid of this 'Uncle Master'.

Luo Yingjie also bullied the weak on the streets.

In any case, Luo Yu was behind him, cleaning up the mess.

Luo Yu was choking with frustration.

She thought she was already high and dry, untouchable, but she never expected someone to appear who could threaten her at any time.

The military base.

After sleeping in the dormitory for two days, Mo Qingyi only got up to look for food at noon on the third day.

It was another season where she was too lazy to chase even if a boyfriend ran away.

The sunlight outside was intense, turning the earth into a natural oven. Within just three minutes of stepping outside, Mo Qingyi started to sweat profusely.

The dining hall was packed with people at mealtime, bustling and incredibly crowded.

Mo Qingyi stood on tiptoes and peeked inside; it was a dense crowd of people, with a wave of heat hitting her, instantly killing her appetite.

Remembering she still had some fruit left in the dorm, Mo Qingyi turned around and headed back. She was on leave for a few days and didn't have to take part in training, so eating less wasn't an issue.

It was also a good opportunity to diet.

She walked along, idly kicking stones on the ground.

"Mo Qingyi," a magnetic male voice called out from behind her.

Mo Qingyi stopped in her tracks, slowly turned back to look at the person, and squinted her eyes.

The man seemed about 1.8 meters tall, dressed in smart military attire, his skin somewhat dark but with very handsome features—sharp brows and piercing eyes, his body exuding a rebelliousness and toughness not found in ordinary people.

He looked at Mo Qingyi with an almost amused expression, a faint sunlight in the depth of his eyes, those pitch-black pupils deep like a pool of water.

Mo Qingyi faltered for a moment, then laughed, walking up to him and playfully punching his chest, "Well, well, if it isn't Duanmu Xiaosi? Tsk, tsk, two bars and four stars, climbing up the ranks nicely in just one year!"

"Thanks to you," Duanmu Zhe casually draped his hand over Mo Qingyi's shoulder, "I'm doing okay."

"Come on, let's go have a drink," Mo Qingyi looked up into his eyes, trying to sound nonchalant.

Ever since Chu Jin's funeral a year ago, Mo Qingyi hadn't seen Duanmu Zhe again. He, just like Chu Jin, had completely disappeared from her life.

She never expected to bump into Duanmu Zhe here today.

And clearly, Duanmu Zhe's military rank was now higher than her own.

Now that Duanmu Zhe had returned, she wondered if Chu Jin would also come back with him.

Looking at Duanmu Zhe, Mo Qingyi felt an urge to cry.

But she forcefully suppressed it.

"Sure," Duanmu Zhe said, glancing down at Mo Qingyi, "but first, come with me to the dorm to change clothes."

"Sure," Mo Qingyi nodded.

Duanmu Zhe walked on with his arm around Mo Qingyi's shoulders, as if they were the best of brothers.

As they passed, other soldiers gave them curious looks.

The two of them.

One had just been transferred in as a colonel, the other was known as the cold beauty of the military—how on earth had these two come together?

Moreover, they were arm in arm.

While it's true that officers in the military tend to be informal and rarely differentiate by gender.

These two, however, seemed too familiar for a first meeting, was that indeed alright?

They walked on in this pose, and Duanmu Zhe asked, "I heard you went home on leave. I was planning to visit your mother, why did you come back?"

Chapter 683: I am the Mo family's maternal uncle

Speaking of this matter gives me a headache," Mo Qingyi sighed. "It's a long story. Let's talk over drinks later."

"Sure," Duanmu Zhe nodded.

Just then, a female military officer walked by. Dressed in a military uniform, her figure was curvy and exquisite, her features soft and enticingly attractive. Although she was a soldier exposed to sun and rain, her skin was exceptionally fair.

She and Mo Qingyi were polar opposites.

One acted like a tomboy and kept others at a distance, earning the nickname "cold beauty."

The other was as gentle as water, always greeting everyone with a smile, making her quite popular amongst the soldiers in the army.

After all, female military officers were rarer than giant pandas on this base.

The female officer saluted Duanmu Zhe first. "Good day, sir. I'm the battalion commander of the 28th Division's Third Regiment, Liu Yaoyao."

Duanmu Zhe merely nodded without saying much.

Then Liu Yaoyao greeted Mo Qingyi, "Qingyi, aren't you on leave? I saw you from afar and thought I was mistaken."

The colonel had returned on her second day of office when she was supposed to be resting. The close interaction between the two couldn't help but lead to wild guesses.

Liu Yaoyao's gaze subtly shifted between the two, a faint smile curving her lips.

Life in the military was too dull and tasteless; sometimes, it needed a bit of spice.

"I just came back to have a look," Mo Qingyi replied casually with a smile. "If there's nothing else, we'll be off."

"Sure," Liu Yaoyao nodded. "I have things to take care of too, goodbye."

"Goodbye," Mo Qingyi replied with a slight smile.

Mo Qingyi paid no mind to the gazes of those around and took Duanmu Zhe's wrist, leading him forward.

Seeing their interlocked hands, a smile formed at the corner of Duanmu Zhe's mouth.

Duanmu Zhe's quarters were quite luxurious, complete with a bathroom and kitchen, fully equipped.

Standing in the living room, Mo Qingyi couldn't help but feel that people really were different from one another.

Before, Duanmu Zhe seemed to lack proper direction, but she had never expected him to be a dark horse, rising to the rank of colonel in just one year.

As long as someone truly had talent, they would shine no matter where they went.

Soon, Duanmu Zhe changed his clothes and came out of his room.

He had put on simple black trousers and a T-shirt. Even in the plain outfit, he exuded an air of elegance.

Furthermore, Duanmu Zhe's originally fashionable chestnut hair had been dyed back to black and cut into a crew cut.

Mo Qingyi hadn't noticed this detail earlier because he had been wearing a hat.

A crew cut is a hairstyle that really tests one's facial features.

Yet, this look on Duanmu Zhe was unexpectedly handsome.

It must be said, Duanmu Zhe's transformation was enormous.

For a moment, Mo Qingyi was slightly taken aback.

Looking at the man before her, she felt as if worlds apart.

"Don't just stand there stupidly," Duanmu Zhe patted Mo Qingyi on the head. "Let's go."

"Yeah, okay," Mo Qingyi came back to her senses.

On the way, it was Duanmu Zhe who drove.

Mo Qingyi sat in the passenger seat.

"Name a place. You're more familiar with the area," Duanmu Zhe said while holding the steering wheel.

"Hmm," Mo Qingyi thought for a moment and then said, "Let's go to 'Yanboli.' It has a good environment."

"Okay," Duanmu Zhe nodded lightly.

The drive was quick, and about half an hour later, the SUV stopped in front of Yanboli.

Duanmu Zhe elegantly tossed the car keys to the valet.

Yanboli is a members-only restaurant in the Superpower World, serving only 30 customers a day in an excellent environment.

It was a perfect place for couples to share intimate conversations.

They walked into the restaurant side by side, and an enthusiastic uniformed waiter greeted them immediately.

Duanmu Zhe ordered the dishes, and unsurprisingly, every dish was Mo Qingyi's favorite.

Mo Qingyi's eyes unexpectedly welled up. She took a sip of her drink, swallowing the tears that were threatening to fall.

"How have you been these days?" Duanmu Zhe placed a chopstick-full of fish onto Mo Qingyi's plate and asked.

"Why did you leave?" Mo Qingyi suddenly looked up, her question unrelated to his.

Of course, it was to become more worthy of you.

However, Duanmu Zhe didn't voice this thought, because it wasn't the right time yet.

"Young people have to venture out into the world, just like you did. Back then, you left without saying anything," said Duanmu Zhe, taking a sip of strong tea with an unchanging expression. "It's only been a year for me, but you've already been gone for three. Tell me, between the two of us, who is more heartless?"

"I..." Mo Qingyi was at a loss for words, and her mood grew even worse, stifled and somewhat breathless.

"Let's not talk about that anymore," Duanmu Zhe said as he peeled another shrimp and placed it in Mo Qingyi's bowl. "All that is in the past now."

Mo Qingyi nodded, "Yes, it's all in the past."

"By the way, you still haven't told me, what exactly happened with your family? You didn't even take a leave, you just ran back here?" Duanmu Zhe continued to ask.

Being a soldier is really tough. There are not many days off throughout the year.

And here was Mo Qingyi, who had finally gotten a few days off, but she came running back, which made Duanmu Zhe curious.

When she mentioned this subject, Mo Qingyi became even more dejected. She sighed and continued, "It's my brother's doing; he got a woman pregnant, and now she's using the pregnancy to stay put at our place, refusing to leave. The most infuriating part is that she's occupied my room and even made my mom give her massages..."

Mo Qingyi relayed the whole incident to Duanmu Zhe. When she finished, she cautioned him, "By the way, my mom doesn't want this to spread, so please don't go around talking about it."

"Don't worry, I know how to be discreet," Duanmu Zhe nodded before adding, "Is there a misunderstanding here? I think... Zhixuan doesn't seem like that kind of person."

Chu Jin had only passed away a year ago. How could Mo Zhixuan move on and... fall in love with someone else so quickly?

And even have that person carry his child!

This was simply unthinkable!

The Mo Zhixuan he knew wasn't that kind of person either.

"Don't doubt it. This is the truth," Mo Qingyi personally witnessed Mo Zhixuan bringing Luo Yu upstairs. "You might find it hard to believe, but Luo Yu looks a bit like Jin. Otherwise, my brother probably wouldn't have been able to go through with it."

Mo Qingyi also knew that Mo Zhixuan was a man of principle. He probably slept with Luo Yu largely because she resembled Jin.

Love for one extends to the things they love.

Duanmu Zhe frowned slightly, taking out a cigarette from his pocket and lighting it up, "Well, this is going to be a real headache."

A year ago, Duanmu Zhe was just a green kid. And now, just a year later, she observed him smoking and thought the boy with the cigarette looked incredibly handsome.

However, Mo Qingyi quickly snapped back to reality, "What do you mean by that?"

"Think about it. If Sister-in-law Jin comes back and sees someone has taken her place and is even pregnant with Zhixuan's child, what will she do? What kind of position will that put her in?" Duanmu Zhe asked lightly, looking up.

Duanmu Zhe had a premonition.

He knew that Chu Jin would definitely return.

Their sister-in-law, someone who would even dare to destroy Heavenly Dao, couldn't possibly succumb to fate that easily.

"Jin?" Mo Qingyi's expression darkened in an instant, "Can she... really come back?"

She had seen Chu Jin die with her own eyes and witnessed her burial. Could someone who had died really come back to life?

Mo Qingyi wasn't like Duanmu Zhe; she didn't think too much about these things.

Duanmu Zhe raised an eyebrow slightly, "If we could all make it back, why couldn't she?"

"Right," Mo Qingyi's eyes brightened, "Since we all made it back, maybe Jin could too? It's just... it's been so long already. When will she be able to return?"

As she thought this, Mo Qingyi poked at the food on her plate somewhat gloomily with her chopsticks.

She thought of Chu Jin's return every moment.

Alas...

Things do not always go as one wishes.

Duanmu Zhe exhaled a thin stream of smoke slowly, "What you should be worried about now, is whether Sister-in-law Jin, upon discovering Luo Yu's existence, would still accept Zhixuan, and whether she'd stay in Superpower World!"

After all, everything she had was now replaced by a woman named Luo Yu.

It's hard to imagine anyone could endure such a blow.

This just wasn't fair to Chu Jin.

Mo Qingyi scratched her head in distress, "What should I do, then? I would like to throw Luo Yu out! But since she's carrying my brother's child, my mother treats her like a treasure. It's just not realistic to think about driving her away..."

Mo Qingyi was caught in a dilemma.

From the reaction of Mrs. Mo yesterday, it seemed impossible to kick Luo Yu out; the child in Luo Yu's womb was more important to her than herself.

Mo Qingyi sighed, "You should have seen it. Luo Yu, taking advantage of her pregnancy, is practically shitting on my mom's neck..."

At this, Duanmu Zhe furrowed his brows, "How could Zhixuan make such a foolish mistake? Didn't Zi Qi say that Sister-in-law Jin would definitely come back, and soon, too? How could he be so muddled at such a critical time? There must be more to it!"

Duanmu Zhe had a resolute look in his eyes.

He trusted Mo Zhixuan.

After a pause, Duanmu Zhe added, "By the way, where is Zhixuan now? With such a big thing happening, he should show his face. Only if Zhixuan himself admits it, will I believe it's true!"

"My mom said he seems to have gone to deal with some official matters, and he is unreachable now."

As she finished speaking, Mo Qingyi added, "Actually, my brother didn't mean to make a mistake. He just liked Chu Jin too much, that's why... Besides, my mom said that once Luo Yu gives birth, the Mo family won't accept her anymore. She'll be left to her own devices."

Mo Qingyi was also well aware of Mo Zhixuan's character.

But the harsh reality was right before her, forcing her to believe.

"What about the child?" Duanmu Zhe asked, "The child is evidence of Ninth Brother's unfaithfulness to love. I think if Ninth Sister-in-law comes back, it's likely that her love with Ninth Brother has reached its end. They will definitely..."

The rest went without saying.

If this was true, not to mention Chu Jin, anyone in his place would be unable to forgive Mo Zhixuan.

In just one short year, Mo Zhixuan had impregnated another woman. This showed that his love wasn't firm enough, and he was unworthy of Chu Jin.

Duanmu Zhe was a very clear-headed and calm person.

He admired both Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

If this was true, then Mo Zhixuan didn't deserve to be called 'Ninth Brother' by him.

"No, if I were Chu Jin, I would first give Luo Yu a good beating, then do the same to my brother, and finally forgive him. It wasn't easy for the two of them to come together; I believe Chu Jin wouldn't give up on this love."

In her heart, Mo Qingyi still hoped that Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan wouldn't part ways. Mo Zhixuan was the most important person in her life, and so was Chu Jin.

She wanted them both to be well.

Without any problems.

They had come together through countless hardships and struggles.

They couldn't be ruined by Luo Yu, that white lotus.

She hoped that Chu Jin would return soon. If so, Luo Yu's good days would also come to an end, and no one would dare act high and mighty within the Mo family anymore.

Now, Chu Jin was the only one who could deal with Luo Yu.

But whether Chu Jin could return was still a question. After all, so much time had passed; if she could have returned, she would have by now, and none of this terrible mess would have happened.

It was only because she knew that Chu Jin was gone from this world forever that the old Madam Mo didn't impose any boundaries on Luo Yu.

With Chu Jin around, let alone Luo Yu—even if she were pregnant—she couldn't step foot into the Mo family.

The old Madam Mo tolerated everything silently because she understood the difficulty of Mo Zhixuan having this child.

Because once this child was lost, Mo Zhixuan might never have children of his own.

And the Mo family would lose its lineage.

Thinking this way, Mo Qingyi picked up the cocktail from the table and gulped it down.

She was so vexed.

On one side was the old Madam Mo.

On the other, Luo Yu, the white lotus.

She didn't want to disappoint Chu Jin but also couldn't bear to see the old Madam Mo heartbroken.

"This drink is quite strong; take it slow," Duanmu Zhe cautioned, reaching out to hold her glass, concern showing in his eyes.

"Don't worry," Mo Qingyi patted her chest, pushing Duanmu Zhe's hand away, "I can drink a thousand cups without getting drunk."

Having lived in the army for so many years, Mo Qingyi had long since developed an iron constitution.

