

R Woman 791

Chapter 791: fake, fake, all fake

"Mom, I didn't! You're misunderstanding me! The only person I love is Haoguang, how could I be with another man?" Duanmu Sheng explained pale-faced to Shen's mother.

She didn't understand why Shen's mother would wrongfully accuse her like this!

She often stayed out overnight, and Shen's mother never said anything about it! Why was she acting so out of character today?

What on earth was going on?

"Mom, it's really not what you think, I just rested in the inn for one night, there was no other man, I didn't do anything improper..."

Duanmu Sheng explained through her tears.

But Shen's mother wouldn't stop for Duanmu Sheng's explanation, the usual kindness was gone from her face, replaced by all cunningness, as if she had instantly become another person.

"Slut! You're a slut! A slut who ruins the reputation of our Shen family!" Shen's mother grabbed a feather duster and started to lash it across Duanmu Sheng's body.

Shen's mother was very strong, each strike left a bloody mark on Duanmu Sheng's body.

It hurt.

It hurt a lot.

It was heart-wrenchingly painful.

Duanmu Sheng quickly hid behind Shen Haoguang, "Haoguang, tell mom, it's not like what she said, I really haven't tarnished the Shen family's reputation, nor have I betrayed you..."

Now, all of Duanmu Sheng's hopes were on Shen Haoguang. He loved her so much, surely he would speak up for her.

To her surprise, even Shen Haoguang had changed, he pushed Duanmu Sheng away with disgust, "Slut, get out of my sight!"

"Haoguang..." Duanmu Sheng fell to the ground, disbelievingly looking at Shen Haoguang.

Why was even Shen Haoguang treating her like this now?

Were all the previous heartfelt vows and marital affection just an act?

The man she had loved for five years, could it be true as Zi Qi said, that he had been setting her up all along?

"Mom, Sheng Sheng sister isn't like that, she didn't mean to burn me, please stop hitting her." Situ Ya stood in front of Shen's mother, catching the falling feather duster with one hand, and spoke very understandingly.

Duanmu Sheng looked incredibly pitiful now, nowhere near the grandeur of the great lady from before.

Seeing her like this, it was hard not to feel a twinge of pity.

Shen's mother looked at Situ Ya very affectionately, "You see how gentle and kind our Ya Ya is, unlike this slut!" When her gaze turned to Duanmu Sheng, it was filled with chill.

Currently, Shen's mother wished she could immediately kill Duanmu Sheng.

Situ Ya smiled and said, "Mom, don't talk about Sheng Sheng sister like that, after all, she is Haoguang's wife, and besides, she hasn't done anything wrong, let's call it a day, we're all family, harmony brings wealth."

Situ Ya had an air of gentle grace and proper manners.

Shen Haoguang spoke with displeasure, "Ya Ya, what are you doing helping this kind of woman!"

Shen's father took the burn ointment from the servant and handed it to Shen Haoguang, not even glancing at Duanmu Sheng, then said, "Haoguang, apply this to Ya Ya quickly, it's not good for a girl to have scars on her body."

Now, Situ Ya was the heart of the Shen family.

"Thank you, dad." Situ Ya sweetly expressed her gratitude.

Situ Ya slightly bent towards Shen Liangxiao, and immediately a swathe of white flesh was exposed from her chest.

Shen Liangxiao couldn't help but swallow, when had he not noticed that Situ Ya was so voluptuous, no wonder his son was so bewitched by her!

Situ Ya took the burn ointment from Shen Liangxiao's hand before he could react, her soft fingers accidentally brushed the palm of his hand lightly, then quickly withdrew.

It left Shen Liangxiao feeling stirred.

But Shen Liangxiao quickly realized that she was his daughter-in-law, so he immediately suppressed the wild thoughts in his mind.

In some ways, Shen Liangxiao wasn't exactly a man of integrity.

Shen Haoguang tenderly applied the ointment on Situ Ya, "Ya Ya, does it hurt?"

"Not at all." Situ Ya smiled and shook her head.

Witnessing this scene.

Duanmu Sheng's face turned ashen, her whole body trembled as if all her energy had been sucked out in an instant, she forced a swallow, looked up at Situ Ya and Shen Haoguang, and finally fixed her gaze on Situ Ya, and demanded, "Situ Ya, what the hell is going on? Weren't you my best friend? Why? Why is this happening?"

Only now did Duanmu Sheng realize that her best friend, Situ Ya, was calling her own in-laws "dad" and "mom!"

What the hell was going on?

Could there be some secret within?

Duanmu Sheng couldn't believe that any of this was real, she collapsed to the ground, crying her eyes out, and asked Situ Ya with a trembling voice, "What did you call them? What did you just call them? Could it be, you're their illegitimate daughter?"

This was Duanmu Sheng's only hope for redemption.

How she wished that this was just a joke Situ Ya was playing on her.

That Situ Ya was actually the illegitimate daughter of Shen's parents.

That her relationship with Shen Haoguang was just that of siblings.

It wasn't like what she had imagined at all.

As long as Shen Haoguang nodded and admitted that Situ Ya was his sister, then Duanmu Sheng would certainly believe it.

She now had no home left, she couldn't be without Shen Haoguang.

Shen Haoguang must be joking with her.

Yes.

It must be the case.

With this thought, Duanmu Sheng gradually calmed down.

But now, the Shen family couldn't even bother to deceive Duanmu Sheng.

"Hehe," Situ Ya chuckled lightly, lifting her eyes to look at Mr. and Mrs. Shen, "Mom, Dad, please tell sister Sheng what our relationship really is."

Shen Haoguang directly embraced Situ Ya's waist and kissed her face, "Ya Ya, you're being naughty again."

Duanmu Sheng's face turned ashen.

The situation had developed to this point, and she understood everything.

Only, it was too late to understand.

Why? Why did things turn out this way?

Is it because Shen Haoguang and Situ Ya's acting was too convincing, or is it because she was too foolish?

Why has God treated her like this?

What on earth did she do wrong?

Before her eyes appeared the disappointed expressions of her parents.

Then there were Chu Jin and Zi Qi's earnest persuasions.

There were also Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi's helpless looks.

My God, to what extent was she foolish?

...

All the strength in Duanmu Sheng's body seemed to be drained in that instant.

Like a deflated ball, she slumped to the ground, lifeless and limp as dead wood.

Mrs. Shen walked forward a few steps, looking down at Duanmu Sheng from above.

"Duanmu Sheng, I'm telling you, from now on, Ya Ya is the daughter-in-law I acknowledge. If this were ancient times, you'd at most be my son's concubine," Mrs. Shen said coldly to Duanmu Sheng, a mocking smile in her eyes.

In the Superpower World, there was no concept of divorce, and Duanmu Sheng could never get away for her entire life! Even if she died, she would still be a ghost of the Shen family!

However, the Shen family didn't want Situ Ya to be wronged; now, the only option left for Duanmu Sheng, was the last one.

Death.

But this was all Duanmu Sheng's own doing; she couldn't blame anyone else.

Who let her be so foolish!

The Shen family didn't have such a foolish daughter-in-law.

"Mom, Mom, tell me it's all fake! All of it is fake!" In desperation, Duanmu Sheng clung to Mrs. Shen's leg.

She still didn't believe it was true.

She had been with Shen Haoguang for a whole five years!

A whole five years of feelings, why did Shen Haoguang treat her this way? What was all this for?

It was unfair.

Duanmu Sheng truly couldn't reconcile with it.

"You little wretch! Let go of me!" Mrs. Shen kicked Duanmu Sheng away with one foot.

Duanmu Sheng's head struck the corner of the coffee table, gashing open and bleeding profusely.

"Dad, tell me this isn't true." Duanmu Sheng couldn't care less about the blood on her head, she clung to Mr. Shen's leg, her voice choked with sobs as she pleaded.

At this moment, Duanmu Sheng's makeup was smeared by tears, and there was a ghastly gash on her head, looking like a female ghost, completely without any semblance of her former self. Disgust surfaced in the depths of Shen Liangxiao's eyes as he pulled back his leg, "Useless thing, get away from me! Don't come any closer!"

"Haoguang, Haoguang, tell me, you and Situ Ya are just acting, there's nothing between you, the one you truly love is me." Duanmu Sheng crawled in front of Shen Haoguang,

Shen Haoguang also kicked her away, saying with strong aversion, "Can't you see what you are! My eyes aren't blind, why would I fancy a disgusting woman like you! You don't even compare to one of Ya Ya's little fingers!"

Shen Haoguang glared at Duanmu Sheng, his eyes filled with fierce contempt as if he were looking at a pile of garbage.

Duanmu Sheng's heart grew cold as she collapsed powerlessly to the ground, lifeless as dead wood, mumbling, "Why? Why did it have to be Ya Ya, we were best friends..."

Situ Ya had once saved her.

If it weren't for Situ Ya, she would have been defiled by those people long ago!

Why had it to be Situ Ya?

Why was it her?

This left Duanmu Zhe struggling to accept the reality for a moment.

How she wished it was all just a dream.

Just a dream...

After waking from the dream, she and Shen Haoguang would still be a loving couple...

But the throbbing pain on her forehead reminded her that this was not a dream—all of it was happening for real.

None of this was a dream.

It was all her own doing.

Who could she blame?

"Sister Sheng," Situ Ya also squatted down, stretching out a finger to gently lift Duanmu Sheng's chin, "Did you really think there could be pure friendship between women? How adorably foolish can you be?"

Situ Ya's face held a faint smile.

It was mocking, triumphant, and gleeful.

It had to be said, Duanmu Sheng really was foolish.

She had had many chances to see Shen Haoguang's true face, but she had missed them all, stubbornly and willfully.

"What do you mean?" Duanmu Sheng stared fixedly at Situ Ya, her gaze full of anger.

Situ Ya chuckled lightly, leaning in close to Duanmu Sheng's ear to whisper, "Actually, I've known Haoguang for a long time already; I slept with him seven years ago! You're just a homewrecker, the other woman! it's funny really, Zi Qi warned you so many times, and yet you didn't notice even a single flaw..."

Situ Ya said each word deliberately, the smile on her lips so smug.

"Duanmu Sheng, you must be very curious as to why Shen Haoguang did this, aren't you?"

"Let me satisfy your curiosity now. He was just after the power of your family. After all, your competent brother has now become a prince consort. But who knew, you turned out to be a disappointment, and now that the Duanmu Family has cut ties with you, it's only natural for the Shen family to kick you to the curb..."

Situ Ya's voice was deliberately lowered, so aside from Duanmu Sheng, no one else heard.

Situ Ya continued, "Actually, I'm not your savior. All of this has been pre-arranged by Shen Haoguang. Those thugs... he arranged everything..."

False, all of it was false.

Both love and friendship were false.

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Duanmu Sheng bit her lip tightly, her heart brimming with towering rage! She saw herself, foolish as a fool, before her eyes.

All for a Shen Haoguang.

She had given up her parents, her brother.

Misunderstood Zi Qi, offended Chu Jin, hurt Mo Qingyi...

She had given her most precious everything for Shen Haoguang.

And in the end, to receive such an outcome!

Situ Ya was right, she had brought all of this upon herself!

It was the fruit of her own doings.

All of this was her retribution.

Tears streamed down Duanmu Sheng's face as her heart filled with a complex mix of emotions, regretting all her past deeds...

She shouldn't have been at odds with her parents, she shouldn't have doubted Zi Qi, she shouldn't have ignored Chu Jin's advice; she was the world's biggest fool!

She had countless opportunities to see the truth, yet she let them all slip by.

Why!

Why did fate treat her this way?

A surge of overwhelming hatred spread through Duanmu Sheng's chest. She reached out and grabbed Situ Ya's collar tightly, roaring, "Enough, enough! Stop talking! Liars! All of you are liars!"

Duanmu Sheng picked up a vase from the floor and smashed it onto Situ Ya's head with all her might.

After all, she no longer wanted to live; one less was one less.

Someone like Situ Ya belonged in hell.

Shen Haoguang quickly pulled Situ Ya aside, dodging the incoming vase.

With a "bang," the vase shattered on the floor.

"Crazy! She's gone crazy!" Shen Haoguang's mother exclaimed, looking at Duanmu Sheng frantically, "Duanmu Sheng has gone mad! Somebody help! Catch this lunatic!"

The Shen family had hired quite a few bodyguards, who quickly subdued Duanmu Sheng.

Shen Haoguang walked over and slapped Duanmu Sheng harshly twice, "Slut! That's for not behaving!"

"Pah!" Duanmu Sheng spat on Shen Haoguang's face, "Shen Haoguang! I must have been blind to have fallen for someone like you! You won't die a good death!"

Shen Haoguang disgustingly wiped off the spit from his face, grabbed Duanmu Sheng's hair, "Slut! Marrying you is the biggest loss of my life! Don't worry! From now on, I'll treat you well, and make every day unforgettable for you." As he said this, a sinister smile curled up on Shen Haoguang's lips.

"Take this slut to the basement!" Shen Haoguang released Duanmu Sheng's hair and, with a look of disgust, dusted off his hands.

The bodyguards bowed slightly, then dragged Duanmu Sheng away.

In such a vast Superpower World, and with Duanmu Sheng being a family castoff, her disappearance would likely go unnoticed.

Duanmu Sheng struggled fiercely, "Shen Haoguang, let me go! Let me go! You will not die a good death! Your Shen family will face retribution!"

"Cut her tongue out for me!" Shen Haoguang coldly commanded, his serious tone indicating he was not joking.

At this point, even if Duanmu Sheng were to die, no one would care!

Alive, she brought no benefits to Shen Haoguang, which is why he was so brazenly unrestrained.

"Hold on," a glint crossed the depths of Situ Ya's eyes before she spoke, "Haoguang, cutting off the tongue is quite disgusting. Why not just gag her mouth instead?"

Situ Ya still had that sweet, adorable appearance, making her seem like an angel mistakenly fallen to earth.

No one could see through her true face.

"Alright, let's listen to Ya Ya," Shen Haoguang embraced Situ Ya's shoulders, then raised his voice, "Gag that bitch's mouth for me. Without my orders, no one is to feed her, not even water."

Soon, Duanmu Sheng was locked in a pitch-dark cellar, her nostrils filled with nauseating odors, a sense of panic and regret pervading her whole body, sapping all her strength.

Both her hands and feet were tied up, and a rag was stuffed in her mouth, allowing only muffled whimpers to escape.

Duanmu Sheng had few friends in Superpower World and had fallen out with her family. Just a few days ago, she had even quit her job under the slanderous influence of Shen Haoguang—surely no one would notice her disappearance now...

What should she do?

Was she to be locked in this cellar forever?

Staring at the endless gloom of the cellar, Duanmu Sheng's eyes filled with despair...

Now that Shen Haoguang had revealed his true colors before her, he would certainly not let her off easily.

What to do?

What should she do?

She didn't want to simply die like this.

She hadn't yet apologized to her parents.

She hadn't yet taken her revenge!

A tear slid down from the corners of Duanmu Sheng's eyes.

Duanmu Sheng did not know how long she had been in the cellar; she only felt her tears were about to run dry.

At that moment, the heavy metal door was slowly pushed open.

What followed was a piercingly bright white light.

A slender figure started walking inwards.

"Tap tap tap" the sound of high heels on the floor provided a rhythmic sound.

Duanmu Sheng's eyes widened as she stared ahead, continuously scooting backward.

The newcomer was Situ Ya, still wearing a faint smile on her face.

Duanmu Sheng's back pressed tightly against the wall of the cellar, her eyes staring straight at Situ Ya as if she wanted to burn holes through her.

Situ Ya must have come to torment her.

Now, she was like fish on a chopping board, at the mercy of others.

"Hehe," Situ Ya crouched down, letting out a soft chuckle, "Duanmu Sheng, don't look at me like that, it's a bit creepy."

Duanmu Sheng continued to stare fixedly at her.

If it weren't for Situ Ya and Shen Haoguang conspiring to deceive her, how would she have ended up in such a situation?

All of this was caused by Situ Ya.

It was all because of this bitch!

Now Duanmu Sheng had finally seen through Situ Ya's true nature, unfortunately too late.

"I told you, stop looking at me like that," Situ Ya said with a smile, "Duanmu Sheng, you ending up here today has nothing to do with me; you brought this upon yourself. Even without me, there would have been another woman, another Situ Ya! You, you're just too stupid! To be deceived in such a way! Just think about it, how many times has Zi Qi warned you?"

What Situ Ya said made perfect sense, Duanmu Sheng was entirely the architect of her own misfortune.

She had numerous opportunities to grasp the truth, but she failed to seize any of them.

It's not as if Situ Ya was the only woman in the world; even if Shen Haoguang hadn't met Situ Ya, he would have met other women. In the end, it was Duanmu Sheng who was too foolish.

Duanmu Sheng coldly turned her head away, refusing to look at Situ Ya any longer.

Situ Ya stood up, casually picked up a pair of scissors, and leaning slightly forward, stabbed the scissors towards Duanmu Sheng's lower abdomen, "Duanmu Sheng, you are no longer of any use to the Shen family; they will slowly torment you until you stop breathing."

The faint smile lingering on Situ Ya's lips differed slightly from her usual sweet demeanor.

This version of her seemed less disguised.

Situ Ya continued, "Duanmu Sheng, if I were your parents, I would be infuriated to death by a daughter like you. Remember for the future, don't be so stupid!"

Waving the scissors in front of Duanmu Sheng, she spoke with a smile at the corner of her mouth, "Duanmu Sheng, always remember that the people who love you the most in this world are your parents. To betray your parents over a man, do you think you are foolish?"

Chapter 792: Situ Ya's Comeback

As she finished speaking, Situ Ya clenched the scissors and viciously stabbed towards Duanmu Sheng's abdomen.

Watching the scissors about to plunge into her lower belly, Duanmu Sheng tightly closed her eyes, biting her lip.

Even if she died, she would find the Shen family, find Situ Ya and take her revenge!

However, the expected pain did not come; instead, a crisp "click" sounded next to her ear.

Then, Duanmu Sheng felt the ropes around her being yanked away; her whole body suddenly felt lighter, and she tried moving her hands. It was not an illusion; she really could move!

With this realization, Duanmu Sheng hurriedly opened her eyes.

Seeing her reaction, Situ Ya chuckled again, "You didn't think I was actually going to kill you, did you? I've never seen anyone as foolish as you." Saying this, Situ Ya yanked the cloth from Duanmu Sheng's mouth.

