

## **R Woman 69**

### Chapter 69: Accident

On the other side.

Chu Jin was jogging around the tree-lined path, and it was already past 8 in the morning.

Suddenly, a breeze picked up, and Chu Jin's brows furrowed slightly, as there was a distinct and strong scent of blood in the wind.

She slowed down, looked around, and then her gaze settled on a small alley.

Squinting her eyes, she was about to turn away.

But suddenly, the sound of the system echoed in her mind, "Ding! A daily task is triggered. Task objective: Rescue the mysterious person in the alley. Reward for task completion: 10% Faith Value."

Chu Jin originally did not want to meddle in this affair, but now it seemed she had no choice.

Checking that there was no one around, she took out the emergency medical kit that she had previously placed in the Zi Ying Spirit Box.

A black backpack.

With the backpack on, she quickly headed toward the alley, the scent of blood growing stronger as she neared it.

This was an abandoned alley, usually nobody cared for it.

Utterly desolate.

At the end of the alley, a man in a white long shirt was lying there.

All over his body were splotches of blood, the bright red blood staining his snow-white shirt, making it strikingly alarming.

His eyes were tightly closed, and a bead of fresh blood hung on his long, curled eyelashes, trembling as if about to fall at any moment.

His breath was very weak, with few signs of life visible.

He was clearly a man, but his features were even more delicate than those of a woman. His skin was unusually pale from excessive blood loss, like a piece of flawless, transparent jade. His black hair was tied back, presenting a classical beauty without losing a masculine air.

At a glance, he looked remarkably stunning.

Chu Jin sighed softly, then crouched down and placed her hand on his wrist to check his pulse.

It had to be said that his injuries were indeed very severe, with all his major channels severely damaged, especially the wound on his chest.

Each injury was life-threatening.

If it weren't for his strong will to live, he would probably have already been dead.

Zi from the Zi Lei Space yawned, opened her sleepy eyes, and when she clearly saw the man's wounds, she exclaimed, "Tsk, tsk, the kid's got a strong life force to not be dead despite this."

Chu Jin pursed her lips and remained silent. She took out the Golden Needle from her backpack and pierced a few of his acupoints, coating the needles with a layer of Spiritual Power.

After a few needles, Chu Jin's face had turned slightly pale.

A fine sweat had also appeared on the tip of her nose.

The man's originally pale complexion began to gradually show some rosiness.

Then, with a 'ripping' sound, she directly tore open the man's outer shirt.

Revealing his sturdy chest and the gruesome wound.

The wound was deep, almost exposing the bones of his ribs, and the shape of the wound was strange, not like a normal knife injury.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, picked up a cotton swab, dipped it in medical alcohol, and carefully wiped away the dirty blood around the wound.

"Zi," Chu Jin said as she took out needle and thread to suture the man's wounds, "his injuries are too severe. Can we exchange some elixirs to use?"

As soon as she heard the word 'exchange,' Zi's eyes immediately sparkled, eager to respond, "Yes, yes, a freshly made 'Holy Spirit Pill' can bring the dead back to life, knit flesh over bare bones... it only costs 5% Faith Value, what do you think, Jin? Would you like one?"

As they talked, the man who had his eyes closed the whole time now opened them slightly.

He tried to open his eyes wider, but his eyelids felt incredibly heavy, as if weighed down by a thousand pounds. It was difficult for him to see the girl's face clearly; he could only make out a rough outline of her figure and the faint scent coming from her.

After looking for a while, he fell back into unconsciousness.

"Ding! 5% Faith Value successfully deducted, 'Holy Spirit Pill' exchanged."

Hearing the system's voice, Chu Jin winced, acutely feeling that her life had just shortened by a few days.

With a flip of her wrist, a blue porcelain bottle suddenly appeared in Chu Jin's palm.

She poured out a blue pill and reached to hold the man's chin, exerting a bit of force in trying to pry open the man's mouth to feed him the pill,

however, the man stubbornly refused to open his mouth, his lips sealed tightly no matter how much force she applied.

Chu Jin looked at the man with a hint of annoyance and gave his cheek a pat, speaking in a cool tone, "If you don't want to die, open your mouth and take the medicine."

The force of her hand was strong, leaving red marks on the man's originally smooth face.

Zi watched anxiously and couldn't help but remind her in a low voice, "Chu Jin, Chu Jin..."

Chu Jin gave her a bleak glance, "What is it?"

"Stop slapping!" Zi swallowed hard, "If you keep slapping, you'll slap him to death..." If he died, that would be a 5% Faith Value down the drain!

Chu Jin eased the force in her hands and once again moved her hand to his jaw, forcefully pried open the man's mouth, and quickly fed him the pill.

Having taken care of that, the man began to show signs of waking up.

He suddenly opened his eyes, revealing a dangerous look in those deep pupils.

At the same time, a system voice echoed in Chu Jin's mind, [Ding! Mission completed, reward 10% Faith Value.]

Completion of the mission signified that the man was no longer in danger of losing his life.

Chu Jin dusted off her hands, packed up her backpack, and was about to leave when a sharp, icy object suddenly pressed against her neck.

"Who are you?" A slightly hoarse voice came from behind her.

Great! She'd saved an ingrate.

The real-life version of The Farmer and The Viper.

Chu Jin reached up to gently push the knife blade against her neck, "Calm down, swords have no eyes..."

"No nonsense!" The man tightened his grip on the dagger, and the gleaming blade immediately drew a line of blood on her fair neck, "Speak! Who sent you!"

"Sir," Chu Jin's tone was a bit cool, "Have you heard of the story of The Farmer and The Viper?"

The man narrowed his eyes slightly, a fierce light flashing in them as he increased the pressure on the dagger, "What do you mean?"

"I saved you."

Those five nonchalant words reminded him of the scene he had witnessed before losing consciousness.

He withdrew the dagger from her neck and pulled a jade pendant from his waist, shoving it into Chu Jin's hands.

Then, with a flash, he disappeared without a trace.

Leaving behind only a strong scent of blood.

Chu Jin stared at the jade pendant in her hand, slightly taken aback.

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Meanwhile, at the Mo family.

The old Madam Mo sat on the living room sofa, her face full of worry, "Xuan'er, the night of extreme yin is almost upon us..."

Compared to old Madam Mo's anxious demeanor, Mo Zhixuan's face was expressionless. Upon hearing her words, he merely responded with a nonchalant "Hmm."



Old Madam Mo sighed, "Mother is worried you won't hold up... Should I go to the Zheng family myself?"

Though she still resented Zheng Chuyi for her past indifference, her son's life was at stake, and she couldn't care less about their old grudges.

At this moment, Mo Zhixuan's life was of utmost importance.

"No need!" Mo Zhixuan refused outright, his cool tone barely hiding his indifferent aloofness, "Don't worry, haven't I always made it through all these years?"

"This time it's different!" Old Madam Mo stood up from the sofa, "Xuan'er, mother won't allow anything to happen to you!"