The two chatted about many things, trivial matters really, but Mo Qingyi's laughter could occasionally be heard in the restaurant.

In memory,

It had been a long time since Mo Qingyi laughed so heartily.

At night, lying in bed, she would remember Chu Jin, the way he collapsed beside the konghou, a vision that remained vivid in her mind.

And scenes from the past.

Without the Chu Jin of before, there wouldn't be the her of now.

For Mo Qingyi, Chu Jin was like a ray of light, shining on the path ahead, but now, without that ray of light, she could only grope her way forward.

As it turned out, Mo Qingyi truly was able to hold her liquor, drinking one cocktail after another without a blush or a skipped heartbeat.

Duanmu Zhe silently served her dishes, realizing that over the past year, not only he had changed, but so had she.

Although the two were chatting, they didn't touch on the subject of their feelings for each other.

Just one year ago, they both became aware of each other's affections, but now, they still behaved as good friends.

They both tactfully forgot about that incident from a year before.

At such a time, if they were to be together, it would be profoundly unfair to Chu Jin.

That incident had always been a knot in their hearts.

After the meal, Duanmu Zhe said to Mo Qingyi, "Let me take you home. I also want to visit Aunt Mo; it's been so long since I've seen her, I really miss her."

"Are you sure you want to go?" Mo Qingyi raised an eyebrow. There was an overbearing white lotus at home, and she was afraid it might disgust Duanmu Zhe.

"Sure," Duanmu Zhe nodded, "I'll also take this opportunity to see for myself how much Luo Yu resembles Ninth Sister. She even fooled Ninth Brother."

"Alright, then let's go. It's a good time for me to go back and check if my mom is being bullied by Luo Yu." Mo Qingyi grabbed her hat, placed it on her head, pressing it down, and walked forward.

Duanmu Zhe followed behind.

When getting into the car, Mo Qingyi hopped in habitually. Her distinctive way of getting into a vehicle caught the attention of passersby, causing them to look back, and even made Duanmu Zhe raise his eyebrows.

After a year, the changes in Mo Qingyi were indeed more than slight.

Soon, they arrived at the Mo family residence, and Duanmu Zhe looked at the ancient building with some curiosity, "Why do you live here? Haven't you moved to the imperial palace?"

The imperial palace was the residence for the head of the Superpower World.

Mo Zhixuan had been in the Superpower World for some time now, and the situation had gradually stabilized. Logically, he should have moved to the imperial palace by now.

"My mom finds it too much trouble, so we didn't move," Mo Qingyi said proficiently as she jumped out of the car window, "Living here is pretty good, but it's not so nice now, with a piece of trash around. Honestly, if I weren't worried about my mom being bullied, I wouldn't have come back."

The fact that Madam Mo cared so much about the child in Luo Yu's womb meant she would definitely be at Luo Yu's beck and call.

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe had just set foot inside the Mo family's gate.

A strange middle-aged man walked towards them.

He was dressed in luxurious suits that seemed a bit ill-fitted, giving off a thick air of sleaziness.

"Stop right there!" Luo Yingjie stretched out his hand to block Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe, frowning, "Who are you two? Do you know where you are? This is the Mo family estate, not a place where people like you can come and go as you please! Get lost before I lose my temper!"

In these past few days, Luo Yingjie had grown accustomed to strutting around the Mo family estate.

He wanted to assert control over every matter.

This had to do with his background. Before, he was just a poor gambler, constantly oppressed by others. Now, he had finally stood tall, becoming a person of the upper class, and he wanted to relish the taste of turning his life around.

Looking at Luo Yingjie, Duanmu Zhe slightly furrowed his brow and glanced towards Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi too was completely baffled because she did not recognize the man before her at all.

She had only been away for a few days. Could it be that Madam Mo had sold the place? Or, had she come to the wrong location?

With that thought, Mo Qingyi silently stepped back and looked up at the Mo family's gate.

The two grand and imposing characters on the old plaque read "Mo Residence."

Right.

She hadn't gone to the wrong place.

Mo Qingyi then calmed down and walked back through the gate, raising her eyes to Luo Yingjie, "And you are?"

Luo Yingjie straightened his collar, puffing up his chest as he said, "Listen well, I am the Mo family's uncle! I'm in a good mood today and don't want to bother with you. Get out at once, as people like you have no right to enter the Mo family's gates!"

Because they had just come out of the military, both Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe had changed into their own clothes, which were specially tailored without any particular insignia. Therefore, Luo Yingjie subconsciously assumed these two were commoners trying to climb the social ladder by approaching the Mo family.

There are just too many rogues in society these days!

An uncle?

Mo Qingyi frowned slightly.

Since when did the Mo family have such a disgusting uncle? She didn't know about it.

"How come I don't know that our family suddenly has an uncle like you? Move aside!" With a wave of her hand, Mo Qingyi pushed Luo Yingjie aside.

She was sure that this sleazy middle-aged man in front of her had no relation to the Mo family whatsoever.

Having been in the Mo family for several days, everyone had been extremely respectful towards him. Now suddenly, a young girl not only spoke to him disrespectfully but also pushed him! This made Luo Yingjie very angry.

With a wave of his hand, Luo Yingjie shouted loudly, "Someone help! Thief!"

With that shout, all the servants of the Mo family were summoned, "Uncle, what happened?"

"Go catch those two up ahead and give them a good beating," Luo Yingjie instructed, pointing at the figures of Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe.

"Yes."

The servants advanced with sticks in hand, encircling Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe.

Luo Yingjie revealed a triumphant smile, marching forward arrogantly.

That damn brat!

How dare she lay a hand on him!

She must have a death wish.

And she looks pretty too.

If he could get her into bed, that would surely be even more thrilling.

Luo Yingjie rubbed his hands together, with a lecherous gleam in his eyes.

However, before Luo Yingjie could react, he saw the servants that had surrounded Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe bowing very respectfully and saying, "Greetings, Miss!"

Chapter 684:

Miss?

At the sound of that voice and seeing this spectacle, Luo Yingjie was stunned in an instant.

Was this young girl actually... the eldest Miss of the Mo family?

Luo Yingjie's legs went weak all at once.

He never imagined that he would have provoked the eldest Miss of the Mo family.

But then he thought about how Luo Yu was pregnant now, and that he was the uncle by marriage to the Mo family, so he wasn't afraid of anything anymore. He walked up to the crowd with a smile and looked at Mo Qingyi, saying, "Look at this, look at this, it's like a flood has hit the Dragon King Temple, one family doesn't recognize its own! Miss, I'm really sorry! But you can't blame me entirely..."

"Get lost! Who do you think you are!" Mo Qingyi's gaze was cold as she lifted her eyes, "Who said you're part of the family."

Luo Yingjie looked like a sneaky rat at first sight, obviously not a good sort.

Mo Qingyi detested this kind of person the most.

Luo Yingjie originally wanted to retort, but then he remembered Luo Yu's warning and continued, "Whether we're family or not is not for you to decide. Forget it, forget it, I, as your elder, can't be bothered to argue with someone younger like you. I have important things to deal with anyway."

After all, he was currently taking advantage of being in the Mo family.

And facing him was the legitimate eldest Miss of the Mo family; he really couldn't afford to offend her, and Luo Yingjie had the insight to see this.

Luo Yingjie walked out of the Mo family home with his hands behind his back, his servant in tow, strutting proudly.

Mo Qingyi watched Luo Yingjie's retreating figure with a slight frown, then looked down at the servant beside her and asked, "Who was that just now? How come we have such relatives in our family?"

Somehow Luo Yingjie didn't seem like a relative of the Mo family at all.

The servant also glanced at Luo Yingjie's retreating figure and said in a low voice, "Miss, he's Miss Luo's uncle, supposedly surnamed Luo."

In the current Mo family, Luo Yu was the one who had a say, so the servants were all very wary of her and also of Luo Yingjie.

One could say that Luo Yingjie had become almost like a co-master of the Mo family.

All these servants had to respectfully call him Uncle.

"Her again!" Mo Qingyi clenched her fists, "Will this woman never stop!"

As she spoke, Mo Qingyi then looked toward Duanmu Zhe, "You saw it yourself, right? This is what Luo Yu has brought upon us. She's driving me mad!"

She knew that the Mo family couldn't possibly have such disgusting relatives.

Duanmu Zhe squeezed her hand, "Alright, don't get angry. Let's go inside."

Mo Qingyi calmed down a bit and followed Duanmu Zhe inside.

Upon entering the house, they could hear Luo Yu's nitpicking voice.

"Aunt Mo, I really can't stand the strange smell from your prayer room; could you please take down the prayer room?"

First Luo Yingjie, now Luo Yu.

The Mo family was already turned upside down by these two!

Mo Qingyi quickly walked in and shouted, "If you dare to dismantle the prayer room, see if I don't tear you apart first?"

"Go ahead and tear it apart," Luo Yu boasted proudly with her belly thrust forward, "If you have the guts, start with my belly."

"You think I wouldn't dare?" Mo Qingyi took a step forward, for every time she saw Luo Yu, she couldn't control the little monster inside her.

Dammit!

Calling this woman cheap was an insult to the word 'cheap' itself.

Not just her was cheap.

Even her relatives were disgustingly cheap.

Luo Yu had already caused enough trouble for the Mo family by herself, and now she had brought another trashy person to wreak havoc.

It was all because the old Madam Mo spoiled her too much.

"Qingyi, calm down," Duanmu Zhe quickly walked over and grabbed Mo Qingyi's hand.

"Little Zhe?" The old Madam Mo looked at him in surprise.

Although Duanmu Zhe had changed a lot, the old Madam Mo still recognized him at a glance.

She thought she would never see this child again in her life.

Unexpectedly, Duanmu Zhe came back at such a time.

"Aunt Mo," Duanmu Zhe walked over and hugged the old Madam Mo.

"Good child, good child, you've finally come back," the old Madam Mo's voice was somewhat choked.

Duanmu Zhe was raised in the eyes of the old Madam Mo, and they shared a mother-son bond.

Seeing this reception, Luo Yu sat on the sofa and covertly observed Duanmu Zhe.

Luo Yu was smart; she immediately guessed that Duanmu Zhe must have a special relationship with Mo Qingyi.

How could a little cheap thing like Mo Qingyi deserve such an outstanding person? She'd be happy if she could break up the two of them.

Luo Yu had always held a grudge against Mo Qingyi for pointing a gun at her.

She'd long wanted to take her revenge on Mo Qingyi.

Regrettably, Mo Qingyi had been intentionally avoiding her these past few days, so Luo Yu hadn't even had a chance to provoke her.

But today, this opportunity practically fell into her lap.

She had to wreck the relationship between Mo Qingyi and this man.

To break up a couple is actually quite simple; all it takes is for a woman who is prettier and gentler than Mo Qingyi to appear.

With Mo Qingyi's tomboyish nature, it was a wonder what this man saw in her.

Obviously, she was superior to Mo Qingyi in every aspect.

Even though she belonged to Mo Zhixuan now, that didn't stop this man from falling for her.

Food only tastes good when you fight over it.

Once this man fell for her, Mo Zhixuan would feel threatened, and she would become even more sought-after.

In fact, the main reason was that Luo Yu really liked the feeling of being pursued. Only then could she experience a sense of superiority.

Moreover, this move could both satisfy her own vanity and retaliate against Mo Qingyi.

Why not do it?

With this thought in mind, Luo Yu straightened her chest and restored her gentle demeanor with a smile brimming in her eyes, looking at Duanmu Zhe. She was determined to outdo Mo Qingyi and win over Duanmu Zhe.

Luo Yu had never been particularly restrained; otherwise, she wouldn't have been threatened by Luo Yingjie.

"Duanmu, let me introduce her to you. This is Luo Yu. She's now a key protected member of the Mo family. I believe Qingyi has already mentioned her to you, right?" the elder Madam Mo said, pointing at Luo Yu.

The elder Madam Mo only mentioned a key protected member, without formally introducing Luo Yu to Duanmu Zhe.

She also knew that Qingyi, that girl, must have told Duanmu Zhe everything already.

For elder Madam Mo, Duanmu Zhe was not an outsider.

"Hmm, Qingyi has told me a little," Duanmu Zhe nodded lightly.

Luo Yu flashed a proper smile at Duanmu Zhe.

"Miss Luo, nice to meet you. I am Duanmu Zhe," Duanmu Zhe extended his hand politely to Luo Yu.

"Mr. Duanmu, don't be so formal. We're all family here. Just call me Luo Yu." Luo Yu gently took Duanmu Zhe's hand and at the end, meaningfully pinched his fingers, as if hinting at something, which could be considered flirting.

Luo Yu was already an old hand in matters of the heart.

She also firmly believed that no man could escape her grasp.

Duanmu Zhe furrowed his brow without making a sound, withdrew his hand, and said with a feigned smile, "I heard Miss Luo is pregnant, congratulations"

Duanmu Zhe mentioned the pregnancy but didn't specify the father.

Because he still believed in Mo Zhixuan.

Even after seeing Luo Yu, he still believed in Mo Zhixuan.

"Thank you." Luo Yu nodded her thanks, thinking to herself whether Duanmu Zhe was a true gentleman or a hypocrite, since he seemed entirely unmoved by her insinuation.

Could it be that he disdained her for having slept with Mo Zhixuan?

It was precisely because she was so outstanding and charming that Mo Zhixuan had slept with her. Duanmu Zhe couldn't possibly fail to understand that, could he?

Since Duanmu Zhe still couldn't see her worth now, then she would have to try harder to make him notice her.

Why should Mo Zhixuan be able to prance around with banners flying while she couldn't?

Luo Yu certainly wouldn't be so foolish as to wait for one man.

The Dark Mountain Princess from ancient times was the role model she aimed to emulate.

"By the way, Aunt Mo," Duanmu Zhe glanced at elder Madam Mo and then asked, "Have you taken Miss Luo to a formal hospital for a check-up? Is the fetus safe? Is it developing properly?"

At that moment, Duanmu Zhe already had his own calculations in mind.

"Not yet," Madam Mo shook her head.

It wasn't something to be proud of, so Madam Mo only hired a trusted private doctor.

She was actually quite worried; without having gone to a regular large hospital for a checkup, she still felt a bit uneasy.

What if the child in Luo Yu's belly isn't healthy?

Duanmu Zhe smiled and said, "It just so happens that I have a friend who works at the hospital. Why don't we take Miss Luo for a checkup? That way, we can be a little more at ease."

Upon hearing this, the corners of Luo Yu's lips lifted slightly in a curve. After all, it was a real pregnancy. Even if she went to the hospital, she wouldn't be afraid. It would be best to cause a commotion and let everyone know, thus everyone would know she belonged to Mo Zhixuan.

One had to say, Duanmu Zhe was really considerate towards her.

Luo Yu touched her stomach, a look of triumph on her face.

The Mo family matriarch hesitated for a moment, then said, "Won't that... be too much trouble for you?"

Getting a checkup at a regular hospital couldn't be better, but once they went to the hospital, the matter would be made public. With Mo Zhixuan in such a high position, spreading this news around wouldn't be good for him.

After all, he was destined to unite the Three Realms.

Duanmu Zhe heard the concern in the Mo family matriarch's words and continued.

"We're all family; it's too formal to talk about trouble. Aunt Mo, relax, my friend is one of us, and his medical ethics are impeccable, not to mention his medical skills. What Miss Luo is carrying is ultimately the bloodline of the Mo family, so it's better to be cautious."

When Duanmu Zhe mentioned 'family', a warm smile appeared in Mo Qingyi's eyes, perhaps even unbeknownst to herself.

