

R Woman 741

Chapter 741: Proposal

Mo Qingyi just looked at Duanmu Zhe, her mind constantly echoing with the phrase, "I like you." She almost forgot how to react.

Duanmu Zhe liked to see Mo Qingyi so flustered, like a cute little rabbit. Without any hesitation, he reached out and pinched Mo Qingyi's chin, tilting it up slightly.

Mo Qingyi had already lost the ability to think, only feeling a large shadow looming towards her face. Then, her lips were covered by something soft.

It was soft, and somewhat sweet.

Like ice cream.

Mo Qingyi was stunned, involuntarily closing her eyes, and began to lightly lick with the tip of her tongue...

Their lips and teeth intertwined, going deeper without realizing it, as the atmosphere in the car became hotter.

Duanmu Zhe held her head with one hand, and with the other, he reached for the switch to flatten the seat.

"I want to be on top," Mo Qingyi rolled over, pressing Duanmu Zhe under her, full of assertiveness. Duanmu Zhe didn't resist, pulling her neck closer to intensify their kiss.

Both of them were novices at kissing. Although neither was particularly skilled, the process was still very tender.

Until—

Mo Qingyi's exasperated voice rose.

"Duanmu Xiaosi! You bit my tongue! Damn! It's bleeding! Haven't you ever eaten meat or what?" Mo Qingyi walked out of the car excitedly, fixing her disheveled collar.

Through the neckline, the faint red finger marks in the cleavage were clearly visible.

Too much!

Really too much!

Duanmu Zhe followed her, touching his head with a hint of grievance, "I only bit you once, but you've bitten me several times. How about I let you bite back?" As he said this, a gleam appeared in Duanmu Zhe's eyes.

After all, it was normal for a guy who had been single for 28 years not to have eaten meat.

"Bite back?" Mo Qingyi gave Duanmu Zhe a look up and down, "Heh, wishful thinking on your part! You men are all the same. Tell me, why did you start getting handsy just now?"

"I couldn't control myself," Duanmu Zhe said very seriously, "If anyone is to blame, it's because you're too attractive. So attractive that every time I see you, I can't help but want to commit a crime." Despite Duanmu Zhe's usual laid-back demeanor, when it comes to sweet-talking, not many could outdo him.

"Smooth talker, I wouldn't trust you for a second," Mo Qingyi surveyed the desolate surroundings and then said, "What kind of place is this? Why is there not a soul in sight?"

Duanmu Zhe glanced sideways at Mo Qingyi and said in a low voice, "Didn't you always want to see the ocean? Here it is. Close your eyes, and I'll take you to see the sea."

"Why do I need to close my eyes? Are you planning something sneaky again?" Mo Qingyi asked warily.

"What mischief could I possibly get up to?" Duanmu Zhe said with a smile, "Isn't it always portrayed like this in TV dramas? Before a male lead gives the female lead a surprise, he asks her to close her eyes first."

Since what Duanmu Zhe said made some sense, Mo Qingyi slowly closed her eyes. Before she did, she warned, "Duanmu Xiaosi, let me tell you, no cheating, or I won't let you off the hook."

"Yes, yes, my queen, I know, I promise no cheating," Duanmu Zhe nodded repeatedly.

Watching Mo Qingyi standing opposite him, Duanmu Zhe slowly curved his lips into a smile, then leaned in slightly and kissed Mo Qingyi's lips.

Realizing what was happening, Mo Qingyi immediately struggled, "Damn, what are you doing? Trying to bite me again?"

Tricks, all tricks.

Mo Qingyi had never expected Duanmu Zhe to be such a person.

"Be good, this kind of thing gets better with practice, practice makes perfect," Duanmu Zhe firmly held Mo Qingyi's slim waist, stopping her from moving.

Perhaps it was because of the experience they had just shared.

This time, his kissing skills had significantly improved.

His nimble tongue explored her mouth, and gradually, Mo Qingyi also melted into the kiss, unconsciously tightening her grasp around Duanmu Zhe's neck, standing on tiptoes to deepen the kiss further.

Together at last, after such a long time, she and Duanmu Zhe were finally together.

A tear rolled down from the corner of each of their eyes.

After a while, Duanmu Zhe finally let go of her and whispered in Mo Qingyi's ear, "Qingyi, open your eyes."

Mo Qingyi slowly opened her eyes.

At that moment, she almost thought she was hallucinating.

In front of her was the endless sea, where the blue sky merged with the ocean, vast and boundless. Beneath her feet was the soft sand of the beach, with charming coconut trees and shrubs nearby, and countless pink and white balloons floated in the air.

On every balloon were the words, "Mo Qingyi, I love you."

Amid the sky, there was a set of oversized balloons forming a line of words.

"Wish to win a person's heart, never to part until we're white-haired."

Mo Qingyi covered her mouth in excitement, feeling a sourness in her nose as she was about to cry, never expecting Duanmu Zhe to have secretly prepared so much.

"Qingyi, turn around." Duanmu Zhe steadied Mo Qingyi's shoulders, leading her to turn.

Seeing the scene behind her, Mo Qingyi was even more astonished.

There, the beach behind her was covered with roses.

Bright red ones.

Vibrantly enchanting.

The gentle breeze carried the salty scent of sea water mixed with the faint fragrance of roses.

At the very top, those roses were even arranged into the shape of "I, LOVE, YOU".

"Duanmu, thank you." Mo Qingyi hugged Duanmu Zhe tightly, her voice choked with emotion.

"Silly girl, all of this is what I should do." Duanmu Zhe gently ruffled Mo Qingyi's hair as he continued, "Qingyi, do you like everything I've done for you?"

"I like it." Mo Qingyi nodded continuously, liking it because it was all done by the man she loved; if it had been any other man, it would have brought her only fright and no surprise.

"Then..." Duanmu Zhe hesitated before speaking, "will you marry me?"

Duanmu Zhe deliberately lowered his voice, giving it a beguiling charm.

At his words, Mo Qingyi paused, liking Duanmu Zhe as well, but this pace of development was too swift, wasn't it? Proposing already when they had just started?

It wasn't that she didn't like Duanmu Zhe, she just felt that it was all happening a bit too rapidly for her.

She hadn't even discussed it with Mrs. Mo yet.

Before Mo Qingyi could respond, Duanmu Zhe knelt on one knee and took out an amethyst ring from his pocket, "Mo Qingyi, marry me. If you don't want to have children, we don't need to. Just marry me, and from now on in our family, you will be the boss, whatever you say goes, and in the Duanmu Family, you will be the only head of the family."

Though it was a declaration of love, every word that Duanmu Zhe said was well thought out, with not a single one in jest.

He could give everything for Mo Qingyi, even his life.

If Mo Qingyi married him, from then on, in the Duanmu Family, she would be the head of the family; he would follow her lead unquestioningly.

"I..." Mo Qingyi looked at Duanmu Zhe's sincere face, hesitating.

A girl, of course, should be coy.

If she allowed Duanmu Zhe to succeed too easily, he would surely not cherish her as he should in the future.

Isn't that a flaw all men have?

Moreover, who combines a confession with a proposal?

Merging the two into one, Duanmu Zhe was certainly making things more convenient for himself.

Mo Qingyi lightly arched her eyebrow, turning away, and did not take the ring from Duanmu Zhe's hand.

"What's wrong, Qingyi? Could it be that you don't love me anymore?" Seeing Mo Qingyi's indecisiveness, Duanmu Zhe asked anxiously.

"That's not it." Mo Qingyi shook her head, her back still turned.

Duanmu Zhe continued to ask, "Then what is it?"

Mo Qingyi straightforwardly voiced her thoughts, "If I agree to you so quickly, what if you don't cherish me properly in the future? Besides, my mom, brother, and sister-in-law don't even know about this yet. This is a lifelong matter; I hope to discuss it with them first."

That was the least respect she could show, after all, these were her closest family members.

Realizing the reason, Duanmu Zhe breathed a sigh of relief, "Qingyi, rest assured, I swear I will treat you well for a lifetime, love only you forever. Whether it's Aunt Mo, Brother Jiu, or Sister-in-law Jiu, they all fully support us being together. Just give me a status."

Duanmu Zhe extended the ring before Mo Qingyi.

The amethyst stone sparkled dazzlingly under the sunlight.

Mo Qingyi looked at the ring and suddenly, her guarded heart burst open; she looked at Duanmu Zhe and then slowly nodded, her eyes shy.

Of course, she knew her family liked Duanmu Zhe very much.

Originally, she wanted to give Duanmu Zhe a hard time, but upon seeing the ring, she didn't want to trouble him anymore.

As long as the two of them were together, genuinely in love, that was stronger than anything.

She believed Duanmu Zhe would bring her happiness.

Seeing Mo Qingyi finally nod her head, Duanmu Zhe was ecstatic, his excitement palpable as he slipped the amethyst ring onto Mo Qingyi's ring finger, and then, planted a gentle kiss on the ring.

At the same moment, countless fireworks blossomed above the sea.

Even though it was daylight, the colors of the fireworks were still dazzlingly bright, reflecting off the sea where dolphins were leaping out of the water.

Seeing this, Mo Qingyi jumped up in excitement, "Duanmu Xiaosi, look, dolphins! They're so beautiful!"

"They are indeed beautiful." Duanmu Zhe also gazed toward the distant sea, his expression seemingly calm, but in reality, his heart was beating with excitement.

And so.

He was finally with Mo Qingyi.

Being with someone you love is an incredibly happy thing.

Not far off the coast, a rainbow arched into the sky, and Mo Qingyi looked on in delight, "Duanmu, where did you find this island? It's simply too beautiful."

"I stumbled upon it while on a mission," Duanmu Zhe held Mo Qingyi's shoulders tight, "I knew you would like it, so I quietly marked the location, and I've already bought this island. From now on, it will belong to just the two of us."

"Thank you." Mo Qingyi tiptoed to plant a kiss on Duanmu Zhe's chin, aiming for the cheek but was foiled by the difference in their heights. She could only reach his chin.

Mo Qingyi was about 164cm tall, a full 20cm shorter than Duanmu Zhe. When they stood together, Duanmu Zhe exuded an overwhelming boyfriend vibe.

The height difference between the two was endearing to the extreme. When speaking to Mo Qingyi, Duanmu Zhe had to stoop, while Mo Qingyi had to stretch her neck to look up.

"Silly girl, why thank me?" Duanmu Zhe reached out to touch Mo Qingyi's head, delivering a full-fledged head pat, his eyes brimming with indulgence, wishing he could bring her the best things in the world.

Mo Qingyi just stared at him, a soft smile curling the edges of her mouth.

"By the way, Duanmu Xiaosi, are there other people on this island?" Mo Qingyi continued to inquire.

At a moment like this, Mo Qingyi did not want anyone else to disrupt such a perfect atmosphere.

Duanmu Zhe noticed the puzzlement in Mo Qingyi's eyes and explained, "The island has been purchased by me, so no one else will appear here."

"That's great," Mo Qingyi nodded with satisfaction, her smile deepening as she looked at the ring on her finger.

The amethyst ring wasn't something that could be bought from the market, but rather a family heirloom of the Duanmu Family, passed down to daughters-in-law, not daughters.

This also signified that Duanmu Zhe had proposed with ample sincerity.

Truth be told, Mo Qingyi still found it all quite dreamlike.

She had not expected to end up with Duanmu Zhe so quickly, agreeing to his proposal without any preparation.

"Oh yes," Duanmu Zhe then said, "there's a waterfall on the other side of the island, a natural one, very beautiful, and there are lots of wild animals. Shall I take you to see them?"

"Sure." Mo Qingyi nodded in agreement.

Duanmu Zhe took Mo Qingyi's hand, their fingers intertwined, and led her toward the other side of the island.

The island wasn't large, and in a short while, they reached the waterfall that Duanmu Zhe had mentioned.

"Wow, it really is beautiful." Mo Qingyi exclaimed in surprise at the sight before her.

This spot was probably the only freshwater source on the island, so the surrounding land bore many footprints of small animals. When Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe arrived, they even spotted two rabbits drinking water.

Colorful butterflies fluttered around the wildflowers in front of the waterfall.

All of this was like a fairyland on earth, exquisitely beautiful.

No sooner had the rabbits left than two young deer walked over leisurely. They seemed unaccustomed to seeing humans; with no hunters on the island, they were not afraid and came right up to Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe.

"They're so gentle," Mo Qingyi said happily as she stroked the head of one of the fawns.

The deer, unafraid, stared back with big curious eyes.

One of the deer even bent its front legs and knelt before Mo Qingyi, as if imitating a human's gesture of kneeling.

"Duanmu Xiaosi, what's it doing?" Mo Qingyi was puzzled and turned to Duanmu Zhe for an explanation.

Duanmu Zhe thought for a moment, then replied, "It might want you to ride on its back."

"Really?" Mo Qingyi was surprised. She had ridden horses and elephants, but she had never ridden a deer before.

The deer appeared to be about half human height, with very strong limbs, which should be able to carry her. Moreover, the animals from the Superpower World were imbued with Spiritual Energy.

Given the physique of this deer, carrying an adult seemed to be no problem at all.

After a moment's hesitation, Mo Qingyi stepped up and sat on the deer's back. The deer stood up effortlessly.

Duanmu Zhe also climbed onto the back of the male deer next to her.

The deer carried the two of them, wobbling forward, and Mo Qingyi looked back at Duanmu Zhe with happiness, "Duanmu Xiaosi, take a picture for me."

"Sure." Duanmu Zhe took out his phone and snapped a bunch of photos in succession.

Their quiet voices spread throughout the entire valley.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from the sky.

"Qingyi, Qingyi."

"Mo Qingyi, will you marry me?"

The voice was quite peculiar, sounding like a child's voice, yet also like it was emitted by a speech repeater, very stiff, and moreover, it kept repeating those two sentences, "Qingyi, Qingyi."

"Mo Qingyi, will you marry me?"

Mo Qingyi looked to the side with some confusion, glancing at Duanmu Zhe, "Is this also your doing?"

Duanmu Zhe too was completely baffled, his curiosity lifting his gaze into the sky, "It's not me, I would say that sort of thing myself, why would I ask someone else to do it?"

Unfortunately, besides the towering trees, there was nothing else in mid-air, and aside from the crisp calls of birds, no other sounds could be heard. Just when they thought those strange sounds they heard earlier were merely an illusion.

"Could I have heard it wrong?" Mo Qingyi extended her pinky to dig into her ear.

Duanmu Zhe slightly furrowed his brow, then said, "But it can't be that both of us heard it wrong, could it?"

Mo Qingyi averted her gaze, "But we really didn't see anything, and neither did I feel any spiritual power fluctuations around here, could it be that we both experienced an auditory hallucination simultaneously?"

"Maybe." Duanmu Zhe also shifted his gaze away, his brow creasing slightly.

"Let's go, my deer," Mo Qingyi urged, squeezing her legs together, and the deer started wobbling forward again.

There were many kinds of wild animals in the forest; Mo Qingyi saw monkeys, elephants, pythons... livelier than a wildlife park. Not just animals, the island was also rich in fruits.

Mangoes, lemons, and even watermelons, grapes...

It must be said, this was an island rich in resources.

Because some fruits were not in season, Mo Qingyi only picked grapes and watermelons. During the following time, they did not hear that strange voice again. Just as they were about to head toward the beach, that strange voice appeared once more.

Still the same two sentences, "Qingyi, Qingyi."

"Qingyi, will you marry me?"

Hearing this, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe glanced at each other, then unanimously lifted their eyes towards the sky, but besides the towering trees, they saw nothing else.

However, both were now almost certain that this wasn't some illusion, it was truly happening.

It's just that the voice was a bit weird, somewhat cold and robotic, as if coming from a speech repeater.

Duanmu Zhe squinted his eyes, his voice low, "Who's there, show yourself! Why skulk around!"

"Mo Qingyi, will you marry me?" the strange voice emerged once more.

