

R Woman 751

Chapter 751: Little Fairy

"Zhixuan, spend some quality time with Jin during this period. By the way, do you two have any plans? Do you want to go on a vacation somewhere?" the Mo family matriarch continued to ask.

Mo Zhixuan had almost a month of marriage leave, and since Chu Jin's belly hadn't started showing yet, he should take her on a honeymoon or something.

The young people nowadays cared a lot about this.

"Hmm," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, then said, "Mom, Jin and I have discussed it. We're planning to visit Poland Mountain tomorrow to see the two elders, and we may stay there for a while."

After all, it was the two elders who had saved Jin's life. They didn't have any other relatives, and with Jin marrying and expecting a child—two significant life events—it was only right to visit the elders.

"You should definitely go," the Mo family matriarch nodded repeatedly, "I'll prepare some gifts for you to bring tomorrow."

"That would be great. Thank you for the trouble," Mo Zhixuan replied, "Mom, I'm taking Jin back to her parents' home now. We won't be back for lunch."

Before going to Poland Mountain, it was necessary to inform Zhao Yan.

"Sure, sure, go ahead." The matriarch stood up and then, as if she remembered something, asked, "By the way, have you seen Qingyi? That girl didn't come home last night and her phone is switched off too."

Out of habit, Mo Zhixuan lit a cigarette, "Qingyi got drunk last night, so she stayed at the state guesthouse to rest. Duanmu is with her, so you don't have to worry."

"Oh," the matriarch nodded, only then realizing and exclaiming in surprise, "What! Stayed overnight at the state guesthouse? With Little Zhe?" The two of them hadn't been in a relationship for very long. How could...

The matriarch was concerned that Mo Qingyi might be at a disadvantage.

Mo Zhixuan stubbed out the cigarette and decisively threw the pack in his pocket into the trash, "Duanmu is not that kind of person. Don't worry, Qingyi won't suffer any losses."

Mo Zhixuan knew Duanmu Zhe's character. He was confident that Duanmu would not do anything to Mo Qingyi. At most, it was just to satiate some cravings. Duanmu, that kid, would be like him in the future—a devoted husband. Perhaps even more so.

Reassured by these words, the matriarch felt at ease. "All right, it's getting late. You'd better take Jin and go. Oh, will you come back for dinner tonight?"

"We'll be back tonight," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly and led Chu Jin outside.

"Good, then I'll wait for you two to come back for dinner." The matriarch stood up to see them off, watching the black car move further away before returning inside.

Mo Zhixuan didn't bring a driver, opting to drive himself instead, with Chu Jin sitting in the passenger seat, the car filled with pleasant music and thoughtfully stocked with dried sour plums in the storage compartment.

Having been notified in advance, Zhao Yan and Chu Xiu were already waiting at the door early in the morning.

"Auntie, don't worry, my sister should be arriving soon." Seeing Zhao Yan pacing back and forth, Xiu spoke in a low voice.

"No hurry." Zhao Yan smiled gently. Just as she finished speaking, a black car pulled up at the door.

Seeing this, Zhao Yan and Xiu immediately went up to greet them. Mo Zhixuan went to get the gifts from the trunk, while Zhao Yan took Chu Jin's arm and asked with concern, "How are you feeling, Jin? Are you better this morning? Any more vomiting?"

"No more vomiting," Chu Jin smiled lightly, "the little ones in my belly are behaving well. Mom, you don't have to worry."

Knowing that Zhao Yan was always worried about her, Chu Jin conveniently forgot to mention the morning sickness.

Because there were so many gifts crammed in the trunk, Xiu also went to help. Zhao Yan immediately chided, "There's no need to bring so many gifts; we're not strangers. Don't be so extravagant in the future."

While carrying the things, Mo Zhixuan said, "These are for you and Xiu, not a waste at all."

Zhao Yan smiled, filled with contentment. She knew that Jin had truly married the right person.

The group chatted as they walked into the house.

Zhao Yan was someone who couldn't stay idle. Ever since she had regained awareness, she had cleared a piece of land in the backyard garden, planting vegetables and fruits. In just over half a month, there were some small successes, and she excitedly said to Chu Jin, "Jin, let me take you to see the vegetable garden I've started in the backyard. The greens are growing so well."

"Sure." Chu Jin stood and walked with Zhao Yan toward the backyard garden.

Mo Zhixuan and Xiu followed behind them.

Zhao Yan was an interesting person; she set up the vegetable garden amidst a variety of exotic flowers and herbs. When a breeze came, it carried a light fragrance of flowers mixed with the earthy scent.

There were three patches of land, planted with bok choy, okra, and long beans.

The cabbages were growing well, a lush green expanse. Chu Jin crouched down and plucked a few, saying to Zhao Yan, "Mom, let's have stir-fried greens for lunch. Ours will definitely taste better than the store-bought ones."

"I'll cook for you guys." Mo Zhixuan took the cabbages from Chu Jin's hands.

"Brother-in-law, can I follow you and learn a trick or two?" Chu Xiu had eaten dishes prepared by Mo Zhixuan and he knew that Mo Zhixuan's cooking skills were very good. Mo Zhixuan was simply an idol in his life.

This guy was truly an all-around god.

Just like his sister, there seemed to be nothing that Mo Zhixuan couldn't do.

"Sure," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly.

So, in no time, Mo Zhixuan had slipped into the kitchen, stunning all of the Chu family's servants.

Nobody would have thought that the dignified leader of the three realms would actually cook himself.

Wasn't this a bit too down to earth?

Elsewhere.

The State Guesthouse.

When Mo Qingyi woke again, it was already noon. Hunger had woken her up—she had been preoccupied with drinking the previous night and hadn't eaten much.

...

Mo Qingyi took a quick shower, changed into her underwear, and draped herself in last night's pajamas before stepping out of the bathroom. As she was wondering how she was going to go outside in pyjamas, the doorbell rang.

Mo Qingyi hurried to answer the door.

Once the door was opened, she was greeted by a very pretty young woman who smiled and asked, "May I know if you are Miss Mo Qingyi?"

"That's me," Mo Qingyi nodded slightly.

"Hello, Miss Mo, this is the clothing Mr. Duanmu ordered from our store. Please sign for it." The young woman politely handed over a few high-end boxed packages, her gaze twinkling at Mo Qingyi's neckline, a smile playing at the corner of her eyes.

"Thank you." Mo Qingyi was somewhat bewildered but still accepted the packaged boxes from the young woman and thanked her politely.

"You're welcome, then Miss Mo, I'll be taking my leave, goodbye." The young woman gave Mo Qingyi a textbook smile.

"Goodbye." Mo Qingyi closed the door, her curiosity piqued about why that young woman kept staring at her neck. Could it be that she had grown flowers on her neck or something?

Just then, Duanmu Zhe's voice came from inside the room, "Qingyi, who was it?"

"Someone delivering clothes," Mo Qingyi replied offhandedly, thinking to herself that Duanmu Zhe was quite considerate to even know how to order clothes online.

"Oh."

Carrying the boxed packages, Mo Qingyi walked in and quickly covered her eyes with her hands, "Pervert!"

Duanmu Zhe knew she was shy and didn't tease her any further. He took two of the boxes from Mo Qingyi's hands, "I'll go to the bathroom to change. You can change out here, right?"

"Why should I change out here?" Mo Qingyi asked incredulously. Duanmu Zhe, shameless as he was, might take the opportunity to sneak a peek while she was changing!

"You want to change with me in there?" Duanmu Zhe said with a smile.

"Take your clothes and get out," Mo Qingyi kicked Duanmu Zhe toward the bathroom, then she slammed the door behind him.

Watching the silhouette outside the door, Duanmu Zhe's lips slowly curved into a smile. It had not been easy for him and Mo Qingyi to reach this point.

Meanwhile, outside the room.

A trendy young woman, her face alight with excitement, emerged from the doorway of a certain room, the smile on her face irrepressible as she remembered what she had just seen. She quickly took out her phone from her pocket, "Hello, aunt! I've got great news for you, Little Zhe and Miss Mo's thing—it's really happened!"

This woman was none other than the young woman who had delivered clothes to Mo Qingyi.

At the same time, she was also Duanmu Zhe's older female cousin, Lian Susu.

Not knowing what was said on the other end of the phone, Lian Susu continued, "Auntie, rest assured, I saw it with my own eyes. Just a little secret for you, judging from the current situation, the battle last night must have been intense. You just wait to stay home and cuddle your grandchild."

"Oh, that's right, Auntie, I see an acquaintance, so I won't talk too much." Lian Susu hung up the phone and walked towards a familiar figure. When she realized she hadn't mistaken the person, she said with some surprise, "Xi He! What are you doing here too?"

This person was indeed Xi He.

"Susu." When she saw Lian Susu, Xi He was also very surprised. She continued, "The wedding banquet of Ninth Brother was held here last night. I indulged in too many drinks, so I stayed here to rest. What about you? Why are you here?"

Lian Susu had little to do with the Mo family, so she did not attend the wedding of Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

Upon hearing this, Lian Susu feigned shock, patting Xi He on the shoulder. "Xi He, you really are carefree. You lost the trial competition and still had the mood to attend the wedding banquet. Did the Elders even allow you to come?"

Lian Susu was always blunt, with no beating around the bush, and it's precisely because of her straightforwardness that she offended quite a few people.

Logically speaking, Chu Jin was considered Xi He's love rival, and despite Xi He losing the trial competition, she still managed to attend the wedding banquet. Is this child silly?

Xi He smiled tenderly, "Susu, don't tease me anymore. My admiration for Ninth Brother is purely platonic, with no romantic feelings involved. The only reason I participated in the trial competition was that the Elders forced me. My heart has always been set on someone else."

Towards the end, a bitter sweetness emerged in Xi He's eyes.

Curious, Lian Susu asked, "Is he the one who saved you when you were a child?" Lian Susu knew a bit about this, as Xi He's childhood background was somewhat complicated.

Xi He nodded, not denying it, "Mhm."

"Does he know you like him?" Lian Susu continued to ask.

Xi He smiled and shook her head, "I haven't had the chance to tell him. After so many years, it seems... he has already forgotten me."

Lian Susu linked her arm with Xi He's, "Xi He, let's not stand here any longer. Let's find somewhere to sit and chat, shall we? I don't have much going on today, and it's been a long time since we last saw each other."

Lian Susu had spent some time on the mountain as a child, so she was on good terms with Xi He.

"Not today," Xi He shook her head, "I still have some personal matters to attend to today. I'll find you to hang out in a few days."

Being perceptive, Lian Susu quickly replied, "Okay, then go ahead with your errands. I'll head back first, and we can catch up over the phone later."

"Sure," Xi He nodded slowly.

Lian Susu walked away quickly, while Xi He stood there, her gaze anxiously following the direction from which Lian Susu had come, as if searching for someone.

Meanwhile, Mo Qingyi was changing clothes on the bed. The outfit Duanmu Zhe had someone prepare for her was a long-sleeved chiffon shirt, paired with black pencil pants, and a pair of Martin boots.

With her already impressive looks, Mo Qingyi appeared extremely pleasing to the eye.

After changing, the sound of water in the bathroom continued without pause.

Mo Qingyi frowned slightly, thinking Duanmu Zhe really had some nerve; a grown man taking such an incredibly long time to shower, dawdling like a woman, while she was almost starving to death.

Mo Qingyi lay listlessly on the sofa, scrolling through Weibo with lethargy, when she suddenly discovered that the live-stream video of Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's wedding had exceeded a hundred million views in just one day.

The Weibo of the Superpower World and the secular world were two distinct versions, yet their functions were all the same. The Superpower World's Weibo was connected to all three realms, while the secular version was limited only to the secular world.

Mo Qingyi opened the video. Although she had experienced the entire wedding firsthand yesterday, rewatching it now felt entirely different. Moreover, Mo Qingyi was pleasantly surprised to find that she was actually quite photogenic. If it weren't for Chu Jin shining so brightly, she too would be considered one of the top beauties.

And watching the live-stream also meant she could see the comments.

There were many witty netizens online. As she watched, Mo Qingyi burst out laughing.

Thus, when Duanmu Zhe came out of the bathroom, this was the scene he beheld.

Mo Qingyi propped her feet up on the back of the sofa with no regard for image, holding her phone in one hand and picking her nose with the other, all the while giggling foolishly.

Perhaps influenced by the laughter, a smile appeared on Duanmu Zhe's lips as he thought to himself, how had he fallen for such a silly girl with no image at all, and yet, he was so deeply smitten he couldn't extricate himself.

"What are you laughing at?" Duanmu Zhe walked over and asked.

"Since ancient times, talents have emerged from the web, haha, it's just killing me." Seeing Duanmu Zhe coming over, Mo Qingyi didn't react much, maintaining the same posture, only showing her true nature when in the presence of someone she trusts and is familiar with, with no inhibitions.

Because you know there's someone who will never find you disgusting.

Duanmu Zhe casually took her phone and put it in his pocket, then pulled her up from the sofa, "Hungry? I'll take you out to eat."

Smiling is a wonderful thing, as Mo Qingyi smiled and forgot she was hungry.

Now that he mentioned it, Mo Qingyi felt her stomach stick to her back in hunger, "I'm starving to death, damn it! Why did you have to take such a long shower?"

Duanmu Zhe spoke helplessly, "My little treasure, can't you be a bit more civilized?"

Little treasure?

What kind of nickname is that? Ew, getting goosebumps all over, you know?

Mo Qingyi immediately looked up at Duanmu Zhe, dead serious, "Please, call me 'little fairy', thank you."

"Do you have some misunderstanding about 'little fairy'?"

Mo Qingyi stomped her feet in frustration.

"Alright, alright, let's go." Duanmu Zhe chuckled, taking her hand and heading towards the door.

After a few steps, Mo Qingyi suddenly stopped, "I'm too hungry to walk, it's all your fault for taking such a long shower."

"Ah? What should we do then?" Duanmu Zhe continued, "How about I order food with my phone?"

"Forget it, ordering food is too much of a hassle," Mo Qingyi waved her hand dismissively, then her eyes lit up, "Or you could carry me on your back?"

Actually, this was Mo Qingyi's true intention.

Duanmu Zhe immediately bent down, patting his back, "Come on."

Mo Qingyi stepped back and with a leap, jumped onto Duanmu Zhe's back, hooking her hands tightly around his neck, calling out, "Little Zhe, let's head to the Phoenix Palace."

Duanmu Zhe cooperated, "Yes."

A handsome man and a beautiful woman together, especially with the man carrying the woman on his back, naturally attracted a lot of attention.

Public display of affection under the broad daylight!

Is dog food free?

The two received numerous stares from the single dogs around them.

As they walked to the first floor, a woman in a plain-colored dress came from the opposite direction. She had a beautiful face and an elegant temperament. She seemed to have just noticed Duanmu Zhe, delight flashing in her eyes as she hurried over, "Duanmu Zhe? Are you Duanmu Zhe?"

Duanmu Zhe stopped in his tracks, looking at the unfamiliar woman before him, and asked with some confusion, "I'm sorry, who are you?" Clearly, he didn't recognize her.

Seeing someone approaching, Mo Qingyi quickly slid off Duanmu Zhe's back and stood beside him, eyeing the woman across from Duanmu Zhe very warily. The more she looked, the more familiar the woman seemed. Suddenly, like a stroke of genius, she asked the woman, "Are you Xi He?"

Mo Qingyi wasn't particularly familiar with Xi He, but had noticed her after participating in the trials and being one of the top ten powerful contestants.

Xi He nodded with a smile, "Yes, I'm Xi He. I'm flattered that Miss Mo remembers me."

Mo Qingyi also smiled politely, not speaking further, firmly taking hold of Duanmu Zhe's hand. Her female intuition told her that Xi He's gaze at Duanmu Zhe was somewhat different.

Duanmu Zhe looked at Xi He, frowning slightly, "Do we know each other?"

Xi He still had a gentle smile on her face as she continued, "Duanmu, don't you remember me? I am Xi He, the 'Xi' from 'Fuxi' and the 'He' from 'harmony with the world.' Think carefully."

Duanmu Zhe shook his head, apologetically saying, "I'm sorry, I really don't remember." The name Xi He sounded familiar, but he couldn't recall where he had seen her. Xi He's face was utterly unfamiliar in Duanmu Zhe's memory.

Chapter 752: Life-saving Benefactor (Part 1)

"It doesn't matter if you don't remember me, but surely you still remember this." Xi He took out a jade pendant from his pocket and handed it to Duanmu Zhe, a top-grade imperial green with exquisite carving, instantly recognizable as extremely valuable.

Duanmu Zhe looked at the jade pendant, narrowing his eyes slightly as long-buried memories surged from the depths of his mind. Pointing at Xi He with a hint of surprise, he said, "I remember now, you're the little girl from the snow mountain back then, right?"