With that said, the Mo family matriarch felt reassured, "Alright, Little Zhe, then we'll trouble you."

Since Duanmu Zhe had said so, there should be no problem, that doctor must be a person Duanmu Zhe trusts immensely. Duanmu Zhe is a good boy, as close as brothers to Mo Zhixuan, he wouldn't do anything to betray the Mo family. Therefore, the Mo family matriarch trusted Duanmu Zhe a lot.

"Of course." Duanmu Zhe was the picture of courtesy as he followed up, "Aunt Mo, then let's get going. I'll take you there."

"I'm coming too." Mo Qingyi also stood up. With such a matter at hand, of course she would join in the excitement. What if Luo Yu was faking her pregnancy?

"Hmm." Duanmu Zhe nodded slightly.

Luo Yu rolled her eyes at Mo Qingyi; why was she present everywhere? It was her prenatal checkup, what excitement was there for her to join? If she went along, what chances would she have to spend time with Duanmu Zhe?

But in the current situation, Luo Yu couldn't find an excuse to prevent Mo Qingyi from going.

The group headed towards the exit.

Mo Qingyi walked alongside Duanmu Zhe in the front while the Mo family matriarch walked with Luo Yu at the back.

Mo Qingyi still jumped into the front passenger seat, while Duanmu Zhe, ever the gentleman, opened the car doors for the Mo family matriarch and Luo Yu.

"Thank you, Mr. Duanmu," Luo Yu said politely before getting into the car.

"You're welcome." Duanmu Zhe's expression was indifferent.

From Luo Yu's recent actions, it was clear she was no straightforward character. This type of woman, fickle as water, raised doubts as to whether the child in her womb was truly that of Mo Zhixuan. As such, Duanmu Zhe did not have a good impression of Luo Yu.

The corners of Luo Yu's mouth lifted in a dignified smile as she lifted her skirts to get into the car. Despite being pregnant, Luo Yu still wore a pair of high-heeled Crystal Shoes, because she felt only such shoes could complement her temperament.

In fairy tales, Crystal Shoes were the exclusive property of princesses. Now, although she could not be considered a princess, her status was much more noble than a princess's.

Luo Yu slowly raised her right foot to step into the car, glancing out of the corner of her eye at Duanmu Zhe, who stood behind her waiting to close the car door after she got in.

With a slight hook of her mouth, Luo Yu's foot faltered, and she stumbled a few times, falling straight into Duanmu Zhe's embrace.

Chapter 685: quadruplets

"Ah!" Luo Yu screamed.

A sharp glint flashed through Duanmu Zhe's eyes. He quickly stepped back to avoid Luo Yu's body, then reached out, grabbed her wrist, and with a gentle pull, very elegantly steadied her.

If it weren't for the fact that Luo Yu was pregnant, Duanmu Zhe wouldn't have bothered with her.

This woman's antics were simply too numerous, hardly fit for polite society.

At the same time, Duanmu Zhe became even more certain there was something wrong with Luo Yu's belly.

If he couldn't stand her, how could Mo Zhixuan possibly find her appealing?

"Thank you, Mr. Duanmu, for coming to my rescue," Luo Yu said with a lowered head, her cheeks a shade of red. Although she didn't manage to fall into Duanmu Zhe's arms as she had wished, at least she had some close contact with him.

It was clear that Duanmu Zhe was much easier to get along with than Mo Zhixuan.

Some matters couldn't be rushed; they had to be taken slowly, step by step. She believed that, with her charm, it was only a matter of time before Duanmu Zhe would fall at her feet.

Luo Yu was never short of confidence in her appearance and charm. In the Ancient Martial Arts World, the number of men she had slept with was countless—their desperation for her had led some to seek life and death. Once she had Duanmu Zhe in her grasp, it would be time for Mo Qingyi to go crying in the corner.

She was determined to show Mo Qingyi just how formidable she was.

Mo Qingyi, being the daughter of the Mo family from the Superpower World, would end up bitterly under the heel of a common girl from the Ancient Martial Arts World. By that time, the pain in her heart would surely be unbearable.

What did it matter if she was a commoner's daughter? She still ended up as one of the nine esteemed wives.

Duanmu Zhe smiled distantly yet politely. "You're welcome. Miss Luo, you should be more careful when you walk. Now is a critical time; if something were to happen to the child in your belly, it wouldn't be good."

"Yes." Luo Yu suppressed the thoughts in her heart and nodded. Looking at Duanmu Zhe, she continued, "Mr. Duanmu Zhe, could you help me? I'm afraid I might fall again."

"I'll help you instead," said Mo Qingyi as she hopped out of the front passenger seat and walked over to support Luo Yu.

"That would trouble you, Qingyi," Luo Yu spoke sweetly. She did not want to ruin her image in front of Duanmu Zhe, and then she added, "I've been feeling carsick, especially since getting pregnant, and it's gotten worse. I heard sitting in the front passenger seat helps with carsickness. Could you give up your seat for me, Qingyi?"

As she spoke, Luo Yu covered her mouth and began to retch violently, as if she were about to vomit her entire stomach out.

Since she planned to break up Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe, Luo Yu would naturally exploit every opportunity to ingratiate herself.

Mo Qingyi was about to refuse, when the elderly Mrs. Mo from the back seat said, "Qingyi, let Luo Yu take the front passenger seat. You can sit in the back with me."

The corners of Luo Yu's mouth lifted into a smug smile. She knew Mrs. Mo would look out for her, which was why she dared to ask, and Mo Qingyi was indeed someone who listened well to Mrs. Mo.

Mo Qingyi frowned in silence, angry but resigned to helping Luo Yu into the front passenger seat.

"Thank you, Qingyi," said Luo Yu, now seated in the front. She turned her head to thank Mo Qingyi, "You really are considerate."

Mo Qingyi lowered her gaze to her phone, too indifferent to bother with her.

Duanmu Zhe was also unhappy, but it didn't show on the surface.

Probably no one was happy except for Luo Yu.

They soon arrived at the hospital.

Because Duanmu Zhe had notified the hospital in advance, they were given VIP access. Upon reaching the third floor, they began various examinations.

The attending doctor for this prenatal checkup was named Li Yun, Duanmu Zhe's university classmate. She was young and good-looking.

Despite her youthful and attractive appearance, she was actually the mother of three children.

"According to the examination results, Miss Luo is indeed pregnant, and based on the ultrasound, it looks like she is carrying quadruplets. Congratulations to the elderly Mrs. Mo and Miss Luo," Li Yun adjusted her glasses as she spoke casually, but her words shocked Mrs. Mo and the others.

"Quadruplets?" Mrs. Mo excitedly held Li Yun's hand, "Doctor, are you sure there's no mistake?"

Quadruplets!?

Luo Yu was also overjoyed.

She hadn't anticipated such luck—her belly was proving so fruitful. Now she no longer needed to worry about the sex of the children! With quadruplets, there were sure to be both boys and girls. She truly was fortunate!

"Rest assured, Mrs. Mo, I've made no mistake," Li Yun smiled, holding the ultrasound report, "Even if you don't trust me, you should trust the science. Look here, there are four yolk sacs, definitely quadruplets. There's no mistake, don't worry."

"Okay, okay, thank you, Doctor, thank you," Mrs. Mo was genuinely excited—she had never expected Luo Yu to be carrying quadruplets.

With this, not only could Mo Zhixuan have a houseful of children, but she could also look forward to a household full of grandchildren.

Even Mo Qingyi found it somewhat unbelievable.

Quadruplets?

She had only heard of such things before, never experienced them firsthand.

It seemed there would be much excitement in the Mo family in the future. With quadruplets, wouldn't Luo Yu bask in glory?

Mo Qingyi's eyes flashed with a hint of worry.

She was somewhat concerned; Luo Yu had made such a fuss with just one baby, and now that the ultrasound revealed quadruplets, it might turn the Mo family upside down.

In the midst of everyone's excitement, Li Yun continued to speak.

"You must pay attention to preserving the pregnancy, folic acid must be taken, and progesterone injections are a must. Mothers of quadruplets have a much harder time than normal expectant mothers. You must avoid any strenuous exercise, maintain a calm disposition, rest quietly, rest more, and not overwork. Nutrition must also keep up, eat more fruits and vegetables, and remember to come to the hospital for regular check-ups."

Listening to Li Yun's words, Luo Yu held her head even higher.

From now on, the Mo family would be hers.

Quadruplets, quadruplets, her children were truly impressive.

"Yes, yes, Dr. Li, rest assured, I will do exactly as you've instructed," the Mo matriarch nodded repeatedly, her eyes red with excitement. She had never felt as stirred as she did at that moment.

As they left the doctor's office, the Mo matriarch carefully supported Luo Yu, fearing any mishap; after all, her belly held her four precious grandsons.

The Mo family finally had hope.

Waiting outside, Duanmu Zhe hurried over when he saw them come out and asked Mo Qingyi, "What did the doctor say?"

Mo Qingyi extended four fingers toward Duanmu Zhe and said calmly, "Quadruplets."

"Quadruplets?" Duanmu Zhe looked at Luo Yu's belly, somewhat shocked. Indeed, Luo Yu's belly did look different from that of an ordinary person; she was only a few weeks pregnant, but her belly seemed to be protruding a bit.

However, Duanmu Zhe quickly recovered and congratulated Luo Yu, "Congratulations, Miss Luo."

"Thank you." Luo Yu gently caressed her belly, supported by the Mo matriarch, like a proud peacock.

"Auntie Mo and Qingqing, you go ahead and wait for me downstairs. My throat has been a bit uncomfortable lately; I'll get some medicine first," Duanmu Zhe said, looking at the Mo matriarch.

The Mo matriarch, now wholly focused on Luo Yu's pregnancy, didn't quite catch what Duanmu Zhe had said and just kept nodding, "Alright, alright, you go ahead."

Mo Qingyi glanced at Duanmu Zhe and said, "I'll go with you."

"Alright," Duanmu Zhe nodded.

"No," Luo Yu raised her voice, interrupting their conversation.

"What business is it of yours?" Mo Qingyi frowned slightly, looking at Luo Yu with impatience.

Luo Yu smiled and said, "Qingqing, please come and support me. After all, I am now pregnant, and the doctor said that I need to rest quietly and avoid vigorous activity. Auntie Mo is quite old, and I'm not comfortable with just her supporting me..."

Mo Qingyi, frustrated, said, "May I ask if you are paralyzed or disabled? Do you need someone to help you walk?"

"Ah, Qingqing, how can your mouth be so venomous?" Luo Yu puffed out her belly and spoke in a gentle tone, "I am a pregnant woman, and I'm carrying your brother's children. They are all your nephews and nieces. Is this how you wish them harm, as their aunt?"

Just as Mo Qingyi was about to say something, the Mo matriarch interrupted. "Qingqing, come over here, don't upset Luo Yu."

Luo Yu heard this and felt even more justified. "Did you hear that? Hurry over. The doctor also said that I can't get upset, I must remain calm. If something happens to the children in my belly, can you take responsibility?"

Luo Yu could now only use her pregnancy to her advantage.

The trouble was, the Mo matriarch really did care about the children in her womb.

Hearing this, Mo Qingyi clenched her fists and, swallowing her anger, walked over and supported Luo Yu's arm.

"Mr. Duanmu, we will wait for you downstairs," Luo Yu smiled at Duanmu Zhe, her demeanor gentle as if the sharp-tongued woman from before was not her at all.

Duanmu Zhe nodded subtly and then strode away.

Meanwhile, Luo Yu also turned around and said to Mo Qingyi with a smile, "Please support me steadily, didn't you eat?"

Mo Qingyi's expression was icy, her face drawn, and she remained silent.

After the three of them vanished into the elevator, Duanmu Zhe emerged from the side and walked to Li Yun's office.

"The old classmate is here," Li Yun adjusted his glasses, looked up at Duanmu Zhe, and pointed to the chair in front of him, "Sit."

"Did the test results come out?" Duanmu Zhe got straight to the point.

"Quadruplets, don't you already know?" Li Yun smiled faintly.

"I mean the paternity test result," Duanmu Zhe's expression was serious, "Are those children truly Brother Jiu's?"

This was Duanmu Zhe's true reason for bringing Luo Yu for the check-up.

He did not believe that Mo Zhixuan could do something to betray Chu Jin.

Although Luo Yu bore a slight resemblance to Chu Jin on the surface, in terms of temperament, cultivation, quality, she didn't even come close to one ten-thousandth of Chu Jin.

Such a person was simply not worthy of Mo Zhixuan.

In the ordinary world, it is impossible to perform paternity tests on unborn fetuses, but the Superpower World is different. Here, technology is advanced, and medical science is more than 50 years ahead of the ordinary world.

"It won't be that quick," Li Yun said with a slight smile, "It's still being identified. There are many procedures involved, it's not as simple as you might think."

"How soon is the fastest?" Duanmu Zhe continued to ask.

Given the current situation, if Luo Yu stayed at the Mo family's residence for two more months, Mo Qingyi would probably go insane.

Li Yun said this while sorting through patient files on her desk.

"The soonest would be about 2 months. Don't worry, Jiuge's matters are my matters. I'll keep it in mind. If it can be expedited, I will certainly do so. To tell you the truth, I also feel that woman is not good enough for Jiuge."

Li Yun saw all kinds of pregnant women every day, good and bad, and she could tell them apart at a glance.

A typical mother, upon learning she was pregnant, especially with quadruplets, would be incredibly excited, her face overflowing with the joy of impending motherhood.

However, in Luo Yu's eyes, she saw only greed.

Endless greed.

To her, those children were just a tool for climbing the social ladder.

Luo Yu was truly unfit to be a mother.

"Then I'll have to trouble you, Li Yun. Remember, please expedite it and contact me as soon as the results are out," Duanmu Zhe said, standing up.

For now, being anxious wasn't helpful; there was nothing to do but wait.

Li Yun stood up as well, "Okay, rest assured, I will definitely help expedite it for you."

Duanmu Zhe then said, "I'll be leaving then."

"Alright, take it easy," Li Yun replied, as if suddenly remembering something, she continued to ask, "By the way, how are things going between you and the young lady of the Mo family? I just saw her; she's very pretty and suits you well."

She already had three kids, and there was still no movement on Duanmu Zhe's part.

The Superpower World had fewer people and encouraged large families, nearly every household had three or four children, and Duanmu Zhe already had three older sisters himself.

"Thank you," Duanmu Zhe couldn't help but smile when Mo Qingyi was mentioned, "I'll invite you for a drink when I get things done."

Li Yun also smiled, "Alright, then I'll be looking forward to your wedding banquet."

"Hmm."

After walking a few steps away, Duanmu Zhe turned back and said to Li Yun, "Give me some medicine to moisten the throat."

He had said earlier that he had come for throat-moistening medicine, and if he returned empty-handed now, it would surely raise suspicions.

"Sure." Li Yun did not ask why and directly prescribed the medicine for Duanmu Zhe.

Duanmu Zhe took the prescription and walked toward the first-floor medication dispensing window.

Meanwhile, the elder Mrs. Mo and Mo Qingyi were helping Luo Yu out of the elevator.

Seeing Mo Qingyi beside her, Luo Yu deliberately said with cynicism, "Qingyi, can you walk slower, please? I'm wearing high heels and can't keep up with you. If I twist my ankle, you won't be able to afford the responsibility."

Anyway, she had to constantly find ways to pick on Mo Qingyi these days.