"Who in the world are you?" Duanmu Zhe leapt off the deer, his eyes filled with caution.

The voice mimicked Duanmu Zhe's words, "Who in the world, are you, divine?"

The voice was quite shrill, but fortunately not very loud, so it wasn't too grating.

However, the way it spoke was very peculiar, apart from the phrase "Qingyi, marry me" which was said rather smoothly, the rest of the sentences were in disjointed sets of three words, making it very awkward. If one didn't listen carefully, they might not understand what it meant,

A bit like a child who had just learned to speak.

Duanmu Zhe leapt onto a tree trunk, his gaze fixed on the sky, "Who are you, really? Why do you mimic what I say?"

"Why do you, mimic, what I say?"

"Interesting." Mo Qingyi also jumped off the deer, her eyes lifting to the canopy. After looking for a long time, she didn't see anything out of the ordinary, yet indeed, the sound was coming from right above.

This was somewhat strange; what exactly was going on with this voice?

Before Mo Qingyi could recover from her surprise, the voice echoed in the air once more, "Quite interesting." The phrase was spoken with Mo Qingyi's intonation—aside from the voice not quite matching, the imitation was nearly perfect.

It's just that the voice was overly mechanical, entirely imitating others, and it sounded a bit stilted.

"You come down first," Mo Qingyi waved to Duanmu Zhe, then said, "Do you think this could be some sort of recording device? It doesn't seem like anyone is around here."

Duanmu Zhe's spiritual power was very profound, but even he did not know what lay behind this voice, and he didn't sense any life force either.

Hearing Mo Qingyi say this, the voice suddenly became angry, exclaiming in rage, "You're not, a person! You're not, a person!"

Chapter 742: You Are Malnourished

Mo Qingyi smiled and said, "If you're human, why won't you come out and meet us?"

"Meet us! Meet us! Meet us!" That voice kept repeating the same sentence.

"Let's go, Duanmu Zhe, and ignore its pretense," Mo Qingyi said as she grabbed Duanmu Zhe's hand and headed for the exit.

"Wait a moment." The voice sounded again, particularly smooth when it spoke those three words.

Mo Qingyi paused, looked back, and rubbed her nose with her thumb, "I'm giving you one more minute to think it over. I don't care who you are; please show yourself immediately. Sister doesn't have time to play hide and seek with you here."

There was a moment of silence in the air, and then the sharp voice suddenly rose again, sounding a bit disgruntled.

"Boring!"

"Humans, idiots!"

Mo Qingyi was now certain that whatever it was, it definitely wasn't human.

Just then, there was a 'plop' in the air, and a completely black bird landed on Duanmu Zhe's shoulder, tilting its head and curiously sizing up Mo Qingyi.

It was a myna with exceptionally good plumage, very pretty, with a pair of black eyes full of intelligence, its dark pupils constantly spinning around.

"Were you the one talking just now?" Mo Qingyi reached out to touch the myna's head.

Unexpectedly, before her hand could get far, the myna immediately flew to Duanmu Zhe's other shoulder, shrieking, "Idiot! Don't touch me!"

"Duanmu Xiaosi, are you having an affair with this bird?" Mo Qingyi looked at Duanmu Zhe, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

If they weren't involved, why would the bird stay on Duanmu Zhe's shoulder and not leave?

"No, I don't know it," Duanmu Zhe shook his head, keeping his neck stiff, looking like he was allergic to birds. "Qingyi, get it off me quickly!"

Just as Mo Qingyi reached out to grab it from behind, the myna 'zipped' up and flew onto Duanmu Zhe's head, "I won't leave! I won't leave!"

Mo Qingyi couldn't help laughing and said, "Duanmu Xiaosi, maybe this little bird has taken a liking to you?"

"Mo Qingyi, will you marry me?" The myna began its signature song again, standing atop Duanmu Zhe's head grooming its feathers in a very arrogant manner.

Clearly, it didn't realize that Mo Qingyi was the person standing right in front of it.

"You little thing, quite full of Spiritual Energy, aren't you?" Mo Qingyi stood on tiptoe, trying to catch the myna. Due to her height and the bird's constant dodging, she couldn't grab it at all.

If Duanmu Zhe weren't holding her waist the entire time, she would have already fallen over due to being off-balance.

And annoyingly, the myna kept taunting, "Idiot! Can't catch me! Can't catch me! I'll make you mad! I'll make you mad!"

Mo Qingyi, huffing with anger, said, "You dead bird, stinky bird, rotten bird, just wait till I catch you and pluck all your feathers before roasting you!"

"Terrifying woman! Terrifying woman!" the myna flapped its wings frantically.

Duanmu Zhe held Mo Qingyi's waist with both hands, whispering lowly, "Take it easy, don't fall. If you like it, let's take it home together."

Thanks to this myna, he could openly take advantage. Usually, he found that Mo Qingyi was quite conservative with fabric for the nation's sake, but now it seemed that wasn't quite the case.

To make a proper judgment, one has to experience things firsthand.

"Go home together, go home together." The myna, excited, flapped its wings and stood steadily on Duanmu Zhe's head, retracting one little claw, maintaining a 'golden rooster standing on one leg' posture.

When it heard the word 'home,' its eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Are you sure you just met this little bird?" Mo Qingyi squinted her eyes, looking at Duanmu Zhe.

It seemed that the bird wasn't unfamiliar with Duanmu Zhe at all.

"I'm not called Little Bird, I have a name," the myna preened its feathers, looking proudly at Mo Qingyi. The myna was very good at imitating others and had already mastered the rhythm of conversation after speaking a few words with Mo Qingyi.

"Finally speaking clearly," Mo Qingyi crossed her arms, "Where are you from? What's your name?"

Looking down from its lofty perch, the myna regarded Mo Qingyi with great pride, arrogantly spat out four words, "My name is Prosperity!" as if it were a truly grand name.

"Pfft!" Mo Qingyi burst out laughing, "Good name, good name."

With that said, Prosperity held its little head even higher, flapping its wings and flying onto Mo Qingyi's head.

Duanmu Zhe finally breathed a sigh of relief.

If it weren't for Mo Qingyi liking this accursed bird, he would have shooed it away with a slap long ago.

What had been a journey for two now included a little bird, and most of the time, it was Mo Qingyi arguing with Prosperity while Duanmu Zhe listened quietly alongside them.

When Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi returned to the distance, the place had turned into a playground for small animals.

Many of the island's indigenous wild goats were nibbling on the roses.

Mo Qingyi had been worried that so many roses might pollute the environment, but now it seemed she had been overly concerned.

"Qingyi, come over here, I have another surprise for you," Duanmu Zhe said, somewhat frustrated to see the romantic setting disrupted by a flock of wild goats, leading Mo Qingyi away.

Duanmu Zhe blindfolded Mo Qingyi's eyes with a scarf, tying a beautiful bow at the back of her head, and took her hand to walk to another place.

Prosperity followed quietly and prudently behind the two, not making a sound.

Deep and shallow footprints lined the golden beachside.

Soon a wave washed ashore, sweeping up a layer of sand, and the beach returned to its smooth, unblemished state.

About five to six minutes later, Duanmu Zhe stopped at a place with Mo Qingyi.

There was a gentle breeze with a hint of floral scent.

Duanmu Zhe leisurely untied the scarf. Upon seeing the scene before her, Mo Qingyi's eyes widened in surprise.

In front of them was a simple wooden frame structure, resembling a grape arbor, except instead of grapes, the structure was adorned with wild roses in full bloom.

Dense rose bushes sheltered from the intense sun, and a breeze brought bursts of floral rain, so romantic.

In the middle of the trellis, an exquisitely small table was placed with candles, wine glasses, red wine, and steak on it.

"Do you like it?" Duanmu Zhe asked, looking at Mo Qingyi.

"I like it, I really like it," Mo Qingyi said excitedly, hugging Duanmu Zhe's waist.

Duanmu Zhe couldn't resist and kissed her lips again, his voice husky, "As long as you like it, that's all that matters."

Youth knows not the taste of affection.

Once touched, it's hard to let go.

Wangcai stood on a beautiful rose, covering his eyes with his wings.

This scene was indeed not suitable for little birds.

It might corrupt this innocent bird.

Sunshine, coast, beach, flowers, delicious food, the one you love.

For this life, that's enough.

The Mo family.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan had just returned to the imperial palace not long ago when the mother and baby store sent over the things Mo Zhixuan had picked out.

Looking at the piles of baby goods, Chu Jin slightly frowned, "Mo Zhixuan, is there a mistake? We didn't buy this much, did we?" So wasteful! There's so much stuff, who knows if we'll be able to use it all when the time comes.

"There's no mistake, this is what we bought," Mo Zhixuan instructed the servants, "Take all these things to the empty room upstairs."

"Yes, Nine Ye."

It took the servants a whole 30 minutes to move everything upstairs.

On this side, the old Madam Mo was already busy decorating the children's room.

Knowing that Chu Jin was expecting twins, the old Madam Mo chose a very large children's room.

It was more than 120 square meters.

The old Madam Mo pulled Chu Jin into the children's room and pointed to the empty space, "Jin, we can place two small beds here, this spot for toys, and here for a desk. Oh, and over here, we put the wardrobe..."

Zhao Yan also walked in from behind, "My dear, I still think choosing the blue color scheme would be better for the decor, boys like blue, right, Jin? Do you agree with me?"

Just as Chu Jin was about to nod, the old Madam Mo said, "Little Yan, the babies haven't been born yet, who knows if they'll be boys or girls. I say pink is better, it's bright and versatile, and even boys can live in it. Jin, don't you think I'm right?"

The old Madam Mo planned to have the two little ones sleep in the same room until they were 5 years old before giving them separate rooms, which would help foster their bond.

Both elders made sensible points, and Chu Jin didn't know whom to side with, so she came up with an idea, "Both of you mothers, please discuss. I think both are good. How about we use blue and pink? I'm a bit hungry, I'm going to eat downstairs."

With that, Chu Jin turned and left.

The old Madam Mo immediately said, "Qinghe, quickly go and support Jin. Tell the kitchen to prepare more delicious food, suitable for a pregnant woman's taste... Actually, I'll personally go to the kitchen."

Zhao Yan, holding the design plans next to the designer, said, "Young man, listen to me, you won't be wrong to use the blue paint."

The designer looked at the old Madam Mo with some difficulty since after all, she is the true mistress of the Mo family.

With the old Madam Mo busy cooking for Chu Jin, she said, "Follow whatever Mrs. Chu decides."

"Alright," the designer finally nodded.

"Mrs. Nine, let me help you downstairs," Qinghe offered, escorting Chu Jin towards the staircase.

"No need, no need, you go on with your work," Chu Jin smiled and declined. It made her feel as if she was an invalid, needing support wherever she went.

"I must, the old Madam has instructed so," Qinghe insisted. Indeed, Qinghe liked Chu Jin a lot.

Before Chu Jin, she had served Luo Yu for a period.

During that time, she was horribly tormented by Luo Yu.

Luo Yu, pregnant and pampered, seemed capable of anything, beyond mere caprice.

When Luo Yu was around, the Mo family was in constant chaos and rarely had a moment's peace.

Chu Jin, however, was different.

Her birthright set her apart, the Empress was indeed an Empress. Such grace and demeanor, not something any commoner could match.

Without a choice, Chu Jin allowed Qinghe to escort her downstairs, where the old Madam Mo, smiling, came out of the kitchen with a bowl of soup and said to Chu Jin, "Jin, I saw on the medical report that you are somewhat malnourished, so I had someone specially make this nourishing soup for you. Take a sip and see if it's good. If it is, I will make it for you every day."

Malnourished?

Chu Jin was stunned; she hadn't noticed anything about malnutrition on the medical report.

"Mom, are you sure you read that right?" Chu Jin brushed the hair from her forehead behind her ear, "The doctor said my indicators were all normal, and the babies' development is very stable, with no signs of malnutrition."

"If I say you are, then you are," the old Madam Mo said sternly, continuing, "You young people overlook these things, look how thin you've become. Drink the soup right away." In the eyes of the old Madam Mo, Chu Jin was extremely slender, fearing a breeze might blow her away. If that's not malnutrition, then what is?

Looking at the old Madam Mo, Chu Jin suddenly remembered that old saying: Your mother thinks you're cold.

In her case, it had become, your mother thinks you're malnourished.

Under the expectant gaze of the old Madam Mo, Chu Jin took the bowl of soup, took a sip, and slightly frowned. Perhaps due to the medicinal herbs, the taste of the soup was not great, but she couldn't bear to refuse the old Madam Mo and ended up drinking the entire bowl.

"How is it, Jin? Is the soup tasty or not?" the old Madam Mo asked, beaming, seeing that Chu Jin had finished the soup.

Chu Jin, with a bright smile, nodded, "It's quite tasty."

Chapter 743: Sons Sour Daughters Spicy

Hearing this, the elder Mrs. Mo said happily, "That's good, I'll make it for you again tomorrow."

As she finished speaking, the elder Mrs. Mo took a green tangerine and a plate of spicy dried tofu from the maid and handed it to Chu Jin, "Jin, which one would you like to eat?"

The dried tofu must have been seasoned with a secret recipe, carrying a light braised aroma and a strong spicy taste that instantly whetted the appetite. Chu Jin had just had some nourishing soup, so having a bite of the spicy dried tofu to cut through the richness couldn't be more perfect.

It had to be said that the elder Mrs. Mo was indeed very considerate.

"I'll eat this one." Chu Jin picked up the plate of spicy dried tofu.

Chu Jin certainly knew the saying "sour for boys, spicy for girls," but for some reason, she just didn't understand her own preferences; although she had thoroughly enjoyed eating sour tangerines yesterday, today she craved something spicy.

Could it be that she was really carrying fraternal twins?

Chu Jin furrowed her brows slightly, but she knew that was impossible. The probability of twins was already low, not to mention fraternal twins. She had already won the grand prize once, how could she win it a second time?

Seeing this, the elder Mrs. Mo said cheerfully, "If you like it, eat more. Don't worry, it was all personally made by our family's chef, pure, natural, and green food with no pollution."

"Sour for boys, spicy for girls," observing Chu Jin's reaction, the elder Mrs. Mo had a pretty good idea and hurried upstairs, calling out to Zhao Yan, "Little Yan, maybe we should use pink for the nursery after all. The child in Jin's belly is definitely going to be two girls."

Chu Jin liked spicy food, so it must certainly be a girl.

"In-law, I think it's definitely a boy. Besides, you're not a doctor, how can you be so sure?" Zhao Yan still preferred blues and other masculine colors. Compared to girls, she liked boys more. Boys are robust and easier to raise.

Although Zhao Yan liked Chu Jin very much, in her mind, she still preferred boys.

The differences between boys and girls are indeed substantial.

Take for instance Chu Jin and Chu Xiu—when Chu Xiu grew up, he could bring a wife back to the family.

But Chu Jin, she could only marry out, and watching her daughter become part of another family is the most heartbreaking thing for a mother.

As for the feeling of marrying off a daughter, Zhao Yan had deep emotions; it was an extremely uncomfortable sensation.

The elder Mrs. Mo disagreed with Zhao Yan. She felt that boys and girls were the same, as long as they were of the Mo family's bloodline.

The elder Mrs. Mo smiled and said, "Sour for boys, spicy for girls. Jin loves spicy foods, there's no mistake."

"Sour for boys, spicy for girls?" Zhao Yan asked in surprise, "In-law, did you let Jin eat chili?"

"Yes," nodded the elder Mrs. Mo, "I especially had the chef make these spicy dried tofu. Don't worry, it's very healthy, not junk food at all."

"In-law, pregnant women shouldn't eat chili!" Zhao Yan immediately headed downstairs.

"Why not?" The elder Mrs. Mo was startled; she too had been through pregnancy and had never heard of such a rule.