"They're all asleep now; follow me, and I'll take you out of here," Situ Ya said as she tossed the ropes and cloth on the floor and looked up at Duanmu Sheng.

Duanmu Sheng also looked at Situ Ya, her eyes reflecting disbelief, "Why would you save me?"

Situ Ya dusted off her hands with a sneer, "Don't flatter yourself! Who would save a fool like you?" With those words, Situ Ya turned and walked away.

Duanmu Sheng immediately followed. At a time like this, she had no other choice; she had to trust Situ Ya.

Situ Ya seemed to know the Shen family's basement well; within minutes, she had led Duanmu Sheng up to ground level. As she saw the long-missed light, Duanmu Sheng's heart, which had been held in suspense, immediately settled down.

"I'll leave you here. Take care of yourself," Situ Ya said, then turned and left.

"Wait." Duanmu Sheng looked at Situ Ya's retreating figure and called out.

Regardless, Situ Ya had truly saved her this time.

Just as Situ Ya had said, even without her, there would have been other women who colluded with Shen Haoguang to deceive her.

But if it weren't for Situ Ya, she might have been locked in that basement for a lifetime.

Thinking of this, Duanmu Sheng was gripped by new terror.

She never wanted to experience that sense of panic and helplessness again.

"What is it?" Situ Ya turned around impatiently, her face devoid of its previously sweet smile and the feigned weakness of a damsel in distress; perhaps this was Situ Ya's true self.

Duanmu Sheng, guarded, asked, "Who exactly are you? Why did you save me?"

The corners of Situ Ya's mouth lifted slightly, "I'm not a good person, but I'm not a bad person either! Relax, I simply saved you this time without any ulterior motives. You don't need to be so wary, nor do you need to feel indebted to me. After all, I didn't save you for nothing. Buddha did say, didn't he? Saving a life is more meritorious than building a seven-level pagoda. Although you are a fool, saving you will accrue some merit for me. If I die and have to go to hell, maybe Lord Yama will see that I saved a life and lessen my suffering a bit."

After finishing her piece, Situ Ya turned and left.

What an odd person.

Duanmu Sheng narrowed her eyes and then also turned to leave.

As long as she could escape the Shen family, she had nothing to fear!

Shen Haoguang! Just wait, there will come a day when she would return to seek revenge! She would reclaim everything she suffered, with interest!

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After the engagement party, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe returned to their military lives.

A soldier's time is not his own, and both had already submitted their marriage applications. The parents decided that they would marry once the applications were approved.

Today was another day for Chu Jin's pregnancy check-up.

This time, Mo Zhixuan accompanied her.

Prenatal checkups were somewhat troublesome, as one couldn't eat in the morning and had to hold their urine for the test.

At the moment, Chu Jin was already on her second bottle of mineral water, yet she still didn't feel the urge to go.

"Mo Zhixuan, accompany me for a walk please," Chu Jin set aside the mineral water and looked at Mo Zhixuan.

"Sure," Mo Zhixuan immediately supported Chu Jin's arm.

Since she was having twins, Chu Jin's belly was growing bigger by the day. However, except for her belly and chest, she didn't see much change elsewhere; her limbs remained slender.

The other expectant mothers who came for their maternity leave all had some freckles and such on their faces, but Chu Jin's face remained as white as a peeled egg.

"Mom, how many months are you? What skincare products do you use? Your skin is really good!" A pregnant mom with a noticeably large belly, looking to be about seven or eight months along, approached them.

She looked at Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, feeling that they were very familiar, as if she had seen them somewhere before, yet she just couldn't remember where.

There are always some topics to talk about between expectant mothers.

Chu Jin was even pulled by an enthusiastic expectant mother into a moms' group.

There, the pregnant moms often gathered together to chat about fetal movements, second children, mothers-in-law, and to complain about their husbands.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "I'm five months along, how about you?"

The pregnant mom expressed her surprise, "Just five months and your belly is that big? I'm seven months now, and I look about the same as you. You're not expecting twins, are you?"

Chu Jin nodded gently, her eyes filled with a warm smile, "You're right, they are twins."

Ever since getting pregnant, Chu Jin felt that her mindset had undergone significant changes.

"Wow, really?" the pregnant mom said enviously, "Do you know the sex of the babies yet? I wish I could have twins too!"

Mo Zhixuan stood to the side, silently snickering to himself, "Ordinary people can't match his high level of skill." He really thought twins could be conceived just by wishing for it?

Chu Jin laughed softly, her response ambiguous, "It's said that they could make up a 'good' word, but I haven't confirmed the specifics."

Seeing that Chu Jin was easy to talk to, the pregnant mom pulled her aside and whispered, "Is that your husband over there?"

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly.

"He's quite handsome, and he seems to treat you very well. Did you guys have a shotgun wedding?" the pregnant mom continued to inquire, as married women, when gathered, either gossiped or turned up the heat.

This pregnant mom, seeing the honeyed way Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin interacted, knew they must be newlyweds and the kind that had a shotgun wedding.

If they were an old married couple, they couldn't possibly have such good feelings for each other!

All the crows under heaven are black; the same goes for men.

"It's not a shotgun wedding," Chu Jin tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, "We knew each other for many years before deciding to get married."

From the secular world to now, she and Mo Zhixuan had known each other for over six years, almost seven.

But their feelings for each other had always remained constant.

"Sigh," the pregnant mom let out a breath, expressing her envy, "Your husband is really good to you! Not like that deadbeat of mine, went to the restroom once and hasn't come back yet! Who knows where on earth he wandered off to!"

Chu Jin smiled faintly.

The pregnant mom continued, "By the way, have you picked good names for your babies? You're having twins, so you have to choose good names!"

Chu Jin smiled and shook her head, "Not yet. We were too lazy to handle it, so we just left it to the elders in the family."

Upon hearing this, the pregnant mother looked at Chu Jin, and continued, "Let me tell you, naming is a big deal, it's tied to the child's fate for life! My firstborn, a boy, was named Huai Jin by his father, and this little one here, I had a check-up, and the doctor says it's a girl, so her dad said just call her Wo Yu. What do you think of the name?"

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Huai Jin and Wo Yu, both Jin and Yu imply a beautiful jade, it's a nice name."

"Right?" the pregnant mother said with a smile, "I also think it's a really good name."

Chu Jin also smiled faintly.

Chatting with the pregnant mother was quite a pleasant feeling.

"By the way, are you planning on breastfeeding or using formula for your baby?" the pregnant mother asked next.

Chu Jin replied lightly, "It will mainly be breastfeeding."

"Breast milk is good, it doesn't have additives, it's healthy. My firstborn was breastfed," the pregnant mother continued, "So are your twins going to be delivered by C-section or naturally?"

"Well," Chu Jin pondered for a moment, then said, "If the fetal position is correct by that time, I'll still choose natural birth."

"Oh let me tell you, natural birth is better. I chose a C-section for my first child, and I was in so much pain I couldn't get out of bed for a week. The woman in the next bed had a natural birth, and she was discharged in less than a day!"

Chu Jin smiled and nodded.

"By the way, do you have a mother-in-law? Is she good to you? Let me tell you, when I was doing my postpartum confinement, my mother-in-law didn't even come to see me once! It's as if I didn't exist at all! That's too much! But thankfully, my mother was there, she was so good to me..."

The relationship between mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law has always been a fraught one.

Fortunately, Chu Jin hadn't encountered such problems.

Lady Mo treated her like her own daughter, and since her pregnancy, she wished she could feed her herself...

The pregnant mother went from talking about her mother-in-law to her sister-in-law, "My relationship with my sister-in-law is not bad, we often go shopping together. Do you have a sister-in-law?"

"..."

The topics of similar nature just kept increasing.

The pregnant mother was really talkative, and Chu Jin was a bit overwhelmed.

She was not a very talkative person to begin with.

Just then a nurse called a name, and the previously incessant pregnant mother immediately raised her hand, "Here, here, that's me." She then turned to Chu Jin, "Sorry, I'm going in now, we can chat another time when we're free."

"Sure." Chu Jin smiled politely, then stood up and walked over to Mo Zhixuan, exhaling deeply.

Mo Zhixuan handed her a bottle of mineral water, "Do you want to drink some more?"

Chu Jin shook her head, "No more, let's walk around a bit."

"Alright." Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin's hand, and the two of them strolled back and forth in the maternity ward's corridor, just like any ordinary couple.

Almost the entire corridor was filled with husbands accompanying their wives to prenatal check-ups.

At the other end of the hallway, a pregnant mother who seemed to be close to giving birth was in so much pain that her face was tightly scrunched up, and her husband was frantically pacing around, grabbing a nurse and saying, "Nurse, my wife can't stand the pain anymore, when can she enter the delivery room?"

Husbands seeing their wives in such a state wished they could bear the child for them.

The nurse glanced over the chart in her hand and then looked up, "You are Ms. Hu Fang's relative, right? Her cervix has only dilated one centimeter. She should walk around more, then eat something to replenish her energy. That would help with the delivery. If she really can't endure it, she also has the option of a C-section."

The pain of childbirth varies from person to person, some suffering so much they want to jump off a building, but some feel hardly anything at all.

"Cesarean section, I choose cesarean section!" Hu Fang gripped the nurse's hand tightly, her eyes brimming with pleading. She couldn't stand the pain anymore.

Nobody could almost understand this kind of tearing pain.

Her husband was just about to nod his head when a middle-aged woman burst out of the elevator. "Miss nurse, don't listen to her nonsense. We choose natural birth!"

This middle-aged woman was the pregnant woman's mother-in-law.

The husband by her side was obviously indecisive, "Listen to my mom, just listen to my mom. She's the experienced one, she knows better."

"But I'm really in so much pain." Hu Fang clutched her husband's hand tightly, "Let me have a cesarean?"

"What cesarean!" The middle-aged woman frowned and said harshly, "Giving birth is something every woman must go through. I did it the same way back then. Other people can have natural births, are you so delicate? Miss nurse, don't listen to her nonsense. Just go, I am her mother-in-law, I can make the decision."

"Right, right, right," the husband nodded incessantly, "Listen to my mom."

The nurse, looking troubled, glanced at the mother and son before finally turning to Hu Fang. "Since the family does not agree, we cannot forcibly perform the surgery. Just hang in there for a while longer, and call me if you really can't bear it." The nurse sighed softly, sympathy flickering in her eyes. She patted Hu Fang's hand and then turned to leave.

The older generation doesn't like cesarean sections, and it's not because of the money.

They believe that cesarean delivery is not good for the child.

Children born through cesarean section are believed to be physically and mentally inferior to those born naturally.

The old mentality is, as long as the child is fine, what's a little sacrifice from the adults?

Hu Fang was in so much pain that she couldn't even breathe. She clutched the middle-aged woman's hand tightly and begged, "Mom, please, let me have a cesarean! I really can't take the pain anymore!"

The middle-aged woman sighed, "How come young people these days are so delicate? They can't bear this little pain! How are you going to be a qualified mother later on? Haven't you heard? Children from cesarean births have weaker immunity than those from natural births. At times like these, you can't just think about yourself, you have to consider the child too! Women are inherently weak, but when she becomes a mother, she must be strong! Look around, you're not the only pregnant woman here!"

In fact, the mother-in-law was also considering the welfare of the child.

Or it could be said that, in her eyes now, there was only her grandson.

"Mom's right. Just bear it a bit longer. Maybe the baby will be born soon. I'll walk with you," her husband said, taking Hu Fang by the hand and leading her forward.

A woman, perhaps only at times like this, can realize whether she's married to a man or a ghost.

Desperation filled Hu Fang's eyes. Never before had she felt as desperate as she did at this moment. Waves of pain, like sharp knives carving her flesh, swept over her again. It felt as though her entire stomach had exploded, and even taking a single breath was a luxury.

"I'm really in pain. Let me have a cesarean section or I'm going to die." Hu Fang clutched her husband's hand tightly, desperately pleading.

But the husband was a mama's boy without a firm standpoint. He looked toward his mother, "Mom, should we just let Little Fang have a cesarean section?"

"No way! I absolutely disagree! This pain is nothing," the middle-aged woman's expression was very determined as she continued, "Think about when I gave birth to you. I endured pain for a whole 24 hours. She hasn't even been in labor for 7 hours and she can't bear it? It's as if no one else has ever had a child! She's really overreacting!"

In the eyes of the middle-aged woman, Hu Fang was making a big fuss over nothing.

Claiming pregnancy as an excuse to be demanding.

Hearing his mother speak this way, the young man looked at Hu Fang with impatience, "Enough! Just bear with it! Didn't you hear what mother said? When she gave birth to me, she was in pain for 24 hours!"

"But I really can't bear it!" Hu Fang looked at her husband, pale-faced. She was truly in pain, in so much pain that she felt she was dying.

Why did everyone think she was pretending? Whining without being sick?

"Enough already!" the middle-aged woman glanced at Hu Fang, "What's unbearable about such a little pain? It's not like anybody ever died from childbirth pain! Before cesarean deliveries were available did everyone not survive? Everybody got through it this way, and you don't seem more delicate than anyone else!"

The mother-in-law spoke coldly and dismissively.

Chapter 793: The Unchangeable Reality

Hu Fang no longer had the energy to argue with her.

She was truly in pain.

Hu Fang knelt on the ground in agony, her eyes quickly reddening, "Mom, it really hurts! Please, I'm begging you, let me have a cesarean!"

The middle-aged woman frowned impatiently and hurried to help Hu Fang up, "Get up, what are you doing? Someone who didn't know better would think that I'm abusing you! It's just childbirth, can't you be a little stronger? They say a mother's love is selfless. You can't just think about yourself; you have to consider your baby too!"

"Little Fang, mom is right, we have to listen to mom. Just hang in there a little while longer. Look at the other pregnant women, does anyone act like you? It's just pain, it won't kill you!" Her husband merely thought his wife was being overly dramatic; of all the pregnant women in the maternity ward, she was the only one acting as if she were dying! It's just childbirth, and she's acting like it's a matter of life and death! It was really annoying him!

The light in Hu Fang's eyes gradually faded, and she slowly stood up, biting her lip, "Do you really want me to die of pain before you'll agree?"

Both the middle-aged woman and young husband did not answer, impatience flickering in their eyes, "You won't die of pain, rest assured! I've given birth before! Don't think you're the only one in the world having a baby!" said the middle-aged woman in a very nasty tone.

Hu Fang took a deep breath and then said coldly, "Fine, I get it! I will walk on my own, you don't need to follow me!" She forcefully shook off her husband's hand.

"Can you manage by yourself?" her husband asked, a bit worried.

"It's fine, let her think things through on her own. It's enough that we watch from behind," the middle-aged woman stopped her son's motion, coldly watching Hu Fang's retreating figure.

Her husband was still somewhat worried, "Mom, I should still go keep her company."

The middle-aged woman clutched her son's wrist and said coldly, "Son, at times like this, you can't indulge her every whim. If it keeps going like this, she's going to walk all over you!"

It's just childbirth, right?

Is it necessary to be like this?

She thinks she's the only pregnant woman in the world!

Hearing his mother say this, the son gave up and didn't follow, just watching his wife's back from a distance.

Hu Fang, enduring the excruciating pain, slowly walked forward.

At the end of the corridor was an open window, through which a gentle breeze carried the fragrance of flowers, diminishing the strong smell of disinfectant.

Hu Fang looked at the window, her lips curving into a slight smile, a hint of relief flashing in her eyes. She caressed her swollen belly, the angle of her smile becoming more pronounced.

Perhaps, for others, it was just a window, but for her, it was the portal to another world.

There, there was only the scent of flowers, no pain.

Hu Fang straightened up and smiled as she walked toward the window, like any ordinary pregnant woman. People passed by without noticing anything amiss.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan had also heard the previous conversation and were now passing by this pregnant woman.

Mo Zhixuan's brow was deeply furrowed; from Hu Fang's behavior and her words, it was clear she could no longer cope, yet her family still clung to their opinions.

A mama's boy of a husband.

A selfish mother-in-law.

They were the creators of this woman's suffering.

Mo Zhixuan glanced at Chu Jin's belly with some worry. Hu Fang was in such pain with just one child; Chu Jin was carrying twins...

"The Distress of Childbirth" did have quite a few difficult labor cases described.

With this thought, Mo Zhixuan broke out into a cold sweat and, grasping Chu Jin's hand, tightened his grip unconsciously.

Suddenly, Chu Jin narrowed her eyes; she turned around, only to see Hu Fang had already climbed onto the window sill, now slightly leaning back with a hot tear spilling from the corner of her mouth, "My dear baby, I am sorry. Mom isn't a strong mother."

At this point, Hu Fang could think of no other solution.

"Don't!" Without time for further thought, Chu Jin let go of Mo Zhixuan's hand and leaped forward, grabbing onto the pregnant woman's hand. The fierce downward force nearly dragged Chu Jin out of the window as well.

Although Chu Jin no longer had Spiritual Power, her body's instincts were still intact. She bit her lip and propped herself against the wall with her knees.

The sudden turn of events caused the people walking back and forth to stop in their tracks, staring in disbelief!

"Ah! Someone is going to jump from the building!"

Mo Zhixuan, without time for much thought either, grabbed Chu Jin by the shoulders, protecting her belly, and then took over the pregnant woman's hand from Chu Jin and pulled fiercely, bringing the pregnant woman back from the brink of death, and she landed steadily on the ground. "Clap, clap, clap." Applause broke out all around.

"Jin, are you okay?" Mo Zhixuan immediately grabbed Chu Jin's shoulder and asked anxiously.

That moment just now scared him to death! He even thought that Chu Jin had been dragged down by that pregnant woman!

This is the 28th floor.

If she really fell, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"I'm fine, I'm not made of paper. Don't worry," Chu Jin shook her head slightly, her lips curving into a faint smile to reassure Mo Zhixuan.

"That's good!" Mo Zhixuan breathed a sigh of relief, hugging Chu Jin tightly, his heart pounding violently.

Chu Jin wrapped her arms around him in return.

"Hu Fang! What are you doing? Are you trying to kill my grandson?" The middle-aged woman's face went deathly pale from fear.

The young man beside her was so frightened that his legs went weak. Clutching Hu Fang, a sobbing tone rose in his voice, "Wife, what are you doing? You're going to take my life!"

There was pure chill on Hu Fang's face, pain had erased all expression, but she still remembered the second when Chu Jin had grabbed her.

Actually, the moment she jumped, she already started to regret because the child in her belly kicked her fiercely at that moment, as if accusing her of irresponsibility.