Mo Qingyi glanced at her and then said, "I've always walked like this. If you're dissatisfied, you can find someone else."

"Why speak so loudly?" Luo Yu exclaimed in feigned shock, patting her chest, "Scaring me is one thing, but what if you scare the children in my belly? They're still so small and can't handle this kind of rough treatment!"

Mo Qingyi bit her lip; she was really close to losing control!

If this were in the army, she would have already been subject to military discipline!

Luo Yu was just the kind of person who needed to be put in her place!

"Qingyi, lower your voice and be more gentle. You'll soon be an aunt, how can you be so impatient?" the elder Mrs. Mo said, then turning to Luo Yu, she added, "Luo Yu, now that you're pregnant, you have to take responsibility for the children in your womb. You certainly can't wear high heels anymore. I know there's a shoe store up ahead, come on, I'll take you to choose a pair."

If it weren't for the four children in Luo Yu's womb, who could bear such an insatiable, ungrateful woman?

At that, Luo Yu stopped in her tracks and pretended to be troubled.

"Never mind, I'm not comfortable in store-bought shoes. Back at the Chu family, I only wore custom-made shoes. By the way, the pair Qingyi is wearing looks nice. How about she swaps with me?"

"Dream on," Mo Qingyi scoffed at Luo Yu.

"Then forget it," Luo Yu said indifferently, "after all, I'm carrying quadruplets. Even if one slips away, there are still three left, no big deal."

"That's out of the question, Qingyi," the elder Mrs. Mo turned her gaze to Mo Qingyi, "Luo Yu is not in a position to be accommodating right now, so you switch with her."

"Mom!" Mo Qingyi frowned slightly.

"Be obedient," the elder Mrs. Mo said softly.

Luo Yu looked at Mo Qingyi with a smile in her eyes, which held a sly triumphant glint.

This feeling of trampling Mo Qingyi underfoot was just too delightful.

What Mo family's eldest daughter.

In her eyes, she was nothing!

Mo Qingyi had no choice but to take off her flat shoes and put them on Luo Yu.

Mo Qingyi's feet were a bit smaller than Luo Yu's, and those high heels were a full ten centimeters tall; plus, she had never worn high heels before, so she walked with a limp, like a child who had just learned to walk.

Seeing this, the sarcastic look in Luo Yu's eyes grew even more distinct.

Still, the Mo family's eldest daughter, yet she can't even wear high heels, such a disgrace that can't show her face in public.

Just wait, once she became the head mistress of the Mo family, she would find a beggar for Mo Qingyi to marry, and let her become a low-class person forever.

The heels were indeed too high, and the shoes were much too big and loose-fitting; Mo Qingyi couldn't find her balance at all. After just a few steps, she suddenly fell forward.

Just as she was about to hit the ground, Duanmu Zhe, coming from behind, narrowed his eyes, leapt forward with a swift stride, extended his long arm, and caught Mo Qingyi in his arms, performing a very handsome chivalrous rescue.

Without saying much, Duanmu Zhe, with a stern face, took off the crystal shoes from Mo Qingyi's feet before she could fully react, and threw them straight into the nearby trash can, then picked up Mo Qingyi and walked her towards the car.

This series of actions was both suave and manly.

Mo Qingyi was stunned for a long time, unable to react; she couldn't hear any sound, the only thing she could hear was their heartbeats.

Luo Yu, following behind, was green with anger!

She had wanted to embarrass Mo Qingyi, but she never imagined her actions would actually favor her!

Even someone brainless like Duanmu Zhe was interested in a woman as unkempt as Mo Qingyi.

It seemed she still had to work hard.

Duanmu Zhe placed Mo Qingyi in the passenger seat, and the Mo elder madam and Luo Yu followed behind, walking over. Luo Yu was about to ask Mo Qingyi to get out of the car, after all, the passenger seat was her exclusive spot.

As if he knew what Luo Yu was intending, Duanmu Zhe politely said to her, "I apologize for the inconvenience, Miss Luo, to have to sit in the back."

Luo Yu's expression changed slightly, then she said softly, "I don't mind."

The Mo elder madam helped Luo Yu into the back seat.

Mo Qingyi looked gratefully at Duanmu Zhe.

Duanmu Zhe gave her a smile, then immediately started the engine and drove off.

On the road, Luo Yu kept trying to start conversations, attempting to draw Duanmu Zhe's attention to her, but he didn't respond to her.

Luo Yu was nearly furious.

It was all the fault of Mo Qingyi, that little wretch.

If it hadn't been for her, why would Duanmu Zhe have such a big issue with her!

Soon, they arrived back at the Mo residence.

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were the first to get out of the car.

Duanmu Zhe was a very gentlemanly man, bending over to open the car door for the Mo elder madam and Luo Yu.

The Mo elder madam got out first and extended her hand to Luo Yu, "Come, let me help you out."

"Aunt Mo, no offense, but with your failing eyesight, I really don't feel safe," Luo Yu caressed her belly, "I'm carrying four of the Mo family's children here. Why don't you let someone young and strong help me too?"

Luo Yu cast a casual glance at Mo Qingyi nearby.

Mo Qingyi, barefooted, was about to go back to change her shoes; hearing the words, she immediately turned and walked into the house.

"Qingyi, come here," called the Mo elder madam to the back of Mo Qingyi.

"Aunt Mo, is this really appropriate?" Duanmu Zhe frowned slightly.

"There's nothing inappropriate about it," the Mo elder madam maintained her usual expression, "Luo Yu is pregnant, we should be more considerate."

The Mo elder madam knew that Luo Yu was deliberately making trouble, but she could only endure it.

Now, the four children in Luo Yu's womb were the Mo family's entire hope.

A sly smile curled up on Luo Yu's lips.

Chapter 686: copy without error

Mo Qingyi took a deep breath and walked over to this side.

The Old Madam Mo and Mo Qingyi held Luo Yu on each side, walking toward the Mo family's main gate.

Seeing this, the servants were all shocked.

The two most prestigious women of the Mo family were currently serving Luo Yu, does this mean that from now on, the lady of the house would become Luo Yu?

How terrifying, this is just too terrifying.

"Old Madam, Young Miss, Mrs. Tong is here," Mo Lingna walked out from inside, speaking very respectfully, and directly ignored Luo Yu.

As soon as her words fell, Tong Zhi walked out from inside.

She was still wearing the same cheongsam, walking in high heels with elegant steps, and slowly approaching this way.

"Sister, Qingqing," Tong Zhi approached with a smile on her lips, and when she saw Duanmu Zhe, she said in surprise, "Oh, isn't this Duanmu? My little Duanmu, you're back, your Aunt Tong has missed you to death."

Tong Zhi went over and hugged Duanmu Zhe.

"Aunt Tong," Duanmu Zhe also gently hugged Tong Zhi.

Tong Zhi had watched Duanmu Zhe grow up, so their embrace was filled with deep familial affection.

Actually, Tong Zhi had wanted to call Duanmu Zhe her nephew-in-law for some time now.

Unfortunately, these two had always been unforthcoming.

"You're not leaving this time, are you?" Tong Zhi released Duanmu Zhe and continued to ask.

"Yes," Duanmu Zhe nodded, "My work is around here now, so I'm not going anywhere for the time being."

"That's good, that's very good," Tong Zhi nodded in satisfaction, "This way, it will also save our Qingyi the trouble of worrying every day."

"Aunt Tong..." Mo Qingyi was a young girl after all, and felt somewhat shy being spoken about in this way.

With a light smile, Tong Zhi looked at Mo Qingyi, and as if she had just noticed Luo Yu between the Old Madam and Mo Qingyi, she feigned surprise and said, "Oh, and who might this be? An unfamiliar face, from a distance I thought you were the Empress Dowager herself walking out of the palace. How about it, shall I kowtow to you?"

Upon hearing those words, Luo Yu frowned slightly. She instinctively felt that this woman was a formidable character, not so easy to deal with.

However, in this house, the highest authority was the Old Madam Mo, and she didn't care for anyone else.

Even if this woman was formidable, she could still suppress her completely!

Luo Yu didn't fear the Old Madam, why would she fear this woman?

Luo Yu lifted the corners of her lips, looking at Tong Zhi, "My name is Luo Yu, and I am the Mo family's future..."

"Luo Yu..." The smile on Tong Zhi's face suddenly froze at the corners of her mouth, and her voice chilled instantly, "Luo Yu, is it? I wondered who dared to bully my dear niece, it seems you don't wish to live!"

With those words, there was a loud "slap," a resounding slap landed on Luo Yu's face.

Luo Yu's head whipped to the side, seeing stars, and a trickle of blood seeped from the corner of her mouth.

"Xiao Zhi! What are you doing!" the Old Madam Mo asked with great concern.

Mo Qingyi was completely stunned.

She hadn't expected that Tong Zhi came to vent for her.

Shocked, but mostly touched.

Having such an aunt, she truly felt blessed in this life.

"I'm sorry, my hand slipped, I didn't mean to hit her!" Tong Zhi looked at Luo Yu with an apologetic face, then turned toward the Old Madam Mo, "Sister, it's nothing serious, just a superficial wound, it won't affect the child in her belly."

Tong Zhi had long known about Luo Yu, and she was aware of her pregnancy, as well as the fact that Luo Yu had taken over Mo Qingyi's room.

Just as Tong Zhi said, she was indeed there to vent for Mo Qingyi.

"You dare hit me! Do you know who I am? You actually dared to hit me!" Luo Yu covered her face, looking at Tong Zhi with disbelief, her eyes filled with sinister malice.

Her belly was carrying the Mo family's four children!

This madwoman, she actually dared to lay hands on her.

Tong Zhi stepped forward, smiling, "My hand just slipped a bit, seems like I hit off target, but not this time."

As soon as she finished speaking, another "smack!" echoed.

Luo Yu's right cheek bore several swollen slap marks.

The swelling on both sides was symmetrical.

"Ah!" Luo Yu screamed out loud.

Where on earth did this crazy woman come from! She actually dared to do this to her!

These past few days, everyone in the Mo family had been treating her like an ancestor.

No one dared to say a harsh word to her, yet this woman, she actually dared to hit her! And it was two slaps.

"Tong Zhi!" the old Madam Mo frowned slightly, "You've gone too far, after all, Luo Yu is a pregnant woman... "

After those two slaps, Luo Yu's face immediately swelled up like a big pig's head.

Actually, deep down, old Madam Mo also felt quite relieved seeing Luo Yu beaten like this.

She had been fed up with Luo Yu for quite some time.

A petulant and arrogant thing like her needed to be put in her place.

Old Madam Mo expressed her concern because she worried about Luo Yu's belly, after all, inside it carried the Mo family's offspring.

"I've said, I won't harm the children," Tong Zhi said, looking at old Madam Mo, "Sister, don't indulge such a person. It would be better if she dropped dead, being alive is just a waste of air, the sooner dead the better."

Tong Zhi, wearing ten-centimeter heels, stood a head taller than Luo Yu, looking down at her imposingly.

Luo Yu was so angry she was shaking all over.

Seeing such a Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi's eyes nearly shone with admiration.

Aunt Tong was indeed impressive.

Mo Qingyi praised Tong Zhi in her heart.

These two slaps were truly satisfying.

To make Luo Yu stop her arrogance and disdain!

"Tong Zhi!" The old Madam Mo's face darkened as she spoke in a low voice, "Luo Yu is carrying quadruplets, can't you restrain yourself a bit?"

After all, Luo Yu was pregnant, so old Madam Mo always had to speak a few words of pretense.

She believed that after this incident, Luo Yu wouldn't dare to act up again.

"Quadruplets?" Tong Zhi raised her eyebrows slightly, "Offending my grandniece, it doesn't matter if it's quadruplets or even decaplets, I will hit regardless! Besides, who knows whose children are actually in her belly? Sister, make sure you don't get tricked!"

Tong Zhi spoke with overwhelming dominance.

Mo Qingyi wanted to applaud her.

Why is there such a big gap between the old Madam Mo and Tong Zhi when they are sisters from the same mother?

"You madwoman, you actually dared to hit me," Luo Yu cried, holding her face with one hand and grasping old Madam Mo's hand with the other, complaining, "Aunt Mo, you must stand up for me, otherwise, I can't live on!"

Luo Yu resorted to her old tricks.

Because she knew Madame Mo would never let her die.

In the end, that crazy woman would definitely have to apologize to her.

Madame Mo patted Luo Yu on the back, consoling her, "Luo Yu, don't cry, Tong Zhi didn't do it on purpose. You're a junior, there's no need to take it to heart with your elders."

Madame Mo also wanted to use today's incident to curb Luo Yu's temperament.

Upon hearing these words, Luo Yu cried even more bitterly, "Auntie Mo, how can you be like this? I really can't live anymore!"

This damn old hag, today she actually didn't care about whether I lived or died.

Luo Yu was somewhat surprised,

But she couldn't just let it go.

Otherwise, it would be too much of a loss of face.

Luo Yu's wails grew louder as she kept clamoring that she didn't want to live anymore.

"Don't want to live?" Tong Zhi said with a smile, "That's great, it saves me from dirtying my hands. Go ahead and die quickly, there's a pillar over there, go knock yourself against it. If you don't feel like hitting the pillar, I can lend you a knife."

With that, Tong Zhi took a dagger from her space and handed it to Luo Yu, "Come on, you can go die now."

Tong Zhi was very serious, with not a trace of a joke on her beautiful face.

Luo Yu's crying stopped abruptly as she stared unblinkingly at Tong Zhi, her hands clenched so tightly that her fingernails dug deep into her flesh without her realizing.

Luo Yu felt like she was going to die of anger.

This was the first time someone had held a knife to her, telling her to die.

And it was while she was pregnant.

"Tong Zhi!" Madame Mo turned towards Tong Zhi, raising her voice angrily, "You're being too reckless!"

Seeing this, Madame Mo became somewhat afraid, feeling that the joke might have gone too far.

"Sister," Tong Zhi still wore a smile, "I'm merely abiding by the old saying; you can never save someone who wants to die. Since she is so eager to die, why not fulfill her wish?"

Tong Zhi knew exactly what Luo Yu was thinking, which is why she deliberately said such things.

"Fine!" Luo Yu looked up at Tong Zhi and said roughly, "Since you are so eager for me to die, I will die for you to see!"

As she spoke, Luo Yu snatched the dagger from Tong Zhi's hand and pressed the sharp blade against her own neck, choking up, "My children, it's Mommy's fault. I hope you'll be reborn into a good family in your next life..."

Luo Yu had to make Tong Zhi give in today.

Otherwise, the authority she had built up among the Mo family's servants over the past few days would crumble in an instant!

"Luo Yu, calm down, don't do this, put down the knife!" Madame Mo's complexion turned pale in an instant, terrified that Luo Yu might accidentally hurt the baby in her womb.

Madame Mo had only intended to give Luo Yu an explanation.

She never actually wanted her to use the knife.

"If you want me to put down the knife and preserve the Mo family's bloodline, then make this woman kneel down and apologize to me! Otherwise, I will die right here and now!" Luo Yu knew Madame Mo would certainly not let her go and couldn't bear the thought of losing the four children in her womb.

Luo Yu was indeed capitalizing on this.

In truth, how could Luo Yu bear to die?

She was merely bluffing to scare Madame Mo and Tong Zhi.

"Let her die!" Tong Zhi spoke coldly, pulling on Madame Mo's arm and addressing the servants, "None of you is to go over there. Sister, let's go!"