By the time Zhao Yan got downstairs, Chu Jin had already finished half of the dried tofu. Just as she was about to eat the rest, someone took the plate from her hands.

"Mom? What are you doing?" Chu Jin asked with surprise, looking at Zhao Yan.

"Pregnant women shouldn't eat chili," Zhao Yan put the plate on the coffee table, "Jin, you have to be mindful of what you eat. Eating chili can greatly harm the baby's skin..."

"Mom, I haven't heard that we can't eat chili." Chu Jin was somewhat speechless.

Being an ancient doctor, she was very clear about what pregnant women should avoid: what they could eat and what they couldn't. Chu Jin had a good count in her heart.

"Either way, you just can't," insisted Zhao Yan, "Chili is so spicy, it's satisfying for you to eat, but the one who suffers is the child. Listen to me, for the good of the child, you must not eat chili."

In fact, the reason Zhao Yan was so insistent had its roots in her background.

In Zhao Yan's hometown, there was a belief that the children of pregnant women who loved eating chili would not have good skin, being very dark, and moreover, chili could also stimulate the fetus.

"Is it really not allowed?" Chu Jin struggled to control her cravings.

She had a penchant for spicy food, and now that she was pregnant, she found it even harder to resist the temptation.

Once a pregnant woman craved something, nothing could stop her; it was like an insatiable itch in her mind, continuously scratching at her.

"Little Yan," the elder Mrs. Mo came over, "wouldn't it be fine to eat a little bit?"

"No, for Jin's sake, and for the children's sake, absolutely no chili." Zhao Yan ordered the maids to take the spicy dried tofu away.

Chu Jin's heart left with the spicy dried tofu.

"Alright Jin, stop looking. You don't want to give birth to two little monsters, do you?" Zhao Yan peeled a tangerine and handed it to Chu Jin, "Chili is a stimulating food, it could deform the children's features if you eat it. Better to eat more fruit, this tangerine is good."

Chu Jin reluctantly withdrew her gaze, knowing that Zhao Yan meant well for her. Alright, for the sake of the two little ones in her belly, she would endure.

Fortunately, without spicy dried tofu, she could still satisfy her cravings with sour fruits.

In the evening, Mo Zhixuan took charge of the kitchen himself.

In the Mo family, the only person who had tasted the dishes cooked by Mo Zhixuan was Chu Jin.

The Mo family's old madam and Tong Zhi were both astounded; no one had expected that Mo Zhixuan could actually cook.

It's often said that gentlemen stay away from the kitchen, but it seemed like this saying simply didn't apply to Mo Zhixuan.

In just two hours, Mo Zhixuan had filled the table with dishes.

And they were full of color, fragrance, and flavor.

Sitting at the table, Tong Zhi said with a smile, "Zhixuan, you truly are a dark horse."

"Aunt Tong, you're flattering me," Mo Zhixuan replied with his usual composure.

Halfway through the meal, Mo Fengxu also came over. His expression didn't seem off, but during the meal, he kept glancing at Tong Zhi with the corner of his eye.

Tong Zhi was chatting with Zhao Yan as usual.

Upon learning about Chu Jin's pregnancy, Mo Fengxu stood up excitedly and exclaimed, "Really? That's wonderful! Zhixuan, Jin, I didn't bring a gift for my little grandnephew or grandniece this time, but I'll make sure to make it up when the baby is born."

Mo Zhixuan served Chu Jin a bowl of soup and said politely, "Uncle, you're too kind."

Mo Fengxu said with a smile, "What do you mean kind? It's the least I can do; this is the Mo family's future direct heir! By then, I'll be the uncle-grandpa of the child."

"Oh, brother," the old madam continued. "You don't need to worry about gifts. Why don't you bring us a little sister-in-law instead? That would be the best gift. We don't lack other gifts. Zhixuan and Jin need an 'Auntie,' and the children need a 'Grandma.'"

According to the family hierarchy, Chu Jin's two little ones would call Mo Fengxu 'Granduncle.'

Here was someone about to become a grandfather, and he still wasn't married; wasn't that a joke?

At these words, Mo Fengxu quickly changed the subject and picked up an empty bowl, "Sister-in-law, I tried the chicken soup, and it's really good. Let me get you a bowl." After putting the chicken soup in front of the old madam, Mo Fengxu also took Tong Zhi's bowl and casually said, "Tong Zhi, let me get you a bowl too."

"Thank you, Uncle," Tong Zhi replied politely, her expression unwavering.

"Tong Zhi, we're of the same generation, you can just call me 'Brother Feng,'" Mo Fengxu said with a smile.

Tong Zhi drank her soup, opting not to speak.

The old madam's gaze shifted back and forth between the two, as if she had discovered something. A faint smile spread across her face, but she said nothing more.

Halfway through the meal, Mo Qingyi returned with Duanmu Zhe.

The two were holding hands, but upon seeing the full table of people, even someone as bold as Mo Qingyi felt shy and quickly let go of Duanmu Zhe's hand.

Mo Qingyi acted as if nothing was amiss and greeted the old madam, "Mom, I'm back."

At that, Duanmu Zhe seemed a little displeased. Was he that embarrassing to be seen with? Look how frightened the girl had become.

"Mom, I'm back." Bao Bao flew in from outside and landed on Mo Qingyi's head, repeating her words.

With this, everyone's attention shifted to the bird.

"Qingyi, where did you get this bird?" Tong Zhi asked, curious.

Typically, birds that mimic humans can only say simple words.

For instance, "hello," "goodbye," "congratulations on your wealth," and so on. But this bird managed to say a whole sentence at once.

"It's quite cute," Chu Jin also commented with a slight arch of her brows.

"Beauty, beauty! Hello beauty, my name is Bao Bao." Bao Bao flew right onto Chu Jin's shoulder.

Mo Qingyi looked at Bao Bao somewhat speechlessly; she hadn't expected that this creature would turn out to be such a flatterer, truly living up to its name!

"You can just call me Jin," Chu Jin said as she stroked Bao Bao's feathers.

"Jin is nice, Jin is nice," Bao Bao kept rubbing its head against Chu Jin's neck, turning into a beloved Bao Bao, seemingly a very different bird from the cheeky Bao Bao from the afternoon.

"Wow, it's so well-behaved," Chu Jin fed a peanut to Bao Bao.

"Thank you, Jin, thank you, Jin, Jin is a great beauty! Jin is a great beauty!" Bao Bao said obsequiously.

Bao Bao's appearance eased the atmosphere, making everyone at the table burst into laughter.

Damn!

Mo Qingyi was stunned! Bao Bao the bird must be possessed by a drama queen. It had been a greasy, rude bird spouting obscenities when with her in the afternoon, but now it had turned into a lovable, refreshing character?

Bao Bao's arrival made Little Grey feel a sense of crisis. It had been difficult enough when the little lolita took little bai away, and now there came Bao Bao!

Why were there so many glamorous and cheap outsiders?

"Qingyi, Little Zhe, what are you still standing there for?" the Mo family matriarch called out to the two, gesturing for them to sit down. "Come on, sit down and have dinner."

"Thank you, Aunt Mo." Duanmu Zhe politely took his seat. Unusually, Mo Qingyi didn't bicker with Duanmu Zhe and obediently sat beside him.

Chu Jin noticed Mo Qingyi's lips looked a bit red and swollen, even slightly cracked. As someone well-versed in such matters, Chu Jin of course understood what had caused it.

Gazing at the subtle atmosphere between Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe, something must have happened that afternoon.

Could it be that these two had solidified their ambiguous relationship?

At this thought, Chu Jin slightly arched her brow and a faint smile formed on her lips—if that was indeed the case, it would be a triple blessing.

"Mom..." During the meal, Mo Qingyi repeatedly seemed on the verge of speaking, then hesitated.

"What is it?" the Mo family matriarch asked with curiosity as she looked at Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi immediately shook her head, smiling. "It's nothing. Just wanted to say, tonight's dishes are so delicious. Do we have a new chef at home?"

The Mo family matriarch glanced at Mo Qingyi and then at Duanmu Zhe before replying, "No, tonight's meal was prepared by your brother."

"Oh," responded Mo Qingyi with a nod.

Mo Qingyi had wanted to take advantage of everyone being there that evening to announce her relationship with Duanmu Zhe.

But, this being her first experience of the kind, she was at a loss how to break the news.

Seeing Mo Qingyi looking preoccupied, the Mo family matriarch asked with concern, "Qingyi, do you have something on your mind?"

Mo Qingyi quickly shook her head in denial. "Me? What could possibly be on my mind?"

No sooner had she spoken, Duanmu Zhe reached out and gave Mo Qingyi's waist a light pinch.

Stubborn girl, at such a moment, she still thought about keeping it a secret from the Mo family matriarch and everyone else.

A flicker of puzzlement crossed the Mo family matriarch's eyes as she gently said, "Well, as long as everything is fine."

Chu Jin, noticing the new ring on Mo Qingyi's left ring finger, curiously said, "Qingyi, when did you buy that ring on your hand? It's pretty."

The purple gemstone gleamed dazzlingly under the light.

Hearing Chu Jin's comment, everyone's gaze was drawn to Mo Qingyi's left hand, and it was too late for her to hide the ring.

Tong Zhi said with a smile, "Qingyi, that ring looks familiar to me. The design is quite unique; it must be a special order, not something you can buy just anywhere, right?"

The Mo family matriarch also felt it was familiar and added, "I also feel like I've seen that ring somewhere before."

Mo Qingyi quickly covered the ring with her hand. "I bought it casually, it's a classic design, you can see it in any jewelry store. It's normal for you to think you've seen it somewhere."

In fact, Mo Qingyi was also distressed. She didn't know how to tell the others that she and Duanmu Zhe were already secretly engaged.

Secretly engaged and such.

That would have called for a dunking in a pig cage in ancient times, right?

They had even skipped the whole dating process.

Just then, a sharp voice rang out in the room, "Mo Qingyi, will you marry me?"

As soon as these words were uttered, everyone was stunned.

All turned their gaze towards the source in unison.

This bird, just like a child, had a strong ability to imitate. Whatever someone else would say, it would repeat.

If Little Grey had blurted out such a phrase, someone must have said something in front of it. Otherwise, it wouldn't have said it out of the blue.

And with an added ring on Mo Qingyi's ring finger, it was hard not to have suspicions.

Mo Qingyi glared at Little Grey and gritted her teeth. "You darn bird! Shut up!"

But Little Grey, as if reveling in the chaos, perched on Chu Jin's shoulder fearlessly and repeated, "Mo Qingyi, will you marry me?"

The reason Little Grey said this was that Duanmu Zhe had practiced the phrase several times beforehand on a small island.

"Stupid bird!" Mo Qingyi balled her fist, teeth clenched.

Duanmu Zhe knew that there was no way to hide it anymore, and he didn't want to hide it either. So, he took Mo Qingyi's hand, pulled her up from the chair, and addressed everyone, "Aunt Mo, Aunt Tong, Aunt Yuan, Uncle Three, Brother Nine, Sister-in-law Nine, Qingyi and I, we're together now."

Duanmu Zhe looked perfectly calm, but his palms were actually sweaty.

Mo Qingyi felt equally nervous.

Although the Mo family usually liked Duanmu Zhe very much, Mo Qingyi still felt a bit worried, worried that the Mo family matriarch and Mo Zhixuan would object, after all, this was a once-in-a-lifetime matter.

Duanmu Zhe was also worried.

When the words were spoken, there was a stillness in the air.

All eyes turned to Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe.

After a moment, Tong Zhi couldn't help but laugh, "This is good news, good news indeed! Little Zhe, our Qingyi is a good girl, and you must cherish her properly."

"Aunt Tong, rest assured, I certainly will," Duanmu Zhe said, nodding earnestly.

"Alright, you two sit down now. Here I was thinking it was something serious. You gave me a scare," the Mo family matriarch said with a smile. "Jin is pregnant and soon to have a wedding with Zhixuan, and now you've found your own fate. This is a triple blessing for our household."

Duanmu Zhe grew up in the eye of the Mo family matriarch, a child with a good disposition since young.

Therefore, entrusting Mo Qingyi to Duanmu Zhe, the matriarch felt very reassured.

Mo Zhixuan's gaze shifted towards Duanmu Zhe and he spoke in a deep voice, "Take good care of Qingyi from now on. If I find out that you're mistreating her, watch out for my fist."

Duanmu Zhe nodded seriously, his eyes filled with determination, "Ninth Brother, don't worry. I will value Qingyi more than my own life; I will never do anything to hurt her, not in this lifetime."

Mo Zhixuan withdrew his gaze and peeled a shrimp for Chu Jin, saying unhurriedly, "Remember the words you said today."

"Ninth Brother, I will," Duanmu Zhe said, holding Mo Qingyi's hand, his eyes brimming with resolve.

Mo Qingyi felt moved; she hadn't expected everyone to be so supportive of her being with Duanmu Zhe.

It was then that Tong Zhi said, "Qingyi, if I'm not mistaken, the ring on your finger is the Duanmu Family heirloom, isn't it?"

Upon hearing this, the Mo family matriarch also remembered. She had seen the Duanmu family matriarch wearing this ring before; no wonder it seemed familiar.

"Qingyi, you girl, how could you accept such a valuable thing from Little Zhe?" Even though Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi were now confirmed as a couple, it still didn't seem right for Mo Qingyi to accept something so precious from him.

This was indeed a family heirloom, something money couldn't buy.

Mo Qingyi was also typically rash with her belongings. What if she lost it?

"Aunt Mo, Qingyi has already accepted my proposal. I would like to discuss with you about hosting our engagement banquet on the 18th of next month," Duanmu Zhe continued.

Duanmu Zhe knew it might seem abrupt to say this.

But he really did not want to wait any longer.

He wanted to announce to all of the Three Realms that Mo Qingyi was his.

"What?" the Mo family matriarch's face was filled with disbelief, "Haven't you two just started seeing each other? How has it escalated to engagement so quickly?"

Indeed, the matriarch didn't object to them being together, but talking about marriage proposals so soon, was it not a bit premature?

They had just established a romantic relationship, and now they were discussing marriage.

Wasn't this a whirlwind marriage?

Marriage is not child's play; one couldn't be so casual about it.

Dating is a period of adjustment. If during this time it's found that the couple is incompatible, they can break up. Ending a relationship and divorcing are completely different matters.

The youths of today really are too impetuous.

Mo Qingyi also looked toward the Mo family matriarch, "That's right, Mom, what Duanmu Zhe said is true, I have accepted his proposal. You won't oppose us, will you?"

The Mo family matriarch frowned slightly and continued, "You two are moving too fast! To discuss engagement right after confirming your relationship, Qingyi, it's not that Mom is objecting to this, but I hope both of you can spend some time together before talking about engagement and marriage."

The matriarch said this out of responsibility to Mo Qingyi and also to Duanmu Zhe.

It's said that love blinds, lowering one's IQ.

She didn't want these two to be swept away by their passions.

Hearing this, Duanmu Zhe looked at the Mo family matriarch with sincerity, "Aunt Mo, please trust me. I will take good care of Qingyi. In this world, no one understands her better than I do, nor loves her more. We have not rushed into this decision; it has been made with careful thought."

The Mo family matriarch did not speak, thoughts flickering in the depths of her eyes.

"Duanmu," Mo Zhixuan began slowly, "the matter of the engagement, let's hold off on discussing it for the time being. I know you love Qingyi very much, but marriage is not just between two people, it involves two families. Are your parents aware of this?"

"They are," Duanmu Zhe nodded, "My parents are very fond of Qingyi, and my mother personally gave me this ring."

There was no need to worry about Duanmu Zhe's parents. They were reasonable people and had watched Mo Qingyi grow up, already regarding her as their daughter-in-law.

Chapter 744: Prosperous Wedding (Part 1)

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly before turning to look at Mo Qingyi. "Qingyi, have you really thought this through? You've known Duanmu for less than 24 hours. Are you sure you want to get engaged to him now?"