Hu Fang pushed her cowardly husband aside, enduring the plummeting pain, walked to Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, and gave a deep bow, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Chu Jin extended a hand to help her up, "Does it still hurt?"

Hu Fang forced a smile on her face, "It's bearable," when in truth, it was unbearable.

She didn't understand why some people felt nothing during childbirth, but she was in extreme pain.

It wasn't that she was blowing things out of proportion.

It was truly very painful.

"Thank you for just now, for saving my daughter-in-law and my future grandson, thank you." The middle-aged woman also bowed deeply to Chu Jin, pulling her son along.

But Chu Jin didn't reach out to help her, her clear and elegant face with a touch of chill, "If you still want to save your grandson, then call a doctor to prepare the operation for your daughter-in-law now!"

If it weren't for this middle-aged woman's relentless opposition to Hu Fang choosing a cesarean section, she wouldn't have been in such pain as to choose jumping off a building.

In Hu Fang's eyes, pain was far scarier than death.

"How could that be? Not only are children born from cesarean sections much duller than those born from natural childbirth, but they also have particularly weak constitutions! What are you thinking?" The middle-aged woman looked at Chu Jin incredulously, "Young person, although you just saved my daughter-in-law, we have thanked you. Our family matters are none of your business!"

This time, she would keep a close eye on Hu Fang and not let her have any chance to do anything foolish!

This woman was obviously here to collect a debt! Thinking about jumping off a building! If all pregnant women were like her, making a fuss about life and death over giving birth, then there would be no children in the world.

Their family must have been cursed for eight generations to end up with this kind of daughter-in-law!

"You come with me! Stop making a scene here! You can't even endure this bit of pain, how are you going to be a mother in the future? How unlucky I am to have chosen someone like you..." The middle-aged woman dragged Hu Fang towards another direction of the corridor.

Now pregnant herself, Chu Jin knew the hardship of expecting mothers. Hearing the middle-aged woman's words, she could not control herself. Clenching her fists, she wanted to slap her right away, but she held back. Watching their retreat, she called out coldly, "Stop!"

Though it was just a short command of two words, it carried an icy chill that made one's heart tremble.

The family of three stopped in their tracks and turned to look at Chu Jin.

Before Chu Jin could speak again, the middle-aged woman's legs gave way. She turned to her son, shivering, "Jun Jun, quickly go find a doctor, tell them we agree to the cesarean now!"

The middle-aged woman didn't understand her own reaction; at that moment, it felt as though a thousand-pound boulder pressed down upon her head, causing panic and leaving her barely able to breathe. She hardly dared to meet Chu Jin's eyes.

To her, Chu Jin was just a young girl, but she exuded an imposing aura that commanded involuntary respect. And clearly, the man standing beside her was no ordinary person either.

"Alright, Mom, I'll go right now." The young man ran swiftly towards the elevator.

Since his mother had agreed personally, he felt no need to be under pressure anymore.

Chu Jin's face showed no excess emotion, "You are a woman, a mother yourself; why can't you consider things from Hu Fang's perspective? She left her own parents, her own family, married into your family, bore children for your family, and in the end, she gets this result, with a mother-in-law like you, she really is cursed!"

Chu Jin was so furious, she just wanted to fiercely scold the mother-in-law, to vent for Hu Fang.

"I..." The middle-aged woman had no power to retort, her face pale as death.

Chu Jin continued.

"Have you ever considered why Hu Fang wanted to jump off a building? When a person is not even afraid of death, yet fears the pain of childbirth, do you think she lacks courage? She is also someone else's daughter, a treasure held dear by her parents. What gives you the right to treat her so poorly? Put yourself in her shoes; if Hu Fang were your daughter, and you saw her being pressured by her own mother-in-law to jump off a building, what would you do?"

The middle-aged woman was drenched in cold sweat, filled with regret, and her face was a picture of utter shame. Indeed, if the one standing here today were her own daughter, she would never allow her mother-in-law to bully her like that.

Chu Jin's words were truly like a wake-up call for the dreamer.

"Little Fang, Little Fang, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," the middle-aged woman knelt down before Hu Fang immediately.

"Mom, please get up," Hu Fang helped her mother-in-law stand, and when she raised her head, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were no longer in sight.

They were truly kind people. If there was a chance, she would definitely thank them properly next time. Hu Fang looked around the corridor crowded with people, a faint smile appearing on her lips.

In the prenatal checkup room.

The doctor was performing a routine prenatal checkup for Chu Jin.

Mo Zhixuan waited outside, his fist against his lips, lost in thought, and then turned to walk toward another department.

Coming out with the checkup results, Chu Jin said with a smile, "Mo Zhixuan, look how mischievous our babies are. The doctor said one umbilical cord is wrapped around the neck three times, and the other one, four times."

"Jin, let's go with a cesarean section in the future," Mo Zhixuan replied, seemingly off-topic. "I've asked the doctor, and a C-section can reduce a lot of pain, greatly sparing the adult from suffering."

"I asked the doctor today as well," said Chu Jin, "and he mentioned that the babies aren't very big, so it should be easy to give birth, and besides, labor pain varies from person to person based on one's physique. It's not necessarily that horrific for everyone, so don't worry unnecessarily." She patted Mo Zhixuan's hand.

She obviously knew what Mo Zhixuan was worried about.

"But..." Mo Zhixuan's expression was one of hesitation and a bit of panic.

"But what?" Chu Jin chuckled lightly. "I, the pregnant woman, am not scared, so what are you afraid of? Let's go, I'm starving. Let's go home and eat."

"What do you feel like eating? I'll take you there," Mo Zhixuan's attention was successfully diverted.

Chu Jin suddenly felt like eating seafood porridge and suggested, "Let's go to He Ji restaurant. Their seafood porridge is good."

But then she suddenly remembered that He Ji was far away and Mo Zhixuan had come on a bicycle, which would be very inconvenient. "Let's not go to He Ji. The Underwater World next to the hospital is good too."

Mo Zhixuan just smiled and said nothing.

When they reached the hospital parking lot, Mo Zhixuan got on the bicycle with practiced ease and turned his head to look at Chu Jin. The morning sun shone on his face and cast a shadow on his chiseled profile.

It was already slightly cold in October, but he was still wearing a thin white shirt, looking very much like the leading man straight out of a romantic drama.

Chu Jin smiled softly and then walked over. She sat sideways on the back seat and wrapped her arms around his waist. "Let's go."

No sooner had she spoken than Mo Zhixuan began to pedal. The bicycle moved leisurely along the asphalt road. When they passed the Underwater World, Mo Zhixuan did not stop but continued to ride on.

"We've arrived, you silly," Chu Jin reminded him.

"Hmm, we haven't reached He Ji yet," Mo Zhixuan's voice sounded a bit deep.

Chu Jin said with a smile, "Silly, we're not going to He Ji anymore."

Mo Zhixuan freed one hand to rub her head. "I feel like eating their seafood porridge."

Chu Jin smiled lightly and didn't say much more, just tightened her arms around his waist and rested her cheek against it. The sunlight cast a golden halo over them.

All of this beauty was as if straight out of a comic book scene.

Perhaps, this is what it truly means to marry for love.

Duanmu Sheng was hiding behind a plane tree, watching Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan, envy evident in her gaze.

These past few days, Duanmu Sheng had thought of many plans for revenge, but none were viable.

To marry Shen Haoguang smoothly, she had quit her job, given up everything, and now she was realizing that once outside the Duanmu family, she was nothing.

She was now just a useless person, powerless to do anything.

She could only watch helplessly as Shen Haoguang enjoyed his carefree life.

Duanmu Sheng gripped the tree trunk tightly, her nails digging deep into the bark, her knuckles turning white. She bit her lip hard, wishing she could tear Shen Haoguang apart alive.

But, she didn't have the ability.

She didn't even dare to get close to the Shen family, afraid of being discovered by Shen Haoguang, afraid that she might once again be locked up in that dimly lit, boundless basement.

After all, she was now just an ordinary person.

Whether she lived or died, no one would care.

Watching Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's figures getting farther and farther away, the tears in Duanmu Sheng's eyes had blurred her vision; she was regretting, regretting not listening to Chu Jin and Zi Qi's advice.

Chu Jin would never have lied to her.

She should have thought of that earlier.

It was one thing to be foolish herself, but she had also offended many people with her foolishness, those who had helped her.

They must be very disappointed in her by now.

Within just a few short days, Duanmu Sheng had lost a lot of weight, her face almost devoid of any color.

Crying, Duanmu Sheng felt a bout of nausea in her stomach, and she couldn't help but squat on the ground and vomit violently, almost retching out the acid from her stomach.

"Young girl, are you all right?" an elderly grandmother stopped and squatted down, looking at Duanmu Sheng with concern, and handed her a piece of tissue, "Young girl, wipe your mouth."

Then she took out a bottle of unopened mineral water and handed it to Duanmu Sheng.

"Thank you, grandma," Duanmu Zhe sniffled.

The old grandmother continued, "Young girl, if you're feeling unwell, you should go to the hospital. If life feels bitter, then have a piece of candy. Life, you know, doesn't have hurdles that can't be overcome."

The old grandmother's hair was gray, and her face was filled with wrinkles, but she was very kind.

Seeing her, Duanmu Sheng felt as if she were seeing her own grandmother, and all the grievances she had endured over the days burst forth, as she threw her arms around the grandmother and sobbed loudly.

"Don't cry, tell grandma what troubles you have encountered. I've lived for so long, there's nothing I haven't seen," the old grandmother patted Duanmu Sheng's back, comforting her in a low voice.

Duanmu Sheng's cries were loud, causing her shoulders to shudder.

After a long while, Duanmu Sheng finally stopped crying, let go of the old grandmother, and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, grandma, for dirtying your clothes. Seeing you reminded me of my own grandmother, I just couldn't hold back."

"It's all right, it's all right," the grandmother said with a smile. "I too would love to have a beautiful granddaughter like you." As she said this, a hint of regret appeared in her eyes.

She went on to say, "Child, it's not terrible to make mistakes. What's terrible is not knowing to turn back and correct them after making them. You're still young, if you have any problems, you must discuss them with your family. Remember my words, in this world, no one will love you more than your parents."

Upon hearing the old grandmother's words, Duanmu Sheng thought of her own parents and cried even harder.

At this point, the grandmother sighed and continued, "Child, you're still so young, with a bright future ahead of you, unlike me. I'm old now, I can't do anything anymore. There are three most precious things in this world: time, kinship, and friendship..."

"Grandma, I don't have any of those things anymore. I now have no home, no parents, no friends, I've destroyed it all myself," said Duanmu Sheng through her tears.

She now felt like a redundant person, living was only wasting air, she might as well be dead...

"But you have time, time is a miraculous thing, it can create everything, child," said the grandmother, pausing for a moment, then gently patting Duanmu Sheng's hand as she went on.

"You must not follow the old path I took. When I was young, I made poor choices with people, broke all relationships with my parents, relatives, and friends, leading to a life of solitude. Now, I don't even have any children, and to this day, I haven't even seen my parents' last moments. At least you are luckier than I am; you are still young, you can still change your situation, unlike me, I am old now, what I fear is that when I die someday, there won't even be anyone to send me off..."

At this, the grandmother's eyes reddened as well, seeing herself as a fool in her mind's eye.

Love makes one foolish.

In her next life, she would never love again.

Hearing this, Duanmu Sheng cried even harder.

The current situation of this old grandmother was her own future.

She had no way out now.

She had already married Shen Haoguang, and now she fundamentally could not change her situation.

...

Chapter 794: the reason it turned out like this

It was time, the bus slowly stopped in front of them, and the old lady let go of Duanmu Sheng, "Child, remember what grandma told you, live well, time will give you everything you want, grandma is leaving first, goodbye."

The old lady got on the bus, waving at Duanmu Sheng.

Duanmu Sheng leaned against the parasol tree and slowly slid down to the ground; her current situation was even worse than that of the old lady just now...

She had nothing left, nor the ability to take revenge; she could only live in this world by clinging to life, but she did not want to, for living only brought her endless pain.

At times like these, only death could bring her relief.

Thinking this way, Duanmu Sheng wiped the tears from her face and smiled again, walking into the nearby pharmacy.

When Duanmu Sheng came out of the pharmacy again, she had two bottles of sleeping pills in her hand.

Now, death seemed like the only true relief.

Duanmu Sheng put the two bottles of sleeping pills in her bag and walked to a nearby clothing store, where she bought a limited edition suit she had long admired.

Then she went to a nearby cosmetics store and bought a set of high-end cosmetics.

She looked too haggard now; even in death, she wanted to die beautifully.

After buying everything, Duanmu Sheng returned to the inn, took a serious bath, changed into new clothes, sat in front of the dressing table, and carefully drew her eyebrows, applied lipstick, and dabbed on foundation...

In the end, she styled her hair into an exquisite updo.

In an instant, Duanmu Sheng seemed like a different person; the person in the mirror was radiant and full of life, as if the domineering businesswoman of the past had returned.

Duanmu Sheng smiled at the person in the mirror, and the person in the mirror smiled back at her.

She took out the sleeping pills from her bag, slowly unscrewed the cap, and poured out all the sleeping pills, but just as she was about to swallow them all at once, she seemed to remember something, put the pills back into the bottle, screwed the lid on, and stood up.

She couldn't just die like this.

At the very least, before she died, she had to apologize to her parents; after all, they had raised her for so many years.

And there were Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi.

They must have been deeply hurt by their third sister.

And Zi Qi and Chu Jin.

Back then, they had given her good advice with kind intentions, and not only had she been ungrateful, but she had also hurt them so deeply.

Yes, before she died, she must admit her mistakes to them and say sorry.

She couldn't die with regrets.

Thinking this, Duanmu Sheng picked up the cellphone from the table, put it into her bag, and then walked out the door.

She walked on the bustling, lively streets, surrounded by people of all shapes and colors, yet she felt not the slightest warmth; the passersby couldn't tell that she was a person determined to die.

Duanmu Sheng first went to where Zi Qi worked. After speaking with the guard at the door, the guard said politely, "Miss Duanmu, please wait a moment, the teacher will come out soon."

Duanmu Sheng was shocked; she hadn't expected that Zi Qi would still be willing to see her at a time like this. The guilt in Duanmu Sheng's heart deepened, and after a moment, she looked up at the guard, "Okay, thank you."

A few minutes later, Zi came out from inside.

Because she was at work, Zi was dressed in uniform, and Duanmu Sheng noticed that Zi didn't seem as dark as before.

Zi walked over with a straight posture, her attitude not as warm as before.

Without saying a word, Duanmu Sheng bowed deeply to Zi, bending at a 45-degree angle, her face full of remorse.

"What are you doing?" Zi took a surprised step back.

"Zi, I'm sorry, I apologize to you for my hurtful behavior in the past," Duanmu Sheng said, bowing deeply again with full sincerity.

Seeing her like that, Zi knew what had happened. He sighed, "It's never too late to mend a fence after a sheep is lost. It's good that you recognize the truth," he said. Zi then reached out and patted Duanmu Sheng on the shoulder, "Sheng Sheng, take it easy, don't be too hard on yourself. Who hasn't encountered a few scumbags in their youth? Without going through trials and tribulations, how can one see a rainbow?"

Zi put on an air as if he was weathered with age, speaking as though he had experienced these kinds of things many times before.

Since Duanmu Sheng had truly recognized her mistake, then it wasn't impossible for him to forgive her.

No one is a sage; who can be free from faults?

The Duanmu Sheng of the past had merely been blinded by idiocy.

"Thank you." Duanmu Sheng looked up, her eyes brimming with sincere remorse, "Thank you for still being able to forgive me till now."

"Don't mention it," Zi smiled and shook his head, "Sheng Sheng, find time to go home when you can, Uncle and Auntie are really worried about you."

"Okay." Duanmu Sheng nodded and then added, "Zi, and about the matter with Ninth Sister-in-law, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have been so thoughtless with my words, it was all my fault..."

Duanmu Sheng really regretted it, but, in this world, there was never such a thing as Regret Medicine one could take.

"Don't overthink it. As for Jin Ge, well," Zi hesitated, then continued, "I can't speak for Jin Ge, but if you have something to say, you can go tell her yourself."

Duanmu Sheng truly owed Chu Jin an apology.

"Okay." Duanmu Sheng nodded, "I understand that, I'm just apologizing to you for my past behavior, I was really too foolish before!"

"It's good that you see the facts clearly." Zi patted Duanmu Sheng's shoulder.

Just then, a man in uniform hurried out and whispered something to Zi. Zi's expression changed, and he said apologetically to Duanmu Sheng, "I'm sorry, Sheng Sheng, I have to go in for something urgent. We'll talk more when there's time, and remember to visit home."

Saying this, Zi hurried into the house.

Duanmu Sheng stood there, a faint smile on her pale face as she waved goodbye to Zi's retreating back, "Goodbye."

After having met with Zi, Duanmu Sheng took another trip to the imperial palace, only to be told that Chu Jin had not returned, and Mo Qingyi had already gone back to the military.

So, Duanmu Sheng walked while dialing Mo Qingyi's phone number.

Mo Qingyi answered very quickly, "Hello, Sheng Sheng."

"Qingyi." Duanmu Sheng tried to calm her emotions, flagged down a taxi, got into the back seat, and entered the destination.

"Sheng Sheng, is there something you need?" Mo Qingyi asked.

Although the previous Duanmu Sheng had indeed been quite detestable, Mo Qingyi couldn't bring herself to hate her.

From another perspective, Duanmu Sheng was just a pitiful person blinded by love.

No matter what, Duanmu Sheng was still Duanmu Zhe's sister.

"Qingyi, thank you for still taking my call." Duanmu Sheng's voice seemed calm, but in fact, she was already crying her eyes out.

The taxi driver in the front seat curiously glanced at Duanmu Sheng through the rear view mirror.

Such a beautiful woman, he mused, wondering what could have her so heartbroken.

As a taxi driver for so many years, he had never seen a beautiful woman cry like this.

Mo Qingyi chuckled softly, "Sheng Sheng, what silly things are you saying? We are a family after all. Actually, everything Duanmu Xiaosi said before was said in anger, you shouldn't take it to heart, he only wanted what was best for you..."

Mo Qingyi paused, then said, "Sheng Sheng, don't blame me for being nosy, but that photo of Duanmu Xiaosi is not Photoshopped. That Shen Haoguang, he really isn't a good person..."

Mo Qingyi spoke rather tactfully, afraid of upsetting Duanmu Sheng.

But she was also afraid that Duanmu Sheng would be deceived for nothing.