Seeing that Duanmu Zhe finally remembered, Xi He was overjoyed. "You finally remember! I still need to thank you for saving my life back then. Otherwise, I wouldn't have survived until now."

Duanmu Zhe was indeed Xi He's savior.

Before the age of five, Duanmu Zhe had lived in the Superpower World. During a training expedition, he had accidentally wandered onto a snow-capped mountain.

It was a mountain that never thawed, with perpetual snowfall and a frigid climate. When he encountered Xi He, her complexion had already turned purple and she was almost out of breath. It was Duanmu Zhe who transferred his spiritual power to her, saving Xi He's life.

After bringing Xi He down the mountain, having no money on him, he gave her his only jade pendant.

That year, Duanmu Zhe was five and Xi He was four. Without this jade pendant, Duanmu Zhe might have forgotten about this incident altogether. Unexpectedly, Xi He still remembered, and moreover, had kept the jade pendant all this time.

"It's all in the past, no need for thanks, but tell me, how have you been living?" Duanmu Zhe continued to ask.

"Pretty good," Xi He nodded, "and you? How have you been over the years? Actually, I did try to find you later, but they all said you had gone to the secular world."

The Elders were strict, so Xi He had no chance to visit the secular world.

People like the Elders had no respect for the secular world anyway.

"I've been doing quite well," Duanmu Zhe said with a casual smile. "By the way, let me introduce you to my fiancée, Mo Qingyi." Although they hadn't formally held an engagement banquet, in Duanmu Zhe's heart, Mo Qingyi was already his fiancée.

After all, having shared a bed, how could she possibly run off with someone else?

At these words, a fleeting shadow seemed to dart through Xi He's downcast eyes, disappearing as quickly as it arrived, and she quickly regained her composure. Lifting her gaze towards Mo Qingyi, she extended her hand politely, "Miss Mo, hello, I'm Xi He."

"Hello." Mo Qingyi offered a slight smile in return.

Xi He's gaze swept over Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi, then she smiled and said, "Where are the two of you heading?"

"We're going to have dinner. Would you like to join us, Miss Xi?" asked Mo Qingyi politely.

Mo Qingyi's invitation was merely out of politeness; she didn't expect Xi He to accept. After all, it was a couples' dinner and any perceptive person would usually choose to stay away. Unexpectedly, Xi He said, "Miss Mo, you're too kind. Then I shall respectfully accept your invitation."

Xi He knew that what she was doing wasn't appropriate, but she couldn't help herself.

Love can lead to downfall, and love can drive one mad.

Xi He had been searching for Duanmu Zhe for a very long time.

Duanmu Zhe was her youthful obsession and a beacon of light when she was falling into hell. If it weren't for the belief that she would find Duanmu Zhe, Xi He wouldn't have made it to this day. As long as Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi weren't married yet, she still had a chance.

Therefore, she must seize this opportunity and not let her future self have regrets.

Faced with Xi He's response, Mo Qingyi was stunned; however, since she had already spoken, it wouldn't be good to back out now, so she had no choice but to take Xi He with her to dine.

The three of them arrived at a rather nice restaurant.

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe sat side by side, while Xi He sat opposite them.

"Miss Xi, order whatever you'd like; feel free to choose. No need to be polite, Duanmu and I are treating," Mo Qingyi said as she passed a menu to Xi He.

Xi He took the menu, thanked her, and then said, "Miss Mo, there's no need to be so formal, just call me by my name."

Not yet sure what Xi He was thinking, Mo Qingyi casually said, "Alright then, you can call me Qingyi, just like Duanmu does."

Xi He only ordered one dish; the rest were ordered by Mo Qingyi. "What would you like to eat?" Mo Qingyi looked at Duanmu Zhe.

"I love everything you've ordered," Duanmu Zhe said, glancing sideways with a slight smile.

"Alright, let's go with these then," Mo Qingyi closed the menu and handed it to the waiter.

Watching the interaction between the two, Xi He felt uncomfortable. Her eyes filled with bitterness, she had waited for Duanmu Zhe for so many years, hoping for a good relationship to come, but never expected that Duanmu Zhe already had someone he liked.

A twist of fate.

Because she had been constrained since childhood, Xi He's eating manners were very refined, consuming her food in small, pleasing bites.

In contrast, Mo Qingyi did as she pleased. Despite coming from a distinguished family, the old Madame Mo rarely restricted her, and coupled with her time spent in the military, her eating manners, while not elegant, were not unpleasant either—natural and unpretentious.

Xi He surreptitiously observed her, puzzlement flickering in her eyes.

Given Mo Qingyi's background, she was not expected to eat so informally. Xi He, always gentle and refined, found it difficult to appreciate Mo Qingyi's way of eating, which was fast and plentiful.

Normally, socialites eat only to seventy percent fullness when dining out—partly to maintain their figure and partly to appear dignified. A girl who eats too much in public may not present a good image; she isn't a starving ghost reincarnated.

So, Xi He quickly finished her meal, wiped the corner of her mouth with a napkin, and looked at Duanmu Zhe, "Duanmu, I'm done eating. Please enjoy your meal; I'm heading to the restroom."

"Okay," Duanmu Zhe nodded slightly.

As soon as Xi He was out of sight, Mo Qingyi looked up, huffing, and glared at Duanmu Zhe, "Tell me the truth, what is your relationship with that Xi He?"

"What kind of relationship could I possibly have with her?" Duanmu Zhe replied innocently to Mo Qingyi's questioning, "We knew each other from childhood, just like she said. I saved her once on the snowy mountains. To be honest, if it hadn't been for today's chance encounter, I would have completely forgotten about her."

"Who knows if it was just a chance encounter?" Mo Qingyi rolled her eyes. Xi He was attractive and had a good temperament, and she was very gentle. But Mo Qingyi just couldn't come to like her.

After all, in this world, who would be so foolish as to like their own rival in love?

Intuition told Mo Qingyi that Xi He was her rival in love.

"It's really just a chance encounter, I swear," Duanmu Zhe kissed the side of her face.

Mo Qingyi continued, "Then let me ask you, after you saved her, did you make any kind of lifetime pledge or something?"

Duanmu Zhe shook his head, "No."

"Really none?" Mo Qingyi narrowed her eyes, full of suspicion.

"Really none, I swear," Duanmu Zhe raised three fingers, a serious expression on his face.

"If there's no lifetime pledge, then where did that jade pendant she has come from? Don't tell me that pendant wasn't given by you. Tell me the truth, is that your token of love?" Mo Qingyi pressed on with her questions.

This scenario often occurred in TV dramas: after the male lead saved the female lead, she would pledge herself to him, and then, to avoid recognizing the wrong person in the future, he would leave a token as proof, Duanmu Zhe explained.

"I did give her the jade pendant, but it wasn't any token of love. Back then, Xi He was only four years old and penniless. When I saw how pitiful she was, I just handed over my jade pendant so she could exchange it for some money," Duanmu Zhe had never expected Xi He to have kept that jade pendant until now.

Mo Qingyi narrowed her eyes and said, "So, that means she must have feelings for you. After all these years, she's still smitten with you. You're not allowed to meet her in private from now on, got it?" Mo Qingyi poked Duanmu Zhe's head.

Duanmu Zhe quickly responded, "Heard you loud and clear. With such a beautiful fairy by my side, why would I look for someone else? Would I be crazy?"

"Good to know," Mo Qingyi's lips curved up slightly, "Now tell me, who's prettier, me or Xi He?"

"Of course, you're prettier. In my heart, you're the most beautiful. No one can replace you," Duanmu Zhe said earnestly.

Mo Qingyi was now content, smiling satisfactorily. "Last question, if Xi He and I were to fall into the water at the same time, and you could only save one of us, who would you choose?"

With her earphones on, Xi He perked up at this question, focusing her spiritual power to listen carefully. She refused to believe that Duanmu Zhe had not a single feeling for her.

Xi He had planted a listening device in her bag, so she could hear the conversation. This was her real reason for coming to the restroom.

"Silly girl," Duanmu Zhe's voice came through the earphones with a smile, "of course I'd choose to save you. I'm not really close to that Xi He."

Mo Qingyi then said, "Are you sure you wouldn't save her? It's a human life, after all. Moreover, she would die if you didn't save her."

"I'm sure," Duanmu Zhe's voice was very determined, "If I saved her, then you'd be the one in danger, wouldn't you? Someone who loves her will save her. It has nothing to do with me."

On this point, Duanmu Zhe was very clear.

At a life-and-death moment, between a lover and a friend, he would choose his lover without any hesitation.

In front of love, everyone is selfish.

And he was no exception.

"Alright, then I'll trust you this time. Remember to keep your distance from Xi He," Mo Qingyi's voice sounded quite cheerful, with a trace of excitement.

Xi He stood dumbfounded in front of the restroom mirror, and upon hearing this, she broke down in tears, crying out loud. She could no longer take in a single word of the ongoing conversation.

What she wanted was not this outcome at all.

Why?

She had only missed out for over twenty years; why had everything changed?

The white horse prince of her past was no longer hers.

While they were laughing so joyfully on the other side, why was she so heartbroken? Did anyone ever care about her?

Why did they have to build their happiness on someone else's pain?

Xi He felt as if her heart had been torn apart, the pain overwhelming.

Someone else entered the restroom and saw Xi He like this, their curious eyes glancing sideways at her.

It took a while for Xi He to compose herself and dry her tears. She put on a smile and left the restroom.

When she returned to the dining area, there was no sign on her face that she had been crying.

Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi had finished their meal. Seeing Xi He come over, Duanmu Zhe snapped his fingers, "Waiter, check, please."

The waiter trotted over and said respectfully, "Sir, your bill has already been taken care of by this lady." The waiter looked up at Xi He.

"How could we let you pay?" Mo Qingyi stood up, smiling, "We promised to treat you."

Xi He gave a light smile, "Duanmu is my life-saving benefactor; it's only right that I pay. Don't be polite, Qingyi."

"How could we accept that? Waiter, how much is the bill?" Mo Qingyi looked up at the waiter.

"A total of 3218 yuan."

Mo Qingyi counted out a stack of bills from her wallet and handed it to Xi He, "Please, you must accept this." Since they had agreed it was their treat, Mo Qingyi didn't want to owe Xi He a favor.

Money can be repaid, but favors are the hardest to repay.

Xi He quickly refused, "Qingyi, I'm not going to take the money. If you really feel bad, just let Duanmu return the favor next time. I have something else to do and must leave now, you go ahead."

This was Xi He's real intention: a debt repaid warrants a next meeting.

Xi He knew what she was doing wasn't very ethical.

But she had no other choice; she couldn't control herself.

Chapter 753: can't obtain, can't let go, can't forget

For so many years, every night, she would dream of that scene on the snow mountain.

Before Duanmu Zhe married Mo Qingyi, she hadn't given up on this opportunity. If their love was so strong, her appearance wouldn't have had any consequences.

Xi He hailed a taxi and soon disappeared from Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi's view.

Mo Qingyi was a smart woman. She naturally understood what Xi He's words meant. She looked up at Duanmu Zhe, "I hadn't realized, you're still quite a magnet for romance."

Any woman would mind encountering such a thing.

Moreover, Xi He was quite beautiful.

The corners of Duanmu Zhe's mouth turned up slightly, and he wrapped an arm around her shoulders, "Don't worry, I definitely won't meet her alone. I will love only you for my whole life." Seeing Mo Qingyi's jealous little expression made Duanmu Zhe quite happy.

Jealousy, that's more like it.

"Men..." Mo Qingyi shook her head and sighed, "They always sweet-talk. If men were reliable, sows would climb trees."

"I'm not just any man," Duanmu Zhe said, his eyebrows arching slightly, a smile on his lips.

"Then what kind of man are you?" Mo Qingyi raised an eyebrow.

Duanmu Zhe held Mo Qingyi's hand tightly and said seriously, "Could your man, Mo Qingyi, be just any man?"

It goes without saying that Duanmu Zhe was a man with high emotional intelligence. After a few words, Mo Qingyi quickly forgot about Xi He's existence. The two of them, hand in hand, strolled down Ancient City Street, laughing and joking all the way, their smiles infectious to every passerby.

Xi He sat in an inconspicuous car, watching the two from a distance, bitterness filling her eyes.

As the figures of the two faded into the distance, Xi He felt that every passerby resembled Duanmu Zhe.

Unable to have.

Unable to let go.

Reluctant to give up.

Unable to forget.

This feeling, perhaps, can only be understood by those who have been through it.

It wasn't until near dusk that Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan drove back to the imperial palace.

After dinner, they went out for a walk and, as soon as they stepped out, they saw a group of young men and women standing under a streetlight.

The dim streetlight stretched their figures long.

It had a somewhat aesthetic feel to it.

Mo Zhixuan was about to walk over but was stopped by Chu Jin. She made a 'silence' gesture and whispered, "Wait, it's not right to disturb the young couple in love."

Under the streetlight, Duanmu Zhe reached out and gently touched Mo Qingyi's head, softly saying, "We're home now, you should go back."

Mo Qingyi shook her head, "No, I want to watch you leave first."

"No! You leave first."

"No! You leave first."

The two repeated this tirelessly, neither willing to leave first, looking every bit like a couple in the throes of a sweet romance.

Mo Zhixuan shook his head and scoffed softly, "Childish." Young people nowadays are getting more and more childish, just like three-year-olds.

In Mo Zhixuan's eyes, this behavior was the epitome of childishness.

He never acted like this when he was dating Jin.

Not like these two, acting like idiots.

Chu Jin mocked mercilessly, "This is called romance, something that an old person like you wouldn't understand."

Mr. Mo fell silent abruptly.

This was the nth time Miss Chu had called him old.

He had long proven with his actions that he wasn't old, yet, Miss Chu just wouldn't remember.

After repeating "No! You leave first!" under the streetlight for over a dozen times, Mo Qingyi finally relented. Standing on her tiptoes, she kissed Duanmu Zhe's chin, "Then I'll go first, good night."

"Goodnight," Duanmu Zhe took the opportunity to clasp Mo Qingyi's nape, delivering a passionate French kiss.

"This isn't suitable for children. Let's go, let's go, don't let these two idiots corrupt our Bao Bao," Mo Zhixuan pulled Chu Jin in another direction.

Chu Jin just smiled and didn't speak, following Mo Zhixuan as they left together, walking under the starry sky.

By the time the two had finished their walk and returned, they found that Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi were still clinging to each other.

Moreover, history always had a surprising way of repeating itself. The two seemed to have gone back to square one, starting the 'who will leave first' discussion again.

"It looks like those two might spend the night outside," Chu Jin said, teasingly.

"Ignore them, let's go. Pregnant women need to maintain at least 9 hours of sleep every day." Mr. Mo, who'd been plain-faced for several days, didn't want anything to do with these two idiots now.

Chu Jin looked up in surprise, "Wow, you even know that? When did you start understanding so much about pregnant women?"

"Of course," Mr. Mo arrogantly lifted his head, "You have no idea who your husband is. Is there anything in this world I don't know about?"

Chu Jin laughed lightly, "King of Bragging."

They turned and entered the house.

After freshening up, Chu Jin went to draw the curtains. Her gaze fell upon the streetlamp outside and noticed Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi still wrapped up in each other's arms, reluctant to part.

Youth is capricious. Chu Jin curved her lips slightly, drew the curtains, walked to the bed, and found Mr. Mo engrossed in a book—a thick one at that. This was the first time she saw Mr. Mo reading a book at home.

The dim, yellow light evenly spilled on his side profile, softening his sharply chiseled and rugged features. His lips were slightly pursed, exuding a sense of restraint that was incredibly seductive.

Mo Zhixuan was reading very earnestly, with his right hand holding a pen and scribbling away, not even noticing when Chu Jin approached his side.

Chu Jin leaned in slightly, casting a large shadow over Mo Zhixuan. He then realized her presence, freed one hand to hold her nape, and left a faint kiss on her cheek, whispering softly, "Go to sleep, goodnight."

At that moment, the doting look in Mr. Mo's eyes almost spilled over.

"What book are you reading?" Chu Jin climbed onto the bed and asked curiously.

"A book to increase wisdom. Go to sleep now; it's getting late." Mo Zhixuan turned a page in the book.

Seeing him like this, Chu Jin sat up from the bed and looked at the title in his book, "What Do Pregnant Moms Need to Pay Attention to During Sex?"

Chu Jin's face instantly flushed red, placing her hand over Mo Zhixuan's, which was turning the pages, and said slightly annoyed, "What kind of messy book are you reading?"

Mo Zhixuan looked innocently at Chu Jin and turned the cover towards her, "This is what I'm reading! I bought it from a regular bookstore."

Printed on the pink cover was the title, "Encyclopedia of Pregnancy."

Chu Jin: Embarrassed!

This book mainly introduced authoritative knowledge on pregnancy and childbirth, tailored specifically for pregnant women. Chu Jin hadn't expected that Mo Zhixuan would read it so earnestly.

"You keep reading. I'm going to sleep." Chu Jin slid under the covers, casually resting her hand on his waist, and slowly closed her eyes.

Because Mo Zhixuan was sitting on the bed, Chu Jin's hand ended up in a rather special place, and she could feel a distinct change occurring—from inconspicuous to ready to launch.

Perhaps feeling a bit mischievous, Chu Jin didn't want to move her hand. After all, Mr. Mo couldn't do anything to her right now.

Once Chu Jin had fallen asleep, Mo Zhixuan placed the book on the bedside table and quietly got out of the bed to do push-ups on the floor, continuing until he was drenched in sweat, then went to take a shower.

Oh no! What karma had he created to require two showers in one night?

After the shower, Mo Zhixuan was drying his hair with a towel as he walked towards the window. Outside, under the streetlamp, the figures of Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi were no longer there. Mo Zhixuan finally felt relieved; it was good that they left because he really feared these two idiots would waste an entire evening there.

A dreamless night.

The next day, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan took Little Grey and set off for Poland Mountain.

The elderly Mrs. Mo had prepared many gifts for them to take along. Since there were too many items, Mo Zhixuan stored them in his accompanying space.

This time, Mo Zhixuan used a special flying machine to ascend the mountain, and in only an hour and a half, they reached the residence of Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

After alighting from the flying machine, Chu Jin praised, "This thing isn't bad, where did it come from?"

Mo Zhixuan, taking his time, put the flying machine away in his space, "Developed by the special research team, it's not yet on the market. You're the first person to ride it. How does it feel, honored?"

Chu Jin gave him a speechless look, "Aren't you a person, too?"

Mo Zhixuan touched his nose and didn't dare to retort. He silently took out the gifts from the space. Chu Jin walked ahead to knock on the door, with Little Grey happily trotting along behind.

It might have been the sound of movement that startled them, but the three rabbits that had been hiding in the bushes suddenly ran out and started circling at Chu Jin's feet.

Little Grey kept pressing on the three little bunnies' heads with its paw, howling 'ow ow ow' in frustration.

"Fattie, Second Fattie, Little Fattie." Chu Jin squatted down, stroked the heads of the three rabbits, and even picked up the fattest one with a look of disgust. "Little Fattie, how did you get even fatter?"

Seeing this, Mo Zhixuan quickly came over, looking anxious. "Quickly put down the rabbit. 'Encyclopedia of Pregnancy' says pregnant women shouldn't hold small animals."

Chu Jin had no choice but to put the rabbit down.

Just then, the door opened, and it was Uncle Wu who greeted them. Excitedly, he called inside, "Wife, wife, come out quickly, look who's here."

"Coming, coming." Auntie Lin walked out from the house, speaking as she came, "Who got you all worked up? I've still got fish cooking in the pot."

"Godfather, Godmother." Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan greeted them in unison.

"Jin, Zhixuan, what brings you here? Come in, come into the house." Auntie Lin was delighted to welcome them inside, while Uncle Wu took the big and small packages from Mo Zhixuan's hands. "It's enough that you've come, why bring so much stuff?"

Mo Zhixuan spoke slowly, "There's nothing valuable, just some food and everyday necessities."

Once inside, Uncle Wu got busy making tea for Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

Chu Jin hurriedly intervened, "Godfather, please don't trouble yourself, we can manage on our own." Mo Zhixuan, who knew the drill, quickly took the cup from Uncle Wu's hand, poured two cups of hot water, blew on them, then handed one to Chu Jin.

There was no running water or water dispensers in the mountains, so they would boil the spring water in an iron pot and then store it directly in a thermos.

Seeing this, Uncle Wu immediately said, "Zhixuan, why didn't you put in tea leaves? Jin likes tea. This is the new tea I roasted in June. Brew her some, it tastes very good."

The water and soil of Poland Mountain were excellent, and all the plants were pure and unpolluted. Even those with money couldn't buy the tea leaves personally roasted by Uncle Wu, and even without brewing, you could already smell the faint scent of tea.

"Godfather," Mo Zhixuan looked up at Uncle Wu and continued, "Thank you for the kind offer, but Jin is pregnant now, so she temporarily can't drink tea." Not only Chu Jin liked drinking tea, Mo Zhixuan himself was also a tea enthusiast, but because Chu Jin was pregnant and couldn't drink tea, he also stopped drinking tea for the time being, just like her.

He could not bear the pregnancy for her, but he could endure what she endured.

For Chu Jin, he could quit smoking, quit tea, and accompany her in eating sour oranges...

Upon hearing this, Uncle Wu froze on the spot, and Auntie Lin, thrilled, ran out from the kitchen, gripping Chu Jin's hand. "Jin, let me have a look at you, how many months along are you? And what about your wedding, have you handled it?"

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan had only been away for two months; Auntie Lin never expected Chu Jin to get pregnant so quickly.

But what Auntie Lin was most concerned about was their marriage.

Living deep in the mountains, Auntie Lin was unaware of Chu Jin's easy conquest of the other two realms. She thought, given Chu Jin's status, it wouldn't be so easy for Mo Zhixuan to marry her. Even if Mo Zhixuan's family agreed, the people of Superpower World wouldn't allow it.

Now, with Chu Jin pregnant before marriage, Auntie Lin was very concerned about what she would do.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "Zhixuan and I got married yesterday, and the baby is now four weeks old."

"Really?" A thousand words condensed into three, Auntie Lin was truly very happy for Chu Jin.

"Really." Chu Jin nodded slowly.

"That's wonderful, that's wonderful. Jin, what do you want to eat? I'll make it for you," Auntie Lin continued.

"I like anything you make, Godmother." Chu Jin said with a smile. "Come on, Godmother, let me help you out and learn a thing or two on the way."

"That won't do, you're pregnant! The kitchen has a heavy smell of oil smoke, you'd better not come in, I'll manage by myself," Auntie Lin said, hurriedly refusing.

Chu Jin's face was lit with a gentle smile. "It's alright, the medical books all say that pregnant women should exercise more, it's good for childbirth. Let's go, I have not had a chat with you for a long time."

Chu Jin was now completely free of morning sickness, so the smell of cooking oil didn't bother her at all. Even though she was carrying twins, she still wished to give birth naturally, as a cesarean would leave a scar on her abdomen, which would be unsightly.

Even though she possessed spiritual power, on the day of giving birth, she would lose her spiritual power just like anyone else and endure the pain of childbirth.

It wouldn't be until a month after the baby was born that her spiritual power would return.

Seeing that she really was fine, Auntie Lin set her mind at ease. "Then let's go, just the two of us today should have a good chat."

As she tried to follow her to the kitchen, Mo Zhixuan, feeling a bit anxious, said, "Jin." He hadn't forgotten how violently Chu Jin had been throwing up before, and he was worried the kitchen fumes might trigger her morning sickness again.

"I'm fine. Go and play chess with Godfather, and Godfather, this time, please don't let him win," Chu Jin said, turning to Uncle Wu.

Uncle Wu, smiling, said, "When did I ever go easy on him? It's Zhixuan who's always letting me win. Come on, come on, let's go play chess." As a chess enthusiast in these deep mountains, finding a worthy opponent was rare, and he wouldn't miss this chance.

So, Mo Zhixuan went with Uncle Wu to play chess, while Chu Jin went with Auntie Lin to the kitchen.

Once in the kitchen, Chu Jin suddenly seemed to remember something, and said to Auntie Lin, "Godmother, wait for me a moment, I'll be right back." After saying this, Chu Jin headed outside.

About ten minutes later, Chu Jin walked in again, followed by a high-tech robot.

Auntie Wu had never seen such advanced technology before and was so scared that she started patting her chest, "Oh my, you scared me to death, Jin, what is this thing?"

Before Chu Jin could explain, the robot walked up to Auntie Lin, extended its hand, and introduced itself, "Hello, ma'am, I am Robot A, and from now on, I'll be your butler."

It had an incredibly adorable baby-like voice.

"Goodness gracious, it can talk?" Auntie Wu nervously swallowed.

"Ma'am, I'm not a thing, I am Robot A." Little A kept its hand extended for a handshake.

Seeing Auntie Lin so nervous, Chu Jin stepped forward and explained with a smile, "Godmother, you don't have to be afraid, this is a smart robot. It can chat with you when you're bored, and it can help you with chores as well."

Considering that Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin were getting on in years, and that their legs were becoming less agile, Chu Jin had brought this robot to help them reduce their burden.

Most importantly, Little A was solar-powered, had two batteries, and could last about a month on a single charge. If there was an emergency for Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin on the mountain, Little A could notify Chu Jin immediately.

More than once, Chu Jin had suggested moving Uncle Wu and Auntie Lin to live down the mountain, but both elderly figures had refused.

"Can it actually do chores looking like that?" Auntie Lin said skeptically, eyeing Little A's clumsy figure.

Little A's appearance might not be appealing, but that didn't hinder its dexterous heart.

Seeing Auntie Wu's disbelief, Chu Jin smiled and said, "Little A, go turn that live fish into fish slices."

"Okay." Little A quickly walked to the stove, grabbed a live fish from the sink, and before Auntie Lin could even see what was happening, Little A had already turned a live fish into paper-thin slices and carefully picked out the bones, setting them aside.

Auntie Lin was utterly astonished; she had not expected the unassuming Little A to be so skilled.

In the time that followed, Chu Jin sat below the stove to start a fire, Little A helped with chopping vegetables, and Auntie Lin was in charge of stir-frying.

Before long, a fragrant seven-dishes-and-one-soup meal was ready, and just as Uncle Wu and Mo Zhixuan's chess game had ended, Mo Zhixuan walked to the kitchen to serve the dishes.

"Does it smell good?" Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan and asked with a smiling face.

Auntie Wu and Little A had gone out to gather dry wood, so they weren't in the kitchen.

"It smells great, godmother's cooking is excellent," Mo Zhixuan nodded.

Chu Jin pointed to the stove and said, "I personally stir-fried one of these dishes. Can you guess which one it is?"

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan was stunned because Chu Jin usually only took care of eating and he hadn't expected her to cook. There were five attractively presented dishes and a soup on the stove, clearly made by someone skilled in cooking.

Mo Zhixuan excitedly kissed Chu Jin on the cheek, "I never expected my Jin to also be able to cook, my heart is so comforted. But from now on, let me handle the dirty and tiring tasks; you don't need to lift a finger."

"Just guess which one it is," Chu Jin said expectantly, looking at Mo Zhixuan.

"Is it this one?" Mo Zhixuan pointed to a dish of scrambled eggs with tomatoes.

"No," Chu Jin shook her head.

"Then is it this one?" Mo Zhixuan then pointed to a dish of chili-fried pork slices.

Chu Jin shook her head again.

"This one?" Mo Zhixuan pointed to the braised pork.

"NO," Chu Jin continued to shake her head.

"This one?" Mo Zhixuan pointed to the tofu mixed with green onion.

Chu Jin kept shaking her head.

After Mo Zhixuan had pointed to all seven dishes and the soup, Chu Jin was still shaking her head.

"Jin, which one is it then?" Mo Zhixuan asked somewhat exasperatedly.

"It's this one." Chu Jin brought out a plate of something blackish from the corner of the stove.

It was no longer recognizable as either eggplant or green vegetable; in a word, it was just black.

Perhaps it was scorched, or maybe too much soy sauce had been used. Compared with Auntie Lin's seven dishes and a soup, it was just worlds apart.

Mo Zhixuan swallowed, looking at the unidentifiable dish. After a moment, he smiled earnestly and said, "Not bad, not bad at all. This green vegetable looks pretty tasty."

Chapter 754: the cooking is very bad

Chu Jin didn't know what had happened, but somehow, the same ingredients that Mo Zhixuan could turn into a clean and pretty plate of chili fried potatoes turned into a blackened mess in her hands.

"I know it's chili fried potatoes; I was just teasing you." Mo Zhixuan picked up his chopsticks, looking eager as he grabbed a piece of potato, "Let me taste my wife's cooking; it's bound to be great."

As he spoke, Mo Zhixuan put the potato in his mouth and chewed gently.

Chu Jin watched him with anticipation. After all, this was her first attempt at cooking, and she firmly believed that some things might not look good, but they could still taste nice once you tried them, like stinky tofu, for instance.

Mo Zhixuan chewed slowly, his expression changing with each chew from neutrality to surprise, and then he nodded repeatedly, "Hmm, not bad at all; it's really tasty, just a bit too spicy. You shouldn't eat too much spicy food right now."

Saying so, Mo Zhixuan took another piece of potato and ate it with a look of relish.

Chu Jin was equally surprised; she hadn't expected to have a knack for cooking, "Really? If it's delicious, then eat more. I'll make it for you every day."

"It's really very tasty." Mo Zhixuan nodded continuously, and to prove he was serious, he quickly picked up several more pieces of potato and popped them into his mouth. In no time, half of the plate of potatoes had disappeared.

Little Grey kept circling at their feet, whining 'ao ao ao.'

That's just too much!

These two were hiding here and having their little feast, not giving him a single piece. He knew Chu Jin was a good cook, especially at barbecue—the mere thought of the long-missed roasted chicken flavor was enough to make Little Grey drool.

"Ao ao." Little Grey nibbled at Chu Jin's hem.

Seeing Little Grey looking so eager, Chu Jin picked up a piece of potato and threw it on the ground, "Eat it."

Unexpectedly, Little Grey just licked it once and then turned and walked away... walked away... without looking back.

That was a miscalculation! Little Grey had thought that since Chu Jin's barbecued chicken was so delicious, the fried potatoes must be too, but who knew...

Reflecting on the fact that he'd even stuck out his tongue to taste it, Little Grey felt utterly dejected.

"Didn't you say it was very tasty? Then why did Little Grey walk away?" Chu Jin pointed at Little Grey's retreating figure, looking at Mo Zhixuan.

Mo Zhixuan swallowed the potato in his mouth and picked up another piece, "Foxes are carnivorous; they don't eat vegetables. It's a pity for such good potatoes."

"Really?" Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, expressing doubt.

"Really." Mo Zhixuan nodded sincerely.

"I don't believe it," Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, picked up a piece of potato, and was about to put it in her mouth when Mo Zhixuan said, "Wait, don't eat it."

"What's wrong?" Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan, "Didn't you say it was very tasty?"

"You forgot what mom said, you can't eat too much spicy food right now. Here, give it to me." Mo Zhixuan bent over slightly, mouth open, ready to be fed.

Chu Jin brought the potato close to Mo Zhixuan's mouth, but just as it was about to touch his lips, she suddenly pulled her hand back and stuffed the potato into her own mouth.

"Jin, don't eat it!" Mo Zhixuan rushed to say, but it was too late.

"Spit it into my hand," Mo Zhixuan stretched one hand in front of Chu Jin and patted her on the back with the other.

Chu Jin also looked utterly disheartened; though the potato was truly horrible, she didn't spit it into Mo Zhixuan's hand but instead braved the nauseating feeling and swallowed it.

"Silly, spit it out quickly." Mo Zhixuan urged anxiously.

Chu Jin swallowed the potato, and looking up at Mo Zhixuan, she said, "You're the silly one! It's so disgusting, and you still ate so much! Didn't you think of spitting it out?"

It was a taste beyond explanation.

Very salty.

Very bitter.

And there was a strange umami taste, perhaps because too much MSG had been added; in any case, it was inedible, and how Mo Zhixuan managed to eat so much of it was beyond her understanding.

Mo Zhixuan quickly grabbed a cup of water, "Drink some water to wash it down."

"You drink first," Chu Jin said with a frown.

Mo Zhixuan had eaten so much; he must be feeling worse than she was. Even at a time like this, she was his first concern, not himself, and it was impossible not to be moved by that.

"Alright, I'll drink first," Mo Zhixuan said as he took a sip and then passed the water cup to Chu Jin.

Only then did Chu Jin drink most of the water from the cup, which made the weird taste in her mouth slightly better, "Are you stupid? If it doesn't taste good, why force yourself?"

Mo Zhixuan replied with a smile, "I thought it tasted great. As long as it's made by my wife, I like it all. I could even finish it." Saying that, Mo Zhixuan reached for the plate of potatoes, but Chu Jin quickly took it away first, "No more eating!"

She promptly dumped the plate of potatoes into the trash can.

"Oh no, I really could have finished it." Mo Zhixuan reached out to stop her; no matter how unpalatable, anything made by Chu Jin was a delicacy in his eyes.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, "What are you eating? Wait until my cooking skills improve, then I'll cook for you."

"Don't cook anymore," Mo Zhixuan took her hand, "Cooking women age faster. From now on, if you want to eat something, I'll make it for you."

Chu Jin smiled softly, "Really?"

"Of course, it's true," Mo Zhixuan nodded earnestly.

Chu Jin continued, "Although my stir-fry skills may not be up to scratch, I'm pretty good at barbecuing, especially wild chickens. I'll make it for you when I get the chance."

As they were chatting, Aunt Wu and Little A came in from outside.

Aunt Lin was bubbling with enthusiasm as she said to Chu Jin, "Jin, you wouldn't believe it, but Little A is really quite handy." In just a short while, Aunt Lin had gotten to know all of Little A's features.

Little A was very intelligent; apart from not looking human, it was almost indistinguishable from people in other aspects. It had its own unique thoughts, was capable of doing household chores, and could even keep someone company in conversation.

"As long as godmother likes it," Chu Jin smiled faintly.

After the meal and chatting with the two elders for a while, Chu Jin took Mo Zhixuan to play in the mountains.

Last time they came to Poland Mountain, because they were busy taking care of the elders, the two did not have the luxury of leisurely enjoying the scenery.

Seizing this opportunity was perfect to introduce Poland Mountain to Mo Zhixuan.

The scenery of Poland Mountain was incredibly beautiful, with streams, wildflowers, and unknown wild fruits everywhere; and wild animals shuttling through the woods—these were sights one couldn't see in the city.

"Oh, right," Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, "I know of a place here with incredibly beautiful scenery, and there's even a waterfall. Below the waterfall is a natural lake. Come on, I'll take you there."

Having spent an entire year previously on Poland Mountain, Chu Jin was quite familiar with the environment.

The two meandered through the woods, with bursts of laughter coming from them occasionally, "Wow, such a beautiful butterfly."

"Such lovely flowers."

Chu Jin was like a sprite in the woods, chasing after butterflies for a while, picking wildflowers for another, causing Mo Zhixuan who followed closely behind to caution her nervously, "Slow down, slow down..."

Mo Zhixuan was like an anxious father trailing behind her, afraid she might fall over. At that moment, he truly wished he could fold her up and stuff her into his pocket.

She's going to be a mother, yet she's still so worrisome! Mo Zhixuan helplessly shook his head.

"Mo Zhixuan, do you think this flower is pretty?" Chu Jin picked a red flower and held it in front of Mo Zhixuan with an expectant look on her face.

"It's pretty, very pretty," Mo Zhixuan nodded quickly, then continued, "There are a lot of weeds and loose stones on the mountain; be careful, don't run so fast."

"You're perfunctory! How do you know it's pretty without looking?" Chu Jin was somewhat speechless.

Only then did Mo Zhixuan lower his gaze to the red flower in her hands and said with a smile, "The beauty of a girl outshines flowers; however lovely these flowers may be, they're not as beautiful as you."

"Always the sweet-talker. I think you are truly 'the beauty that outshines flowers,'" Chu Jin tip-toed and casually tucked the unknown red flower into Mo Zhixuan's ear. The white hair set against the red flower appeared somewhat comical, prompting Chu Jin to cover her lips and giggle.

The Mo Zhixuan of the past might have thought that indulging and doting on a woman without restraint was a sign of weakness. A man should have high aspirations; how could he allow himself to be lost in a world of soft pleasures?

But now, Mo Zhixuan felt that a man's greatest success was to have a woman he deeply loved, and to give her the very best of everything he had unreservedly. The world could be vast, but it would never be greater than her.

After walking for quite some time, they finally reached the spot Chu Jin had mentioned.

The scenery here was indeed impressive.

There was a natural waterfall, a lake, and towering trees along the shore. In the lake swam plump fish, and a mist hovered over the water's surface, creating a dreamlike paradise.

"Is it beautiful here?" Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

"Very beautiful," said Mo Zhixuan, gazing at the surrounding scenery and uttering the words from the bottom of his heart. Such places were really rare in modern cities.

Chu Jin found a large stone to sit on, looking at the waterfall, then continued, "During the time I'd lost my memory, I would often come here by myself to clear my mind. The fish in the lake are silly and easy to catch; their meat is tender and delicious, very tasty. Oh, right, I've also bathed here... The water is incredibly cool in the summer..."

Chu Jin spoke slowly, a faint smile in her eyes.

However, Mo Zhixuan couldn't bring himself to smile, looking at Chu Jin with eyes filled with distress. In the past year, she must have suffered a lot. A girl, bathing in a place like this...

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, "Aside from the amnesia, I actually had a pretty happy time. Godfather and godmother treated me as their own. The reason I bathed here was because I thought it was fun. It's a pity the weather isn't right now. Otherwise, you could try it too. Bathing here in the summer is truly enjoyable, and you can even swim."

It was the end of August now, and the climate in the deep mountains had already become a bit chilly.

"Did you miss me when you were in the mountains before?" Mo Zhixuan asked.

"I had forgotten you! How could I miss you?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, then wrapped her arms around Mo Zhixuan's neck, "But don't worry, I won't forget you ever again." Even if I forget myself, I won't forget you.

"Good," Mo Zhixuan also wrapped his arms around her in an embrace.

**

Elsewhere.

Since Mo Zhixuan had not been around for a few days, Zi was extremely busy.

Just stepping out from a high-end five-star hotel with a group of important leaders, he brushed past a young couple.

"Great National Division, do you smoke?" A middle-aged man handed over a cigarette with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," Zi declined politely with a wave of his hand.

The middle-aged man had no choice but to sheepishly put the cigarette away. Zi Qi was really hard to deal with! He just didn't seem like a real man! It was one thing not to enjoy smoking or drinking, but not to even like beautiful women!?

Could he be gay?

The middle-aged man stroked his chin, thinking to himself that maybe one day he should send a few handsome young men to Zi Qi's bed.

Zi accompanied the group a few steps, then said, "Gentlemen, please excuse me; I just remembered I left some important documents in the conference room. I need to go back for them. I regret that I cannot see you out."

The people immediately responded with alarm, "Great National Division, you are too kind. Please, go ahead with your tasks."

Zi nodded and then turned around to head back into the hotel. As he walked, he said to his assistant, "You go on ahead; I can manage here by myself."

"Yes," the assistant responded and took his leave.

Though Zi might be a little dark-skinned, he had a slender figure and wore an expensive suit, which granted him an impressive appearance. The passing servers bowed and greeted him respectfully.

Chapter 755: Encountering a Scumbag

Zi stopped at the corner of the second floor, looking ahead.

There was a couple embracing each other.

The man was handsome, with very fair skin.

The woman was not tall, delicately and cutely built, very adorable.

If Zi wasn't mistaken, the man was Duanmu Sheng's boyfriend, but the woman was not Duanmu Sheng.

Zi had an excellent memory; although she had met Duanmu Sheng's boyfriend only once, she had memorized his features, so she was certain that he was Duanmu Sheng's boyfriend.

This guy was too despicable, having a girlfriend and still hugging and cuddling with another woman.

Moreover, Duanmu Sheng was so beautiful.

Not only was Duanmu Sheng beautiful, but she also had a good temperament; in short, Zi had a good impression of her.

At the sight of this scumbag daring to betray Duanmu Sheng, Zi was infuriated.

"Haoguang, it's been so many days, did you miss me?" The woman's voice was soft and cooing, incredibly whiny.

"Of course, I missed you, missed you to death," Shen Haoguang pinched the woman's buttocks hard.

"When are you going to break up with that mannish girl? I can hardly wait anymore!" The woman slipped her hand into Shen Haoguang's chest, her eyes full of seduction.

"Soon, soon." Shen Haoguang scooped up the woman in his arms, kicked open the door to the room, and couldn't wait to take her inside.

Zi was nearly dying with anger! This scumbag! Duanmu Sheng looked so pretty and had such a nice temperament, yet he was cheating! And even called Duanmu Sheng mannish! This was utterly intolerable.

To Zi, the mistress was not even one-tenth as good as Duanmu Sheng, this guy was truly blind to his own fortune.

Zi could barely control the rage in her heart, wanting to rush in and beat up that pair of scum! But then she thought that this matter did not concern her too much and she had no place to act this way, it would be better for Duanmu Sheng to handle this herself.

With that thought, Zi took out her phone and dialed Duanmu Sheng's number, but after a long ring, Duanmu Sheng did not answer.

Zi put down the phone, waved her hand, and a transparent screen appeared in the air. She entered Duanmu Sheng's name and clicked search. Duanmu Sheng's location was then found.

Since Duanmu Sheng didn't answer the phone, Zi had to go in person.

After a 10-minute drive, Zi arrived at the location of Duanmu Sheng.

This was the address of Duanmu Sheng's workplace, the Superpower World's advanced research institute, where Duanmu Sheng was a professor with some authority.

Zi presented her work credentials, so she easily entered, and the staff personally welcomed Zi and took her to Duanmu Sheng's office.

"Professor Duanmu, someone is looking for you," the staff member said very politely, knocking on the door.

"Come in," Duanmu Sheng said without lifting her head.

The staff then opened the door, letting Zi in, and then stepped aside.

Duanmu Sheng was bent over, busy with some equipment, not even looking up when Zi arrived.

"Sheng Sheng sister," Zi took the initiative to greet her.

Although Duanmu Sheng had told her to call her Sheng Sheng, Zi still didn't have the courage to say it out loud, it felt kind of off-turn, calling her Sheng Sheng.

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Sheng looked up in surprise, "Oh, you busy person, what brings you here." Although she was talking to Zi, her hands were still busy at work, possibly because of work, so Duanmu Sheng was wearing a pair of glasses.

She was dressed in a white lab coat, very different from the usual Duanmu Sheng, giving off the vibe of a strong woman.

That jerk, really blind, with such a nice Duanmu Sheng, who knows what he was thinking, actually cheating! Is he a fool?

"I think the real busy person is you," Zi suppressed the discomfort in her heart, smiled slightly, and then said, "Alright, Sheng Sheng sister, stop what you're doing, I'll take you somewhere."

"Give me ten minutes." After saying this, Duanmu Sheng bent back down to her work; she was very serious when she worked, even her eyebrows furrowed together.

It was just ten minutes anyway, and that scumbag probably wouldn't be finished so quickly, so Zi didn't say anything, found a chair to sit down, "Alright, I'll wait for you here."

To not affect Duanmu Sheng's mood at work, Zi didn't bring up the matter in advance.

After ten minutes, Zi stood up, "Sheng Sheng sister, are you ready? Let's go."

"Sorry Zi, give me five more minutes, I'm almost done," Duanmu Sheng said without lifting her head.

"OK, then hurry up," Zi had no choice but to sit down again.

Five minutes later, Zi stood up again, "Sheng Sheng sister, are you ready?"

"Sorry, give me ten more minutes," Duanmu Sheng said apologetically, "This time it's really almost done."

Fortunately, the trip here only took 10 minutes, otherwise, waiting like this would really be a problem.

Zi had no choice but to sit down again.

Another ten minutes passed, and Zi stood up, "Sister Sheng, are you done yet?"

Duanmu Sheng looked up with an apologetic expression, "Zi, can you wait for your sister for another 10 minutes, it's really almost finished! Just one more step left!"

Duanmu Sheng had already wasted 35 minutes, and this time Zi couldn't wait any longer, "Sister Sheng, let's not wait anymore, come with me quickly, it will be too late, you can continue this tomorrow, my matter is more urgent."

"No, no, what could be more important than work? Just wait for me a little longer, just a little bit," Duanmu Sheng said, holding up a finger.

"What's the time now, if we keep waiting, your boyfriend will run off with someone else!" Zi grabbed Duanmu Sheng's wrist directly, "Come with me quickly."

"What do you mean by that? What do you mean by my boyfriend running off with someone else?" Duanmu Sheng freed herself from Zi's grasp, a face of confusion. If she remembered correctly, Zi shouldn't have met her boyfriend, right?

What on earth is she talking about?

"Your boyfriend is cheating! Right now, he's rolling in the sheets with another woman at the Purple Night," Zi said bluntly, Purple Night being the name of the hotel.

"Really? Are you kidding?" Duanmu Sheng laughed, "Stop teasing, when have you ever met my boyfriend?"

Duanmu Sheng's boyfriend was an extremely honest and reliable man, coming from a scholarly family. Thus, Duanmu Sheng thought it was just Zi joking with her, especially since Zi didn't even know her boyfriend.

"I'm telling the truth." Zi's face turned red with urgency, wishing she had taken a picture of the scene, "Right, isn't your boyfriend called something like Haoguang? I really saw him going to book a room while holding another woman! Sister Sheng, think about it, would I lie to you about something like this?"

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Sheng immediately furrowed her brows, "Are you telling the truth?" Her boyfriend was indeed called Shen Haoguang, and since Zi had not met Shen but could call out his name, this meant it wasn't a made-up story.

"I swear, everything I'm saying is true," Zi said, holding up three fingers.

"Where are those despicable people now?" Duanmu Sheng quickly removed her glasses, squinted her eyes, looking almost ready to shoot fire from them.

Zi could not care about anything else at the moment, and pulled on Duanmu Sheng's wrist, "They're at the Purple Night, I know the room number, come with me quickly."

"Okay," Duanmu Sheng stood up furiously!

The scumbag, daring to fool around behind her back! He really doesn't want to live!

Just as they walked out of the office, Duanmu Sheng broke free from Zi's grasp, turned around, "Wait for me a second, I need to get something."

"Sister Sheng, what are you getting?" Zi asked.

"A welcoming gift for the cheaters." As she spoke, Duanmu Sheng had already stepped out of the office, clutching a pair of simple, gleaming scissors in her hand.

Seeing this, Zi's lower abdomen instantly tightened, feeling a sharp pain as if cut right through.

No wonder they say a woman is a tiger! There's certainly a reason for that saying.

Suddenly, he felt a bit sorry for that scumbag.

Zi drove the car, speeding all the way, a trip that should have taken fifteen minutes was rushed to just five by Duanmu Sheng.

Duanmu Sheng didn't even have time to change out of her work clothes, holding a large pair of scissors in her hand, she walked with full intent to kill towards the entrance of the Purple Night.

After parking the car, Zi immediately followed her, "Sister Sheng, don't be impulsive, it would be bad if a life is lost."

Duanmu Sheng sneered coldly, an aura of coldness surrounding her, "Don't worry, we are all civilized people, I absolutely won't cause any loss of life, at most, Shen Haoguang will simply be cut off from having descendants," she said seriously, with absolutely no indication of joking.

Zi swallowed nervously, damn it! Castration is more terrifying than taking a life, right?

"Where's that pair of dogs? Hurry up and lead me to them," Duanmu Sheng was nearly exploding with anger! She hadn't expected the usually prim and proper Shen Haoguang to be secretly cheating on her!

"Over here, follow me," Zi led the way, and along the path, many people cast sideways glances at them.

Because of their distinct darkness, most people knew that Zi was the Great National Division of the Superpower World.

Oh no.

Now, she should be called the Great National Division of the Three Realms.

After turning a corner, they arrived at the door of a room on the third floor.

Zi stood aside, pointing to the door, "Sister Sheng, it's this one."

"Step aside." Duanmu Sheng waved her hand, ready to kick the door open.

Zi was feeling a bit nervous; it was her first time dealing with catching a cheater. Taking a few steps forward, she continued, "Sister Sheng, no matter what you see after you go in, remember to stay calm. We all live under the rule of law, so don't do anything you might regret."

"I know!" Duanmu Sheng's face was looking very ugly, "Get out of my way, or I'll kick you too."

At this moment, Duanmu Sheng had completely lost her reason.

Cheating bastard! How dare he cuckold her!

Did she, Duanmu Sheng, look that easy to bully?

Heh.

Zi stepped aside, and Duanmu Sheng kicked out forcefully.

With a "bang," a whole door was kicked down to the ground, raising a cloud of dust.

At the same time, there were faint moaning sounds coming out from inside the room.

A bit suggestive.

Anyone with eyes could guess what kind of thing was going on inside.

Duanmu Sheng bit her lip, trembling all over with rage, and strode inside with scissors in hand.

"Uhm... Sister Sheng, I won't go in," Zi said, scratching his head with a red face and ears. Inside must be some adult-only scenes; he's still a Bao Bao, not yet suitable to see those kinds of things.

Duanmu Sheng was in no mood to pay attention to Zi now; with a cold face and full of fury, she walked inside.

Zi got even more nervous, silently praying to heaven for Duanmu Sheng to go easier in her handling, hoping she wouldn't really harm that scumbag. Going to jail over such a man was simply not worth it.

"Ahh!" A sharp female scream pierced the air.

It was probably from being scared.

That voice wasn't Duanmu Sheng's.

But by the look of it, Duanmu Sheng had already walked into the room.

However, strangely enough, one minute, two minutes, three minutes—time ticked away, and there wasn't any noise of a commotion.

Given Duanmu Sheng's fiery temperament, she should have kicked up a fuss by now.

This was a bit illogical.

Zi frowned slightly.

Could it be that Duanmu Sheng had taken measures to silence someone?

Mommy! This woman was really too fierce!

Thinking this, Zi hurriedly moved toward the room.

Just as he entered, an apologetic voice was heard from inside, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, I made a mistake! Please continue, carry on."

That was Duanmu Sheng's voice.

Zi frowned in disbelief. What was going on? Could it be that Duanmu Sheng had become so enraged that she'd lost her mind? Why would she apologize to the scumbag and the other woman?

"Sister Sheng?" Zi walked quickly into the room, looking at Duanmu Sheng with confusion.

Duanmu Sheng was walking out, her delicate face full of embarrassment, "I got it wrong! I got it wrong! Let's go quickly."

"Are you insane? Where's the person in charge? Where's the Purple Night person in charge? I want to file a complaint!" On the big white bed, a young man and woman clutching a quilt glared angrily at Duanmu Sheng and Zi.

Zi was also stunned! Because this young man and woman were not the same ones he had just seen!

Could it be that he got the room number wrong?

With this thought, Zi hurriedly ran to the door to check the room number.

On the door lying on the ground was clearly marked, 1618.

Zi frowned slightly, mumbling to himself, "No, that's right, it's 1618." His memory was always incredibly sharp, and there was no way he could remember wrong, so how did the people inside change?

This back and forth hadn't even taken 40 minutes; Shen Haoguang shouldn't have finished so quickly.

This matter was quite strange indeed.

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" Duanmu Sheng walked up to Zi's side, slightly displeased, "Do you realize how embarrassed I was just now?"

She stormed in furiously, like a shrew, flinging the bed covers aside and holding a pair of scissors in her hand, only to discover that the person lying in bed was not Shen Haoguang at all...

That feeling was really...

Duanmu Sheng seriously suspected that the man might have been frightened impotent by her...

"That's odd, I clearly saw Shen Haoguang enter with a woman in his arms..." Zi scratched her head in confusion.

"Are you sure you didn't see wrong?" Duanmu Sheng's anger had mostly subsided, satisfied that the person inside wasn't Shen Haoguang.

"I'm certain I didn't see wrong. Could Shen Haoguang have switched to another room at the last minute?" Zi squinted slightly, now there was only one reasonable explanation left.

Duanmu Sheng let out a sigh, "Never mind, I'll give him a call." Saying this, Duanmu Sheng pulled out her phone from her pocket.

"Wait." Zi held her hand against Duanmu Sheng's phone screen and then suggested, "Let's do a video call."

"Okay." Duanmu Sheng nodded slowly, opened the chat app, and clicked on video call.

It was quickly connected.

Almost without hesitation, no delay whatsoever.

"Sheng Sheng." Shen Haoguang appeared in front of the camera with a tender smile on his face.

"Hmm." Duanmu Sheng hummed softly, then asked, "Where are you right now? Did you go out today?"

"I'm at home, at home eating with my mom. Sheng Sheng, have you eaten? Of course, I went out today. I'm not a shut-in. But other than to the company, I haven't been anywhere else." Shen Haoguang's voice was also very gentle, eyes filled with warmth, just then, a middle-aged woman walked by in front of Shen Haoguang with a plate, casually asking, "Haoguang, who are you talking to?"

"Mom, it's Sheng Sheng," Shen Haoguang looked up.

"It's Sheng Sheng, huh," the middle-aged woman quickly put down the plate, walked in front of Shen Haoguang, and looking at Duanmu Sheng on the screen, said warmly, "Sheng Sheng, when are you coming over to our place with Haoguang? Let me tell you, Haoguang has been practicing his cooking all afternoon at home just so he can impress you when you come over for a meal. He even cut his finger while cooking today."

With that, his mother turned the camera around, and a table full of delicious dishes immediately appeared on the screen.

Duanmu Sheng raised her eyebrows in surprise, "Auntie, are you saying Haoguang made all these dishes?"

If everything on this table was really made by Shen Haoguang, then who was the man Zi saw?

"Right, it's just that..." His mother hadn't finished her sentence when Shen Haoguang snatched away the phone, "Sheng Sheng, don't listen to my mom's nonsense. I didn't make these dishes."

"You child, why are you afraid of Sheng Sheng finding out when you've already made the dishes? You're eventually going to cook for Sheng Sheng anyway, and Sheng Sheng will be your wife sooner or later. Why care about face in front of your wife? This nonsense about 'a gentleman stays away from the kitchen,' that's all empty talk." His mother was not as gentle as she appeared to be on the surface; she was a very scheming person.

"Mom... could you please stop talking?" Shen Haoguang looked faintly angry and embarrassed, then turned to look at Duanmu Sheng on the screen, speaking affectionately, "Sheng Sheng, have you eaten?"

"I've already eaten." Duanmu Sheng said with a smile, "Go ahead and eat. I won't disturb you."

Now, Duanmu Sheng believed Shen Haoguang's words to a certain extent. Perhaps Zi really did see wrong.

"I like it when you disturb me." Maybe to avoid his mother, Shen Haoguang left the dining room and sat down on the sofa in the living room, then continued, "Sheng Sheng, where are you now?"

"I'm outside." Duanmu Sheng gave a noncommittal answer and then hung up the video call.

As soon as the video was disconnected, Zi came over very excited, "Sheng Sheng, that Shen Haoguang is lying. I really saw him enter this room with a woman in his arms."

"Okay, okay. Let's go back," Duanmu Sheng said, unwilling to dwell on the matter. She trusted that Shen Haoguang would not betray her.

"Sheng Sheng, you must believe me," Zi insisted, clearly feeling terrible about not being trusted. During the video call, Zi had gotten a good look at Shen Haoguang's face, and she was sure he was the same man she had seen earlier.

Duanmu Sheng licked her lips, somewhat speechless, "But right now, Haoguang is indeed at home, and he has even made a big table of dishes, how do you expect me to believe you?"

After all, Shen Haoguang was her boyfriend, a boyfriend of five years. She couldn't possibly disregard her boyfriend's words in favor of believing in Zi, whom she had known for just over a month.

"Right," Zi's eyes lit up, "There're surveillance cameras. Even if I saw it wrong, the surveillance can't be wrong."

Just then, the hotel manager approached them, "Good day, I am the manager of Purple Night."

Duanmu Sheng had kicked the door of the private room and disturbed the guests inside. The hotel had to step in to mediate, with apologies and compensation as needed.

Since Zi was Great National Division, dealing with the matter was relatively straightforward.

After settling the door incident, Zi said to the manager, "Could you please pull up the surveillance footage from in front of room 1618 from about half an hour ago for me to see?"

"Certainly, Great National Division," the manager replied respectfully.

Two minutes later, someone sent the footage over.

Chapter 756: do you like me?

But what was strange was that in the footage, Zi did not find any trace of Shen Haoguang, which was odd, as the surveillance was supposed to be accurate.

Seeing that Shen Haoguang did not appear in the surveillance footage, Duanmu Sheng breathed a sigh of relief, then said, "Zi, you must have seen it wrong, Haoguang isn't that kind of person."

Zi was certain she hadn't seen it wrong and turned to the manager, "Tell me, who was staying in room 1618 an hour ago?"

Confronted by Zi, the manager was obviously nervous, his voice shaking as he said, "It was, it was the couple that Miss Duanmu disturbed just now."

"Really?" Zi frowned slightly, her voice stern. When Zi got serious, she exuded an aura of authority that made people unconsciously tense.

"Rea-really." The manager kept wiping the sweat off his forehead.

Zi narrowed her eyes, raising her voice, "I'll give you one more chance, did you collude with Shen Haoguang? Tell me! How much money did you take from Shen Haoguang?"

"No! Your Excellency, the teacher, I don't know this Shen Haoguang you speak of, you, you must be mistaken?" The manager was so frightened that he knelt down.

"Tell the truth!" Zi's expression turned cold, "Otherwise, I'll have this broken shop of yours shut down!"

"Your Excellency, the teacher, I'm telling the truth, I really don't know any Shen Haoguang! Please don't shut down my shop." Terrified, the manager's face turned pale, looking as if he truly did not know Shen Haoguang.

"Alright, alright, quit bothering the man. I know Haoguang's character very well. Let's just let this matter go, we're still friends after all," Duanmu Sheng said as she pulled Zi by the arm and headed out.

In fact, there were many doubts in Zi's mind.

First, she had never seen Shen Haoguang before, so how could she know that he came to the hotel with a woman?

Second, it was impossible to fake surveillance footage, and besides, Shen Haoguang had prepared such a large table of dishes at home, so it was impossible for him to have come out with another woman.

Third, Zi was accused of using her authority to oppress the manager, forcing him to confess to something that had never happened.

Obviously, Zi was framing Shen Haoguang, but why? Why did she want to frame Shen Haoguang?

The purpose of her framing Shen Haoguang was to break up with him.

So, if she broke up with Shen Haoguang, what good would that do Zi?

Duanmu Sheng narrowed her eyes, her mind full of thoughts as she dragged Zi towards the door.

Watching the two figures receding into the distance, the manager of Purple Night stood up from the ground, dusting off the nonexistent dirt on his trousers. If Duanmu Sheng and Zi turned back at that moment, they would certainly find that the manager, who had previously been scared white, was now curving his lips into a meaningful arc, his eyes alight with calculating shrewdness.

At a glance, it was clear that this person was no simple character.

"Sheng Sheng, believe me, I really saw it," Zi was almost upset to death! She clearly saw everything, but Duanmu Sheng did not believe her.

What about those recordings anyway?

Could it be that Shen Haoguang had advance notice, otherwise, there was no explaining all this.

But Shen Haoguang didn't even know her, so how could he know she was going to snitch to Duanmu Sheng?

Zi's head started to hurt.

The sky outside was getting dark, and Zi, hidden under the glow of the Luminous Pearl, would be hard to spot if one didn't look closely. Duanmu Sheng looked up at Zi seriously, a faint smile on her lips, "Zi, could it be that you've fallen for me? That's why you fabricated this lie to defame Haoguang?"

After thinking it through, Duanmu Sheng figured this was the only possibility.

Zi must have fallen for her, but since she already had a boyfriend, Zi did everything he could to undermine her relationship with Shen Haoguang. Only if she broke up with Shen Haoguang would Zi have a chance to pursue her.

Yes, it probably was just like that.

At first, Zi was stunned, then she explained, "Sheng Sheng, you've misunderstood me. I don't have those feelings for you. I really saw Shen Haoguang. He's not a good person; he's deceiving you."

Zi did quite like Duanmu Sheng.

But it definitely wasn't romantic affection, just as she liked Mo Qingyi, after all, Duanmu Sheng had peeled shrimp for her.

Zi had long considered Duanmu Sheng a friend; she couldn't just watch as Sheng was deceived by a scoundrel, could she?

But who would have expected that Duanmu Sheng would misunderstand her?

Duanmu Sheng smiled slightly and added, "Zi, perhaps some of my previous behaviour gave you the wrong idea. I apologize, sorry, but you're not my type. I like someone like Shen Haoguang. I hope this won't happen again. Goodbye."

After giving a slight bow, Duanmu Sheng turned and left. If she had known that Zi was so sensitive, she wouldn't have teased him at Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's wedding banquet.

She just meant to tease Zi, but unexpectedly, Zi, this innocent virgin boy, took it seriously...

It seemed she would have to be more careful with her words in the future.

Some jokes, it turns out, really shouldn't be made at all.

Watching Duanmu Sheng's retreating figure, Zi had a face full of tears but no place to cry.

Oh heavens.

Oh earth.

Someone save him.

How did things turn out like this?

Not only did she fail to let Duanmu Sheng discover the truth, but she even led Duanmu Sheng to misunderstand her. She was sure that Duanmu Sheng would never help her peel shrimp again.

So heartbreakng.

No, she must catch this scoundrel's foxy tail again.

Zi had lived for so long and had never been played like this before. She stood there, clenching her fists, her eyes filled with determination.

Shen family.

The atmosphere in the living room was rather oppressive.

Shen's father and mother were both sitting on the sofa, looking sternly at Shen Haoguang.

After a moment of silence, Shen's mother slowly began to speak.

"Haoguang, I don't care how you do it, but within three months, you and Duanmu Sheng must be a done deal, and then I'll personally go to the Duanmu family to settle your affair."

"Why?" Shen Haoguang looked impatient, a complete change from the refined gentleman who had just appeared on the video. "I don't want to marry that mannish woman Duanmu Sheng back into my life. I like Ya Ya."

The reason Shen Haoguang had been going along with Duanmu Sheng for so many years was simply that he was attracted to the Duanmu family's wealth and influence.

Previously, when the Duanmu family left the Superpower World, Shen Haoguang thought they would never return. If he married Duanmu Sheng, he could swallow the Duanmu family wealth alone.

Who knew that the Duanmu couple would suddenly return with Duanmu Zhe.

As a result, the Duanmu family had nothing to do with Duanmu Sheng anymore, and the Duanmu family's assets would all be left to Duanmu Zhe. Duanmu Sheng was like water that had been spilled out.

That's why Shen Haoguang boldly went to book a room with Situ Ya today.

Who knew that just as things were getting started, he was called back by his parents and even had to fabricate such a lie to Duanmu Sheng.

Now, to Shen Haoguang, Duanmu Sheng was a useless person with nothing to offer, and he couldn't understand why his parents wanted him to settle down with such a person.

"You good-for-nothing!" Shen's father slammed the table and stood up, "Situ Ya is nothing but the daughter of a prostitute, a lowly bred after all. What can she bring you?"

"So what if she's the daughter of a prostitute? Ya Ya is not a prostitute!" Shen Haoguang also stood up, "At least I love her, and I want to give her status! You say Ya Ya can't bring me anything, then let me ask you, what can Duanmu Sheng bring me? Now that Duanmu Zhe has returned, the Duanmu family won't give her any benefits!"

"You good-for-nothing! Dare to talk back to your old man!" Shen's father, furious, raised his hand, intending to slap Shen Haoguang's face.

Motherly instincts kicking in, Shen's mother quickly grabbed her husband's hand, then urged, "The two of you have something to say, talk it out. Don't get angry."

"A doting mother often spoils her child!" Father Shen sat down huffing and puffing.

Mother Shen also took a seat on the sofa and said to Shen Haoguang with a heavy heart, "Haoguang, times have changed. Had it been three days earlier, we would have absolutely agreed to your marriage with Ya Ya. Honestly, I quite like that girl."

Upon hearing this, Father Shen was nearly bursting with anger! His choice for a daughter-in-law had always been Duanmu Sheng.

At the very least, Duanmu Sheng's social status matched the Shen family's. What was Situ Ya? The daughter of a prostitute! Bringing such a woman into the family would be a disgrace to their name.

Mother Shen sighed and continued, "Haoguang, you may not be aware, but Duanmu Zhe, that brother of Duanmu Sheng, is about to get engaged to Nine Ye's sister. The date has already been decided—the 28th of next month—and both families have acknowledged the union."

"Really? That Duanmu Zhe, who doesn't even look that great—how can his luck be so good?" Shen Haoguang, annoyed, loosened his tie, his heart filled with envy. Why couldn't he have such a meteoric rise?

Duanmu Zhe, however, had struck it big.

"It's true. The news has already spread throughout all three realms," Mother Shen went on to say. "So, Haoguang, you absolutely cannot break up with Duanmu Sheng. You must hold on to her tightly, make sure she cannot escape your palm, and then make it a done deal."

"Why, though? Duanmu Sheng isn't Nine Ye's sister. What use is marrying her to me?" Shen Haoguang scoffed.

"Son, are you being foolish?" Mother Shen poked Shen Haoguang's head in frustration and continued, "Think about it. Once Duanmu Zhe marries Nine Ye's sister, he will be the official prince consort. Will he still care about the Duanmu family's fortunes? By then, won't the Duanmu family be yours alone?"

Gleams of calculation shone in Mother Shen's eyes as she added, "Not just the Duanmu family, but our Shen family will also rise meteorically. Imagine, after you marry Duanmu Sheng, you'll be Duanmu Zhe's brother-in-law. By then, even Nine Ye's sister will have to address you as brother-in-law. Wouldn't our family become related to the Mo family then? This is something many people wouldn't even dare to dream about, but you, my boy, are pushing it away!"

That was the highly esteemed Mo family; even the slightest connection would be enough for an astounding rise, let alone that Duanmu Sheng was a direct relative!

Hearing his mother say this, Shen Haoguang laughed out loud, "Exactly, exactly, Mom, you're right. Maybe even Nine Ye will have to call me brother-in-law when we meet! I'd practically be a royal relative!"

The more Shen Haoguang thought about it, the happier he became, his whole being filled with excitement.

Mother Shen continued, "Yes, so listen to your mother. You must hold onto Duanmu Sheng, make her marry you. You've been with her for so many years; it's time for a result."

Given how much Duanmu Sheng loved her son, she believed that if her son took the initiative, Duanmu Sheng would surely take the bait.

Mother Shen had no shortage of confidence in Shen Haoguang.

"Alright," Shen Haoguang agreed eagerly, then as if remembering something, he added, "Mom, what about Ya Ya? I truly love Ya Ya. We've been together for seven years, and I don't want to keep her hiding like this."

He had been involved with Situ Ya even before meeting Duanmu Sheng. Speaking of which, Duanmu Sheng was quite foolish, deserving to be replaced by a mistress. For all these years, she had failed to notice anything.

"As for Ya Ya," Mother Shen narrowed her eyes, "have her endure a little longer. For your future, you must endure. And remember, if you want to meet with Ya Ya during this time, try to go out at night to avoid giving others leverage, and we can deal with everything once Duanmu Sheng is taken care of."

In the Superpower World, there was no such thing as divorce, so Mother Shen had planned very well. Once Duanmu Sheng and Shen Haoguang were married, even if Duanmu Sheng found out about his infidelity, she could do nothing about it. In such a situation, she would have to resign herself to her fate. She was the one who had been blind to choose Shen Haoguang in the first place.

Chapter 757: All of a Mound's Worth

"If you ask me," said Shen's father, "you should treat Sheng well now and break things off with Situ Ya soon." He continued, "A woman like Situ Ya is simply not worthy of you. Being with someone like her will only lower your value."

Shen's father didn't like Situ Ya very much.

"Shut up!" Shen's mother glared angrily at Shen's father, "Keep out of the children's affairs. Who among today's youth doesn't keep a few women outside? Son, listen to your mother, don't let Duanmu Sheng catch any hint of this for now. Just keep fooling her. As for your affair with Ya Ya, we can talk about that after you marry Duanmu Sheng. After that, the two of you give me a grandson, and I'd like to see what that Duanmu Sheng would dare to say then?"

In Shen's mother's view, it was normal for a successful man to have several women.

Just like the emperors of ancient times, which Emperor didn't have the three palaces, six courtyards, and seventy-two concubines?

Having three wives and several concubines was the symbol of a successful man.

For a successful man like Shen Haoguang, what was wrong with keeping a woman on the side?

Only a pauper would cling solely to the woman at home.

What true love, 'forever and ever with the same person,' it's all fake.

Without money in hand, without power behind you, how can you talk about having three wives and several concubines?

What good man, that's just a cover for the impoverished, how many wealthy men are not philanderers?

In this respect, Shen's mother was very open-minded.

"Okay, Mom, I'll listen to you," Shen Haoguang nodded earnestly.

"Mhm," Shen's mother also nodded, "Remember to be careful if you go to hotels with Ya Ya from now on. Your godfather just called. Duanmu Sheng and the Great National Division were at Purple Night, they even checked the surveillance. Had it not been for your godfather today, Duanmu Sheng would have dumped you a long time ago."

The person in charge of Purple Night was Shen Haoguang's godfather.

"You all just carry on!" said Shen's father with a look of annoyance, "We'll see how you end up handling this when the time comes!"

Sooner or later, all secrets come to light, and the day would come when Duanmu Sheng discovered the truth.

"Son, don't mind him," Shen's mother rolled her eyes dismissively, "He has no right to talk. Wasn't he up to no good when he was young? What right does he have to talk about you now, Shen Haoguang?"

Sighing, Shen's father stood up and left, no longer bothering with the mother and son.

Shen's mother looked at Shen Haoguang and continued, "Son, let me tell you, grab hold of this opportunity and don't let Duanmu Sheng get suspicious. Keep sweet-talking her."

Shen Haoguang nodded and then asked somewhat puzzled, "Mom, did you just say that the Great National Division went to Purple Night with Duanmu Sheng?"

"That's what your godfather said," Shen's mother replied. "What is it, son? Is there a problem?"

Shen Haoguang frowned, a displeased look in his eyes, "Mom, when did Duanmu Sheng and the Great National Division start hooking up?"

"Now that Duanmu Zhe is about to become the prince consort, is it strange that Duanmu Sheng hooks up with the Great National Division?" Shen's mother's eyes twinkled with scheming light, "I've always said that Duanmu Sheng is a fickle woman. You're her official boyfriend, yet she dares to go behind your back and hook up with other men!"

Shen's mother would never have allowed Shen Haoguang to be with such a woman, if not for her family background. But for Shen Haoguang's future, he must marry Duanmu Sheng.

Interests come first.

"That bitch!" Shen Haoguang clenched his fists in anger, being a staunch believer in patriarchal values, he could betray Duanmu Sheng, but Duanmu Sheng was not allowed to betray him!

"Forget it, forget it," Shen's mother patted Shen Haoguang's hand, "Let's just bear with it for now. A moment of patience may make a big difference. Oh, find an opportunity to invite her over to our house as a guest. I'll try to see what she's thinking and figure out when we can settle your matter."

By marrying Duanmu Sheng, they would become relatives with the Mo family.

Then, Mo Zhixuan would have to call Shen Haoguang brother-in-law. What a glory that would be?

Shen Haoguang now also recognized the importance of Duanmu Sheng and nodded quickly, "Okay, Mom, I got it."

"Oh, by the way," Shen's mother seemed to recall something and added, "Call your godfather later. We owe him a lot for handling today's matter. And be extra careful if you go on dates with Ya from now on."

"Okay," said Shen Haoguang as he picked up his mobile phone. "I'll call godfather right away."

"Go ahead," Shen's mother lifted her chin, her eyes brimming with smug satisfaction.

Outsiders well knew that the Shen family from the Superpower World was a scholarly family. Their ancestors had served as Imperial Teachers, which later generations referred to as the Grand Tutor's role. The Shen family was also acknowledged as a household that embodied the quintessence of scholarly etiquette.

Little did they know, beneath that resplendent facade lay a heart rotten to ugliness.

Being a literate is precious.

How valuable the literates are.

Books can guide people; they can also mislead them.

After returning to his room, Shen Haoguang called the manager of Purple Night then went to enjoy some intimate time with Duanmu Sheng.

Eager to please Duanmu Sheng, every word sent by Shen Haoguang made her blush and feel warm inside.

Since Zi had already given Duanmu Sheng a heads-up, Shen Haoguang was extremely careful with his actions over the next few days, choosing to meet Situ Ya in the dead of night.

Moreover, Shen Haoguang became more attentive towards Duanmu Sheng, personally driving her to work in the morning and picking her up in the evening.

Ever since Duanmu Sheng's last misunderstanding, Zi hadn't seen her again. He also had someone look into Shen Haoguang's background, but it seemed like Shen Haoguang had a powerful PR team that had wiped his slate clean, leaving not a trace to be found.

Zi drew a portrait of that woman and on investigating, found out she was called Situ Ya, the daughter of a madam and Shen Haoguang's college classmate.

Because Mo Zhixuan was out of the Superpower World, Zi had a heavy burden on his shoulders and soon forgot about the matter.

The next time Zi encountered Shen Haoguang was on a sunny afternoon.

A members-only restaurant.

This time, Zi saw not only Shen Haoguang and Duanmu Sheng, but also the mistress who had been intimate with Shen Haoguang in Purple Night.

What mattered most was that Duanmu Sheng was chatting happily with that mistress.

This was a bit too much to bear. Not only was Shen Haoguang having an affair, but now he was introducing his mistress to Duanmu Sheng as if it were nothing. Wasn't this bullying?

Zi considered himself a good-tempered person, but faced with such a situation, he found it hard to control himself and looked back at their table more than once during the meal.

A sharp glint flashed in Shen Haoguang's lowered eyes as he said to Duanmu Sheng, "Sheng Sheng, is that person over there someone you know? He's looked over at us quite a few times."

Duanmu Sheng, who was sitting beside Situ Ya and across from Shen Haoguang, hadn't seen Zi.

Surprised by his words, Duanmu Sheng looked up, "Where?"

"There," Shen Haoguang tilted his chin toward Zi's table and added, "That gentleman with the slightly darker skin."

When Duanmu Sheng turned to look, she saw Zi and felt a twitch of her brows because she suspected that Zi might have feelings for her. She had been avoiding Zi these past days and didn't expect to see him here, especially in front of Shen Haoguang.

Guilt surged in Duanmu Sheng's heart. She suddenly felt as if she had wronged Shen Haoguang.

Perhaps it was due to the last misunderstanding with Shen Haoguang.

Seizing the opportunity, Shen Haoguang quickly clasped Situ Ya's hand under the table, exchanging meaningful glances. To him, Duanmu Sheng was a fool being played with.

It was the thrill of a secret affair.

In front of his official girlfriend, flirting with his mistress filled Shen Haoguang with a sense of superiority.

He truly was a successful man, able to turn his girlfriend and his mistress into close friends. Not just anyone could achieve such a feat.

As soon as Duanmu Sheng turned back around, Shen Haoguang let go of the hand swiftly and his expression returned to normal. Situ Ya considerately served Duanmu Sheng some food, "Sheng Sheng, eat more broccoli, it's good for your skin."

"Thank you, Ya Ya," Duanmu Sheng politely expressed her gratitude.

"What's there to thank me for?" laughed Situ Ya.

Shen Haoguang picked up his glass and took a sip of his drink, his dissatisfaction apparent as he asked, "Sheng Sheng, who was that man just now? Why was he staring at you the whole time?"

"Just an ordinary friend," Duanmu Sheng smiled lightly, intentionally downplaying the issue, "I met him at Jiu Brother's wedding banquet. He's unimportant, you don't need to worry about him. Besides, how do you know he was looking at me? Maybe he was looking at Ya Ya."

There wasn't just one woman sitting at the table; there was also Situ Ya. How could Shen Haoguang be so certain that Zi was looking at her?

Duanmu Sheng was puzzled.

"I'm a man, and I could tell who he was looking at with just one glance," Shen Haoguang continued, "Besides, my girlfriend is so beautiful, if he's not looking at you, who else could he be looking at? Sheng Sheng, I really want to marry you soon, so I don't have to worry every day."

Shen Haoguang looked jealous.

Upon hearing this, Situ Ya's eyes, hanging low, flashed with a glimmer of darkness, but she quickly recovered to her usual self.

After all, Shen Haoguang was the man she deeply loved and also her first love. Now, watching with her own eyes as Shen Haoguang spoke sweet words to another woman, she couldn't say she didn't care—that would be a lie.

Situ Ya and Shen Haoguang were each other's first love, and they had been in love for two years before Duanmu Sheng appeared.

However, Shen Haoguang was a good man; he didn't hide the existence of Duanmu Sheng from her, but directly admitted it because both Shen Haoguang and she needed a beautiful future.

And Duanmu Sheng was the stepping stone to that beautiful future.

Duanmu Sheng was destined to be the sacrificial lamb for their happiness.

Thinking this way, Situ Ya felt much better. She cut a small piece of steak, put it in her mouth, and chewed it elegantly.

Listening to Shen Haoguang's words, Duanmu Sheng had a very happy smile, "Thinking of marrying me? You'll have to go through a lot of trials and tribulations first."

"It's okay," Shen Haoguang said tenderly, "For you, I am willing to climb mountains of swords and plunge into seas of flames."

Situ Ya coughed lightly and feigned anger as she tapped her cutlery, "In broad daylight, please be mindful of how a single dog like me feels, will you?"

Shen Haoguang immediately apologized, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Oh right, we have several single young men at our company, all good-looking. How about I introduce one to you?"

"Yeah, yeah, Ya Ya, let Haoguang introduce someone to you," Duanmu Sheng also chimed in.

Situ Ya quickly waved her hands, "No, no, I don't want a matched date, I want to fall in love freely, just like you two."

"That's true too." Duanmu Sheng nodded in understanding, "Free love is indeed more reliable, I support you."

Shen Haoguang smiled and then added, "Matchmaking, free love, I think they're all pretty similar. Anyway, it's about getting to know each other first and only if it feels right do you continue, true love isn't about whether it's arranged or free."

"When we girls are talking, you shouldn't butt in." Duanmu Sheng rolled her eyes at Shen Haoguang.

Shen Haoguang immediately shut up, as earning Duanmu Sheng's trust was the most important thing.

Situ Ya finished her last piece of steak, looked at Duanmu Sheng and Shen Haoguang, and continued, "I'm done eating, you two should finish up too. Don't waste food."

Situ Ya gave Duanmu Sheng a very good impression. Her values were upright, she had her own views on everything and cherished food greatly. Having known her for several days, Duanmu Sheng had never seen her waste food. On the streets, she would lick the yogurt lid clean, and during meals, even if a grain of rice fell on the table, she would pick it up and eat it.

In modern society, very few girls could do such a thing.

"Rest assured, we'll definitely finish it." Duanmu Sheng said with a smile, feeling that her habits had improved a lot since knowing Situ Ya, a girl who could bring positive energy to others.

Situ Ya looked at Duanmu Sheng, smiling gently, yet inside she was full of endless ridicule. This Duanmu Sheng was such a fool; she was about to be sold by them, and she was even helping them count the money.

"Sheng Sheng, let's go see a movie after dinner. A new blockbuster has just come out, and it's gotten great reviews online."

Situ Ya was the girl-next-door type, not very tall, and had an approachable appearance at first glance.

Anyway, from her appearance, she definitely wasn't the type to be a mistress.

She was different from those flamboyant mistresses, almost like a little white rabbit, and in terms of appearance, Situ Ya had a great advantage.

"Sure, Haoguang and I haven't been to the movies in a long time," Duanmu Sheng agreed entirely with the suggestion.

"Then I'll book the tickets," Situ Ya immediately reached for her phone to do the booking.

Duanmu Sheng intervened, "Let me book the tickets."

Shen Haoguang also chimed in, "Ya Ya, let Sheng Sheng do it. You're Sheng Sheng's benefactor, how can we let you pay?" When Shen Haoguang said this, his expression didn't betray a single flaw, as if Situ Ya was truly just a friend to him.

"What benefactor? You're making too much of it," Situ Ya said with a smile, "Sheng Sheng and I are friends, right?"

"Right," Duanmu Sheng nodded with a smile.

Situ Ya continued, "Since we're friends, stop quarreling with me over this. If anything, you can just treat me next time." Situ Ya was very tactful and quickly finished booking the tickets.

Just as the three were about to get up and leave, a tall figure approached and directly grabbed Duanmu Sheng's arm, "Sheng Sheng, come out with me."

Situ Ya and Shen Haoguang had yet to react when Zi had already pulled Duanmu Sheng outside,

Situ Ya picked up a drink bottle leisurely, a slight smile tugging at the corner of her mouth as she turned to Shen Haoguang, "Mr. Shen, your girlfriend is being taken away, aren't you going to chase after her?"

"Now's not the time," Shen Haoguang quietly lifted his foot and slowly stretched it toward Situ Ya's leg, moving upwards all the way to that secretive area.

The tablecloth was long enough to hide this indiscreet scene.

On the surface, Situ Ya was playing with her phone, and Shen Haoguang was earnestly eating his steak. The two seemingly unrelated people were actually engaging in an intimate exchange under the table.

Outside the restaurant.

Duanmu Sheng, with a face full of rage, shook off Zi's hand, "Zi Qi! Didn't I make myself clear that night? Why do you keep clinging on like this?"

In front of Shen Haoguang, no less. What if Shen Haoguang misunderstood?

"Sheng Sheng, I mean no harm, I just don't want you to be deceived by that scummy couple," said Zi, his tone unexpectedly calm. He continued, "Shen Haoguang and Situ Ya are having an illicit affair. That night at Purple Night, I saw Shen Haoguang take Situ Ya to rent a room!"

Now, Duanmu Sheng couldn't believe a word Zi said, finding it all too incredible! He could fabricate such lies—did he think she was a fool?

"Shen Haoguang and Situ Ya are not good people, Sheng Sheng, you've got to wake up," Zi went on.

Duanmu Sheng, furious, said, "Zi Qi, if you keep talking nonsense like this, don't blame me if I don't consider you a friend from now on! Ya Ya is my lifesaver, and I won't allow you to slander her!"

Three nights ago, when Duanmu Sheng was returning from overtime work, she encountered several evil cultivators attempting to assault her. It was Situ Ya who stepped in to save her, which was why Duanmu Sheng trusted Situ Ya so much. After all, she was her lifesaver!

Moreover, Situ Ya's values seemed so righteous; how could someone, who wouldn't even waste food lightly, interfere with someone else's relationship?

And about Shen Haoguang, if he was really having an affair with Situ Ya, she would have noticed something off, but their behavior appeared very natural, with no signs of impropriety. More importantly, Shen Haoguang even took the initiative to offer finding someone for Situ Ya.

If there was really something untoward between the two, Shen Haoguang would never have said such a thing.

In Duanmu Sheng's eyes, Shen Haoguang was now her beloved boyfriend, and Situ Ya her most trusted lifesaver. She believed that neither of them would betray her.

Zi was utterly talking nonsense.

If what he said were true, then there would be no such things as love or friendship in this world.

Hearing this, Zi, somewhat helpless, said, "Qingqing, please believe me, I'm telling the truth. Situ Ya and Shen Haoguang are a pair of scum, they're conspiring to deceive you..."

"Enough!" Duanmu Sheng's eyes turned cold and her voice tinged with anger, "Don't repeat such nonsense! Or don't blame me for being rude!" With that, Duanmu Sheng turned and left, leaving Zi with her back.

Zi truly felt helpless. He had good intentions in warning Duanmu Sheng, but he hadn't expected such an attitude from her.

However, he didn't blame Duanmu Sheng; if there was anyone to blame, it was the scummy man and woman's excellent acting.

Zi couldn't stand seeing Duanmu Sheng being deceived so badly by them, so he once again grabbed Duanmu Sheng's wrist, "Sheng Sheng, since you don't like what I'm saying, I won't say much more. But let me remind you to be more cautious. Sometimes, what your eyes see isn't necessarily the truth."

Just then, a figure burst out from the door, consumed with towering rage, and landed a punch on Zi's face, "Bastard, who allowed you to paw at my girlfriend!"

"Ah!" Duanmu Sheng let out a shrill scream.

"Scum!" Zi also punched Shen Haoguang in return, "Don't think the vile things you've done are unknown to everyone!"

Clearly, Shen Haoguang was no match for Zi and quickly fell at a disadvantage. Only then did Duanmu Sheng react, stepping in between the two, "Stop fighting! Zi Qi, stop it!"

"Sheng Sheng, get out of the way!" Zi's gaze shot past Duanmu Sheng, fixating on Shen Haoguang.

"Sheng Sheng, move! This damn kid dares to take advantage of you; even if it costs me my life, I'm determined to fight it out with him to the end!" Shen Haoguang appeared resolute as well.

"Haoguang, you've misunderstood; he didn't take advantage of me," Duanmu Sheng then turned to look at Zi, raising her voice, "Zi Qi, get lost! I don't want to see you!"

This time, Zi Qi had truly crossed the line! To think he actually started a fight with Shen Haoguang!

Zi wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, glanced at Duanmu Sheng, and suppressed his anger, "Sheng Sheng, remember what I just said, if you ever run into any trouble, you can always come to me." He knew that continuing to argue wasn't the solution.

Chapter 758: Brainwashing

Duanmu Sheng had been completely brainwashed by Shen Haoguang and Situ Ya.

"Kid! What did you just say! Sheng is my girlfriend, she doesn't need you to worry about her!" Shen Haoguang, agitated, went to chase after Zi but was held back around the waist by Duanmu Sheng, "Haoguang, calm down."

Having no choice, Shen Haoguang gave up and looked at Duanmu Sheng with an ugly expression, "Sheng, tell me honestly, who is that man? What is your relationship with him? Why was he staring at you all through dinner? And why is he now here, pulling and tugging at you?"

Shen Haoguang fired off four whys in a row, assuming the full posture of a legitimate boyfriend, bombarding Duanmu Sheng who was caught off guard by the questions, making it seem as if Duanmu Sheng was the one at fault.

"He is Zi Qi, the Great National Division Zi Qi. Haoguang, there really is nothing special between us, we're just ordinary friends. Haoguang, please believe me." Duanmu Sheng explained helplessly, hoping Shen Haoguang would trust her.

"So he's the Great National Division." A mocking curve appeared on Shen Haoguang's face as he continued, "No wonder, no wonder. Sheng, do you think I'm no longer worthy of you now? If that's what you think, please tell me. I'm willing to let go, I'm willing to make you happy!"

In a righteous manner, Shen Haoguang acted the part of the seasoned good boyfriend to perfection. In fact, deep down, he was already smug to the extreme. What was Duanmu Sheng anyway?

Wasn't she still being played by him like a fool?

"It's not like that, it's not like that," Duanmu Sheng cried out, "Haoguang, you've misunderstood me. From the beginning to the end, the only person I've loved is you. There really isn't anything between me and Zi Qi."

Duanmu Sheng had been dating Shen Haoguang for five years and didn't want this incident to lead to them breaking up.

Shen Haoguang sighed, "Sheng, I love you too, but with the situation as it is now, how can you expect me to believe you? Unless you agree to one thing." In a corner unseen by Duanmu Sheng, a triumphant expression flickered across Shen Haoguang's eyes.

"What is it?" Duanmu Sheng quickly looked up, "Tell me, I will agree."

Shen Haoguang held Duanmu Sheng's face with both hands, speaking very seriously, "From now on, you are not allowed to see Zi Qi again! Can you do that?" As if Zi Qi was just a Great National Division! Once he married Duanmu Sheng, he'd have Mo Zhixuan assign him an official position, surely ranking higher than Zi Qi's.

"I can, Haoguang, I promise I won't see Zi Qi ever again." Duanmu Sheng nodded hastily.

Hearing this, Shen Haoguang breathed a sigh of relief, then said, "That's good, Sheng, you really can't disappoint me."

"I won't, Haoguang, I definitely won't let you down." Determination flashed in Duanmu Sheng's eyes. She would definitely never see someone like Zi Qi again.

He was too dangerous!

"Sheng, I love you." Shen Haoguang lowered his gaze and kissed Duanmu Sheng's forehead, radiating tenderness.

"Haoguang, I love you too." Duanmu Sheng wrapped her arms around Shen Haoguang's waist.

A moment later, the two returned to the restaurant, but Situ Ya was no longer at her seat.

Duanmu Sheng asked in confusion, "Haoguang, where is Ya Ya?"

Shen Haoguang took a sip of his drink, speaking nonchalantly, "She went to the restroom."

Hearing this made Duanmu Sheng think even more highly of Situ Ya, glad that she hadn't stayed alone with Shen Haoguang while she was away, and instead had chosen to go to the restroom.

Shortly after, Situ Ya emerged from the restroom and, seeing Shen Haoguang, asked with a hint of surprise, "Haoguang, what happened to your face?" Due to Zi's heavy hand, there was a bruise and some swelling on the left side of Shen Haoguang's face.

Shen Haoguang dismissively responded, "It's nothing, I just accidentally bumped into the door when I went out."

Not asking any further, Situ Ya teased, "Be careful where you walk next time, otherwise our Sheng is going to feel distressed."

All of this was deliberately acted out for Duanmu Sheng.

And Duanmu Sheng, after hearing these conversations, not only did not become suspicious of them, but let down all her guard against them, seeing Situ Ya as someone with a sense of propriety and not talkative, fulfilling Duanmu Sheng's image of a good girlfriend.

Previously, Duanmu Sheng had been busy with work and didn't have many female friends, much less a close girlfriend.

But now she had come to consider Situ Ya her close girlfriend.

"Waiter, can we have some ice please?" Duanmu Sheng waved to a waiter in the distance.

"Of course."

Soon after, the waiter brought over some ice, and Duanmu Sheng carefully stood up to apply it to Shen Haoguang's face.

Situ Ya stood up and said, "Sheng, Haoguang, let's skip the movie today. I just remembered I have some things to attend to, and I'll be leaving now."

Considering the situation, it indeed wasn't suitable to go see a movie. Duanmu Sheng hadn't expected Situ Ya to be so considerate, and she smiled, "Ya Ya, if you've got things to take care of, then go ahead."

Situ Ya nodded, "Alright, then I'll be off first."

"Wait," Duanmu Sheng called out to Situ Ya.

"What is it, Sheng?" Situ Ya turned back with a smile, looking just like an innocent girl-next-door.

Duanmu Sheng continued, "Let Haoguang drive you. It would be more convenient."

Shen Haoguang didn't speak, appearing reluctant, until Duanmu Sheng surreptitiously pinched his waist. Shen Haoguang then looked up and said, "Right, Ya Ya, let me drive you."

"No, no," Situ Ya waved her hands, refusing, "There's no need to go through all that trouble. I've ordered a ride on my phone, it's very convenient. I shouldn't keep you any longer, my car is almost here, goodbye!"

Duanmu Sheng nodded, "If that's the case, then I won't insist. Goodbye."

After saying their farewells, Situ Ya turned and walked away.

Watching Situ Ya's retreating figure, Duanmu Sheng's eyes showed admiration. Her impression of Situ Ya was getting better and better.

Situ Ya was someone who understood boundaries and propriety.

In this situation, she simply wouldn't believe there was anything improper going on between Shen Haoguang and Situ Ya.

Given Shen Haoguang's reaction, it seemed like he didn't particularly like Situ Ya; otherwise, he wouldn't have shown that expression when she suggested he drive Situ Ya home.

If Shen Haoguang really had something with Situ Ya, he would definitely have been very willing to take her home.

With an ice pack pressed against his cheek, Shen Haoguang grumbled discontentedly, "Sheng Sheng, next time we go on a date, could you not bring along other people?"

"Ya Ya isn't just 'other people,'" Duanmu Sheng said softly, "She's your college classmate who has also saved me. She's a friend to both of us, a serendipitous connection. How could you say that!"

Maybe that's what serendipity was.

Just after Situ Ya had rescued Duanmu Sheng, Shen Haoguang arrived and the two recognized each other as soon as they met.

Shen Haoguang said, somewhat helplessly, "This is a date between the two of us! Bringing in an outsider, that's not..."

"Oh! I get it now!" Duanmu Sheng exclaimed as if suddenly enlightened. "No wonder you are so keen to set Ya Ya up with someone; so, this is your game! Hahaha, Shen Haoguang, how come I never noticed you were this bad!"

"What choice do I have? It's a couple's dinner date, and she tags along as an outsider, what's that supposed to mean?" Shen Haoguang's voice was filled with dissatisfaction.

He knew that the more he behaved like this, the more Duanmu Sheng would trust him.

After all, coming from a scholarly family, Shen Haoguang had that much sense.

"Ya Ya is a manga artist, she stays at home apart from drawing manga, rarely goes out, and doesn't have many friends. She's quite lonely usually, we are her friends, and it's only right to take care of her," Duanmu Sheng continued. "Trust me, once she finds her true love, she won't bother us anymore."

Duanmu Sheng truly treated Situ Ya as a dear friend.

Shen Haoguang said with a troubled face, "Then when will she ever find a boyfriend? Are you saying she'll just keep following us until she does?"

"Haoguang, for the sake of our friendship, and for me, just bear with it," Duanmu Sheng cooed. "After all, Ya Ya won't really disturb us."

"Alright, alright, I give up!" Having no choice, Shen Haoguang compromised. However, Duanmu Sheng didn't notice the quick flash of smugness in Shen Haoguang's downcast eyes.

**

Poland Mountain.

These past few days, Chu Jin had taken Mo Zhixuan to explore every nook and cranny of the mountain.

That day, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were roasting wild chickens in the mountain, with the fragrance permeating the whole valley.

Just as Chu Jin had said, although her cooking skills weren't the best, she was really good at roasting chicken—so good that Little Grey was about to drool by the side.

"How is it, Mo Zhixuan, does it smell good?" Chu Jin picked up a roasted chicken and held it up to Mo Zhixuan.

"It smells great, really great," Mo Zhixuan replied, appearing eager. "Can we eat now?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Yes, it's ready, take it."

Mo Zhixuan took the roasted chicken and tore off a drumstick to offer to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin took the drumstick, bit into it, finding it crispy on the outside and tender inside, delicious and irresistible. By now, she was completely free of any morning sickness signs, eating and drinking heartily every day, more carefree than ever before.

Mo Zhixuan tore off the other drumstick, took a bite, and praised, "Excellent, this is even better than any barbecue I've had. My Jin is just that amazing."

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows, "Mo Zhixuan, could you please not include yourself when you compliment me?" Ever since they got married, Mo Zhixuan was becoming more and more self-adoring.

"You're mine, after all," Mo Zhixuan stated matter-of-factly.

Seeing the two of them enjoy the food so much, Little Grey whined anxiously, scratching at the ground non-stop as if to say, "If you keep ignoring me, I'm going to eat dirt to show you!"

"Alright, alright, I see you," Chu Jin said, patting Little Grey on the head and wrapping another roasted chicken in lotus leaves, setting it on the ground.

Little Grey excitedly wagged its tail, looking at Chu Jin in disbelief. Who would have thought! Absolutely unbelievable! Chu Jin could actually hear its inner voice! How fantastical!

But Little Grey didn't have time to ponder too much, quickly feasting on the roasted chicken on the ground.

Enjoying such a delicious roast chicken felt like a transcendental moment in its fox life.

After finishing the roast chicken and cleaning up the site, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan decided to go for a dip in the hot springs.

There were several natural hot springs on Poland Mountain.

However, just as they were about to head towards the hot springs, they noticed something was amiss.

Many pairs of green eyes were watching them from around.

The pair stopped in their tracks. Mo Zhixuan tightened his grip on Chu Jin's hand and instinctively protected her behind him, vigilantly scanning their surroundings. Chu Jin was at a crucial stage, and at such a time, it was imperative to keep her out of harm's way.

Little Grey too arched its back, ready to fend off any threat.

Mo Zhixuan quickly summoned a fireball, about to hurl it into the distance when Chu Jin stopped his motion, "Wait, they don't seem to have any ill intentions."

Mo Zhixuan glanced at Chu Jin and then dispersed the fireball in his hand. Just then, a rustling sound came from around, like footsteps on dry leaves, suggesting a group was approaching.

In an instant, numerous wild animals emerged from the surrounding woods: fierce lions, elephants, tigers, and also clever monkeys and giraffes. They all slowly approached Chu Jin, their eyes glowing green yet without malice, much like a group of endearing children.

Chapter 759:

By now, the big tiger in front of Chu Jin had lost all resemblance to a tiger, and instead seemed like a gentle big cat, walking over to Chu Jin's side, nuzzling her belly with its head. The other small animals also crowded around Chu Jin, forcibly squeezing Mo Zhixuan out to three meters away.

The ferocious beasts, usually so fearsome, became tame in Chu Jin's presence, each rubbing against her with their heads, looking for affection.

"How has everyone been these days?" Chu Jin asked with a smile.

The small animals, as if they understood, nodded unanimously.

The big tiger with the beautiful fur was clearly the most spiritually aware among all the animals. It rubbed against Chu Jin's belly, making strange noises from time to time. While Chu Jin was not paying attention, it spat out its inner core. The inner core glinted with a golden light in the sunshine, but because there were so many small animals around, no one noticed this abnormality.

No sooner had the inner core been spat out than it was absorbed by Chu Jin's belly. At the same time, the tiger's fur instantly turned dull and lackluster.

The inner core was a very important thing. However, since the tiger had already offered its inner core to the fetus in Chu Jin's womb, it had prepared itself for the sacrifice.

Chu Jin also noticed the change and quickly touched the tiger's head with concern, "Your Majesty, what's wrong? Are you sick or feeling unwell?" This tiger was the king of the mountain.

The big tiger shook its head, indicating that it was fine.

"I still have some elixirs here that can help you cultivate. Take them and eat." Chu Jin took out a black pill from her pocket and handed it to the big tiger, who did not refuse and licked up the elixir, swallowing it.

After taking the elixir, the big tiger felt much better, though elixirs were still no match for the inner core.

Mo Zhixuan, not far away, also noticed the big tiger's change. He squinted his eyes, a flicker of doubt passing through them, recognizing the symptoms of a tiger losing its inner core.

Could it be...

With a leap, Mo Zhixuan came to Chu Jin's side, "You are pregnant and should not be in contact with the small animals for too long. Let's hurry on our way."

Chu Jin waved to the group of small animals, "We're going now, goodbye."

Mo Zhixuan reached out and stroked the big tiger's head and slowly said three words, "Thank you."

Thank you?

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, looking at Mo Zhixuan and the big tiger, somewhat puzzled about what Mo Zhixuan was thanking for.

The big tiger nuzzled Mo Zhixuan's palm, looking endearingly clumsy.

Afterward, Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin to another area, with Little Grey closely following.

As Chu Jin held Mo Zhixuan's hand, she asked in confusion, "Mo Zhixuan, why did you thank His Majesty just now?" With Mo Zhixuan's temperament, he wouldn't casually utter 'thank you' unless the big tiger had really done something earth-shatteringly significant.

"Thank it for still remembering you," Mo Zhixuan said evenly, "After such a long time, they still recall their lifesaver. For a group of animals whose intelligence has not yet been awakened, this is indeed a very rare feat!"

Chu Jin chuckled, "Sometimes animals can be more affectionate and loyal than humans, actually."

Mo Zhixuan knew she must be reflecting on the unpleasant experiences from her past in the secular world. He embraced her shoulders, consoling her, "Everything from the past is over now."

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded lightly.

Before long, the two arrived at the location of the natural hot spring.

The hot spring was situated in a special place, surrounded by massive rocks and wildflowers and trees forming a natural barrier. From the outside, it was entirely invisible; one could not see the idyllic paradise hidden within, nor the scenery inside.

Wisps of steam rose from the hot spring, surrounded by wildflowers and grasses, so beautiful it seemed like a fairyland on earth. The hot spring was not large, accommodating approximately 8-10 people. Since it was planned in advance for a soak, Chu Jin had placed swimwear in her space.

Soaking in the comfortable hot spring, Chu Jin couldn't help but remark, "Life would be perfect if there were some rose petals." Wouldn't it be the epitome of leisure to match the warm hot spring with fresh rose petals?

Mo Zhixuan's ears twitched, and with a gentle lift of his hand, he brought forth a sound of splashing water. With a sweep of his large hand and a warm breeze, cascades of rose petals rained down from the sky, swirling and fluttering, swiftly covering the entire surface of the water.

"Wow, how beautiful," Chu Jin reached out to catch the petals, looking up at Mo Zhixuan, "Where did you get these rose petals?"

"They are grown in my space." Mo Zhixuan's voice was deep, and he didn't even open his eyes. The view before him was too beautiful, he was worried he would lose control of his emotions.

"You, a grown man, actually grow flowers?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

Mo Zhixuan attended to his breathing, focusing internally and silently reciting the Heart Clarity Spell, "No, I'm a small dog."

Chu Jin: "..."

Since pregnant women should not soak in hot springs for extended periods, Chu Jin got out after soaking for about twenty minutes. Mo Zhixuan draped a large bath towel over her, saying softly, "Don't catch a cold."

By the time Mo Zhixuan changed into his clothes and came out, the sun had turned a golden yellow, painting the trees on the mountain in golden hues.

"Let's go to the top of the mountain to watch the sunrise," Chu Jin suggested.

"Sure," Mo Zhixuan agreed completely.

Mo Zhixuan also changed into a sweatshirt and jeans. His sweatshirt was the same style as the one Chu Jin was wearing, except it was black, and his jeans were also ripped. On his feet, he wore the same model of white shoes. Such a trendy outfit greatly softened the austere aura around him.

Chu Jin, who was used to seeing Mo Zhixuan in formal attire, was momentarily taken aback to see him dressed so youthfully. She couldn't help but think that he truly was a walking clothes hanger, able to pull off both formal wear and casual clothing effortlessly.

After a moment, Chu Jin realized that they seemed to be wearing matching couples' outfits. She hadn't expected Mr. Mo, a man usually impervious to romance, to have prepared couples' outfits.

It was indeed a rarity.

"Hey," Chu Jin nudged Mo Zhixuan with her elbow, curious, "when did you buy these clothes?"

The clothes Chu Jin was wearing had also been prepared by Mo Zhixuan, and before this, she had not known that he had prepared matching outfits for them.

"Do you like it?" Mo Zhixuan asked, slightly lowering his gaze.

Chu Jin replied, "I like it. Mo Zhixuan, I've found that you look quite good in these youthful clothes, so don't always wear formal attire, it's too stern!"

Mo Zhixuan spoke in a deep voice, "I am a fresh young man."

"I'd say you're more like an aged cured meat," Chu Jin teased.

Mo Zhixuan, unfazed, responded, "Oh, then you must be Mrs. Cured Meat."

Chu Jin: "..." They were really beyond communication.

Shortly after, they reached the top of the mountain.

The mountain was tall, providing a panoramic view of the scenery below. Poland Mountain was a solitary peak, with a broad river about 500 meters wide at its base, completely encircling it. The river

was tumultuous, with wild beasts appearing along its banks, and the mountain itself was filled with natural miasma, which meant it was usually untouched by humans. The lack of human interference had helped create Poland Mountain's perfect ecological environment.

At that moment, in the twilight, the view from the mountaintop was utterly beautiful.

A long river and a round sunset—this was exactly it.

Mo Zhixuan held Chu Jin as they sat on a large boulder, both of them gazing at the golden sunset in silence, simply sitting there and enjoying the crisp bird songs and the gentle breeze brushing past them.

The golden sunlight cast a soft halo around them.

Quiet and beautiful.

Chu Jin leaned against Mo Zhixuan, and after a while, he slowly moved his hand to her abdomen, whispering, "Jin, I feel Bao Bao and Bei Bei saying hello to me."

"Nonsense," Chu Jin laughed softly, "It's only been a little over a month, they are still little tadpoles, how can they say hello?" It's only been a month, and she wasn't showing yet. Normally, pregnant women start to show around the fourth or fifth month, and for twins, it would take at least two months more.

"I really feel it. After all, I am their father," Mo Zhixuan said earnestly.

Chu Jin laughed softly, "And what did they say to you?"

Mo Zhixuan tightened his arms around her waist and, looking into her eyes, whispered, "They said that mom is having a hard time being pregnant and that dad should love mom very much..."

Not until the sun had completely disappeared into the clouds did the two return down the mountain. Back in the cabin, Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin had already prepared dinner, waiting for them to return.

For the next three days, Chu Jin continued to show Mo Zhixuan around the mountain. The two of them almost completely explored Poland Mountain, leaving their footprints in every corner.

In the last few days, they didn't wander around but stayed in the cabin to keep the elderly company, chatting and talking about daily life. What the elderly needed most was companionship.

Mo Zhixuan broached the subject of moving the two elderly back down the mountain again, but Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin refused once more.

So, they stayed with Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin on the mountain for more than half a month, and on the twentieth day, they finally set off to go down the mountain.

Having lived in the quiet mountain for over twenty days, Chu Jin felt somewhat unaccustomed to leaving. Deep down, she yearned for peace and freedom. She had always had a desire that, when she got older and her children were settled, she would retire to the mountains with Mo Zhixuan, just like Uncle Wu and Aunt Lin.

But that time was still far off—the two little ones in her belly were only two months old.

Although it had only been two months, due to the twins, her lower abdomen was slightly protruding.

Chapter 760: just call me Song

On the other side.

Because she knew Chu Jin was coming back, Zhao Yan got up early in the morning and planned to go to a nearby farm to pick some fresh fruit to deliver to Chu Jin. In reality, with the Chu Family's resources, getting fresh fruit was as simple as saying a word; there was no need for her to make the trip herself.

But Zhao Yan wanted to pick it personally. This way, Chu Jin could eat with peace of mind, and it was also a gesture of love. What she was offering was not the fruit, but a deep maternal love.

Zhao Yan did not make a big deal of it by having a driver take her. Instead, she went to the suburbs by bus, just like an ordinary person. Like Chu Jin, she was inherently a low-key person at heart.

September, gold in the morning and silver at night, was the richest time of the year for fruit variety.

The orchard was full of fruits of all colors.

It didn't take long for Zhao Yan to pick a large basket, which included jujubes, pomelos, pomegranates, green apples, pears, and tangerines, among others.

After paying, Zhao Yan headed to the bus stop with the fruit. Carrying the heavy load, she walked slowly and was so focused on the road ahead that she didn't notice a young woman zooming towards her on a hoverboard.

With a clatter, Zhao Yan was knocked to the ground, fruit scattered everywhere, and her knee scraped a patch of skin off, which was now oozing beads of blood.

The young woman quickly picked up her hoverboard, stood on it, and sped off, vanishing from sight in no time.

On the busy street, bystanders were only interested in watching the spectacle. Surprisingly, no one came to help Zhao Yan. Actually, the people of the Superpower World were known for their high quality

and kind-hearts. At that moment, they seemed not to see Zhao Yan, as if something obstructed their vision.

Zhao Yan's head was dizzy from the impact, and she propped herself up with her hands, taking quite a while to recover.

Just then, a black car slowly stopped beside Zhao Yan. A young man in a black trench coat stepped out, a black hat on his head casting a deep shadow over his face, making it difficult to see his features clearly, leaving only a slender jaw visible.

Unlike the other bystanders, the young man quickly walked over to Zhao Yan, extended his hand to help her up, and asked with concern, "Auntie, are you alright?"

In that moment, Zhao Yan regained her wits and looked up at the young man. Being close, she clearly saw his face and couldn't help but inwardly exclaim, "What a handsome young man."

"I'm fine, thank you, young man," Zhao Yan said, brushing the dust off her trousers.

"Auntie, don't mention it, these are things we young people should do." As he spoke, the young man crouched down to pick up the scattered fruit.

Zhao Yan quickly crouched down too, "Young man, you needn't trouble yourself, I can do it."

"It's no trouble," the young man said with a faint smile, putting the fruit back into the basket, "Auntie, you've hurt your knee and arm; please don't overexert yourself. Let me handle this."

Zhao Yan smiled, "Thank you, young man. You really are a good person. Young people like you are rare these days."

The young woman who had bumped into her earlier had run off without a word, and not a single person in the passing crowd offered a helping hand. Therefore, Zhao Yan had a very good impression of the young man in the black trench coat.

The young man swiftly collected all the fruit and handed it to Zhao Yan, "Auntie, here you go."

Since her elbow was injured, Zhao Yan painfully reached out, but the young man placed the basket on the roadside and said, "Auntie, please wait. My friend is a nurse. I'll ask her to get out of the car and treat your wounds."

Before Zhao Yan could refuse, the young man walked to the car, opened the door, and spoke with someone inside. Moments later, a long-haired woman with a first aid kit came down.

"Auntie, let me treat your wound," the long-haired woman said with a smile as she approached Zhao Yan.

Zhao Yan refused, "Thank you, young lady, but there's no need to trouble yourself, it's just a scrape, it's not serious."

"It's no trouble," the long-haired woman replied warmly, "tending to the ill and saving lives is our duty as nurses. Please, don't be so formal." With that, the long-haired woman grabbed Zhao Yan's arm, took a cotton swab, and began to carefully clean the wound.

Zhao Yan realized she had encountered kind people and quickly thanked her, "Then, thank you very much, young lady."

"No thanks needed, Auntie," the long-haired woman continued, "Auntie, my surname is Dai. You can just call me Little Dai."

Zhao Yan felt she had seen Little Dai somewhere before, but couldn't quite remember where.

After treating the wounds, the young man looked at Zhao Yan and said, "Auntie, you definitely can't take a bus home like this. Where do you live? Let me drive you back."

"No, no," Zhao Yan hurriedly waved her hands, "I've already troubled you a lot. How could I trouble you further? I'll just take a taxi back. Young people, I really thank you two for today."

"No need to thank us, Auntie," the young man said, glancing at Zhao Yan before continuing, "This place is quite remote and not easy to find a taxi. Why not let me take you home? Rest assured, I'm not a scammer. You just seem so familiar to me, like seeing my own mother."

The young man's words were quite moving, softening Zhao Yan's heart considerably. She looked at the young man and asked, "Child, where is your mother?"

"She..." the young man's voice turned hoarse as he started, "She passed away when I was very young, leaving behind only a photograph."

Zhao Yan quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, I didn't know your mother..."

Zhao Yan understood the pain of losing a loved one and knew how hard it was for a child to live without a mother's protection. Don't the lyrics say, 'children without mothers are like rootless grass'?

Zhao Yan's maternal instincts kicked in, and she felt a great deal of sympathy for the young man.

It couldn't have been easy for him to lose his mother at such a young age.

"It's alright," the young man forced a casual smile and continued, "After so many years, I've gotten used to it. Let's go, Auntie. I'll drive you back. But since Little Dai has to go to the hospital to work, we might have to take a detour."

"Alright," Zhao Yan nodded, "young man, I'll trouble you then."

"It's no trouble at all," the young man said as he carefully placed the two boxes of fruit in the car and opened the rear door for Zhao Yan, "Auntie, please get in."

"Okay." Zhao Yan nodded slightly and stepped into the car.

Little Dai was sitting in the back seat, and when she saw Zhao Yan get in, she greeted her enthusiastically, "Auntie, sit here."

Zhao Yan sat next to Little Dai and remarked with feeling, "Little Dai, you and that young man driving in front are both good people. I really owe you a lot today."

"Auntie, you don't need to say that," Little Dai patted Zhao Yan's hand, "Society has changed, not like it used to be. Nowadays, if anyone saw you in this situation, they would definitely lend a hand."

The young man in the driver's seat spoke up, "Auntie, my last name is Song, just call me Little Song."

In fact, the young man and woman were none other than Song Shiqin and Dai Yu.

"Little Song, is it the Song from Song Dynasty?" Zhao Yan continued to ask.

"Yes, the Song from Song Dynasty," Song Shiqin answered with a smile.

"Then you and Little Dai are..." Zhao Yan nonchalantly shifted her gaze back and forth between the two.

They both had the looks and the kindness, probably a couple, she thought.

"She and I are just friends," Song Shiqin replied in an indifferent tone.

Dai Yu also added, "Auntie, actually I already have a boyfriend."

"Oh, is that so," Zhao Yan said, then continued, "Little Song, what about you? Do you have a girlfriend?" Not one to talk much, Zhao Yan was somehow very taken with the young man and found herself chatting more.

"I don't have one yet," Song Shiqin answered.

"Little Song, how old are you then?" Zhao Yan went on to ask.

"Thirty-three. I'm not in a hurry," Song Shiqin replied as he drove.

"Thirty-three, well, that's not too young. My daughter is over ten years younger than you and she's already pregnant. You need to hurry up," Zhao Yan went on, "It's a pity my daughter is already married or I would definitely matchmake you two."

Zhao Yan didn't say this out of dislike for Mo Zhixuan.

It was because she felt sorry for Song Shiqin; a man is supposed to be established by thirty, yet Song Shiqin was already thirty-three and still unmarried, all due to the lack of a mother's support behind him.

Upon hearing this, Song Shiqin chuckled softly. If someone were sitting next to him, they would surely notice that his eyes were filled with warmth.

Song Shiqin didn't say anything more, but Dai Yu next to him spoke up, "Auntie, you have an extraordinary presence. Your daughter must be very beautiful as well."

With a nod of her head, a tender look appeared in Zhao Yan's eyes, "That's right, my daughter is very beautiful, as lovely as you, Little Dai." Dai Yu had no comparison with Chu Jin, but to Zhao Yan, inner beauty was also very important. Although Dai Yu wasn't as beautiful as Chu Jin, she was kind-hearted.

"Auntie, please don't tease me," Dai Yu said with a laugh, "How can I compare to your daughter?"

Zhao Yan chuckled, her gaze becoming even more tender as she talked about Chu Jin, "My daughter is the best daughter under the heavens, just like you guys, with a very kind heart..."

Song Shiqin in the driver's seat was listening intently and casually asked, "Auntie, your daughter sounds so outstanding, what about your son-in-law? How does he treat you and your daughter?"

"He's very good too," Zhao Yan nodded vigorously, "My son-in-law is also very outstanding. He loves my daughter a lot and is beyond reproach with me..."

Listening, the warmth in Song Shiqin's eyes gradually faded, and his hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, his fingers turning slightly white from the force. It seemed Zhao Yan was quite satisfied with Mo Zhixuan.

As Zhao Yan was praising Mo Zhixuan, suddenly, with a 'tssk', the car which had been moving fast came to a sudden halt. The force of the sudden stop sent Zhao Yan's head smashing against the back of the front seat. Fortunately, Dai Yu quickly steadied Zhao Yan's shoulders, "Auntie, are you alright?"

It was then that Song Shiqin came back to his senses, turning around with an apologetic look, "I'm sorry, Auntie. Someone just ran across the road, so I had to brake hard."

"It's fine, it's fine," Zhao Yan said with a smile, lifting her head, "Safety first."

Zhao Yan was a very understanding person.

The car continued on its way. Ten minutes later, Dai Yu got out of the car, greeted Zhao Yan, and walked toward the entrance of the hospital. This was the central hospital of the Superpower World, not far from the Mo family. Chu Jin had her prenatal check-up here last time.

"Auntie, let me take you home now. Where do you live?" Song Shiqin turned around in the driver's seat and asked politely.

Zhao Yan gave the address, and soon, the car came to a stop again.

Song Shiqin got out and opened the car door for Zhao Yan personally, "Auntie, we have arrived."

Zhao Yan got off with a beaming smile and looked up at Song Shiqin, full of gratitude, "Little Song, thank you so much for today. Since I'm home anyway, why not come in for a cup of tea at my place?"

"Thank you, Auntie, but there's no need. I have an appointment this afternoon," Song Shiqin declined tactfully.

He couldn't let Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan discover him now, or else the plans that followed wouldn't be possible.

He didn't believe that Mo Zhixuan could keep beating him time and time again.

"I see. Well then, Little Song, leave your phone number with me, and another day, lets me treat you and Little Dai to something delicious." Zhao Yan genuinely liked the kind-hearted young man Song Shiqin, especially since, without him, she would have been in deep trouble today.

"Sure." Song Shiqin took out a business card from his pocket and handed it to Zhao Yan, "Auntie, this is my business card. Feel free to call me whenever you need to."

A black business card.

No extensive introduction, just a name and a cellphone number.