

## R Woman 761

Chapter 761: how long are you going to reject me

The name column displayed, "Song Chen."

These two characters.

Zhao Yan took the business card and casually handed a box of fruit she was holding to Song Shiqin, then said, "Song, these are fruits I picked from the orchard. They aren't much, but they're fresh. You must accept them."

"Thank you, Auntie," Song Shiqin didn't refuse and continued, "Auntie, I should get going now. Goodbye."

Zhao Yan waved at him, "Goodbye, be careful on the road."

The car had just started when Chu Jin walked over from the direction of the intersection, looking at Zhao Yan with some curiosity, she asked, "Who was in the car?"

At her words, Zhao Yan immediately withdrew her gaze, turned to look at Chu Jin, and said nervously, "Jin, why did you come out alone? Where's Zhixuan?"

Chu Jin replied with a smile brimming with warmth, "Mo Zhixuan went to the supermarket over there to buy sour plums. Knowing you were coming, I specifically came to see you. What are you holding in your hand? Let me carry it for you."

"It's not heavy, I can carry it myself," Zhao Yan declined Chu Jin's offer. After all, she was a pregnant woman, how could she let her carry things?

Only then did Chu Jin notice the injuries on Zhao Yan's elbow and knee, and she immediately asked, "Mom, what happened to you? Why are you injured? Have you seen a doctor?"

"It's nothing, just fell and tripped on the road here," Zhao Yan said, and as if remembering something, she continued, "Jin, your mom met good Samaritans today. Not only did they help me up and clean my wounds, but they also went out of their way to drive me here. The kind person from just now was in the car. If you had arrived a minute earlier, you could have spoken to him."

At that, a look of regret appeared on Zhao Yan's face.

After all, Song Shiqin had helped her, and she owed him a favor. She should have let Chu Jin properly thank him, or perhaps Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin could invite him to dinner together.

Chu Jin then said, "Mom, we really should thank him properly. Why don't you invite him to our house sometime, and Zhixuan and I can host him personally?" She was always someone who repaid favors.

"Alright," Zhao Yan nodded, "I'll give him a call in a few days."

The black car drove farther and farther away, the figure of Chu Jin in the rearview mirror getting blurrier and blurrier. Song Shiqin's gaze remained on the rearview mirror, filled with longing.

It was truly the irony of fate that he and she should not have come to this point.

Chu Jin and Zhao Yan walked slowly down the road and, upon reaching a fork, the two encountered Mo Zhixuan returning with the sour plums.

"Mom, let me carry that for you," Mo Zhixuan passed the sour plums to Chu Jin and took the gift box from Zhao Yan's hands.

Zhao Yan didn't refuse and passed the gift box directly to Mo Zhixuan, saying with a smile, "Zhixuan is so strong, that's why I say, Jin should have a boy like Zhixuan, someone caring."

Mo Zhixuan continued, "Mom, as long as it's Jin's, I'll love both a boy or a girl." Actually, deep down, Mo Zhixuan really liked the idea of having a girl, a little daughter with two pigtails calling him daddy sweetly, and being able to pester him affectionately.

Having a son, heh, that's not called a son.

That's called a nemesis.

Just the thought of Chu Jin kissing another man besides him in the future was unbearable for Mo Zhixuan.

"I've had someone do the calculation, and there's an eight or nine out of ten chance that Jin's carrying twins," Zhao Yan said cheerfully.

"Mom, who did you ask to calculate that? That can't be reliable, right?" Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly.

"I asked Master Wuchen. There won't be a mistake," Zhao Yan said with utmost certainty.

"Master Wuchen? Mom, I've never heard of this name. You haven't been cheated, have you?" Mo Zhixuan had never heard of this name; although the Superpower World was peaceful, there were still scammers around.

"Shouldn't be, right?" Zhao Yan said, "I feel that Master Wuchen seemed quite legitimate."

Chu Jin spoke up with a smile, "Mom, whether it's a boy or a girl, it doesn't matter. Don't worry about this, let's just let nature take its course."

Zhao Yan nodded, "That's true."

Today the Mo family was bustling with activity, almost everyone had gathered; Tong Zhi, Mo Qingyi, Duanmu Zhe, Zi, Zhou Xunian, etc.

A group of young people were gathered around, playing mahjong, and Chu Jin joined in. Perhaps due to the 'three years of stupidity during pregnancy,' Chu Jin lost two games in a row, and had two pieces of paper stuck on her fair forehead.

"Two wan," Tong Zhi tossed out a tile and teased, "Jin, you really need to pay attention to prenatal education now, don't give birth to a couple of little gamblers later on."

Chu Jin smiled and reached out to draw a card, "Aunt Tong, if prenatal education really works, I'm definitely going to have two little gambling gods." Then she said, "Pong, I win."

So, the other three players all voluntarily stuck a piece of paper on their faces.

Perhaps the babies in her belly were particularly competitive, because from that round on, Chu Jin won every hand, and couldn't lose even when she tried.

Mo Qingyi was losing so badly that she began to question her life, complaining, "Jin, you're not really going to give birth to two little gambling gods, are you?"

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "Can't help it if the skills are too good."

Tong Zhi's face was also covered with many paper notes, she sneakily made a gesture to Mo Qingyi and then coughed softly. Mo Qingyi's eyes lit up, and she immediately understood, tossing out a Circle 1 tile.

Tong Zhi immediately beamed and said, "I pong, Jin, now it's your turn to lose."

Chu Jin silently spread out the mahjong tiles in her hand, "Straight flush, I win."

The smile on Tong Zhi's face instantly froze, and she complained tearfully, "Jin, please, have some mercy on me, how can you bear to bully an old lady like me?"

Chu Jin chuckled softly, "Actually, I don't want to win either..."

Tong Zhi cried even harder.

Meanwhile.

Duanmu Sheng and Shen Haoguang were dining in a restaurant.

Shen Haoguang attentively picked a green vegetable for Duanmu Sheng and smiled, "Sheng Sheng, I'm so happy today, finally that light bulb, Ya Ya, isn't here."

Duanmu Sheng chuckled and patted Shen Haoguang on the head, "Listen to what you're saying, Ya Ya would be so sad to hear that." Situ Ya was a very homebound comic artist, who, according to her, might not leave the house even once a month under normal circumstances.

But drawing comics required inspiration, so Duanmu Sheng would always take her out whenever she went out, hoping to repay her for saving her life.

However, Duanmu Sheng had no idea that all of this was a trap set by Situ Ya and Shen Haoguang from the beginning, waiting for her to fall into it.

"What does she have to be sad about." Shen Haoguang poured a drink for Duanmu Sheng and then continued, "By the way, I heard that your brother Little Zhe is getting engaged, right?"

"Yes, that's right," Duanmu Sheng nodded, "it's happening these few days."

Shen Haoguang seized the opportunity to grab Duanmu Sheng's hand, looking into her eyes tenderly, "Then when can we also settle our own matters? Your brother is getting engaged before you, the older sister, have even gotten engaged. How can this be?"

"You're in such a hurry," Duanmu Sheng tapped his forehead with her finger, "there's not even a stroke in the character 'eight' for our matter yet, what are you rushing for? Let's talk about it after my brother's matter is taken care of."

Duanmu Sheng was not in a hurry to get married. She enjoyed the process of dating because once married, the love would change, wouldn't it? There's a saying that marriage is the grave of love.

She was a relatively rational person.

"What do you mean 'not even a stroke in the character eight'?" Shen Haoguang became unhappy, his face tensing, "We've been together for so many years now. My mom keeps asking me when I can give her a grandchild. How am I supposed to explain your reply to her? Sheng Sheng, that was really irresponsible of you to say!"

Duanmu Sheng also realized that her words were hurtful, especially since she and Shen Haoguang had been through so much together, through so many autumns and winters. She continued, "Haoguang, that's not what I meant. What I mean is, let's talk about our matter after my brother's stuff is sorted out. Don't worry, I will give you an answer."

Shen Haoguang's expression improved at that, and he said, "Sheng Sheng, why don't you come meet my parents tonight? They really like you and are eager to see their future daughter-in-law in person."

Duanmu Sheng had only met Shen Haoguang's parents over video calls.

At this, Duanmu Sheng's face flushed slightly, "Some other time, I have other plans tonight." She was going to the Mo family tonight because the arrangements for Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi had been set, and she needed to discuss the details of the engagement.

Shen Haoguang thought she was intentionally making excuses, his tone tinged with displeasure, "Sheng Sheng, how long do you plan on rejecting me? My parents truly want to meet you."

Shen Haoguang also wanted to meet Duanmu Sheng's family sooner rather than later, so that he wouldn't have to worry every day.

"Haoguang," Duanmu Sheng sighed, her voice tinged with helplessness, "I really do have things to take care of today."

"Then tell me, what is it that you have to do! Aren't you my girlfriend, is there anything you can't tell me?" Shen Haoguang continued.

Duanmu Sheng took a sip of her drink and explained, "Tonight, I'm visiting the house of my brother's future mother-in-law. How about the day after tomorrow, we'll go to your house then, okay?"

Duanmu Sheng subconsciously hid Mo Qingyi's identity from Shen Haoguang.

After all, the Mo family is not just any ordinary family.

For safety considerations, apart from those in the inner circle, the news of the marriage alliance between the Duanmu Family and the Mo family wasn't publicly announced.

Upon hearing this, Shen Haoguang narrowed his eyes, a glint flashing within them. He had been worrying about not having much interaction with the Mo family, and unexpectedly, an opportunity had just presented itself.

Shen Haoguang suppressed the excitement in his heart, trying to keep his tone as neutral as possible, "Alright, then. Your brother's matter is important, so you mustn't say you're unavailable the day after tomorrow! You have to come back home with me."

"Okay, I'll definitely come back home with you the day after tomorrow," Duanmu Sheng nodded.

Shen Haoguang continued, "Which family is Little Zhe's girlfriend from? How is the character of the girl? Our Little Zhe is so outstanding, he should match with a lady from a reputable family. Sheng Sheng, how about I go with you tonight and help Little Zhe take a look, to give some advice?"

Shen Haoguang pretended not to know that the girl was Mo Qingyi, acting as if he genuinely had Duanmu Zhe's best interests at heart.

"Thank you on behalf of Little Zhe for being so thoughtful," Duanmu Sheng said with a smile in her eyes. From what she could see, Shen Haoguang indeed seemed like a good man worthy of entrusting her life to—at the very least, he always considered problems from her perspective, whatever the issue.

Shen Haoguang smiled, then added, "We're all family, you don't have to thank me. Isn't it because I'm Little Zhe's third brother-in-law? Alright, it's settled then, I'll join you tonight."

"No need," Duanmu Sheng said with a smile, "The girl is nice, works in the military just like Little Zhe, and comes from a good family. Actually, it's our Little Zhe who is marrying up, not her. I haven't even told my parents about us yet, so it wouldn't be appropriate to bring you along so abruptly."

Guests visiting the Mo family were all big shots, people of standing. Taking Shen Haoguang along to the Mo family for the first discussion about the engagement – what would that amount to? That was just completely out of line. Duanmu Sheng was more thoughtful and not a rash person.

"Alright, let's forget it then," Shen Haoguang had no choice but to give up. If he pressed on, Duanmu Sheng would surely become suspicious. After all, there would come a day when he could visit the Mo family openly.

"Oh right," Shen Haoguang continued, "I can still attend Little Zhe's engagement banquet, right? He's your only brother and I don't want to miss this big event in his life."

Duanmu Sheng poked at the vegetables in her bowl, pondering for a moment. "We'll see when the time comes. It mainly depends on whether my parents can accept you."

His eyes brightening at this, Shen Haoguang asked, "Then when can you bring me to meet your future in-laws?"

"What are you talking about!" Duanmu Sheng felt somewhat embarrassed and slapped Shen Haoguang's hand, "Our matter isn't settled yet, don't start calling them that. How have they become in-laws so quickly!"

"Yes, yes, my mistake," Shen Haoguang immediately corrected himself, "they should be addressed as 'our dad' and 'our mom.'"

It had to be said, Shen Haoguang really had a way with girls. With just a few words, he made Duanmu Sheng blush, her ears tinged red. A girl in love always enjoys hearing such sweet nothings.

While saying she didn't want it, she was actually very pleased in her heart. Shen Haoguang did understand women quite well. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to juggle two women at the same time, with Duanmu Sheng not suspecting a thing.



"Sheng Sheng, when exactly are you going to take me to see your parents? With Little Zhe about to get hitched, why don't we bring double happiness to the elderlies?" Shen Haoguang continued with the topic.

Now that Duanmu Zhe was soon to take Mo Zhixuan's sister as his wife, once the marriage was settled, Duanmu Sheng's value would surely skyrocket. By then, many men with ill intentions would surely start paying attention to Duanmu Sheng, so he had to get to her before these men.

First, it would give him peace of mind.

Second, it would allow Duanmu Sheng to see his sincerity. After all, he was not interested in Duanmu Sheng for her utility but genuinely loved her deeply.

If the news of the marriage alliance between the Duanmu Family and the Mo family were to spread among the circle, and he pushes Duanmu Sheng to confirm their relationship by then, the meaning would be different.

"Hmm, let's wait a few more days," Duanmu Sheng thought for a bit, then added, "We can't rush this. I need to sound out my parents first."

"Okay," Shen Haoguang nodded, "Fine then, Sheng Sheng, I'll wait for your good news at home. You can't let me down."

"Don't worry, I won't," Duanmu Sheng replied.

"That's good," Shen Haoguang suddenly lifted Duanmu Sheng's chin and tenderly kissed her lips, passionately saying, "Sheng Sheng, I love you. I want to be with you for a lifetime, two together as one. I can't live without you in this life."

Duanmu Sheng responded to his kiss, "I love you too." Because Duanmu Sheng had her eyes closed, she didn't notice the intense scorn that flitted across Shen Haoguang's eyes.

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At the Mo family's home.

The lively atmosphere still continued, with several people still playing mahjong. The sounds of tossing the tiles and shuffling could be heard from afar.

Under Chu Jin's intentional losing, she had been defeated several more times, accumulating a few more pieces of paper on her face.

Zhao Yan carried over a platter of freshly cut fruit to the table, "Everyone, have some fruit. I picked them myself from the orchard this morning."

"Thank you, Aunt Yuan. Aunt Yuan, you really are the savior in the nick of time. I was just getting thirsty." Mo Qingyi immediately picked up a slice of the snow-white fruit and put it in her mouth, took a couple of bites, and exaggeratedly exclaimed, "Wow, so sweet."

"Qingyi, I think it's not the fruit that's sweet, but the joy of your upcoming event is making you feel refreshed," Chu Jin said with a smile, teasing her.

Mo Feixue also joined in, "Jin is right. Qingyi, I see you've been pretty well-moisturized by love recently. Look at that little face of yours, all fair and rosy."

"That's not true..." Mo Qingyi touched her cheeks somewhat embarrassedly.

"Qingyi is getting married soon. Feixue, when are you going to bring your boyfriend over for all of us to see?" Tong Zhi said with a smile.

"No rush, no rush," Mo Feixue replied with a smile, "He's shy and quite introverted. We can talk about it later."

As soon as she said this, everyone turned their attention toward Mo Feixue. Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows in disbelief and said, "Feixue, you've kept this quite the secret. So you have a boyfriend and didn't tell us."

"Exactly, exactly," Mo Qingyi echoed, "Feixue, who is your boyfriend? What does he look like? Is he handsome?"

"Whether he's handsome or not isn't important. What's crucial is his character," Tong Zhi followed up, "Feixue, what's the guy like in terms of character? What's his family background? What's his name? How old is he? It won't do if he's too old."

Young people and their elders really do think differently.

Mo Qingyi cared the most about looks, while Tong Zhi first considered character, family background, and age.

Marriage involves too many things; good looks alone won't fill your stomach. Moreover, it's quite important to match the social status. Considering Mo Feixue's status, she would need to find someone from a wealthy and noble family, someone who could match the Mo family's standing.

At the mention of the man being too old, Mo Zhixuan felt inexplicably guilty, sitting upright and somewhat afraid to look this way.

Mo Feixue smiled subtly, acting mysterious, "It's a secret for now. When I bring him over one day, you all will know."

Mo Qingyi hugged Mo Feixue's arm, "Feixue, between Duanmu Xiaosi and your boyfriend, who is more handsome?"

Mo Feixue arched an eyebrow and tossed her long curly hair to one side, "Of course, my boyfriend is more handsome."

Mo Qingyi immediately had stars in her eyes, saying excitedly, "Do you have a photo? Do you have a photo? Let me see!" In life, good food and handsome men are not to be wasted.

Mo Feixue glanced over Mo Qingyi's shoulder, coughed lightly, and didn't speak.

Mo Qingyi, puzzled, said, "Feixue, why are you coughing? Let me see! If he really is more handsome than Duanmu Xiaosi, I'll dump that guy in a heartbeat!"

Mo Feixue continued to cough, seemingly hinting at something to Mo Qingyi.

Tong Zhi and Chu Jin merely smiled without saying a word.

"Feixue, show me now!" Mo Qingyi became anxious.

"Who did you just say you were going to dump?" A low male voice sounded from behind Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi looked up and saw Duanmu Zhe standing tall behind her, his eyes shimmered with a dangerous glint.

"I'll dump you!" Mo Qingyi glared at him, "Who told you to flirt around!"

Duanmu Zhe gave an apologetic smile to the other three women, "Aunt Tong, Sister-in-law Nine, Feixue, sorry about this. I'll just take Qingyi outside to chat about life and discuss ideals."

"Go on, go on." Tong Zhi waved her hand understandingly.

"Aunt Tong, Feixue, I'm not playing anymore. I've been sitting for too long, and my back hurts, I'm going out for a walk." Chu Jin stood up.

"Then Yuying and I will come to you." Gan Yuying, dragging Weiwei, took Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi's previous seats.