Unfortunately, every time, Duanmu Sheng would not listen.

"Qingyi," Duanmu Sheng said with a bitter voice, "I know everything now, Shen Haoguang is just scum, I'm the one to blame for being blind to fall for such a man!"

She was so foolish! The truth that everyone else knew, she had been oblivious to it...

Ridiculous...

Infuriating...

Upon hearing this, Mo Qingyi immediately said in a tense voice, "Shengsheng, where are you right now? Are you alright?"

No woman could withstand such a blow.

Mo Qingyi worried that Duanmu Sheng wouldn't be able to hold on.

The taxi driver heard this, somewhat speechless.

He hadn't expected that this pretty young girl, who seemed so well-off, had actually been deceived by a man...

"I'm fine, don't worry," Duanmu Sheng took a deep breath, her voice gradually becoming steadier, "Qingyi, I'm sorry! It was all my fault before."

Mo Qingyi immediately said, "Shengsheng, don't say that. You didn't do anything to let me down. As long as everything gets cleared up, we're still family!"

But there was no going back. She could never go back! From the moment she registered her marriage with Shen Haoguang, she was already past the point of no return.

Duanmu Sheng painfully closed her eyes, shedding two trails of hot tears.

"Shengsheng, I won't call Little Zhe. Please pass on a message to him for me, tell him I'm the one who's let him down as his sister! If possible, please ask him to forgive me."

On the other end of the line, Mo Qingyi hurriedly consoled her, "Shengsheng, don't worry. Don't you know Duanmu Xiaosi? He's not even angry. You're his real sister. How could he possibly be mad at his own sister?"

Duanmu Sheng let out a relieved smile, "Okay, I believe you. Qingyi, I have to go now, I have other things to deal with. You and Little Zhe must be happy."

Mo Qingyi also said with a smile, "Sure, Shengsheng. We'll see each other next time you come back."

Duanmu Sheng hung up the phone, painfully closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and wiped her tears with a tissue. She then took out a foundation and lipstick from her bag and started touching up her makeup.

After retouching her makeup, Duanmu Sheng didn't look much different from usual.

It has to be said that makeup is truly a miraculous thing.

Ten minutes later, the taxi stopped in front of the Duanmu Family's villa.

Duanmu Sheng got out of the car, walked up to the front door, and as she looked at this familiar building, her eyes inevitably became hot with tears. Just as they were about to fall, she lifted her gaze to the sky and forced the tears back.

It had only been a matter of days, but it felt like she had been away for years.

Duanmu Sheng took several deep breaths, extended her hand, and knocked on the door.

After a moment, the door opened. The servant who answered, upon seeing Duanmu Sheng, said with a troubled expression, "Third Miss, why have you come again? The master and madam said they do not wish to see you now."

Duanmu Canghai had already told the servants that if Duanmu Sheng were to come back, they should just turn her away at the door.

Duanmu Sheng forced a light smile and called out toward the inside, "Dad, Mom, I'm back."

Upon saying this, Duanmu Sheng's knees buckled, and she knelt down on the spot.

"Third Miss, what are you doing?" The servant looked shocked and hurriedly reached out to help Duanmu Sheng. "Please get up quickly!"

But Duanmu Sheng refused to rise, crying as she said, "Dad, Mom, your unfilial daughter has come to kneel and admit her wrongs. It was all my fault before. I failed to judge character, I hurt you both... I'm sorry... Dad! Mom! Please forgive me!"

Inside the house.

Hearing Duanmu Sheng's voice, Zhou Jin got upset and stood up, "Shengsheng! It's Shengsheng. She's back!"

Zhou Jin was just about to go outside when Duanmu Canghai grabbed her wrist, "Don't go over there. Have you forgotten what that ungrateful thing did to us! Let her kneel a bit longer! Otherwise, she'll never learn her lesson!"

In response, Zhou Jin sighed, turned back, and sat down on the couch, but her thoughts had already drifted outside.

In reality, Duanmu Canghai was also heartbroken over his daughter.

But though heartbroken, he remained heartbroken.

To deeply impress upon Duanmu Sheng the gravity of her mistakes, some punishments had to be executed.

Outside the house.

Duanmu Sheng still knelt there, "Mom and Dad, please forgive me. It was all my fault before, I was wrong! Please, come out and see me."

She didn't want to die without having seen her parents' faces one last time.

Just then.

The sky roiled with wind and clouds, dark thunderheads gathered, lightning flashed and thunder roared, and in an instant, down poured a torrential rain.

In October, it was unusual for thunderstorms, yet today thunder rumbled exceptionally.

Perhaps even the heavens wanted to strike down this unfilial daughter?

Duanmu Sheng cried even harder.

Her throat was raw from crying.

But her parents still did not come out.

Duanmu Sheng had no intention of getting up; after all, she was a person marked for death. Getting drenched in the rain meant little to her; what mattered was to see her parents once more.

"It's raining!" Zhou Jin anxiously stood up, grabbed an umbrella, and wanted to rush out.

"Don't go!" Duanmu Canghai said in a low growl, "Let her be drenched!"

What was a little rain compared to the great mistake Duanmu Sheng had made this time?

"Canghai!" Zhou Jin was so distressed that she cried out, "Sheng is our daughter! How can your heart be so harsh?"

Duanmu Canghai also stood up, "When she was hurting us, did she ever consider that we are her biological parents? Without us, where would she be from?"

Zhou Jin cried and said, "Canghai, can you calm down for now? It's pouring outside! Besides, the child already realizes her mistake, doesn't she? With her like this, aren't you satisfied? What more do you want her to do?"

Duanmu Canghai was not merely being obstinate; through this incident, he wanted Duanmu Sheng to seriously learn a lesson!

If they easily forgave her this time, there was no guarantee she wouldn't make the same mistakes again!

Duanmu Canghai said resolutely, "No! Overly tender parenting spoils children! The reason she has come to this point is exactly because you have indulged her!"

"Canghai!" Zhou Jin pleaded bitterly, "Sheng is the daughter I carried for ten months! Now that she realizes her mistake, please let her in, won't you? She knows she was wrong!"

In the end, Zhou Jin let her tears flow freely.

"Sheng might have suffered a lot at the Shen family. Now that she has returned, please let her in! Canghai, Sheng is also your biological daughter!"

Duanmu Canghai frowned coldly and said harshly, "She has brought all of this on herself; nobody forced her to act this way! Think about it, how many times have we patiently advised her! How did she treat us back then?"

Duanmu Canghai was heartbroken for Duanmu Sheng yet profoundly angry at the same time.

"It has already happened! What more do you want?" Zhou Jin was rarely this furious! She continued, "Or do you need something to happen to Sheng before you feel it's enough?"

Seeing his wife so upset and his own biological daughter kneeling outside, Duanmu Canghai sighed and conceded, "Ten minutes, we'll wait another ten minutes. If she can still endure for ten more minutes, then we will forgive her."

"Okay, okay," Zhou Jin's expression changed, and she was overjoyed. She started to prepare an umbrella and towels and even ordered the servants to heat some water.

For Zhou Jin, those ten minutes felt longer than ten hours.

She glanced at her wristwatch nearly every few seconds.

Duanmu Canghai appeared composed, but in reality, his heart was in turmoil. He regretted, why hadn't he said three minutes or even two minutes?

Why had it to be ten minutes?

But as the head of the family, his word was like spilled water which could not be recollected.

Chapter 795: the elderly send off the young

Time passed by second by second. After enduring the long ten minutes, Zhou Jin, holding an umbrella and a towel, rushed outside.

Duanmu Sheng was still kneeling there, her face indistinguishable between tears and rainwater.

She was regretting her past actions until an umbrella shielded her head, and only then did she come to her senses. She looked up in surprise

and saw Zhou Jin and Duanmu Canghai standing in the rain.

Just like when she was a child, her parents held the umbrella over her head, while they themselves were exposed to the rain.

That is parental love.

The most selfless and unrequited love in the world.

Unfortunately, she had realized it too late.

Duanmu Sheng, looking up at Zhou Jin and Duanmu Canghai, finally spoke bitterly after a long time, "Dad, Mom!"

"ShengSheng, my ShengSheng, you've suffered!" Zhou Jin hugged Duanmu Sheng tightly.

"Mom, I'm sorry! I've wronged you." The mother and daughter wept together, while Duanmu Canghai, standing in the rain holding the umbrella for them, also had tears streaming down his face.

"ShengSheng, realizing your mistake is good, come inside with Mom." Zhou Jin released Duanmu Sheng, wiping the tears from her face.

"Dad, I'm sorry, I was wrong!" Duanmu Sheng looked up at Duanmu Canghai, her voice hoarse, "I've wronged you and Mom, I'm an unfilial daughter!"

Duanmu Canghai sighed, "To know your mistake and to correct it, there is nothing greater. Get up, come inside with us."

Since the child had already recognized her errors, there was no need for him to cling to that mistake any longer!

"Thank you, Dad. Thank you for forgiving me," Duanmu Sheng said, crying and then laughing, "But... Dad, I can't go back! I really can't go back!"

She and Shen Haoguang had registered their marriage; her life was inevitably entwined with Shen Haoguang.

She could not go back.

"Nonsense! Get up quickly and come inside with us!" Duanmu Canghai scoffed coldly.

Zhou Jin immediately stood up to help Duanmu Sheng, "ShengSheng, stop being stubborn. Come back with us. These days, your dad and I have worried enough about you—don't make us worry anymore."

Because she had been kneeling on the ground for too long, Duanmu Sheng's legs gave way as she got up, almost falling, but thankfully Duanmu Canghai was there to support her in time.

"Dad!" Duanmu Sheng looked at Duanmu Canghai, almost crying again.

At this moment, she realized that her father, who had always seemed as mighty as a mountain, now had many more white hairs on his head.

"Let's go." Duanmu Canghai held the umbrella for mother and daughter with one hand and supported Duanmu Sheng's arm with the other, striding towards the house.

The family of three entered the house where a servant immediately offered dry towels.

"Dad, Mom..." Duanmu Sheng said while drying her hair, looking at Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin with eyes full of tears.

Duanmu Canghai said, "Alright, no need to say anything more. It's good that you're back; coming back is a new beginning. Go upstairs, take a hot shower, then come down for dinner."

"Okay." Duanmu Sheng nodded slowly and headed upstairs.

"You should take a shower too." Duanmu Canghai looked at Zhou Jin, then added, "Doesn't ShengSheng love the borscht you cook? After you take a shower, go make some soup for ShengSheng."

"Okay, okay," Zhou Jin said with a smile, "I will go now."

Upstairs.

Duanmu Sheng entered her room and found everything just as it had been the night before she left.

In an instant, she was in tears again.

The parents had never really given up on her.

They had been waiting for her to come back all along.

Duanmu Sheng took her favorite clothes out of the closet, went into the bathroom, took a comfortable bath, changed into the clean and comfortable clothes, then sat down at the vanity to diligently apply makeup.

She would have one last meal with her parents, and then lie quietly in her bed to die.

She was content with her life's journey thus far.

When she came downstairs after applying her makeup, her parents were already waiting for her in the dining room.

"Dad, Mom." Duanmu Sheng smiled sweetly, then walked over and sat down.

"ShengSheng is here, Mom has served your food, come sit down," Zhou Jin said with a smile.

"Thank you, Mom," Duanmu Sheng said, maintaining a smile on her face.

"Silly child, hurry up and eat," Zhou Jin put some of Duanmu Sheng's favorite dishes into her bowl.

Duanmu Sheng also served her parents' favorite dishes.

A meal was eaten in cheerful harmony.

Seeing the content faces of her parents, Duanmu Sheng's eyes flickered with a dark light.

If only time could always go on like this.

I really wish I could stay with my parents forever.

Unfortunately, I can't.

What's missed, will ultimately be missed.

After the meal, realizing she had never really done anything for her parents, Duanmu Sheng asked the servants to bring over two basins of hot water and personally washed her parents' feet.

Zhou Jin, sitting on the sofa, said with a smile, "My Sheng has really grown up."

Hearing these words, Duanmu Sheng's eyes reddened, and she was about to cry, but she held back her tears.

I was such a bastard before!

My parents have been so good to me, how could I bear to make them so sad?

It's all my fault!

After washing her parents' feet and before going upstairs, Duanmu Sheng looked back seriously at her parents and said slowly, "Dad, Mom, I'm sorry! Thank you for forgiving me!" Having said that, she bowed deeply.

"This child!" Zhou Jin covered her mouth, her eyes reddening.

Duanmu Canghai sighed and said, "Alright, go upstairs and rest, the past is in the past, tomorrow is a new day."

Zhou Jin also immediately said, "Your dad is right, go get some rest."

Duanmu Sheng nodded, "Yeah, Dad, Mom, good night." With those words, she turned and left.

The moment she turned around, tears streamed down Duanmu Sheng's face, and in her heart she apologized, "Dad, Mom, I'm sorry, please forgive your unfilial daughter."

Zhou Jin and Duanmu Canghai watched Duanmu Sheng's retreating figure with smiles of relief on their lips.

She's back.

Their daughter had finally returned.

The heavy stone in their hearts could now be put down.

Entering her room, Duanmu Sheng closed the door, leaned against it, and started to cry softly.

After crying for a while, Duanmu Sheng sat down at the writing desk, took out a piece of stationery, and began to write.

Her handwriting was beautiful, with a kind of elegance that didn't seem typical of a girl.

In her ears, she could almost hear Duanmu Canghai's words again, "Our Sheng has the most beautiful handwriting!"

This time, however, the beautiful writing was a suicide note.

Duanmu Sheng wept as she wrote.

Every character was dyed with blood.

All were confessions from the depths of the heart.

At the end, she wrote, "Dad, Mom, sorry, in this life I have not been able to repay your kindness. I hope that in the next life, I may be lucky enough to be your daughter again."

After writing the suicide note, Duanmu Sheng lay on the bed, took out sleeping pills, poured a handful into her palm, and swallowed them all.

Last, she pulled up the covers and closed her eyes with a smile on her lips.

Goodbye, my loved ones.

Downstairs, in the bedroom of Duanmu Sheng's parents.

Zhou Jin came out of the bathroom, rubbing hand cream while frowning. She didn't know why, but her heart was beating fast nonstop, as if something big was about to happen.

The uneasiness reached an extreme.

At times, it was so severe she felt difficulty breathing.

Duanmu Canghai sat on the couch reading the newspaper, but no matter what, he couldn't calm down. He looked at Zhou Jin with a trace of unease, "I don't know why, but I keep feeling like something big is about to happen."

At those words, Zhou Jin put the hand cream on the counter, looking very nervous, "I feel the same way! My heart has been thumping nonstop since a while ago, it's never beaten this fast before."

Duanmu Canghai sighed and squinted his eyes, a dangerous glint appeared in them, and he stood up abruptly, "Could anything have happened to Little Zhe and Qingyi?"

Parents and children sometimes share a special psychological connection, so Duanmu Canghai was now a bit nervous as well.

Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi are serving in the army, and they have recently been tasked with a very dangerous mission. Upon hearing this, Zhou Jin's face turned pale, "What should we do? May Buddha bless them, nothing should happen to Little Zhe and Qingyi!"

Zhou Jin's eyes reddened with urgency.

Duanmu Canghai's heartbeat was racing, frantic and spinning with panic, "What do we do? What do we do? That's right!" A light bulb went off in Duanmu Canghai's head as he continued, "We can make a phone call! Make a phone call!"

At these words, Zhou Jin hurried to look for her phone, but she was too nervous, her hands trembling nonstop, unable to find the number. Duanmu Canghai was slightly more composed, "Don't worry, let me do it."

Duanmu Canghai took the phone from Zhou Jin's hand, found the familiar number, and dialed out.

One second, two seconds.

The call was quickly connected on the other end.

"Hello, Dad." Duanmu Zhe's voice sounded very calm.

Hearing their son's voice, the couple sighed in relief simultaneously.

"Little Zhe, where are you now? And Qingyi? Are you both alright?" Zhou Jin snatched the phone back, asking urgently.

"I'm with Qingyi right now," Duanmu Zhe said, sounding a bit worried due to Zhou Jin's anxious tone, "Mom, what's wrong? Did something happen?"

"As long as you two are fine," Zhou Jin's pounding heart finally settled, "Your dad and I are alright, we just missed you a bit. Oh, has your marriage leave report come through yet?"

"Not yet, it'll probably take some time," Duanmu Zhe answered, "Has Sheng come back? She called me today but I missed it. Qingyi mentioned that Sheng seemed a bit off."

Duanmu Zhe was still very concerned about his third sister.

"She's back, she's back," Zhou Jin said with a smile, "Ever since your third sister came back this time, she's completely changed, become much more sensible." Mentioning Duanmu Sheng, Zhou Jin felt quite comforted.

At the mention of Duanmu Sheng, Duanmu Canghai's expression changed, and he quickly took the phone from Zhou Jin's hand, speaking to the other side, "Little Zhe, it's late now. You two should get some rest early. I'm going to hang up now, good night."

"Why are you in such a hurry to hang up? I haven't had a proper chat with our son yet!" Zhou Jin complained.

"Go upstairs and check on Sheng!" Duanmu Canghai said with intense anxiety.

Duanmu Sheng's behavior was very strange tonight; it couldn't be explained merely as being sensible—it felt more like a farewell!

He could only hope it was all in his head.

"Sheng?" Zhou Jin frowned slightly, "What's wrong with Sheng?"

Duanmu Sheng had come back safely. What could possibly be wrong?

"Didn't you notice how odd that girl Sheng was behaving tonight?" Duanmu Canghai rushed towards the door.

Zhou Jin immediately followed Duanmu Canghai, her complexion, which had just eased, turning pale again. Duanmu Canghai was right; Duanmu Sheng's behavior was indeed very strange tonight, and she had even said some odd things.

It was terrifying to contemplate.

The couple rushed quickly to the door of Duanmu Sheng's room. Duanmu Canghai took a step back, turned to Zhou Jin, and said, "You knock."

After all, their daughter had grown up, and even as her biological father, there were times when he had to keep his distance.

"Alright." Zhou Jin's hand trembled as she knocked on the door, "Sheng, Sheng, hey, Sheng, are you asleep?"

There was no response from inside the room.

"Sheng! Sheng!" Zhou Jin knocked on the wooden door urgently, her voice several decibels louder.

But the room remained eerily quiet. Zhou Jin panicked, reaching for the doorknob, but the wooden door was immobile, the key wouldn't turn—it looked like it had been locked from the inside.