Without paying further attention to Luo Yu, Tong Zhi walked towards the inner room, pulling Madame Mo with her.

Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi followed closely behind.

Who was Tong Zhi?

She wasn't Madame Mo!

And how could she be frightened by Luo Yu?

Luo Yu thought she could act in front of her but was still too inexperienced.

Luo Yu watched their retreating backs, disbelief in her eyes!

Tong Zhi really had some nerve.

To be able to disregard her own life and death!

What should she do now?

They just turned and left?

Was she really going to die?

Luo Yu was unwilling to die like this.

She hadn't gained any advantage yet.

Biting her lip, Luo Yu held the dagger to her neck, watching the fading backs of the others.

"Tong Zhi," Madame Mo spoke up with a pale face, lowering her voice, "Won't this really lead to a loss of life?"

Madame Mo was very worried and anxious.

Tong Zhi calmly replied, "Sister, trust me, she doesn't want to die. Besides, it's not even certain whether the child in her belly is Zhixuan's. You don't need to be so nervous,"

Tong Zhi had always been a very rational person, intelligent, decisive in action.

Sometimes, Zhixuan's temperament didn't resemble Madame Mo but more like Tong Zhi.

"But..." Madame Mo looked utterly conflicted.

Madame Mo wanted to discipline Luo Yu but also worried about her belly, and she couldn't decide what to do.

With a smile on her face, Tong Zhi patted Madame Mo's hand, "No buts. This kind of woman, the moment she lifts her butt, I know if she's going to poop or fart. Listen to me, you're right! After all, you are the Madame of the Mo family, how can you let such a woman ride on your neck? If it continues like this, I'm afraid the Mo family will have to change its name."

At these words, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe both let out low laughs.

Tong Zhi's words were crude, but the logic was sound.

She had always been a straightforward person.

Indeed, right after Tong Zhi finished speaking, a sharp sound filled the air.

It was the sound of the dagger being furiously thrown to the ground.

Luo Yu angrily called out, "Someone, help me back to my room!"

Luo Yu had given in.

But she was extremely reluctant.

This was the first time she had felt so humiliated for such a long time.

She had to find a way to reestablish her authority!

Chapter 687: my request isn't too much, right?

"Yes." Several servants immediately stepped forward to support Luo Yu's arm, bypassing the Mo family matriarch and notifying them as they walked to the other side.

"See, I was right," Tong Zhi stopped walking, watching Luo Yu's departing figure with the corners of her mouth slightly curled.

Seeing this, the Mo family matriarch finally breathed a sigh of relief.

It seemed that Tong Zhi had done the right thing.

She herself would have to learn more from Tong Zhi in the future; she couldn't let Luo Yu sway her thoughts any longer.

"Aunt Tong, you are truly amazing, you guessed it right!" Mo Qingyi came over, taking Tong Zhi's arm.

Tong Zhi humbly said, "Just average, third in the world."

"You're the first, the first," Mo Qingyi raised her thumb towards Tong Zhi, "Aunt Tong, you're too modest, you're definitely the best in the world."

Then, the Mo family matriarch spoke up, "Little Zhi, Luo Yu is, after all, carrying a child, don't you think your actions might have been a bit much?"

The mere thought of Luo Yu holding a knife just now made the Mo family matriarch feel both frightened and apprehensive.

Being older, she placed greater importance on offspring, and the Mo family matriarch was no exception.

She truly valued the child in Luo Yu's belly.

"Too much? I think it was too light!" Tong Zhi gently fanned herself with a cinnabar-colored fan, "Sister, it's not that I want to criticize, but you should have changed your temper by now. When your own daughter is bullied, you don't help her seek justice but instead you indulge her..."

If it were up to Tong Zhi, she would have beaten Luo Yu so badly she wouldn't recognize her own parents!

And she was supposed to tolerate Luo Yu taking Mo Qingyi's room?

"That's not how you should speak," the Mo family matriarch whispered, "What if something really were to happen to her, how could I face the ancestors of the Mo family?"

"Sister, you think too much," Tong Zhi said with a smile, "Whether it's Mo Zhixuan's child is still uncertain, and I believe Zhixuan is not that kind of person!"

Tong Zhi did trust Mo Zhixuan's character.

"I also want to believe that Zhixuan is not that kind of person!" the Mo family matriarch sighed, "But the fact is, that's how it is, I saw it with my own eyes that day... Ah, well, let's not talk about it."

The Mo family matriarch was nearly certain that the child in Luo Yu's belly was Mo Zhixuan's.

Since Luo Yu resembled Chu Jin, it was normal for Mo Zhixuan to make a mistake.

Seeing this, Tong Zhi did not say anything more. Don't let her age fool you; the Mo family matriarch was quite stubborn. Once she was set on something, not even nine cows could pull her back.

Tong Zhi understood her sister very well.

Since she believed so strongly that the child in Luo Yu's belly was Mo Zhixuan's, she must have her own reasons.

The group made their way to the hall.

After taking their seats, the Mo family matriarch turned to one of the servants, "Go fetch the jade cream from my room and give it to Miss Luo. Also, instruct the kitchen to prepare some dishes that Lady Tong enjoys and food suitable for a pregnant woman's palate."

The Mo family matriarch still had some concerns about Luo Yu.

The two slaps she had just administered were not light.

It was crucial that Luo Yu not develop any negative feelings.

The doctor had made it very clear that this should be carefully taken into account.

If the child were harmed, it would be a terrible loss.

"Yes, my lady," the servant replied respectfully as he withdrew.

Tong Zhi shook her head helplessly.

Her sister, it seemed, had truly become senile—she had just disciplined Luo Yu, and now her sister was immediately sending comfort her way.

Wasn't this hinting to Luo Yu that in the future, she could continue to act outrageously in the Mo family, assured that she had the Mo family matriarch to support her?

With the backing of the Mo family matriarch, what did Luo Yu have to fear?

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe too were at a loss for words; the Mo family matriarch's actions were indeed inappropriate.

"Sister, this isn't right..." Tong Zhi looked toward the Mo family matriarch, her brow slightly furrowed—the Mo family matriarch was after all her sister, so there was a limit to what she could say.

"There's nothing wrong with it," the Mo family matriarch patted Tong Zhi's hand with a smile, "Little Zhi, don't worry, I know where to draw the line."

"Sister, as long as you know where to draw the line, that's good," Tong Zhi looked at the Mo family matriarch, a trace of worry in her eyes,

She knew that the Mo family matriarch placed immense emphasis on the issue of heirs.

Considering Mo Zhixuan's situation, she had now put all her hopes on Luo Yu.

Putting aside the topic of Luo Yu.

The four of them enjoyed a very pleasant chat in the living room.

But.

Upstairs, Luo Yu grew increasingly indignant.

She was to be the illustrious future Nine Ye's wife! How could she be bullied by a madwoman!

That she dared to treat her this way today while pregnant, what about the future?

Wouldn't it mean that she had no place in the Mo family from now on?

No!

She absolutely couldn't allow such a thing to happen.

She had to reclaim control of the situation!

At that moment, a servant walked in, holding something and presented it to Luo Yu with utmost respect, "Miss Luo, the elder madam has prepared jade cream for you, and also, she has instructed the kitchen to prepare your favorite dishes. Rest assured, Miss Luo, the elder madam cares for you the most."

Although Luo Yu had been slapped, her status in the heart of the Mo family's elder madam had not diminished at all.

After all, she was carrying the Mo family's bloodline in her womb.

The servants were all well aware of this.

Therefore, they were also subconsciously trying to please Luo Yu.

Luo Yu looked at the jade cream on the table, her eyes narrowed slightly, a calculating look flickering across them.

If the elder madam could send gifts over, it meant that she still valued her greatly, it was just that she had been bewitched by that mad woman for a moment.

Luo Yu sat in front of the dressing mirror, raised her hand to touch her cheek, her eyes filled with a vicious intent, "Tell me, who is the mad woman in the lower hall of the Mo family? What is her relation to the elder madam?"

Before this, Luo Yu had never heard of Tong Zhi, nor had she seen her.

It seemed like Tong Zhi called the elder madam 'sister'.

Mo Qingyi addressed her as Aunt Tong.

Could it be that Tong Zhi was the elder madam's sister?

But, looking at them, Tong Zhi and the elder madam were too different! They didn't look like sisters at all, it wouldn't be too much to say they were mother and daughter.

If you were to talk about sisters,

Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi looked more like siblings.

How could she possibly be the elder madam's sister?

She could be some distant relative, trying to cling to the higher branch.

After all, it's good to enjoy the shade under a large Mo tree.

The elder madam was really confused to follow the words of someone like Tong Zhi.

The servant placed the jade cream on the vanity, very respectfully saying, "Miss Luo, you must be talking about Mrs. Tong, the elder madam's own sister, and also the maternal aunt of Nine Ye and the young miss."

The mad woman is the elder madam's own sister?

Luo Yu was stunned for a moment.

She hadn't expected that the mad woman was indeed the elder madam's own sister.

No wonder the elder madam indulged her so much.

As long as that mad woman was around, she wouldn't have good days ahead, Tong Zhi wasn't as easy to handle as the elder madam.

Tong Zhi was not only difficult to handle but also a very assertive person.

She was very clever.

As if she could read minds.

She had to do something to make Tong Zhi disappear from the Mo family forever.

With that thought in mind, a cold light flashed in Luo Yu's eyes.

It seems, if she wasn't a bit more ruthless this time, it would not suffice!

Luo Yu's gaze swept over the dagger on the table.

Downstairs.

It was time for dinner. The elder madam sat in the dining room with Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, and Duanmu Zhe.

The elder madam glanced at the few people beside the table and then directed the servant, "Go call Miss Luo down for dinner."

The servant went off immediately.

A few minutes later, the servant hurried downstairs, "Elder madam, Miss Luo refuses to come down for dinner."

"Then send the meal up to her," the elder madam said in a calm voice.

"It's not like that..." the servant's face showed difficulty, "Even if we send it up, Miss Luo will not eat."

The elder madam's brows furrowed slightly, "What's going on?"

The servant wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and continued, "Miss Luo said if you want her to eat, Mrs. Tong must personally deliver it and apologize to her, otherwise, she will fast to death."

These were Luo Yu's exact words, but in front of Tong Zhi, the servant still felt a bit fearful.

"Oh," Tong Zhi put down her chopsticks, pulled out a paper napkin, wiped her mouth, and spoke leisurely, "She's making a big fuss, fasting to death? Let her fast, it's good. Go tell her, if she wants to die, to die far away and not dirty the Mo family's place. There are so many ways to die in this world, tell her to pick another one that's more direct."

The elder madam cared about the child in Luo Yu's belly, but Tong Zhi did not.

Because, from the start, Tong Zhi never believed the child was really Mo Zhixuan's.

Her great-nephew would never do such a thing.

And Luo Yu had somehow brewed a bewitching potion for her sister, leading her to believe without doubt.

"This..." the servant's face showed embarrassment, "That might be too much..."

Asking Luo Yu to die?

Even if the servant had ten times the courage, he wouldn't dare to do such a thing!

The elder madam also spoke up to stop her, "Xiao Zhi... you're going too far!"

"Sister, don't worry, there's nothing to worry about," Tong Zhi gently patted Luo Yu's hand, "I understand these kinds of women better than you do. She won't easily seek death, rest assured."

Tong Zhi understood very well what kind of woman Luo Yu was.

A woman like her, priding herself on having a child, thought she owned the world, how could she bear to die?

Only her naive sister could believe such nonsense.

As she spoke, Tong Zhi looked up at the servant, "Go now, and convey my words exactly as I said them to Miss Luo upstairs."

Tong Zhi's demeanor was very resolute, and there was not a hint of jest on her face.

Luo Yu thought she could compete with her?

She was still too green.

"Certainly, Mrs. Tong." The servant, aware of Tong Zhi's status in the Mo family, took a step back and then headed upstairs.

The old matriarch of the Mo family flashed a look of concern but didn't say anything, simply bowing her head and sipping the chicken soup in her bowl.

Luo Yu wouldn't really die, would she?

Tong Zhi was right, a woman like Luo Yu shouldn't be willing to die!

Having a habit of frequently threatening to die was not good.

That's why the old matriarch didn't stop Tong Zhi.

She hoped that this time Tong Zhi could completely rectify Luo Yu's habit.

About half an hour later.

The servant hurriedly ran down from upstairs, "Madam... Madam... Madam, something terrible has happened."

"What's the matter?" asked the old matriarch, setting down her chopsticks with a displeased tone.

The servant, sweating profusely and stammering, said, "After I relayed Mrs. Tong's words to Miss Luo... Miss Luo, she, she, she slit her wrists and attempted suicide!"

"What!?" Upon hearing this, the old matriarch's face turned deathly pale, her blood seemingly flowing backward.

Committed suicide?

Luo Yu actually went through with it!

It seemed Tong Zhi had made a misjudgment this time!

However, the old matriarch quickly calmed down, "How is she now, quickly, go call Doctor Wang?"

The servant continued, "The butler has already sent for Doctor Wang, Miss Luo has now passed out."

"Quickly, follow me upstairs," the old matriarch couldn't care less about anything else and immediately walked towards the stairs.

The servant hurried after her.

In contrast to the old matriarch's panic, Tong Zhi was calm and collected, sitting at the table and sipping bird's nest soup.

She knew this was Luo Yu's self-inflicted ploy.

Pity that her naive sister cared too much about the child in Luo Yu's womb.

"Sister, there's no need for you to go up; if you do, you'll be falling right into her trap!" Tong Zhi spoke indifferently towards the old matriarch's retreating figure.

The old matriarch glanced back at Tong Zhi, "A human life is at stake, what time is it now, and you're still saying such heartless things!"

If it could scare the servant to such an extent, it must be true that Luo Yu was in earnest this time!

So the old matriarch was very worried.

Worried about the four children and whether they would be affected.

Upon hearing this, Tong Zhi shook her head helplessly.

Her sister, she feared, was beyond help.

"Aunt Tong, you don't think anything serious will happen, do you?" Mo Qingyi asked while nibbling on a chicken leg.

Mo Qingyi wasn't concerned about Luo Yu; she was merely asking offhandedly.

Moreover, if Luo Yu truly died at the Mo family's home, wouldn't that be incredibly unlucky?

"Rest assured, she won't die," Aunt Tong lifted the corner of her mouth, "Her little tricks are still too immature to work on me."

"Aunt Tong VS." Mo Qingyi gave Tong Zhi a thumbs-up.

She truly admired Tong Zhi.

Upstairs.

Doctor Wang soon had Luo Yu's wounds treated.

At that moment, Luo Yu was lying on the bed, her eyes closed tightly, her face pale, showing little sign of life.

"Doctor Wang, how is she, is the child in her womb safe?" the old matriarch pulled Doctor Wang aside and asked in a low voice.

"It's lucky we found her in time; otherwise, not just the child, even the adult's life would be at risk," Doctor Wang's face was grim as he continued, "Madam, forgive my frankness, a pregnant woman should maintain a good mood, should not get angry or agitated. But what have you done? You even brought knives into it. Next time you must be careful; Miss Luo's constitution is already weak, and if she endures any more shocks, I truly cannot guarantee the safety of the child!"

Luo Yu's injuries were indeed very severe.

All the major arteries in her wrist had been severed.

The duty of a doctor is compassion.

Doctor Wang continued, "Madam, no matter what disputes occur in this household, you shouldn't take it out on a pregnant woman. From what I've seen, Miss Luo is very likely carrying quadruplets; that cut could have resulted in one corpse and five lives!"