"If you two are here, I guess we can get rid of those notes from before." Tong Zhi ripped off the note from her face, let out a long breath, and was in an exceptionally good mood, finally able to sing triumphantly about turning the tables, having been suppressed by Chu Jin for so long.

"Sit down, sit down," Mo Feixue said, inviting them to take their seats with great enthusiasm.

Feeling the room was a bit stuffy, Chu Jin headed toward the door. The flower bed by the door was filled with many flowers; a breeze wafted through, bringing waves of floral fragrance.

At the entrance of the imperial palace.

A few officers stopped a woman in a long dress. It was obvious that she had dressed with care; her dress was elegant yet displayed luxury, her hair was skewed into a fishtail braid, and she wore an English-style hat with a white veil that fell, concealing her brows and eyes, and she also held a beautifully wrapped box in her hand.

#### Chapter 762: Rival in Love Visits

"Gentlemen, please make an exception and let me in, I really do know Lady Nine," the new arrival was none other than Xi He.

"Sorry, but without an invitation, no one is allowed to enter," one of the officers placed his rifle in front of Xi He in a clear threat. If Xi He dared to take another step forward, she would be met with no mercy.

Helpless, Xi He could only stop. She tiptoed, peering inside. After looking for a while, she bit her lip and took out her phone from her pocket to make a call.

Once, twice, thrice.

Three minutes passed without an answer, yet Xi He did not give up and kept trying.

"Jin, your phone is ringing," Mo Zhixuan came over with a white phone in his hand.

"Who is it?" Chu Jin toyed with an unknown flower in her hand.

Because she was pregnant, Chu Jin didn't carry her phone with her, as the radiation from phones is exceptionally strong, both in the ordinary world and in the Superpower World.

"Not sure, you take a look," Mo Zhixuan handed her the phone, pretending he hadn't checked it. In truth, he had already looked, and all the contacts in Chu Jin's phone were labeled. If it were a man calling, he definitely wouldn't deliver the phone personally.

Chu Jin took the phone and saw the screen displaying the two characters 'Xi He'.

Ever since the wedding ended, she hadn't seen Xi He, nor did she know why she was calling now. Chu Jin slid to answer and a smile spread across her lips, "Okay, I'll come right over."

Having said that, Chu Jin handed the phone back to Mo Zhixuan, "I'll go welcome Xi He." No sooner had she said this than she headed towards the main entrance.

"Lady Nine," seeing her approach, the officers respectfully saluted.

Chu Jin nodded slightly and said to the officers, "Miss Xi He is my friend; let her in directly next time."

"Yes."

"Jin," Xi He hurried over and affectionately linked arms with Chu Jin as soon as she saw her coming.

"Why didn't you tell me in advance that you were coming? I could've informed the gate, and you wouldn't have had this trouble," Chu Jin said with a smile.

She had seen on her phone that Xi He had made many calls to her.

Xi He smiled tenderly, handing a gift box to Chu Jin, "I heard you were pregnant, so I came especially to see you. This is a gift for the babies, a token of my affection, please don't take it as an insult."

"Thank you," Chu Jin said with a smile, accepting the gift.

"Open it and see if you like it," Xi He added.

"Sure." Both of them walked to the wicker chairs outside and sat down.

Chu Jin slowly opened the gift box and saw two pairs of golden bracelets lying inside. Under the sunlight, the bracelets glittered brilliantly. Clearly visible, many tiny characters were engraved on the insides of the bracelets.

The craftsmanship was exquisite.

"Jin," Xi He said with a smile, "You mustn't think it's tacky. I originally wanted to buy clothes, but then I thought many people would buy clothes for the babies. If they couldn't wear them, it would be a waste. Gold, on the other hand, is more practical."

"It's not tacky at all. How could it be?" Chu Jin picked up a bracelet and examined it closely in surprise, "I didn't expect such a small bracelet could be engraved with the entire Diamond Sutra. I wonder which master crafted this?"

Originally just ordinary bracelets, they now seemed imbued with spiritual energy due to the Diamond Sutra, serving as a talisman against evil. The engraving also revealed that the craftsman was filled with sincerity; every single stroke was meticulously executed.

The whole five thousand-plus characters, not a single error.

Far different from those mass-produced by machines.

"Jin, you have a good eye," Xi He said with a laugh. "Actually, these bracelets are just ordinary gold, and I added the text later. As long as you like it, that's what matters."

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin looked up in surprise, "Did you engrave them yourself?"

"Yes," Xi He nodded slightly.

"You're so considerate. On behalf of the kids, I thank you. Come on in with me." Chu Jin then got up, and a servant came over to take the gift box from her hands. Chu Jin casually said, "Take it to my room."

"Yes," the servant cautiously replied with a word and headed towards another door inside.

Chu Jin led Xi He towards the hall, and from a distance, they could hear the sound of mahjong tiles clashing.

Xi He looked up at Chu Jin with a puzzled expression, her eyes showing a hint of anticipation, "Jin, are there a lot of people inside?"

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly, assuming she was nervous and said gently, "They are all not strangers; you don't need to be formal."

"Okay," Xi He also nodded, a glimmer of light flashing in her lowered eyes. Since they were all familiar people, then he must be there too. The thought of Duanmu Zhe excited her, and her face showed a touch of shy blush like that of a young girl.

However, as soon as they were about to turn the corner at the entrance, they were blocked by two figures in an embrace, kissing each other.

These two were none other than Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi, holding each other and kissing deeply.

Just a second ago, they had been bickering, and the next moment they were locked in a difficult-to-part kiss, forgetting themselves to the point of not noticing Chu Jin and Xi He approaching.



Seeing this, Xi He's face turned deathly pale, and she nearly lost her footing.

The boy she had deeply loved since her youth was now kissing another woman.

Xi He felt unbearable pain, struggling to breathe, her heart aching, yet she had to pretend as if nothing had happened.

Xi He wanted to separate them, but now, she had no right to do so.

She was just an outsider, she had no right to do that, she could only watch them be happy.

Watching the two kiss, Chu Jin smiled helplessly and coughed lightly against her fist.

Perhaps the sound was too soft, the couple remained undisturbed.

"Ahem," Chu Jin coughed louder.

Only then did the two react, hastening to let go of each other, looking at Chu Jin with embarrassment,

Duanmu Zhe, however, was still composed as he greeted Chu Jin, "Lady Nine."

Mo Qingyi's cheeks turned as red as a ripe shrimp, and she stammered, "Jin, Brother Jin."

"In broad daylight, mind your surroundings and find a more secluded place; you don't want to become a laughingstock," Chu Jin said with a slightly raised eyebrow before continuing, "Let me introduce to you, this is my good friend Xi He."

"Xi He, huh," Mo Qingyi's expression instantly returned to normal, "Jin, there's no need for introductions, we've met before." Mo Qingyi hadn't expected that Chu Jin was friends with Xi He.

As far as she remembered, Xi He was supposed to be Chu Jin's love rival, after all, she had also participated in the trials before.

"You know each other?" Chu Jin looked at Xi He with some surprise.

With a smile, Xi He nodded and, suppressing the raging emotions in her heart, said succinctly, "Yes, I've known Qingyi and the rest for some time."

"Since everyone knows each other, let's all go in together," Chu Jin added.

Chu Jin was unaware of the story between Xi He and Duanmu Zhe, simply assuming they were all casual friends.

"Xi He, you look very beautiful today," Mo Qingyi said once they entered the hall.

"Thanks for the compliment, just threw something on," Xi He responded with a light smile.

Though Mo Qingyi hailed from a prominent family and was the sister of Mo Zhixuan, with a dignified appearance that made her seem a match made in heaven with Duanmu Zhe when standing beside him.

Yet, Xi He refused to accept it.

She had known Duanmu Zhe first, so why would someone else get there before her? It wasn't fair to her.

No woman can be friends with her love rival, and Xi He was no exception. Mo Qingyi was indeed a good girl, but she just couldn't bring herself to like Mo Qingyi.

If it weren't for Mo Qingyi, it would be her standing by Duanmu Zhe's side.

But fate played its tricks.

She had missed out on so much.

With this in mind, Xi He's lips curved into a slight smile. Looking at Mo Qingyi, she said, "Qingyi, I have a bit of social anxiety. There are so many people here, and I'm not quite used to it. Could you keep me company?" Her voice carried a hint of nervousness, and her eyes looked panicked.

Chu Jin had been called away by Mo Zhixuan, so now only Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were left by Xi He's side.

However, Xi He did not mention Duanmu Zhe's name.

Because she knew that given the depth of Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe's relationship, as long as Mo Qingyi was by her side, Duanmu Zhe would definitely stay as well.

She just wanted to be quietly by Duanmu Zhe's side; being there was enough for her, even if another woman was present.

To her, all of that didn't matter.

Despite Mo Qingyi's somewhat obtuse nature, when it came to matters of the heart, she was quite sensitive. Smiling faintly, Mo Qingyi said, "I never realized that you also had 'social anxiety,' Xi He. Then I must have seen the wrong person at the last trial competition."

Xi He has social anxiety?

Ha.

Sure, fool someone else!

A person with social anxiety would join a trial competition?

The trial grounds had over a thousand participants.

If she really had social anxiety, she probably would have fainted long ago!

Xi He's complexion changed. She hadn't expected that behind Mo Qingyi's seemingly careless demeanor, her thoughts were so delicate.

Xi He never lied. She couldn't believe that her first lie had been exposed so easily.

For a moment, Xi He felt embarrassed, especially with Duanmu Zhe right by her side.

She was afraid it would leave a bad impression on Duanmu Zhe. She glanced at him subtly, only to realize that Duanmu Zhe's attention wasn't on her at all; perhaps he hadn't glanced her way from the start.

Yet, everything she did was for him.

Without waiting for Xi He to speak, Mo Qingyi cheerfully said, "Well, since you put it that way, I'll keep you company for a bit. After all, we are friends. Right, Xi He, you don't have a boyfriend yet, do you?"

Tearing into a love rival firsthand was a new experience for her, and the thought of it excited her.

A befitting smile appeared on Xi He's face, "I've always been on my own." As she spoke, her peripheral vision was stealthily assessing Duanmu Zhe.

But when Duanmu Zhe heard this, his face showed no extra emotion.

They had known each other since they were young; were they not considered childhood sweethearts? Could it be that Duanmu Zhe had no feelings for her whatsoever?

With a smile at the corner of her mouth, Mo Qingyi continued, "So, you're single then. I know quite a few eligible young bachelors with distinguished backgrounds. There are plenty here tonight. Later on, I'll indulge in a bit of matchmaking fun and set you up."

Duanmu Zhe also chimed in, "Qingyi's right, Xi He. You're not getting any younger; it's time you found someone." As he finished speaking, Duanmu Zhe turned to look at Mo Qingyi and continued, "Qingyi, Xi He is a good friend of mine. Be careful when selecting someone for her; you have to be responsible for it."

"Don't worry," Mo Qingyi patted her chest with a sincere look, "Xi He is also my good friend. I'll definitely introduce her to someone super handsome."

The couple's seamless interaction froze the expression on Xi He's face, her heart feeling stifled.

What was Duanmu Zhe trying to convey?

Why did he want to hurt her like this?

There was nothing more saddening than having the person you liked introduce you to others.

Xi He felt she couldn't go on like this. She suddenly looked up at Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe, feigning ease as she said, "I won't waste Qingyi's resources. I already have someone I like. For years, I've been waiting for him." Having said this, Xi He shifted her gaze toward Duanmu Zhe.

In her eyes,

there was expectation.

She had been blunt enough; Duanmu Zhe was a smart man, and he should understand the meaning behind her words.

Mo Qingyi was no fool. Hearing this, her heart felt uncomfortable. After all, she was still the official girlfriend standing right there. Xi He's actions were improper!

#### Chapter 763: Requests

Duanmu Zhe looked as if he hadn't understood, nor did he glance at Xi He; his grip on Mo Qingyi's hand remained firm, his eyes allowing room for no one else but her.

He didn't know what was wrong with Xi He.

Including that time from their childhood, they had only met three times in total. Her affection was strangely sudden.

Mo Qingyi's expression remained unchanged, her smile crafty and enchanting, as she lightly said, "What if the person you are waiting for already has a fiancée? Will you keep waiting? Isn't that a waste of your youth?"

"I will wait." Xi He's gaze was resolute as she looked at Mo Qingyi and spoke emphatically, "I like him, so, even if he has started a family, I will continue to wait. Moreover, he hasn't married yet. I think, until he marries, I still have a chance."

At these words, Mo Qingyi felt even more revolted. Xi He seemed like a sensible person, yet her views on love were... shockingly improper.

She wondered how Xi He had the courage to say such things in front of her.

Mo Qingyi chuckled softly, patting Xi He on the shoulder, "Xi He, knowing that he already has a fiancée, yet you persist in this folly. Isn't that just being obtuse? Or perhaps you want to be despised as a homewrecker?" she said, her tone half-jesting.

The word "homewrecker" sent a jolt through Xi He's heart.

Before Xi He could react, Mo Qingyi continued, "Knowing that the other party is already engaged and still meddling in their relationship makes you a homewrecker, Xi He. While you still haven't made any significant mistakes, it's time to stop and turn back. Don't fail and end up losing everything."

The last sentence carried a hint of warning.

Facing a rival in love, Mo Qingyi was not someone to hold back.

Xi He's face turned pale. She had never been spoken to in such a manner before.

Especially, to be labeled as a 'homewrecker'.

The term 'homewrecker' felt so oppressive that she could hardly breathe.

How could she be the homewrecker?

After all, it was she who had known Duanmu Zhe first.

No.

She would never accept the label of a homewrecker.

Looking back, she should have followed Duanmu Zhe back then. If she had filled the gaps of those twenty-some years, there would never have been a Mo Qingyi by Duanmu Zhe's side.

Mo Qingyi simply took advantage of her absence.

What right did she have to call her a homewrecker?

This was too insulting.

Xi He felt a sudden cold sweat, her heart alternating between cold and hot, a very unpleasant sensation.

Mo Qingyi, her expression brimming with smiles, looked at Xi He and continued, "Hehe, let's go. I'll take you around. It's not too late to mend the pen after the sheep are lost." Saying this, Mo Qingyi affectionately linked her arm through Xi He's, looked up at Duanmu Zhe, and said irritably, "Duanmu Xiaosi, I am going for a walk with Xi He. Don't follow us. Go peel some chestnuts for me. Remember, I want you to peel them with your own hands. I'll be having them later."

"Alright, I'll do it right away." Duanmu Zhe bent over and left a kiss on Mo Qingyi's cheek before turning to leave.

Showing off one's affection in front of a love rival felt incredibly satisfying.

Originally, Mo Qingyi didn't want to do this. She knew that unrequited love could be extremely painful.

But Xi He was just too delusional, daring to challenge her openly. If that was the case, she couldn't be blamed for being impolite.

She had to make Xi He give up on Duanmu Zhe once and for all.

The tiger doesn't show its might and she's treated like a hello, kitty!

Really.

Seeing this, Xi He's heart felt as if it was being pricked with needles, the pain sharp and profound.

She had wanted to use this opportunity to have Duanmu Zhe walk with her, but she hadn't expected...

Mo Qingyi was indeed skillful.



She had underestimated her.

Mo Qingyi, smiling, arm-in-arm with Xi He, began to wander through the hall.

Tonight the hall was crowded with men and women, some playing mahjong or fighting landlords, others engaged in casual conversation.

Mo Qingyi led Xi He straight to a man in a suit, who was none other than Mo Zhixuan's personal assistant, Li Xunen.

Mo Qingyi, all smiles, greeted, "Big Brother Li, long time no see. Been busy lately?"

Li Xunen put down his cup and nodded to Mo Qingyi, "Miss Mo, it has been a long time."

"Oh, Big Brother Li, let me introduce you. This is my friend, Xi He." Mo Qingyi then turned to Xi He, "Xi He, this is Li Xunen. Don't be fooled by his young age; his capabilities are second to none. He manages all the big and small matters for my brother. And most importantly, he's single right now."

Her last words were especially meaningful.

Li Xunen may only seem like an assistant at Mo Zhixuan's side, but his military rank is nothing to scoff at.

In Mo Zhixuan's absence, it was Li Xunen and Zi who dealt with all matters big and small in the Superpower World, and Li Xunen was more than qualified to be paired with Xi He.

Moreover, Li Xunen is also quite good-looking and of a similar age to Xi He.

Mo Qingyi genuinely hoped that Xi He could let go of Duanmu Zhe and stop being obsessed, which is why she introduced Li Xunen to Xi He.

Li Xunen was a perceptive man; he clearly understood what Mo Qingyi meant and quickly extended his hand to Xi He, "Miss Xi He, pleasure to meet you."

"Hello." Xi He smiled politely, but her eyes held not a trace of mirth.

What did Mo Qingyi mean by this?

Even if she liked Duanmu Zhe, did Mo Qingyi really need to rush her into the arms of another man?

Xi He felt terrible. In Mo Qingyi's eyes, was she really so desperate for a man? To just grab any man at a banquet and introduce him to her?

"Miss Xi He, would you like to sit over there with me?" Li Xunen continued to invite.

Xi He had a good temperament and was beautiful, which perfectly met Li Xunen's standards for a spouse. Plus, he was of the age to marry, which is why he took the initiative to invite her.

First, to see if they could develop a beautiful relationship.

Second, as a way to do a favor for Mo Qingyi.

Faced with Li Xunen's invitation, Xi He's expression did not change; she still smiled tenderly and declined gracefully, "I'm sorry, Mr. Li, I'm a bit shy with new people."

Li Xunen also smiled and said, "No worries, then I wish Miss Xi He a pleasant time."

"Thank you." Xi He nodded slightly and said to Mo Qingyi, "Qingyi, let's go over there."