"Step aside!" Duanmu Canghai pushed Zhou Jin away.

By now Zhou Jin's eyes were red with urgency. Sheng had always been a stubborn child, determined to the end. Having gone through such an ordeal, Zhou Jin feared she might do something foolish.

The more Zhou Jin thought, the more frightened she became, almost bursting into tears, covering her mouth with her hand, desperately trying to control her emotions.

Duanmu Canghai took a few steps backward, then charged forward, shoving the door open with his body.

The lights were still on in the room.

Zhou Jin also rushed in and saw Duanmu Sheng lying on the bed, a wave of relief washing over her until she saw the scattered sleeping pills on the nightstand—her blood ran cold!

"Sheng, Sheng, hey! Wake up, don't scare me!" Zhou Jin rushed to the bedside, shaking Duanmu Sheng's shoulders vigorously.

Duanmu Sheng did not respond at all.

Her complexion was ashen, lips white as paper.

On her body, there were scarcely any signs of life left.

"Sheng! Child, why are you so foolish!" Zhou Jin cried out in despair.

Seeing her daughter like this, her mind ceased to think. Other than crying, she could think of nothing else to do.

Duanmu Canghai was still trying to remain calm. He staggered backward a few steps, then pulled out his phone from his pocket, and dialed for emergency services. After making the call, Duanmu Canghai discovered the suicide note on the vanity.

He held the suicide note, feeling as if every ounce of strength had been drained from him in that instant. He was so frantic he couldn't even cry, his whole body leaning on the vanity, his lips trembling. Other than fear and panic, he hardly felt anything else.

"Sheng, Sheng, open your eyes and look at Mom, Sheng..." Zhou Jin cried, shaking Duanmu Sheng, her voice nearly hoarse.

Duanmu Sheng had fallen into a severe coma, and in her hazy state, she seemed to hear her mother's voice. She wanted to open her eyes, but her eyelids felt as if they were glued shut, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't open them.

Her internal organs felt as if they were on fire, the pain was unbearable. She wanted to sit up, but she couldn't muster a shred of strength. Not only was her body in torment, Duanmu Sheng's heart was also in extreme distress. She felt like she was about to die...

As she teetered on the brink of death, she began to regret. Her life had been too short, short to the point where she had not yet properly taken care of her parents.

She had not yet seen Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi.

A scalding tear slid from the corner of Duanmu Sheng's eye. If she could do it all over again, she would never have been so obstinate as to register her marriage with Shen Haoguang without her parents' consent, nor would she have fallen out with them.

She would have obediently listened, she would have taken good care of her parents.

Because in this world, the people who love you the most will always be your parents.

Alas, by the time she realized this truth, it was too late.

In a blur, she heard the sound of an ambulance, along with the urgent voices of medical personnel.

"The patient has taken a large amount of sleeping pills, all vital signs are now showing a state of shock. The family should be mentally prepared," one of them said.

At these words, Zhou Jin immediately burst into loud sobs.

Even Duanmu Canghai couldn't help crying out.

Duanmu Sheng's heart was filled with bitter regret. She had never seen her father cry in all her years, but this time, because of her...

How she regretted it.

She was not a good daughter, not only had she brought no joy to her parents, but now she had brought them endless pain.

Duanmu Sheng was placed onto an ambulance, where medical staff began to administer emergency first aid.

Duanmu Canghai tightly grasped Duanmu Sheng's hand, "Sheng Sheng, it's Daddy. Please hold on, when you were little Daddy wasn't there to see you grow up. Daddy is here to apologize, Daddy is at fault..." His voice was heavy with tears.

"Sheng Sheng, you've always been Daddy's pride. You've been smart since you were a child, hardly ever making your mom and me worry. But this time, how could you be so foolish... Sheng Sheng, you have to pull through, even if it's for your mom and me..."

Duanmu Canghai had never felt as hopeless as he did at this moment.

The ambulance quickly reached the hospital, and Duanmu Sheng was rushed to the emergency room, with the surgical light turned on.

Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin sat desolately, their faces ashen.

During this time, the doctor issued three critical condition notices.

Each one dealt a massive blow to the couple's psyche.

Zhou Jin's eyes were red and swollen from crying.

Duanmu Canghai patted Zhou Jin on the back, trying to comfort her, "It's okay, don't be afraid. These doctors like to scare people the most. Look, they've issued three critical condition notices, and our Sheng Sheng is still okay, isn't she?"

But as he comforted her, Duanmu Canghai couldn't help but break down in tears himself.

Three hours later, the surgical light went out.

The couple rushed over, "Doctor, how is my daughter? Has she woken up?"

The doctor in blue scrubs, seeing the couple, took off his mask and shook his head regretfully, "The patient's condition is very poor, and she has now been transferred to the ICU. To prevent the unexpected, you should... prepare the mourning clothes."

Upon hearing this, Zhou Jin almost lost her balance, feeling as though her world was collapsing. Her legs gave out, and she knelt down before the doctor, "Doctor, please, save my daughter! I'm begging you! Whatever it takes to save my daughter, I'll do anything!"

The love of parents knows no bounds.

The doctor was a young man. Seeing this, he quickly helped Zhou Jin to her feet, "Auntie, please don't do this! We've really tried our best!"

"Is there really no way?" Zhou Jin clutched the doctor's wrist tightly, tears streaming down her face, "Doctor, please have mercy on me, my Sheng Sheng is only 28 years old... she's only twenty-eight..."

Her life was just beginning.

Duanmu Canghai begged hoarsely, "Doctor, if you can save my daughter, no matter the cost, we're willing to pay it! Please, save her! I, Duanmu Canghai, have never begged anyone in my life, but today, here, I'm begging you! Save my daughter! She can't have anything happen to her!"

By the end, Duanmu Canghai was sobbing, kneeling before the doctor.

If only they could save Duanmu Sheng, they were willing to do anything.

Duanmu Canghai had never faced such despair in his life as he did today.

He wished he could be the one lying on the hospital bed, not Duanmu Sheng!

The doctor sighed, "I'm sorry, Auntie, we've truly done all we can. She was brought in too late. If she had been here 30 minutes earlier, there might have been a slim chance, but now her body is already showing signs of failure..." The doctor shook his head regretfully.

As Zhou Jin listened to the doctor's words, her vision darkened, and she fainted.

"Zhou Jin!" Duanmu Canghai caught her, his voice trembling.

In this world, there is no greater pain than that of the white-haired sending off the black-haired.

Zhou Jin already had a heart condition; she couldn't withstand such a shock.

Chapter 796: see the last time

His daughter had just entered the ICU, and his wife was now in the operating room. Duanmu Canghai stood outside the operating room door in a daze, looking as though he had aged more than ten years in an instant.

Right then, his cellphone's ringtone sounded.

Perhaps due to some bond of blood, the caller was Duanmu Zhe.

Ever since hanging up the phone, Duanmu Zhe had felt uneasy, unable to concentrate on anything he was doing.

Duanmu Canghai stared at his son's incoming call, not even knowing what emotion to use to answer this call.

Duanmu Zhe was in the military; logically, he should not be told the reality of the situation, but considering Duanmu Sheng's condition, if he was not informed of the circumstances here, wouldn't it mean they might not even see each other for the last time?

After much hesitation, Duanmu Canghai answered the phone.

"Hello..." Duanmu Canghai tried hard to suppress his emotions.

"Dad, what's wrong? Did something happen at home?" Duanmu Zhe almost immediately detected something odd in Duanmu Canghai's voice.

"Little Zhe..." Duanmu Canghai sighed, "Come back home, your third sister, she..." The rest of his words just wouldn't come out.

"Dad, don't worry! I'll come back right away!" As soon as he said this, Duanmu Zhe hurriedly hung up the phone.

Duanmu Canghai sat down on a blue chair in the waiting area, his body covered in cold sweat.

Not long after, the light in the operating room went off again.

Duanmu Canghai immediately went to meet them, "Doctor, how is my wife doing?"

The doctor took off his mask, his expression calm, "Don't worry, your wife will be alright. She'll need to stay in the hospital for a few days for observation, but... she needs to rest completely, she can't take any more stress."

"Okay, okay, thank you, doctor." Duanmu Canghai let out a sigh of relief and followed the medical staff into the ward.

In the ward, Zhou Jin lay on the hospital bed, her face deathly pale, her eyes tightly shut.

Duanmu Canghai picked up a towel to wipe Zhou Jin's forehead, then made a round to the ICU ward, resting his powerless hands on the glass as he looked at Duanmu Sheng lying on the hospital bed.

Duanmu Sheng was wearing an oxygen mask, and no signs of life were discernible.

"Silly child, silly child..." Duanmu Canghai's lips trembled as he muttered.

By now, Duanmu Sheng had completely fallen into a coma and couldn't hear any sound; she was surrounded only by a deep sense of burning pain.

If she could choose again, she would never opt to swallow sleeping pills.

It was just too painful!

Duanmu Canghai stood in front of the glass, powerless, and it took him a long while to return to the regular ward; he feared Zhou Jin would panic if she woke up and didn't see anyone around.

It was now past midnight.

Duanmu Canghai thought for a moment, then made a phone call to instruct the housekeeper to prepare some soup and bring it over in the morning.

After hanging up the phone, Duanmu Canghai fell back into endless pain, rubbing his temples.

His daughter's fate hung in the balance, and his wife lay on a hospital bed...

Life seemed to have lost all its color.

Duanmu Canghai felt a restless urge to smoke a cigarette; just as he lit it, he realized he was in the hospital and quickly snuffed it out.

Just then, the door of the ward opened, "Dad, how's Mom?" Duanmu Zhe, looking travel-weary, walked in from outside.

Seeing Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi, a glimmer of light flashed in Duanmu Canghai's eyes, as if he had seen a lifeline, "Little Zhe, Qingyi, you're back."

"Uncle, is Auntie okay?" Mo Qingyi was also very anxious.

"She's fine, you don't have to worry," Duanmu Canghai's voice was already hoarse, "but Sheng... she..."

Duanmu Canghai's throat tightened, and he could hardly speak, "Sheng... she... the doctor said we should prepare for her funeral, Little Zhe, your sister... she might not make it through this time!"

At this, Duanmu Canghai's emotions completely collapsed, and he embraced Duanmu Zhe, beginning to sob uncontrollably.

Duanmu Zhe was completely stunned; he had not expected Duanmu Sheng's condition to be so serious...

Mo Qingyi covered her mouth in disbelief, tears streaming down; she had spoken on the phone with Duanmu Sheng just this afternoon...

How could things have turned out like this?

Thinking of Duanmu Sheng and seeing his father, who had once been as solid as a mountain, now in tears, Duanmu Zhe almost couldn't control the rage in his heart. His fists clenched, his eyes bloodshot, his whole body shaking, he turned to Duanmu Canghai and shouted, "Dad! Don't worry, I'll get justice for my sister! I'm going to chop up that scumbag Shen Haoguang right now!"

With these words, he rushed out of the room, ablaze with fury.

Before Duanmu Canghai could react, Mo Qingyi grabbed Duanmu Zhe by the waist, "Duanmu! Don't be rash! Now is not the time for recklessness!" her voice was thick with tears.

Superpower World was a place with strict laws; murder carried the death penalty, and given Duanmu Zhe's special status, he couldn't afford to act impulsively now.

Shen Haoguang was indeed a scumbag, but legally speaking, he had nothing to do with this incident.

The sleeping pills were ingested by Duanmu Sheng herself.

At most, Shen Haoguang was just a love scammer.

All debts can be repaid, except those of love.

If Duanmu Zhe did something now, it would only mean throwing himself into the fire as well.

That's why Mo Qingyi had to stop him.

"Let go of me!" Duanmu Zhe struggled violently, emitting a towering rage from his body.

Mo Qingyi held on to Duanmu Zhe's waist, her voice cold, "Duanmu, can you calm down, please? It's not worth risking yourself for a scumbag like Shen Haoguang! If something really happens to you, what am I supposed to do?"

At times like this, she had to stay calm and not let Duanmu Zhe do something foolish.

"Qingyi's right, now is not the time to be impulsive!" Duanmu Canghai also calmed down, looking at Duanmu Zhe, pleadingly, "Little Zhe, I'm about to lose your third sister, do you also want to make me lose you? If you do this, how are your mother and I supposed to live?"

"What about my third sister? Is she just going to let that scumbag bully her like this?" Duanmu Zhe also broke into tears.

No matter what Duanmu Sheng had done before, she was still his sister.

He couldn't tolerate his sister being bullied like that.

"There will be a way, there will be a way," Mo Qingyi sobbed, "Good and evil will be repaid, and one day we will be able to avenge sister Sheng. Going to look for Shen Haoguang now will not solve any problems but may even cost you your life, it's not worth it!"

In some cases, Mo Qingyi was much calmer than Duanmu Zhe.

Duanmu Zhe didn't speak, his body trembling. Seeing his family like this, he really couldn't bear it.

All he wanted to do was shoot that Shen Haoguang dead!

"Let me go! I'd rather it be an eye for an eye!" Duanmu Zhe was furious.

"Duanmu!" Mo Qingyi was scared, her strength was no match for holding back Duanmu Zhe.

"Little Zhe! Dad is begging you! Leave a way out for me and your mom." Duanmu Canghai pleaded in vain and knelt down directly in front of Duanmu Zhe.

"Dad, what are you doing?" Duanmu Zhe panicked, ignoring everything else, he also knelt down in front of Duanmu Canghai.

Father and son were kneeling face to face.

Both were in tears.

The scene was touching.

Mo Qingyi walked over to Duanmu Canghai's side and pulled his arm, "Uncle, please get up."

Duanmu Canghai sighed deeply, stood up weakly, and Duanmu Zhe also stood up following his father, compromising, "Dad, don't be like this, I won't go then, isn't that okay?"

"That's good, that's good," Duanmu Canghai gripped Duanmu Zhe's hands tightly, "Little Zhe, a moment of patience may bring peace and stepping back may bring a broader perspective. Your third sister is already like this, me, and your mom, we can't take any more blows."

At this time, he couldn't let his son take any risks.

Duanmu Zhe's eyes were red, and he nodded, "Dad, I understand, don't worry, I won't be impulsive anymore." At this point, Duanmu Zhe had gradually calmed down.

He couldn't indulge in momentary satisfaction and ignore his loved ones.

"That's good." Duanmu Canghai heaved a sigh of relief, wiped away his tears, "You go find a place to rest with Qingyi for a while. I'll be enough here at the hospital, you can't help much by staying here anyway."

"What about Sister Sheng? Uncle, we want to see her." Mo Qingyi clutched Duanmu Zhe's arm, her eyes glinting with worry, who could rest at a time like this?

Duanmu Canghai, along with Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi, found the doctor, put on special attire, and then the three of them entered the ICU together.

If not for the persistent beeping of the heart monitor, almost no one would believe that the person lying on the hospital bed was alive.

"Third sister..." Duanmu Zhe grabbed Duanmu Sheng's hand and sobbed.

The person lying in the hospital bed was unresponsive, her hand icy cold.

That night, all three of them kept vigil in the ward, hardly sleeping.

The next morning, Zhou Jin woke up.

Her first reaction was to look for Duanmu Sheng.

Zhou Jin grabbed Duanmu Zhe's hand anxiously, "Little Zhe, where's your third sister?"

Duanmu Zhe gave a faint smile, reassuring, "Mom, don't worry, the third sister is fine."

Zhou Jin's body couldn't take any more shocks, so Duanmu Zhe told a white lie.

"Really?" Uncertainty flickered in Zhou Jin's eyes.

"Auntie, it's true what Duanmu said, Sister Sheng is doing well now. You don't have to worry. Auntie Wu just sent over some chicken soup, why don't you have some first?" Mo Qingyi removed the lid from the thermos, poured a bowl of chicken soup, and brought it to the bed.

Seeing this, Duanmu Zhe immediately raised the bed and helped Zhou Jin lean against the headboard, "Mom, take it slow."

Relieved by the words, Zhou Jin sighed, "As long as she's fine. I knew it, Sheng is a lucky child, she will definitely be alright. Where is she now? I want to see her."

Zhou Jin liked and trusted Mo Qingyi very much. Since Mo Qingyi had said so, then Duanmu Sheng must be okay.

"Auntie, have some soup first." Mo Qingyi sat down, spooned up some soup, and brought it to Zhou Jin's lips.

"Okay." Zhou Jin opened her mouth and took a sip.

After finishing the bowl of soup, Zhou Jin continued, "Qingyi, can you take me to see Sheng?"

Mo Qingyi smiled softly, "Auntie, you can rest assured, Sister Sheng is really fine. The doctor has instructed that you need to recuperate quietly now; you can't move around everywhere. If you really want to see Sister Sheng, you should recover well, and then we all can go see her together."

Mo Qingyi's words made sense, and Zhou Jin relaxed, "Alright, Qingyi, I believe you."

"Mhm." Mo Qingyi nodded.

After Zhou Jin fell asleep, the chief physician responsible for Duanmu Sheng called everyone to the office, with a heavy expression, "The patient has only two hours left to live. She has been moved to a regular ward. You family members should take the time to see her for the last time."

Although he already knew the outcome, Duanmu Canghai couldn't help but burst into tears.

Duanmu Zhe fiercely punched the wall, his whole body shaking.

Mo Qingyi took a deep breath, held Duanmu Zhe's hand, and comforted him in silence.

The ward was silent.

Perhaps because there was no hope left for her, the doctors had removed her oxygen mask. Her breathing was weak, and life was at its end.

At this time, death was the only solace for Duanmu Sheng.

"Sheng, how could you be so foolish?" Duanmu Canghai clutched Duanmu Sheng's hand tightly, pressing it to his face, imagining her full of life.

When Duanmu Sheng first grew teeth, first learned to walk, first called them mom and dad...

The more he thought about it, the more pain Duanmu Canghai felt in his heart.

Chapter 797: 30% Confidence

"Debt collector spirit! You are nothing but a debt collector spirit..." Duanmu Canghai cried helplessly.

She took away the joy, leaving behind endless pain...

Besides the faint cries, almost no other sound could be heard in the silent hospital room.

Mo Qingyi looked at Duanmu Sheng lying on the hospital bed, and then at the father and son in pain, when suddenly a light flashed in her eyes, "I remember now, there might be someone who can save Sister Sheng."

"Qingyi, what did you say?" Duanmu Canghai immediately looked up at Mo Qingyi.

Duanmu Zhe also turned his gaze to Mo Qingyi, "Who is this person?"