Doctor Wang knew that Luo Yu had attempted suicide.

Great houses have always been rife with conflict.

She didn't understand Luo Yu's character; she was simply speaking from the perspective of valuing a life.

"Yes, yes, I understand," the old Madam Mo nodded, "Doctor Wang, don't worry, such an incident will certainly not happen again in the future. This time it was indeed my oversight. Are you certain? Is the baby truly alright?"

The old Madam Mo was still somewhat uneasy.

When she had just come in, Luo Yu was lying on the bed, and the entire white sheet was stained red with Luo Yu's blood!

The sight had so frightened the old Madam Mo that she thought Luo Yu had miscarried!

But thankfully, Luo Yu was alright.

"It's alright, you can rest assured. Currently, the fetus is still stable. It's just..." Doctor Wang hesitated before continuing, "It's just that Miss Luo really can't be subjected to any more stress! I'll prescribe her a few medications, make sure she takes them on time. Don't worry, these medicines won't affect the fetus."

"Alright, then we'll be troubling you, Doctor Wang."

After prescribing the medicine, Doctor Wang was sent away by a servant.

Meanwhile, the old Madam Mo sat by the bed, still clearly rattled.

She was truly frightened.

It was fortunate they had discovered it in time.

Otherwise, her four grandsons would have turned into a pool of blood.

After a short while, Luo Yu slowly opened her eyes. After seeing the old Madam Mo at her side, she closed them again and said with great disgust, "What are you doing here? Didn't you tell me to go die? What, are you disappointed that I didn't succeed?"

Luo Yu knew she wouldn't die, but this time, she really had taken a huge risk!

If she hadn't timed it so that the servants discovered her after she had cut her wrists, she might have really...

She hoped to successfully drive Tong Zhi away!

To forever banish Tong Zhi from the Mo family.

No one could threaten her position as Lady Nine!

"Luo Yu, as a mother, you should shoulder the responsibility of being a mother," the old Madam Mo said with a frown, continuing, "Do you realize how irresponsible that behavior was? Ask yourself, are you fit to be a mother?"

"Mother?" Luo Yu opened her eyes, her gaze brimming with moisture, "Madam Mo, touch your heart and tell me, has the Mo family ever treated me like a mother, like a pregnant woman? Have you ever seen any pregnant woman's face get beaten like this? Have you ever seen a pregnant woman mocked to the point of suicide?"

Her words were cutting to the core.

Forcing a pregnant woman to die was an incredibly cruel thing!

Luo Yu wept bitterly.

The old Madam Mo suddenly found herself at a loss for words, and Luo Yu continued, "Since you all wish for my death, then I'll just die! Why did you bother to save me?"

Luo Yu was very agitated, every sentence she spoke having been carefully contemplated in advance.

The old Madam Mo's expression remained unchanged as she slowly said, "Tong Zhi was just joking with you, she didn't actually want you to die. And besides, you are carrying the Mo family's offspring in your womb. How could we possibly let you die? Don't think too much about it, just keep your spirits up and focus on healing during this time."

This incident was indeed Tong Zhi's fault, and the old Madam Mo felt somewhat guilty and regretful that she had not stopped Tong Zhi earlier.

Her precious grandsons had nearly...

But even if it was Tong Zhi's fault, the old Madam Mo would still defend Tong Zhi in front of Luo Yu.

After all, Tong Zhi was her only sister.

Upon hearing these words.

"Heh," Luo Yu let out a cold laugh, "This is the first time I've seen someone use death as a joke! Madam Mo, if I now tell you to go die, to go die right this moment, would you be happy about it? Also, do you think the scars on my face are also her way of joking with me?"

Luo Yu was pressing hard, her attitude extremely hostile, as if she wouldn't be content until she had skinned Tong Zhi alive.

The old Madam Mo's gaze grew colder, "Then what do you want?"

She knew that with all Luo Yu had said, there must be an ulterior motive.

"I want her to apologize! I want her to kneel down in front of everyone and apologize to me," Luo Yu insisted firmly, "She insulted me in front of so many servants, if she doesn't apologize, how can I possibly continue to stay in the Mo family with any dignity?"

As she spoke her last sentence, a vicious look appeared in Luo Yu's eyes.

This was the real purpose behind her feigned plight.

First, to test her standing in the old Madam Mo's heart.

Second, to suppress Tong Zhi's arrogance.

"Apology is out of the question," the old Madam Mo frowned, "No matter what, Tong Zhi is your elder. How could she possibly apologize to you in person? Forget about it."

Apologize?

And kneel?

How could that be possible?

How could a person like Tong Zhi ever kneel to someone else?

The old Madam Mo's brow furrowed slightly. Was Luo Yu getting too overbearing?

"I knew this would be the outcome," Luo Yu sat up from the bed, "If you don't want to apologize, then please, Madam Mo, do me the favor of sending her away yourself. I don't want to see her in the Mo family again!"

Luo Yu continued, "Every time I see her, I can't control myself. For the sake of the child in my womb, I ask you to personally drive her out of the Mo family. How about it, Aunt Mo, my request isn't too much, is it?"

Chapter 688: I hope you won't regret it

"You!" impatience had already surfaced in the eyes of the old Madam of the Mo family.

Although it was Tong Zhi's fault this time, Tong Zhi was her own younger sister, and the old Madam of the Mo family simply could not do such a thing.

Doing so would not only hurt Tong Zhi's heart but also damage the sisterly love between them.

Luo Yu's demand was really too much!

"What do you mean 'you'?" Luo Yu continued, "Between me and the four children in my belly, you make the choice. In the future, if I ever see that woman in the Mo family again, I guarantee that I will completely disappear from your sight."

Her last sentence was tinged with a strong threat.

The old Madam of the Mo family was shocked.

"Are you not overdoing it a bit?" the old Madam of the Mo family frowned slightly.

"Am I overdoing it?" A scornful smile appeared on Luo Yu's lips, "think carefully, is it me who has gone too far, or is it her? If you were in my shoes, would you be willing to live under the same roof as someone who could kill you at any moment?"

The old Madam remained silent, her brows furrowed tightly.

On one hand, she had her four grandsons, and on the other, her own younger sister; it was indeed a difficult situation for her.

However, Luo Yu did have a point in what she said.

Tong Zhi had always disliked Luo Yu, repeatedly provoking her and even suspecting that the children in Luo Yu's belly were not from the Mo family.

If Tong Zhi continued to stay in the Mo family, something bad was bound to happen.

At this moment, she had to prioritize the bigger picture.

She hoped that Tong Zhi would understand her.

Luo Yu curved her lips, "Anyway, I've told you the result. You think it over. I'll come downstairs in person after an hour. If I find her still here after I've descended, you weigh the consequences yourself. I, Luo Yu, have always kept my word, and by then, don't blame me for not warning you."

Luo Yu no longer had anything to fear at this point.

That's why she took such drastic measures.

Now in the Mo family,

She was the most powerful.

The old Madam stood up, "I have my judgments about this matter. You should rest well."

With that, she turned and left.

Luo Yu watched the old Madam's retreating figure, a smug arc raising on her lips.

The old hag, trying to fight against her?

No way!

The Mo family would sooner or later be hers.

The old Madam walked downstairs with a grave face.

In the dining room, Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, and Duanmu Zhe were still sitting at the table.

Seeing the old Madam descend, Tong Zhi lazily looked up, "How is it, sister? Luo Yu didn't die, did she? I knew it, she wouldn't dare to die. You're too worried about her. It's just a pregnancy, right? Does she think she's the Empress Dowager? That everyone should indulge her? If I were you, I would have trained her to behave a long time ago."

Everything was within Tong Zhi's control.

"Little Zhi!" the old Madam looked at Tong Zhi, "You really went too far this time! You're a grownup! Can't you watch your mouth?"

If it wasn't for Tong Zhi's unyielding tongue, this incident would not have occurred.

Both Luo Yu and Tong Zhi were at fault in this matter.

But Tong Zhi's fault was greater than Luo Yu's.

From the beginning, she shouldn't have let Tong Zhi run wild.

"Little Zhi, wouldn't it be better to avoid trouble when you can?" the old Madam continued, looking at Tong Zhi.

"Sister," Tong Zhi straightened her attitude, "What do you mean by that?"

What did she mean by it being better to have less trouble?

So, coming to the Mo family to rectify the family honor and to seek justice for Mo Qingyi had become her own fault?

Who was she doing this for?

Tong Zhi's eyebrows were deeply knitted.

If it weren't for the old Madam being her sister, she wouldn't care much about such a thankless task, even if she were paid millions.

She was the bad guy, and it was thankless!

"Little Zhi," the old Madam's tone softened a bit, "Do you realize that Luo Yu almost died just now? And the children in her belly almost didn't make it either!"

The old Madam was gripped with fear at the thought.

Fortunately, she had arrived in time.

"It's not like she died, did she?" Tong Zhi spoke indifferently, "Even if she did! It would be her own fault! She thinks she's something, capable of replacing Jin? And daring to bully Qingyi? Isn't she asking for death?"

Tong Zhi, just like Chu Jin, was fiercely protective.

She couldn't stand to see her own people suffer any kind of injustice.

Similarly, she couldn't stand replicas like Luo Yu.

In her heart, Chu Jin was Chu Jin; no one could ever replace her.

If Luo Yu were here right now, Tong Zhi might really strangle her.

"Little Zhi... You've disappointed me too much!" sighed the old Madam, "No matter what, Luo Yu is carrying Zhi Xuan's children. Even for the sake of the big picture, can't you just bear it? Do you want to watch the Mo family end?"

How could Tong Zhi be like this?

She was only thinking of venting her own anger, not considering the Mo family at all.

Wasn't she also displeased with Luo Yu? But what could she do?

She had to endure.

If she could bear it, why couldn't Tong Zhi endure it too?

"Sister, I disappointed you? How have I disappointed you? It's you who have disappointed all of us!" exclaimed Tong Zhi.

She sighed and continued, "Can't you see things clearly? Who knows whose seed is in Luo Yu's belly? Are you so certain it's Zhi Xuan's? Zhi Xuan is your son, don't you know his character? Do you think someone like Luo Yu could catch his eye?"

Duanmu Zhe also stood up, "Aunt Mo, I support Aunt Tong's opinion. I think there's something odd about this matter..."

The old Madam raised her hand slightly, stopping Duanmu Zhe from continuing, "Little Zhe, this is our Mo family's internal affair."

Her meaning was clearly to keep Duanmu Zhe out of it.

Duanmu Zhe immediately understood, apologizing, "I'm sorry, Aunt Mo, I overstepped."

After speaking, Duanmu Zhe sat back down in his chair.

"Mom, I also support Auntie Tong." Mo Qingyi bit her lip and stood up too. She felt that if things continued this way, Luo Yu would eventually make the Mo family fall apart.

"Mom, what you're doing is wrong. It's not certain whose child Luo Yu is carrying in her stomach yet, you can't keep spoiling her like this."

This Luo Yu, her schemes were too deep, that's why Mo Qingyi supported Tong Zhi.

"This is none of your business, sit down." The Mo family matriarch glanced at Mo Qingyi and spoke with a cold voice.

Helpless, Mo Qingyi could only purse her lips and sit down.

Duanmu Zhe squeezed her hand, offering comfort.

"Little Zhi," the Mo family matriarch looked at Tong Zhi and continued, "Listen to your sister and go upstairs to apologize to Luo Yu, will you?"

"Sister!" Tong Zhi looked up in disbelief, "What did you say? You want me to apologize to her?"

The Mo family matriarch nodded, "Even if it's for the sake of the Mo family, can't it work? Sister is begging you!"

An apology is just a matter of moving your lips after all.

If Tong Zhi is sensible, she should be unable to recognize her own good intentions.

Exiling Tong Zhi from the Mo family was indeed a bit difficult.

Perhaps if Luo Yu was in a good mood, she wouldn't make Tong Zhi kneel.

But the apology still had to be made.

"No way!" Tong Zhi slightly raised her lips, her attitude resolute, "I'll apologize to her only if the sun rises from the west! Sister, you just keep indulging her! I'm telling you, if this goes on, you will regret it one day."

With someone like Luo Yu around, the Mo family matriarch will sooner or later suffer the consequences,

"Little Zhi!" the Mo family matriarch pleaded earnestly, "Could you do it just to help your sister this once?"

If Tong Zhi were willing to apologize, then this matter could be minimized and forgotten.

But Tong Zhi was so stubborn.

"Sister, stop it!" Tong Zhi turned her head away, "This matter is non-negotiable."

Tong Zhi's stance was very firm!

Was she supposed to boost the morale of a petty person?

How could she?

Tong Zhi was a person of clear grievances, never bowing her head to someone like Luo Yu no matter the occasion.

The Mo family matriarch sighed, then said, "Since that's the case, Little Zhi, you should go back for now and avoid visiting the Mo family for a while, so as not to upset Luo Yu and trigger her emotions."

At that moment, the Mo family matriarch had no other choice but to make this decision.

Hopefully, Tong Zhi would understand her.

She did all this for the sake of the Mo family.

Upon hearing this, not only was Tong Zhi shocked.

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were also stupefied.

Nobody expected the Mo family matriarch to go so far for Luo Yu!

Tong Zhi trembled all over, almost believing she was hallucinating, "Sister, what did you just say? You mean to drive me away? I heard you wrong, right?"

For decades, she and the Mo family matriarch had shared a deep sisterly bond, weathering storms together, hardly ever quarreling, but now.

For someone like Luo Yu, the Mo family matriarch actually said such things to her.

Of course, Tong Zhi was heartbroken.

The Mo family matriarch sighed, "Little Zhi, I'm sorry, I'm not trying to drive you away, I'm just asking you to leave temporarily, I hope you can understand your sister's plight, for the sake of the Mo family, for the sake of Zhi Xuan, I had to do this."

So far, Tong Zhi's attitude toward Luo Yu had not been very friendly.

The Mo family matriarch worried that if things continued, the child in Luo Yu's womb might not survive.

Luo Yu was fiery and Tong Zhi was unyielding; with these two together, trouble was bound to happen.

Originally, the Mo family matriarch wanted to use Tong Zhi to deal with Luo Yu appropriately.

But she had never imagined that Luo Yu would really attempt to take her own life.

And to do so with such severity.

Therefore, the Mo family matriarch couldn't take risks anymore.

"Fine, fine, I'll go, I'll go." Tong Zhi nodded, "Sister, I hope you won't have regrets."

With that, Tong Zhi turned around and walked away.

After a few steps, Tong Zhi turned back and said, "Sister, if Jin is watching from heaven, seeing you like this would definitely break her heart! And no matter when, I will always believe that Zhi Xuan would never betray Jin, and for the ninth lady of the Mo family, I only acknowledge Jin!"

Tong Zhi was truly furious, her face paled with anger.

After speaking, she left angrily in her ten-centimeter high heels.

"Auntie Tong!" Mo Qingyi hurriedly chased after her.

Mo Qingyi was very worried because as long as she could remember, the Mo family matriarch and Tong Zhi had never had a fight.

And today, they had come to such a pass.

The Mo family matriarch also sighed deeply.

She didn't wish for things to turn out this way.

But...

She had to do it.

As long as it was for the sake of the Mo family, she was willing to do anything.

Upstairs.

Luo Yu, who should have been lying in bed, was now at the corner of the stairs, watching this scene unfold below with a smug smile on her lips.

In the future, the Mo family would be her domain.

Not just Tong Zhi, even if Chu Jin were to come back, she wouldn't hesitate to step on her.

Mo Qingyi followed Tong Zhi out the door.

"Auntie Tong, Auntie Tong," Mo Qingyi caught up to Tong Zhi's wrist, gasping for breath, "Please don't be mad at my mom. She didn't really want to send you away. It must all be part of Luo Yu's design; right now, my mom listens to her the most..."

"Not mad?" Tong Zhi's expression gradually calmed down, "How can I not be mad? I'm so angry at how foolish your mom is! The venerable matriarch of the Mo family actually let a Lotus manipulate her so easily!"

Her sister was always shrewd. She didn't expect that in her later years, she'd be outwitted by a Lotus. Could it be that she was getting senile?

The succession of the Mo family was indeed important, but no matter how important, they couldn't let people lose their sense of right and wrong.

Mo Qingyi, with a smile brimming in her eyes, looped her arm around Tong Zhi's, consoling her, "Auntie Tong, don't be angry. Getting angry makes you age faster, and it also causes wrinkles..."

"Wrinkles?" Tong Zhi immediately touched her cheek upon hearing this, nervously looking towards Mo Qingyi, "Qingqing, look at my face. Do I have wrinkles now?"

Chapter 689:

Tong Zhi was an extremely beauty-conscious person, especially when it came to her face. Once, she drank honey lemon water for three consecutive years to maintain the smoothness and elasticity of her skin, and during that time, she didn't touch a single grain of rice.

At the mention of "wrinkles," she was so scared that she forgot everything that had just happened.

Her anger dissipated by half.

"No, no," Mo Qingyi said with a smile, "Aunt Tong, your face is smooth. But, you really mustn't get angry again, because that will definitely cause wrinkles."

Just like Mo Zhixuan, Tong Zhi hadn't changed in twenty years.

Ever since Mo Qingyi could remember, Tong Zhi had maintained the same beautiful appearance, still looking like she was around 20 years old even now.

The only one who seemed to age more every year was Madam Mo, the elder.

"That's good to hear," Tong Zhi touched her face and breathed a sigh of relief. She continued, "Qingyi, I'm actually not angry with your mother. We've been sisters for so many years; it's not worth getting upset over such a small matter. Keep an eye out at home lately, and watch out for that Luo Yu causing trouble. If she dares to bully you or your mother, remember to inform me immediately."

Though Tong Zhi was angry, she was still very rational.

No matter what, Madam Mo was her sister, and as long as she was there, she couldn't let her sister and niece be bullied by others.

Mo Qingyi gripped Tong Zhi's hand, deeply moved, and said, "Thank you, Aunt Tong."

She hadn't expected that at a time like this, Tong Zhi would still consider her and Madam Mo's feelings, even going as far as to say such things. To say she wasn't touched would be a lie.

"Silly child, what are you thanking me for?" Tong Zhi reached out and touched Mo Qingyi's head. "Go back now, and remember to call me if anything happens."

"Alright, Aunt Tong." Mo Qingyi nodded and watched Tong Zhi leave before heading back into the house.

As she returned, Luo Yu happened to walk downstairs with a pale face. Despite her pallor, the smug look in her eyes couldn't be disguised, and as she passed Mo Qingyi, she snorted with satisfaction.

Seeing Luo Yu coming down, Madam Mo looked at her anxiously and said, "Why did you come down yourself? I could have had someone bring the food to your room. Doctor Wang said that during this time, you need to rest in bed more to ensure the safety of the child in your womb."

In Luo Yu's womb lay the potential for four grandsons of the Mo family.

At this time, nothing could happen to Luo Yu.

Luo Yu walked directly up to Madam Mo, looking down at her condescendingly, "I'm not as fragile as you think. By the way, could you please give up your seat for me? I'm not quite comfortable with these other spots."

Madam Mo was sitting in the seat of honor.

This seat was not merely a chair anymore; it represented Madam Mo's power and status within the Mo family.

If she gave up the seat, it would signal that the matriarch of the Mo family was about to change.

"Luo Yu, enough is enough!" Mo Qingyi said coldly, "Don't get too carried away."

Luo Yu turned to look at Mo Qingyi, curling her lips in a scornful smile, "You shut your mouth! It's not your place to speak here!"

"Miss Luo, please be respectful with your words. Let me remind you, this is the Mo family," Duanmu Zhe stood up as well.

Duanmu Zhe was a very calm person.

He only stood up because he really couldn't bear to watch any longer.

"Oh," Luo Yu continued with a laugh, then turned her attention to Duanmu Zhe, "Mr. Duanmu, as the saying goes, 'A married daughter is like water splashed out'. Mo Qingyi will eventually be just that, won't she? Am I wrong? Also, let me remind you, this is the Mo family; even Madam Mo hasn't spoken yet. What right do you, a Duanmu, have to be giving orders here?"

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Zhe's expression darkened for a moment; after all, this was the Mo family's internal affair, and he really had no right to intervene.

But he couldn't just stand by and watch Mo Qingyi being wronged.

As he finished speaking, Luo Yu turned back to Madam Mo, threateningly asking, "Madam Mo, I wonder if you're going to give up your seat or not?"

Madam Mo's face looked rather unpleasant.

As Tong Zhi had said, Luo Yu was really getting too much.

Escalating far beyond appropriate.

It seemed she was trying to take the position of matriarch for herself.

"Mom," Mo Qingyi walked over and supported Madam Mo's arm, "You mustn't give in to her."

Luo Yu scoffed, "Then you'd better think very carefully." As she said this, she gently touched her injured hand to her belly.

Suppressing the anger in her heart, Madam Mo patted Mo Qingyi's hand and then stood up, telling Luo Yu, "You may sit."

For the sake of the Mo family.

She had no choice.

"Mom!" Mo Qingyi frowned deeply, full of anger, "You can't keep yielding to her like this!"

Madam Mo kept a stern face and said nothing.

She clearly knew that she couldn't keep yielding to Luo Yu, but under the current circumstances, she had no choice but to do so.

Luo Yu laughed triumphantly as she sat in the seat that exclusively belonged to Madam Mo.

The servants nearby all twitched their brows, almost none of them anticipating that the Mo family would change hands so quickly.

After Luo Yu sat down, the servants proceeded to serve the food they had prepared earlier.

The atmosphere in the dining room was truly strange.

Mo Qingyi put down her chopsticks, "Mom, I'm not hungry, I'm going back to my room." The sight of Luo Yu's smug victory was simply sickening.

"Go ahead," Madam Mo waved her hand.

Seeing Mo Qingyi walk away, Duanmu Zhe also stood up, greeted the old Madam Mo, and left with Mo Qingyi.

Watching the two departing figures, triumph surged in Luo Yu's eyes.

The feeling of becoming the master was indeed wonderful.

From now on, she would be the mistress of the Mo family! Also, she would be the most revered woman in all three realms.

Duanmu Zhe followed Mo Qingyi back to their room.

It was only when they reached the room that Mo Qingyi remembered that her room had been converted into Luo Yu's.

Mo Qingyi grabbed a vase and was about to smash it on the ground, but Duanmu Zhe stopped her. He said, "Qingqing, don't be so impulsive."

Mo Qingyi exhaled, holding back her anger.

After asking the servants, Mo Qingyi found her new room.

"I really can't stand this house for another minute," lamented Mo Qingyi as she pushed open the door and sat on the sofa.

"Just bear with it a little longer," Duanmu Zhe said as he poured her a glass of water, "at most another month."

At those words, Mo Qingyi's eyes lit up, instantly reviving, "Duanmu, what do you mean?"

Duanmu Zhe handed the glass to Mo Qingyi, not hiding anything.

"I suspect that the child in Luo Yu's belly isn't Ninth Brother's. Today at the hospital, I had Li Yun conduct a test. The results should come out in about a month."

"Really?" Mo Qingyi took a sip of water.

"Mm," nodded Duanmu Zhe, "Really."

Mo Qingyi placed the glass on the table and, as if remembering something, she then said, "But what if the child really is my brother's? What then?"

"That won't be the case," Duanmu Zhe asserted with conviction in his gaze, "I believe in Ninth Brother."

He believed that the Mo Zhixuan he knew was definitely not that kind of person.

Elsewhere.

Poland Mountain.

After one night, early the next morning, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan hurried to the log cabin.

Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin had been anxiously waiting outside the cabin since early on.

Worried about the two who hadn't returned all night, especially Aunt Lin. If something had happened to Mo Zhixuan on Poland Mountain, she would have been condemned for eternity. And Chu Jin too, not coming back at night was one thing, but leaving Mo Zhixuan there as well?

It was only upon seeing their figures that Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin breathed a sigh of relief.

They had finally returned.

"Zhixuan, Jin, you're back," greeted Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin as they approached.

"Zhixuan, you must be tired. Let me take your backpack," Aunt Lin said as she took the backpack from Mo Zhixuan's hands and then turned to Chu Jin, "Jin, I've boiled water for you. Hurry in and take a hot bath."

In fact, Aunt Lin had always been very good to Chu Jin.

She truly liked Chu Jin very much.

It was just that Chu Jin hadn't married Jian Yi as she had wished, which made her a little upset.

Wouldn't it have been nice if Chu Jin had listened to her and married Jian Yi?

The two were a perfect match in both talent and looks.

What a pity.

Chu Jin's standards were too high; she didn't see Jian Yi in that light.

Mo Zhixuan was great indeed.

But.

With his status, it was one thing to have fun in the secular world, but in the Superpower World, would he really marry Chu Jin?

Doubtful.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan went inside the house, bathed, and after eating, Chu Jin began to treat Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

The initial estimate was that the treatment would take more than 20 days.

Therefore, Chu Jin couldn't descend the mountain for the time being.

In the evening, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan sat on the roof, chatting.

The stars in the summer sky were especially beautiful and dreamy.

"Since the cold butterflies in godfather and godmother's bodies cannot be fully cleared yet, why don't you go down the mountain first? After they have recovered, I will come back to find you," suggested Chu Jin.

The time was a bit long, and Chu Jin didn't want to delay Mo Zhixuan's important affairs.

Although he didn't say it, she knew that he must carry even heavier missions and responsibilities.

"No worries, you don't need to be concerned," Mo Zhixuan embraced her and gazed at the stars, "Do you still remember that night in the Capital City four years ago? The stars were as beautiful as they are tonight."

That night, they were also on the mountaintop.

Beneath the same starry sky, the two embraced each other, sharing their innermost thoughts and feelings.

Regrettably, that night there were many fireflies bearing witness to their love.

The Superpower World does not have such creatures as fireflies.

Otherwise, it would be like reliving that very night.

Chu Jin knew he was deliberately changing the subject and followed with, "A month's time, is it really okay for you not to return?"

"It's really fine. Even if I'm not there, there are others." Mo Zhixuan replied slowly, "If everything requires my presence, wouldn't I just be raising a bunch of useless people?"

Mo Zhixuan is a responsible person. Since he took on the role with the Superpower World, he wouldn't neglect his duties.

Right now, the situation in the Superpower World had gradually stabilized. Even if he disappeared for a year, it wouldn't matter.

With the reputation of the Massacre Youth, as long as Mo Zhixuan doesn't announce his abdication, those people wouldn't dare to entertain any thoughts of betrayal.

The other two realms are even less likely to rashly attack.

"As long as you are aware, that's good," said Chu Jin, finding a comfortable spot on his shoulder to lean against.

"Hmm," Mo Zhixuan tightened his arms.

Time flew by quickly.

In a blink, several months had passed.

On Poland Mountain, Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin's situation had improved, and Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were also preparing to descend the mountain.

Because Poland Mountain was completely cut off from the outside world, Mo Zhixuan still didn't know about the recent events in the Mo family.

Since Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were going to leave after lunch, Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin were busy in the kitchen, preparing a farewell meal for the two of them.

Chu Jin squatted in the courtyard, playing with three fat rabbits, "Fattie, Second Fattie, Little Fattie, Jin is leaving soon, take good care of yourselves, Fattie you must not bully Little Fattie, and Second Fattie you're not allowed to snatch Little Fattie's food..."

Fattie: "..."

Second Fattie: "..."

Little Fattie: "..."

Little Grey sat behind her, looking at her with a face full of resentment.

Inside Little Grey's head: "Damn it! Ever since these three arrived, I've been neglected! Just wait, there will be a night with a high black wind..." Thinking this, Little Grey's lips curled up into a sinister smile.

Mo Zhixuan, on the other hand, was on the rooftop, fixing a leak in the little wooden house.

If it weren't for what one could see with one's own eyes, it would be hard to believe that the head of the Superpower World was actually doing the work of a tile worker.

Mo family.

Because she was carrying quadruplets, Luo Yu's belly had already grown significantly in just two months of pregnancy.

To the eye, it looked almost like that of an ordinary pregnant woman at 4-5 months.

As her belly grew larger day by day, Luo Yu became more and more proud, walking around in her loose maternity clothes, bossing everyone around.

At this moment, Luo Yu approached the old Mrs. Mo with a pile of dirty clothes, smiling, "Aunt Mo, could you personally wash these clothes for me? I don't trust the servants to do it."

Old Mrs. Mo was reading scriptures in the prayer room. Hearing Luo Yu's voice, she got up from the meditation cushion, her voice faint, "Let's go outside to talk, so as not to disturb Buddha's peace."

"What Buddha, not Buddha. I've long wanted to demolish this shabby prayer room!" As soon as she finished speaking, Luo Yu picked up a vase and hurled it towards the Buddha statue.

Now Luo Yu was the master of the Mo family. Almost nobody dared to oppose what she wanted to do.

In that slow moment, that vase was about to crash into the Buddha statue when Old Mrs. Mo reached out her hand and caught the vase steadily, giving Luo Yu a cold look, "I said, we talk outside!"

It was only out of desperation that Old Mrs. Mo had acted this way.

Luo Yu hadn't expected Old Mrs. Mo to catch the vase.

In the past, Old Mrs. Mo would have let her have her way. Although Luo Yu was somewhat dissatisfied, she still held back, knowing that the prayer room was the old lady's bottom line.

It's just a worthless prayer room, anyway.

It's better not to quarrel with her.

"Let's go," said Old Mrs. Mo, her face looking rather unwell. After giving Luo Yu a glance, she began to walk outside.

Luo Yu snorted coldly and followed Old Mrs. Mo out.

Once Old Mrs. Mo walked out the door, Luo Yu stuffed the basket of dirty clothes into her hands, "Please, go wash these clothes for me. I want to wear them tomorrow. Remember to hand wash; I don't wear machine-washed clothes."

Mo Qingyi had gone to the military and wasn't home, so Luo Yu increasingly found ways to make things difficult for Old Mrs. Mo every day.

Ironically, Old Mrs. Mo did not resist; she took Luo Yu's dirty clothes and went into the laundry room.

Luo Yu followed behind her, supervising the laundry personally.

The servants had already become accustomed to such scenes.

And there were many similar situations.

Where was the wisdom of Old Mrs. Mo from days gone by? She had become nothing more than a dedicated nanny for Luo Yu.

Now, except for Mo Lingna, all the Mo family's servants subconsciously followed Luo Yu's orders.

After all, one must recognize the situation they are in.

This Luo Yu was clearly destined to become the mistress of the Mo family.

After washing the clothes, Luo Yu moved on to the second matter.

She wanted to declare her sovereignty.

She wanted everyone to know that she was Mo Zhixuan's wife, the mistress of the Mo family, the Ninth Lady of the Superpower World.

Luo Yu had thought long and hard; she felt that she could not keep waiting like this. She was already two months pregnant, and yet Mo Zhixuan had not shown his face even once.

The Mo family had not given her any promises either.

She feared that if she kept waiting endlessly, the Mother-in-law might choose to keep the child and get rid of her.

Luo Yu looked at the elderly Mrs. Mo and proceeded to speak, "Aunt Mo, as you can see, my belly is getting bigger by the day, but my heart is not at ease, I feel no sense of security."

The elderly Mrs. Mo knew there was more to her words, "If you have any demands, speak them directly."

"Aunt Mo really is wise," Luo Yu said with a slow smile, "I need your help to legitimate my status; I don't want to continue to stay in the Mo family without a clear position."

Legitimate her status?

How could that be possible?

No matter what, Luo Yu could never become a daughter-in-law of the Mo family!

The reason the elderly Mrs. Mo was indulging her was merely for the sake of the child in her womb.

Upon hearing this, the elderly Mrs. Mo replied calmly, "You needn't worry, we will discuss this matter when Zhixuan returns."

"I can't wait any longer!" Luo Yu looked askance, her expression serious, "After all, the child in my womb is only two months along; it would be easy to terminate the pregnancy if I wanted to. Aunt Mo, you weigh the consequences yourself."

Her last words were full of threat.

Because Luo Yu knew that the elderly Mrs. Mo cared deeply about the child in her womb.

Plus, with what happened with Tong Zhi, she had taken drastic action before, so the elderly Mrs. Mo did not dare take a risk with this matter.

After all, in her womb, she carried the eldest grandsons of the main branch of the Mo family.

"Then what do you propose we do? Can't it wait until Zhixuan is back?" the elderly Mrs. Mo clenched her fists as she looked at Luo Yu, her eyes filled with restraint.

Luo Yu smiled faintly, knowing that the elderly Mrs. Mo had compromised.

"My request is simple. Tonight, you will host a banquet at the Mo family, invite all the clan members, and publicly announce my status. Other matters can wait for Zhixuan's return, but not this one."

There were many other clan members in the Mo family.

However, the servants had kept tight-lipped about her pregnancy, so no one else knew, and she couldn't let that continue.

Therefore, she must have the other clan members acknowledge her. Only in this way, could her status be secured.

She could not remain passive any longer.

As she finished speaking, Luo Yu added, "Don't forget to invite my mother and Chu Xiu as well. On such an important day, how could it proceed without my maternal family present?"

The elderly Mrs. Mo stood there, frowning without speaking.

Because she knew that once these people were invited, there would be no turning back.

The Mo family would have to acknowledge Luo Yu as a daughter-in-law.

But that was not her intention.

How could someone like Luo Yu be fit to be the matron of the Mo family?

"Also invite Tong Zhi over. It'll be livelier with more people," Luo Yu continued, "Oh, and Qingyi too, let her come back as well. No matter what, I am her sister-in-law, and the child in my belly is her nephew. It wouldn't be proper without her presence at such an important event."

Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi looked down on her before, didn't they?

Now she wanted Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi to witness firsthand how she claimed the position of the matron of the Mo family.

The elderly Mrs. Mo stood there without speaking.

Watching the elderly Mrs. Mo like this, Luo Yu became even more certain of her idea.

This old hag, while being outwardly respectful and accommodating towards her, was clearly just waiting to keep the child and discard her after ten months!

What a despicable old woman!

Did she really think she could be so easily bullied?

To be manipulated at her whim?

She thought to keep the child without her? It wouldn't be that simple.

In the worst-case scenario, she would rather die; she did not believe that the old hag would be willing to lose the four children in her womb!

Luckily, she had discovered her intentions early. Otherwise, if she had been further along, she would no longer be able to threaten the old hag.

"Aunt Mo," Luo Yu looked up at the elderly Mrs. Mo and continued, "I wonder if you've clearly heard what I have just said?"

The elderly Mrs. Mo hesitated, then said, "This matter cannot be rushed. Let me think about it. Besides, you are only two months pregnant now. Announcing it now might be too early. Perhaps it would be better to wait another three months before discussing it."

Chapter 690: roll, roll, roll!

At that moment, the old Madam Mo needed to find a way to calm Luo Yu down first.

She absolutely couldn't allow her to find any flaws.

"You think it's too early, but I don't think it's early," Luo Yu curled her lips up, looking at the old Madam Mo, she demanded, "Or is it that you simply refuse to acknowledge my identity?"

"Of course not," the old Madam Mo smiled faintly, comforting, "Since you carry the Mo family's flesh and blood, our Mo family will not refuse to acknowledge you."

"If that's the case, let's set up a banquet then. All those people I just mentioned, invite them all without exception. Otherwise, Aunt Mo, you should know the consequences," Luo Yu said.

As she spoke that last sentence, Luo Yu took out a dagger and waved it in front of the old Madam Mo.

The extremely sharp dagger glistened with a cold light under the sunshine.

"It doesn't matter if I die," Luo Yu threatened, "it's just a pity for your four grandsons. They haven't even had the chance to open their eyes and see this world. How pitiful!"

Now, Luo Yu was resolute in her decision.

After all, in the end, the old Madam Mo would still opt for "save the mother by sacrificing the child," so Luo Yu might as well take control back into her own hands now.

Worst comes to worst, it would just mean death.

"Don't be impulsive," the old Madam Mo raised her hand, fearing the dagger might accidentally hurt Luo Yu, and continued, "Luo Yu, rest assured, I will definitely take care of the matter you mentioned, but not right now. We're out of time to prepare. Let's discuss this further and pick a good date."

"Today!" Luo Yu glared at the old Madam Mo, "Aunt Mo, don't think I'm unaware of what you're plotting. You're just trying to 'save the child by sacrificing the mother.' Let me tell you, Luo Yu is not so easy to bully. If you don't give me an explanation today, I will ensure that your Mo family never has descendants. Then, you can't blame me for not showing mercy."

As she spoke that last sentence, Luo Yu pressed the dagger against her own throat, and immediately, a trace of blood appeared on her pale neck.

The old Madam Mo was shocked. She hadn't expected Luo Yu to understand the situation so thoroughly. It seemed that today she had no choice but to do as Luo Yu said.

"Alright, I agree!" the old Madam Mo slowly spoke up, extending her right hand, "Give me back the dagger quickly."

Upon hearing this, a triumphant gleam flashed across Luo Yu's eyes.

That serves the old hag right for being sensible.

The more the old Madam Mo cared about the child in Luo Yu's belly, the more delighted Luo Yu felt.

Had it not been for the old Madam Mo's attentiveness, Luo Yu wouldn't be parading around with such pomp in the Mo household.

If things continued this way, the Mo family might have to change its surname!

The old Madam Mo realized this too, her brows furrowed, and a deep gloom filled her eyes.

But, at this point, she had no other option but to yield to Luo Yu.

Luo Yu returned the dagger to the old Madam Mo, took out a handkerchief, and casually wiped the blood from her neck, smiling, "Aunt Mo, I'll go back to my room for now. Remember to send someone to fetch me when the banquet starts this evening."

With these words, Luo Yu turned and left.

Of course, Luo Yu returned to her room.

Now that the old Madam Mo had agreed to her requests, she needed to dress up splendidly and prepare for the evening's banquet.

After all, the guests arriving tonight were all important figures.

She had to show the presence of the Mo family's daughter-in-law.

Otherwise, how could she subdue those people?

Just as Luo Yu had returned to her room, she found Luo Yingjie sitting there.

Upon seeing Luo Yu come back, Luo Yingjie immediately acted obsequiously and poured her tea, "Yu Yu must be thirsty, please drink some tea. I just brewed it, it's fresh."

Disdain was written all across Luo Yu's eyes and face, but she still sat down with some patience, "Tell me, how much do you want this time?"

Luo Yu felt disgusted just by looking at Luo Yingjie a bit more.

Although Luo Yingjie resided in the Mo household, he was idle all day long, indulging in eating, drinking, and pleasure, so he didn't earn a salary. All his expenditures came from Luo Yu.

Luo Yu was essentially his personal ATM.

"Yu Yu really understands me," Luo Yingjie smiled ingratiatingly, "Yu Yu, uncle has been unlucky lately, so give me whatever you have!"

Upon hearing this, Luo Yu knew he had been gambling again!

Luo Yu said with a sense of frustrated disappointment, "How many times have I told you not to gamble anymore! Don't gamble anymore! Why won't you listen? I'm not a cash machine! I don't have that much money."

Luo Yu didn't have much money each month, and every expense was recorded.

Taking advantage of her pregnancy, she had already taken quite a bit of money from the Mo family.

Upon hearing this, Luo Yingjie immediately became very unhappy and said, "I didn't take it to gamble! Do you think this doesn't cost money?" As he spoke, Luo Yingjie took out a transparent box from his pocket and placed it on the table.

Inside the transparent box, there seemed to be a lump resembling a crystal.

Seeing this, Luo Yu's expression softened a bit. She took the box, sighed slightly, and said, "Uncle, I really don't have any more money! Just stay put in the Mo household and don't run around anymore!"

"Don't be ungrateful!" Luo Yingjie slammed the table and stood up, shouting angrily, "The old Madam Mo is treating you like an ancestor, and you say you have no money? Who would believe your lies! Give me the money now! Otherwise, neither of us will have it easy!"

Luo Yingjie, confident in his hold over Luo Yu's secret, had become increasingly arrogant lately with more frequent money demands, like a bottomless pit, completely shameless.

Luo Yu was nearly at her limit.

"Luo Yu! You little slut! Are you giving it or not!" Luo Yingjie demanded again.

Luo Yu bit her lip, a look of forbearance on her face; she reminded herself that she must hold back!

Impatience leads to trouble.

Luo Yu stood up, took a little wooden box from beside her bed, and placed it in front of Luo Yingjie, opening the lid, "This is all I have. Take it, and don't gamble anymore! I really can't afford you!"

The wooden box contained all kinds of jewels and gold coins, high-value currency.

It could practically blind Luo Yingjie with its glare.

Luo Yingjie hugged the wooden box to his chest, "Enough, enough, Yu Yu, I promise this is the last time. I won't gamble again!"

"Alright, get out," Luo Yu said with disgust, closing her eyes.

This Luo Yingjie is truly disgusting, why can't he just stay at home like that paralyzed man, instead of coming here to pollute her eyes!

"Alright, alright, alright," Luo Yingjie, carrying the wooden box, nodded and bowed to Luo Yu, "I'm leaving now, I'll leave immediately, don't be angry Yu Yu, being angry is not good for the fetus."

Luo Yingjie was really concerned about the child in Luo Yu's womb.

If it weren't for these children, the Mo family would never have allowed Luo Yu to stay; Luo Yingjie was a smart man, he knew Luo Yu was valuable because of her child.

To Luo Yingjie, these children were practically a money tree.

No sooner had Luo Yingjie stepped out the door than he turned back, looked at Luo Yu, and continued, "Yu Yu, can you be a bit nicer to Mo's old lady? After all, we're eating her food, living in her house! And spending her money! How can you let her do your laundry! Really! If one day you annoy her and she kicks you out, what will you do then!"

"My business is none of your concern!" Luo Yu waved her hand, "Just get lost!"

But Luo Yingjie didn't want to leave, and continued, "Ignoring the advice of your elders, you will face the consequences soon, there are many more women in this world who can lay eggs than you!"

This time Luo Yingjie had finally come to his senses.

He was reminding Luo Yu to restrain herself, after all, there were plenty of women willing to bear Mo Zhixuan's children, and she wouldn't be missed.

Actually, Luo Yingjie was afraid that once Luo Yu fell out of favor, his good days would be over.

"Get out, get out, get out!" Luo Yu couldn't bear it any longer.

Just wait, one day she would make sure Luo Yingjie was dead!

He was just too much of an eyesore!

He was quite simply a stain in her life.

Meanwhile.

Poland Mountain.

It was already noon, so Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were sitting in the diner to eat with Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

After this meal, which served as a farewell, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan would immediately descend the mountain.

"We owe Jin so much this time, if it weren't for Jin, this old body of mine would have been eroded by the cold butterfly," said Uncle Wu gratefully to Chu Jin at the dining table.

"Yes, Jin really has worked hard these days, come on Jin, have a chicken leg," Aunt Lin picked up a chicken leg and placed it in Chu Jin's bowl, then continued, "But we also have Zhixuan to thank for his support, without Zhixuan, Jin might not have been able to find those herbs so smoothly."

In Aunt Lin's heart, although Chu Jin's contributions were undeniable, Mo Zhixuan also had credit.

Without Mo Zhixuan, Chu Jin alone could not have possibly found those ten herbs on the dangerous peak of Poland Mountain.

Mo Zhixuan sipped tea and spoke slowly, "This matter doesn't have much to do with me, it's all Jin's credit, I don't even know what the herbs look like."

Aunt Lin chuckled, "Zhixuan, don't be so modest."

Chu Jin also smiled, "Right, Zhixuan, you're being too modest." Actually, what Aunt Lin said was correct, Mo Zhixuan truly did provide a lot of help, without him, it would not have been so easy for her to find all ten herbs.

Mo Zhixuan?

Aunt Lin frowned slightly.

How could Chu Jin call Mo Zhixuan by his name?

This was a bit...

After all, Mo Zhixuan was the leader of the Superpower World, surely some respect was due, right?

After the meal.

The two prepared to descend the mountain.

In fact, they had wanted to leave three days ago but were kept there until now due to the repeated entreaties from Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

Before they left, Aunt Lin stopped Chu Jin, "Jin, I have something private to tell you."

"Sure," Chu Jin followed Aunt Lin into the inner room.

Uncle Wu then said to Mo Zhixuan, "While they're talking, let's go have some tea."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly and went to the main room with Uncle Wu.

During the time they spent together, Uncle Wu had come to treat Mo Zhixuan like his own son.

Mo Zhixuan was well-informed, knowledgeable about things both earthly and celestial, so he and Uncle Wu had a lot to talk about.

The two chatted over tea about the future situation.

Inside the room.

Aunt Lin and Chu Jin sat on the edge of the bed, and she took out something wrapped in blue cloth from the head of the bed and handed it to Chu Jin.

"What's this, godmother?" Chu Jin looked up in confusion.

Aunt Lin smiled and said, "Open it and see."

Chu Jin uncovered the blue cloth, revealing an old object exposed to the air.

Despite its age, it was very beautiful and well-preserved by Aunt Lin, making it look as good as new.

It was a hairpin used to secure hair.

The silver hairpin was very delicate and exquisitely made, with a silver tassel adorned with a ruby that sparkled dazzlingly under the light.

Looking at the hairpin, Aunt Lin's eyes showed a hint of a smile, and she continued, "This hairpin was the betrothal gift your godfather gave me when we got married, the only dowry. At that time, I married into the Wu family wearing this hairpin. Now, I'm giving it to you, hoping you can wear it on your wedding day."

Considering the significance, the hairpin was like a token of love between Aunt Lin and Uncle Wu, so of course, Chu Jin couldn't accept it.

"Godmother, I can't accept such a precious thing," Chu Jin placed the hairpin back on the table.

"Keep it. I don't have any other daughters, just you and Jian'er, and Jian'er, being a big boy, has no use for it. If you also don't want it, then I really have no one to pass it on to," Aunt Lin said, a tinge of desolation in her eyes at the last sentence.

With the conversation having reached this point, Chu Jin had no choice but to accept the hairpin, "Thank you, godmother."