"Okay." Mo Qingyi replied with a slight smile. She knew that Xi He would not give up on Duanmu Zhe so easily. Since that was the case, she would accompany her to have some fun.

The two walked to an unoccupied corner of the banquet hall.

Mo Qingyi let go of Xi He's arm and looked up at her, a faint smile playing on her lips, "Xi He, let's be frank. Tell me honestly, is that person you like Duanmu Zhe?"

Facing Mo Qingyi's questioning, Xi He was unfazed, feeling much more relaxed. It was good to be frank with each other.

She was never one to beat around the bush.

"It's him." Xi He gazed steadily at Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi had patience indeed. If it were someone else with even slightly less temper, they probably would have slapped her already.

Mo Qingyi continued, "Xi He, do you know that I am Duanmu Zhe's fiancée now?"

"I am aware." Xi He nodded, "But that doesn't interfere with my liking him, nor does it prevent me from waiting for him. Mo Qingyi, I want to compete with you fairly for him."

"Fair competition?" Mo Qingyi scoffed, "Duanmu Zhe is already mine now. Where is the fairness in this competition? Being the third party in someone else's relationship is immoral! You seem like a pretty and well-mannered lady. How can your values be so skewed? Didn't the Elders teach you since childhood how to behave properly?"

Mo Qingyi was genuinely angry.

She didn't expect Xi He to speak of a fair competition.

She and Duanmu Zhe were already a couple and soon to be engaged. Where did Xi He get the audacity to propose a fair competition?

It was the first time she'd seen someone so brazen about being the other woman.

Xi He, however, was not angry and continued, "Qingyi, you should actually be grateful for my presence because I just might help you and Duanmu Zhe test whether your love is as firm as you think. Whether he can't live without you."

Xi He liked Duanmu Zhe very much; it was an obsession from her childhood.

She was now deaf to anyone's advice, trapped in a blind spot of love, eager to win back Duanmu Zhe, with no concern for such a thing as values.

Mo Qingyi sneered with endless sarcasm, retorting, "By your logic, should I be thanking you then?"

"No need for thanks." Xi He's lips curved into a slight smile as she spoke softly, "I just want to tell you that who I like and who I want to pursue is my business; you have no say in it."

Mo Qingyi's face maintained a faint smile, "True, I have no say over you, but I can certainly keep a hold on Duanmu Zhe." With that, she turned and walked away. Her victorious stride displayed her pride as she moved forward.

Her words were delivered with exceptional dominance.

Xi He's expression stiffened as she stood rooted to the spot, her hands clenched into fists, nearly grinding her teeth in frustration.

What was Mo Qingyi doing?

Was she flaunting?

Flaunting that she was with Duanmu Zhe?

What was wrong with her liking Duanmu Zhe?

What was wrong with her pursuing Duanmu Zhe?

Love was supposed to be equal for everyone!

Liking someone isn't a mistake, but where Xi He went wrong was in falling for a man who already had a fiancée and harboring thoughts she shouldn't have.

Mo Qingyi strode over to Duanmu Zhe, cheeks puffed out in anger, looking very upset.

Seeing this, Duanmu Zhe immediately stood up, picked up a peeled chestnut, and held it to Mo Qingyi's mouth, smiling as he said, "What's wrong, baby? Who made you angry? Tell me, and I'll go take revenge for you! Here, eat a chestnut, I peeled it for you myself."

Mo Qingyi bit into the chestnut with a huff, "It's all because of your little peach blossom! Go beat her up! She's almost driven me crazy!"

Duanmu Zhe knew exactly who 'little peach blossom' referred to, and continued, "Gentlemen use their mouths, not their hands. It's not appropriate for a man to hit a woman! Tell me how she bullied you. I'll hire an assassin to bully her back for you!"

"Forget it, forget it, I've already bullied her back!" Mo Qingyi waved her hand, then looked meaningfully at Duanmu Zhe, "Duanmu Xiaosi, let me warn you, from now on, you're not allowed to have any contact with Xi He or speak to her alone. I don't like her! Got it?"

"Understood!" Duanmu Zhe nodded earnestly.

He wasn't the kind of person who enjoyed playing at flirtation anyway. Now that Xi He had those thoughts, it was of course best to stay as far away from her as possible, to break off her hope sooner rather than later.

"Really?" Mo Qingyi's eyes narrowed slightly.

Duanmu Zhe replied seriously, "Would I dare to disobey the words of my wife, my lady?"

At his words, warmth gradually filled Mo Qingyi's heart, and a flush quietly crept across her face. She replied in a low voice, "Nonsense! Who's your wife, huh!"

"You are," said Duanmu Zhe, lowering his gaze and lightly pecking her cheek.

As the two of them were basking in their intimate moment, a gentle female voice intruded.

"Duanmu."

Both lifted their eyes to see Xi He approaching. As soon as Mo Qingyi saw that face, her expression changed immediately.

This Xi He really was everywhere, never forgetting to irritate people wherever she went.

"What is it?" Duanmu Zhe replied politely, and that was all it was—politeness.

After all, Xi He was still a young woman; if he didn't respond, it would be too embarrassing for her.

Duanmu Zhe was a true gentleman.

Seeing the two of them like this, Mo Qingyi intimately slipped her arm around Duanmu Zhe's waist and fiercely pinched the flesh there.

The damn man! Had he forgotten how he just promised her?

Even though he was currently enduring excruciating pain at his waist, Duanmu Zhe's face still maintained a faint smile, hiding any sign of discomfort.

Xi He also maintained a dignified and elegant smile and went on to say, "Duanmu, have you forgotten that you owe me a meal?"

Now that Xi He had made her feelings clear to Mo Qingyi, there was no need for her to hide her emotions in Mo Qingyi's presence.

Happiness had to be fought for.

From now on, she would compete with Mo Qingyi fairly.

"I haven't forgotten, no, how could I forget," Duanmu Zhe said quickly.

Mo Qingyi smiled without speaking, but the hand that was on Duanmu Zhe's waist twisted even harder.

The damn man! She was right here, and he was talking to Xi He!

If things kept going like this, wouldn't the two of them end up going out to eat alone?

Indeed, upon hearing his words, the smile on Xi He's face deepened and she asked with a tender tone, "That's good you haven't forgotten. So, when will you make up for that meal? I'm free anytime!"

Xi He looked at Duanmu Zhe with hopeful eyes.

This was the man she had loved through all her youth.

For him, she could sacrifice everything.

Duanmu Zhe smiled politely and then apologetically said, "I'm sorry, but our family has strict rules. Without the permission of my superiors, I can't just go out for a meal with another woman."

Upon hearing these words, Mo Qingyi finally felt satisfied, a slight smile finally appearing on her face.

Xi He's face paled in an instant, her smile forced, "But I'm not just any other woman, am I?"

In Duanmu Zhe's eyes, was she really just 'any other woman'?

How could she be just any other woman?

She was Xi He.

The Xi He who had loved Duanmu Zhe throughout her entire youth.

Duanmu Zhe glanced at Xi He, took out 4000 yuan from his wallet, placed it on the table beside her, and said, "Xi He, I don't know if my actions have caused any misunderstandings, but up until now, we've only met three times. This is the money for the last meal. Whether you take it or not, I've already left it here. From now on, we owe each other nothing and shouldn't see each other again. I'm afraid my fiancée might misunderstand."

Xi He stood there dumbfounded, as Duanmu Zhe's words turned into a bucket of cold water, drenching her from head to toe, leaving her utterly humiliated and chilling her to the bone.

She wanted to cry, but she held back with all her might.

At a time like this, if she cried, she would have truly lost.

So, she absolutely couldn't cry.



Hearing this, Mo Qingyi's heart surged with delight, it was indeed a moment of exhilaration! Duanmu Zhe was impressive! So MANLY!

He was truly worthy of being Mo Qingyi's man.

Xi He stood there, still not quite recovered, when Duanmu Zhe added, "Excuse us, my fiancée and I have other matters to attend to," he said, and promptly turned and left, taking Mo Qingyi with him.

"How was that? Wifey, did I do well just now?" Duanmu Zhe asked as they walked away, a faint smile upon his face.

"Not bad," Mo Qingyi nodded faintly.

Duanmu Zhe lowered his gaze to Mo Qingyi and continued, "So, what's my reward?"

"Reward you with a sugar-glazed chestnut!" Mo Qingyi curled her finger and sharply flicked Duanmu Zhe's forehead.

After flicking him, she immediately ran off.

Duanmu Zhe hurried after her.

After Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi left, Xi He, desolate and forlorn, eventually slumped into a seat, grabbed a glass of alcohol from the buffet and downed it in one gulp.

How could this happen.

Why did this happen?

Why didn't Duanmu Zhe want her? In what way was she inferior to Mo Qingyi?

The banquet continued.

When Chu Jin arrived, Xi He was already in a drunken stupor. She swayed with a glass in her hand, muttering to herself, "Why her? Why is it her?"

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, seeing Xi He in that state, as if she had suffered some emotional wound. She approached and patted Xi He on the shoulder. "Xi He, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Xi He slurred, brushing away Chu Jin's hand, "I'm just sad, that's all. He doesn't love me, why doesn't he love me..." She burst into sobs as she spoke.

Clutching Chu Jin tightly, she pleaded, "Jin, he doesn't love me, can you help me, please? You're so capable, you definitely can help me."

Xi He was half-drunk, half-sober now, and she knew Chu Jin could definitely help her if she was willing.

It was apparent that Chu Jin's relationship with Mo Qingyi had transcended that of ordinary sisters-in-law.

If Chu Jin was willing to intervene and persuade Mo Qingyi to back out of this love triangle, Mo Qingyi would surely step aside.

Once Mo Qingyi stepped aside, Duanmu Zhe would belong to her! From then on, Duanmu Zhe would be hers.

She and Chu Jin were friends, and Chu Jin had helped her in the training grounds, so Chu Jin would certainly help her.

Yes, she could definitely help her.

With that thought, Xi He clung tightly to Chu Jin, as if she was her last lifeline.

Without understanding the full situation, Chu Jin couldn't rashly promise Xi He anything.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly and asked, "What's going on? Tell me about it, and I'll see if I can help you."

"No!" Xi He wiped her tears and staggered as she spoke, "I want you to promise me first! You can definitely help me with this, you have to promise me before I can tell you."

Chu Jin was not one to break her promises. Hence, Xi He had to figure out a way to get Chu Jin to agree first.

There was no alcohol in this world that could intoxicate Xi He; all of this was just an act.

In her life, she had never done anything unscrupulous or deceived anyone—except for tonight.

For the sake of Duanmu Zhe, she was willing to forsake even her truest self.

The more Xi He spoke like this, the less Chu Jin could commit—she wasn't omnipotent and couldn't blindly agree to everything!

"Xi He, just tell me what it is. If I can help, I definitely will," Chu Jin said, supporting Xi He towards the resting area.

Mo Zhixuan, who was conversing with someone, saw this scene and quickly brought a maid over.

"Take Miss Xi He to the guest room to rest," Mo Zhixuan ordered the maid with a displeased expression. Chu Jin sure had the nerve! She was pregnant after all! And yet there she was, assisting a drunken woman!

Wasn't she afraid that something would happen to the babies?

Ultimately, she would be the one to suffer!

She really didn't know how to take care of herself.

"Yes," the maid promptly tried to take over Xi He, but Xi He pushed her away vehemently, "Don't touch me! Get away! Jin, you haven't promised me yet! Jin! Just promise..."

#### Chapter 764: The Ordinary Fetus

Before Xi He could finish her sentence, a pain shot through the back of her neck, and everything went dark as she fainted away.

Seeing this, the maid immediately supported Xi He and walked her towards the guest room.

It was only then that Mo Zhixuan grasped Chu Jin's hand, "The first three months are the most crucial, how could you be so careless? If something were to happen, what would I do?"

Chu Jin dismissed it casually, "It's okay, just one person, I can manage."

"I say it's a problem, it's a problem!" Mo Zhixuan said sternly, "You are not allowed to do this in the future! Do you hear me?"

Chu Jin nodded in agreement, "Yes, I heard."

The wedding date for Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi was originally set for the 18th of this month, but after discussions between the two families and consultations with a master, it was considered that the 18th in two months' time would be more auspicious, so the engagement banquet was postponed by two months.

For Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe, this didn't have much impact. After tonight, they would return to their military units and would only be able to come back after two months.

In the blink of an eye, a month passed, and Chu Jin's belly had slowly started to grow, and at night, she could even feel the baby moving— a happiness exclusive to a mother.

She was already eager to meet the children in her belly.

Although Chu Jin's belly had grown, her limbs remained slender, and her face didn't show any signs of swelling; her complexion was even better than before she was pregnant.

From the back, one couldn't tell at all that she was nearly four months pregnant.

Today was the day for the antenatal checkup at the hospital.

The couple went to the hospital to queue and make an appointment, just like any ordinary couple would.

When receiving the report, the doctor's expression was grave, "Sir Ninth, Lady Ninth, I won't conceal it from you two, today's checkup results are not ideal, and it might be... bad news for you."

At these words, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's hearts both clenched. The joy of becoming parents for the first time was instantly washed away by the doctor's words, their hearts plummeting to the bottom.

Chu Jin was still relatively calm, and she looked at the doctor, slowly asking, "Doctor Li, what exactly is the situation? Please speak frankly."

Mo Zhixuan was already pale with fright. Whenever it involved Chu Jin, he couldn't remain calm. He stared intently at the doctor, "Doctor, tell me, will Jin be in danger? What should we do now? Should we be hospitalized?"

If there was something wrong with the children, it didn't matter; they were still young, and if Chu Jin liked children, they could have more in the future.

What mattered was the person.

He truly couldn't afford to lose her again.

"Sir Ninth, please stay calm," Doctor Li continued, "Lady Ninth is fine, there won't be any danger, rest assured."

Hearing this, Mo Zhixuan finally relaxed, "That's good, that's good." As long as she was okay, that was all that mattered.

"The problem lies with the fetuses," said Doctor Li, looking at the results and shaking his head with a face full of worry.

"What exactly is wrong with the fetuses?" Seeing the doctor like this, Chu Jin was full of anxiety. She could already feel the movements of the babies, and to tell her now that there was a problem with them was difficult for Chu Jin to accept.

Mo Zhixuan also regained his composure, asking with some confusion, "All the previous checks said the babies were developing well, how can there be a problem now? Have you made a mistake?"

The seed of Mo Zhixuan, how could there be an issue? These doctors, always causing unnecessary alarm!

Doctor Li sighed and then said, "Sir Ninth, Lady Ninth, I won't beat around the bush. This time Lady Ninth is carrying fraternal twins, and indeed, the development of both fetuses is quite good, their limbs are all very robust, and there are no issues with their intelligence."

At this news, both Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan breathed a sigh of relief. All was well! Chu Jin subconsciously touched her swelling belly, her face filled with relief and joy.

The doctor paused, then continued.

"However, through our examination, we found that the girl has a rather special constitution. In fact, two months ago, she should have turned into a blood clot, the twins becoming a single fetus, but for some unknown reason, she has survived until now..."

Two months ago?

Chu Jin slightly furrowed her brow; that was exactly when she had gone to Poland Mountain.

That is to say, some event on Poland Mountain had allowed this child to survive by chance.

Somewhat inexplicably, Chu Jin suddenly thought of that big tiger.

Hearing the doctor's words, Mo Zhixuan frowned, following up with, "Get to the point." Doctor Li had said so much, but the main issue still wasn't clear, and Mo Zhixuan was becoming impatient.

If the children were fully developed and there were no issues with their intelligence, then what was the bad news supposed to be?

Indeed, doctors just loved to exaggerate.

Doctor Li's body couldn't help but tremble a bit, and then he said, "Sir Ninth, you and Lady Ninth must prepare yourselves mentally." Fearing Mo Zhixuan's reaction, the doctor was extremely nervous, worried that Mo Zhixuan's unhappiness might be taken out on him.

Mo Zhixuan gave him a cold glance, "Speak."

Doctor Li's expression was extremely serious as he continued, "Sir Ninth, it's like this: because the girl should have turned into a blood clot before, even though she survived, her constitution is different from others. She does not have a mutant bone, which means she is a normal person... she will never be able to cultivate special abilities or Spiritual Power in her life."

In the Superpower World, without a special ability bone, it's practically no different from being disabled.

What's crucial is that her parents are among the most noble in all three realms.

The most noble people in the three realms having a normal person as a child is a disgrace.

That's why Doctor Li was so anxious.

This was a major event in the three realms, for Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin.

One was a young city overlord, the other a reincarnated empress.

People like them would never tolerate the slightest imperfection under their watchful eyes.

They probably wouldn't be able to accept their own child as someone who can't cultivate special abilities.

Upon hearing this, both Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's expressions turned solemn.

Ordinary people in the Superpower World might be of no concern, but this is Superpower World, where almost everyone possesses a special ability.

If there were only one person who lacked a special ability and couldn't cultivate it, they would become the most unique one in the crowd, which would surely lead to a sense of inferiority for the child in the future.

Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin were also aware of this.

Seeing their concern, the doctor continued, "Sir Ninth, Lady Ninth, but please rest assured, the other twin has excellent potential, inheriting your exceptional genes. They are a one in a million special ability body, and will surely exceed their peers in the future!"



Doctor Li wasn't just offering empty flattery; it was indeed the case.

"Could there have been a mistake in the examination?" Chu Jin asked with a slight frown.

"If you're not at ease, Lady Ninth, I can have Doctor Wang examine you again. Don't worry, this won't affect the fetuses," Doctor Li stood up.

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded slightly, "then I'll trouble you."

Doctor Wang, responsible for the prenatal examination, was a middle-aged woman with deep expertise and considerable authority.

Thirty minutes later, Doctor Li received the medical report and still wore a grave expression as he regretfully said, "Lady Ninth, the result remains unchanged."

The hope in Mo Zhixuan's eyes began to fade.