Jin will definitely be able to save Sister Sheng," said Mo Qingyi, seeing the puzzled look on Duanmu Canghai's face and continuing to explain, "It's my sister-in-law; she has studied ancient medicine for many years. Maybe she has a way!"

Western medicine and ancient medicine are indeed different.

Each has its strengths and weaknesses.

Sometimes, diseases that Western medicine can cure are beyond the reach of ancient medicine.

Conversely, sometimes the diseases that Western medicine cannot touch are effortlessly resolved by ancient medicine.

Chu Jin's medical skills are so good, maybe she has a way to save Duanmu Sheng.

"Lady Jiufu?" Duanmu Canghai frowned slightly, somewhat worried, "Lady Jiufu is currently in a crucial stage of pregnancy. Is it a bit inappropriate for us to bother her like this?"

Chu Jin is a revered figure across the Three Realms, and now at such a critical time, if something went wrong while trying to save Duanmu Sheng, it would be a sin no one could bear.

"It doesn't matter, my sister-in-law is not that weak! She is very capable! I'll call her right now." With that, Mo Qingyi turned and walked towards the exit.

Logically, with such a big incident, she should have informed the Mo family by now, but the situation was too chaotic last night, and she hadn't thought of these things at the time.

In the hospital room, Duanmu Canghai looked at Duanmu Zhe with concern, "Little Zhe, do you think Lady Jiufu will agree to save Sheng?"

"Dad, don't worry," Duanmu Zhe comforted him, "Lady Jiufu is really nice. As long as she is confident, she will definitely save Sister Three!"

"That's good, that's good," Duanmu Canghai nodded and then his expression darkened again, "I just don't know if my Sheng still has a chance..."

Hearing these words, a trace of bitterness also flashed in Duanmu Zhe's eyes.

It wasn't long before Mo Qingyi came back in, "Uncle, don't worry. My sister-in-law said she will come over immediately."

Twenty minutes later.

Chu Jin arrived at the hospital with Madam Mo and Tong Zhi, bearing gifts.

After such a major incident, it was only natural for Madam Mo as a relative to show her face.

Seeing Chu Jin and the others arrive, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe suddenly found their pillar of strength.

It was as if, with her presence, there was no hurdle in the world that couldn't be overcome.

"Jin."

"Lady Jiufu." Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe approached Chu Jin together.

Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Where's the patient? Take me to see."

"This way, Jin. Let me take you there," Mo Qingyi said, grabbing Chu Jin's arm and leading her into the hospital room.

The others followed steadily.

Chu Jin entered the room and first flipped Duanmu Sheng's eyelids, then sat down, took Duanmu Sheng's wrist, and began to take her pulse.

Throughout this time, the others watched her uninterruptedly, not daring to make a sound.

After a moment, Chu Jin looked up at Duanmu Zhe and Duanmu Canghai, her tone mild, "I only have a 30 percent chance. Do you want to give it a try?"

Mainly because Duanmu Sheng had ingested such a large quantity of medicine, Chu Jin was confident, but she couldn't speak too assuredly. The greater the hope given, the greater the disappointment.

"Let's try! We want to try!" Duanmu Zhe nodded firmly.

Duanmu Canghai also said, "Lady Jiufu, please do try." After speaking, he bowed deeply to Chu Jin.

Now, even if there were only a 10 percent chance, they were willing to try it!

Chu Jin at least had a 30 percent chance, whereas the hospital... had effectively sentenced Duanmu Sheng to death.

After all, it was a case of certain death either way.

It was better to let Chu Jin have a try. Who knows, it might work.

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin nodded slightly and her lips parted lightly, then she said, "If you want to try, then you all need to control yourselves and hold back your tears! At times like this, crying is the last thing you want to do!"

Duanmu Sheng was already one step into the Gates of Hell, and crying now would only hasten her death.

So, in a situation where a person is on the verge of death yet not dead, tears are most taboo.

From beginning to end, Chu Jin maintained such a calm demeanor, as if nothing could ruffle her emotions anymore.

This is what a true achiever looks like.

Hearing this, the others all braced themselves and stopped wearing such mournful expressions.

Chu Jin took a few steps forward and said to Duanmu Zhe with a clear and distinct voice, "Go and communicate with the hospital. I need an operating room cleared out for me, and then find three assistants."

Given Duanmu Zhe's current military rank, this was a trivial matter.

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Zhe immediately said, "Okay, I'll go right now."

Ten minutes later, Duanmu Zhe arrived with the dean, who, upon seeing Chu Jin, handed over the surgical gown with both hands, very respectfully saying, "Madam Jiǔ, the operating room has been prepared for you. The vice-dean, the director, and I will assist you."

The person wielding the scalpel after all was Chu Jin, and the dean dared not carelessly assign other doctors to come over.

So, he personally, along with the other two top figures from the hospital, took to the field.

"Good," Chu Jin nodded, reached out to take the surgical gown, "First push the patient to the operating room. I'm going to change clothes." After saying that, Chu Jin headed toward the direction of the washroom.

When she came out again, she had already put on the bulky surgical gown.

As she put on her gloves while walking out, an air naturally formed around her. Even the bulky surgical gown couldn't conceal it, making her impossible to ignore.

"Madam Jiǔ, everything is in your hands," Duanmu Canghai said, bowing deeply to Chu Jin before she entered the operating room.

The dean, along with the vice-dean and the director, came out of the operating room and followed behind Chu Jin.

The door to the operating room slowly closed, and the lights inside were promptly turned on.

Duanmu Canghai just stood there, constantly wiping the cold sweat from his forehead.

The elder Madam Mo came over to console him, "Sheng Sheng is a good child; he will be fine."

Seeing that the elder Madam Mo had personally come, Duanmu Canghai was deeply moved and repeatedly said, "Elder Madam, you really didn't have to come yourself. I already feel so bad for troubling Madam Jiǔ..."

The elder Madam Mo waved her hand, "There's no need to talk about family matters like outsiders. It's hard for anyone to feel at ease in this situation. Take care of yourself. How is Zhou Jin? Is she okay?"

Worry was written all over Duanmu Canghai's face, "She's fine, you don't need to worry."

"Everything will pass, Canghai, keep your spirits up. Besides, Jin is here. Her medical skills are excellent," Tong Zhi came over, patted Duanmu Canghai's shoulder, and comforted him.

"Thank you, Madam Tong," Duanmu Canghai managed a faint smile.

Mo Qingyi held Duanmu Zhe's hand, "Duanmu, we have to believe in Brother Jin. If she says there's a 30% chance, then she can definitely save Sister Sheng."

"Yes," Duanmu Zhe embraced Mo Qingyi and whispered, "Qingyi, thank you."

Mo Qingyi hugged him back.

As time ticked by, the view from the window went from being well-lit to dark.

In the blink of an eye, eight hours had passed.

Yet, there had been no movement from inside the operating room.

Those waiting outside had become extremely worried.

The elder Madam Mo was particularly restless, constantly fidgeting with the Buddha Beads in her hand, silently praying, "May the Buddha bless them."

After all, Chu Jin was pregnant, now more than five months along. Pregnant women already endure more hardship than others, and here she was, operating under high tension for such a long time. The elder Madam Mo feared for her wellbeing.

"Why hasn't she come out yet!" Tong Zhi was very worried, her eyes fixated on the operating room door.

Suddenly, ten hours had passed, but still, there was no sign of activity from the operating room.

The elder Madam Mo couldn't sit still anymore. She stood up, her eyes brimming with concern.

While it is good to save someone, one must also act within their means.

Chu Jin must not come to any harm while trying to save Duanmu Sheng!

Duanmu Canghai was also very worried. Although he was concerned about Duanmu Sheng, he was even more worried about Chu Jin.

Chu Jin and an ordinary person had no difference now, devoid of Spiritual Power and special abilities to protect her. He feared that if the surgery continued like this, Chu Jin might run into complications. Had he known it would come to this, he wouldn't have let her go in.

Inside the operating room.

The monitor kept beeping with the 'beep, beep' of the heartbeat.

Chu Jin stood there calmly, bending over to dissect an organ within the human body, her hands already covered in blood, while the dean wiped the sweat from her brow.

Moments later, Chu Jin extended her left hand, "Forceps."

Someone quickly handed her the forceps.

"Prepare blood bags, the patient needs a full blood transfusion."

"Prepare for suturing."

Chu Jin's instructions were precise and orderly.

The dean, vice-dean, and director all cooperated with her fully.

Time continued to slip away, twelve hours passed, but Chu Jin still showed no signs of fatigue, remaining fully alert.

But those waiting outside the surgery room could hardly wait another second.

Twelve hours is a considerable test for any normal person, let alone for Chu Jin, who was pregnant.

"How is it? Has Jin come out yet?" Mo Zhixuan walked out of the elevator, looking at everyone.

"Not yet," Mo Qingyi gently shook his head.

Mo Zhixuan lowered his gaze to his wristwatch and asked, "How long has it been since she went in?"

Mo Qingyi's expression was also somewhat uneasy, "About... twelve hours now."

For Mo Zhixuan, Chu Jin didn't need to save Duanmu Sheng at all.

If she swallowed sleeping pills on her own, then she should pay for her actions.

An adult actually doing such a thing, it's not like she doesn't have a brain!

If everyone were like her, willing to give up over minor issues, then the human race would probably have been extinct by now!

"What?" Mo Zhixuan furrowed his brows, his voice already tinged with a hint of chill.

In an instant, a powerful chill filled every corner, making it hard for people to breathe.

Mo Zhixuan frowned tightly, wanting to say something, but after looking at Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe, he said nothing.

No matter what, saving someone was a good deed.

Time ticked away second by second.

Mo Zhixuan couldn't wait any longer. He walked straight to the door of the operating room. The moment his hand touched the door, the waiting room light turned off.

Seeing this, everyone's eyes lit up.

With a "creak," the door slowly opened under everyone's hopeful gaze.

Chu Jin walked out while unbuttoning her surgical gown and taking off her face mask, revealing a pair of delicate peach blossom eyes.

Mo Zhixuan quickly walked over, asking anxiously, "Jin, are you alright?"

Chu Jin pulled down her mask, glanced up at Mo Zhixuan with a faint smile, and said, "I'm fine. What brought you here?"

Mo Zhixuan hugged her closely, closed his eyes, and sighed in relief, "It's good that you're alright."

Following them, the hospital director and the chief physician pushed Duanmu Sheng out, smiling at everyone, "The surgery went smoothly, and Miss Duanmu is out of danger. She will wake up in a few hours."

Upon hearing this, smiles appeared on everyone's faces.

Duanmu Canghai wanted to walk over to thank Chu Jin personally, but he was wary of Mo Zhixuan's presence.

After talking to Mo Zhixuan for a few words, Chu Jin walked over to Duanmu Canghai and said indifferently, "Uncle, I have something to tell you. Please come with me for a moment."

Duanmu Canghai glanced at Chu Jin and then followed her pace.

When they reached the ward, Chu Jin spoke softly, "Uncle, Sheng Sheng is pregnant, three weeks."

"What?" Duanmu Canghai looked up incredulously and then asked, "So... can it be terminated?"

The child Duanmu Sheng was carrying must be Shen Haoguang's, and this monstrous seed simply couldn't be kept.

"No." Chu Jin shook her head slightly, "Now, this child is closely tied to Sheng Sheng. If something happens to the child, Sheng Sheng will too..." The rest of the words went unsaid.

"The only reason Sheng Sheng survived was because of the child in her belly," Chu Jin continued, "Uncle, please persuade her well once she wakes up, so that she doesn't have thoughts of harming herself again."

At this point, the only thing Duanmu Canghai could do besides accepting the situation was, well, accepting it.

"Alright," Duanmu Canghai nodded and deeply bowed to Chu Jin, "Thank you, Lady Nine! Otherwise, this old man would be mourning the loss of a child."

Chu Jin gave a faint smile, "We are family, no need for formalities." With that, she turned and left.

Just as she stepped out of the ward, the old Madam Mo and Tong Zhi came over, "Jin, you must be tired? Let Zhixuan take you for a meal!"

"I'm fine, not very tired," Chu Jin said with a smile, "Mom, Aunt Tong, aren't you coming with us?"

"You two go ahead, your Aunt Tong and I will see Zhou Auntie," said the old Madam Mo.

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded slightly, linked arms with Mo Zhixuan, "Then we will go on ahead."

After nearly twelve hours of surgery, she was both hungry and exhausted. Now, she just wanted to have a good meal and then sleep soundly.

Mo Zhixuan, arm in arm with Chu Jin, slowly walked out of the hospital. He asked her softly, "What do you want to eat?"

"Sour and spicy fish, scrambled eggs with tomatoes, greens, sweet and sour fish, braised fish..." Chu Jin rattled off a long list of dishes.

She liked fish, so nearly half of the dishes she mentioned were fish-based.

"You little glutton!" Mo Zhixuan said affectionately as he playfully tapped her nose, "Tired?"

"Tired, dead tired." Chu Jin leaned on Mo Zhixuan's arm, resting all her strength on him, "Both tired and hungry!"

Without another word, Mo Zhixuan swept her into his arms. Chu Jin, surprised, wrapped her arms around his neck but did not struggle. She found a comfortable position in his embrace, lay down, and slowly closed her eyes.

"Did the kids bother you today?" His deep, magnetic voice came from above her head.

Chu Jin opened her eyes, simply watching him, and said with a smile, "Perhaps they knew I was saving someone; they were really well-behaved and obedient today."

The children were behaving very well; otherwise, Chu Jin wouldn't have been able to persist for twelve long hours.

"Really?" Mo Zhixuan raised an eyebrow.

"Of course, it's true," Chu Jin nodded slightly.

The two entered a restaurant near the hospital, and Mo Zhixuan ordered all the dishes Chu Jin had just mentioned.

**

Hospital.

The Mo family matriarch and Tong Zhi were still in Zhou Jin's hospital room.

Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe hadn't closed their eyes in two days and nights and had gone to rest in the empty ward next door.

Just then, a series of urgent siren sounds came from outside the hospital.

It was the sound of an ambulance.

Inside the ambulance was a pregnant woman with a very large belly, nearly at the time of delivery. Her water had broken, and she held her stomach, screaming in pain.

She had no family with her, only the ambulance crew.

"The pregnant woman is quite special, as our examination revealed she is carrying quadruplets. Try to arrange for Professor Li to perform her surgery," a doctor in a white coat said while walking and speaking to someone next to him.

"Yes, I'll go inform Professor Li right now."

Soon, the pregnant woman was rushed into the delivery room.

An hour later, four loud cries of newborn babies came from the delivery room.

A nurse walked out from inside, whispering to another, "It's a miracle, truly a miracle, that she could deliver quadruplets naturally! And so fast too!"

"Don't you see how small those kids are, just like mice?" another nurse added.

"Sigh, actually that pregnant woman is quite pitiable. She is covered in scars, and to think that she had to give birth without a single family member by her side..."

"It's quite sad indeed..."

"Pitiable people must have loathsome qualities," a nurse with short hair chimed in, "You guys should save your sympathy, take the time to brush up on your professional knowledge instead."

Tong Zhi came out of the restroom, brushing past these nurses. When she heard the cries of the babies, a look of envy flashed in her eyes.

She hadn't married for many years and hadn't dated, and it wasn't without reason.

Due to something from her childhood, she had lost the ability to have children, which is why she didn't seek a partner—she didn't want to be a burden. After all, nowadays, the issue of having children is taken very seriously.

Just look at the Mo family matriarch to understand this.

Families without children are often labeled with the tag of 'obliteration.'

Also, because of her own reasons, Tong Zhi had refused many excellent men who pursued her.

Actually, there are benefits to not having children.

Women who have children tend to age faster.

She was different; though her actual age was not small—being in her forties—she appeared to be only in her twenties.

Tong Zhi averted her gaze and quickly left the area, turned a corner, and disappeared at the end of the corridor.

In the ward, the cries of the children continued.

Strangely, there was no sound of adults comforting the children.

Suddenly, the crying stopped abruptly.

As if someone had pressed the pause button.

At this moment, a woman in a hospital gown came out of the ward, holding a black bag in her hand. If one listened carefully, they could hear faint sounds coming from the bag.

The woman looked disheveled, her original appearance nearly indistinguishable. Her face bore many spots, and the visible skin had bluish-purple marks, as if she had been abused. Yet, her figure was attractive, slender, and her buttocks were very full. Her arms were relatively fair, indicating that she hadn't always been of mature age.

At least, before having the children, she had lived a good life for a long period.

Perhaps because she had just given birth, the woman walked strangely.

The woman moved quickly, and upon reaching the hospital's exit, she nonchalantly tossed the bag she was holding into a trash can. Midway through her action, she hesitated, then retracted her arm, and unzipped the black bag.

Under the not-so-dim light, the contents of the bag could be seen clearly.

Inside were four newborn infants.

One of them lay on its back, a faint red, heart-shaped birthmark on its back.

Looking at the distinct birthmark,

the woman narrowed her eyes.

A cold, ruthless light flickered at the bottom of her eyes.

She then zipped up the bag and threw it into the trash can. Perhaps worried about being discovered, she also casually closed the lid of the trash can.

Chapter 798: child

This woman.

She left no chance for the children to survive.

She threw them away without the slightest hesitation, as if the bag didn't contain children but a pile of trash.

Even as she discarded them, a hint of satisfaction curled at the corners of her mouth.

There was no trace of humanity left on her.

She was still young, how could she let children hold her back?

Therefore, she could not leave these wicked offspring alive!

From the trash can, a cry as weak as a kitten's mewling could be heard.

But the woman felt not a shred of guilt.

She wished those brats would just die sooner!

After dumping the children, the woman pulled out a wallet she had just stolen from the hospital ward and bought a new set of clothes at a street stall before heading to a nearby bathhouse.

When she emerged from the bathhouse, she was so changed that it was impossible to tell she was the same disheveled woman from before.

Luo Yingjie had just stepped out of the bathhouse when he saw the crowd ahead and his pupils suddenly shrank. He hurried forward, calling out, "Little Jade! Little Jade, is that you?"

No one in front stopped.

But Luo Yingjie was determined, dragging his uncooperative leg rapidly as he ran.

"Little Jade! Little Jade! It's your uncle!" Luo Yingjie called out desperately.

But the person ahead quickened their pace.

Now with a limp in his leg, Luo Yingjie could not run as fast as the other person, but he was almost certain the woman was the one he was looking for.

If not, she would not be fleeing.

Elsewhere.

Old Madam Mo and Tong Zhi walked out of the hospital, and as they passed by the trash can, Tong Zhi thought she heard a few cat meows. She frowned slightly with a glimmer of confusion in her eyes but continued to walk without stopping.

Until the meowing grew louder and clearer.

Tong Zhi stopped in her tracks and looked at Old Madam Mo, "Sister, did you hear something?"

Old Madam Mo looked up thoughtfully, her voice uncertain as she replied, "It sounded like a cat meowing, didn't it?"

Tong Zhi nodded, "It seems so. The sound appears to come from inside the trash can. Wait here for me, I'll go check!"

People from the Superpower World tend to be compassionate, and it is rare for them to abandon pets.

Tong Zhi was also a cat lover. Now, hearing the sound of meowing, she couldn't bring herself to walk away.

Old Madam Mo grabbed her, speaking with some distaste, "It might be a stray cat. Don't go, it's dirty!"

Thinking about what could be inside the hospital's trash can grossed out Old Madam Mo; like Mo Zhixuan, she had a bit of a cleanliness obsession. Moreover, unlike Tong Zhi, she wasn't particularly fond of small fluffy animals.

"Just wait here for a moment; I'll be right back," Tong Zhi pushed Old Madam Mo's hand away, unconcerned about the dirt, and lifted the lid of the trash can to pull out a black bag.

It was then that Tong Zhi realized it wasn't a cat's meow at all but the weak cries of a baby.

Possibly too weak to cry loudly.

But who would throw their children away like trash? Surely, she was just seeing things.

Tong Zhi slowly unzipped the black bag, and the scene that unfolded before her eyes startled her to the point of sitting down abruptly on the ground.

Inside the bag were four living children.

It was obvious the children were newly born, their skin red and wrinkly, still stained with blood, their umbilical cords attached to their navels. Their cries were feeble; some had opened their eyes, while others had them closed,

For a moment, Tong Zhi was at a loss for how to react.

After a short pause, she took a deep breath.

"Sister, come quickly!" Tong Zhi raised her eyes to Old Madam Mo.

Seeing Tong Zhi like that, Old Madam Mo sensed something was wrong and hurried over, "What happened, Tong Zhi?"

"Sister, look, the children!" Tong Zhi swallowed hard and with trembling hands opened the black bag wider to reveal the children to Old Madam Mo.

Old Madam Mo was also startled, but she quickly regained her composure, "Tong Zhi, hurry! Take the children to the hospital! Who knows which parents could be so heartless as to toss their children into a trash can!"

They clearly had no intention of letting the children live!

Tong Zhi looked at the children and remained motionless, uncertainty flickering in her eyes.

She couldn't have children of her own.

Perhaps these children were a gift from heaven to her.

She wanted to adopt them.

"Tong Zhi, hurry, take them to the hospital. The weather is so cold, the babies won't be able to bear it," Old Madam Mo urged, seeing Tong Zhi stand still.

In October, the nights were already chilly.

Even adults felt cold in light clothing, let alone naked infants.

Tong Zhi quickly stripped off her clothes and draped them over her bag, then, looking up at Old Madam Mo with grave seriousness, she spoke, "Sister, I want to adopt these children."

"What?" A look of utter disbelief washed over Old Madam Mo's face, "Tong Zhi, have you lost your mind?"

Raising a child isn't like keeping a kitten or puppy, where just feeding it is enough. This requires love, patience, responsibility, and providing the children with a happy family.

How could Tong Zhi, an unmarried girl, be burdened by these children?

Therefore, Old Madam Mo's initial reaction was to refuse.

"Sister, I am serious." Tong Zhi gently cradled the bag in her arms and stood up, "Let's not waste time here. Get in the car, and we'll head to my place first."

Old Madam Mo glanced at the heavy darkness around them, then at Tong Zhi's resolute expression, and nodded her head, following Tong Zhi's steps.

Fortunately, they had come in a spacious nanny car. Tong Zhi took off her coat to pad the leather seats before lifting the children out of the bag and carefully placing them on the seats.

The babies looked extremely weak, and their cries were almost inaudible.

Old Madam Mo sighed, her heart aching as she saw the pitiful state of the infants, and found herself unable to utter words of refusal, "Poor children! How could their parents be so heartless? Tong Zhi, be gentle, the children are still small. Don't hurt them."

"Mhm, holding them like this should be fine," Tong Zhi said as she placed the last of the babies on the seat, then took a first-aid kit from the storage compartment to administer basic care to them.

"Sister," while she tended to them, Tong Zhi moved two frail infants to one side and, looking at Old Madam Mo with a touch of sorrow, said, "Sister, I think these two children are already gone."

The blood on the children's bodies had been cleaned by Tong Zhi; their skin was pale, and their temperatures were already cooling. It seemed that they had passed away before Tong Zhi had cut them free.

Old Madam Mo, who had been entertaining another child, looked up in disbelief at Tong Zhi's words, "What? Gone?"

"Yes," Tong Zhi nodded, "Have a look if you want."

Old Madam Mo reached out her hand, feeling for the baby's breath, then gently placed her palm on the baby's chest. After a moment, she sighed deeply, "Oh, the young people nowadays... they really don't take life seriously at all! What a sin! What a sin!"

If they didn't want the children, why bring them into the world?

There were four children in total, three boys and one girl. The two boys had not survived. Now there was one boy and one girl remaining.

Tong Zhi picked up a blanket from the storage area and draped it over the two living infants, her gaze filled with a tender softness, that special gentleness of motherhood.

Seeing her like this, Old Madam Mo knew that Tong Zhi had genuinely taken these children to heart. She tucked the blanket around the infants and then said, "Tong Zhi, listen to your sister's advice. Take these two children to the orphanage. They are so weak now; you won't be able to keep them alive."

The infants' cries were as faint as a mosquito's hum, and their breath, thin as a thread. If they were to die in Tong Zhi's care, wouldn't that mean carrying the burden of two lost lives for no reason?

"Sister, I can keep them alive!" Tong Zhi lifted her eyes to meet Old Madam Mo's, filled with determination.

Just then, the car passed by a maternity and baby store. Tong Zhi immediately looked toward the driver in the front row and said, "Xiao Zhang, stop the car!"

"Okay," the driver responded by stopping the vehicle.

Tong Zhi opened the car door and said to Old Madam Mo, "Sister, I'll go buy some baby supplies. You watch the children in the car; I'll be right back."

Just as the old Madam Mo was about to say something, Tong Zhi had already disappeared from sight.

Old Madam Mo shook her head helplessly and turned to look at the infants who were sobbing softly, embracing both of them with distress in her arms, "Poor children, poor children, to be without a mother and father so young..."

Seeing these two children, Tong Zhi seemed to see Mo Qingyi from those earlier days.

Back then, Mo Qingyi's circumstances were similar to these two children's. Everyone said they wouldn't make it, but in the end, they did survive, and even grew up to be so attractive.

Thinking of this, a look of relief flashed across Old Madam Mo's eyes.

About ten minutes later, Tong Zhi ran over, gasping for breath with a heap of things in her arms. The driver, seeing this, immediately got out of the car, took the things from Tong Zhi, and placed them in the trunk.

Tong Zhi had bought a pile of newborn items, formula, diapers, body wash, baby powder, and change of clothes, and so on.

Because it was so urgent, she didn't have time to choose. Whatever the clerk handed her, she bought.

After placing everything in the trunk, Tong Zhi ran to the mother and baby store again, and this time, she came back quickly, holding two baby bottles with formula already mixed inside.

"Sister, feed the children quickly, they must be hungry," Tong Zhi handed one of the bottles to Old Madam Mo, "This is the formula the salesperson recommended for me, they said it's especially good for newborns."

Old Madam Mo took the bottle and put the nipple into the child's mouth. As soon as the nipple touched the infant's mouth, he began to suckle quickly.

Seeing this, Tong Zhi immediately laughed with joy and said, "He's eating, eating, he's eating."

A joyful smile couldn't be hidden on Old Madam Mo's face either. She looked up at Tong Zhi, "Stop grinning like a fool, there's another one waiting for you to feed."

"Right, right, right!" Tong Zhi suddenly remembered there was another child. She hurriedly picked up the other child and put the nipple in the child's mouth. Just like the first child, this child also began to suckle quickly, and as they fed, they even opened their eyes. Though the eyes of a newborn aren't very nice to look at, still cloudy, in Tong Zhi's eyes, it was the most beautiful scenery in the world.

Although the two children were very small, they had large appetites. They finished half a bottle of milk before they fell into a deep sleep. It seemed that their crying was indeed because they were hungry.

Watching the children sleep soundly, Tong Zhi's heart was melting.

She really liked children.

Old Madam Mo carefully cradled the infant in her arms, looked up at Tong Zhi with seriousness, "Tong Zhi, are you really sure? Do you want to adopt these two children?"

"Yes," Tong Zhi nodded slightly, "Sister, you know what my biggest regret in life is. Meeting these two children means I have a connection with them. From now on, I will be their mother."

Tong Zhi had already made up her mind.

She wanted to adopt these two children.

Old Madam Mo began with some concern, "But..."

Tong Zhi gently interrupted Old Madam Mo, "Sister, no buts. I've thought it through. I want to adopt them, just like you adopted Qingyi back then. Look how well Qingyi is doing now."

"But you're not married yet. In the future..." Old Madam Mo paused, then continued to ask, "By the way, how are things going with you and Feng Xu? You shouldn't let these children delay your own lifelong happiness."

Chapter 799: Decided to Adopt

Tong Zhi was currently in a relationship with Mo Fengxu, or, to use the words of young people today, they were in their honeymoon phase. However, Tong Zhi had suddenly brought home two children, which made Mrs. Mo, the elder, a bit worried that Mo Fengxu might not be able to accept this.

Speaking of Mo Fengxu, a touch of sorrow flickered across the depths of Tong Zhi's eyes but quickly faded. She continued, "I will discuss this matter personally with him. If he can accept it, we will carry on with our relationship, and it'll be easy to talk about everything else. If he can't, then we may as well break up. After all, I can't have children of my own."

Mrs. Mo sighed. Upon further reflection, Tong Zhi adopting these two children wasn't a bad thing at all, but rather a good thing. As Tong Zhi had said, she was unable to conceive, and in her lifetime, she was destined not to have her own children. If one were to adopt from an orphanage, it was rare to find newborns, as most of the children were at least eight years old.

Those children already had their own minds and even if they were adopted, there would be a barrier between them and their adoptive parents.

But it was different with newborns.

Raising a newborn oneself, there was hardly any difference from one's own flesh and blood. As long as it was kept a secret, and nothing was said in the future, the children would never discover their true origins.

When Tong Zhi grew old, she could also experience the joy of having children and grandchildren around her.

With these thoughts in mind, Mrs. Mo held the baby in her arms and patted Tong Zhi's hand, speaking slowly, "Little Zhi, since you have made up your mind, I support you. But I must tell you, since you have decided to adopt these two children, you must take on the responsibilities of a mother, become disciplined. These children are not little cats or dogs that you can just take care of casually. They need love and care, and they need patience..."

Mrs. Mo was thorough in her explanation, and Tong Zhi listened attentively. She nodded seriously, "Sister, rest assured, I will raise these two children properly and be a good mother."

"That's good," Mrs. Mo nodded, and then said, "If things really don't work out, just hire two maternity matrons."

"No," Tong Zhi shook her head, "Heaven has already deprived me of the right to be a mother; I don't want to lose the joy of raising children myself."

There was a time when Tong Zhi thought she would never have children of her own.

But now, she had a son and a daughter.

Just thinking of the day when the children would call her "Mom" filled her heart with a sense of contentment, a feeling beyond description...

It was very blissful.

Tong Zhi then said, "Sister, how about this, Jin hasn't given birth yet, so why don't you stay at my place for a few more days in the meantime and teach me how to take care of children, what I need to pay attention to."

Mrs. Mo thought for a moment, then nodded, "Alright, then I'll call Little Yan and ask her to accompany Chu Jin for the next few days." With a pregnant woman in the house, Mrs. Mo wouldn't be at ease without an experienced elder present.

"Thank you, sister." Tong Zhi expressed her thanks happily.

"When have you ever been so formal with me?" Mrs. Mo said with a smile as she looked up.

"Right, call back home and ask the butler to find a pediatric specialist to come over. I'm worried about any health issues the children might have." Mrs. Mo continued.

After all, two children had already died, and it would be good to ensure no unclear diseases were present.

Sometimes, parents abandon their children not because they can't support them, but because the child has a severe illness.

Tong Zhi nodded, carefully placed the children on the seat, and picked up her phone to call the butler.

After hanging up, Tong Zhi pondered over the names for the children.

About half an hour later, the car stopped in front of a luxurious villa.

The butler immediately came out to greet them, saying very respectfully, "Madam, Mrs. Mo."

Although it was odd that both of them were carrying infants, the butler neither said anything more nor looked too closely, but helped the driver take things out of the trunk.

Tong Zhi followed and said, "Move all these things to my bedroom, and butler, have you found the pediatric specialist I asked for?"

"Madam, the specialist is already inside, Doctor Li," the butler replied.

"Good," Tong Zhi nodded with satisfaction, looked at Mrs. Mo, and then said, "Sister, let's go in."

"Alright." Perhaps feeling a little sore in her arms, Mrs. Mo carefully adjusted her hold on the baby, who fortunately continued to sleep soundly, undisturbed.

The two women entered the house.

A servant brought over a man in a white coat, who approached Tong Zhi, "Madam, this is Doctor Li."

The doctor appeared young, yet he exuded a stable aura, "Madam Tong, hello, I am Li Xiang."

Tong Zhi gave a slight nod, "Doctor Li, could you please check these two children for me?"

Hearing this, the two assistants behind Li Xiang immediately took the children from Tong Zhi and Mrs. Mo.

Li Xiang adjusted his glasses and continued, "All right, please wait a moment, you two." With that, Li Xiang went with his assistant to another room.

The doctor's equipment was all stored in a space, but a quiet and enclosed environment was necessary for a physical examination.

Tong Zhi and the elderly Mrs. Mo sat on the sofa in the living room, waiting quietly for the examination results.

Tong Zhi poured a glass of water for the elderly Mrs. Mo and then said, "Sis, I just came up with names for the children on the way here." Tong Zhi had already decided that even if the child was unhealthy, she would still raise it. The checkup was merely to give her peace of mind.

If there really was an issue, it would be better to treat it promptly.

"So soon?" the elderly Mrs. Mo smiled, looking up curiously and asked, "What names did you choose? Let's hear them?"

"The brother is named Xiangru, and the sister, Yimo. Sis, what do you think of these names?" It was not easy for these two children to survive. Tong Zhi chose these names with the hope that whatever adversities they faced in the future, they would not forget each other and would do their utmost to help one another.

Actually, Tong Zhi didn't know which of the two children would come out first, but since girls are meant to be cherished, she directly deemed the girl the younger sister and the boy the elder brother. From then on, the brother would be responsible for protecting his sister.

"Xiangru and Yimo," the elderly Mrs. Mo narrowed her eyes, pondered for a moment, and then approved, "These names are very good, very meaningful."

Upon hearing this, Tong Zhi immediately smiled and said, "Right? Sis, since you also think they're good, let's go with these names."

"Certainly," the elderly Mrs. Mo nodded.

Just then, Li Xiang and his assistants came out of the inner room, carrying the children. Seeing this, Tong Zhi quickly went over and took one of the children, asking anxiously, "Doctor Li, how are the children?"

Li Xiang removed his mask, smiled, and said, "Mrs. Tong, please rest assured, the children are very healthy. Although they are premature, their development is good. Aside from a somewhat weak constitution, there are no other issues."

"That's good," Tong Zhi and the elderly Mrs. Mo both sighed with relief. Tong Zhi then said, "Butler, bring the red packets."

The butler quickly brought over the red packets, and Tong Zhi handed the child to the butler, then personally presented the red packet to Doctor Li, smiling as she said, "Doctor Li, thank you for saving my son and daughter. This is a token of my gratitude, please be sure to accept it."

Tong Zhi's words were not only for Doctor Li to hear but also for the other servants in the room.

As these words were spoken, everyone showed a look of surprise, incredulously watching Tong Zhi, wondering what had happened to their master. She had been normal when she left in the morning, so how could she have returned in the evening with two such large children?

However, since Tong Zhi had openly said so, they, as outsiders, did not have the right to question it.

There were too many unmarried parents in the Superpower World.

Since Tong Zhi said these were her son and daughter, then they were her son and daughter.

Li Xiang accepted the red packet and left with his assistants.

That evening, the elderly Mrs. Mo did not leave. After making a phone call back home, she stayed over at Tong Zhi's place.

Overnight, Mrs. Tong, who had been all alone, suddenly had two children. The news quickly spread through the circles of the nobility.

The following day, Tong Zhi called over Mo Fengxu, and in front of the elderly Mrs. Mo, she told him about it.

After she finished speaking, Mo Fengxu also wore an incredulous expression.

Tong Zhi looked up at him and thought to herself that there might not be much hope for her and Mo Fengxu. After all, no man wanted to become a father so unexpectedly. She took a light sip of coffee and then said, "Think it over. Whatever decision you make, I can understand. After all, everyone's worldview is different."

"The children, may I see them?" Mo Fengxu asked, off-topic.

Tong Zhi raised an eyebrow and then nodded, "Sure, Mrs. Lin, bring the children over."

Before long, Mrs. Lin and another matron brought the children over. Mo Fengxu stood up, looked at Tong Zhi, and asked, "May I hold them?"

Tong Zhi, puzzled, still nodded.

Mo Fengxu nervously took one of the children into his arms and then asked, "What are the children's names?"

Mo Fengxu looked extremely nervous, and it was difficult to tell whether his expression was one of liking or something else. Tong Zhi was also unable to grasp his thoughts. She continued, "The one you're holding is the elder brother; his name is Tong Xiangru, and the girl is Tong Yimo."

"Xiangru and Yimo, good names," Mo Fengxu smiled slightly, then as if he remembered something, added, "No, no, if they take the surname Tong, then they would be named after their mother. They should take the father's surname, named Mo Xiangru and Mo Yimo."

Upon hearing this, a look of joy flashed in the eyes of the elderly Mrs. Mo.

Tong Zhi hadn't grasped the meaning of his words yet when Mo Fengxu looked at her seriously and said, "Little Yan, if you're willing to trust me, let's go register our marriage today. From now on, I will be the biological father of these children!"