"I've thought it through," Mo Qingyi said resolutely. "Brother, you and Jin didn't even meet before getting engaged! I've known Duanmu Zhe for so many years. I like him, and I'm going to marry him."

At this, Mo Zhixuan had no further argument. He said seriously, "Like a fish feeling the warmth and cold of the water, some things, as long as you're clear in your own heart, that's enough."

"Hmm," Mo Qingyi nodded in agreement.

She understood what Mo Zhixuan meant.

Seeing this, the Mo family's elder matriarch could not object further. It wouldn't do to interfere with young love, so she said to Duanmu Zhe, "How about this, have your parents come over in a few days."

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Zhe knew he had a chance and quickly nodded, "Yes, Aunt Mo, I understand."

After dinner, Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin and Zhao Yan back to the Chu family's home.

Mo Zhixuan actually wanted Chu Jin to stay overnight.

However, there were still three days left until the wedding.

In the Superpower World, there's a custom that the bride and groom must not see each other three days before the wedding.

Moreover, when the bridegroom is the leader of the Three Realms,

The rules must be followed.

Mo Zhixuan parked the car steadily beside the gate of the Chu family's house.

Chu Xiu was already waiting at the door.

"Little aunt, sister, brother-in-law," Chu Xiu walked over, very sensibly supporting Zhao Yan.

Zhao Yan smiled and said, "Xiu, you don't need to support me. I have hands and feet; I can walk by myself. You should go help Jin."

"Okay." Knowing that Chu Jin was pregnant, Chu Xiu immediately turned around to support Chu Jin's arm.

Chu Jin: "...". As if she had no hands or feet.

After bringing Chu Jin and Zhao Yan back to the house, Mo Zhixuan left. The wedding was now on a countdown, and there were many things he needed to attend to.

Now that his status had changed, naturally, the wedding could not be handled carelessly.

This was no longer just a wedding between two people.

This grand wedding was bound to shake all three realms.

Chu Xiu helped Chu Jin into the house, and out of curiosity, he said, "Sis, will I really be an uncle?" Chu Xiu was quite happy about the prospect of becoming an elder relative.

For Chu Xiu, this was also a rite of passage.

"Of course, it's true," Chu Jin nodded and added, "And it's not just one baby, but twins."

Chu Xiu knew Chu Jin was pregnant, but not that she was expecting twins.

Upon hearing this, Chu Xiu's eyes lit up. He was excited. "Oh my God! Really? Sis, you're carrying twins?" The phenomenon of twins was something he had only heard about, and this was the first time it was happening so close to him.

At his school, there was a pair of twin sisters who always wore identical clothes, and they looked so alike that people envied them when they walked down the street.

Just thinking about the future when he'd have two twin nieces or nephews made Chu Xiu very happy.

Chu Jin smiled tenderly. "Of course, it's true."

"Sis, have you thought of names for Bao Bao yet?" Chu Xiu asked.

"Not yet," Chu Jin shook her head. "There's no rush for that. Let's wait until the children are born."

Mo Zhixuan had indeed come up with nicknames for the little ones.

However, his method of naming was hardly commendable.

Chu Jin, who was useless at picking names, looked towards Zhao Yan and suggested, "Mom, what do you think about the naming? How about you and Aunt Mo each name one?"

Zhao Yan laughed and shook her head. "I'm not good at that sort of thing. It's better if the other mother-in-law handles it, or perhaps, I'll consult with her some other day."

Chu Jin nodded slightly. "That works."

After all, the two little ones still had ten months to go before they would arrive. There was no need to rush the naming.

After escorting Chu Jin to her room, Zhao Yan pondered the words in her heart and then said, "Jin, you know the situation of our family. There's something I want to talk to you about. Do you think you could discuss it with Zhixuan?"

Chu Jin helped Zhao Yan sit down at the table and poured her a glass of water, "What is it, Mom? Just speak directly."

This matter was very important for Zhao Yan.

For Chu Jin and the Mo family, it might be a bit troubling.

Zhao Yan sighed, "Jin, your dad passed away early, and you're my only daughter... If you were to marry off, the bloodline of your dad's family would be severed."

As the saying goes, a married daughter is like spilled water, it's not a heartless saying but rather, a simple truth.

A woman follows her husband upon marriage.

The children she bears will also take the husband's family name. At first, she might still keep in touch with her maternal family, but after three generations, the blood relation will gradually fade, turning the closest kin into distant relatives, and eventually, into total strangers.

It's like not knowing the daughter of your mother's cousin.

Hearing this, Chu Jin frowned slightly and then said, "Mom, what are you talking about? There's still Xiu, and besides, even if I do get married, the blood of the Chu family still flows in my veins, and the same goes for the children. How can you say the bloodline would be severed!"

"It's not the same," Zhao Yan clutched Chu Jin's hand, "Jin, it's not the same. If the child were to take the Mo surname, they wouldn't be able to enter our Chu family's ancestral hall."

Actually, Zhao Yan's goal was simple—to leave a descendant for the Chu family.

Although Chu Xiu was also of Chu family blood, he was not Chu Liyan's child, and it meant something different.

Chu Jin also knew there was an underlying meaning in Zhao Yan's words. She furrowed her brow and spoke softly, "Mom, what do you mean by that?"

"Jin, I have no other intentions," Zhao Yan sighed. "I just want to leave a descendant for your father's line. I hope you can discuss it with Zhixuan. Since you are carrying twins, see if you can keep one child with your surname, the surname Chu. In the future, if she has children, I hope she can continue this tradition generation after generation."

Zhao Yan continued, "Mom isn't greedy, and Mom doesn't want a grandson from the Mo family. A granddaughter will do..." This meant that Chu Jin's future daughter's daughters should also carry the surname Chu.

The only idea Zhao Yan could think of to continue Chu Liyan's lineage was this, though Chu Jin was not Chu Liyan's biological child, the couple had long regarded her as their own.

When Chu Jin had just been brought over, she was only a few months old.

Unfortunately, the Superpower World couldn't accommodate her.

Chu Jin understood Zhao Yan's feelings, but she needed to discuss this with Mo Zhixuan. Given the long history of China mainland, apart from exceptional families, children generally take their father's surname.

It's rare for children to take their mother's surname.

However, Zhao Yan's request wasn't too excessive, after all, she was her only daughter.

Although she was not Chu Liyan's biological daughter.

But, if not for Chu Liyan and Zhao Yan, she would have died in the Superpower World long ago.

Chu Jin patted Zhao Yan's hand, "Mom, don't worry, I will discuss this with Mo Zhixuan. We'll see what he says. If he dares to disagree, then the marriage won't happen."

Considering Mo Zhixuan's nature he should agree. Since she is the one giving birth, it's quite normal to keep a child with her surname.

It's not like all of them will take her surname.

"You can't speak like that! The marriage still has to happen," Zhao Yan immediately said, "If Zhixuan really disagrees, then let it be. We can't sacrifice your happiness over this."

Zhao Yan was a very sensible person.

"Don't worry, Mom," Chu Jin, holding Zhao Yan's hand, continued, "I understand Mo Zhixuan's character. There won't be any issues on his part."

"Good," Zhao Yan nodded, "Jin, with your words, I am reassured. I also believe there shouldn't be a problem with Zhixuan, but who knows about his mother..."

It was evident that the old Mrs. Mo placed great importance on lineage and highly valued Chu Jin's pregnancy.

For the elderly, this might be hard to accept.

Why can't they bear the Mo surname if they are of the Mo bloodline?

Zhao Yan took a sip of water and continued, "Jin, don't get into any disputes with Zhixuan's mother. If it doesn't work out, then let it go; we shouldn't force anyone against their will. As you said, Xiu is also of our Chu family's bloodline."

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded, "Mom, I understand. Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

"Then you rest well. I'm going downstairs," Zhao Yan turned and went downstairs.

Chu Jin watched Zhao Yan's departing figure and only after a long while did she return her gaze, then took out her phone from her pocket. She had just dialed a string of numbers when she put the phone back. This matter was better discussed in person than over the phone.

The next evening.

Chu Jin had just lain down on the bed when a figure climbed in through the window.

Because it was the period leading up to their wedding and the couple was forbidden from seeing each other, Mo Zhixuan had no choice but to resort to this.

Chapter 745: is it okay to cancel the wedding?

Mo Zhixuan lit a cigarette, took a drag, and suddenly realized something. He immediately stubbed out the butt and opened the window to ventilate.

Secondhand smoke is bad for the fetus.

Chu Jin wrapped herself tightly in her nightgown, sat up in bed, and then spoke, "Mo Zhixuan, there's something I need to discuss with you."

Mo Zhixuan slowly turned back, "What is it?"

The word 'discuss' was rarely used by Chu Jin unless it was truly a significant matter, so Mo Zhixuan's expression turned quite serious.

"My mother hopes that our daughter can take my surname. What do you think?" Chu Jin asked in a calm tone.

Mo Zhixuan was momentarily stunned, then asked, "Why?" Mr. Mo was slightly chauvinistic at heart and had a bit of a soft spot for his daughter. Hearing that his precious daughter might not share his surname made him quite upset.

Instead of directly answering his question, Chu Jin simply said, "Go get me a glass of water."

"All right." Mo Zhixuan immediately got up to get her a glass of water.

After taking a big gulp of water that Chu Jin handed her, she explained Zhao Yan's reasoning.

In truth, Zhao Yan's request wasn't too excessive, but Mo Zhixuan still found it a bit hard to accept. After all, it was his beloved daughter, and the thought of her not carrying his surname seemed to be missing something.

A few seconds of silence filled the air after Chu Jin finished speaking.

A moment later, Mo Zhixuan slowly said, "Okay, let's do as your mother says."

"Ah?" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, "So, you agree?"

Chu Jin could tell that Mo Zhixuan was indeed quite sentimental about his daughter and was surprised that he agreed so readily to this matter.

It wasn't just about Mo Zhixuan, such a thing would be hard to accept in any ordinary family.

"Yes, I agree," Mo Zhixuan nodded without hesitation.

After all, Chu Jin was the mother of the child, and even if both children took her surname, he would be willing.

Besides, even if the child took Chu Jin's surname, they would still be his child, the blood of the Mo family.

"Mo Zhixuan, thank you."

"By the way, should you discuss this with your mother as well?" Chu Jin gently raised her eyes to look at his profile.

"No need to discuss," Mo Zhixuan spoke in a low voice, "She isn't someone who is unreasonable. I'll just find a time to tell her tomorrow."

Mo Zhixuan knew his mother well; although Mrs. Mo was extremely attentive to issues concerning offspring, she was not irrational, so there was no need to worry that she would oppose this matter.

"Okay."

Meeting him was the greatest fortune of her life.

"Do you want to drink more water?" Mo Zhixuan asked.

"Whatever," Chu Jin replied hazily, succumbing to drowsiness.

Mo Zhixuan looked down at her, "Drink a little, it's good for the baby if a pregnant woman drinks more water."

The night was dreamless.

The next day, before dawn, Mo Zhixuan climbed down through the window.

The security at the Chu family was tight, making it difficult to climb in successfully, but everyone had chosen to turn a blind eye.

Just after Chu Jin finished breakfast, Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi came over.

With the wedding just one day away, they brought over a makeup team to do a trial session for Chu Jin. Both women held significant status, so they couldn't take this wedding lightly.

Countless pairs of eyes were watching.

This time, they were holding a Western-style wedding.

A white wedding gown and a dazzling crown.

Chu Jin naturally had an excellent base, so the makeup artist dared not smear makeup haphazardly on her face, afraid of ruining her innate beauty. They simply applied a light layer of primer and traced a gently upwards curve of eyeliner above her exquisitely delicate peach blossom eyes. As the eyebrows were softly filled in, a face that could bring disaster to a country was revealed before everyone.

The makeup artist couldn't help exclaiming, "Miss Chu, you are the most beautiful bride I've ever seen."

Chu Jin smiled politely, "Thank you."

"Jin Bro, Jin Bro, I never thought you'd look so good in a wedding dress," Mo Qingyi approached with a gaze full of astonishment and longing, pondering if she would be just as stunning in a wedding gown.

"Anything Jin wears looks good," Tong Zhi walked over and laughed.

The little girl, because she was to be the flower girl at the wedding, had also been given a simple makeup look by the makeup artist, and dressed in a white poofy dress, she looked like a little princess.

"Jin Bro, Granny, Auntie, do I look pretty?" The little girl twirled around on the spot.

Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi nodded quickly in agreement.

"You look very pretty, incredibly so," Tong Zhi wrapped her arms around the little girl's shoulders and kissed her on the face, "Let Granny give you a kiss."

Tong Zhi was very fond of the little girl.

"Jin, do you really have two little treasures in your tummy?" the little Lolita stared at Chu Jin's belly, her eyes full of curiosity.

This was her first time encountering a pregnant woman.

She didn't quite understand how those little treasures got into Jin's tummy.

"Of course it's true," Chu Jin said with a smile brimming with warmth, "Pengpeng, you're going to be a big sister soon." A gentle look appeared in her eyes.

"I don't want to be a big sister," the little Lolita said with her arms crossed and a haughty expression, "I'm going to be Peng brother's person!"

Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi both laughed out loud.

Chu Jin smiled and nodded, "Alright, they will both call you Brother Peng from now on."

The little Lolita's eyes sparkled with excitement as she touched Chu Jin's lower abdomen, then she asked, "Jin, do you think they are little brothers or sisters? Oh right, what are their names?"

Chu Jin smiled and counter-asked, "What do you hope they are, little brothers or sisters?"

"Hmm," the little Lolita pondered seriously, supporting her chin with her hand, "I hope... um... I like both brothers and sisters."

After all, Jin was carrying twins, it might just be one little brother and one little sister.

"Jin, you're carrying twins; maybe we can really look forward to it, and check in the hospital when the time is a bit further along," Mo Qingyi also said.

Chu Jin shook her head with a smile, "The chances of having fraternal twins is quite small, I don't want to go to the hospital for a checkup. Whether it's a boy or a girl, it's my child, there's no need for that."

"Jin's right," Tong Zhi also said, "If we don't check, the mystery will reveal itself naturally when it's time."

Not checking retains a sense of mystery, which might be better.

Mo Qingyi went on to ask, "Jin, your wedding is tomorrow, are you nervous?"

"Not nervous," Chu Jin spoke in a calm tone.

"But I'm a bit nervous," Mo Qingyi promptly added.

At this, Tong Zhi couldn't help but laugh. She poked Mo Qingyi's head teasingly, "You silly girl, what are you nervous about with Jin's wedding?"

"Who says a bridesmaid can't be nervous?" Mo Qingyi retorted huffily.

At tomorrow's wedding, she and Duanmu Zhe would be the bridesmaid and groomsman.

The customs in the Superpower World were different from the secular world where it was common to tease the bridesmaids and groomsman. Given her confirmed relationship with Duanmu Zhe, even though they hadn't yet held an engagement party, the news had already spread. Who knew what those people would come up with to tease them tomorrow.

So, Mo Qingyi was somewhat nervous.

"Don't be nervous, Duanmu will be with you, won't he?" Chu Jin teased with a smile.

At that, Mo Qingyi's cheeks turned even redder.

Mo Qingyi was about to say something when her phone pinged. She opened it to see a message, and a smile of happiness and gentleness unwittingly appeared on her lips, filled with a strong hint of affection.

"It's Duanmu, isn't it?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Hmm," Mo Qingyi hummed softly.

"What's he looking for you for?" Tong Zhi quietly munched on melon seeds on the side.

It was quite interesting to watch the young ones in love.

"Aunt Tong, why don't you keep Jin company here? The dress for me to wear tomorrow has arrived; Duanmu Zhe asked me to come over and try it," Mo Qingyi stood up abruptly.

"Hey, wait a minute," Tong Zhi grabbed Mo Qingyi's wrist with a smile in her eyes.