Chu Jin's expression didn't change, "Alright, I understand."

Doctor Li continued, "Lady Ninth, how about we arrange a selective reduction surgery for you? Rest assured, we will arrange the finest surgeon, and the other normal fetus won't be harmed."

In such a case, this was the only solution Doctor Li could think of.

Being born in the Superpower World without the mutant bone, unable to cultivate, such a child—even if born—would be a disappointment when they grew up.

Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, both of noble status and prestigious heritage, certainly wouldn't tolerate such offspring; wouldn't that tarnish their own reputation?

Fortunately, the other twin was extraordinarily talented.

Before Chu Jin could speak, Mo Zhixuan looked up at Doctor Li and asked, "Doctor Li, tell me, apart from having a unique constitution, is everything about my daughter normal? Her limbs are perfectly healthy?"

"Yes, Sir Ninth, everything else is perfectly normal," Doctor Li nodded in confirmation.

"Then we won't go through with the selective reduction surgery," Mo Zhixuan said decisively, embracing Chu Jin's shoulders, "Come on, Jin, let's go home."

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded slightly, "let's go home."

After all, Mo Zhixuan was adamantly against reducing the pregnancy.

As long as the baby was healthy, even if a bit unique, that was still his child, Mo Zhixuan's child.

What about ordinary people? An ordinary person was still his and Jin's flesh and blood! He couldn't bear to abort his own child! Even if it was an ordinary person, his daughter would still be the Little Princess of the three realms! Even if an ordinary person, he could still make sure his daughter would 'dominate' the three realms!

Shortly after, Chu Jin looked up at Doctor Li, "Doctor Li, we will discuss this at home; if we decide surgery is needed, we will let you know."

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan sharply rebuked, "Jin! What are you talking about?"

Chu Jin glanced at him, "Let's go, we'll talk at home." After all, the Superpower World isn't just any place; here, everyone has the mutant bone. If their child was the only one without, they would surely face disdain and gossip from others eventually.

Fear the talk of others.

She didn't want her child to become the most unique one, nor did she want her child to feel different from others from a young age.

She also didn't want her child to bear any resentment towards her when they grew up.

Chu Jin had her own concerns; after all, the children were in her womb. She shared their blood and bones, and this situation caused her more heartache than anyone else, making her yearn even more to keep the child.

She too wished to stubbornly keep this child.

But now that matters had progressed to this point, she could not afford to be wilful; she needed to be calm in her approach.

So, on the return home, she gathered Zhao Yan, Tong Zhi, and several key relatives from the Mo family.

At this juncture, the decision about the fate of the unborn child was no longer merely her own; it required collective deliberation, seeking a solution together.

After Chu Jin explained the situation, Lady Ninth of the Mo family stood up first, "Jin, whether the child is an ordinary person or has a special ability, they are still Mo family blood. I do not agree with the notion of reducing the pregnancy."

Lady Ninth valued lineage above all and was the first to disapprove of Chu Jin undergoing selective reduction surgery.

Mo Zhixuan finally had a child, and a precious set of twins at that—how could they just terminate one.

So what if the child was ordinary? An ordinary child was still a precious life! And she was still her precious granddaughter!

Zhao Yan also stood up to say, "My relative is right, what does it matter if the child is ordinary or has a special ability? We just want the children to be intelligent and healthy! Jin, don't overthink it. Just focus on your pregnancy and giving birth to the child."

Chu Jin remained silent, her gaze filled with a myriad of thoughts.

Mo Zhixuan started softly, "Jin, you heard what mom and the others said, let's keep our daughter, okay? Let's not go through with the selective reduction surgery?"

"Zhixuan," Tong Zhi began slowly, "If you insist on having the child, have you considered the child's feelings when they grow up? People's words can be dreadful, and you both stand at the pinnacle of the three realms. I fear that the child might not be able to withstand such pressure and end up blaming you two. You're still young, it's not too late to have another child."

Tong Zhi made a very logical point.

After all, Chu Jin was only three months pregnant; there was still time.

In the Superpower World, lacking the mutant bone was regarded as an imperfection. Such children, if not detected during prenatal screening and born, would often be secretly drowned by their parents.

Even if such a child grew up, they would develop a sense of inferiority due to their difference from others, potentially leading to mental illness over time, which would really complicate things.

#### Chapter 765: The Child's Whereabouts (Part 2)

"I also agree with Aunt Tong's words," Mo Feixue pondered for a moment before continuing, "Zhixuan, Jin, you must think this through before making a decision. It's easy to decide to have a child, but you cannot put the baby back once it's born. There is no Regret Medicine in this world."

Mo Feixue tended to be calm when considering issues, sharing the same thoughts as Tong Zhi.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin subconsciously touched her abdomen, her eyes full of reluctance.

Just as the old lady of the Mo family and Zhao Yan had said, whether the child was of ordinary people or from the Superpower World, it was ultimately her own flesh and blood, and a very healthy child at that. No matter what, she could not bear to part with it.

As a mother, she would not despise her child no matter what it turned out to be.

But as a mother, she could not help but plan for the child's future, fearing that the child might hate her someday.

The old lady of the Mo family was very sensible, but weren't the words of Tong Zhi and Mo Feixue equally logical?

"Jin, have the baby, no matter what, it's the flesh and blood of you and my brother." Mo Qingyi said with firm determination as she looked up, "Jin, rest assured, as long as I, your aunt, am here, I won't let anyone bully my niece."

Perhaps because she had experienced abandonment, Mo Qingyi treasured every little life all the more.

"Yes, sister-in-law, I always believe that every little life comes into this world with its own mission to fulfill, so I support Qingyi's words," said Duanmu Zhe.

The great lady of the Mo family, like the old lady, was a devout Buddhist. She looked at Chu Jin and said calmly, "The Buddha once said: All phenomena are born from causes, and the laws of causation are essentially empty. Everything in the world relies on fate; this child is born into the Mo family because it is fated to do so, and it shares a bond with you. Since there's fate and kinship, why would you sever the mother-daughter bond, the father-daughter bond, the family lineage?"

It was at this moment that Chu Jin felt a gentle kick from the child inside her belly.

Immediately after, the scenes from her encounter with the small animals on Poland Mountain two months earlier echoed in her mind again.

The big tiger looked vibrant and had shiny fur just a second before, but after rubbing against her belly, its fur turned dull and lost its luster.

This brought to mind what Doctor Li had said.

He mentioned that this child should have turned into blood two months prior but miraculously survived against all odds.

It must have been the tiger who sacrificed its inner core to save the life of the child in her womb.

Realizing this, Chu Jin felt a twitch in her brow and stood up immediately.

"Jin, what's wrong?" Mo Zhixuan looked at Chu Jin, puzzled.

Chu Jin looked at everyone and then said, "You're all right. No matter what, this child is the flesh and blood of both me and Mo Zhixuan. We can never abandon her, so I've decided to have her."

Once in life, one must act on impulse.

Moreover, this was a life saved by the sacrifice of the tiger's inner core.

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's right," the old lady of the Mo family said, standing up with satisfaction, "Jin, don't overthink this from now on. Remember to take good care of yourself during the pregnancy."

"Okay, Mom." Chu Jin nodded slightly.

Worry flashed through Tong Zhi's eyes as she looked at Chu Jin and asked, "Jin, are you really sure?"

"Yes." Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Aunt Tong, I've made up my mind. No matter what the future holds, whether it's windy or rainy, Mo Zhixuan and I will accompany the child on her journey. Just like what Duanmu just said, every little life comes into this world with a mission to fulfill."

"Yes," Mo Zhixuan reached out and held Chu Jin's hand, "We'll accompany our child on this journey together."

Mo Feixue sighed, "Jin, are you really not going to regret this? What if the child resents you in the future?"

It might be better to settle the matter early rather than face resentment later on, saving a lot of trouble.

Mo Feixue felt that Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin's decision maybe a bit selfish?

After all, it was a matter involving the child's entire life.

"No," Chu Jin replied to Mo Feixue with a slight smile, "I believe the child will definitely understand later on. Just now, while we were discussing whether to keep her, she kicked me."

In this situation, Chu Jin would keep the child no matter what.

Ordinary people!

What's wrong with being ordinary?

Ordinary people, with diligent study and hard practice, need not be inferior to those with special abilities who are extraordinary from birth!

Mo Feixue was still very worried.

Besides, since Chu Jin was carrying fraternal twins, how could she know for sure that the child kicking her was the one with ordinary talents?

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were still too impulsive.

Mo Zhixuan laughed, gently patted Mo Feixue's shoulder, "Sister, don't worry about it. It's all right. Look, wasn't Jin just an ordinary person before? And for the past twenty years, she has lived in the secular world. Do you think she is inferior to anyone in the three realms? Believe me, the daughter of Jin and me, even if she's just an ordinary person, will not be too far off."

"Jin is different," Tong Zhi joined in, "Zhixuan, Jin is a reincarnation of the empress, born of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, she is inherently different from others. I think you both should consider this matter more carefully, and not make a hasty decision."

Children are inherently less resilient, and if she knows she's different from others from birth, she will surely resent Chu Jin later on, questioning why she gave birth to such a self.

Not only might the child be under pressure, but even Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin themselves could face criticism.

When such circumstances could clearly be avoided, yet they insist on doing the opposite by bringing the child into the world, this too, is a form of irresponsibility towards the child.

"Aunt Tong, who can tell the future? We shouldn't be too rash in anything." Mo Zhixuan's gaze was very firm, "No matter what, Jin and I have decided, we must have this child."

"Right." Chu Jin nodded lightly, her left hand resting on her belly, a faint smile playing on her lips.

Life is never smooth sailing; a bit of hardship might even be a good thing for the child.

"The road will straighten out at the bridgehead, Aunt Tong, you don't need to worry," the Mo family's matriarch spoke slowly.



"Alright then." Tong Zhi continued, "Since that's the case, I will support you. But let me say this in advance: once my grandniece is born, you, as parents, had better not be biased."

Chu Jin had two children in her womb, one ordinary and the other a dragon among men, with a special gift. It's unavoidable for parents to treat them differently.

Thus, Tong Zhi was somewhat worried.

Mo Zhixuan assured solemnly, "Aunt Tong, rest assured, there won't be such a thing happening."

Mo Zhixuan was a complete daughter's dad, expecting him to treat them without bias?

Hah, that was impossible.

Plus, with the child having a special constitution, Chu Jin could imagine he would surely spoil her to the heavens.

After discussing the matter of the child's future, Tong Zhi followed up, "Jin, did the doctor really tell you that you're carrying twins, a boy and a girl?"

Hearing this question, both the elder Mrs. Mo and Zhao Yan were curious, moving closer to Chu Jin, anticipating her reply.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, her tone light, "Whether it's true or not I don't know, but that's what the doctor said."

"If the doctor said so, then it must be!" Tong Zhi said with a beaming smile, "Zhixuan, Jin, congratulations to you both."

Actually, Tong Zhi had also realized that with the Mo family's vast resources, even if the child Chu Jin bore was an ordinary person, under the Mo family's protection, that child could still live a worry-free, happy, and safe life.

A hundred years ago, ancestors of the people with special abilities were also ordinary people.

It's just that the child's growth experiences will be different from other children, that's all.

However, fortunately, it's a girl.

Girls don't need to fight and kill; being beautiful is enough.

The boat will find its way at the bridge; one can only hope Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's persistence isn't misguided.

Since it was getting late, after discussing this matter, everyone didn't leave immediately but stayed for dinner instead.

After dinner, Zhao Yan approached Chu Jin, hesitated, then began, "Jin, do you remember that Song I told you about last time? Do you still remember him?"

Chu Jin blinked, "Mom, which Song are you referring to?" There were so many things, she really didn't remember which Song Zhao Yan was talking about.

"The same Song who helped me that time when I fell, the one who found someone to clean my wound and personally escorted me home, that Song," Zhao Yan continued.

"Oh." Chu Jin's faint smile brightened with understanding, "I remember now, Mom. Didn't you say last time you wanted to invite him for a meal? What now?"

Chu Jin knew a little about this matter.

She also knew that Zhao Yan always liked that Song, frequently praising him in her presence.

"That's what I'm here to talk to you about. Are you and Zhixuan busy these days? See if you can find some time, so we can invite Song for a meal," Zhao Yan had been preoccupied with this matter in her heart, feeling that she shouldn't owe Song Shiqin a favor.

"Sure," Chu Jin nodded slightly, her tone serene, "Mom, you decide about it. If Zhixuan really doesn't have time, then I'll accompany you just the same."

Just like Zhao Yan, Chu Jin believed in gratitude and reciprocity; she wasn't someone who liked to be in debt to others.

"Good," hearing this, Zhao Yan immediately replied cheerfully, "Then I'll phone Song right now."

With those words, she reached into her pocket, took out a business card, and dialed the number it listed.

As Chu Jin sat beside Zhao Yan, she could clearly see that the business card was clearly embossed with a name.

Song Chen.

Chu Jin slightly narrowed her eyes, not sure if it was an illusion or not, but she felt that the name was very familiar.

As if it belonged to someone she knew.

On Zhao Yan's end, the phone rang for a long time, but no one answered. After dialing three times, Zhao Yan finally gave up.

Seeing this, Chu Jin said with a light smile, "Mom, don't worry. Maybe Mr. Song is busy with something. How about you contact him again tomorrow? If he agrees to come out for a meal, just let me know, I'm free anytime now."

Because of her pregnancy, Chu Jin was now the most idle person in the Mo family.

Neither the Mo family matriarch nor Mo Zhixuan would let her do anything.

Hearing this, Zhao Yan nodded, "Alright, Jin, it's getting late, I should head back." Zhao Yan then stood up.

"Mom, it's so late already, why don't you stay over for the night? After all, the rooms are ready," Chu Jin spoke up to retain her.

The Mo family matriarch also came over and said, "Little Yan, since there's nothing much at home, why not stay a few more days and keep Jin company?"

"I really can't today," Zhao Yan smiled as she declined, "Xiu will be off from school tomorrow, and he loves the deep-fried cakes I make. I have to go back; otherwise, the child will come back to an empty home."

"What's the issue? I'll have someone pick up Xiu and bring him here," the Mo family matriarch offered.

"No, no," Zhao Yan still refused, "I should go back anyway. Since our houses are close, I'll often come to visit when I'm free."

The imperial palace and the Chu family's house were less than two kilometers apart, so it was indeed very convenient for Zhao Yan to come over.

"Well, alright then," Chu Jin stood up and supported Zhao Yan's arm, "Mom, let me walk you to your car."

Chu Jin escorted Zhao Yan out of the imperial palace.

Before getting into the car, Zhao Yan sighed and then spoke, "Jin, since the child has already been conceived, it means you have a fate with her. You mustn't go behind my back to do something foolish! I'm still counting on this child to continue the Chu family's bloodline."

Zhao Yan was actually somewhat worried that Chu Jin might decide to terminate the pregnancy.

After all, this was happening in the Superpower World.

"I understand, Mom. Don't worry," Chu Jin patted Zhao Yan's hand, indicating that she should be at ease.

"That's good." Zhao Yan nodded, knowing that since Chu Jin had put it in such a way, she wouldn't go and do something foolish; Zhao Yan could truly rest assured.

Watching the black car disappear into the night, Chu Jin then turned around and walked back through the gates.

No sooner had Chu Jin turned around than a figure came up beside her, and at the same time, a suit was draped over her shoulders, "It's cold at night, be careful not to catch a chill," a low and magnetic voice sounded above her head.

"Mm." Chu Jin adjusted the suit jacket on her body.

Mo Zhixuan slightly lowered his gaze, his eyes reflecting only her image, and after a moment, he slowly spoke, "Jin, thank you."

"Thank you for what?" Chu Jin slightly lifted her gaze to look at Mo Zhixuan.

This damned height difference meant she always had to look up at a 45° angle to see Mo Zhixuan.

Standing at one meter seventy-six, she became like a little dwarf in front of him, hoping their future daughter wouldn't take after Mo Zhixuan.

After all, for a girl, a height of around one meter seventy was just about right.

"Thank you for not giving up on our child," Mo Zhixuan continued, his eyes filled with deep inkiness.

As a father, he certainly understood Chu Jin's concerns.

Pity for the heart of parents worldwide.

No one wants their child to be flawed.

"Silly," Chu Jin stood on tiptoe and tousled Mo Zhixuan's hair, "This is our child, no matter what she becomes, she's still our child."

Chu Jin had never really considered terminating the pregnancy from the start.

She had sought everyone out only because she had no other choice; she never expected so many would support her decision to have the child.

Especially the Mo family matriarch.

Chu Jin originally thought the Mo family matriarch might agree to an abortion, but to her surprise, she was the first to oppose it.

And there was also the Mo family madam...

Although Mo Feixue and Tong Zhi both agreed to terminate the pregnancy, they did not hold any grudge against the child, standing from the child's perspective to deal with the issue.

Originally, Chu Jin was hesitant amid what Mo Feixue and Tong Zhi had said, until the child inside her kicked her, and at that moment, she felt the miracle of life.

It also made her think of the sacrifice made by the grand tiger on Poland Mountain.

If it hadn't been for that grand tiger, the child, presumably, would no longer exist.

The tiger preserved the child with its inner core, signifying that the child was meant to live, and she couldn't disregard the tiger's kind intention.

Surviving a great disaster often brings greater fortune; she believed that the child would surely be very happy in the future.

"Speaking of which," Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan and continued, "do you remember what Doctor Li said?"

"I remember," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, of course, he knew which words Chu Jin referred to.

"Actually, what we should be most grateful for is the grand tiger, if it weren't for it, our daughter would have been gone long ago." On reaching this point, Chu Jin paused before continuing, "Mo Zhixuan, had you already noticed the abnormality with the grand tiger?"

That's why Mo Zhixuan had given the grand tiger a precious elixir.

Unfortunately, she had not pondered deeply at that time.

The child's life was certainly important, but so was the grand tiger's.

It sacrificed its own inner core, and although it wasn't in any danger of losing its life, it would no longer be able to cultivate! Had Chu Jin known at the time, she definitely would have stopped the grand tiger.

A tiger that could no longer cultivate would certainly be bullied by other spiritual animals in the mountains.

"Hmm," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly and then said, "I did know it had offered its inner core, but I was not aware that our child was in trouble. When it comes down to it, the tiger is very loyal and righteous; you saved its life, and it repaid us by saving our daughter's life, you're even now."

Chu Jin looked up at the sky, with the twinkling stars reflecting in her clear eyes, and spoke slowly, "After our child is born, shall we take them to visit the grand tiger together?"

"Yes." The stars were reflected in her eyes, but in his eyes, it was her reflection.

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On her way back, Zhao Yan had just reached halfway when the car suddenly broke down. The driver got out to fix it, but after a long time, it still wasn't repaired, and Zhao Yan was growing impatient, so she had no choice but to step out.

Seeing Zhao Yan come out, the driver quickly explained, "Madam, it seems to be an issue with the wiring, and I can't fix it. I'm calling a towing company now, please wait a moment."

"That's fine, no hurry, if it comes to it, I'll just walk back." The Chu Family was only about one kilometer away, a 15-minute walk, but Zhao Yan was wearing high heels today, making it inconvenient to walk.

At that precise moment, a car suddenly came to a stop beside the road with a 'swish.'

Zhao Yan had not yet reacted when a young man got out of the car and greeted her with a smile, "Auntie, it really is you. I thought I was mistaken."

The person was none other than Song Shiqin.



"Oh, it's Xiao Song," Zhao Yan greeted Song Shiqin with joy, then continued, "Xiao Song, what are you doing here so late at night?"

"Oh, I just got off work and happened to pass by here," Song Shiqin replied politely, "Auntie, what happened to your car? Did it break down?"

Right at that moment, the driver called out to Zhao Yan, "Madam, I can't get through to the towing company."

"Try calling a few more times, and if that doesn't work, I'll walk back," Zhao Yan replied.

"Yes, Madam." The driver went back to making calls.

"Just so happens I have a little understanding of cars, let me take a look," Song Shiqin picked up a slant-nose plier from the ground and expertly opened the car hood, holding a cellphone for light in one hand while checking various parts at the front of the car with the other.

"Could you hold the phone for me to light it up, Auntie," Song Shiqin handed the phone to Zhao Yan.

"Of course," Zhao Yan took the phone and then said, "Xiao Song, you are really going through a lot of trouble."

Zhao Yan liked Song Shiqin more and more the more she observed him. If she had known Song Shiqin earlier, perhaps she might have introduced Chu Jin to Song Shiqin.

He was enthusiastic, kind-hearted, well-spoken, and talented; he was the perfect son-in-law material.

"Auntie, I'm not sure if I can fix it. I'm just trying," Song Shiqin humbly said.

"Don't worry," Zhao Yan smiled and said, "it's okay if you can't fix it. No one is perfect. Xiao Song, you don't need to feel any pressure."

"Hmm," Song Shiqin nodded slightly.

Ten minutes later, Song Shiqin closed the car hood; the driver still hadn't contacted the towing company. Song Shiqin then said to the driver, "You get inside and try if the car will start now."

"Okay." The driver hurriedly got into the car, inserted the key, and turned the ignition.

#### Chapter 766: Weibo show off love

It wasn't long before the air was filled with the sound of an engine firing up, and the driver excitedly stuck his head out the window, exclaiming, "Madam, it's fixed, our car has been repaired by this gentleman."

Hearing this, Song Shiqin breathed a sigh of relief, "As long as it's fixed, Auntie, I'll be heading back now." Saying this, he turned to walk back to his car.

"Wait a moment, Song," Zhao Yan called out to Song Shiqin's retreating figure with a smile.

"Auntie, is there something else?" Song Shiqin turned around, looking at Zhao Yan with a puzzled expression.

Zhao Yan continued, "Song, thank you so much for today, and for last time too. I've told my daughter and son-in-law, and they are very grateful to you. So, we'd like to invite you to join us for a meal. When are you free?"

Song Shiqin thought for a moment, then said, "Auntie, you don't have to be so polite, you don't need to worry about such a small matter. Honestly, you look very much like my mother, and seeing you is like seeing my own mother. It's just... unfortunately..."

At this point, Song Shiqin's tone shifted as he continued, "Auntie, if you really want to thank me, then some time you could make me a home-cooked meal. I live nearby, and you can call me when you're free."

"Sure," Zhao Yan nodded with a beaming smile, "I'm best at home cooking! And the vegetables grown in my garden are all natural and pollution-free. Why wait for another day? How about you come over to my place tomorrow?"

Song Shiqin thought for a moment and then said, "Auntie, I won't lie to you, I do have a bad habit of not enjoying crowds or visiting other people's homes. If you really are willing to cook a home-cooked meal for me, then come over to my place some time?"

If he went to the Chu Family as a guest, Zhao Yan would definitely invite Chu Jin as well.

If Chu Jin discovered him, then his plan would be unable to proceed, which was why Song Shiqin said he didn't like places with many people, hinting to Zhao Yan that if she were to come and cook, she should come alone without bringing anyone else.

Zhao Yan was very astute; she almost instantly understood the meaning behind Song Shiqin's words.

In her heart, she felt even more sympathy for Song Shiqin. A child lacking maternal love was indeed different from one raised in a normal family.

Though Song Shiqin appeared very outstanding on the surface, deep down, he was actually very insecure, or else he wouldn't fear places with lots of people.

Zhao Yan could never have imagined that Song Shiqin was purposefully getting close to her with an agenda in mind.

"Oh, is that so..." Zhao Yan nodded thoughtfully, "Then tomorrow might not work, because my nephew is coming home for his break."

"That's no problem, Auntie," Song Shiqin said very politely, "Just call me whenever you're free, and I'll get the ingredients ready in advance."

"That can be arranged," Zhao Yan nodded.

"Then I'll take this opportunity to thank you in advance, Auntie," Song Shiqin bowed slightly.

Zhao Yan, with a smile, said, "What are you thanking me for, child? It's just a simple home-cooked meal."

"Then Auntie, I'll be leaving now. Please take care on the road," Song Shiqin said.

"Alright, goodbye." Zhao Yan waved at Song Shiqin and then also got into her car.

The two cars went in opposite directions, disappearing into the night. In less than three minutes, Zhao Yan arrived at home.

Over here, Song Shiqin parked his car in front of a villa, turned off the engine, but didn't get out. Instead, he took out a tablet from the storage compartment and, upon unlocking it, automatically logged onto a literary website.

This was an original literature website.

It was part of the secular world.

Once on the search page of the literary site, Song Shiqin quickly typed in three characters.

"The Return of the Past."

"The Return of the Past" was Chu Jin's pen name. She had only written one book, but it had a fanbase of ninety million.

Currently, on the original literature website, it was a traffic magnet. Many people came specifically for her.

Moreover, beneath the book reviews, many individuals from the other three realms were lurking.

Song Shiqin had read "Blooms like Brocade" countless times, almost able to recite it by heart. He read it every night as a reminder to himself that he must bring Chu Jin back to his side.

However, today when he accessed the website, Song Shiqin discovered that "The Return of the Past" had a new serialized work with the title "The Ending Is the Real Beginning."

The new book had not been available for more than 24 hours yet had already amassed over ten thousand favorites, with comments soaring over 100,000.

The entire front page of the original literature website displayed messages about the return of "The Return of the Past."

On Weibo, "The Ending Is the Real Beginning" had become a trending topic.

In the first Chapter of her new book, Chu Jin plainly explained that "The Ending Is the Real Beginning" would be her final work.

Both on Weibo and in the comments section, people expressed their reluctance to say goodbye to "The Return of the Past."

Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed slightly, a faint smile curving his lips, "The Ending Is the Real Beginning" — he liked the name.

Perhaps, he and Chu Jin were on the same wavelength; maybe this was the hint Chu Jin was giving him.

Because only after Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan broke up, could he and Chu Jin really begin.

Song Shiqin gestured lightly on the screen, transforming the literary website page into a photo of a young girl.

In the photo, the girl was holding a cold drink, her smile blooming like flowers.

"Feng'er," Song Shiqin said softly, gazing at the girl in the picture. He slowly closed his eyes and then his lips covered the girl's red lips in the photo, tracing them carefully.

Inch by inch.

Inch by inch, yearning.

Love has turned to obsession.

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The Mo family.

In the bedroom, Chu Jin sat in front of the computer, updating the Chapters of her new book. Because of Mo Zhixuan, she was now able to access websites in the secular world.

Due to her pregnancy, both Mo Zhixuan and the elder Mrs. Mo wouldn't let her do anything, so she thought of publishing a new article, incorporating the realizations she had come to these days, as a way to offer closure to her readers.

The Ending Is the Real Beginning.

It was her summary of these past three years.

While Chu Jin was typing on the computer, Mo Zhixuan was leaning back on the bed, browsing Weibo.

The computer had been specially treated, so they weren't worried about any radiation.

Mo Zhixuan hadn't browsed Weibo in quite a long time and found reading the comments of the netizens quite interesting now.

"Jin, why don't we announce the news of your pregnancy?" Mo Zhixuan looked up at Chu Jin, "It seems the netizens are very concerned about you."

In truth, Mo Zhixuan wanted to show off a bit himself.

I have a child, a wife; my heart won't feel at ease if I don't show them off a bit.

The most crucial thing was that he knew, that shameless Song Shiqin was also on Weibo, and he had sneakily followed Chu Jin—even though Chu Jin had over a hundred million followers, Mo Zhixuan still recognized Song Shiqin's sockpuppet account among the vast crowd.

"Do whatever you want; you know my Weibo password," Chu Jin replied as she tapped away at the keyboard.

Hearing her words, Mo Zhixuan instantly switched Weibo accounts, "Okay, then I'm logging into your Weibo."

Even though Mo Zhixuan knew Chu Jin's Weibo password, he wouldn't log in without her permission.

They were a married couple, but at the very least, respect for each other was necessary.

After switching accounts, Mo Zhixuan walked over to Chu Jin with his phone and took two pictures.

Of course, the content of the pictures focused on showing off their affection.

The first photo was of Chu Jin sitting in front of the computer typing, and since it was a profile shot, the bulging belly was clearly visible. She wore a pink dress that made her complexion as white as snow, her lips as though coated with rouge. Although only her profile could be seen, her beauty was so heart-stoppingly breathtaking.

The second photo captured Mo Zhixuan leaning down to kiss her, kissing her on the cheek, while Chu Jin's eyes remained fixed on the computer.

After taking the pictures, Mo Zhixuan lay on the bed to edit the text.

Soon after, a Weibo post brimming with happiness was sent out.

"The Return of the Past" V: "It's all the computer's fault, this little enchantress, for stealing away your goddess! Are you frustrated? And then... welcome the new family member. Grateful for your appearance in my life. [image.jpg] [image.jpg]"

After doing all that, Mo Zhixuan quickly switched back to his own Weibo.

He commented beneath Chu Jin's Weibo post.

"At First Sight" V: "No mistake, this Weibo is posted by me! Your goddess has eloped with the computer."

The moment this comment went out, the netizens upvoted it to the top.

[Ah oh, capturing a live Boss Mo.]

[Boss Mo, you're so sly; does my goddess know?]

[Wow! This Weibo post is hugely revealing! Give me a moment to take it in.]

[Goddess and Boss Mo are a perfect match, aren't they?]

[Does the phrase 'grateful for your appearance in my life' mean that my goddess is having twins?]



[Ah ah ah! I'm so thrilled, the goddess is finally pregnant! I feel even more excited than if I were pregnant myself.]

[Poor Boss Mo, my goddess doesn't want you anymore! Hahaha! Here, I laugh like a pig.]

[Sister "The Return of the Past," you finally posted on Weibo!]

[Sister "The Return of the Past," the new book is so good, I cried just reading the first Chapter!]

[Plus one to the comment above.]

[I am dazzled by a world of stunning beauty! V587!]

[Everyone! Hurry and check out the trending searches, I bet a million that the goddess is definitely trending again!]

[I bet ten million!]

[Boss Mo, you're too much! How could you not turn on the beauty filter for our goddess! But what's even worse is that our goddess doesn't need a beauty filter to be this beautiful... I'm crying.]

[Photo beautification apps like Meitu are just decorations in front of my goddess, all right?]

[Honestly, apart from Boss Mo, I don't think anybody else is worthy of our goddess.]

[My goddess is a mega-star delayed by the written word.]

[Suddenly, I'm really looking forward to Goddess stepping into show business.]

[The image of Empress Mingde suits our goddess so well.]

[To the one above, you're not alone.]

[Twins! Twins! Twins! Little Bao Bao! Little Bao Bao! Little Bao Bao! Babies that look like our goddess!]

Mo Zhixuan read through the netizens' comments one by one, his expression revealing a fatherly, tender smile. Occasionally, he'd get interested and reply to a comment or two.

Boss Mo online was completely different from Boss Mo in real life.

Online he showed a witty and humorous side, unlike the iceberg he was in reality.

After finishing a Chapter of her new story and returning to the bed, Chu Jin found Mo Zhixuan still grinning foolishly and asked somewhat speechlessly, "What are you laughing at?"

Mo Zhixuan immediately handed her the phone, as if presenting a treasure, "Look, these are pictures of our babies edited by netizens based on our photos. Do they look like us? Are they cute?"

You have to admit that the netizens from China are a powerful force.

The two children in the pictures were very cute.

Chubby, with eyes and brows that hinted at the features of both Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

It could melt anyone's heart at a glance.

"Cute," Chu Jin said with smiling eyes.

Love and adoration reflected in Mo Zhixuan's phoenix eyes, he reached out to touch Chu Jin's belly, "Say hello to daddy, babies."

No sooner had he finished his sentence than everything inside was quiet; there was no response.

A look of disappointment flashed in Mo Zhixuan's eyes...

What a failure! The kids actually ignored him.

Chu Jin laughed and consoled him, "It's quite late, maybe the children have already fallen asleep." As soon as her words ended, she felt a mischievous little foot gently kicking her belly.

Mo Zhixuan was instantly filled with surprise and delight, "Jin, the baby's saying hello to me! Did you feel it?"

"Mhm." Chu Jin nodded lightly, with a faint smile on her lips and a soft look in her dimples.

"It must be my precious daughter saying hello to me," Mo Zhixuan continued.

Chu Jin smiled lightly, "How do you know it's the daughter for sure? Maybe it's a son."

Chapter 767: Xi He Came to Visit

"It's definitely a daughter," Mo Zhixuan said with absolute certainty.

Chu Jin just smiled and said nothing.

Leaning in, Mo Zhixuan pressed his ear firmly against Chu Jin's belly, his thin lips parting slightly, "Baby daughter, come on, say hello to Daddy."

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows helplessly, "You talk as if it's real." A fetus of just over three months, how could it be so perceptive?

Yet, as soon as her words fell, the baby inside gently kicked Chu Jin's belly.

As if it really understood what Chu Jin was saying.

Chu Jin: "..."

Mo Zhixuan, with a face full of excitement, said, "See, see, my baby daughter is so good." As he finished speaking, Mo Zhixuan gently kissed Chu Jin's belly, "My baby daughter is so clever! Daddy loves you."

Chu Jin patted Mo Zhixuan's head with a backhand, "Coincidence, maybe just a coincidence."

"Have you ever seen such a coincidence? Bao Bao, say hello to Mommy. Let's show her with our actions that this is not a coincidence," Mo Zhixuan gently patted Chu Jin's belly.

Soon, the baby in the belly started interacting with Mo Zhixuan.

Chu Jin was also very surprised, she didn't expect such a small fetus to know how to communicate with adults, the two enjoyed playing with the child so much that they didn't go to sleep until midnight.

The child was indeed very smart, the only regret was that she had a special constitution...

The next day, Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin to a maternity store.

She was further along now and needed to buy a few sets of maternity clothes.

It was the same maternity store as before. Seeing Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan arrive, the salesperson's face blossomed into a wide smile, she grabbed a dress and said, "Madam, your complexion is wonderful, this sky-blue dress suits you well, would you like to try it on?"

Sky-blue clothing really does pick its wearer, anyone with a slightly darker complexion wouldn't be able to pull it off.

Moreover, the hem of the dress was adorned with tiny diamonds.

The diamonds at the hem were not only decorative, making it look pretty.

But also to prevent exposure, in case the wind blew the skirt up.

Money is a good thing, regardless of time and place.

Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly, "Isn't this dress a little too short?"

"It does seem a bit short," the salesperson, seeing their preference, said with a smile, "Your wife has a good figure and long legs, so it feels short. It wouldn't be long on anyone else. What about this one?" Picking up a second dress, a light cream-colored one, she offered, "How about this? It's made from a special material that is radiation-proof."

Most maternity wear consists of dresses, and the climate in the Superpower World is good, not entering winter until November, so wearing dresses in September and October isn't a problem.

"This one is not bad," Mo Zhixuan nodded, it was a long dress that reached the ankles, and of course he was satisfied, "Wrap this up."

"Sure thing, sir."

Looking around, Mo Zhixuan said in a tone befitting a domineering CEO, "These, all of these, wrap them all up for us."

Chu Jin hurriedly stopped him, "Do you want to open a maternity store at home? Buying so many!" And then she turned to the salesperson, "Don't listen to him, just wrap up these two sets."

Maternity clothes can only be worn for a few months, buying too much would be wasteful.

"Of course, madam," the salesperson cheerfully packaged the two sets, and though they didn't buy everything, those two sets were already quite expensive.

"Is two sets too few? Should we get a pair of shoes too? And some maternity-specific skincare products?" Mo Zhixuan carried the bags for Chu Jin, following behind and continued to ask.

In modern society, there are very few men who are willing to carry bags for women, especially men of wealth and power.

Such men often possess strong male chauvinism, believing that bearing children is a woman's responsibility.

But Mo Zhixuan was different, he always put Chu Jin first, no matter the situation.

There were other couples in the store shopping for maternity wear. A young woman, after observing Mo Zhixuan and then her own husband, complained with a gloomy face, "Look how considerate he is with his wife. Now look at you. I've been pregnant for six months and what have you done for me?"

The man, clearly disgruntled, replied, "When my mom was pregnant with me, she was still working in the factory right up until the month she gave birth! You're only six months and already you're not working, aren't you satisfied? What else can you women do besides bearing children?"

"What's wrong with women?" The young woman got angry too, throwing the clothes in her hand into the shopping basket, "The Ninth Lady was a woman too! If it weren't for her commanding presence over all, could the Nine States have been unified a thousand years ago? Could the current three realms be united? What gives you the right to look down on women?"

"Madam of the Ninth State is a reincarnation of an empress. Can you compare to her?" the man sneered at the woman, continuing, "If you could unify the three realms, I'd offer you incense every day! Are you up for it? With you like this, you still want to compete with Madam of the Ninth State? How many empresses have there been throughout history? Which of the rulers through the ages wasn't a

man? Aren't you just pregnant? Which woman doesn't give birth? And now you think you're the empress herself?"

No matter where, there is always some degree of son preference and daughter negligence.

This Superpower World is no exception.

Actually, the man's words made some sense. With a long history in China, there was only Empress Junhuang.

Such thinking was deeply ingrained.

The young woman nearly died of anger at her husband's words and, throwing down her shopping basket, she turned and left.

Before marriage, he was not like this.

Ever since her boyfriend became her husband, his attitude had changed.

The difference between before and after marriage was indeed huge.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan had already finished checking out at the front desk when the young woman, angered, left, accidentally knocking over a hydroponic plant that was placed as a decoration against the wall.

With a "clang," the glass vase shattered into pieces, water spread all over the floor, and the young woman did not stop to look, stepping into the puddle and striding away quickly.

The man stomped his feet in rage, cursing, "You ruinous woman!"

Just then, the young woman slipped and fell forward. Being six months pregnant, her belly was already quite noticeable. If she fell, she would land right on her belly.

"Fang Ru!" The man's face turned pale with urgency.

Startled, the young woman had no way to save herself. With her hands protectively over her belly, she fell straight forward, towards the wet floor and the broken glass.

Seeing this, Chu Jin didn't have time to think and immediately dashed over, quickly grabbing the young woman's wrist and gently pulling her back, "Careful."

A pregnant woman herself now rescuing another expectant mother!

Though it's good to help others, this was too risky.

Mo Zhixuan, returning from the restroom, paled when he saw the scene! Chu Jin was being reckless; did she not realize she was pregnant? No matter how powerful one was, during pregnancy, Spiritual Power and special ability would gradually weaken until they vanished entirely.

She was now over three months pregnant, at her most vulnerable, and had not an ounce of special ability left in her body, no different from any ordinary person.

Chu Jin quickly pulled the young woman back to safety.

The young woman was out of danger, her face filled with the joy of a narrow escape, thanking Chu Jin profusely. She was close to tears, thinking she had just lost her child in that instant, not knowing what else to say.

The accompanying man looked gratefully towards Chu Jin, continuously bowing, "Thank you, Madam!"

"No need to thank me," Chu Jin replied, her tone indifferent as she glanced slightly upward, "Be nicer to your wife in the future. I believe you came together out of love, not because you needed someone to



bear you a child. No woman should be born to pass on a man's lineage! The patriarchal system has long ceased to exist."

Chu Jin had overheard the couple's argument and disagreed strongly with the man's words!

What did he mean by suggesting women are only good for bearing children?

Such misogyny! In this day and age, to still have such a mindset!

Chu Jin stood before the couple, speaking in an indifferent yet authoritative tone, exuding an air of majesty like an elder chiding a younger relative.

Her presence effectively subdued the couple.

"I understand and it won't happen again," the man said, immediately recognizing his fault and apologizing to the young woman, "I'm sorry, wife. I was wrong, and I won't dare to do it again."

Mo Zhixuan quickly approached, wrapping his arm protectively around Chu Jin's shoulder and addressing the man, "My good sir, when you take a wife, you're meant to cherish her. Since you're born a man, act like one! A man who bullies women can hardly be called a man!"

Although Mo Zhixuan hadn't witnessed the entire event, he could see the essence through the appearance with just one look.

"I've learned my lesson, and it really won't happen again," the man nodded repeatedly, not knowing why he felt an uncontrollable sense of panic that prevented him from uttering a single word of dissent, his forehead beading with sweat.

"Go on, then," Mo Zhixuan motioned slightly with his chin.

Feeling like he had been pardoned, the man thanked Chu Jin and led his wife away.

After the man left, Mo Zhixuan turned to Chu Jin, an austere expression on his face, "Do you have any idea how dangerous that was?"

"Do I not look fine to you?" Chu Jin pinched Mo Zhixuan's hand. "I'm not made of paper; what could have happened? Besides, I couldn't just stand by and do nothing, right? That woman was pregnant!"

"But don't forget, you are pregnant too," Mo Zhixuan frowned deeply, his thin lips slightly parted. "You are no different from ordinary people now. What if something happens to you?"

Saving people is right, but one must also act according to their own abilities.

Chu Jin currently did not have the means to save anyone. Wasn't she joking with her own safety?

Knowing that Mo Zhixuan was considering her well-being, Chu Jin shook his arm. "Let's go, let's go. I'm already hungry. Let's go eat. How about fried chicken? I haven't had fried chicken in such a long time."

"Don't change the subject." Mo Zhixuan looked down at her with a low voice. "Promise me you won't do this again."

"Mhm, there won't be a next time," Chu Jin nodded seriously.

Mo Zhixuan still had a stern face and remained silent.

"Let's go, let's go." Chu Jin continued to pull on Mo Zhixuan's hand and reached to tickle him under his arm.

Finally, Mo Zhixuan's expression relaxed and he laughed out loud, grabbing Chu Jin's hand. "Stop it." His only weakness was that he was ticklish. Probably no one would believe that such a strong man was ticklish, except for Chu Jin.

They say men who are ticklish are afraid of their wives, but Chu Jin didn't feel that Mo Zhixuan was afraid of her. Whenever she was petulant, it was always her coaxing him!

"I've heard that pregnant women shouldn't eat too much fried food," Mo Zhixuan mentioned as he walked her out.

"Just a little bit should be fine," Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly.

Mo Zhixuan, still a bit worried, said, "Then we've agreed, you can only have a little bit." This was because a similar incident had happened before. One time, Chu Jin suddenly craved something spicy, so Mo Zhixuan bought her spicy strips.

Miss Chu promised she would only eat one pack, but while Mo Zhixuan took a shower, she finished the entire bag! Not only that, but she was also caught red-handed by Zhao Yan, who came upstairs delivering soup!

Zhao Yan lectured Mo Zhixuan for a full ten minutes and educated him on the harms of eating spicy strips. Since then, Mo Zhixuan has never dared to casually take Chu Jin out for snacks.

Truthfully, pregnant women are the most hardworking people in the world, always carrying a heavy burden and having dietary restrictions, unable to eat this and touch that.

After all the hardships, when the time comes to give birth, they even have to take a trip around the Gates of Hell.

Because Mo Zhixuan knew how hard it was for pregnant women, he could not bear to refuse her occasional whims.

The fried chicken restaurant.

Mo Zhixuan ordered an entire fried chicken and two cups of cola.

This time, Chu Jin didn't act willful. She ate a chicken drumstick and stopped, not indulging further. Aside from her belly getting larger, she was no different from a normal person now, and no longer suffered from the early pregnancy nausea.

After finishing the fried chicken, as they left, the couple ran into Xi He coming their way.

"Ninth Brother, Jin." Xi He approached with a greeting.

"What a coincidence," Chu Jin smiled lightly.

Xi He spoke with a gentle tone, "Jin, actually, I came here specifically to see you and Ninth Brother." As he spoke, he continued, "There's something I need to ask Ninth Brother for help with."

"What's the matter?" Mo Zhixuan raised his brows, his gaze scrutinizing. Aside from Chu Jin, he couldn't tolerate standing too close to any other woman, as it made him extremely uncomfortable.

"Let's find a place to sit down and talk." Chu Jin said with a light smile, "There's a coffee shop up ahead, let's go there."

"Okay," Xi He nodded.

In truth, Xi He also harbored some fear of Mo Zhixuan.

After all, this was a man whose reputation spread far and wide, who had once slaughtered an entire city. His unique aura was always present, making it difficult for others not to feel intimidated.

The coffee shop.

Xi He sat opposite Chu Jin, her hands tightly clasped together. She was so tense that her knuckles had gone white. She didn't know how to begin discussing the matter.

But now, the only person who could help her was Chu Jin.

Xi He hoped that Mo Qingyi hadn't spoken out of turn in front of Chu Jin, or else her last hope would be shattered.

So, at this moment, Xi He was extremely nervous. There were some things she didn't know how to express and didn't know where to begin.

Because she knew that in this matter, she was not in the right.

But she couldn't help it; she just couldn't control herself.

Everyone has the right to love and be loved.

Feeling Xi He's tension, Chu Jin gently patted her hand and said in a light tone, "Xi He, we are all friends here, just speak your mind."

Xi He made a good impression on Chu Jin, who was still unaware of the situation between Xi He, Mo Qingyi, and Duanmu Zhe.

Upon hearing this, Xi He's nervous heart slowly relaxed. She thought carefully about her choice of words and then slowly said, "It's not a big deal, really... I want to join the military, could you possibly ask Brother Nine to make an exception for me?"

"Join the military?" Mo Zhixuan raised his eyelids slightly. "Asking me won't help, there is an assessment happening right now, and you could try to enter on your own merit."

Mo Zhixuan wasn't one to show favoritism. Even if Xi He and Chu Jin had a good relationship, he couldn't bend the rules for something like this.

The military was responsible for maintaining peace in all three realms; it wasn't a place just anyone could enter!

"Jin," Xi He looked up at Chu Jin with pleading eyes. If there was a chance for an assessment, she wouldn't need to ask Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin for help.

Chu Jin took a sip of milk and asked with some confusion, "Xi He, why would you, a girl, want to join the military? It's a tough place to be."

"Being a soldier is a great profession." A bright light shone in Xi He's eyes. "I've always admired soldiers since I was young. Besides, I don't think the military is that harsh. Jin, please help me out. Who says girls can't join the military? Qingyi is a girl, and she joined the military, didn't she?"

Now that Mo Zhixuan had directly refused her, Xi He could only pin all her hopes on Chu Jin.

"Qingyi was admitted to the military academy on her own." Chu Jin looked at Xi He and spoke bluntly.

The meaning behind Chu Jin's words was very clear, just like what Mo Zhixuan had said: if you want to join the military, you should rely on your strength, rather than trying to take shortcuts.

The military was a sacred place, and Chu Jin was someone who distinguished between public and private matters.

Xi He's face visibly stiffened for a moment; she clearly understood the implication of Chu Jin's words.

"Brother Nine, Jin," Xi He sighed softly, "I really had no other choice but to come to you. A few days ago, my master got injured, and I was busy taking care of her in the mountains. By the time I came down, I had already missed the assessment period. Brother Nine, could you see if this works? Give me another chance at the assessment, and if I truly can't pass, then I'll accept my fate."

Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly, his thin lips parted as he asked, "What position are you applying for?"

"Military doctor," Xi He slowly said two words.

Xi He had always been an excellent person, not only with high spiritual power but her medical skills were very good as well, although she was trained in Western medicine.

A military doctor was indeed a scarce position. If Xi He could indeed pass the assessment, then giving her another chance wasn't out of the question.

"Alright," Mo Zhixuan squinted his eyes, "wait for my call at home tomorrow."

"Okay, thank you, Brother Nine." Xi He immediately stood up with a beaming smile and bowed.

She knew that since Mo Zhixuan had said this, there was an eighty percent chance that things would work out.

People all eat grains and can fall ill, let alone soldiers who often bump and bruise themselves during their daily training, which is why Xi He chose to become a military doctor.

It was also the most effective way for her to get close to Duanmu Zhe.

Since the banquet, both Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi had returned to the military, and it had been over a month since Xi He had last seen Duanmu Zhe.

There is a type of yearning called an obsession.

Thinking of you in every moment, whether I'm standing or sitting.

After saying goodbye to Xi He, Chu Jin returned to the imperial palace with Mo Zhixuan.

Once back at the imperial palace, Mo Zhixuan made a call to Li Xunen, mentioning that the military recruitment assessment would be extended by a day.

Chu Jin walked in with a plate of cherries, "Are you planning to give Xi He a chance?"

Mo Zhixuan picked up a cherry and brought it to Chu Jin's mouth, speaking slowly, "It's not just for her, but for everyone. The military has strict requirements for recruiting doctors, and few people pass the assessment. If Xi He really can pass, then she will have done me a great favor."

This extension wasn't for Xi He alone; it was meant for everyone.

Anyone who had the capability could participate in the assessment.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "That's good."

The next day, bright and early, Xi He arrived at the assessment location. Her medical knowledge was rich, so she quickly passed all the tests, and the chief examiner immediately had someone take her measurements to prepare her military uniform.

Chapter 768: good men are innumerable

On the third day, Xi He received her military uniform and officially enlisted, becoming a military doctor.

However, before becoming a qualified military doctor, she needed to undergo various physical fitness training sessions as well as firearms training. When necessary, military doctors also had to follow the main forces on their movements.

But physical training was nothing to Xi He, after all, she had practiced martial arts since childhood.

Since she specifically applied to join the military district where Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were stationed, on her very first day in the army, Xi He met Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe.

"Good day to both officers," Xi He dressed in her military uniform and gave them a standard military salute.

Upon seeing Xi He, Mo Qingyi felt completely off balance!



Her woman's intuition told her that this Xi He was definitely up to no good.

"What are you doing here?" Mo Qingyi asked Xi He coolly.

Xi He did not hide anything and said softly, "Qingyi, I just enlisted a few days ago. I'm on duty at the military hospital now. I didn't expect to run into you both the first time I came here." It truly is fate, Xi He added to herself.

Mo Qingyi was speechless, wondering what Xi He was thinking. She had blatantly stated her intentions to compete fairly with her for Duanmu Zhe, and now she had the audacity to call her 'Qingqing!'

She really had no idea what was on Xi He's mind!

At any rate, she now felt too disgusted to call her 'Hehe' as if nothing had happened.

"Oh," Mo Qingyi withdrew her gaze from Xi He and continued, "We have things to do, we'll be going now." With that, she took Duanmu Zhe and walked away.

"Wait." Xi He ran up to them and handed a paper-wrapped package to Duanmu Zhe, "Duanmu, I heard from Susu that you love the pastries from that shop on Ancient City Street. Here, I specially waited for two hours in line to buy them for you before coming here."

Mo Qingyi took a deep breath, trying hard to control her temper, feeling utterly repulsed.

Xi He emphasized the two-hour wait because she desperately wanted Duanmu Zhe to see her sincerity, she wanted him to know that she was willing to do anything for him.

Duanmu Zhe smiled politely and declined outright, "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you. I no longer like pastries from that shop." With that, he put his arm around Mo Qingyi's shoulder and walked right past Xi He.

"Could you just try one bite?" Xi He again caught up with Duanmu Zhe's footsteps, blocking the two of them and looking at him with pleading eyes, "I queued for two whole hours..." her voice filled with a hint of grievance.

"Can't you understand human speech or what?" Mo Qingyi furrowed her brows, "Duanmu Zhe has already said he doesn't like it! His words were clear enough, don't you understand? When you're given a bit of face, try to take it, will you?"

Mo Qingyi's patience had run out.

To her, Xi He was way out of line! Standing there facing her and still behaving like this! She had never seen anyone so shameless.

Xi He smiled slightly at Mo Qingyi without getting angry, her voice soft, "Qingyi, I was talking to Duanmu. It's not good for a girl to be too rude." Then, turning to Duanmu Zhe, she said, "Duanmu, won't you just eat a piece, just a piece?"

Mo Qingyi was so angry she felt her lungs might explode!

Duanmu Zhe too had lost his patience, "I won't eat even half a piece. Please go back. I already have a fiancée, don't...humiliate yourself."

Actually, Duanmu Zhe didn't want to be too harsh, but Xi He indeed was behaving inappropriately.

"Duanmu..." Xi He's eyes reddened slightly, her hand holding the paper package trembling, "I..."

Humiliate yourself.

These four words were indeed somewhat harsh for a young girl.

Duanmu Zhe did not look at Xi He again but instead, with his arm around Mo Qingyi's shoulder, turned and walked in another direction.

Xi He quickly raised her hand to wipe away tears, then once more hurried after Duanmu Zhe, blocking him and Mo Qingyi with a dignified and gracious smile, "Duanmu, if you don't like these pastries, it's okay, I can throw them away."

As she spoke, she threw the paper package into a nearby trash can.

Xi He looked at Duanmu Zhe and continued, "Duanmu, tell me what you like to eat. I have my own apartment, and I can cook for you personally."

Duanmu Zhe frowned and said bluntly, "Whatever you make, I won't like it. I will never like it in my lifetime."

"It's okay, I can buy it for you. Just tell me what you like to eat? I can go out and buy it myself." Xi He still did not give up any chance.

For love, she was willing to abandon her dignity, her decency, everything, down to the dust.

Seeing the relentless Xi He, Duanmu Zhe set his expression seriously, "Xi He, I already have a fiancée. Please stop this, okay? To tell you the truth, it's not that I don't like that shop's pastries, I just don't like the ones you give. And it's impossible for me to like you. There are countless good men in the world, and with your beauty, you are sure to meet a very outstanding man."

Unfortunately, Xi He did not really hear the message, as she only zeroed in on Duanmu Zhe's praise of her beauty.

A man only compliments the beauty of a woman he likes, and now Duanmu Zhe was praising her in the same manner. Does that mean he likes her too?

Yes, it must be so.

With this thought, Xi He's eyes were filled with brightness.

"Duanmu, it's alright, I don't mind that you have a fiancée..." Xi He's gaze fixed firmly on Duanmu Zhe.

Before Duanmu Zhe could speak, Mo Qingyi exploded in anger, shouting, "Xi He, do you actually enjoy being the third wheel, interfering with others' relationships? Can't you have any shame? Didn't your teachers teach you how to behave when you were little?" Immediately after speaking, she pulled Duanmu Zhe away.

Xi He stood there, stunned, her body rigid, large teardrops rolling down uncontrollably, her tears falling like rain.

She didn't want to be like this.

But she couldn't control herself.

Duanmu Zhe filled all her memories from the age of five onwards; he was her obsession, an attachment she couldn't let go of. Without him, she would die, she wouldn't be able to live.

In those tough times, it was the belief that she would find Duanmu Zhe that had kept her going until now.

Since Duanmu Zhe said the world is full of good men, why does Mo Qingyi insist on monopolizing him and not letting go? Can't she find another man? There's no shortage of men in the world other than Duanmu Zhe.

The person who can't live without Duanmu Zhe is her, not Mo Qingyi.

Why can't Mo Qingyi do something good for a change?

Xi He slowly squatted down, sat on the ground, hugged her knees tightly, and burst into loud cries.

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were walking on another path.

Hearing the crying, Mo Qingyi felt a pang of conscience, "Hey, Duanmu Xiaosi, do you think the words I just said were too harsh?"

She was angry just now and spoke without thinking too much, but reflecting on it, those words did seem quite harsh for a girl.

Mo Qingyi has always been a kind-hearted and good girl.

"Not harsh at all," Duanmu Zhe said seriously, "I think it was just right. For things that are impossible, you should cut the Gordian knot. You did great today." With that, Duanmu Zhe stole a quick kiss on Mo Qingyi's face.

"Virtuous!" Mo Qingyi slapped Duanmu Zhe's face with her hand.

"I say, that Xi He is pretty infatuated, chasing you all the way to the military. Tell me honestly, in the face of Xi He whom's both beautiful and devoted to you, didn't you feel even a little bit moved?" Mo Qingyi even made a 'tiny bit' gesture with her hands.

Mo Qingyi continued, "Be honest with me, it's okay even if you were moved, I won't be angry. Putting myself in your shoes, if I were a man, I wouldn't be able to control myself in front of such a beauty like Xi He either, so, I can forgive you."

Mo Qingyi began to use her tactics on Duanmu Zhe.

"No matter how pretty she is, she is not as pretty as my wife," Duanmu Zhe tightened his embrace around Mo Qingyi's waist, speaking with sincerity, "In this lifetime, my heart beats only for you. Who is Xi He? What does she count for? I'm not familiar with her! In my heart, she is not even comparable to a single strand of your hair."

Women in love always enjoy hearing sweet nothings, and Mo Qingyi was no exception.

Upon hearing his words, Mo Qingyi immediately nodded with a smile, "That's more like it. But still, I have to say, this Xi He is really devoted, actually chasing you into the military!"

"Maybe she just genuinely wanted to join the military, don't think too much," Duanmu Zhe didn't think as much as Mo Qingyi did, continuing, "The person who is truly infatuated is me, okay? Remember how I joined the military just to pursue someone? Unlike someone who, without even saying hello, sneaked off to military school!"

Hearing this, Mo Qingyi blushed slightly with a guilty expression, puffing her cheeks.

Indeed, the efforts Duanmu Zhe had made were much more than hers.

"Alright, alright, you're the most devoted."

"So, are you going to love me properly from now on?" Duanmu Zhe asked further.

"Yes, yes, yes, I will love you very, very much," Mo Qingyi said slickly.

"That's my good girl." Duanmu Zhe held Mo Qingyi tightly in his arms.

The height difference between the two was also adorably suited.

As Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe walked further away, they didn't notice that someone was following them. It was none other than Xi He.

There were no traces of crying on Xi He's face anymore.

She had learned from a young age that crying is a sign of weakness and does not solve any problems.

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Elsewhere, at the Chu Family.

Zhao Yan was picking vegetables in the garden. After washing them, she packed them into a freshness bag and set off in a sedan.

Sitting in the back seat, Zhao Yan dialed a number with a kind face, "Song, I'm on my way now, okay, um, I'm going to hang up now."

Passing by a fruit store, Zhao Yan got out of the car to buy some fruit to bring along.

She was heading to Song Shiqin's place to pay a visit.

She promised Song Shiqin last time that she would go to his house to cook a family meal for him. Knowing that Song Shiqin didn't like strangers, Zhao Yan went alone.

Twenty minutes later, the car stopped in front of a villa.

Song Shiqin was already waiting at the villa entrance. Seeing the car, he immediately came forward to greet her, "Auntie."

With the freshness bag in hand, Zhao Yan smiled cheerfully at Song Shiqin, "Song, look, this is the vegetables I grew myself, and also some green onions."

Song Shiqin took the bag, very politely responding, "Thank you, Auntie. We happen to have tofu at home, how about Auntie makes me some green onion with tofu today?"

"Sure!" Zhao Yan nodded repeatedly.

The villa where Song Shiqin lived was also quite large, with a garden, swimming pool, private cinema, etc., and it was no less impressive compared to the Chu Family's.

Once inside, Zhao Yan headed to the kitchen to start cooking.

Song Shiqin stood by to help her out.

"Song, do you know how to cook?" Seeing him skillfully washing vegetables, Zhao Yan asked curiously.

It was rare to find young people who could cook nowadays, so she didn't expect Song Shiqin to be able to do so.

Song Shiqin shook his head with a smile, "I can only help you out. To be honest and not to be a laughingstock, I had never set foot in the kitchen before this. How could I, a man of noble status, easily cook? The reason I came to the kitchen with you is just to make you feel more favorable towards me."

As far as he knew, Chu Jin valued Zhao Yan the most.

#### Chapter 769: Disgusting Face

"Nowadays, many young people don't know how to cook, why would I laugh at you?" Zhao Yan continued, "However, my son-in-law is an exception; not only can he cook, but he also makes especially delicious meals."

Whenever Mo Zhixuan was mentioned, Zhao Yan's face lit up with smiles; she was very fond of her son-in-law.

She also knew that for Chu Jin, Mo Zhixuan had made many sacrifices.

"Really?" Song Shiqin responded nonchalantly, "Isn't there a saying that 'gentlemen stay away from the kitchen'? Your son-in-law really doesn't sweat the small stuff."

In fact, Song Shiqin could tell from Zhao Yan's face that she was very satisfied with Mo Zhixuan, which is why he deliberately made such a comment.



The saying that 'gentlemen stay away from the kitchen' implies the opposite, that Mo Zhixuan was someone unlikely to achieve greatness.

A man should do what a man is supposed to do, how can he be close to the kitchen?

Zhao Yan did not think too much into it and said cheerfully, "That's an outdated notion. A true man can adapt to any situation; not only can he handle the kitchen, but he can also take to the battlefield. Nowadays, we emphasize gender equality, and women shouldn't be left busy in the kitchen all their lives. My daughter doesn't know how to cook, so when the two of them are living on their own, my son-in-law does the cooking."

"Is that so?" Song Shiqin's expression remained unchanged as he followed up on Zhao Yan's words, "Then your son-in-law truly is a good man."

Zhao Yan nodded contentedly, "Song, could you please wash the ginger as well?"

"Of course, it's no trouble," replied Song Shiqin, who took the ginger and carefully washed it,

After washing and preparing all the ingredients, Song Shiqin continued, "Auntie, could you possibly teach me how to stir-fry and cook today? That way, once you go back, I can also cook on my own, and it wouldn't trouble you anymore. I could even cook for my future wife."

"Of course," Zhao Yan nodded with a smile, "Song, you really are a good kid. Whoever marries you in the future will be lucky. It's just a pity I only have one daughter; if I had two, I would definitely want you as my son-in-law."

"Thank you for your affirmation, Auntie, but I'm not as good as you imagine," Song Shiqin said modestly.

Song Shiqin was a clever man and quickly mastered the way of cooking, and during the process, Zhao Yan also shared with him many life hacks.

For instance, how to quickly thaw frozen food and how to make rice fluffier and more delicious.

Watching Zhao Yan busy in the kitchen, in that moment, Song Shiqin felt a sense of motherly love that he had long missed.

How wonderful it would be if Zhao Yan were his mother.

He truly wished he could call Zhao Yan 'mom' one day.

However, he believed that day was not far off.

Soon, a table full of fragrant homemade dishes was ready.

The dishes were simple.

Braised fish, stir-fried edamame with loofah, milk cabbage with wood ear mushrooms, spicy and sour bean sprouts, braised pork, plus a steamed egg and tomato with lean meat soup.

Though the dishes were simple, they were colorful, fragrant, and flavorful.

Zhao Yan took off her apron and said to Song, "Song, come sit down and eat, try and see if it tastes good."

"Sure," Song Shiqin said, placing two bowls of rice on the table, "Auntie, please sit down as well."

Zhao Yan sat opposite Song Shiqin and kept adding food to his plate with the serving chopsticks.

Originally, having Zhao Yan come over to cook was just part of Song Shiqin's plan, but now he found himself genuinely looking forward to this homemade meal. As he put a bean sprout in his mouth, a multitude of emotions welled up inside him.

In that instant, Zhao Yan truly gave him a feeling of 'mother'.

He was only using Zhao Yan, but in return, he received sincere treatment from her; he could feel that Zhao Yan cared for him as if he were her own son.

"Does it not suit your taste?" Seeing Song Shiqin like this, Zhao Yan asked with some concern.

"It's very delicious, Auntie. Thank you," Song Shiqin said, and began to eat quickly as if he had been starving for days, swallowing down the food along with the emotions in his heart.

He owed Zhao Yan an apology. Zhao Yan treated him like family, but all he wanted was to use her.

"Eat slowly; there's more in the pot. If it's not enough, I'll make you some more," Zhao Yan watched Song Shiqin with a loving gaze, continuously serving him food.

She thought to herself, how nice it would be to have a son like Song Shiqin.

Unfortunately, she was not destined to have children.

At this thought, Zhao Yan's expression grew dim.

After the meal, Zhao Yan did not linger at Song Shiqin's place for long but went straight back by car. That afternoon, she still needed to visit the Mo family to see Chu Jin.

Song Shiqin stood under the camphor tree, watching as the black car drove away.

At that moment, Dai Yu emerged from the villa and stood behind Song Shiqin, respectfully saying, "Lord Ghost, should we continue with the original plan?"

"Mm," Shi Qin nodded slightly.

"Right," Dai Yu continued, "there's another matter I need to report to you."

"Go ahead," Shi Qin's face bore an inscrutable expression.

Dai Yu went on, "Miss Chu is carrying fraternal twins, and one of the fetuses is a common person, without a mutant bone, and won't be capable of cultivating in the future. As a result, the Mo family is likely discussing aborting this child. The hospital has already reserved a surgery spot for them."

By normal human reasoning, the Mo family would not accept a child of average abilities.

That's why the hospital had arranged the operation room in advance.

After all, she was the Ninth Lady, the reincarnation of an empress, and nothing untoward could occur.

"Is that so?" A glint flashed in Shi Qin's eyes, and the corners of his mouth turned up in a sardonic curve, "A common person? What's wrong with a common person? Are common people that despicable in their eyes?"

Feng'er must be very sad right now.

She must be very distressed.

For Shi Qin, this was also an opportunity.

Shi Qin narrowed his eyes, a streak of light passing over his fingertips, piercing a hole in a leaf on the tree opposite him. He then asked, "When has the hospital scheduled the surgery for the Mo family?"

"In three days," Dai Yu replied respectfully.

"Then let's move up our plan," Shi Qin said.

He needed to act before the Mo family to save the child in Chu Jin's womb.

Even if the child wasn't his, he was willing to raise it.

"Understood, I'll see to it," Dai Yu replied.

Shi Qin looked ahead, narrowed his eyes slightly, and then turned and left.

Dai Yu immediately followed.

After returning to the villa, Shi Qin went up to the second floor and began to arrange the room, from the wallpaper to the curtains, to the bed, table, and cupboards inside the room—everything was personally bought by Shi Qin and he methodically set each piece in place.

"Lord Ghost, you should rest. I can have the servants take care of it," Dai Yu said as she followed Shi Qin, casually placing a vase on the table.

"Put it down!" Shi Qin turned around coldly, his tone full of authority, every word as if coated with a layer of frost, sending a shock through the heart. It was as if Dai Yu had made some grave error.

"I..." In an instant, Dai Yu's body tensed up, the vase in her hand neither to be placed down nor held, leaving her unsure of how to react.

"I told you to put it down!" Shi Qin burst forth in anger, his dark eyes flaming with fury.

Dai Yu trembled with fear, a cold sweat breaking out along her spine.

"Clang."

The vase in her hand fell to the floor in fright, shattering into pieces.

"I'm sorry, Lord Ghost, I didn't mean to," Dai Yu's face turned ashen, including her bloodless lips, and her legs bent, dropping her to her knees on the broken shards.

"Get out!" Shi Qin snapped fiercely, his hands clenched into fists, veins throbbing visibly.

Dai Yu shook uncontrollably, keeping her head bowed, not daring to draw a single audible breath.

She didn't know when Shi Qin had become a completely different person.

His moods were capricious.

Just like now.

Shi Qin reached for an inkstone on the table, intending to smash it against Dai Yu's forehead, but then, as if he remembered something, retracted his hand and yelled, "I told you to get out!"

"Yes, yes..." Dai Yu scrambled out of the room, shaking as she closed the door behind her.

With Dai Yu gone, the anger in Shi Qin began to subside bit by bit. He bent down and slowly began to pick up the shattered pieces of the vase from the floor.

Glass shards cut Shi Qin's hand, and drops of bright red blood appeared at his fingertips, but he continued to pick them up, appearing unphased.

His lips still held a faint smile.

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The Shen family.

As the engagement date between Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi rapidly approached, Shen Haoguang became restless.

He had previously arranged a dinner with Duanmu Sheng, during which Duanmu should bring the Shen family to meet his parents, but Duanmu Sheng had canceled due to a last-minute issue.

"My son, what exactly is going on with Duanmu Sheng? Does she still want to marry into our Shen family or not? She's shown no sincerity at all!" Shen mother complained with a look of disdain.

A month ago, Duanmu Sheng had promised to visit the Shen family, but to date, not only had they not seen Duanmu Sheng in person, but they hadn't even received a phone call!

It was simply outrageous!

Shen mother was very angry.

"Isn't she busy with work?" Shen Haoguang lit a cigarette and said, "Mom, we need to be patient. Right now, it's us who want to form a marital alliance with the Duanmu Family, not the other way round. Since we are the ones asking for a favor, we should just bear with it for a bit longer. Once I've married her and brought her home, then you can deal with her however you wish."

In recent times, Shen Haoguang had come to a realization; he must firmly cling to the Duanmu Family tree.

It's good to rest in the shade of a large tree.

Although he was still in the courting phase with Duanmu Sheng, he distinctly sensed that some of the power players regarded him with a hint of fear whenever they looked at him.

Although Duanmu Zhe's and Mo Qingyi's marriage had not yet been publicized, some of the big shots in the circle had been aware of it a month ago.

Consequently, Zhou Xunian had even taken the initiative to greet him.

While Zhou Xunian may not hold any official position publicly, being just a wealthy merchant from the Superpower World, he was indeed a close confidant of Mo Zhixuan, acting as a traveling merchant and covertly assisting Mo Zhixuan's undertakings across various countries.

Shen Haoguang was an astute man; he was well aware of the significant benefits the Duanmu Family could offer him in the not-too-distant future.

Shen mother was also a clever person. Hearing this, she immediately smiled and said, "My son, I am relieved that you think this way."

Right then, footsteps and voices sounded from outside the door.

"Madam, young master, Miss Situ has arrived," the servant walked in front, breaking the news with a beaming face.

As soon as the words were spoken, Situ Ya stepped out from behind the servant and said warmly, "Auntie, Haoguang."

"Ya Ya." Shen Haoguang quickly stood up and looked at Situ Ya with a wide smile.

"Oh, Ya Ya, you're here!" Shen mother also quickly rose to her feet, smiling kindly, "Ya Ya, look at you, bringing so many things with you. We're not strangers, no need to waste money like this next time, remember."

Shen mother was considering Situ Ya with the eyes of someone looking at a future daughter-in-law.



Situ Ya was petite and exquisite and, more importantly, was good at making money. She hadn't spent a penny of Shen Haoguang's and even brought gifts whenever she visited.

The skincare and nutritional products she brought were very high-end, ones that Shen mother wouldn't ordinarily splurge on herself.

Though the Shen family came from a scholarly lineage and had an impressive facade, their foundations were not particularly strong.

A generous daughter-in-law like Situ Ya who was willing to spend money was hard to find, even with a lantern.

Regrettably, Situ Ya couldn't offer any help to Shen Haoguang's career.

Had it not been for Duanmu Sheng, Situ Ya would have been the one Shen Haoguang was to marry.

Fortunately, Situ Ya was understanding and didn't mind Duanmu Sheng's presence; otherwise, things would have been difficult.

"Auntie, you're making jokes. I really didn't buy much, just some ordinary skincare and nutritional products," Situ Ya said as she placed the various packages on the coffee table and took out a skincare set from a fancy gift box, "Auntie, you must have finished the skincare products I bought for you last time, right? This is a new limited edition product from their brand. You should try it."