Mo Fengxu was aware of Tong Zhi's circumstances. He truly liked her as a person. For love, even without children of his own, it didn't matter.

After all, one cannot have the best of both worlds.

Mo Fengxu didn't care much about offspring, and besides, now Heaven had directly solved the issue of children for them.

"You..." Tong Zhi thought she was hallucinating and reached out to touch Mo Fengxu's forehead, "You don't have a fever, do you?"

"No! I'm very clear-headed right now! Little Zhi, I love you!" Mo Fengxu confessed affectionately while holding the child.

Tong Zhi hesitated, then said, "Do you know that I can't have children of my own? Are you really sure you want to be with me?" Tong Zhi was a very rational person; she didn't want Mo Fengxu to regret his decision in the future.

The Mo family was after all a large clan, not like those small families.

Mo Fengxu's marriage involved the whole family; it was no longer just his own affair.

Mo Fengxu handed the child back to Mrs. Li and pulled a ring from his pocket, then knelt on one knee, "Little Zhi, I know everything you've mentioned, those are not problems in my eyes. What I love is just you, the person. Actually, I've prepared this ring for a long time but never had the courage to give it to you. Luckily, Heaven has given me this opportunity today. Please do not reject me. Give me the chance to love you and the child—I promise I'll fully take on the responsibility of a husband."

Tong Zhi didn't immediately take the ring, not because she didn't love Mo Fengxu, but because she needed time to think.

She had already lost the right to become a mother; she didn't want to make Mo Fengxu lose the right to be a father.

Marriage and love are entirely different things.

Once she accepted the ring, there would be no turning back, for her or for Mo Fengxu.

Being human, one shouldn't be so selfish.

"Stand up first, give me some time to think," Tong Zhi said, reaching out to help Mo Fengxu.

But Mo Fengxu did not stand up, as if he could see through Tong Zhi's concerns, he continued, "Little Zhi, I really love you. Rest assured, our Mo family is not so destitute that we need to use my marriage for anything. Marry me, and let's raise these two children together. From now on, they will be our own flesh and blood! I swear, I will treat you both very well!"

Old Lady Mo urged from the side, "Little Zhi, Feng Xu has already said so much, what are you still hesitating for?"

Mo Fengxu was already at an age where the Mo family had prepared for him to remain a bachelor for life. Now that he could be with Tong Zhi and also had two children, it was a great blessing for the Mo family.

Tong Zhi bit her lip and did not immediately accept, but said instead, "Feng Xu, think it over carefully, I don't want you to regret it later."

Mo Fengxu held up the ring earnestly, "Little Zhi, rest assured, marrying you is the greatest fortune of my life. I'm too happy to have any regrets. Marry me! I've checked the calendar, and today is an auspicious day for weddings—it's a great day to get a marriage certificate!"

"Little Zhi! Don't hesitate anymore, opportunities like this don't come twice," Old Lady Mo nudged Tong Zhi's waist and whispered in her ear, "Honest men like Feng Xu are hard to come by these days! You must seize the opportunity!"

Having been married into the Mo family for decades, Old Lady Mo understood Mo Fengxu's character more than anyone. She believed that if Tong Zhi married him, she would truly be marrying for love.

She didn't want her only sister to miss out on this happiness.

"Sister, I..." Tong Zhi quietly pinched the palm of Old Lady Mo's hand, "I'm actually a bit nervous..."

This was, after all, a matter for a lifetime; it was normal to be a bit nervous.

"Don't be nervous; I'm here for you, go ahead..." Old Lady Mo patted Tong Zhi's hand, comforting her.

Tong Zhi took a deep breath, didn't care about much else anymore, and stepped forward to take the ring from Mo Fengxu's hand.

Seeing this, Old Lady Mo showed a relieved smile.

She knew that this was a time to leave the two alone, so she said to the servants, "Mrs. Li, let's take the children out to bask in the sun."

"Yes, Old Lady," Mrs. Li smiled and nodded, "I'll go get the stroller."

All of the baby stuff had been delivered that morning after Tong Zhi made a phone call.

Old Lady Mo picked up one of the children, "Xiangru, let's go. We'll join Mrs. Li to push the stroller."

Mrs. Li was holding Yimo in her arms.

Soon, the living room was left clean, with just Tong Zhi and Mo Fengxu remaining.

Mo Fengxu placed the ring on Tong Zhi's ring finger, then kissed her lips deeply.

Both were lost in the kiss.

In fact, Tong Zhi and Mo Fengxu were about the same age, but they looked more like a daughter and father combination.

However, appearance-wise, Tong Zhi looked more than a decade younger than Mo Fengxu.

Yet, this could not stop them from loving each other.

After the kiss was over, Mo Fengxu took Tong Zhi's hand and said, "Little Zhi, will you come with me to get the certificate? Then, we'll have a grand wedding."

"Okay," Tong Zhi nodded, then added, "But I'd like the wedding to be low-key, just a meal together with family members is fine." On one hand, the child was too young; on the other hand, because they were already at this age, they no longer needed a high-profile wedding.

At their age, the best thing was to settle down.

Steady and stable, that is happiness.

"I'll listen to whatever you say." Mo Fengxu's eyes and brows were full of Tong Zhi, and he said somewhat impatiently, "Then let's hurry up and go, the next two hours are an auspicious time."

"Okay," Tong Zhi followed Mo Fengxu out, then said, "Oh, wait a moment, I'm going to say goodbye to my sister."

"There's no need to say goodbye, she already knows." Mo Fengxu held onto Tong Zhi's wrist, leading her out the door.

Tong Zhi smiled and did not insist, and they both left the house together.

Because Mo Fengxu was there, they didn't ask the driver to follow. During the drive, Mo Fengxu spared no effort in showing Tong Zhi his superb racing skills.

**

On the other side.

At the hospital.

Duanmu Sheng woke up from her coma and the first thing she saw was Duanmu Canghai sleeping beside the hospital bed.

In just two days, Duanmu Canghai seemed to have aged more than ten years. His pale face had no hint of color, only fatigue.

Duanmu Sheng's eyes reddened at this sight, and tears surged forth.

But Duanmu Sheng quickly realized something was off. She had taken so many sleeping pills that she should have died by now; how could she still be seeing her father?

Looking at the surrounding environment, it seemed she should be in a hospital ward.

What was really going on?

Duanmu Sheng couldn't help but lift her hand, but a tearing pain from her chest made her gasp softly.

It hurt.

Like being flayed and sliced.

It was this slight noise that startled the sleeping Duanmu Canghai beside her. Seeing Duanmu Sheng awake, he stood up excitedly, his face full of joy as he said, "Sheng Sheng, you've finally woken up! Sheng Sheng, are you hungry? What do you want to eat? Do you want water?"

Duanmu Canghai asked Duanmu Sheng three questions in a row, leaving her somewhat unable to respond for a while.

She looked at Duanmu Canghai, sniffled, and asked with a choked voice, "Dad, this isn't a dream, right? Am I still alive?"

Duanmu Sheng found it hard to believe that she was still alive.

She knew about the doctor telling Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin to prepare her burial clothes.

In fact, she was conscious for a moment then.

But that was only for a brief while.

Apart from knowing about the burial clothes, she didn't know anything else.

For example, how she came back to life?

After all, she had already been declared as dead by the doctor.

"Silly child, this isn't a dream," Duanmu Canghai's excitement made his eyes redden, "It was Mrs. Jiu who saved you. Rest assured, you're all right now. Just focus on recovering."

Seeing his daughter awaken with his own eyes made Duanmu Canghai happier than anyone else.

"Is my Sheng Sheng waking up?" Perhaps it was a mother-daughter telepathy, Zhou Jin rushed to the neighboring ward the moment she woke up, inquiring about Duanmu Sheng's condition.

"Yes, Sheng Sheng is awake," Duanmu Canghai grabbed Zhou Jin's hand, his face brimming with a smile.

Hearing this, Zhou Jin was very excited. She quickly went to Duanmu Sheng's bedside, bending down to shower Duanmu Sheng's face with kisses and hugs, "Sheng Sheng ah, you've finally woken up! I'm not dreaming, am I?"

Chapter 800:

Duanmu Sheng had never seen her parents lose their composure like this before. Overwhelmed with guilt, she said, "Dad, Mom, I'm sorry for causing you worry."

"As long as it's in the past, it's okay," Duanmu Canghai approached and continued, "Sheng Sheng, promise Dad you won't do anything foolish again. How can your mom and I go on living like this?"

At this, Duanmu Sheng painfully closed her eyes, shedding two hot streams of tears, her hands tightly clutching the bedsheet beneath her. Duanmu Canghai's words brought back those painful memories and that wrongful decision.

Although she had survived, she was not at all happy, because the issues that remained were still there.

As long as she was alive, she would continue to be Shen Haoguang's legal wife, the senior daughter-in-law of the Shen family.

In this life, she had nothing to do with the Duanmu Family anymore.

Opening her eyes, she looked at Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin, "Dad, Mom, I can't get over this, I just can't," Duanmu Sheng said, tears streaming down her face, her eyes nearly swollen red, "It's all because I didn't listen... I and Shen Haoguang... We, we've already registered our marriage!" In this life, her fate was tightly bound to the name Shen Haoguang.

"Silly child, is this the reason you've been so troubled?" Duanmu Canghai stroked Duanmu Sheng's hair, a hint of confusion and regret gleaming in his eyes.

"Yes," Duanmu Sheng nodded, "Dad, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have disobeyed you. I've embarrassed you..."

"Silly child, silly child!" On hearing this, tears instantly spilled from Duanmu Canghai's eyes, his eyes full of regret, "This is all Dad's fault, I should have explained things to you clearly, it's all my fault... all my fault..."

Zhou Jin also expressed deep remorse.

"No, it's my responsibility too, Sheng Sheng. I thought you already knew, so I didn't tell you! Oh, my daughter, it's all Mom's fault. I caused you so much suffering and you almost lost your life because of a single sentence!"

Because of one sentence, their daughter had almost died, and both parents were immensely guilty.

As the couple took turns admitting their mistakes, Duanmu Sheng became bewildered. She looked at Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin, somewhat puzzled, "Dad, Mom, what's going on? What are you talking about? I don't understand."

Duanmu Canghai wiped away his tears and looked at Duanmu Sheng, then said, "Sheng Sheng, the truth is that you and Shen Haoguang never actually registered your marriage. You are still free."

Duanmu Sheng became even more confused. She had personally gone to register the marriage with Shen Haoguang. Could it be that she remembered it wrong?

She remembered meeting Zi Qi at the entrance of the Civil Affairs Bureau that day. She couldn't be mistaken; it had become an unchangeable fact.

Perhaps it was just her parents trying to console her.

"Dad, you don't have to comfort me," Duanmu Sheng looked up at Duanmu Canghai, before she continued, "This is my doing, I should bear the consequences of my actions. I've already brought you shame once; I cannot afford to do it a second time."

"Sheng Sheng, your Dad is telling the truth!" Zhou Jin said earnestly, "Do you still remember whom you met near the Civil Affairs Bureau that day?"

"Zi Qi! He even showed me a photo at that time, but alas, I failed to seize the opportunity..." As she spoke, Duanmu Sheng's expression gradually dimmed.

If only she had seized the moment at the time, things wouldn't have gotten to this point.

Regrettably, she hadn't.

Not only had she not seized the opportunity, but she had also torn up that photograph. Each time she thought about it, Duanmu Sheng wished she could strangle her former self.

How could she have been so foolish?

She hated herself for it.

"That's right," Zhou Jin patted Duanmu Sheng's hand, then said, "Actually, you should really thank the Great National Division. If he hadn't offered his help, you would have truly made a huge mistake!"

At this, Duanmu Sheng's pupils shrank, and she asked nervously, "Mom, what do you mean?"

Zhou Jin smiled and said, "As long as you didn't register a second marriage with Shen Haoguang, the first marriage certificate is invalid!"

"Mom, what exactly happened?" Duanmu Sheng's eyes lit up.

Zhou Jin continued, "Here's what happened: on the day you called us saying you were going to register your marriage with Shen Haoguang, you scared your Dad and me to death! So we rushed to call the Great National Division and asked him to interfere! Therefore, the marriage certificate you got that day is invalid. We thought you already knew about this, which is why we didn't tell you the night before yesterday, causing you to suffer so much..."

As she spoke, Zhou Jin started to tear up.

At these words, Duanmu Sheng almost thought she was hallucinating, overwhelmed with ecstasy, feeling every cell in her body dancing. She gripped Zhou Jin's hand tightly, asking repeatedly, "Mom, is what you're saying true? You're not lying to me?"

Duanmu Sheng was so excited her heart felt like it was about to leap out...

No words could describe how she felt at that moment.

It was such great news! She was now free!

She had no ties whatsoever to Shen Haoguang, that scumbag!

"Dad, Mom! Thank you! Thank you so much!" Duanmu Sheng could not contain her excitement and threw her arms around Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin, not minding her wounds.

Indeed, experience counts for everything.

Parents will always be parents!

Duanmu Sheng felt so fortunate to have such parents.

This was as good as being given a second chance at life.

"Silly child, we're your parents; you don't need to thank us," Zhou Jin patted Duanmu Sheng's back, then said, "If you want to thank someone, thank the Great National Division. It's all thanks to him. Without him, your Dad and I wouldn't have been able to do anything."

Zi Qi was a good person, but as soon as Duanmu Canghai had spoken to him, he immediately took action to handle the matter.

If it were someone else, who would bother with such a mess?

Furthermore, Duanmu Sheng didn't even appreciate it, repeatedly insulting him instead...

Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin were quite grateful to Zi Qi.

The one who truly gave Duanmu Sheng a second chance at life was also Zi Qi.

"Mm," Duanmu Sheng nodded firmly, "Mom, rest assured, I will definitely thank him properly."

Now, for Duanmu Sheng, Zi Qi was his lifesaver, and she was filled with gratitude toward Zi Qi.

Without Zi Qi, even if she were saved this time, she would have still chosen death.

Right at this moment, the door to the hospital room opened.

Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi walked in, Duanmu Zhe carrying a lunch box, suggesting that the two had gone out for a meal.

"Third sister." Seeing Duanmu Sheng awake, a flash of joy appeared in Duanmu Zhe's eyes, which quickly faded, his tone neither cold nor warm. He was very worried about Duanmu Sheng, happy she was awake, but at the same time very angry.

Firstly, because Duanmu Sheng took her own life so lightly.

Secondly, because Duanmu Sheng dismissed their family—acting as if she could simply choose death without consideration. Didn't she think about how it would affect those left living?

What about their elderly parents?

Duanmu Sheng usually seemed so astute, it's unclear how she could have made such a foolish mistake this time!

If she had to die, she should at least take her revenge before doing so!

Why should she let the scum triumph by dying? If they made Duanmu Sheng miserable, then she shouldn't let them have it easy either!

"Little Zhe, you're here." Duanmu Sheng looked up at Duanmu Zhe and said, "I'm sorry for making you worry."

Duanmu Zhe glanced at Duanmu Sheng, "If you know to apologize, it means there's still hope for you! Remember not to make such silly mistakes again! If you were under my command, you would've been dead a thousand times over already!"

Knowing that Duanmu Zhe was cold on the outside but warm on the inside, Duanmu Sheng looked up seriously and said, "Little Zhe, thank you!"

She had made such a grave mistake, yet she didn't expect Duanmu Zhe to forgive her.

Duanmu Zhe simply said, "Don't overthink it, it's good you're fine."

Feeling the atmosphere turn a bit chilly, Mo Qingyi took the lunch box from Duanmu Zhe's hand and distributed it to Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin, "Uncle and Aunt, please have your meal first. Sheng Sheng sister, you just woke up and oily food isn't suitable for you, would you like some vegetable porridge? I'll feed you."

"I really like vegetable porridge, Qingqing, you've had a hard time these few days, I can manage by myself, no need to feed me." Duanmu Sheng took the lunch box, eating bit by bit on her own.

She was fortunate, to have met so many family members who could tolerate her.

Especially Mo Qingyi.

That day at the airport, she had spoken so hurtfully towards Mo Qingyi, not expecting Mo Qingyi to not mind at all—his magnanimity truly was beyond compare.

As she ate, tears began to fall.

But Duanmu Sheng swallowed her tears along with the food.

In the future, she would never commit such unforgivable mistakes again.

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Elsewhere.

Tong Zhi and Mo Fengxu came out of the civil affairs office after getting their marriage certificate.

At this moment, they felt the sky was so blue, the air so sweet.

Especially Mo Fengxu, who was so happy he was grinning from ear to ear. For more than forty years, he had been a vegetarian, and now he was about to "eat meat," so of course, he was thrilled.

It wasn't easy for him and Tong Zhi to reach this step today.

"Xiao Zhi, I don't have to go home tonight, right?" Mo Fengxu, brimming with triumph, put his arm around Tong Zhi's shoulder.

"If you don't go home, where are you going to stay?" Tong Zhi raised an eyebrow.

This man... indeed, they are creatures that think with their lower half.

They had just gotten their marriage certificate, and Mo Fengxu was already being indecent.

"Of course, I'll stay at your place," Mo Fengxu said matter-of-factly, "Besides, now I should say it's our home. From now on, you're my wife, and we share two lovely children..."

"You're thinking too beautifully," Tong Zhi glanced at him, "I don't have men's products at my place. It wouldn't be convenient for you to stay over tonight. Let's just go back to our own homes for now."

Primarily, Tong Zhi wasn't mentally prepared yet.

"No problem, no problem, I've already prepared for that; come, check this out," Mo Fengxu opened the trunk of the sports car, "I've put all my daily necessities here, ready to move to your place at any time. Tonight's our wedding night, how could you bear to turn me away!"

Tong Zhi, looking at the things in the trunk, somewhat speechless, said, "Mo Fengxu, tell me honestly, how long have you been planning this?"

Mo Fengxu revealed a simple, honest smile, "Not long, only since the day you returned to the Superpower World...", Mo Fengxu particularly emphasized "only" to indicate that he really hadn't prepared for long.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk..." Tong Zhi looked Mo Fengxu up and down, "Mo Fengxu, tell me, when did you start thinking about me?"

Mo Fengxu scratched his head, smiling sheepishly, "Well, it was just a little bit earlier than when you began thinking of me..."

"You sure it's just a bit?" Tong Zhi crossed her arms, looking like she was about to interrogate him.

Mo Fengxu continued with his simple and honest smile, handing over two diamond cards and three car keys, "Xiao Zhi, here's everything I own, from now on you're the head of our household, and whatever you ask of me, I'll do!"