Mo Qingyi looked back puzzled, "What's up, Aunt Tong?"

Tong Zhi wanted to playfully trouble Mo Qingyi and said, "Duanmu tells you to go, and off you go? Can't you make him deliver the dress in person? Besides, hasn't Jin prepared a bridesmaid dress for you?"

Mo Qingyi, a bit embarrassed, looked down, her cheeks tinged with a shy flush, "Ah... Aunt Tong..." Isn't that just how it is between couples? Chu Jin did prepare outfits for them, but Duanmu Zhe insisted that he must personally choose his woman's clothes.

It used to be alright before their relationship was confirmed, but now that it was, things naturally couldn't be as casual.

Chu Jin smiled and stepped in to defuse the situation, "Aunt Tong, don't give Qingyi a hard time. Look, her face is all red."

Tong Zhi sighed, "A daughter grown is a daughter gone, to stay or leave, both can be wrong; go on then."

No sooner had Tong Zhi released Mo Qingyi's hand than Mo Qingyi took off like a shot, disappearing from sight in an instant.

**

On the other side of the Superpower World.

Song Shiqin sat in his office with a dark expression, his face nearly as black as charcoal.

Dai Yu stood in front of the desk, hardly daring to breathe a word.

"Is this how you handle things?" Song Shiqin carelessly smashed an antique vase right at Dai Yu's feet.

Bits of the shattered vase scattered across the floor.

A storm brewed in an instant.

"Lord Ghost, have mercy." Dai Yu trembled and knelt on the shards, blood seeping from her knees and spreading across the floor, staining the white tiles a startling red, leaving a sight that was somewhat harrowing.

No one expected that Mo Zhixuan would seize the opportunity of the trial competition to legitimate the fact that Chu Jin was the reincarnation of an empress and, by the way, to reclaim the other two realms, becoming the Lord of the Three Realms.

Dai Yu originally only wanted to use this incident to get the people in the Superpower World to drive Chu Jin out.

Who would have known.

The development of events turned out to be the exact opposite.

Now, Chu Jin's position in the Superpower World was unshakeable.

She had become the Ninth Madam in everyone's heart.

"Get out, get the hell out!" Song Shiqin directly threw a book at Dai Yu's head, raging.

Dai Yu knelt there resolutely, refusing to budge.

She couldn't leave.

She couldn't leave Song Shiqin.

Song Shiqin had saved her.

Dai Yu raised her eyes to Song Shiqin, pleading, "Lord Ghost, please give me one more chance, this time, I promise I won't let you down again."

Song Shiqin coldly looked at her, his eyes half-closed, silent, his eyes filled with the signs of impending bloodshed.

It was the second time.

This was the second time he had helplessly watched Jun Feng'er drifting away from him.

The first time, he chose to bless and protect.

The second time, he couldn't be so magnanimous.

Song Shiqin coldly looked at Dai Yu, dangerously saying, "Then I'll give you one more chance, if you fail again, don't come back to see me!"

"Thank you, Lord Ghost, thank you, Lord Ghost." Dai Yu knocked her head in excitement.

Her forehead struck the debris, the fresh blood instantly blurring her vision, very painful, but not as painful as her heart.

Dai Yu had just left when the phone rang.

Song Shiqin was in no mood to answer the phone now, but the phone kept ringing persistently, and Song Shiqin picked it up impatiently.

Not sure what the caller said, Song Shiqin's face suddenly changed, and he violently slammed the handset to the ground.

His face darkened to the extreme.

He calmed himself down and then took out his mobile phone, dialing a string of numbers.

A moment later, the other side answered.

"Hello?" came a familiar, clear voice, carrying a sense of exhilaration. It was apparent that the owner of the voice was in good spirits.

Was it because of her pregnancy, or was it because of the impending wedding? A bitter taste flashed through the depths of Song Shiqin's eyes.

"It's me." After a long time, Song Shiqin slowly let out two words.

There seemed to be a pause on the other end and then came the response, "Is there something you need?"

Song Shiqin's expression became a bit more despondent as he pleaded, "Feng'er, don't marry Mo Zhixuan, can you call off tomorrow's wedding, please?"

"I thought you called to give us your blessings," said Chu Jin in a calm and indifferent tone, betraying no emotion.

A woman's voice seemed to carry over from the other side, "Jin, time to eat."

Chu Jin covered the mouthpiece with her hand and glanced back at Zhao Yan, "Alright, Mom, I'm coming." Although she covered it, her voice still reached Song Shiqin's ears.

It was hazy and indistinct.

He could tell that her voice was very gentle when she communicated with her family, and even had a touch of a young girl's delicate petulance.

But when talking to him, her tone was so cold and hard.

Even to the extent of saying such words.

Blessings?

How could he have called to give her his blessings?

Impossible.

It was impossible in this lifetime.

Song Shiqin tried his best to control the turmoil in his heart, "Feng'er, please, don't be with Mo Zhixuan, alright?"

Chu Jin couldn't be bothered to elaborate, "If there's nothing else, please don't call again in the future. I'm afraid Mo Zhixuan might misunderstand, goodbye."

"Wait," Song Shiqin cried out urgently, "Feng'er, don't hang up, I know you're pregnant, I know you're definitely not marrying Mo Zhixuan of your own free will, right? Is Mo Zhixuan threatening you with the child, isn't he?"

This was Song Shiqin's only redemption.

As long as Chu Jin said Mo Zhixuan had threatened her, he would definitely believe it.

"No one threatened me; the child is the fruit of the love between him and me." Chu Jin felt that some things had to be addressed openly.

To prevent Song Shiqin from overthinking and becoming obsessed.

Neither Xuanyuan Shangchen nor Song Shiqin were bad by nature.

Chu Jin really hoped that Song Shiqin could truly move on.

"That's not true! Someone did threaten you, it was Mo Zhixuan who threatened you," Song Shiqin's voice was almost hoarse, "Feng'er, I don't mind the child. As long as you're willing to come back to me, I will take good care of the child and treat him as my own flesh and blood."

"If words don't agree, then say no more. Song Shiqin, just take care of yourself." With that, Chu Jin directly hung up the phone.

Song Shiqin stared at the dark screen of his phone with a look of desolate sorrow in his eyes.

With a loud crash, he flipped his desk over.

In an instant, the office was shrouded in gloom.

Chu Family.

After hanging up the phone, Chu Jin went to the dining table to eat.

"Jin, who were you talking to just now? You look a bit off," Zhao Yan asked.

"Just an ordinary friend," Chu Jin said in an indifferent tone, changing the subject, "Mom, did you cook the dinner yourself tonight? It tastes wonderful."

On hearing this, Zhao Yan's eyes lit up, "Yes, yes, Jin, if you like it, make sure to eat more." Then Zhao Yan picked up a chicken leg and put it in Chu Xiu's bowl, smiling, "Xiu, this is your favorite crispy fried chicken leg, your auntie made it especially for you."

Zhao Yan also treated Chu Xiu as her own.

"Thank you, Auntie. You eat too," Chu Xiu also picked up a chicken leg and placed it in Zhao Yan's bowl.

Zhao Yan had prepared a whole table full of dishes, all of which were Chu Jin and Chu Xiu's favorites, and hardly any that she herself liked. Once one becomes a mother, even tastes change; whatever the children love becomes her own preference.

**

The next day was Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's wedding.

Early in the morning, Chu Jin woke up, and the makeup artist and the dressers were already there.

There were two wedding outfits in total.

A wedding dress and a toast dress.

The makeup and hairstyles were also different, but it wasn't too hectic since they had done a trial run the day before to ease the nerves.

The bridesmaids were not only Mo Qingyi but also Gan Yuying.

The two bridesmaids had also arrived early and were chatting with Chu Jin.

"Jin, your skin is so nice, it reminds me of an idiom," Gan Yuying stared unabatedly at Chu Jin's face as the makeup artist's hands worked their magic, quickly drawing a slightly upturned eyeliner on Chu Jin's eyes.

Making those already bewitching and sophisticated peach blossom eyes even more enchanting.

"What idiom?" Chu Jin asked with a smile.

"So delicate it could be broken with a puff, skin like creamy jade, devastatingly beautiful...", Gan Yuying rattled off several idioms in one go and continued, "With both you and Nine Ye's staggering good looks, your future children will definitely charm countless young men and women just like you two!"

Chu Jin standing together with Mo Zhixuan was truly a sight to behold.

Genetics is a powerful thing; their children would surely be as excellent as them.

"Then I'll take that as a good omen," Chu Jin said with a soft smile, gently rubbing her belly.

Gan Yuying glanced at Mo Qingyi and then leaned close to Chu Jin, whispering, "Jin, what's Qingyi doing? She seems to be up to something." Gan Yuying wasn't very familiar with Mo Qingyi since they had only just met a few days ago.

"She's chatting with her boyfriend." Chu Jin answered quietly.

Without asking, it was clear that Mo Qingyi was talking to Duanmu Zhe; their current situation was so characteristic of the early stages of a relationship.

Sickeningly sweet, if they're apart even for a moment, they'd be clutching their phones to chat with each other.

No matter the event, they would send each other a picture, breakfast, lunch, and dinner included, all had to be shared.

"What?" Gan Yuying said in surprise, "Qingyi's in a relationship?"

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded.

"Alas," Gan Yuying sighed, "It's a shame. I wanted to introduce her to my brother."

Gan Mingxie was still single, and Gan Yuying was quite worried about that.

"By the way," it seemed something dawned on Chu Jin as she continued, "Mo Qianjue will also be at the wedding today, so you can take the opportunity then."

Gan Yuying's crush on Mo Qianjue was no secret.

On hearing this, Gan Yuying's eyes shone brightly, "Really, Jin? Mo Qianjue is really going to come?"

Before Chu Jin could respond, a little girl emerged from the side, "Yes, my daddy will surely come. Miss, do you know my daddy?"

Chapter 746: Prosperous Wedding (Part 2)

Seeing the little lolita, Gan Yuying was completely stunned. She knew that Mo Qianjue had a daughter, but she didn't know that Mo Qianjue's daughter would also appear here.

Even more unexpected was that the little lolita was actually Mo Qianjue's daughter.

Mo Qianjue had always protected the little lolita very well, and usually, very few people could see the little lolita's true face.

"Your daddy?" Gan Yuying covered her mouth in surprise, "Are you saying that you are Mo Qianjue's daughter?"

"Yep," the little lolita nodded.

Gan Yuying was truly overjoyed. To marry Mo Qianjue smoothly, it wasn't enough to just make her presence felt in front of Mo Qianjue, she had to win over his daughter too. In all three realms, who didn't know that Mo Qianjue was a craze of spoiling his daughter?

At that moment, when Gan Yuying looked at the little lolita, she saw her as a priceless treasure, her eyes shining.

The little lolita felt a chill down her spine.

Gosh.

Could this strange sister have some weird fetish?

Like, enjoying the meat of cute-looking children?

Being so cute and adorable, she must have been targeted by this sister.

Before the little lolita could react, Gan Yuying bent down slightly to meet her gaze and pulled out a smile as tender as "a loving mother's," looking at the little lolita, "Your name is Pengpeng, right?"

"Yes," the little lolita nodded.

"What a lovely name, I like it!" Gan Yuying stared unblinkingly at the little lolita and then continued, "Pengpeng, what do you think of your sister? Do I look good?"

"Pretty," the little lolita continued to nod. Gan Yuying did indeed look very pretty, like a cute type of adorable girl, which was different from Chu Jin's earth-shattering beauty.

Since Gan Yuying and Chu Jin were good friends, the little lolita had a favorable impression of Gan Yuying.

Upon hearing the little lolita say this, Gan Yuying immediately bloomed into a smile, "Since sister looks so good, how about I become your mother?"

The moment these words were spoken, a mysterious silence fell upon the air.

Not only was the little lolita stunned, even Chu Jin was astonished.

No one expected Gan Yuying to be so direct.

The little lolita blinked slowly, while Gan Yuying looked at her with eager anticipation.

For a moment, the little lolita's thoughts were all over the place. Now that Chu Jin was also going to marry Mo Zhixuan and was already pregnant, there was no hope left for Mo Qianjue. Mo Qianjue couldn't stay single forever, and she indeed needed a mother.

Gan Yuying was Chu Jin's good friend, which meant she must be decent in character. Most importantly, Gan Yuying looked good too, soft, adorable, and squishy - she bore a resemblance to herself.

Though the little lolita was young, she could see that Gan Yuying was different from other women. She wasn't approaching Mo Qianjue for power; it was pure affection.

She lacked a mother, and now one was being offered on a silver platter, plus she got along with her, and she was friends with Chu Jin. This was what they called fate in legends.

The little lolita blinked again, gathered her thoughts, and said sweetly, "Miss, could you introduce yourself first?"

"Of course," Gan Yuying said with a smile, "My name is Gan Yuying, 'Gan' as in shared hardships, 'Yu' as in feather, 'Ying' as in sparkling. You don't have to call me sister; it would confuse our seniority. Just call me aunty, but of course, I would prefer if you called me 'mom'."

Seeing Gan Yuying like this, Chu Jin felt as if she was seeing the little lolita back then.

Back then, when she first met the little lolita, she was clamoring to have Chu Jin be her mother.

Now, upon meeting the little lolita for the first time, Gan Yuying was volunteering to be her mother. This showed that the two of them were somewhat similar in character, which was quite fateful.

The little lolita, taken aback by Gan Yuying's directness, swallowed hard and continued, "I'd still prefer to call you aunty. Aunty, if you want to be my mom, it's not enough to just get past me; you also have to get past my daddy."

The little lolita had seen her fair share of direct women, but such straightforwardness like Gan Yuying's was a first for her.

This aunt is really fierce!

Upon hearing this, Gan Yuying pinched the little loli's cheek, smiling cheerily, "As long as I have you, my divine assist, do I have anything to fear about not getting your dad to agree?"

The little loli stepped back calmly, "Aunt, calm down. I don't get involved in adult matters. As for my dad, you need to deal with him personally. If you really do manage it, I won't object."

"Thank you so much, Pengpeng," Gan Yuying hugged the little loli excitedly. "I love you so much. Here's my contact information. If any woman gets close to your dad, you must tell me."

Gan Yuying stuffed a slip of paper into the little loli's hand.

As long as she could deal with the little loli, she had gotten a peek at success.

"Okay," nodded the little loli.

"I really do love you so much, mmmah!" Gan Yuying passionately kissed the little loli's cheek.

Just then, the sound of deafening firecrackers erupted outside, unceasing.

"Jin, my brother and the others have come to fetch the bride," Mo Qingyi ran up from downstairs, her face alight with joy.

Chu Jin immediately sat up straight at the head of the bed. The makeup artist was arranging her skirt, layer upon layer of fabric spreading across the bed; the handcrafted diamonds on the skirt shimmering under the light.

The makeup artist styled Chu Jin's hair into a princess updo, topped with a dazzling, heavy crown from beneath which spilled a pristine white veil. The veil was voluminous and immensely beautiful, rippling gently with the breeze that slipped in through the window, making everything seem as if it was happening in a fairytale.

Endlessly dreamy.

There wasn't excessive decoration, yet she looked transcendently beautiful.

"Miss Chu, are you ready?" the makeup artist approached Chu Jin and asked in a low voice.

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly, her hands clasped in front of her lower abdomen. Somehow, at that moment, she felt a bit nervous.

The makeup artist draped the light veil over her, covering her features. The material was sheer enough to reveal her face clearly, adding a mystical aura in its soft focus.

At that moment, a "squeak" came from outside.

It was the sound of the door being opened.

All eyes naturally turned toward the door.

And there.

The figure silhouetted against the light, tall and stately, blurred features and thin lips visible only as a silhouette against the brightness.

Behind him followed a procession of people here to fetch the bride, now step by step approaching Chu Jin.

He appeared like an emperor walking amongst mortals.