Shen mother immediately reached out to take it, her eyes gleaming with excitement, "Ya Ya, you are so thoughtful! This must have cost you quite a bit, right?" Shen mother had been coveting this new skincare set for a long time, but unfortunately, budget constraints held her back.

Unexpectedly, Situ Ya had brought exactly what Shen mother wanted, a much-needed relief.

With a nonchalant disposition, Situ Ya spoke, "Actually, I didn't spend much. It was a prize for a comic book competition I entered. Knowing how much you love their products, I specifically brought it for you."

Situ Ya was an adult comic artist who rose to fame through her risqué comics. Given the scarcity of adult comic artists and her platinum-level talent, her monthly earnings were very promising.

"Oh my..." Shen mother affectionately stroked Situ Ya's head, "Our Ya Ya is truly a thoughtful child!"

With an embrace, Shen Haoguang put his arm around Situ Ya's shoulder and kissed her cheek, "Look at you, Ya Ya, the moment you arrived, Mom won't give me the time of day! I'm starting to think you must be her real child?"

"What are you talking about?" Situ Ya, her face flushed with shyness, playfully punched Shen Haoguang's shoulder.

Shen mother immediately chimed in, "Ya Ya, Haoguang is right. It's about time for you to change the way you address me. Always calling me auntie is too distant."

"Auntie...", Situ Ya's face turned a deep red with shyness as she spoke, "even you are teasing me..."

"Silly child!" Shen mother scolded affectionately, "Call me Mom!"

Situ Ya shyly looked up at Shen mother and spoke softly, "Mom..."

"Ah, good girl, that's right," Shen's mother said, clasping Situ Ya's hands tightly. "Ya Ya, you must have felt wronged during this time. I know it's not easy for you, but for Haoguang's future and your own, let's endure a little while longer. Once Haoguang settles things with Duanmu Sheng, he will surely give you an explanation. Rest assured, no matter when, in mom's heart, you will always be the first daughter-in-law of the Shen family."

"I understand, Mom," Situ Ya smiled understandingly. "Don't worry, it's no big deal for me. As long as I can help Haoguang, the grievances I suffer are nothing."

The reason Situ Ya could swallow such indignities was twofold.

Firstly, she truly loved Shen Haoguang.

Secondly, her background was not good. She grew up among men and women, with a mother who was a madam, which also led her to become an adult comic artist.

It was because she had personally experienced and witnessed certain things.

They say fiction comes from real life, and comics are no exception.

Because of her poor birth, she desperately needed a new identity to conceal herself.

The Shen family was a well-known scholarly family. The children she would have with Shen Haoguang would be intellectuals, and they would have a good life following the Shen family, without suffering the disdain of others like she had.

Becoming involved with Shen Haoguang was a tremendous stroke of luck for her, and that's why Situ Ya tried her best to please Haoguang's mother.

As for Duanmu Sheng, Situ Ya never took her seriously.

To her, the third young miss of the Duanmu Family was just a fool who could be easily manipulated.

Seeing Situ Ya's understanding manner, Shen's mother was even more gratified. She patted Situ Ya's hand and said, "Ya Ya, you really are a good daughter-in-law for Mom."

"Thank you, Mom," Situ Ya said with a shy smile.

"How about it, Mom? I have a good eye for a wife, right?" Shen Haoguang wrapped his arm around Situ Ya's shoulders, looking at his mother with a face seeking praise.

"Absolutely, she's many times better than Duanmu Sheng!" Shen's mother nodded repeatedly, looking at Situ Ya, then adding, "In Mom's heart, Duanmu Sheng doesn't even compare to a little finger of yours."

Situ Ya smiled modestly.

Just then, Shen's father walked in from outside. Situ Ya immediately stood up, greeting him with a sweet smile, "Dad, you're back?"

Shen's father was taken aback, pointing to himself in disbelief as he looked at Situ Ya, "What did you just call me?"

As for Situ Ya, Shen's father had always looked down on her. He was a true scholar, proud to the core. How could he approve of Situ Ya, who came from a humble background?

But, there was no choice, since his wife and son liked her, he had to let them be.

Shen's father was a scholar and somewhat of a bookworm. In the Shen family, he hardly held any real household authority. Officially, he was the head of the Shen family, but in reality, Shen's mother was the one in charge.

"Dad..." Situ Ya started to speak again.

She had been with Shen Haoguang for seven years. During that time, she had visited the Shen family countless times. She knew that Shen's father had always looked down on her, but it was Shen's mother who really ran the household. Even if Shen's father opposed, it wouldn't make any difference.

She had even given up her status for the sake of Haoguang's future. If Shen's parents wouldn't let her call them 'Dad' or 'Mom', that would be too unfair to her.

Upon hearing her words, Shen's father's face immediately darkened as he snapped angrily, "Look clearly! Who is your father?"

"Shen Liangxiao, you shut up!" Shen's mother glared at Shen's father with angry eyes, then continued, "I have already acknowledged Ya Ya as our Shen family's daughter-in-law. You better improve your attitude and don't scare Ya Ya!"

As the tension escalated, Situ Ya quickly played the peacemaker, saying gently with a smile, "Dad, Mom, don't be upset with each other over a junior like me..."

She paused, then added, "Dad, I know you especially enjoy drinking tea. Look, this is the top-grade purple clay pot I bought for you. I heard that the tea brewed with this kind of pot is particularly fragrant."

With that, Situ Ya took out a tea set from a pile of gifts. Having been with Shen Haoguang for so many years, she knew the Shen parents' hobbies all too well.

True to her expectation, upon seeing the top-grade tea set, Shen's father's anger vanished instantly. His eyes lit up as he took the set, saying repeatedly, "What a fine piece, such a fine piece! This tea set is made entirely by hand from Zisha Tianqing clay. Where did you get this? It must have been expensive, right?"

Situ Ya smiled gently, "As long as Uncle likes it, that's what matters. Money and such are just material things."

Shen's father looked up at Situ Ya, his eyes still harboring undisguised disdain, but he said anyway, "You're thoughtful." With that, he turned and left with the tea set.

What a joke!

He was, after all, a scholar from a family that once produced a Grand Tutor. How could he be seen standing with a woman of loose morals?

Nor could he bear being called 'Dad' by one.

Out of sight, out of mind.

It was better to have less to do with such people.

Even though he had accepted Situ Ya's gift, Shen's father still looked down on her from the bottom of his heart!

Chapter 770: acting, a powerful performer!

Situ Ya watched Shen's father's retreating figure, her eyes unable to hide the desolation within.

Seeing this, Shen's mother immediately stepped forward to comfort her. "Ya Ya, don't be angry. Your dad just has that kind of bad temper. Actually, he likes you very much, he's just not good at expressing it."

Shen Haoguang also said, "That's right, Ya Ya, please don't take it to heart. My dad isn't targeting you specifically, he's the same with me."

Upon hearing this, Situ Ya immediately responded with a smile, "I'm not angry, we are family after all. What is there to be angry about? Mom, Haoguang, you don't have to worry about me."

Shen's mother affectionately linked arms with Situ Ya, "Ya Ya is truly a sensible and good child. Our Haoguang must have saved the galaxy in his last life to marry such a wonderful girl like you."

Situ Ya smiled shyly, "Mom, I'm not as good as you say I am."

Right then, the butler walked in from outside. Glancing at the three people in the room, he hesitated to speak, his expression somewhat tense.

Shen's mother glanced at the butler, "Uncle Mu, just speak your mind. Ya Ya is not an outsider."

At those words, a glint of light flashed in the depths of Situ Ya's eyes.

Having heard that, she felt that everything she had put in during this time was worthwhile; at least in Shen's mother's eyes, she was already regarded as part of the family.

Hearing this, the butler bent his back slightly, and spoke directly, "Madam, young master, Miss Duanmu is here for a visit, and she is now outside."

At these words, both Shen's mother and Shen Haoguang immediately tensed up, their brows knitting together—this Duanmu Sheng, why did she have to choose tonight to arrive?

Situ Ya picked up her handbag, understanding the situation and said, "Mom, Haoguang, I will leave first then."

"Wait," Shen Haoguang caught hold of Situ Ya's hand, "Come sit in my room for a bit. Duanmu Sheng won't stay overnight."

"That wouldn't be appropriate..." Situ Ya hesitated.

Shen's mother also felt that they could not let Situ Ya be too unfairly treated—such a sensible girl! If it were someone else, who could be so generous? To voluntarily step back and let her man be in the same room as his mistress?

"Ya Ya, just listen to Haoguang," Shen's mother also urged.

Hearing this, Situ Ya nodded, "Then I'll go upstairs." Having rolled around in the sheets with Shen Haoguang in the Shen family home many times, she clearly knew where Shen Haoguang's room was.

Once Situ Ya walked upstairs, Shen's mother then turned to address the household staff, "Soon, the prospective daughter-in-law of the Shen family will come over as a guest. All of you better keep your mouths shut tightly. Be clear on what should be said and what should not. Understand?" Her last four words carried a clear note of warning.

"Understood!" The servants responded loudly.

Only then did Shen's mother look satisfied and turned to the butler, "Uncle Mu, please go upstairs and call sir." As she finished, Shen's mother also turned to Shen Haoguang, "Haoguang, come with me to the door and welcome Sheng Sheng."

"Okay, Mom."

Together, mother and son walked towards the door. Only by doing so could they show Duanmu Sheng the sincerity of the Shen family.

Shen's mother personally opened the automatic door and gave Duanmu Sheng, who stood outside, a big hug, "Ah, this must be Sheng Sheng, right? You look even prettier in person than on the phone screen."

Before this, Duanmu Sheng and Shen's mother had video-called more than once. To win over Duanmu Sheng, Shen's mother had even changed her phone screen wallpaper to a photo of Duanmu Sheng.

"Auntie, I'm sorry," Duanmu Sheng bowed slightly toward Shen's mother, apologizing, "I've had to cancel our meetings again and again due to work reasons, and only managed to find the time to visit you today. I hope you will not mind."

Shen's mother wore an understanding smile, "Silly child, what is there to be sorry about? The fact that you could come today shows us great respect. Come on in, come in. Haoguang, what are you standing there for? Quickly help Sheng Sheng with her things."

Duanmu Sheng did not come empty-handed, carrying two paper bags in her hand.

Duanmu Sheng laughed and said, "Auntie, it's fine. They're not heavy at all."

"I'll take them," Shen Haoguang immediately took the paper bags from Duanmu Sheng's hands, "Otherwise, my mom would worry. Why didn't you let me know before coming today?"

"Isn't it to surprise you?" Duanmu Sheng voluntarily hooked arms with Shen Haoguang, smiling, "How is it? Are you surprised?"



Duanmu Sheng told Shen Haoguang beforehand that she had to go on a business trip for a few days, so he did not expect her to suddenly visit the Shen family this evening.

Moreover, it happened to be on a day when Situ Ya was also present.

For Shen Haoguang, this was not a surprise, but a shock!

Luckily, Shen's mother had briefed the servants beforehand; otherwise, letting Duanmu Sheng walk right into the Shen family home like this would have left him with no excuse.

After all, in front of Duanmu Sheng, Shen Haoguang had always deliberately acted as if he was not very fond of Situ Ya.

"Surprise, surprise!" Shen Haoguang cooperated and kissed Duanmu Sheng's forehead, "I haven't seen our Sheng Sheng for many days, and it seems you've become even more beautiful."

"Your mother is here!" Duanmu Sheng pushed against Shen Haoguang's chest in slight discontent, "Can't you be more proper?"

"Isn't it because you like my impropriety?" Shen Haoguang wrapped his arm around Duanmu Sheng's waist, whispering in her ear, his warm breath spreading evenly over her ear, her earlobe turning red instantly. She breathed in deeply, her breath carrying the heady scent of masculine hormones.

It was somewhat flirtatious.

Shen's mother quickly interjected, "It's okay, it's okay. You young people continue, just pretend this old woman isn't here."

Hearing Shen's mother's words, Duanmu Sheng's face flushed even more, finding the experience of meeting the parents not bad at all.

Soon, the three of them reached the living room, Shen's mother personally serving Duanmu Sheng tea and water, "Sheng Sheng, what would you like to drink? Black tea or a soft drink?"

Duanmu Sheng replied very politely, "Thank you, auntie, plain water will be fine."

"Sheng Sheng, make yourself at home and don't be shy around auntie. Look how thin you are, would you like me to get you a glass of milk?" Shen's mother was extremely enthusiastic.

After all, the entire future hopes of the Shen family were pinned on Duanmu Sheng.

"Thank you, auntie," Duanmu Sheng also politely said, "Milk is fine."

"Alright then, I'll go pour it for you." Shen's mother walked towards the kitchen with a smile, but as soon as she reached the kitchen, her smile collapsed and she was like a different person.

This Duanmu Sheng, does she really think she is some kind of princess? Sitting there like a log, not even knowing to move a little bit!

In the past, when Situ Ya visited the Shen family, she not only brought gifts, but she also took the initiative to pour tea for her in-laws!

But Duanmu Sheng is another story! She is going to be my future daughter-in-law, and she actually lets me serve her milk.

At that moment, Shen's mother felt extremely unbalanced in her heart.

In her mind, the ideal daughter-in-law should be someone like Situ Ya, who knows how to serve the in-laws.

Since ancient times, the duty of a daughter-in-law has been to serve the in-laws. Duanmu Sheng, however, has not even officially become a member of the Shen family and she's already putting on airs!

Duanmu Sheng thinks she can shit on my head!

The more Shen's mother thought about it, the more upset she became, her heart burning with anger! But, at this moment, she still had to swallow that fire and pretend she was very satisfied and fond of Duanmu Sheng.

Shen's mother carried the milk to the living room with a smile, handing it to Duanmu Sheng with a kindly expression, "Sheng Sheng, you must be tired from your journey, drink your milk quickly."

Duanmu Sheng stood up with etiquette, took the milk, and expressed her thanks.

Just then, Shen's father came downstairs, and upon seeing Duanmu Sheng, he showed a very warm smile, "Sheng Sheng, your uncle and I have been looking forward to seeing you for several days now, and you're finally here."

The smile on Shen's father's face was not feigned, but genuinely came from the heart.

Duanmu Sheng is the third young miss of the Duanmu family, with a good background and a clean reputation, matching the Shen family well. Long ago, Shen's father had advised Shen Haoguang more than once to break off with Situ Ya to pursue Duanmu Sheng properly, but Shen Haoguang was as if bewitched by Situ Ya.

But thinking about it, it made sense; Situ Ya's mother was a brothel keeper, and she herself was an adult comic artist, so her bedroom skills were probably top-notch.

Men are simple in their interests, aren't they?

It's quite normal for Shen Haoguang to be captivated by Situ Ya.

"Uncle, I'm Duanmu Sheng," she stood up and greeted Shen's father very politely.

"We're family, Sheng Sheng, there's no need for formalities, sit down. Tell Haoguang what snacks you like, and he'll get them for you," said Shen's father as he sat down beside Shen's mother.

Shen's mother also said, "Right, right, Haoguang, quickly go get some treats for Sheng Sheng."

"Uncle, aunt, I'm not hungry, don't trouble yourselves," Duanmu Sheng declined with a smile.

"No, no, Haoguang, go ahead," Shen's mother looked up toward Shen Haoguang.

Without a word, Shen Haoguang got up and walked to another room.

"Oh my, look at this child's skin, so fine, like tender tofu..." Shen's mother held Duanmu Sheng's arm, praising her with a smile, appearing to really like Duanmu Sheng, to the point where those unaware might assume Duanmu Sheng was her own daughter.

Duanmu Sheng felt the warmth of Shen's mother's enthusiasm and somewhat bashfully said, "Auntie, you also look very well-preserved, your real age doesn't show at all."

"Really?" Shen's mother immediately cradled her face in her hands, looking delighted, "Sheng Sheng, you can't be flattering me."

"No, really," Duanmu Sheng nodded earnestly, then, as if she'd just remembered something, took out two beautifully wrapped paper bags from under the coffee table.

Duanmu Sheng continued, "Uncle, auntie, this is a small token for our first meeting, please accept it with my compliments."

Upon hearing that these were gifts for them, a flash of disdain quickly crossed Shen's mother's eyes. Situ Ya always came with big and small packages, but Duanmu Sheng, being from a prominent family, only brought two paper boxes!

Could it be that the boxes contained something extremely valuable? Thinking this, Shen's mother's mood immediately improved a lot.

It must be so, Duanmu Sheng was from a prominent family, whatever she brought would surely be pricey, trivial things couldn't be worthy.

"Thank you, Sheng Sheng, but we can't accept such courtesies in the future, we're family after all," Shen's mother's eyes twinkled as she spoke, no trace of discontent visible on her face.

When it came to acting, Shen's mother was definitely in a class of her own.

"No need to thank me," Duanmu Sheng continued, "Uncle, auntie, why don't you open it and see if you like it." Her eyes were filled with anticipation.

"Sure, sure," Shen's father and Shen's mother smiled and nodded, eagerly opening the paper boxes.

Upon seeing the gifts inside, both Shen's father and Shen's mother felt extreme disappointment, but their faces did not betray their feelings, still appearing very happy.

Holding up a wine-red scarf, Shen's mother feigned excitement, "Sheng Sheng, you are so thoughtful! Such a beautiful scarf, where did you buy it? I really like it."

Although she said she liked it, inside Shen's mother was utterly disgusted.

Did Duanmu Sheng think she was appeasing a beggar? A single scarf to fob her off?

"I'm glad you like it, auntie," seeing Shen's mother's apparent joy, Duanmu Sheng was reassured and smiled, "Actually, I didn't buy it. Before coming here, I was thinking about what kind of gift to prepare for you. The Shen family surely lacks for nothing, so I decided to knit a scarf by hand."