Chu Jin sat at the head of the bed, and through the veil, she could clearly see the smile in Mo Zhixuan's eyes. Her gaze met his profound phoenix eyes, and in each other's eyes, they saw their counterpart.

At that moment, it was as if everyone else had vanished into thin air, and all that remained in the world was the two of them.

"Jin," Mo Zhixuan walked up to Chu Jin, his thin lips parting, his voice low and tender with affection, "I've come to take you home." As he spoke, he extended his hand toward Chu Jin.

Chu Jin slowly reached out her hand, gently placing it in his, and Mo Zhixuan quickly grasped it, holding it tightly.

"Clap, clap, clap." Surrounding them was a surge of vigorous applause and cheers.

Mo Zhixuan lifted Chu Jin horizontally and, escorted by the crowd, went downstairs.

The wedding was being broadcast live.

Aired across the Three Realms.

Therefore, the airspace downstairs was swarming with metallic little drones. In fact, they were cameras for aerial photography, capturing the event from 365 degrees with no blind spots.

After a series of ceremonies, Mo Zhixuan then carried Chu Jin into the car.

At the same time, countless salutes roared in unison.

Colorful streamers floated in the air, fluttering beautifully, and some sharp-eyed people noticed that besides streamers, there were also red envelopes, candies...

All sorts of surprises.

Thus, voices like this could be heard from the crowd, "Wow! I've got eight Gold Coins inside this one!"

"Why did I get 8 candies?"

"Take a closer look, is this just candy?"

"Holy cow! A marrow washing pill!"

"Ahhh! A Rainbow Dress Pavilion membership card!"

"..."

All kinds of voices.

Since the people in the Superpower World all possess special abilities, there was no need to worry about a stampede happening.

The netizens watching from their phone screens were green with envy, expressing it in the comments.

"Ahhhh! Why am I not there?"

"A grand wedding!"

"The Empress descends upon the world."

"Mo Nine Ye's grand gesture, jealousy makes people evil, I also really want to be there!"

"Damn it, the legendary red envelope rain, I want it too."

Just then, a striking red message appeared on the barrage, [The first wave of 30 million red envelope rain is coming, please get ready, viewers! Tap the screen to grab a red envelope, 3, 2, 1, start!]

Before the netizens could react, a whole cluster of red envelopes drifted across the screen.

It lasted for about 10 seconds or so.

"Congratulations, you've grabbed a redemption coupon for a marrow washing pill!"

"Congratulations, you've grabbed a Rainbow Dress Pavilion annual membership card!"

Moreover, the audience discovered that these red envelopes were indeed real; once grabbed, they automatically went into their accounts, and they just had to go to a physical store with the redemption code to claim them.

After the first wave of red envelope rain, the long procession of marriage vehicles began to set out.

All the vehicles were red.

The roadsides were lined with crowds of spectators, who were both grabbing red envelopes falling from the sky and watching the vehicles depart.

Chu Jin sat in the car, looking at the crowds on either side of the road with a faint smile playing on her lips.

The hotel hosting the wedding was the Superpower World's State Guesthouse.

The State Guesthouse is an important venue for leaders of the Superpower World to conduct foreign affairs activities and is a super-star hotel where the country receives heads of state and important guests from all around the world.

Ordinary people cannot enter.

Usually, these people can't even catch a glimpse inside.

But today, because of the wedding of Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, the interior of the State Guesthouse was exposed.

It was beyond description with glittering gold and jade.

Everything that met the eye was top-tier luxury, unique and one of a kind.

Leaving countless netizens awestruck.

"Holy cow! Holy cow! This is practically a palace!"

"This isn't a palace, this is heaven."

But soon, everyone's attention was captured by other sights.

"Holy cow, this groomsman is so handsome, licking the screen ing."

"I just saw him looking fondly at the bridesmaid, so charming! These two definitely have something going on!"

"That little flower girl is so cute, I want to take her home."

"Could the little flower girl have grown up eating cuteness?"

"Oh, another bridesmaid seems to be the Little Princess!"

"Holy cow, I didn't expect it! The former love rival actually became a bridesmaid now."

"Don't talk nonsense upstairs, the Little Princess and Her Majesty the Empress have always been good besties, good friends."

At the wedding scene, countless people sat down to watch the ceremony, with joyful music playing in the air.

...

The birds' song draws us closer.

I suddenly fell in love with you at this moment.

Hear me out.

Walk with me hand in hand.

Create a happy life.

You didn't make it yesterday.

Tomorrow will be too late.

Would you marry me today?

...

Innumerable military personnel surrounded the place, three layers inside and three layers outside, completely watertight. At this time, their mission was to ensure that the wedding could proceed smoothly.

Jian Yi was one of these countless military officers.

The scene was also filled with many bigwigs, in short, people who usually could only be seen on television.

Now, they had gathered together to witness the wedding of Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

"Isn't that the leader of Country C? How come he sits off in the corner?"

"Damn, damn, damn! The King of Hades and the master of the Ancient Martial Arts World have also arrived."

"Upstairs, it's already a great honor for the leader of Country C to attend Nine Ye and Her Majesty the Empress's wedding; where else do you expect him to sit?"

"Wow, what is this song? How come I've never heard of it before? It sounds so beautiful, like the music of the heavens."

Chapter 747: Prosperous Wedding (Part 2)

"I've never heard this song either, but it seems like it's not from the Superpower World. Could it be from one of the other two realms?"

"Representatives from the Ancient Martial Arts World here, we've never heard this song before."

"Those from the Underworld also say they've never heard it."

"Could it be a brand-new release?"

"Who are Nine Ye and Her Majesty the Queen? They wouldn't listen to the same songs as us. This must be a song specially written for them by some artist."

"I think so too."

"Plus one from the floor above."

"A fairy who's been to the secular world says this is a song from the secular world, called 'Marry Me Today'. If anyone wants the source, you can privately message me."

"Really? Nine Brother and Her Majesty are so down-to-earth? They actually listen to secular world songs?"

"It's true. I've already gotten the source and plan to put this song on infinite loop. It's so damn catchy."

At that moment, another wave of red envelopes hits the screen, signaling it's time for the netizens to show off their speed in grabbing them.

At the wedding scene.

The arrival of Mo Qianjue stirred up quite a commotion.

Ladies and delicate beauties from all realms were especially taken by him.

"Qianjue." Seeing the new arrival, Mo Feixue hurried over to greet him.

"Feixue." Mo Qianjue gave Mo Feixue a slight smile.

"I thought you might not come." Mo Feixue wanted to hook her arm through Mo Qianjue's, but upon reflection, she decided not to.

"How could I not join in on the fun for Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin's big wedding?" Mo Qianjue adjusted his long robe and said with a smile.

Among everyone present, Mo Qianjue's attire was the most eye-catching.

While other men were in suits and leather shoes, he alone wore a traditional Tang robe, exuding ancient elegance and a soft, feminine beauty.

"Come with me, sit over here." Mo Feixue led Mo Qianjue further inside.

Just then, the chapel bells rang out, and countless rose petals fluttered down from mid-air.

A couple, hand in hand, gracefully made their entrance from the other end of the red carpet.

In that moment, all that filled the air besides the enchanting music was silence.

The shower of rose petals continued.

Falling on the couple's heads, at their feet.

Two flower children carrying baskets walked in front, scattering petals along the path.

A dreamy and sacred ceremony began.

The couple walked on the petal-covered path and ascended the stage, where the priest stood with a bible in hand, looking solemn as he watched the bride and groom approach.

At this time, there was not a single comment on the live streaming platform.

Everyone was watching intently, not willing to post comments, for fear of missing something or obstructing the view with their words.

This was a wedding of the century, and nobody wanted to miss a thing.

Only when the couple had both climbed onto the stage did the priest solemnly start to speak, "Today we are gathered here in the presence of God and these witnesses for the holy matrimony of Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin..."

The priest's voice had a unique power to move people, bringing a serious atmosphere to everyone present, both on-site and those watching the screen.

It was incredibly quiet, whether at the scene or in front of the screen.

Under the brilliant crystal lights, the couple looked so well-matched and pleasing to the eye.

The two stood face to face, as if only the other existed in their eyes.

After the priest's speech, the minister took over, "I charge you both before God to reveal any reason that might impede your union. Remember, if any union is not in line with the Word of God, their marriage is invalid."

The priest then turned to Mo Zhixuan, his expression still as somber as ever, "Groom, do you take this woman to be your wife?"

As these words were spoken, everyone awaited Mo Zhixuan's response with bated breath.

"Yes, I do," Mo Zhixuan said slowly, looking at Chu Jin.

The priest continued, "Will you love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, be faithful to her as long as you both shall live?"

"Yes, I will," Mo Zhixuan's voice was deep and magnetic, now filled with determination and intense affection, inexpressibly pleasing to the ear.

As he finished, a deafening applause erupted from the crowd. Mo Zhixuan's mother, Tong Zhi, Zhao Yan, and others had tears in their eyes.

Only they knew just how difficult the journey had been for Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin to get to this point.

Sweet and sour, bitter and spicy, life and death, partings and reunions.

All the hardships in this world, they had tasted them all.

This atmosphere was highly infectious, and as the audience looked upon the couple on stage, they were all deeply moved.

The priest then turned to Chu Jin and repeated the question he had just asked.

Chu Jin's answer was the same as Mo Zhixuan's.

The applause was still continuing.

Next was the exchange of rings.

Mo Zhixuan stepped forward two paces and gently lifted the veil that obscured Chu Jin's face.

In an instant, a face so bewitching it ensnared the heart was revealed to all.

Ruby lips, pearly teeth.

The diamond-encrusted crown atop her head was no match for the attraction of her face.

Those present all took sharp breaths upon seeing her true face.

Most of the audience had only seen Chu Jin on television, where beauty is often enhanced, yet they hadn't expected her to be even more beautiful in person.

Perhaps, even the phrase "dazzling beauty" was insufficient to describe her.

Duanmu Zhe walked up holding a tray, on which, beneath a red velvet cloth, lay two rings.

Mo Zhixuan picked up one of the rings, took her left hand, and slowly slid it onto her ring finger, and there, he left a devout kiss.

Chu Jin smiled softly and likewise picked up the men's ring and slid it onto his finger.

At this moment, someone beneath the stage started to tease, led by the ever-excitable Zhou Xunian, "Nine Ye, give her a kiss."

Mo Qingyi immediately joined in, calling out, "Kiss her."

The crowd clapped rhythmically, even those who usually dared not speak to Mo Zhixuan mustered their courage and joined in. It was a rare occasion, and they intended to enjoy the excitement to the fullest.

"Her Majesty the Queen's beauty is something I could gaze upon for a hundred years without tiring."

"What do you think, who tops and who bottoms between Nine Ye and Her Majesty the Queen?"

"Of course, my Queen is on top!"

"My Queen, my Queen, always on top, but I think it's the Queen who's being pressed down, right?"

Under the expectant gazes of all, Mo Zhixuan stepped forward and kissed her.

White hair interwoven with black, a striking contrast.

When the kiss ended, there was another roar of deafening applause.

"My young girl's heart."

"Damn, this is like a wedding out of a fairy tale."

"Suddenly feel like falling in love, what to do? Damn, I'm a single by choice!"

"Upstairs, you're not alone."

On the other side of the Superpower World.

Song Shiqin was lying on the couch watching the scene unfold.

The moment he saw what was happening on TV, he exploded with rage, his sword-like eyebrows knitting together tightly. He indiscriminately grabbed a teacup and hurled it hard at the large screen.

They were happy.

But what about him?

"Aah!" Song Shiqin let out a roar of rage, clenched his fists, and smashed them against the wall.

A big hole appeared on the pristine wall, and Song Shiqin's knuckles split open, blood dripping profusely, yet he kept pounding the wall without seeming to feel any pain, crazily continuing to write marks of blood.

On the white wall, one bloodstain followed another.

Meanwhile, back at the wedding.

The celebration continued, and while savoring the delicious food, people also chatted with each other.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan went backstage, changed into a set of toasting attire, had a bite to eat to settle their stomachs, and then came out again.

The toasting attire was different from the wedding dress; it was a bright red mandarin-collared style, somewhat reminiscent of a cheongsam, yet it was far more fashionable than a cheongsam. Being custom-tailored by hand, the fit was impeccable.

It accentuated where it needed to and drew in where it was supposed to.

Mo Zhixuan linked arms with Chu Jin, and the two made their way to the guests to toast.

As soon as the two made their appearance, they captured everyone's attention.

"Damn, damn, damn, my queen is literally a devil in disguise! Even professional models can't compare! I can't help it! I'm gonna lick the screen."

"The queen's looks are off the charts! Literally out of this world! She can pull off any color."

"So beautiful."

"Damn! How can a goddess have such a perfect body?"

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan made their way among the guests, toasting everyone. Chu Jin, being pregnant, couldn't drink, so Mo Zhixuan drank for both of them. However, some people didn't know Chu Jin was pregnant, so they teased, "It's not fair for just Nine Ye to drink. The bride should have a drink too."

"Exactly, exactly."

"The bride needs to have a glass too."

As they spoke, someone handed a drink to Chu Jin, looking at her expectantly.

Just as Chu Jin reached out to take it, Mo Zhixuan intercepted it, "Jin doesn't drink well, I'll drink on her behalf." With that, Mo Zhixuan downed the strong drink in one gulp.

"Nine Ye's drinking capacity is impressive." the crowd applauded.

"Since the bride can't drink, let the bridesmaids drink for her," another troublemaker chimed in.

It's a wedding, it's supposed to be lively and fun.

If they can't tease the bride and groom, teasing the bridesmaids is also great fun.

There were many young people present, and young people love to play, especially when they see young and beautiful bridesmaids. They were now even more eager to get to know them.

"That's a great idea." Mo Zhixuan wholeheartedly agreed.

So, Mo Qingyi and Gan Yuying had no choice but to come forward and take drinks for Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

"Mr. Mo, Brother Jin, I wish you a harmonious marriage and hope you have a child soon," Zi raised a glass to Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

Zi, who had been sent abroad by Mo Zhixuan, looked darker than before, making her big eyes sparkle, and her rows of neat white teeth shone brightly under the lights. They were extraordinarily dazzling.

"Thank you." Mo Zhixuan clinked his glass with Zi's and finished off the drink.

"Brother Jin, why aren't you drinking?" Zi looked at Chu Jin with bugged eyes and walked a few steps forward, reaching out to pat Chu Jin's shoulder. However, Mo Zhixuan suddenly stepped in front of Chu Jin, causing Zi's hand to land on Mo Zhixuan's shoulder instead.

Mo Zhixuan, looking at Zi with all seriousness, said, "Jin isn't well, so I'm drinking on her behalf. Also, maintain a distance of more than three meters from Jin."

Zi Qi is just too dangerous, directly threatening his status.

Mo Zhixuan had never seen Chu Jin embrace any man other than Zi Qi.

Zi, an innocent kid, scratched his head, clearly confused. "Huh? Why?"

Mo Zhixuan gave him a once-over, saying seriously, "Your skin tone can be contagious. I don't mind it myself, but what if it spreads to the Bao Bao in Jin's belly? She won't be able to marry off in the future."

Mo Zhixuan spoke earnestly, and Zi was so puzzled that it took him a while to catch on. Seizing the moment when Mo Zhixuan was distracted, Zi embraced Chu Jin, "Brother Jin, Brother Jin, this is so wonderful!"

Zi was genuinely happy to see Chu Jin's love blossom.

"It's contagious! It's contagious! Keep a three-meter distance!" Mo Zhixuan pulled Zi back, speaking coldly.

Zi, looking wronged, said, "Mr. Mo, mine is from tanning, it's not contagious."

He used to be so pale! His arms and legs were as white as lotus roots, lovable at sight.

Mo Zhixuan didn't want to see Zi, that dangerous man, any longer. So, he turned to Chu Jin, "Jin, let's go over there, we haven't toasted that table yet."

That table was occupied by the old King of Hades and Mu Fengshan.

Chu Jin nodded, "Okay." And to avoid any suspicion, Chu Jin even had a waiter bring a glass of plain water.

As soon as Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin walked away, Duanmu Sheng approached Zi with a wineglass in hand. The red wine shimmered and glowed in circles in the glass, creating an appealing sight that made one want to sip it.

"Zi, when did you get back?" Duanmu Sheng, with a light smile, asked softly.

Today, Duanmu Sheng was dressed sexily, and compared to the other dignified ladies present, she was bold in a low-cut black dress.

Zi diverted his gaze awkwardly, pretending to be deep in meditation, "I, I just got back. Sister Sheng, you look very pretty tonight."

If Zi hadn't been so dark, Duanmu Sheng would have seen that his face was as red as a monkey's butt.

Seeing Zi's reaction, Duanmu Sheng laughed, "Thank you, you also look very... nice tonight." She swallowed the word 'handsome' and replaced it with 'nice.'

The current Zi was far from handsome.

But Zi was rather innocent, nearly unable to make eye contact with such a stunning Duanmu Sheng. Compared to experienced Duanmu Sheng, Zi still had a lot to learn.

Duanmu Sheng had never met a boy who blushed so easily before and continued to tease him, "We must be about the same age, right? Just call me Sheng, you know a woman is most sensitive about her age."

Zi's face instantly reddened even more. Except for Chu Jin, he had never been so close to any woman before, and he quickly stepped back.

Besides, Chu Jin and Duanmu Sheng gave off completely different vibes.

In his heart, Chu Jin was like a good buddy.

But Duanmu Sheng was not...

The first time he met Duanmu Sheng, she wasn't like this at all.

How come this time.

Zi was somewhat puzzled.

He still didn't know that there was a word in this world called restraint.

You just can't be so casual when you first meet someone.

Once a stranger, twice familiar.

"Hehe." Duanmu Sheng covered her mouth and chuckled, wondering how she'd never realized before that the Great National Division could be so amusing.

Nowadays, all men are masters of flirting; simple souls like Zi Qi are nearly extinct.

It's just a pity that he's a bit dark.

If he were a bit paler, he could actually pass for a sunny and handsome young man.

Fortunately, his facial features are quite delicate, so he's still acceptable to look at.

Zi kept moving back, swallowing nervously as he said, "Sheng, Sheng Sheng sister, what are you laughing at?"

Duanmu Sheng, holding a wine glass, took steps forward as Zi continued to move back, until he was backed against a pillar, where he stopped, trying his best not to look at anything below Duanmu Sheng's neck.

Duanmu Sheng stretched out her hand and rested it on Zi's shoulder in a female version of a 'wall slam', scaring Zi so much his legs went weak, and his body slowly slid downward.

They say a woman is like a tiger, and indeed, this saying wasn't wrong; Duanmu Sheng was just like a tiger.

What's terrifying is that this tiger is quite pretty.

Duanmu Sheng just looked down at Zi, who nervously asked, "Sheng, Sheng Sheng sister, what, what do you want to do?"

Duanmu Sheng smiled slowly, her voice seductive as she said, "I already told you, call me Sheng Sheng."

The two were very close; Duanmu Sheng suddenly realized that up close, Zi wasn't that dark after all.

Zi's legs trembled with nervousness, his forehead breaking out in sweat layer after layer; he didn't even know what he was nervous about, he just couldn't help it.

Finding Zi so amusing, Duanmu Sheng laughed even more joyfully, downed the red wine in her glass, casually placed the glass on the buffet table beside her, and rested both hands on the space above Zi's shoulders. Belching softly from the wine, she half-squinted those sultry fox-like eyes and said, "Call me Sheng Sheng."

In modern society, a pure-hearted man like Zi Qi is simply a treasure, a rarity even when sought with a lantern; naturally, Duanmu Sheng wouldn't let him go.

Zi, having never been in such a situation, called out with a quivering voice, "Sheng, Sheng Sheng..."

Originally thinking that if he did as Duanmu Sheng asked, she would let him go, Zi hadn't anticipated that Duanmu Sheng still didn't intend to move her arms and maintained the 'wall slam' posture, looking down at him from above.

"Sheng, Sheng Sheng, can, can I go now?" Zi's nervousness made his speech unclear and stuttered.

Duanmu Sheng raised an eyebrow and slowly uttered two words, "You can't."

"Wh-why?" Zi turned his head slightly, a bit afraid to meet Duanmu Sheng's eyes directly.

"Look into my eyes." There was a teasing glint in Duanmu Sheng's eyes; this Zi was really interesting.

Zi slowly turned his eyes towards Duanmu Sheng, his whole body tense with anxiety.

"Say my name." Duanmu Sheng continued.

Zi swallowed nervously, "Sheng Sheng." He was as tense as a mouse in the presence of a cat.

Duanmu Sheng kept laughing, "Zi, have you never been in contact with girls before?"

Zi nodded his head hastily.

He had forgotten that Chu Jin was also a girl.

Duanmu Sheng couldn't stop smiling, then continued, "Ever been in love?"

Zi shook his head.

"Do you have a girl you like?"

Zi continued shaking his head; girls were too terrifying! He didn't want to be in love!

Duanmu Sheng's laughter was nearly constant, but luckily the focus of the evening was Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, so everyone was busy with the newlyweds, and no one noticed them.

"Young man, you should get in touch with girls more, look at yourself, so timid. How will you ever get a wife later on?" Duanmu Sheng freed one hand and patted Zi's shoulder.

With each pat from Duanmu Sheng, Zi sank a bit until he was sitting on the ground.

Seeing Zi like that, Duanmu Sheng laughed out loud, grabbed Zi by the collar, and pulled him up from the ground. "Alright, alright, get up now. I don't bite, what's got you so scared? Am I that frightening?"

Zi hung his head low, "I... I..." He stumbled over his words, unable to articulate a thing.

Just then, Duanmu Sheng's phone rang from within her bag; she took it out, didn't answer, and said to Zi, "Alright, I'll stop teasing you. I have things to do, I'm leaving first."

Duanmu Sheng turned around, picked up a cup of lemon water from the buffet table, took a big gulp, and then strode away.

Zi watched her retreating figure, thought for a moment, and then chased after her.

Chapter 748: wait a moment

"Sheng, wait a second,"

He still liked to call her Sister Sheng.

"What is it?" Duanmu Sheng turned back with a smile.

"It's raining outside," Zi scratched her head, then took off the suit she was wearing and draped it over Duanmu Sheng's shoulders, "Wear this."

"No need, my boyfriend is coming to pick me up in his car," Duanmu Sheng smiled as she declined.

Duanmu Sheng held no special feelings for Zi; she simply found him amusing and wanted to tease him a bit.

"Just put it on." Zi bent down and fastened the buttons for her, throughout the process he kept his gaze down, careful to tighten the collar.

After all, Duanmu Sheng was a girl, it wouldn't be safe for her to walk out dressed like that.

Zi, at a height of one meter eighty-five, wore a suit that was very oversized on Duanmu Sheng, making her look like a child who had stolen an adult's clothes, inevitably arousing a man's protective instincts.

Duanmu Sheng adjusted the suit on her body and smiled, "Okay, then thank you, goodbye."

"Goodbye." Zi waved to her.

Watching Duanmu Sheng leave the wedding venue, Zi too picked up his pace, heading in the direction where she disappeared.

The rain outside the State Guest House was pouring heavily.

Zi stood outside the revolving door, clearly seeing a luxury car parked beneath the veil of rain.

As soon as Duanmu Sheng stepped out, the car door was opened, and a young man holding an umbrella emerged.

Zi's first thought was that the man's skin was very pale; yes, like a pretty boy, slightly taller than Duanmu Sheng, perhaps around one meter eighty in height.

The young man naturally wrapped his arms around Duanmu Sheng's waist, his lips curving into a faint smile. He was considerate -- the small black umbrella was nearly all tilted toward Duanmu Sheng's side, as the rain drenched his coat. After a few steps, the young man said something and Duanmu Sheng stopped in her tracks, brows slightly furrowed, lips moving as if she were saying something.

The young man's steps stiffened for a moment but finally he stopped, turned, and sealed Duanmu Sheng's chattering lips with his.

Zi watched the two people in the rain, involuntarily gripping the nearby decoration, his knuckles turning a faint white. It took him a long while to leave the place.

Meanwhile, Duanmu Sheng and the young man left together, arms around each other.

Returning to the wedding scene, the lively atmosphere was still ongoing; soon, Zi forgot the scene he had just witnessed as he wandered between the buffet tables, enjoying the numerous delicacies.

Ah, how to dispel worries? Only with good food.

In the Superpower World, not only were the bride and groom the subject of excitement, but the bridesmaids and groomsmen were too.

Mo Qingyi and Gan Yuying had been made to drink so much they were completely drunk. Duanmu Zhe and another groomsman weren't much better off. Duanmu Zhe, still somewhat aware, was continuously observing Mo Qingyi's reactions.

Here, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were still toasting guests.

An important foreign dignitary said, "On such a joyous day, it wouldn't be right for Nine Ye and his bride not to drink a wedding toast together."

As soon as these words were spoken, someone immediately echoed, "A wedding toast, a wedding toast."

Chu Jin secretly rejoiced, thankful that she had been smart enough to fill her glass with only plain water; otherwise, it would have been difficult to keep face.

Mo Zhixuan looked up at the crowd, eventually resting his gaze on Mo Qianjue, and said in a leisurely tone, "To satisfy you all." With those words, he lifted the glass, held it up to Chu Jin, exchanged a glance with her, and then they intertwined their hands, each drinking the contents of their respective glasses."

"What a capacity, Nine Ye truly can hold his liquor."

Mo Zhixuan took wedding candies handed over by a server, distributed them to the crowd, and handed the last packet to Mo Qianjue, slowly saying, "Thank you, Mr. Mo, for honoring us with your presence at our wedding. Here is some wedding candy as a token of my appreciation."

Having the chance to hand wedding candy to a love rival was just too damned satisfying.

In front of him, the Unparalleled Son, Mo Qianjue, was reduced to a mere onlooker, someone who could only stand by and consume candy.

With his beloved by his side, a sense of superiority blazed in Mo Zhixuan's heart, almost impossible to conceal on his face.

Seeing Mo Qianjue, the live comments exploded once again.

As the City Lord of Lawless City, and with his own beauty, Mo Qianjue was often regarded as the most handsome man across the three realms.

"Wow, wow, wow! My dear Lord actually attended!"

"Am I sensing a déjà vu from encountering a love rival?"

"You're not alone in that thought!"

"I can totally imagine a love triangle now."

"Look how proud our Nine Ye is."

"Nine Ye is being too polite," Mo Qianjue accepted the wedding candy, stood up from his chair, and said with a smile, "I wish Nine Ye and his wife a lifetime of happiness together."

"Thank you," Mo Zhixuan uttered slowly, dragging out the two words.

The corners of Mo Qianjue's lips curled up into a charming smile, "Nine Ye, let me also remind you, until I am married, I have the right to pursue Jin. Treat her well and don't give me an opening to move in."

His words were both advice and a warning, and indeed a provocation.

Mo Qianjue respected Chu Jin's choice, and as he declared, if Mo Zhixuan dared to wrong her, he would step forward.

It must be said, Mo Qianjue's words were indeed very eloquent.

As soon as he spoke, the comments section exploded.

The viewers had been fantasizing, but with Mo Qianjue speaking up, the rumor was now confirmed.

Wasn't that explosive?

"Unparalleled Son V587! That's a blatant challenge!"

"Nine Ye will surely not disappoint his queen, the Unparalleled Son will be disappointed."

"My queen is just that impressive."

"If I were a man, I too would fall for our queen."

"I'm a woman, but that doesn't stop me from liking our queen."

"So smooth! So smooth! So smooth! So smooth! Explosively smooth!"

"So handsome! Yiyiyi!"

"Support Mo Qianjue in stealing the bride! Support Mo Qianjue in stealing the bride! Support Mo Qianjue in stealing the bride! Important things must be said three times."

Facing Mo Qianjue's provocation, Mo Zhixuan did not get angry but simply said in a mild tone, "Rest assured, I love her more than my own life and will never give you a chance to take advantage of, Mr. Mo. You might as well just enjoy your candy. If you don't find the candy to your taste, I can have someone bring you some melon."

His and Chu Jin's love, Mo Qianjue only needed to stand by as an onlooker and enjoy the show.

The live audience was excited, their blood boiling.

The banter between Unparalleled Son and the big shots of all realms, isn't it just too damn good?

They believed that there were definitely more people like Unparalleled Son hidden among the wedding banquet crowd, it was just that their guts were not as big as Mo Qianjue's.

"Mo Qianjue, daring to openly snatch Nine Ye's wife, are your guts as big as the sky?"

"Hahaha, Unparalleled Son's heart must be collapsing right now."

"Mo Qianjue: I don't want to eat melons! I want to drink vinegar!"

"Are you stupid upstairs? Shouldn't it be Nine Ye who should be drinking vinegar?"

"Nine Ye is so scheming, isn't he?"

"Son, don't be sad; if the queen doesn't want you, I want you."

"The son is mine! None of you are allowed to compete with me for him!"

Mo Qianjue, too, appeared calm as usual, raising his eyes toward Chu Jin, and then said, "A match made in heaven, Jin, congratulations." Having said that, Mo Qianjue downed the strong liquor in his glass in one gulp.

The strong liquor hit his throat, bringing a burning sensation.

A match made in heaven.

Hearing these four words, Mo Zhixuan's heart finally felt somewhat relieved, and he could temporarily overlook Mo Qianjue daring to call Chu Jin, 'Jin'. Of all the nonsense Mo Qianjue had said tonight, this sentence was at least bearable.

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyes, the dimples on her cheeks deepening, and softly she uttered two words, "Thank you." Having spoken, Chu Jin lifted her cup of tea in place of wine and took a sip.

After toasting at each table, the wedding ceremony also neared its end.

Following the end of the wedding feast, only a portion of family and friends remained, following the wedding procession to the imperial palace.

The imperial palace was vast, and since Mo Zhixuan and the others had only recently moved in, many people were visiting for the first time.

No one wanted to end Mo Zhixuan's wedding early; they all hoped for some fun in the bridal chamber.

In reality, things like making noise in the bridal chamber were only wishful thinking; who would dare to cause a commotion in Mr. Mo's bridal chamber?

The fact that they couldn't make noise in the bridal chamber was exactly to Chu Jin's liking.

Getting married was a physically demanding affair, even more tiring than the trial races. Maybe it was because of the pregnancy, but Chu Jin felt a sore back and aching waist, and she was also very hungry.

Feeling hungry was normal; during the wedding feast, she was too busy toasting, and except for water, she hadn't had a chance to eat anything.

Zi no longer felt particularly hungry, but once she stopped, she felt as if her stomach was stuck to her back. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she reached under the blanket and groped for a handful of longans and red dates.

Unexpectedly, even the Superpower World subscribed to the notion of "the earlier the son, the better."

After eating some longans and red dates, Chu Jin felt her strength return a bit and proceeded to find her pajamas to go take a bath in the bathroom.

Mo Qingyi and Tong Zhi called everyone to play the game of fighting the landlord. In the living room downstairs, three tables were fully occupied. Some were playing mahjong, others were playing the landlord game, with noise, laughter, tobacco smoke, and the smell of alcohol all mixing together.

It wasn't chaotic, but rather filled with a bustling and auspicious atmosphere.

Mo Qingyi looked on with a smile, her eyes brimming with contentment.

Mo Zhixuan came up from downstairs, loosened his collar button, and greeted everyone. After all, he and Chu Jin were the main characters of the day, so it wouldn't do to be absent for too long.

By the time Chu Jin finished her bath and came out, there was a knock at the door. Wiping her wet hair, she went to open it.

"Jin," Mo Qingyi came in, carrying the delicious aroma of food, "you must be hungry. Here's some food I had someone prepare for you. Check if it's to your liking. If not, I'll have them remake it."

Mo Qingyi, as someone who had been through it all, knew that Chu Jin must be hungry by now and had the food prepared in advance.

Chu Jin took the tray with a smile, "Thank you, Mom."

"It's what I should do, no need for thanks," Mo Qingyi said with eyes full of kindness. She continued, "Were the kids good today? Did they give you any trouble?"

"They were very well-behaved," replied Chu Jin while eating. She nodded, "Even though the two little ones in my belly are still just tadpoles, they are very sprightly."

Just like they knew today was a big day in their parents' lives, Chu Jin had hardly any reaction all day long. If it hadn't been for Mo Qingyi's reminder, Chu Jin would've almost forgotten about the two little ones in her belly.

"That's good to hear," Mo Qingyi said with a smile. "How's the food? Does it suit your taste, or should I have them make something else?"

"No, no, there's no need," Chu Jin shook her head slightly, "It's delicious, I really like it." When you're hungry, everything tastes good.

"As long as you like it, Jin. Take your time eating, I'll go entertain the guests downstairs," said Mo Qingyi as she got up to leave.

Chu Jin stood up to see her off.

After eating, Chu Jin changed into a dress and walked downstairs. When everyone saw Chu Jin coming down, they paused what they were doing and looked at her.

Unlike during the wedding, she had washed off her makeup, revealing a bare face without a touch of makeup, exceptionally clean and clear. Under the crystal light, she looked like pure and flawless warm jade. With all of her hair loosely hanging behind her, she exuded a stunning air.

From any angle, she was flawless.

Chu Jin was Chu Jin, irreplaceable and uncopyable.

Just her ethereal, orchid-like quality alone was something no one else could match.

Upon seeing Chu Jin come down, Mo Zhixuan hurried over to meet her.

"What happened to you?" Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan and laughed lightly.

She saw that his forehead was covered with long strips of paper, yet he maintained a serious expression, which was somewhat comical.

"Sister-in-law, Sister-in-law, Brother Nine lost to us in the game of fighting the landlord," a young guy promptly stood up and announced.

Chapter 749: Presence

"Your skills are that bad?" Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, looking at Mo Zhixuan.

Mo Zhixuan immediately made excuses, "I was just letting them win. Otherwise, how could I lose?" He was preoccupied with the thought of the bride upstairs, unable to concentrate fully. With people around him colluding to go easy on each other and specifically targeting him, it would be strange if he didn't lose.

Since Mo Zhixuan would only get married once, everyone naturally took this opportunity to play a practical joke on him. It was rare to see the astute Mo Zhixuan in such a befuddled state.

"Braggart." Chu Jin extended one fair finger and poked Mo Zhixuan on the forehead.

"I'm not bragging, see for yourself. I'll cover their faces with sticky notes right now," Mo Zhixuan said as he sat down at the table again, glaring menacingly at everyone.

Chu Jin walked around the room to greet everyone, then went upstairs.

She browsed Weibo for a while and watched some TV upstairs, but Mo Zhixuan hadn't come up, and the noise downstairs continued.

Chu Jin didn't wait any longer and took a pair of pajamas out of the wardrobe. After changing into them, she lay down on the bed and slowly fell asleep.

Pregnant women tend to be sleepy.

She didn't know how much time had passed when she felt that the noise downstairs had disappeared and the room was filled with the sound of footsteps, followed by the noise of running water.

Knowing it was Mo Zhixuan, Chu Jin was too lazy to open her eyes and turned over to continue sleeping.

After a good while, Chu Jin lazily opened her eyes, her vision filled with the enlarged features of a chiseled face. His short hair brushed against her face, tickling her slightly.

"You're awake."

"Mhm," Chu Jin instantaneously became alert and slowly released a word, then added, "What time is it?"

She felt like she had been sleeping for quite a while.

Mo Zhixuan lowered his gaze to his wristwatch, then said, "It's half-past three in the morning."

"Oh," Chu Jin uttered a word, pulled the covers over herself, and continued to sleep.

Seeing that Chu Jin was ignoring his handsome self, Mo Zhixuan felt a bit gloomy. He reached out to lift the blanket, pinched Chu Jin's face, and said, "Jin, wake up, look at me."

Chu Jin had no choice but to open her eyes again, "What is it? Is there gold on your face?"

Mo Zhixuan continued, "Quickly say that Mo Zhixuan is the most handsome man in the world."

"NO!" Chu Jin refused without hesitation.

"You really won't say it?" Mo Zhixuan lightly arched an eyebrow.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "I am a good kid who tells the truth. I never speak against my conscience."

"Good, I, Grandfather Mo, like honest kids."

"Sorry, but I don't like you," Chu Jin said indifferently.

"You will like me," Mo Zhixuan continued.

Chu Jin gave a light laugh, "I don't."

Mo Zhixuan slowly said, "Giving you one more chance, say Mo Zhixuan, Grandfather Mo, is the most handsome man in the world."

"NO," Chu Jin shook her head slightly.

"You'll regret it."

...

Because Mo Qingyi had too much to drink at the wedding, she didn't follow everyone back to the imperial palace but was taken by Duanmu Zhe to rest in a room on the second floor of the state guest house during the halfway point.

At that moment, Mo Qingyi's throat was uncomfortably dry. She fumbled to turn on the lamp beside the bed, reaching for the cup to get some water when she realized that this wasn't the familiar room she knew.

Looking around at the unfamiliar surroundings, Mo Qingyi was shocked!

Damn!

Where was this?

Mo Qingyi tried hard to recall what happened before she got drunk, but unfortunately, she couldn't come up with any useful information and even didn't know how she got to this room.

However, one thing she was certain of was that this was a room in the state guest house, and she was safe for now.

Probably someone saw she was drunk and took her up here.

Mo Qingyi scratched her head, decided not to think about it any longer, took the cup over to the water dispenser, and after drinking three large glasses of water, she put the cup back.

Smelling the scent of alcohol and tobacco on herself, Mo Qingyi frowned slightly, opened the cabinet next to her, and indeed, there was a brand new set of pajamas inside.

Mo Qingyi picked up her pajamas and entered the bathroom to take a shower.

Duanmu Zhe was woken up by the sound of splashing water, and to make matters worse, the person was humming while showering, "Lalala, I want to take a bath, my skin so nice... Bathe and bathe and bathe some more, Bao Bao needs his golden water, a salute and shake hands, you are my good friend... Lalalala..."

The lyrics, though seemingly random, were sung by her so fluently.

Because the bathroom door wasn't soundproof, Duanmu Zhe could hear everything very clearly.

At first, Duanmu Zhe was stunned, and then he realized that the person in the bathroom was indeed Mo Qingyi.

At that time, both he and Mo Qingyi had been drunk, and after feeding the sobering soup to Mo Qingyi, both of them had collapsed onto the bed and fallen into a deep sleep.

However, judging by the current situation, the girl probably hadn't discovered him yet.

Otherwise, she wouldn't be showering so carefree in there.

And happily singing such a childish song.

After a while, the sound of water from the bathroom gradually ceased, and Mo Qingyi, still humming, walked out while drying her hair.

Mo Qingyi was in a very good mood today. The wedding between Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin had finally gone smoothly, and moreover, Chu Jin was pregnant, and she herself had gotten together with Duanmu Zhe.

Life was perfect.

So, at this moment, the song Mo Qingyi was humming went, "We common folk are really happy today, a chicken in the left hand, a duck in the right..."

At this time, the innocent Mo Qingyi still hadn't noticed that there was an extra person in the room.

Mo Qingyi walked straight to the full-length mirror to continue drying her hair.

Duanmu Zhe felt a bit depressed. Was his presence really that unnoticeable?

This girl's alertness was too poor!

It was lucky that it was him here today.

If it had been someone else, it could have been dangerous...

Duanmu Zhe changed his position, laying on his side, supporting his head with his right hand, just watching Mo Qingyi quietly, waiting for her to turn around and notice him.

Finally, Mo Qingyi finished drying her hair. She slowly turned around, planning to walk around the big bed to pick up the hairdryer. She had just reached the edge of the bed when she realized something was wrong!

Why was there a man lying on the bed?

And why did that man look so much like Duanmu Zhe?

Mo Qingyi rubbed her eyes in disbelief and looked again, but the scene before her remained unchanged! It was indeed Duanmu Zhe.

A smile appeared on Duanmu Zhe's lips as he warmly looked at Mo Qingyi, waved his hand politely, and greeted, "Hi, little fairy, hello there."

Since Mo Qingyi often referred to herself as Fairy during their chats, Duanmu Zhe uttered the words "little fairy" out loud.

To Duanmu Zhe, Mo Qingyi was his little fairy.

Seeing the very real Duanmu Zhe, Mo Qingyi finally came to her senses. She screamed, then clutched her pajamas tightly, and looked at Duanmu Zhe warily, stuttering, "You, you, what are you doing here?"

She truly didn't know that Duanmu Zhe was here too! Had she known, she wouldn't have been so casual!

Just now, her attire, really was...

Her face.

It turned completely red.

How embarrassing! Would Duanmu Zhe misunderstand her?

Mo Qingyi felt like crying without tears.

Heaven knows, she really hadn't done it on purpose.

Seeing Mo Qingyi like this, Duanmu Zhe let out a light laugh, got up leisurely from the bed, walked up to Mo Qingyi, and cornered her against the wall and himself, executing a stylish 'wall cornering'.

Although Mo Qingyi was usually a bit careless, she was still a young girl, and her face turned red in an instant, "I, I, what do, you, you, what do you want to do?"

"What do you think I want to do?"

Mo Qingyi: "... " How could I know what's in your mind?

Duanmu Zhe didn't wait for Mo Qingyi to say anything and leaned down to kiss her.

It was quite a while before he released Mo Qingyi.

Chapter 750: The more I watch, the better it looks

The next morning.

The early morning sunlight poured in evenly from outside the window, coating the room in a layer of golden light, while a gentle breeze stirred the swaying curtains.

Chu Jin opened her eyes and glanced over at the bedside clock; it was precisely 7:30 AM. She rubbed her eyes. This was quite unusual. Ever since she became pregnant, she rarely woke up this early. Moreover,

she had had such a prolonged tussle with Mo Zhixuan the night before. Yet, strangely enough, she didn't feel sleepy at all now.

Chu Jin picked out a set of white sportswear from the wardrobe and then headed towards the washroom.

When she finished washing up and came out, Mo Zhixuan had also sat up in bed and was staring at her unblinkingly.

Hmm.

His wife was so beautiful, and he found her more attractive with every look.

Just as Chu Jin's hand touched the doorknob, a wave of nausea churned in her stomach. She quickly covered her mouth and ran to the bathroom, leaning over the sink, vomiting until she was dizzy and pale, in severe discomfort.

Mo Zhixuan's face changed instantly; he threw off the covers and followed her into the bathroom, supporting her shoulders and gently patting her back, "How are you feeling? Still uncomfortable? Do you want to take some medicine?"

Chu Jin kept vomiting over the sink and had no time to respond to Mo Zhixuan's words. After a while, when she finally felt a bit better and was about to speak, another wave of nausea surged from deep in her throat.

Chu Jin, who was usually so formidable, was utterly debilitated by the two little ones in her belly. Mo Zhixuan stood behind her, his heart heavy with discontent at seeing her in this state, and holding her arm, he declared, "Let's not have them, we won't have them anymore!"

If he had known having children would make Chu Jin suffer like this, he would never have let her get pregnant in his lifetime.

Chu Jin took a sip of water to rinse her mouth, then glared at Mo Zhixuan, her tone light, "What nonsense are you spouting? Morning sickness is something every mother goes through. How can you say such things over a little issue like this?"

"I'm serious," Mo Zhixuan said with a stern look on his face, his expression very firm.

"If my mom and your mom were to hear what you just said, they would definitely kill you," Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "Morning sickness is not a big deal, it's a perfectly normal reaction. I don't feel anything, you're just too anxious. Let's go, let's go downstairs for breakfast." Chu Jin pulled Mo Zhixuan's hand and headed downstairs.

Mo Zhixuan stood there, motionless. While he was overjoyed to welcome two new lives into his world, seeing Chu Jin this tormented, he would rather not have those two little mischief-makers!

"Alright," Chu Jin pinched Mo Zhixuan's hand and continued, "If you go on like this, later on, they won't call you 'Daddy'!"

Mo Zhixuan didn't speak, standing there, his thoughts deep. He was a serious and sincere man. He didn't speak lightly, and once he said something, he determined to see it through.

Mo Zhixuan now detested those two rascals intensely!

"Mo Zhixuan, I'm really fine, and I really like children. I also look forward to having our baby. I'm truly fine. Actually, this is a very blissful experience." Chu Jin tiptoed and initiated a kiss to the corner of Mo Zhixuan's lips, then grabbed his hand again, placing it on her belly, "These are our children."

As expected, upon Chu Jin's advance, Mo Zhixuan's expression softened a bit, and he pointed to the left corner of his mouth, "This side."

Understanding his hint, Chu Jin promptly tiptoed and left a light kiss there.

Seeing that Chu Jin really was okay, Mo Zhixuan finally felt relieved and, holding her waist, squatted down to look at her belly, threatening, "You two little scoundrels, just wait till you come out and see how your dad will teach you a lesson!"

"Didn't you used to say they were girls? How come they're now 'little scoundrels'?" Chu Jin laughed lightly.

Such a fickle man.

They say 'A woman's heart is a deep ocean of secrets', but that line should really apply to men.

"Girls would not be this naughty! They must be two mischievous little scoundrels!" Mo Zhixuan said this, but his eyes betrayed not a hint of dislike.

Contempt aside, Jin and his child were the fruit of their love, and how could he not cherish them?

"Remember to be good, you two," Mo Zhixuan gently patted Chu Jin's belly, warning, "If you dare to be naughty again, beware I'll spank you."

Perhaps Mo Zhixuan's threat worked because after that, Chu Jin's morning sickness symptoms significantly lessened.

"Alright, let's go downstairs for breakfast," Chu Jin said, pulling him along.

The breakfast spread was lavish, prepared entirely according to the whimsical palate of a pregnant woman.

Light crystal shrimp dumplings, pickled vegetable congee, soy milk with fried dough sticks, steamed buns, and various chilled side dishes...

Chu Jin ate very comfortably this meal, and seeing her eat happily, Mo Zhixuan was also relieved.

After breakfast, Mrs. Mo brought out a piece of red paper and said to Chu Jin, "Jin, have you thought about the children's names? If there are any characters you like, write them down on this paper. I need to take it to the master today to get his input."

"Mom, are you consulting the master?" Mo Zhixuan looked at Mrs. Mo.

"Yes," Mrs. Mo nodded, as choosing a name was a matter that affected a lifetime; naturally, she wanted to seek a master's counsel.

Laughing, Mo Zhixuan said, "The accomplished Master Chu is right in front of you, so why go to such lengths to find another?" Chu Jin was skilled in the Western divination of Tarot cards. Perhaps they could also use that method for naming, right?

Only then Mrs. Mo realized, and with a smiling gaze toward Chu Jin, she said, "Right, Jin, how could I forget this? You are Master Chu. Why don't you choose the names for the children."

Chu Jin quickly waved her hands, "Mom, it's better if you handle it. Western mysticism and Eastern mysticism are different." Choosing names was something Chu Jin was not good at; she considered herself bad at naming.

"Alright," Mrs. Mo took back the red paper. "Then I'll consult with Little Yan and see if there's anything particular your family pays attention to." Mrs. Mo already knew about the arrangement to let one of the children take Chu Jin's surname.

Being a mother herself, Mrs. Mo could understand Zhao Yan's perspective, so she agreed with Zhao Yan's suggestion.

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded.