

## R Woman 811

Chapter 811: Wedding

The people around were also affected by the atmosphere and had red eyes.

Even in the Superpower World, there was a custom of crying at the bride's departure.

"Jin, I'm leaving now, goodbye." Mo Qingyi released Mo Zhixuan and hugged Chu Jin.

"If Duanmu doesn't treat you well, you tell me, and I'll help you beat him up," Chu Jin's voice was also somewhat hoarse.

"Mm," Mo Qingyi nodded with blurry vision.

"Come on," Mo Zhixuan squatted in front of Mo Qingyi.

Mo Qingyi slowly leaned on Mo Zhixuan's back.

With Mo Qingyi on his back, Mo Zhixuan walked towards the wedding car. The path wasn't long, but it took Mo Zhixuan several minutes.

Old Madame Mo watched Mo Qingyi's figure getting further away, held Zhao Yan next to her, and wept sorrowfully. With a gentle sigh, Zhao Yan recalled Chu Jin's wedding and felt the same.

For a moment, she didn't know how to comfort Old Madame Mo.

Chu Jin, along with Ding Siyu and Weiwei, boarded the following bridal car and went to the hotel.

After arriving at the hotel, Old Madame Mo's emotions gradually stabilized. A photographer followed them along the way, capturing the wedding with their camera.

There were many friends and relatives from the Duanmu Family attending the wedding, including Duanmu Zhe's two sisters who had married far away, but Duanmu Sheng was the only one not seen.

Duanmu Sheng was now four months pregnant and her belly was quite noticeable. To avoid gossip, she didn't attend the wedding.

Though she wasn't present at the venue, the desserts at the wedding banquet tonight were all personally made by her.

Including the wedding cake.

This was her way of blessing her younger brother.

Since becoming pregnant, Duanmu Sheng had thoroughly settled down, learning much that she hadn't before.

Flower arrangement, tea ceremony, baking.

Especially baking, where she showed great talent. In less than a month, her teacher had nothing left to teach her.

At that moment, Duanmu Sheng stood outside the hotel, staring at the scene inside, lost in thought.

Snowflakes settled on her shoulders, whitening her dark hair.

The light was a soft yellow.

Zi, who had stepped outside for some air and had drunk too much that evening, was somewhat dizzy.

"Sheng, sister," Zi said with surprise and instantly sobered up when he saw Duanmu Sheng, "Sheng, sister, why aren't you going inside?"

Duanmu Sheng smiled faintly, "I won't go in. Has the wedding ceremony started yet?"

Seeing that she didn't want to say more, Zi didn't ask further. He nodded, "Yes, it's already begun, it's going very smoothly, and we're about to take group photos. Are you sure you won't come inside?"

Duanmu Sheng shook her head, "As long as it's going smoothly."

In her current condition, she wasn't suited to attend the wedding of Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi.

"Sheng, sister, the desserts at the wedding tonight are all made by you, right?" Zi continued, "They're very tasty, much better than those at the bakeries. If you sold these, they'd definitely be a hit."

Zi had always been a foodie with a sensitive palate, remembering the flavor of some foods after just one bite.

A week ago, Duanmu Zhe had once given him a piece of pastry made by Duanmu Sheng, and he remembered it.

However, Duanmu Sheng's craftsmanship was indeed quite distinctive.

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Sheng smiled, "Thank you, actually, I also plan to open a bakery. I'm pregnant now, and other jobs aren't really suitable for me, but, is my skill really that good?"

Zi nodded repeatedly, "Of course, I never lie."

The two chatted in the snow for a while, and Zi soon returned, but then he quickly turned back.

Duanmu Sheng, seeing Zi return, asked somewhat puzzledly, "Why have you come back?"

Zi lifted the umbrella in his hand, then opened it and handed it to Duanmu Sheng, "Sheng Sheng, take care of yourself."

Duanmu Sheng took the umbrella, suddenly feeling a little moved, "Zi Qi, thank you."

Zi Qi, placed in the present, extremely fits the label of "warm man."

He really is very warm, from the past to the present.

"It's nothing." Zi scratched his head, "Sheng Sheng, I'll be going then. You should head back early too, it's freezing cold, and it's not good for your health to stay out here too long, you're not alone now."

"Hmm," Duanmu Sheng smiled and nodded, watching Zi enter the hotel.

The snow was still falling.

Duanmu Sheng stood in the snow for a very long time, only leaving when the wedding was nearly at its end.

Upon the smooth surface of the snow, a trail of deep and shallow footprints remained.

If time could start over, she definitely wouldn't be in the predicament she was now.

At the wedding venue.

Mo Zhixuan, Chu Jin, Zhou Xunian, Weiwei, Han Zixiu, Ding Siyu, Zi and several other familiar faces were sitting together.

During this time, Weiwei was curiously sizing up Han Zixiu.

There was a hint of scrutiny in Weiwei's eyes, which confused Han Zixiu, wondering what was going on with this young lady, why she kept staring at him, a man; could it be she had taken a fancy to him?

Seizing the opportunity to go to the bathroom, Han Zixiu called Zhou Xunian to a halt, "Xunian, wait a moment."

"Zixiu, what's up?" Zhou Xunian came to Han Zixiu's side.

"Xunian," Han Zixiu clapped a hand on Zhou Xunian's shoulder, "what's up with your little girlfriend? Why does she keep staring at me? Has she taken a liking to me? Let me tell you, as a man, you should have the courage of a man. Look at you, what's with the rose? There's not a bit of a man's spirit in you! You should learn from me, look how obedient I've made your sister-in-law! If I tell her to go east, she wouldn't dare go west!"

Han Zixiu had the manner of a lord.

Zhou Xunian looked up at Han Zixiu, "Zixiu, what happened to your forehead?"

There was a Band-Aid on Han Zixiu's forehead.

Han Zixiu's expression subtly changed, then he seriously said, "I hit it on a utility pole while walking at night a couple of days ago."

Zhou Xunian lifted the corners of his mouth, "Oh, I see. I thought it was your sister-in-law who hit you with a book."

Han Zixiu was really whipped by his wife! Yet he dared to lecture others.

Upon hearing this, Han Zixiu immediately coughed twice, a flash of embarrassment in his eyes, then said, "She wouldn't dare! Alright, I won't talk to you anymore, take good care of your little girlfriend." With that, Han Zixiu eagerly walked back to his seat.

Watching Han Zixiu's hasty retreat, Zhou Xunian laughed out loud.

When he returned to the banquet, Zhou Xunian paid more attention to Weiwei and noticed that she was indeed watching Han Zixiu closely.

In her gaze, besides scrutiny, there was also a thick curiosity.

In that moment, a song suddenly played in Zhou Xunian's ears, "I hear the raindrops falling on the green grass..."

Zhou Xunian snapped back to reality, grabbed Weiwei's hand, and whispered, "Weiwei, what are you looking at? Brother Xiu is a married man now!"

Weiwei withdrew her gaze and tugged at Zhou Xunian's ear, whispering into it, "Nian Nian, is your Brother Xiu really a snake?"

Surprised, Zhou Xunian glanced at Weiwei and asked, "How did you know?"

It seemed like Weiwei had discovered some incredible secret, her eyes widened as if about to exclaim in shock, but she forcefully held it in, only sighing endlessly.

Curiosity killed the cat.

Looking at Han Zixiu, Weiwei could fall into endless wild fantasies.

This Han Zixiu looked no different from a normal person, handsome and cool.

"What kind of nonsense is that?" Zhou Xunian was somewhat unable to comprehend what Weiwei was talking about, worrying in his heart that Weiwei might truly have taken a fancy to Han Zixiu.

"Oh my! How can you be so silly!" Weiwei rolled her eyes at Zhou Xunian, whispering into his ear in a lowered voice.

Zhou Xunian was completely speechless!

He ruffled Weiwei's hair, "What on earth are you thinking about all day long? Hurry up and pack up those unhealthy thoughts of yours!"

Although Zhou Xunian himself was also very curious about whether Han Zixiu's physiological structure was different from theirs, he didn't have the courage to pull down Han Zixiu's pants.

Finally, Weiwei shifted her gaze from Han Zixiu.

The wedding proceeded very smoothly, and now it was coming to an end with the photo-taking session.

Both families went on stage and took a super clear group photo.

Then, Mo Qingyi pulled Chu Jin and Ding Siyu, Weiwei, and others together for many more pictures.

Mo Qingyi turned to Chu Jin and asked, "Brother Jin, have you taken maternity photos yet?"

Chu Jin smiled and shook his head, "Not yet, your brother has been quite busy these days, and I haven't really thought about taking maternity photos."

These past few days, Mo Zhixuan indeed had been very busy. To attend Mo Qingyi's wedding, he hadn't had a good night's sleep for days.

"You have to take them, Brother Jin, you must. You're carrying twins! It's such a rare opportunity, and your due date is coming up, right? When the time comes, you won't have the chance to take them if you want to."

Weiwei also chimed in on the side, "Qingyi is right, you definitely should go take them. These days, so many people take maternity photos. It would be a nice keepsake to have for later."

Ding Siyu added, "Pregnancy is a significant event in life, how can you not take maternity photos?"

Chu Jin offered a slight smile, "Since everyone is saying so, I'll go home and discuss it with Mo Zhixuan."

"No need to discuss," Mo Zhixuan stepped out from behind, wrapped his arm around Chu Jin's shoulders, "We'll go tomorrow." As he spoke, he glanced meaningfully at Han Zixiu.

Han Zixiu narrowed his eyes, a flicker of light crossing the depths of his gaze.

He knew Mo Zhixuan was deliberately saying this for him to hear.

Ever since Chu Jin got pregnant, Mo Zhixuan had been ridiculously proud. After meeting up, he boasted more than just ten times.

Thinking about it was quite disheartening for him. He and Ding Siyu had been married for so many years without any sign of pregnancy, while Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin had just gotten married and were already expecting, and not just one baby but twins!

How envious!

Han Zixiu wrapped his arms around Ding Siyu, leaning in to whisper in her ear, "Siyu, it looks like we need to step up our game too. Look how smug Mo Zhixuan is getting!"

Ding Siyu said nothing.

Han Zixiu sheepishly removed his hand from her shoulder.

Mo Zhixuan, with Chu Jin in his arms, looked triumphantly at Han Zixiu, then lowered his gaze to Chu Jin, "Jin, I mean it, let's go together tomorrow."

"You have time tomorrow?" Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

"Yeah," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "I've finished up all the busy work, and from now on, I'll spend a good New Year with you and Bao Bao."

"Ok," Chu Jin nodded lightly.

After the group photo was taken, the wedding officially came to an end.

The wedding was over by eleven o'clock at night, and Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan stood outside the hotel, seeing Ding Siyu and Han Zixiu off.

"Jin," Ding Siyu held Chu Jin's hand, her voice tinged with reluctance, "I'm now living on Ancient City Street. After the New Year, you must come over and visit." Today was already the 28th day of the twelfth lunar month, with only 2 days left until New Year's.

Ding Siyu had relatives in the secular world, so she had to head back overnight and would come back after the New Year.

"Of course, take care on your way," Chu Jin sent Ding Siyu to the car.

Ding Siyu immediately stopped her, "Alright, you shouldn't strain yourself, go back inside with Zhixuan." After a few steps, Ding Siyu seemed to remember something, turned back, and continued to ask, "Jin, when is your due date?"

"February 28th, according to the solar calendar," Chu Jin replied.

February 15th was New Year's Eve, so Chu Jin's due date wasn't many days away.

Ding Siyu nodded, did the math in her head, then said, "You don't worry, Jin. We will definitely make it back before you give birth."

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Elsewhere.

At the Duanmu Family's.

With the departure of those who had come for the bridal chamber pranks, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe were suddenly alone in the bridal suite.

Mo Qingyi sat at the vanity taking off her makeup, while Duanmu Zhe was downstairs seeing off the guests.

By the time Duanmu Zhe came back upstairs, Mo Qingyi had just stepped out of the washroom, dressed in a bath towel. She stood barefoot, her hair still damp, and hurriedly stepped back as soon as she saw Duanmu Zhe enter, intent on closing the washroom door behind her.

She thought Duanmu Zhe wouldn't be upstairs for a while, which is why she had come out like this to get dressed.

Unexpectedly, Duanmu Zhe had returned so quickly.

As Mo Qingyi turned around, Duanmu Zhe caught her wrist, "I won't bite, why are you running?"

For a moment, Mo Qingyi felt nervous.

Even though Mo Qingyi usually was rather uninhibited, she hadn't done anything overtly inappropriate with Duanmu Zhe before.

Mo Qingyi's heart raced with nervousness, anxiety, and curiosity...

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Mo Qingyi was actually pretty nervous.

And a little scared too.

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At the Mo family home.

Today was the twenty-ninth day of the twelfth lunar month, and the elderly Mrs. Mo was already preparing the New Year goods. In reality, there was no need for her to do these things herself, but she insisted on doing it to feel a bit of the New Year spirit.

After changing her clothes, Chu Jin walked out of the dressing room. She had just wanted to confront Mo Zhixuan, to grab his ear, but her hand only reached halfway before she saw Mo Zhixuan's sleeping face and quietly withdrew it.

Looking at Mo Zhixuan, a hint of distress flickered in her eyes.

In this period, Mo Zhixuan had been bustling about, and it had been over half a month since he'd had a good night's sleep. Forget it, she should forgive him first.

Chu Jin clapped her hands and then walked out of the room, gently closing the door behind her.

Downstairs, the elderly Mrs. Mo was busy in the kitchen, with a scent of braised food wafting through the air.

Chu Jin walked into the kitchen, her face brimming with smiles, and asked, "Mom, what delicious thing are you making? It smells so good."

Mrs. Mo looked back with a beaming smile, "Jin, why are you up so early? Why didn't you sleep a bit longer? I'm making braised noodles. Do you want to try some?"

Chu Jin nodded, "Yes, yes, it smells so good, it must taste even better."

Mrs. Mo happily served Chu Jin a bowl of braised noodles, ladled the fragrant braising sauce over it, added a chicken leg and wing, drizzled sesame oil, and sprinkled cilantro, chopped green onions, and minced garlic on top, then topped it off with a spoonful of chili.

A bowl of fragrant braised noodles was presented before Chu Jin, making her swallow hard.

It was just too appetizing!

The temptation of food was irresistible!

Having a capable mother-in-law who could cook so well was truly a blessing.

Chu Jin mixed the noodles and then wolfed them down.

To say she wolfed them down, yet it was still quite a sight to behold. She didn't eat slowly, but her elegance was ten times that of those affected daughters from noble families.

It can only be said that beautiful people make even eating a beautiful thing.

Mrs. Mo sat opposite Chu Jin, her face full of expectation as she asked, "Jin, is it tasty?"

Chu Jin nodded repeatedly, "Delicious, delicious! Mom, your cooking skills are just too amazing!"

"I'm glad you like it," Mrs. Mo said with a very satisfied smile, "If you like it, mom will make it for you every day from now on. Qingyi used to love these braised noodles as well. I'll have Qinghe bring some over to her later."

Speaking of Mo Qingyi, a touch of wistfulness flickered across Mrs. Mo's eyes. The house seemed a lot colder without the chatter of Mo Qingyi, and it was quite unsettling.

Although Mrs. Mo used to always complain about Mo Qingyi, now that she was truly married off, she couldn't help but miss her.

Ah, the thought of it was quite distressing.

Seeing Mrs. Mo like this, Chu Jin looked up slightly, "Mom, you must be missing Qingyi. Since the two houses are so close, why not just have her come back to eat? Why bother having Qinghe send it over?"

The Duanmu family lived very close to the imperial palace, a ten-minute walk or a much shorter drive, so coming and going was very convenient.

Mrs. Mo shook her head with a smile, "What kind of daughter just got married and then returns to her parents' house? The proper day for her to come back hasn't even arrived yet."

This was a custom taken seriously in the Superpower World.

"Oh," Chu Jin nodded, "So according to that, Qingyi will return on the first day of the Lunar New Year?"

"That's right." Mrs. Mo's eyes showed concern, "I just don't know if that girl Qingyi is getting used to life at the Duanmu family, or if she's gotten up yet..."

Mo Qingyi had only been married for a day, and Mrs. Mo was already worrying about all kinds of things.

Chu Jin laughed and comforted her, "Mom, don't worry. Duanmu's parents are very kind; they surely won't make it difficult for Qingyi."

Mrs. Mo replied with a smile, "That's not what I'm worried about. Oh," it seemed as if something had occurred to Mrs. Mo as she looked at Chu Jin and continued, "I heard that Duanmu Sheng is now staying at the Duanmu family's house?"

Mrs. Mo didn't have a very good impression of Duanmu Sheng.

In her eyes, Duanmu Sheng was a girl stubborn to the extreme, intractable, who wouldn't listen to other people's advice and was difficult to get along with. Otherwise, she wouldn't have suffered such great losses.

Since ancient times, there have always been endless problems between sisters-in-law, and she feared that there might be conflicts between Duanmu Sheng and Mo Qingyi.

Chu Jin was aware of Mrs. Mo's concerns and replied, "According to Mo Zhixuan, it seems like Sheng has already moved out of the family home."

"Oh, that's good then," Mrs. Mo breathed a sigh of relief and nodded.

Only after Chu Jin finished the entire bowl of noodles did Mo Zhixuan come downstairs.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan come down, Mrs. Mo immediately stood up and said, "Zhixuan, are you hungry? Mom made braised noodles. Do you want a bowl?"

Mo Zhixuan sat down next to Chu Jin, "Alright."

The Mo family's matriarch went to the kitchen to serve noodles for Mo Zhixuan.

Taking advantage of this moment, Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, squinting slightly, and asked in a clear voice, "Mo Zhixuan, come clean, what kind of mischief were you up to last night?"

Mo Zhixuan looked innocently at Chu Jin, "What mischief? None at all."

Chu Jin slightly raised an eyebrow, "Really none?"

"Oh..." Mo Zhixuan suddenly realized, as if he had remembered something, "Ah, you mean that thing. No need to thank me; it's what a husband should do."

"Thank?" Chu Jin pinched Mo Zhixuan's ear, whispering, "A tree without bark will surely die; a man without shame is invincible. Mo Zhixuan, congratulations, you're invincible!"

Mo Zhixuan took her hand, "Jin, you can't be unreasonable. Just because I'm easy to bully doesn't mean you can keep bullying me. Have you forgotten that last night I personally fed you milk? That's quite an exhausting task. Don't you think you should say thank you?"

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes a bit, "What did you feed me with?" She didn't remember drinking any milk.

If Chu Jin knew Mo Zhixuan had fed her with his mouth, she would beat the crap out of him!

"It doesn't matter how you were fed, just that you drank it," Mo Zhixuan said, suddenly lowering his voice, and continued, "And, not just your mouth got to enjoy the milk..."

Saying this, Mo Zhixuan's gaze drifted towards Chu Jin's chest.

It seemed, he had discovered yet another point of extreme pleasure.

Chu Jin slapped his face, "Shameless!"

"I only need you," Mo Zhixuan caught Chu Jin's hand, "why would I need a face?"

Just then, the Mo family's matriarch came out from the kitchen with a bowl of noodles, smiling warmly, "Zhixuan, your noodles are ready. Eat up, there's more in the pot."

"Thank you, Mom," Mo Zhixuan released Chu Jin's hand.

"Jin, do you want some too? If so, I can serve you a bowl," the matriarch turned to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin shook her head slightly, "No thanks, I'm full already."

"Mom, Jin said she wants to drink milk," Mo Zhixuan suddenly spoke up, a teasing sparkle in his eyes.

"Wants to drink milk? I'll go heat some up for her right now," the matriarch immediately stood up.

Chu Jin glared at Mo Zhixuan, "Mom, don't listen to Mo Zhixuan's nonsense, I don't want any milk, please don't trouble yourself."

"You've just had noodles, you must be thirsty. Drinking some milk is good, plus it's good for the baby's skin," the matriarch sat Chu Jin down in a chair, "You sit here, don't move, Mom will be right back."

Chu Jin had no choice but to sit down, then she bit hard into Mo Zhixuan's arm.

This man was getting more and more audacious!

"Hiss." Mo Zhixuan hissed in pain, "Jin, are you trying to murder your own husband?"

Only then did Chu Jin let go of him.

The matriarch quickly came out with the milk, "Jin, drink up."

Chu Jin took the milk with a smile, "Thank you, Mom."

The matriarch then said, "Jin, aren't you going to the prenatal checkup today? If Zhixuan is busy, I can go with you later."

Mo Zhixuan finished the last of his noodles, "Mom, I'm starting my leave these days. I'll accompany Jin today, so we won't be back for lunch. No need to wait for us."

Not coming back for lunch?

Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, a hint of confusion in her eyes.

The prenatal checkup would only take an hour or two; they would still have time to come home for lunch. What on earth was he up to now?

Mo Zhixuan rubbed his hand over her head, explaining, "I've booked a photo session at the studio for today. After the checkup, we'll head there."

"Really going?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly, she had thought that Mo Zhixuan was just talking about it yesterday, but he actually meant it.

"Of course it's real. When have I ever lied to you?" Mo Zhixuan's lips curved into a faint smile.

Mo Zhixuan wrapped a scarf around Chu Jin's neck, then placed a hat on her head. Once he was sure that Chu Jin was completely bundled up, he felt relieved and took her hand to walk outside.

Chu Jin tugged at the scarf around her neck, "I'm not as cold as you think I am. Can't you let me wear less?"

"No." Mo Zhixuan's attitude was very firm, "It snowed all last night. It will be sunny after the frost, cold after the snow, and it's chilly out there now. You're not just one person anymore; at a critical time like this, you need to be more careful about keeping warm."

The matriarch immediately said, "Jin, Zhixuan is right. This is a critical time for you. It's better to wear more than less." After saying this, the matriarch instructed, "Zhixuan, we're nearing the end of the year, and it's crowded everywhere. You must take good care of Jin! Don't let her fall or get bumped into!"

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Don't worry, Mom, I understand."

The matriarch naturally trusted Mo Zhixuan.

With an umbrella in hand and shoes changed, Mo Zhixuan said to the matriarch, "Mom, we'll be on our way now."

#### Chapter 813: Life Motto

The elderly Mrs. Mo nodded with a smile, "Alright, be careful on your way." As she said this, it seemed as if she remembered something and added, "Oh yes, with the New Year approaching, Jin, there are only your mom and Xiu at your family's home. How about letting them come over for the New Year this time? It's livelier with more people around. I'll go to your place this afternoon to bring your mom and Xiu over."

"If my mom agrees to come, that would be wonderful," Chu Jin responded with a smile, "It's just that it'll bother you to go there, but thank you very much."

They say that the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law relationship is the most difficult to manage, but Chu Jin never felt any difficulty in it.

Having a good mother-in-law like the elderly Mrs. Mo was a blessing in her life.

"It's no trouble at all, we'll settle it then. You both hurry off to the hospital, leave the household matters to me." Actually, the elderly Mrs. Mo had been thinking about bringing Zhao Yan and the others over for a while now.

The Mo family had few members, as did the Chu family, and joining the two families together would make for a truly vibrant New Year.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan left the house.

Snow had fallen all night long, covering the earth as if it were wrapped in a layer of cotton, everywhere clothed in white.

Shoes crunched on the thick snow with a squeak.

Children engaged in snowball fights could be seen everywhere.

Laughter could be heard as well.

The sun peeked quietly from behind the clouds, casting a golden light over the land.

Soon, a black car stopped at the hospital entrance.

No matter the time or place, or what the weather was like, hospitals were always crowded.

The prenatal checkup was quick, and Chu Jin emerged shortly after, not having to wait outside for long.

"How is it? What did the doctor say?" Seeing Chu Jin come out, Mo Zhixuan immediately walked up to her and took the report from her hand.

Chu Jin, with one hand on her belly and the other in Mo Zhixuan's, said, "The doctor said the babies are in good condition now, all indicators are normal, and they're not too big, which is very suitable for a natural birth. It's just that currently, one of them has the umbilical cord wrapped around its neck three times, so if it's still like that at the time of delivery, we may need to have a cesarean section."

"Then we'll opt for a cesarean," Mo Zhixuan said, clutching Chu Jin's hand a bit nervously, "We'll do whatever is safest."

Mo Zhixuan had been truly frightened by that pregnant woman who had threatened to jump off a building last time.

He could hardly imagine what sort of pain it was that could push someone to contemplate suicide.

"It's fine, don't worry, I know what I'm doing," Chu Jin reassured him, squeezing his hand.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan walked hand in hand down the hospital corridor, a handsome man and a beautiful woman making for an especially pleasing sight.

Duanmu Sheng also came out of the prenatal examination room holding her report and stopped short upon seeing Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan. After composing herself, she approached them, "Nine Ye, sister-in-law."

Mo Zhixuan responded with just a slight nod, not saying a word.

Chu Jin offered a gentle smile, "Sheng Sheng, you're here for a checkup too? How's the baby?"

Although Duanmu Sheng had made some foolish mistakes before, looked at from another angle, she was also a victim. A woman's IQ is zero when in love.

Duanmu Sheng instinctively touched her belly, "I'm fine, thank you, sister-in-law." Thank you for giving me a chance to start over.

"No need to be polite, it was just a small effort." Chu Jin's voice was light as she continued, "It's good to understand some things. Remember not to be so stubborn in the future, there are no parents in this world who don't want their child to be happy."

Chu Jin had said these words to herself before, but the pity was that she hadn't taken them to heart at the time.

Perhaps this is what they call the bitterness of frank advice.

Duanmu Sheng looked up at Chu Jin, "Mm, don't worry, sister-in-law, I won't make the same mistake again. Some mistakes once made are enough. I will try my best to be a good mother." Duanmu Sheng was now four months pregnant, her belly was already very noticeable, and every night she could feel the baby moving.

She had gone from despising to accepting this child.

Now, she was beginning to feel the happiness of motherhood, even if just a little.

Chu Jin nodded with a smile, "Well, we'll be going now."

"Alright, take care, Nine Ye, sister-in-law," Duanmu Sheng said as she watched Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan leave.

In the vast corridors of the hospital, there were many pregnant women coming for checkups, but most of them were accompanied by family members. Only she was alone.

A bitter smile crossed the corners of Duanmu Sheng's mouth.

Perhaps this was the fruit of her own doing.

Duanmu Sheng watched as Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan left, and then she entered the doctor's office.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan didn't head straight back to the imperial palace, but went directly to the photo studio instead.

The staff at the photo studio received them enthusiastically.

Before the photo shoot, they needed to choose outfits and get makeup done.

Chu Jin had good fundamentals, and even the makeup artist couldn't help but exclaim, "Your skin doesn't seem like that of a pregnant woman at all, it's like that of an eighteen-year-old girl."

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Thank you."

Mo Zhixuan, standing aside, added in a cool tone, "My wife is forever eighteen." It was clearly a joke, but his voice carried no hint of humor.

Chu Jin: "..."

Makeup artist: "..."

But Chu Jin did look like an eighteen-year-old girl, no one could tell that she was already twenty-four years old this year.

After finishing her makeup, the stylist brought out a crop top for Chu Jin, the kind that would expose her stomach, where a dedicated painter would paint whimsical designs.

Just as the painter was walking over with his tools, Mo Zhixuan stopped him, "Wait, what do you think you're doing?"

The painter was a very young guy, who constantly got teased by an eighteen-year-old girl for being old, so now Mo Zhixuan was sensitive to young men like him.

"N-Nine Ye," stammered the painter nervously, "I- I'm going to paint."

This morning, the studio cleared all other clients for the exclusive service of Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

The studio owner was shadowing about, fretting about his employees making a mistake, as these two were the most noble people in the three realms. Any mistake could not be afforded by anyone.

Seeing this, the studio owner's heart skipped a beat and he immediately came over, "Nine Ye, do you have any instructions?"

The studio owner was a woman in her twenties with heavy makeup, but as the boss, she was much more composed than the painter.

Mo Zhixuan glanced at the studio owner and gently parted his thin lips, "Can you paint?"

"Yes, yes," the studio owner nodded immediately.

Mo Zhixuan's expression then eased a bit, "Then you do it." He couldn't possibly let a pretty boy touch Chu Jin's stomach. That was his privilege alone!

"Alright," the studio owner took the tools from the painter and gave him a look, "Go on."

The painter promptly ran off at top speed.

The studio owner knew how to handle the situation, and then she replaced all staff members, including the lighting technician, photographer, makeup artist, and stylist, with female employees.

Sure enough, when he saw this, Mo Zhixuan's expression improved significantly.

The photo shoot took more than two hours, but the pictures couldn't be retrieved right away; it would be about a two-week wait.

After the photo shoot, Mo Zhixuan took Chu Jin out for a meal.

Time flew by.

In the blink of an eye, it was New Year's Eve.

Yesterday, the Mo family matriarch had Zhao Yan and Chu Xiu come over, so Mo's house was quite lively today.

The Mo family matriarch and Zhao Yan were busy making dumplings.

Chu Jin was sticking couplets with Mo Zhixuan.

Chu Xiu was giving Little Grey a bath.

Little Bai was just sitting on the side.

Seeing Little Bai sit there with longing eyes like an abandoned puppy, Chu Xiu gave it a glance, then said, "Don't worry, Little Bai. I'll give you a bath after I'm done washing Little Grey."

Chu Xiu had always been a very caring child.

Now, Chu Xiu was a seventeen-year-old boy, and he'd be eighteen after the New Year.

He was growing more handsome by the day and shooting up in height; he was now nearly as tall as Zi. With delicate features and a hint of Chu Jin in his brows, he was totally a heartthrob.

To date, Chu Xiu had received hundreds of love letters at school.

Upon hearing this, Little Grey said with an air of arrogance, "I don't need it, I can wash myself. Only fools don't know how to bathe."

At that, Little Grey arched its back, its teeth bared in a grimace, letting out a low whine.

Little Bai stood up, stretched out its paw, and slapped Little Grey on the head, "What are you looking at? Never seen a handsome guy before?" With that, it turned around proudly and walked off with elegance.

Little Grey was directly smacked into sitting in the basin.

This damn cat, always bullying the small and weak!

Chu Xiu was somewhat speechless; he didn't quite understand how these two of different species became such good friends.

After bathing Little Grey, Chu Xiu picked up a hair dryer to dry its fur, then he took out a new outfit to put on Little Grey.

Just as he finished these tasks, Chu Xiu's phone started to ring.

This was the ringtone exclusive to a little loli.

Chu Xiu put down Little Grey in a hurry, took his phone from his pocket, and tapped to answer.

The sweet voice of the little loli immediately came through the phone screen, "Xiu Brother, Xiu Brother, Happy New Year."

"Happy New Year," Chu Xiu smiled shyly.

The little loli immediately showed Chu Xiu her newly bought dress, "Look, Xiu Brother, isn't this dress pretty? My papa bought it for me."

"It's pretty," Chu Xiu nodded; he never was much of a talker.

Instantly beaming, the little loli said, "But Xiu Brother, you are even more handsome. Oh, and Xiu Brother, what were you just doing?"

"I was just bathing Little Grey. By the way, it's New Year today, did you give Bao Bao a bath?" Taking a bath before the New Year signifies dispelling the old to welcome the new, and gradually, Chu Xiu and the little loli's conversation grew more animated.

Perhaps even he did not realize it.

The two talked for over fifty minutes without hanging up the phone. Chu Xiu even taught the little loli how to bathe Bao Bao from afar.

The screen showed a bread loaf with a look of enduring humiliation, its head drooping, which was hilariously pitiful.

The hustle and bustle of New Year's Eve in the Superpower World was no less than that of the mundane world.

In fact, it was even more lively.

Even before darkness fell, the sound of various fireworks could be heard.

The streets were already mostly empty, as everyone hurried home to have their reunion dinner and honor their ancestors.

Chu Jin stood by the door, directing Mo Zhixuan on how to paste the couplets, "Move it a bit to the left, now a bit to the right, no, move it up, down, down, sigh, you blockhead!"

Mo Zhixuan was also very good-natured, looking every bit the devoted husband of twenty-four filial acts, complying with whatever Chu Jin instructed and never retorting.

His life motto was:

As long as my wife is happy, that's good.

Whatever my wife says is always right.

Everything prioritizes my wife; everything else is secondary.

While the house was filled with joy, the old Madam Mo quietly wiped away some tears.

At this time in previous years, the kitchen would always see the troublemaker Mo Qingyi.

Now...

One wonders if Mo Qingyi has adapted to life in the Duanmu Family.

In the customs of the Superpower World, a bride isn't allowed any contact with her family for the three days following her wedding.

While everyone was busy, Zi pushed the door open from outside and entered.

Zi was alone, so the old Madam Mo had also invited him to spend New Year's with the Mo family.

In some ways, Zi could be considered the Mo family's benefactor. Had it not been for him that year, Mo Zhixuan couldn't have persevered and would have followed Chu Jin to leave early on.

Therefore, the old Madam Mo was very grateful to Zi.

"Zi, why did you just get here? Are you cold? I'll go pour you a glass of water," the old Madam Mo walked over and took the umbrella from Zi's hand.

"Aunt Mo, I'm not cold. Please don't trouble yourself. By the way, is there anything I can help with?" Zi always had a sensible disposition, thus winning the affection of people both young and old.

A year had passed, and Zi's skin wasn't as dark anymore, and his features had grown more refined. He was undeniably a handsome guy.

"There's nothing much to do. You can watch TV for a bit. Aunt Yuan and I are making dumplings. We'll eat them together later tonight," old Madam Mo said cheerfully.

Upon hearing "dumplings," Zi's eyes immediately brightened, "Great! I love dumplings! Especially the ones you and Aunt Yuan make; they taste simply amazing. I could eat your home out of house and home!"

While Zi had changed in many ways, his foodie nature remained. Just a package of spicy strips could lure him back home.

At these words, the old Madam Mo immediately grinned from ear to ear, "Since you like them, I'll make more later for you to take home and enjoy."

"Thank you, Aunt Mo. Make sure you pack a lot for me," Zi said unabashedly.

"Sure, sure, sure," the old Madam Mo nodded repeatedly.

After Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan had finished pasting the couplets, they came downstairs and saw Zi. Chu Jin immediately greeted him with a smile, "Zi, you're here!"

"Jin, Mr. Mo," Zi promptly turned around.

Zi always addressed Mo Zhixuan as Mr. Mo, a mark of his respect for him.

"Eh? Is it snowing outside again?" Chu Jin went over to Zi and brushed the snowflakes off his shoulder.

Zi nodded, "Yeah, it's coming down quite hard. Jin, do you want to go out and build a snowman?" At times, Zi still showed a child-like nature, particularly in Chu Jin's presence, where it was even more pronounced.

He felt a dependency on Chu Jin, like that of a little brother towards an older sister.

Chu Jin was like the head of the household, and he was the underage little brother.

"Let's do it, let's go together." Chu Jin handed the remaining couplets to Mo Zhixuan, "You go paste the rest of the couplets by yourself; I'm going to build a snowman."

Mo Zhixuan looked at Zi and suddenly felt an urge to eliminate him.

This third wheel was truly annoying.

"Let's go quickly, to the backyard," Chu Jin said, pulling Zi by the hand and walking out.

Every girl has a special fondness for snow, and Chu Jin was no exception.

Watching the two holding hands, Mo Zhixuan immediately found breathing difficult. He put down the couplet in his hand and quickly walked to their side, forcibly separating their hands.

This man, indeed, got jealous over everything. Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan with disbelief, "What are you doing?"

Mo Zhixuan feigned a look of [I am not jealous], his voice low, "It's cold outside, put on gloves." He then took a pair of gloves from his coat pocket and put them on Chu Jin's hands.

The gloves were black, Mo Zhixuan's own. They were much too big for Chu Jin's hands, giving the impression of a child sneaking into an adult's gloves.

Chu Jin slightly frowned, "It's kind of inconvenient to wear these. Is it okay not to wear them?"

"No," Mo Zhixuan said seriously. "It's so cold outside, your hands will freeze."

Mo Zhixuan had an air of it's all for your own good.

He continued, "Remember, you must never take it off. Go now, I'll come find you after I've finished pasting the couplet."

"Jin, let's go!" Zi once again took Chu Jin's hand and started walking towards the door.

In the presence of Mo Zhixuan, Zi always felt an immense pressure.

Now, when Mo Zhixuan saw the two holding hands again, his face looked much better.

Mo Zhixuan took the couplet and headed upstairs to the attic.

Chu Jin was building a snowman with Zi.

"Jin, my snowman looks so much better than yours. If your snowman were a man, he definitely wouldn't be able to find a wife," Zi said with pride, looking at the two snowmen in front of her.

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, "Can't she be beautiful on the inside? And for your information, she is a girl! A girl!"

Upon hearing this.

Zi laughed even harder.

In Zi's eyes, Chu Jin had always been a figure akin to an all-capable goddess, and now Zi realized that there was something Chu Jin wasn't good at.

How could this snowman be so ugly?

"Jin, if you hadn't told me, I really wouldn't have known it's supposed to be a girl," Zi laughed so hard that she could barely keep her eyes open.

Chu Jin glanced at Zi and then scooped up a handful of snow from the ground, shaping it into a snowball.

"Zi, come here for a moment," Chu Jin said with a smile, looking at Zi.

Zi, clueless, walked a few steps toward Chu Jin.

"Bend down," Chu Jin continued, looking at Zi with an innocent expression.

Zi didn't suspect a thing and obediently bent over.

With a smile on her face, Chu Jin quickly stuffed the snowball down Zi's collar.

Zi initially didn't react, but then looked at Chu Jin with a face full of despair, frantically hopping up and down.

"Jin, you've changed! I treated you like a real sister, but you treat me like a younger cousin brother."

Chu Jin's face was filled with amusement, "Sorry, but I am a girl."

Zi: "..."

The two played around in the snow for a while, and then Mo Zhixuan and Chu Xiu also joined them.

As evening fell.

After the New Year's Eve dinner, Mo Zhixuan had someone deliver a pile of fireworks, and the family set them off in front of the house.

The sky was filled with fireworks of all colors, and the deafening sound of firecrackers filled the air, brimming with the spirit of the New Year.

At the same time.

At the Duanmu Family.

The Duanmu Family was also very lively, because of the New Year, Duanmu Sheng had returned as well, and at this moment, the whole family was sitting together for the reunion dinner.

After dinner, Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin even prepared red envelopes with money for everyone.

Of course, the thickest one was for Mo Qingyi; after all, she was the new bride, celebrating her first New Year's at the Duanmu Family.

"Qingyi, this is a little token of my affection, please make sure you accept it," Duanmu Sheng took out a red envelope and handed it to Mo Qingyi.

Today was the reunion night, so Duanmu Sheng had also come back.

Mo Qingyi took the red envelope with a beaming smile and sweetly said, "Thank you, Sister Sheng."

"Don't mention it. I hope you and Little Zhe have a child soon and give mom and dad a grandchild to hold early," Duanmu Sheng added.

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin had faces full of content smiles.

A blush crept onto Mo Qingyi's cheeks.

Duanmu Zhe put his arm around Mo Qingyi's shoulders and smiled, "Soon, soon, Third Sister, just be ready with the red envelopes."

As Mo Qingyi blushed even more at Duanmu Zhe's words, thinking about how unrestrained he had been in demanding her attention, these past nights.

After dinner, the Duanmu Family also went to the front yard to set off fireworks.

Looking at the sky full of blazing colors, Mo Qingyi suddenly said excitedly, "Look, Sister Sheng, those fireworks must be from my brother." Mo Qingyi hadn't been home for three days, and she missed her family, especially after having the braised noodles delivered by Qinghe yesterday, that yearning feeling couldn't be suppressed.

In the past, she also spent long periods away from home in the military, sometimes not seeing Lady Mo for months, but she never felt this urgent desire to go home and visit.

Before, when she went home, she was at least a member of the Mo Family.

But now, if she would return, she would be a guest in her own home.

Her mindset had changed.

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Sheng looked up into the sky, slightly puzzled, "With so many fireworks in the sky, how could you know which ones were set off by Nine Ye?"

Chapter 814: the due date has arrived

Mo Qingyi watched the fireworks with a smile and continued, "It's because my sister-in-law loves purple the most, and also, when those fireworks spread out, they'll form the character 'Jin.' Pay attention later, our family sets off these fireworks every year."

These fireworks also testified the love between Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

Hearing this, Duanmu Sheng made a special note to observe the dispersing pattern of the fireworks, and sure enough, just as Mo Qingyi had said, at the last moment before they faded, they all turned into the character 'Jin' and hung in the sky for several seconds.

Reflected in Duanmu Sheng's eyes were the colors of the fireworks, "Big Brother Nine and Sister-in-Law Nine have such a great love." Even after so many years, Mo Zhixuan's affection for Chu Jin remained constant—how could one not be envious?

What so-called 'three-year itch,' or 'seven-year glitch.'

In the case of Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, they were practically non-existent.

Their affection for each other had always been great, and they never once argued.

Mo Qingyi laughed more and said, "Yes, they do love each other very much, especially my brother, who would go as far as to rip out his heart and hand it to my sister-in-law."

At this, Duanmu Zhe immediately came over, wrapped his arm around Mo Qingyi's waist, and teased, "So, what you're saying is, I'm not good to you?"

"Then why don't you take out your heart for me to see?" Mo Qingyi pinched Duanmu Zhe on the waist.

"Wow, that's lethal, are you sure you can bear it?"

"What's there to bear?"

Watching Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe playfully bicker, a glint of light appeared in Duanmu Sheng's eyes.

They were all happy.

How wonderful.

And she would be very happy as well.

A smile appeared on Duanmu Sheng's lips while her hands slowly caressed her belly.

The next day.

The first day of the Lunar New Year.

Mo Qingyi woke up early in the morning, changed into new clothes, put on her makeup, and went back to her parents' home with Duanmu Zhe, bringing a lot of gifts.

Although the Duanmu Family and the imperial palace were only one kilometer apart, to Mo Qingyi, it felt as though hours had passed.

She was eager to see every member of the Mo family.

When she and Duanmu Zhe arrived, the Mo family was gathered around the dining table for breakfast.

According to tradition, noodles were eaten on the morning of the first day.

Mo Qingyi walked in front, and as soon as she entered the room, she gave Madam Mo a big hug and said with a playful grin, "Mom, I'm back! Haven't seen me in three days, did you miss me to death? Have you been secretly crying behind brother and sister-in-law's back?"

Madam Mo patted Mo Qingyi on the shoulder, saying one thing but meaning another, "Since you got married and left, I don't know how much more relaxed I've been, and no one has been bothering me, I'm too happy to care!"

Despite saying so, Madam Mo's eyes still reddened.

Mo Qingyi hugged Madam Mo tightly, her smile gradually fading as she said earnestly, "Mom, I missed you."

This was the first time that Mo Qingyi had said "I missed you" to Madam Mo with such seriousness.

Though it was just a brief phrase, it contained myriads of emotions.

In that moment, the atmosphere started to change.

With a lump in her throat, Madam Mo's arms trembled as she held Mo Qingyi, tears spilling from her eyes.

Mo Qingyi knew that even though Madam Mo didn't say it aloud, she still missed her deeply in her heart. Mo Qingyi put on a smiling face again, "Mom, I haven't eaten yet, did you save some noodles for me? I love your handmade noodles the most."

"Saved, saved," Madam Mo said while wiping her tears and smiling, "I'll serve you some right now. Little Zhe, you must be hungry too, right? Take a seat quickly."

But Duanmu Zhe stopped Madam Mo, "Mom, why don't you sit here and have a good talk with Qingyi. I can get it myself." Duanmu Zhe was familiar with the environment of the Mo family's home.

"Jin, are you about to give birth?" Mo Qingyi looked up at Chu Jin with puzzlement in her eyes. She was always straightforward and couldn't remember Chu Jin's due date.

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly, "The due date is the 28th, not much longer now. You won't be back at the military base then, will you?"

Mo Qingyi shook her head, "No, we have a two-month marriage leave, and it's only been a few days. By that calculation, Duanmu Xiaosi and I can still attend the babies' full-month celebration."

Chu Jin's lips curved with a smile, "Right."

"Time flies so fast," Mo Qingyi continued, "just like that I'm about to be an aunt. By the way, have you decided on a name for the baby?"

Zhao Yan joined in, "Not yet, your mom and I are still discussing it." Almost from the start of Chu Jin's pregnancy, Zhao Yan and Madam Mo had been pondering the names for the children, but even up to now, they hadn't settled on one.

Madam Mo said with a laugh, "No rush, good things come to those who wait. Some children are over a year old before they get their formal names. Zhixuan has already chosen nicknames for the children, we can just use those for now."

Names were a matter of a lifetime, and sometimes a person's name could even determine their fate. Therefore, at times like this, Madam Mo certainly couldn't be careless.

Chu Jin also said with a smile, "Mom is right, good things take time, this kind of thing can't be rushed."

Mo Qingyi then asked, "Brother, what nicknames have you chosen for the children?"

Mo Zhixuan looked at Mo Qingyi, cleared his throat, and then said seriously, "Bao Bao and Bei Bei."

"Pfft, haha." Mo Qingyi couldn't help but laugh.

She hadn't expected Mo Zhixuan to have such a common moment. Those two names were too popular now—whose kids weren't called Bao Bao, whose children weren't treasured? (Bao Bao and Bei Bei are both common endearing terms for babies in Chinese, colloquially used like "baby" or "treasure.")

Mo Qingyi had thought Mo Zhixuan would come up with something special.

Turns out, Mo Zhixuan wasn't as unique as she had imagined.

"So, who's called Bao Bao and who's called Bei Bei?" Mo Qingyi asked further.

After all, Chu Jin was expecting twins.

Mo Zhixuan narrowed his eyes slightly, "The eldest is called Bao Bao, and the second is called Bei Bei."

Mo Qingyi nodded thoughtfully.

Moments later, Duanmu Zhe came over carrying two bowls of noodles.

After finishing breakfast, Mo Qingyi suggested going to the temple fair.

The temple fair in Superpower World was very lively.

Taking into account that Chu Jin was pregnant, and with the temple fair being too crowded, inconvenient, and unsafe, Mo Zhixuan refused, "You go with Duanmu and take Mom, Chu Xiu, Zi, and the others with you. We won't go."

The Mo family matriarch also said, "It's better for Jin not to go. There are too many people at the temple fair, and it's unsafe." Now was a crucial time for Chu Jin, and anything like a bump or scrape could mean trouble.

Mo Qingyi expressed his regret, "Ah, you're not going?"

Chu Jin shook her head slightly, "You guys go ahead. I'll watch TV at home, which is pretty good." On the morning of the first day of the new year, there were too many people, and even Chu Jin couldn't guarantee her own safety.

So Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe took the two elderly and Zi and Chu Xiu to the temple fair.

The primary reason Zhao Yan and the Mo family matriarch went was to burn incense and pray for blessings for Chu Jin and the child in her belly.

After all, she was almost due.

Once they left, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were the only ones remaining in the vast imperial palace.

Chu Jin nestled against Mo Zhixuan's chest watching TV.

Mo Zhixuan, on the other hand, was peeling nutshells for her.

Time flew quickly, and in the blink of an eye, Chu Jin's due date arrived.

Everyone prepared for Chu Jin to give birth that day, but Chu Jin's belly showed no sign of activity.

The Mo family matriarch was at home sterilizing the baby's clothes and diapers.

Zhao Yan also brought over many baby supplies. These days, she had been living with the Mo family just in case Chu Jin went into labor at any moment.

At night, before going to bed, the Mo family matriarch and Zhao Yan came to Chu Jin's bedroom three times, "Jin, how is it? Still no reaction? Remember to call us if you have any stomach pain."

Zhao Yan was somewhat worried, "Jin, have you called the doctor? Why hasn't there been any movement even though the due date is here?" Zhao Yan had never experienced these things herself, so she didn't quite understand.

Chu Jin sat at the head of the bed with a faint smile on her lips, "Moms, don't worry. The doctor said due dates are just estimates. It's normal to be delayed by one or two weeks; there's nothing to worry about."

"Some are right on time though," the Mo family matriarch chimed in. "When I was giving birth to Zhixuan, the doctor predicted the 12th, but just after midnight, my stomach began to hurt. Since your mom and I will be sleeping next door, make sure to call us if anything happens."

The Mo family matriarch had been looking forward to this day. She wanted to meet her precious grandson and granddaughter sooner, but to her dismay, there was no reaction from Chu Jin's belly even on the due date.

That made her a little nervous; since one of the fetuses in Chu Jin's belly had a special physique, the matriarch worried something unexpected might happen.

She had insisted that Chu Jin keep the child, hoping this decision would not become her biggest regret.

Chu Jin nodded, "Okay, I understand. It's getting late; you should go to sleep. If I go into labor in the middle of the night, you'll need to be well-rested."

Hearing Chu Jin say this, the Mo family matriarch and Zhao Yan hurried back to their rooms to try to force themselves to sleep.

No sooner had they left than Mo Zhixuan came out of the bathroom after his shower.

"How are you feeling, Jin? Still no movement? Should we go to the hospital to check?" Mo Zhixuan was even less experienced with these matters. The baby was overdue and still not showing signs of arrival, which made Mo Zhixuan very nervous.

"It's okay, it's very normal for due dates to be delayed. Don't worry," Chu Jin said while braiding a red string, her tone light.

How could Mo Zhixuan not worry? He took out his phone to call the obstetrician in charge of Chu Jin's prenatal care, and only after confirming that such a delay was indeed normal did he feel relieved.

"The doctor said someone needs to be with you during this time because the baby might be born at any moment, so I will stay by your side these next few days," said Mo Zhixuan, climbing into bed.

"What about your work? You've got Mom and the others; you go about your business," Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan.

She didn't want Mo Zhixuan to neglect his responsibilities because of her.

"There's nothing major at the moment. Don't worry; I know what I'm doing," Mo Zhixuan said, lowering his gaze to kiss Chu Jin's forehead.

Knowing that Mo Zhixuan was not someone to lose perspective, Chu Jin felt reassured and added, "Alright, then make sure your work phone is on 24/7."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, then asked, "What are you making there?"

Since Mo Zhixuan had come out of the bathroom, Chu Jin's attention had been on the red string in her hands, continuously tying it into various sorts of knots, which looked quite nice.

"A safety knot for the children. Do you like it?" Chu Jin picked up a finished red string and handed it to Mo Zhixuan.

The safety knot was special as the string could be lengthened as the child grew, and once worn, it could accompany them for a lifetime.

"It's pretty. Who taught you this?" Mo Zhixuan said, a tender expression in his eyes.

Chu Jin's eyes also filled with tenderness, "I learned from a video. This pattern is quite complicated; it took me two full days to master it." Chu Jin didn't have much talent for such delicate handcrafts.

Mo Zhixuan placed the red string on the bedside table, his tone tinged with teasing, "You do have patience, don't you?"

Chu Jin hadn't woven a safety knot for herself yet, and here she was making them for those two little ones first! How frustrating!

Detecting the jealousy in Mo Zhixuan's words, Chu Jin's eyebrows lifted slightly. "Do you want one too? I can make one for you?"

"Who said I wanted one?" Mo Zhixuan said contrary to his true feelings, "I don't like such childish things."

Chu Jin smiled softly.

Time passed, and another five days went by, but there was still no movement from Chu Jin's belly.

The Mo family matriarch and Zhao Yan were anxiously pacing.

Then, late that night, just after two in the morning,

Chu Jin awoke from a deep sleep to a sudden, painful dropping sensation. At first, it was a faint pain, which then turned sharply intense.

Chapter 815: Feng'er is not the kind of person who judges others by their appearance

Wave after wave.

A regular pattern of pain.

Chu Jin opened her eyes, gently removed Mo Zhixuan's hand from around her waist, turned on the light, and went into the bathroom, where she discovered that her underwear was already stained with blood.

At that moment, she was hit by an intense wave of pain that made her brows furrow tightly together. She took a deep breath, one hand supporting her belly and the other the wall, as she slowly made her way back to the room.

As an ancient doctor, she knew this was a sign that the child was ready to meet her.

However, based on her current condition, she guessed there would be some time before the birth of the child.

Mo Zhixuan was still sound asleep in the bed.

In the past few days, Mo Zhixuan had been so worried about Chu Jin going into labor that he hadn't slept well. Now, Chu Jin hesitated to wake him up.

Once the severe pain had subsided, Chu Jin found some clothes in the wardrobe and changed into them.

After changing, a new round of pain began.

Because of the twins, the pain Chu Jin was enduring was several times that of an ordinary person. Soon, her face was as white as a sheet, and her forehead was covered in cold sweat.

Perhaps it was the telepathy between husband and wife, or maybe Mo Zhixuan was just too anxious about Chu Jin. Right then, Mo Zhixuan opened his eyes and saw Chu Jin sitting in the armchair. He sat up suddenly, "Jin, how are you feeling? Is it your stomach that hurts?"

Seeing Chu Jin like this, Mo Zhixuan instantly lost all desire to sleep. He was so anxious that he didn't even bother to put on his shoes before jumping out of bed.

Chu Jin nodded, "Yes, Mo Zhixuan, I think I might be going into labor." By now, her forehead was drenched in sweat.

Mo Zhixuan was frantic, at a loss for what to do. Seeing Chu Jin in this condition, he wished he could take her place and bear the child himself.

Chu Jin was relatively calm. She continued, "You need to go wake up mom and the others now, then tell the driver to get the car ready. We need to go to the hospital. There's no need to panic; contractions are normal. It won't be immediate."

She needed to stay calm at a time like this.

"Okay," nodded Mo Zhixuan, "I'm on it now. Wait for me here, I'll be right back."

After saying that, Mo Zhixuan rushed next door and knocked on the door, "Mom, Mom, wake up quick, Jin is in labor!"

At a quarter past two in the morning, when everyone was sound asleep, but when Madam Mo and Zhao Yan heard the news, they immediately woke up. They had been prepared for Chu Jin to experience labor pains in the middle of the night, so instead of pajamas, they were wearing regular clothes, which allowed them to open the door quickly.

"Is it time for the birth? Hurry, Zhixuan, carry Jin to the car. It should be Zhang's shift now. We should head to the hospital right away! Little Yan, grab the things prepared for Bao Bao," Madam Mo commanded with methodical calm.

Zhao Yan hurried to grab the hospital bag, while Mo Zhixuan went to carry Chu Jin.

At this point, Chu Jin's contraction had just passed. She was drenched in sweat as if she had been fished out of water, with no strength left in her body.

She teased Mo Zhixuan, "I wonder who these two munchkins take after, being such a handful already."

Mo Zhixuan carried Chu Jin step by step downstairs. "What are you doing joking at a time like this? Does it hurt a lot?" he asked, his eyes full of concern.

Suddenly filled with regret, he wondered why he hadn't taken measures before.

Then Chu Jin wouldn't have to suffer like this.

Chu Jin managed a weak smile. "Not at all, truly, Mo Zhixuan, I am very happy right now."

Mo Zhixuan held her even tighter.

No sooner had Mo Zhixuan reached the bottom of the stairs than Madam Mo and Zhao Yan also came running. Zhao Yan, looking distressed, took Chu Jin's hand and asked nervously, "Jin, how are you feeling?"

Chu Jin shook her head slightly, "Mom, it's nothing. Don't worry."

Madam Mo handed the thermos to Zhao Yan and turned to Chu Jin, asking, "Jin, are you feeling the pain in waves now?"

"Yes." Chu Jin nodded slightly, her brow furrowing even more as a new wave of contractions began.

"Then you must be close to giving birth!" Madam Mo opened the door of the car. "Zhixuan, you and Jin get in the back."

Mo Zhixuan carried Chu Jin to the backseat, with Zhao Yan and Madam Mo in the front. Just as they closed the car doors, Madam Mo quickly instructed, "Zhang, get to the hospital as fast as possible!"

"Right away, madam!" Zhang replied, pressing the gas pedal, and the car shot forward like an arrow off its bow.

Although Chu Jin didn't make a sound, Mo Zhixuan knew that she was downplaying her discomfort to not worry him. She must be in pain; otherwise, she wouldn't be sweating so much!

Mo Zhixuan looked to Madam Mo, "Mom, is there any way to alleviate Jin's pain?"

The only one here with experience was Madam Mo.

Madam Mo was also very anxious, but the pain of childbirth was something every woman had to endure, with no real way to lessen it. She turned to hold Chu Jin's hand, saying gently, "Jin, don't be nervous, take deep breaths. Once we get to the hospital, if you can't bear it, we can go for a cesarean section."

Chu Jin shook her head gently, "Mom, don't worry, this bit of pain is nothing to me. A cesarean will leave an ugly scar on the stomach, I don't want that."

This wasn't about beauty or ugliness; natural birth was better for the child and the mother.

"What are you thinking about beauty at a time like this?" Mo Zhixuan looked down at Chu Jin. "I can't stand to see you in so much pain!"

"Zhixuan is right; at a time like this, you're still worried about looks! Better to have a caesarean section! That way, the adults suffer less too!" Zhao Yan also chimed in.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Actually, it's not that painful. Mom, you really don't have to worry, I know what I'm doing."

The car continued to race down the highway.

Up ahead was a red light, and as the driver was about to hit the brakes, Old Lady Mo said, "What are we waiting for a red light at a time like this? Just run it!"

So, after running through more than a dozen red lights, what should have been a journey of over half an hour took only ten minutes.

Fortunately, there weren't many cars at night.

Upon reaching the hospital, the contractions lessened significantly, and Chu Jin breathed a sigh of relief.

After the doctor's examination, it was found that the baby's position was good, the previously wrapped umbilical cord had unwrapped, and the baby wasn't too big, so the doctor recommended natural childbirth as well.

"Doctor, are there absolutely no risks with natural childbirth?" Mo Zhixuan asked nervously.

Doctor Li adjusted his glasses, smiling, "Nine Ye, let me put it this way, every surgery comes with certain risks." These kinds of things, how could doctors make guarantees? How many people have passed away due to difficult labors? Giving birth is very dangerous for women, like walking a round at the Gates of Hell; a slight misstep could leave you trapped inside by Yama.

"What about a caesarean section?" Mo Zhixuan pressed, feeling the doctor's words were rather precarious. He didn't dare to take the risk, even starting to feel an impulse to 'return the goods'!

He also decided in his heart that having the child once would be enough!

"Caesarean section also carries a certain risk. Madam Nine's physical condition is quite good, and both babies are sizeable. If she can persevere, it's better to choose to give birth naturally," the doctor answered.

Almost every doctor would advise expectant mothers this way.

Hearing this, Mo Zhixuan furrowed his brows and fell silent.

How was he to choose?

Whether natural or caesarean, there was danger for the adults.

Suddenly, Mo Zhixuan regretted wanting this child.

Doctor Li continued, "Madam Nine, your cervix has only dilated two centimeters so far, so we'll likely still need to wait a while. How about I help you up for a walk? It's conducive to the birthing process."

"Okay," Chu Jin reached out to take the doctor's hand.

"Doctor Li, when exactly can my daughter give birth?" Zhao Yan asked anxiously.

"Yes, yes, when can my daughter-in-law give birth?" Old Lady Mo was also very anxious.

The doctor replied, "It varies from person to person. Some women give birth slowly, some quickly, but don't worry. I'll be here with Madam Nine the whole time, and should there be any sign of complications, I'll perform surgery on Madam Nine right away."

Ordinary people could hardly receive such treatment, but because of Chu Jin's prestigious status, she enjoyed many privileges.

This doctor was the most authoritative obstetrician in the Superpower World.

Mo Zhixuan stood up and walked over to Chu Jin's side, "Jin, let me help you instead."

Chu Jin glanced at Mo Zhixuan, then said, "Mo Zhixuan, you should go find a place to change your clothes. I estimate it will still be a while before I can give birth."

Because they had rushed out in such a hurry, Mo Zhixuan hadn't even changed out of his pajamas, and he didn't even have shoes on his feet.

If one hadn't seen it with their own eyes, nobody would believe that Mo Zhixuan, usually so lofty and cold as an iceberg, could ever be caught off guard.

The doctor was also secretly astonished.

Mo Zhixuan looked down at himself, then at Chu Jin, "Are you really okay?"

"I'm fine," Chu Jin shook her head, "Go ahead."

Mo Zhixuan nodded, "I'll be right back." With that, he headed to the restroom on the side.

Since the room was stocked with clothing and shoes, there was no need to worry about having nothing to change into.

Only then did Chu Jin turn to Old Lady Mo and Zhao Yan, "Mom, you two should go lie down on the bed for a bit. I'm not in so much pain now, and with someone accompanying me, you don't have to worry so much."

This was a VIP ward, complete with beds, sofas, TVs, and all the amenities, so there was no need to worry about a lack of resting places.

Old Lady Mo looked up at Chu Jin, "How can I sleep when you're like this? I wouldn't be able to sleep anyway."

Zhao Yan echoed, "I can't sleep either."

Doctor Li said cheerfully, "Both of you should go rest for a while. I'm here; that's enough. When the baby comes, you'll have plenty to do. If you don't sleep now, you won't have the energy to take care of the baby later. Even if you really can't sleep, at least close your eyes. Call for me when it's truly time for the birth."

Convinced by Chu Jin's rational argument, and seeing that she was indeed in good condition, Zhao Yan and Old Lady Mo finally moved toward the bed.

Mo Zhixuan quickly came out from the restroom, and although Chu Jin told him to rest as well, he refused to leave her side. Following the doctor's advice that pregnant women should eat more before labor to have the strength to give birth, Mo Zhixuan began to peel apples, shell nuts, and warm milk for Chu Jin...

Doctor Li smiled and said, "Madam Nine, you're truly fortunate." Truly, not many men are like Mo Zhixuan nowadays.

Mo Zhixuan clearly could have delegated many tasks to others, yet he insisted on doing them himself, which did not escape the doctors' notice.

Who would have thought that the seemingly cold Nine Ye also had such a tender side.

Only when the dawn came did Chu Jin's cervix dilate to four centimeters. She was wheeled into the delivery room by the doctors and nurses, and Mo Zhixuan held her hand tightly, "Jin, I'll be waiting right outside for you, don't be afraid!"

Chu Jin offered a faint smile, "I'm not afraid, Mo Zhixuan, nor should you be nervous." While the pregnant woman herself wasn't yet scared, Mo Zhixuan's hands were already shaking non-stop.

Madame Mo, holding a thermos, fed Chu Jin a sip of chicken soup, "Jin, drink some more, so you'll have the strength later."

"Jin, does it still hurt?" Zhao Yan tightly held Chu Jin's hand.

Chu Jin turned and looked at Zhao Yan, "Mom, it doesn't hurt at all now."

Soon after, a doctor wearing white gloves came in, "Nine Ye, we're almost ready to begin the operation, please step outside for a moment."

"Alright," Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, "Doctor Li, I entrust everything to you."

The doctor nodded, "Rest assured."

Mo Zhixuan walked up to Chu Jin, bent over, held her hand, and then kissed it, "Jin, we'll wait outside for you and the babies."

Chu Jin nodded, "Mhm."

Only then did Mo Zhixuan lead Madame Mo and Zhao Yan out of the delivery room, watching as the door slowly closed.

With the surgical light turned on, Mo Zhixuan's heart tightened.

Madame Mo, having been through this, patted Mo Zhixuan's shoulder, comforting him, "Zhixuan, you needn't worry, this is a process every woman must go through, Jin and the children will be fine."

Despite comforting Mo Zhixuan, Madame Mo was very nervous too, knowing well the dangers of childbirth as a woman herself.

"Mhm," Mo Zhixuan nodded faintly, but his eyes remained fixed on the delivery room door, his fists tightly clenched.

The delivery room door was soundproof, so no noise could be heard from outside.

Time passed by seconds and minutes.

But the door to the delivery room remained firmly closed.

Zhao Yan paced anxiously outside the door, while Mo Zhixuan stood still, like a statue.

Madame Mo sat there with her eyes closed, rotating the Buddha Beads in her hand, and muttering continuously, "May Buddha bless them."

Outside the hospital.

A man clad in a black overcoat, holding a longsword, stood vigilantly to the northwest of the hospital.

Around him, countless shadows passed by, but once they reached behind him, they hit an obstacle and "bam bam bam" fell straight to the ground.

The birth of the Empress' child was the time when her Spiritual Power was at its weakest, especially since she also carried a child with ordinary potential inside her. Many evil spirits wanted to take advantage of this moment to enter and steal the Empress' spirit.

Possessing the Empress' spirit meant reigning supreme over the three realms!

This person was none other than Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Forgetting someone is easier said than done.

Nevertheless, this was the last thing he would do for her.

Xuanyuan Shangchen's hat pressed down on his head, with his exposed jaw already pale, his lips colorless.

To ensure Chu Jin could give birth safely, he had already expended too much Spiritual Power.

Yet, he still stood resolute.

More and more evil spirits gathered at the location.

"Uncle, let me help you." A little girl with a Dragon Scale Fan suddenly appeared in the air and gracefully walked towards Song Shiqin.

The Dragon Scale Fan in her hand emitted a golden light at the moment, and wherever the fan passed, the evil spirits were "Scatter Like Ashes."

The newcomer was none other than the little girl.

With the little girl's help, Xuanyuan Shangchen relaxed significantly.

The two of them stood together at the Array Eye, and no evil spirits dared to come in any longer.

"Are you Mo Qianjue's daughter?" Xuanyuan Shangchen eyed the little girl, narrowing his eyes.

"Yeah," the little girl nodded lightly, "Uncle, are you the person who has been in love with my Jin for several lifetimes?"

Xuanyuan Shangchen, although reluctant to admit it in front of a child, still nodded his head.

The little girl sighed, "Wow, you are even more pitiable than my daddy." Then she added, "Well, that's good, at least my daddy isn't alone anymore."

Xuanyuan Shangchen: "..."

The little loli raised her eyes to the sky and frowned slightly, "I don't know if Jin has given birth yet."

"Not yet," Shi Qin replied.

"Huh?" The little loli curiously turned towards Xuanyuan Shangchen, "Uncle, how do you know?"

Xuanyuan Shangchen answered in a deep voice, "Because there has been no sound of a baby's cry."

"Oh." The little loli nodded thoughtfully and then, with stars in her eyes, said admiringly, "Uncle, you're so smart!"

Xuanyuan Shangchen: "... " This kid couldn't be an idiot, could he?

With two people standing guard, no evil spirits dared to enter.

After a while, the little loli felt quite bored. She looked up at Xuanyuan Shangchen, "Uncle, I think you're not as good-looking as my papa, no wonder you can't chase after Jin."

Xuanyuan Shangchen pondered for a moment, then seriously lowered his gaze towards the little loli, a hint of murderous intent in his eyes.

Scared by his sudden seriousness, the little loli subconsciously shrank her neck.

Just as the little loli thought Xuanyuan Shangchen was about to make a move, he slowly opened his mouth, "Feng'er is not the kind of person who judges by appearances."

"Huh?" The little loli widened her eyes at Xuanyuan Shangchen, a bit puzzled, "Feng'er? Is Feng'er my Jin?"

Xuanyuan Shangchen nodded, not saying another word.

The little loli took her gaze off Xuanyuan Shangchen and started gently waving her Dragon Scale Fan.

Internally, she was criticizing.

This uncle is so boring, with no sense of humor, like a block of elm wood.

No wonder Jin doesn't fancy him.

Inside the hospital.

Two hours had passed, but still no news came from the delivery room.

Just then, the door opened and a nurse walked out.

Mo Zhixuan quickly went over to ask, "How is it inside?"

The nurse, somewhat intimidated by Mo Zhixuan's aura, took a deep breath and then said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Nine is in good condition."

Hearing this, Mo Zhixuan and both Madam Mo and Zhao Yan sighed in relief.

After a while, another nurse came out, her expression tense, "Mrs. Nine's current condition is likely to lead to a hemorrhage. When the time comes, do you want to save the adult or save the child?"

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan was instantly stunned. It took him quite a while to respond, his voice trembling, "Save the adult! You must save the adult!"

Zhao Yan fainted outright, falling into Madam Mo's arms, "Nurse, tell Doctor Li, please make sure to save the adult!"

"Okay, I understand," the nurse nodded and ran back into the delivery room.

Madam Mo helped Zhao Yan to sit down on a blue plastic chair, then paced back and forth next to her.

The air outside the operating room was incredibly tense.

Inside the delivery room.

Chu Jin felt as though a longsword was being recklessly stabbed into her lower body, the pain unbearable. Her eyebrows were tightly knitted together, and sweat poured down like rain, as if there was an extra hand in her belly, pulling on the child, preventing their birth.

She clenched the edge of the bed tightly, her pale knuckles showing blue veins.

The doctor was also nervous, but she could not show it. As a doctor, if she appeared more anxious than the mother, then the mother would lose confidence.

"Mrs. Nine, take a deep breath, come on! We can already see the baby's head!"

Hearing this, the assisting nurse glanced at the doctor strangely, clearly seeing that what was coming out was the baby's foot, not the head... In general, if the baby's foot comes out first, it is considered a difficult birth.

The doctor forced herself to remain calm, guiding Chu Jin while gently pressing on her belly and chatting with her to distract her attention.

Chu Jin also noticed the nurse's unease. She knew something must be wrong with her belly, feeling her strength fading little by little.

But at this time, she absolutely couldn't give up.

Chu Jin was pale but still clenched her lips tightly.

Outside the delivery room.

Mo Zhixuan was so nervous he felt he couldn't breathe. Shaking, he took out a cigarette from his pocket, lit it up, took a harsh drag, and then tossed the cigarette to the ground.

Zhao Yan slumped weakly on the blue plastic chair while Madam Mo said very calmly, "Little Yan, listen to me, Jin will definitely be fine. You must not panic at this time, and you especially can't cry! You must not cry, do you understand?"

Chapter 816: a propitious omen from the heavens, the Kirin brings a child

Women in labor must never be surrounded by crying relatives; they must wait until after the baby's cries are heard before they can release their own emotions.

Crying is a form of sadness, and it can bring negativity.

Upon hearing this, Zhao Yan swallowed back the tears that had already welled up halfway, knowing that at a time like this, she couldn't afford to hold Chu Jin back; she couldn't cry.

Both the elderly Mrs. Mo and Zhao Yan were struggling to restrain their emotions.

Mo Zhixuan stood there, smoking one cigarette after another, the thin smoke veiling his facial expressions, yet unable to mask the tremor in his hands.

Outside the hospital.

The little lolita who had been standing there chatting with Xuanyuan Shangchen was now engaged in combat with a black-robed demon.

It was because of this demon that Chu Jin had experienced complications during labor.

At the moment, the demon was waiting for an opportunity.

A tear of sorrow and despair.

Sorrow and despair would bring hope to him.

But he had waited a long time, yet no crying came from the other side.

"Uncle, be careful!" The little lolita darted over, using her fan to block the spear that the demon had thrust at them.

"Thanks." Xuanyuan Shangchen quickly reacted.

Then, out of nowhere, what had been a single demon suddenly multiplied into nine!

The nine black-robed figures looked identical, making it impossible to distinguish which one was the real body and which were illusions.

"Uncle, what do we do now?" The little lolita looked up at Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Xuanyuan Shangchen narrowed his eyes, quickly discerning the truth, "Unity of nine to one, the one in the middle is the real body. Remember, we must firmly guard the Array Eye!"

"Okay!" The little lolita nodded firmly.

The two of them bravely attacked the demon in the black robe in the center.

Inside the hospital.

Ten minutes had passed, and there was still no news from the delivery room.

Although it was only a matter of minutes, for Mo Zhixuan, it felt longer than decades. He just stood there, his stern face expressionless, lips tightly pressed together, and a powerful chill emanating from his body.

The elderly Mrs. Mo sat on a blue plastic chair, eyes closed, chanting sutras.

Zhao Yan gripped her phone tightly, her eyes fixed intently on the delivery room door, as if afraid of missing anything.

At that moment, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe rushed over anxiously.

"Mom, how is it going?" Mo Qingyi walked up to the elderly Mrs. Mo, "How long has Jin been in there? Has the baby been born yet?"

The elderly Mrs. Mo shook her head, "Not yet, it's been over 2 hours now." Not wanting to induce negative feelings in Mo Qingyi, the elderly Mrs. Mo didn't mention Chu Jin's labor difficulties.

"Don't worry then, big bro Jin is so strong, giving birth will not be too much for her," Mo Qingyi reassured, grasping the elderly Mrs. Mo's hand, only to find it chillingly cold.

Mo Qingyi was startled. As her daughter, she knew the elderly Mrs. Mo very well. If Chu Jin was encountering problems during labor, she wouldn't be like this otherwise.

Looking at Mo Zhixuan and Zhao Yan, their expressions were not good either. If it were just a normal delivery, they wouldn't need to be like this.

Duanmu Zhe walked over to Mo Zhixuan and patted his shoulder "Nine Ye, don't be too nervous. The sister-in-law will be alright."

Mo Zhixuan glanced at him, then nodded.

"Mom, what exactly is happening to Jin? Tell me the truth!" Mo Qingyi asked with great nervousness.

"Nothing. You don't have to worry," the elderly Mrs. Mo patted Mo Qingyi's hand.

"Mom, what time is it? Just tell me!" Mo Qingyi urged in desperation.

"Jin, she..." the elderly Mrs. Mo sighed. "She might be... having a difficult labor..."

"Difficult labor?" Mo Qingyi looked up in surprise, anxiety evident on her face.

Difficult labor was no small matter, which explained the expressions on the faces of the elderly Mrs. Mo and Mo Zhixuan.

"Qingyi, don't panic. The doctor hasn't come out yet, maybe the situation has improved," the elderly Mrs. Mo continued.

Just then, the sky directly above the hospital suddenly radiated a golden light, which slowly spread out into a halo of various colors.

This phenomenon attracted many onlookers.

Many netizens captured the event and posted it online.

Some analyzed that it was an extraterrestrial base.

Others thought it was an auspicious omen.

As people watched in rapt attention, the vast golden light suddenly transformed into a gigantic auspicious creature, a qilin.

The qilin turned into a beam of golden light and disappeared on top of the hospital building.

"Ah!" Screams echoed from the crowd.

"A qilin! That was a qilin!"

"Heaven-sent good fortune!"

"It disappeared into the hospital! Isn't that the direction of the maternity ward? The qilin heralds the birth of a child! Any child born in that hospital today is destined for greatness!"

Outside the delivery room, Mo Qingyi's face was full of urgency as she looked at the elderly Mrs. Mo, "Mom, how is Jin doing? Please, don't stay silent!"

Mo Qingyi was truly anxious.

At that moment, golden light burst forth outside the door, and a gust of wind swept through, with a golden qilin riding the breeze.

This unexpected turn of events captured everyone's attention.

Before anyone could react, the qilin had vanished into the delivery room.

"Mrs. Nine, give it a bit more push! The baby is almost here to meet you!"

Chu Jin's body had little strength left, and she could feel the baby gradually detaching from her body. The pain was so intense, she almost lost all sensation. Just when Chu Jin was about to give up, a golden qilin suddenly appeared above her. In that moment, the pain in her lower body began to lessen.

Her strength was slowly returning.

In this instant, a brilliant golden light bathed the entire delivery room.

The doctors and nurses were also stunned.

In over a decade of practicing medicine, they had never seen such a scene.

From the outside, the entire hospital seemed to be enveloped in the brilliant golden light.

Meanwhile, the little loli and Xuanyuan Shangchen were still fighting against the black-robed evildoer.

Just then, the brilliant golden light spread from the direction of the hospital, and upon touching the black-robed evildoer, he immediately "Scattered Like Ashes," and the array that Xuanyuan Shangchen had laid out also disappeared.

At the same time, a loud cry of a newborn resonated in the air.

"Wah..."

Xuanyuan Shangchen put away the Magic Artifact in his hand and looked towards the hospital, a smile forming at the corner of his mouth.

The little loli, elated, jumped up, "He's born, Jin's baby is born!"

As she spoke, she ran toward the hospital's main entrance. After running for a while, she felt something was off, stopped in her tracks, and looked back towards Xuanyuan Shangchen, "Uncle, aren't you going in?"

Xuanyuan Shangchen shook his head, "No, you go ahead. Don't tell her you saw me."

"Oh." The little loli nodded and then said, "Right, uncle, what's your name?"

"Nameless," Xuanyuan Shangchen replied, then turned and walked in another direction.

Without Junhuang, Xuanyuan Shangchen was just a man without a name.

"Uncle, wait up!" the little loli called out after him.

"What is it?" Xuanyuan Shangchen turned back, puzzled.

The little loli smiled and said, "Uncle, keep today's events a secret, okay? Neither of us should tell Jin." She did not want Chu Jin to know about this. She just wanted to protect Jin silently. In the past, it was Jin who had protected her, and now it was her turn to protect him.

"Alright." Xuanyuan Shangchen nodded slowly.

Outside the delivery room, at the very moment the baby's crying was heard, everyone was both joyful and anxious.

"Little Yan!" Madame Mo clasped Zhao Yan's hand tightly.

Soon after, a second cry of a newborn followed.

Ten minutes later, the door of the delivery room slowly opened, and two nurses came out holding babies. Mo Zhixuan immediately walked over, clutching the nurse's shoulder tightly, "My wife, how is my wife!"

"Where's my daughter?"

"Where's my daughter-in-law?"

Almost no one was concerned about the babies; they were all asking about Chu Jin's condition.

The nurses were scared stiff by this reaction, swallowed hard, and with a trembling voice said, "Sorry, Nine Madam..."

Upon hearing this, an icy chill exploded from Mo Zhixuan, "What do you mean sorry! Didn't I say to save the adult? Save the adult! Don't you understand human language?" Mo Zhixuan pushed the nurses aside and rushed straight into the delivery room.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan's reaction, the nurses realized there was a misunderstanding and quickly raised their voices, "Nine Madam is fine, she just gave birth and her condition is not very good; she needs care."

Mo Zhixuan didn't seem to hear; as soon as the nurse finished speaking, he had already disappeared into the delivery room.

Madam Mo and Zhao Yan let out a sigh of relief when they heard what the nurse said, "Nurse, is my daughter-in-law really okay?"

"Nine Mistress is really fine, you don't need to worry," the nurse handed the infant to Madam Mo, "Madam, this is the older brother."

"This is the younger sister." Another nurse passed the child in her hands to Zhao Yan.

"Let me see who they look like!" Mo Qingyi immediately ran over.

The newborns, with their skin still reddish, looked like little old men and weren't very attractive.

"Wow, why are they so small?" Mo Qingyi reached out and touched the baby's little cheek.

Madam Mo immediately intervened, "You can't touch a child's face! Touching it too much will make them drool!"

Zhao Yan cradled Bei Bei, her eyes reflecting nothing but tenderness.

"Then I'll touch his little hand." Mo Qingyi carefully took the baby's little hand out of her sleeve.

The baby's hand was not as red as his face, but very white, almost translucent, though very small; it couldn't even grasp one of Mo Qingyi's fingers fully.

"Wow, he's so pale." Mo Qingyi expressed her wonder, "Mom, why isn't he opening his eyes?"

"Because he has been inside his mother's belly all this time and hasn't completely adapted to the outside world yet, oh my Little Darling, Grandma loves you so much!" Madam Mo pressed her face affectionately against the child's.

"Little Yan, come see whether these two children look alike. Let's take turns holding them." Madam Mo brought the baby over to Zhao Yan.

Inside the delivery room.

Chu Jin lay on the operating table, her complexion extremely pale, having fallen into a coma.

Mo Zhixuan walked over and took her hand directly, "Jin, how are you? Wake up!"

The doctor hurried over to stop Mo Zhixuan, "Nine Ye, how did you get in here? Please step out for a moment."

"Didn't I tell you to prioritize saving the adult? What's going on here!" Mo Zhixuan grabbed the doctor's collar in a fit of anger, his eyes gleaming with a coldness that could freeze someone to death.

The doctor quickly explained, "Nine Ye, please calm down, the surgery went very smoothly, and the Nine Mistress is fine; she's just temporarily unconscious, that's all. It's normal."

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan's coldness subsided by half. He let go of the doctor's collar and said coldly, "If anything happens to her, I will make you pay with your life!"

"Rest assured, the Nine Mistress will definitely be fine!" The doctor didn't dare to ask Mo Zhixuan to leave anymore and instead started emergency measures on Chu Jin.

Throughout this period, Mo Zhixuan stayed by Chu Jin's side.

When Chu Jin woke up again, it was already the afternoon of the same day. Mo Zhixuan was holding her hand tightly, sitting by the bed. Seeing her awaken, he didn't say a word and just held her tightly in his arms.

Mo Zhixuan was very strong, it felt as though he wanted to meld her into his bones.

"Mo Zhixuan." Chu Jin also held Mo Zhixuan tightly, and even without the doctors saying anything, she knew that she had narrowly escaped death. If the qilin hadn't appeared in time, even she wouldn't know what might have happened.

"Jin, are you still in pain?" After a long while, Mo Zhixuan finally came around and slowly spoke.

"It doesn't hurt anymore." Chu Jin shook her head slightly.

"I'm sorry I made you suffer." Mo Zhixuan let go of Chu Jin, his eyes filled with distress. Then he kissed her lips, a kiss free of any lasciviousness.

After the kiss, Chu Jin instinctively reached down to touch her belly, but found it was flat. It was then she realized she had successfully "delivered her cargo."

Chapter 817: my daughter is really pretty

"Mo Zhixuan, where is our child?" Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan with anticipation in her eyes. She faintly remembered seeing the nurse bring the baby up to her for a quick glance just after giving birth.

But at that time, Chu Jin wasn't fully conscious. She only caught a glimpse before completely passing out.

"The child?" Mo Zhixuan was first stunned and then realized that Chu Jin was in a state of unconsciousness at that time. His whole heart was focused on Chu Jin, where would he have the leisure to attend to the child...

Therefore, he didn't know where the child was...

"What's wrong with the child?" Seeing his reaction, Chu Jin asked anxiously.

A trace of guilt flashed in Mo Zhixuan's eyes, "Your mother and the others aren't here either, they probably took the child out for some fun..."

"Is this how you act as a father?" Chu Jin frowned slightly, pushing Mo Zhixuan towards the door, "Go out and look for them quickly!"

How could such a small child be taken out for fun?

Mr. Mo's fathering was truly...

Just as Mo Zhixuan stood up, Madam Mo and Zhao Yan came in holding the child, with the little lass happily hopping behind them, "Jin, you've awakened!" The little lass rushed over quickly.

"Pengpeng, when did you come?" Chu Jin smiled at the little lass.

"I came very early, Jin, are you okay?" The little lass walked over and held Chu Jin's hand.

Chu Jin smiled and shook her head, gently teasing the little lass's nose, "I'm fine; you don't need to worry."

Zhao Yan handed the baby over to Chu Jin, "Jin, this is Bei Bei."

According to the nickname Mo Zhixuan chose, the older child was called Bao Bao, and the younger was called Bei Bei.

Bao Bao was the brother.

Bei Bei was the sister.

Chu Jin quickly extended her arms, holding the child carefully, with a tender look in her eyes. She kissed Bei Bei on the forehead, "Bei Bei, I'm your mom, hello."

Maybe it was a mother-daughter telepathy, or just a coincidence, but the tightly shut eyes of Bei Bei suddenly opened at that moment, locking eyes with Chu Jin.

The newborn's eyelids were still somewhat heavy, but her eyes were very black, very bright, and also big, like two large grapes. Chu Jin's heart melted instantly, holding the baby with an undeniable smile in her eyes.

"Bei Bei, my Bei Bei." Chu Jin held the baby with one hand and tapped Bei Bei's nose with the other.

The little lass curiously peered at them, then smiled and said, "Jin, Bei Bei is so cute! Can I hold her for a moment?" Her eyes sparkled with expectation.

"You can," Chu Jin nodded slightly and carefully handed Bei Bei to the little lass, then supported Bei Bei with her hand.

This was the little lass's first time holding such a small infant, and she was extremely curious. She then said, "Jin, can I kiss Bei Bei?"

Chu Jin smiled and nodded, "You can."

Contented, the little lass pecked Bei Bei's forehead and said, "Jin, she smells so good."

Mo Zhixuan watched this scene with tenderness filling his eyes.

Madam Mo walked up to Mo Zhixuan, a bit discontent, "As a father, you should also hold your son." Mo Zhixuan, as a father, had really outdone himself; he hadn't even taken a glance at his child since birth.

"Oh." Mo Zhixuan withdrew his gaze, turned, and looked at Madam Mo and the child. He bent his knees slightly, reached out his arms, and took the child with utmost care, although very stiffly.

The child was really too small and very soft. Mo Zhixuan had no idea how to hold him properly. He was extremely nervous, hardly daring to breathe loudly or look closely at the child for fear of dropping him.

Madam Mo guided from the side, "Relax, don't hold too tightly. Support his waist with your hand and cradle his little head."

Even then, Mo Zhixuan's movements were still very stiff.

Madam Mo looked at him disdainfully, "Even Pengpeng holds your child better than you."

Mo Zhixuan didn't argue but just stared at the child unblinkingly. Then he frowned, looked down at Madam Mo, "Mom, did the hospital swap the wrong child? Why does he look so ugly?"

Newborns, because they haven't fully developed and their skin is somewhat red, indeed don't look their best.

Mo Zhixuan was puzzled. Given his and Chu Jin's genes, they shouldn't have produced such an ugly son.

Mo Zhixuan even worried if his son would be able to find a wife in the future...

Madam Mo glared at Mo Zhixuan and retorted, "You were even uglier than your son when you were born!"

Mo Zhixuan: "... " Definitely his own mother.

Chu Jin laughed softly, reaching out her hand, "Mo Zhixuan, hand Bao Bao to me."

"Okay." Mo Zhixuan walked over and was about to transfer Bao Bao to Chu Jin when he suddenly knitted his brow. His action of holding the child stiffened because he distinctly felt a warm sensation spreading over his arm.

After realizing what had happened, Mo Zhixuan's whole demeanor faltered, and he didn't dare to move. He glanced sideways at the elderly Madam Mo and sought help, "Mom... he seems to have urinated..."

Seeing Mo Zhixuan's clueless and disgusted expression, Chu Jin couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Madam Mo approached with a smile and took the baby from Mo Zhixuan's hands, "So he wet himself, so what? When a baby pees on you, it's because he likes you. We wouldn't just pee on anyone, right, Bao Bao? Grandma's right, isn't she?"

As she spoke, Madam Mo checked the baby's diaper, "Oh dear, he really did wet himself! Don't worry, Grandma will change his diaper right away."

Bao Bao was laid on the small bed, and perhaps the diaper change made him uncomfortable because he immediately burst into tears, swinging his tiny feet adorably.

He wasn't very big, but his crying was loud.

It was Chu Jin's first time hearing Bao Bao cry, and she felt both distressed and happy.

"Zhixuan, bring me the baby's diaper," said Madam Mo as she changed the baby's pants.

"Oh." Mo Zhixuan came over and casually picked up a piece of cloth to hand to Madam Mo.

Madam Mo took the cloth and said with disdain, "I was talking about a diaper! Why are you handing me a bib?"

The diaper had two straps, and so did the bib, which is why Mo Zhixuan had gotten confused.

While they changed the diaper, Bao Bao continued to cry, and it wasn't long before Bei Bei also started to cry.

Chu Jin held Bei Bei tenderly and soothed her with a gentle voice, "Bei Bei, be good, let's not cry..."

Perhaps because the two infants kept each other company, Bei Bei didn't stop and, instead, cried even louder.

The whole ward filled with the cries of Bao Bao and Bei Bei.

"The kids must be hungry, I'm going to make some formula," Zhao Yan busied herself preparing the formula.

Chu Jin had just woken up and had not started nursing yet, so both children were temporarily drinking formula.

The little loli immediately ran over to Zhao Yan, "Grandma, let me help you."

The little loli was like a little adult, very dexterous and clever. After Zhao Yan explained to her the technique and things to be cautious about in making formula, she quickly learned how to do it.

The formula was swiftly prepared, and the moment the two babies tasted the milk, they stopped crying.

Mo Zhixuan stood there, sniffed his arm that had been wet with the baby's urine, and then showed a face full of disgust. For the first time in his life, someone had dared to pee on him...

Little rascal! Daring to pee on his own father! He'd see how he would teach this little rascal a lesson in the future!

Mo Zhixuan walked over to Chu Jin with a gentle tone, "Jin, let me hold our daughter."

He might have been full of disgust for Bao Bao, but for Bei Bei, his face was full of tenderness.

Holding Bei Bei in one arm and the milk bottle in the other, he smiled and said, "My daughter is so beautiful."

In fact, both children looked almost identical, and it would have been impossible to tell who was Bao Bao and who was Bei Bei if not for their different clothes. But, in Mo Zhixuan's eyes, his daughter was N times more beautiful than his son.

Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan and raised her brow slightly, "Mo Zhixuan, favoring girls over boys isn't good."

"What do you mean favoring girls over boys?" Mo Zhixuan's gaze stayed fixed on Bei Bei's little face as he spoke tenderly, "I am always fair and just. In my eyes, my son and my daughter are the same."

In reality, his expression already betrayed him.

Chu Jin's mouth curled up slightly, and she uttered resignedly, "Actions speak louder than words."

Soon after, Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi arrived with food and nourishing soup, having gone out specially to fetch them for Chu Jin.

"Jin, are you alright?" Seeing Chu Jin awake, Mo Qingyi embraced her excitedly.

"I'm fine, doing great," replied Chu Jin, patting Mo Qingyi on the shoulder with a smile.

"Jin, this is a soup Mom from the Duanmu Family made specially for you, along with these," Mo Qingyi said as she lifted the lid off the food container, and a delicious aroma filled the ward. Having expended a lot of physical strength during labor and then being unconscious for so long, Chu Jin was indeed hungry and immediately began drinking the soup while holding the bowl.

"Aunt Yuan, let me hold a baby," Mo Qingyi said as she walked over to Zhao Yan to pick up Bao Bao.

"Be careful, support his waist," Zhao Yan carefully handed Bao Bao to Mo Qingyi.

Meanwhile, Mo Zhixuan was holding Bei Bei, looking at her incessantly, and as he watched Bei Bei sucking on the bottle, he felt his heart melting.

How could his daughter be so adorable?

He felt like he wanted to take a little bite; what should he do?

Mo Zhixuan looked at Bei Bei, and the corners of his mouth involuntarily curved into a smile.

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Elsewhere.

Today was the grand opening day of Duanmu Sheng's bakery.

The bakery had an interesting name, "On the Way."

Perhaps because it had just opened, there weren't many customers. Only a few were scattered around the hall, sitting in twos and threes.

The shop wasn't very large, but it was decorated to be very cozy.

To open this bakery, Duanmu Sheng didn't take a penny from her family nor used the Duanmu Family's connections for publicity.

She wanted to carve out a piece of the world with her own strength.

"Sheng Sheng, I wish you prosperity and a booming business," Zi said as she walked in, holding a bouquet of flowers.

"Thank you," Duanmu Sheng replied, taking the flowers. "By the way, has Sister Nine given birth? Boy or girl?"

Today was Chu Jin's due date. Early in the morning, Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi had gone to the hospital. Sheng wasn't sure if the baby had been born yet.

As a pregnant woman herself, Duanmu Sheng was very concerned about Chu Jin's situation.

"She did," Zi said with a smile, nodding, "It's fraternal twins. Both kids are doing well. I'm on my way to the hospital to see them. Do you have any pastries suitable for someone in confinement?"

Zi had never had children, but she knew that someone who'd just given birth shouldn't eat anything too hard.

So, after much thought, she figured pastries would be the best option for Chu Jin.

Of course, the most important reason was that the pastries made by Duanmu Sheng were really delicious.

"Yes, I'll get them ready for you," Duanmu Sheng nodded, then walked towards the back pastry shop.

Zi sat by a window, taking in the shop's atmosphere.

The shop was about 150 square meters, divided into a pastry room and a guest pavilion. Duanmu Sheng had recruited four employees in total.

Just after Zi sat down, a waiter brought over a cup of milk tea, "The Legend of the Blue Sea, sir, enjoy."

"Thank you," Zi politely thanked the waiter.

Unlike regular milk tea, the color of this milk tea matched its name, a deep blue, very beautiful to look at.

However, usually, the better-looking something is, the worse it tastes, so Zi first carefully took a sip.

Yet, the taste that hit his palate was a pleasant surprise.

Excited, Zi picked up his cup and finished the entire milk tea in one go, then ordered two more cups.

The nearby waiters were stunned. Seeing Zi's literati-like demeanor, they never expected... such an appetite.

Before long, Duanmu Sheng came out with a beautifully wrapped box, "Here, Zi."

Duanmu Sheng's belly was now over four months, almost five, and she was slightly less mobile due to the growing bump. The pregnancy had caused her face, hands, and legs to swell a bit. She looked different from her usual self.

"Thank you," Zi took the box and then said, "The milk tea is really good."

"Would you like another cup?" Duanmu Sheng asked with a gentle smile.

"No, thanks," Zi stood up, "I've still got to visit Brother Jin at the hospital."

Duanmu Sheng also got to her feet, "Please send my regards to Sister Nine." With her current condition, she wasn't suited to visit Chu Jin.

Zi nodded, "Of course," and then took out two banknotes and placed them on the table.

Duanmu Sheng immediately picked up the banknotes and handed them back to Zi, "These are just trifles, you don't need to be so formal. Put the money away. Just having you come by makes me very happy. Paying me would be like slapping me in the face, wouldn't it?"

"Sheng, please keep it," Zi didn't reach out to take the money from Duanmu Sheng. "If you don't take the money, I'll feel embarrassed to come next time."

With no choice, Duanmu Sheng accepted the money and saw Zi out the door.

Zi had driven himself over. Duanmu Sheng watched as the black car disappeared down the street before turning back to the shop.

No sooner had Zi left than a new customer arrived at the shop. Duanmu Sheng passed by them, her pupils shrinking briefly before she looked back.

She saw that the seat she had shared with Zi was now occupied by a man and woman.

Both were in formal attire, holding documents and engaged in what seemed to be a serious conversation, less like a date and more like a business contract discussion.

The woman was not tall, appearing delicate and petite. Her black hair was pinned up behind her head, and she wore a professional suit with glasses, which, despite making her look older, did not diminish her beauty but added a sense of authority to her appearance.

Duanmu Sheng stared fixedly at the woman, finding her incredibly familiar, as if she had seen her somewhere before.

Just then, a waiter with two cups of coffee passed by Duanmu Sheng, who promptly stopped him, "Are these for table 77?"

"Yes, Sister Sheng," the waiter nodded.

"Let me do it," Duanmu Sheng took the tray from the waiter's hands and walked over.

Duanmu Sheng was certain that she had met this woman before.

She was really too familiar.

The closer she got, the more clearly she could hear the woman's voice.

"General Lin, if you consider cooperating with us, we're willing to raise our percentage to three...,"

Listening to this voice, Duanmu Sheng squinted her eyes, becoming more and more certain that she had definitely met this woman before, but for the life of her, she couldn't remember where.

"Excuse me for a moment, here are your cappuccinos, please enjoy." Duanmu Sheng walked over and placed the coffees in front of the two of them.

"Thank you." The woman looked up at Duanmu Sheng and smiled in gratitude.

As their eyes met, Duanmu Sheng finally saw the woman's face clearly and a flash of surprise clearly passed through her eyes.

The woman gave her a polite smile.

Duanmu Sheng composed herself and responded with a polite smile of her own.

Even as she walked away, Duanmu Sheng had not regained her composure.

Because, the woman she had just seen was none other than Situ Ya, who had been missing for so long.

Lately, Duanmu Sheng had been curious about one thing: how exactly had the Shen family fallen?

Although it's said that Li Rulan had been imprisoned, the Shen family still had Shen Liangxiao and Shen Haoguang, and besides, the Shen family was a well-known scholarly family. What exactly caused the Shen family to vanish within a matter of months?

Feeling rather regretful that she couldn't personally exact revenge on her enemy, Duanmu Sheng still felt a sense of loss.

Ever since the Duanmu family disappeared, Situ Ya had also vanished. So now, how did she appear here?

Duanmu Sheng had far too many questions and confusions in her mind.

After returning to the pastry kitchen, Duanmu Sheng kneaded the dough while pondering over the matter.

When she came out again, Situ Ya was still seated there, but the man who had been sitting across from her was gone.

Duanmu Sheng frowned slightly, spoke a few words to a waiter nearby, and then walked over to Situ Ya.

"Miss Situ, long time no see." Duanmu Sheng pulled out a chair and sat down opposite Situ Ya.

"Long time no see." Situ Ya pursed her lips into a smile and then said, "Duanmu Sheng, you've changed quite a bit, haven't you?" She was referring to Duanmu Sheng's belly, with curiosity flickering in her eyes.

Duanmu Sheng placed her hands on her stomach and replied with a smile, "So have you, I almost didn't recognize you."

The change in Situ Ya was truly drastic.

When she used to observe Situ Ya, there was always a sense of world-weariness about her.

But now, that was completely gone. The current Situ Ya was so different from before that she exuded the air of a mature woman and a powerful business figure.

It was a perfect transformation.

Duanmu Sheng still felt grateful towards Situ Ya.

If it hadn't been for her, she wouldn't have been able to escape from the Shen family's basement.

Situ Ya gave a light laugh, "Thanks for the compliment. I think I've become a lot more beautiful too. Oh, and I'm no longer Situ Ya, my name is now Lin Yuya."

Lin Yuya?

A gleam flashed through Duanmu Sheng's eyes, and she looked up with surprise, "You're Lin Yuya? The one who is even more formidable in the business world than men?"

Situ Ya nodded, "Yes." She was unabashedly proud, perhaps this was her truest self.

"What's going on with you now?" Situ Ya's gaze returned to Duanmu Sheng's belly. "Who's the father of the child?"

A bitter smile curled the corners of Duanmu Sheng's mouth, but she didn't directly answer Situ Ya's question.

However, Situ Ya had already seen the answer in Duanmu Sheng's eyes. She said incredulously, "Don't tell me the child belongs to Shen Haoguang?"

Was Duanmu Sheng insane? To actually keep Shen Haoguang's child!

Facing Situ Ya's questioning, Duanmu Sheng did not deny it but nodded instead, "Yes." She had only been intimate with Shen Haoguang, so the child was definitely his without a doubt.

"What!" Situ Ya stood up abruptly. "Duanmu Sheng, is your head filled with shit? You think Shen Haoguang hasn't caused you enough misery? Now you're even going to have his bastard child!"

Duanmu Sheng said with a smile, "No matter what, the child is innocent."

"You come with me! We're going to the hospital right now!" Situ Ya immediately grabbed Duanmu Sheng's wrist and started pulling her out.

Chapter 818: carve out a territory for oneself

Actually, Situ Ya felt guilty about Duanmu Sheng.

If she had thought to hint to Duanmu Sheng at that time, he wouldn't have been deceived by Shen Haoguang so miserably, nor would he have gotten pregnant.

At the time, Situ Ya was eager for revenge, so she didn't expose Shen Haoguang's true face in front of Duanmu Sheng.

Actually, Situ Ya hesitated for a long time before she ultimately chose to keep the truth from Duanmu Sheng.

First, because any smart girl would have spotted Shen Haoguang's flaws.

Second, even if it wasn't her, Shen Haoguang would have conspired with others to deceive Duanmu Sheng.

Third, to bring down the Shen family, Situ Ya had lain in wait by his side for seven whole years; she couldn't possibly give up her plan for the sake of a Duanmu Sheng.

Out of guilt, Situ Ya chose to save Duanmu Sheng.

But Situ Ya never imagined that Duanmu Sheng would actually carry Shen Haoguang's child.

"I'm not going." Duanmu Sheng broke free from Situ Ya's grasp, her expression as usual.

Situ Ya frowned slightly, a hint of frustration in her tone, "Is your head filled with shit? You're not going?"

Duanmu Sheng sighed, then said, "You sit down first, listen to me tell you slowly."

Only then did Situ Ya lean back to sit down.

The waiter came over and brewed two new cups of tea for them.

Duanmu Sheng picked up the teacup, gently sipped the tea, and told Situ Ya the whole situation about the child.

Situ Ya knit her brows tightly; she hadn't expected that in just a few months, Duanmu Sheng would experience so much, let alone that she had even attempted suicide...

"How could you be so foolish!" Situ Ya sighed, then said, "Sorry, if I had reminded you back then, maybe all of this wouldn't have happened." Situ Ya had never thought that her previous decision would ruin a girl's entire life.

Duanmu Sheng smiled faintly, "It's not your fault, I only blame myself for not seeing people clearly. Back then, my dad, my mom, including all my friends around me, were reminding me, I was just too stupid."

This matter, Duanmu Sheng didn't blame anyone; she had brought this upon herself.

Situ Ya continued with a sigh, "Duanmu Sheng, not to scold you, but your mental resilience is really too weak! Such a small matter and you thought about suicide, haven't you thought of seeking revenge on Shen Haoguang? What's the point if you, the victim, die? Do you want to make it easier for Shen Haoguang by dying?"

Situ Ya couldn't understand people like Duanmu Sheng.

Clearly bullied, yet not knowing to bully back, instead she contemplated death...

If it were her, even in death, she would take someone down with her.

Duanmu Sheng smiled faintly, "Maybe I'm too weak." The former Duanmu Sheng had never experienced something like this; when she discovered the truth, she simply didn't know what to do.

At that time, she had been trapped and had no idea how to save herself.

Situ Ya frowned deeply, "It's not maybe! It's true weakness!"

Duanmu Sheng gently swirled the cup in her hand and, as if suddenly recalling something, squinted her eyes and asked, "Could it be... the matter with the Shen family was your doing?"

"Yes." Situ Ya nodded directly, "That's what the Shen family owed me."

Duanmu Sheng looked at Situ Ya in disbelief, "You did this all by yourself?" Situ Ya was just a woman, how did she manage to do it?

If it was indeed Situ Ya's doing, that would be terrifying!

According to her observations, there was a family within the Shen family that treated Situ Ya very well, and Situ Ya had a seven-year relationship with Shen Haoguang; why would she do this? Just who was Situ Ya?

What was her purpose in getting close to her now?

Thinking of this, Duanmu Sheng became more vigilant.

"It wasn't just me, should there have been several other people?" Situ Ya raised her eyebrows in disbelief, "Do you think everyone is as weak as you?"

"Why did you do this?" Duanmu Sheng looked at Situ Ya, her eyes narrowing.

"You don't need to be so scared," Situ Ya looked up at Duanmu Sheng, "I may not be a good person, but I'm not unprincipled. I did it because I have a deep-seated hatred for the Shen family!"

With that, a layer of hatred painted Situ Ya's eyes, "They killed my mother!"

"What?" Duanmu Sheng looked up incredulously.

Situ Ya took a sip of tea and said with a smile, "Seeing how miserably you've been deceived and how you got pregnant out of wedlock, I'll tell you about my situation. It was like this, back in the day..."

Situ Ya explained the whole incident jokingly, without any concealment. Her tone was relaxed, and her eyes showed no emotion; the hatred had completely dissipated.

"I just hate that I didn't personally deal with that venomous snake-hearted bitch, Li Rulan!" Situ Ya said this with force, crushing the tea cup in her hand.

Scalding water spilled all over her hand, but Situ Ya smiled as if she didn't feel the pain, looking up, "Ah, sorry about that, I crushed your cup. Don't worry, I'll reimburse you at cost."

But in an instant, Situ Ya returned to acting as if nothing had happened.

Duanmu Sheng, having heard the full story, felt nothing but shock; she truly was far too weak compared to Situ Ya.

Situ Ya, in order to seek revenge, had actually endured humiliation and stayed by Shen Haoguang's side for seven long years!

Most crucially, when Situ Ya's mother died, Situ Ya was only five or six years old; it was hard to imagine how the young Situ Ya had survived through that.

Now, Duanmu Sheng actually felt a sense of admiration for Situ Ya.

This story was cruel, bloody, yet also inspiring. If the former had heard it, perhaps she wouldn't have done something so foolish.

Duanmu Sheng looked up at Situ Ya, "Situ Ya, you're really impressive, I'll toast to you." Duanmu Sheng raised her cup to her.

Situ Ya corrected, "I'm Lin Yuya now, thank you."

Duanmu Sheng raised her cup again, correcting herself, "Lin Yuya, you're really impressive, I admire you."

Situ Ya waved her hand in a feigned proud manner, "There's a sea of people who admire me, you might as well join the queue."

"You know, from now on be smarter, and don't get fooled by men again!" Situ Ya continued, "There's not a single good man in this world!"

Having been through so much, Situ Ya no longer believed in men.

This world, you can't rely on anyone.

As a woman, one must be self-reliant and strong.

Create one's own empire!

Situ Ya would never rely on a man to live in this lifetime!

Duanmu Sheng touched her stomach, "Not necessarily, what you're saying is too extreme, not all men are like the Shen family father and son." For example, Mo Zhixuan, Duanmu Zhe, Zi Qi...

These people are exemplary among men.

"Just be careful, that's all," Situ Ya continued, "everyone has their convictions, worldviews differ, but I'm certainly not going to believe there are still good men in this world."

Her biological father abandoned her mother for money, and then, her mother met Shen Liangxiao. She thought Shen Liangxiao was her true love, but who would have thought that Shen Liangxiao was a married man. In the end, she even lost her life at the hands of Shen Liangxiao...

And then there was Shen Haoguang.

All three men that appeared in her life were no good.

Her mother was the best example.

Duanmu Sheng smiled lightly, "Don't be so absolute, maybe someday you'll meet your true love."

"Rest assured, that's never going to happen in this lifetime," Situ Ya said with conviction.

Duanmu Sheng continued, "Nothing is absolute."

Situ Ya didn't pursue the topic further but looked around the place, then asked, "Is this shop yours?"

"Yeah," Duanmu Sheng nodded, "What do you think? Any comments?"

Situ Ya smiled, "It's quite nice, I really like it."

Duanmu Sheng smiled and said, "Thank you."

Situ Ya didn't spend too much time in the shop and left quickly. Before leaving, she didn't forget to remind Duanmu Sheng to never be cheated by a man in the future.

Duanmu Sheng smiled and said, "Don't worry, some mistakes only need to be made once."

Situ Ya waved her hand, "I'm off, we'll talk when there's time. Oh, and I suggest you bring some alcohol here and set up a bar over there, and then hire a bartender."

Duanmu Sheng nodded slightly, "Thanks, I'll seriously consider your suggestion."

In the hospital.

When Zi Qi arrived, she also brought two lactation consultants to help Chu Jin initiate lactation.

So now, everyone was standing outside the ward, waiting for the lactation process to end.

Mo Zhixuan looked at Zi Qi with some confusion and asked, "I haven't seen Jin call you, how did you know to bring the lactation consultants here?"

Most importantly, Mo Zhixuan hadn't informed Zi about Chu Jin giving birth today, so how did she know?

Zi smiled and said, "Because I can communicate with Brother Jin through our hearts, she conveyed it to me through her consciousness."

After all, Zi used to be Chu Jin's system.

"Communicate through hearts?" Mo Zhixuan frowned slightly, and for some reason, he felt extremely uncomfortable hearing this term!

Chu Jin couldn't even communicate with him through her heart yet! Why should she be able to communicate with this dark and unimpressive Zi Qi!

Mo Zhixuan glanced at Zi and lowered his voice, "From now on, you're not allowed to communicate with Jin through your hearts!"

"Why?" Zi was puzzled.

"Because I said no!" Mo Zhixuan's eyes narrowed, revealing a clear cold glint.

Who knows what Zi Qi could be telling Chu Jin while communicating through their hearts?

This Zi Qi didn't look like a good bird, one had to be cautious!

"Oh," Zi scratched her head, "I got it!"

In fact, Zi was still somewhat scared of Mo Zhixuan.

Seeing the two of them like this, Mo Qingyi asked curiously, "Brother, what are you and Zi whispering about?"

Just as Zi was about to speak, Mo Zhixuan's thin lips parted lightly, "It's nothing."

After a while, the door to the ward opened, and two female lactation consultants walked out.

"Brother Jin, how are you feeling now?" Mo Qingyi approached.

"Pretty good," Chu Jin said with a smile in her eyes.

The Elder Mrs. Mo followed and saw Chu Jin sitting on the bed, becoming very anxious and said, "Jin, lie down quickly, you can't catch a draft during confinement! It's bad for your future health."

Chu Jin looked at the two little ones sleeping to the side, "Mom, it's fine, the windows are tightly shut, there won't be any draft."

"Mom is right, lie down quickly," Mo Zhixuan approached Chu Jin, pressed her shoulders, making her lie down, and then tucked her in snugly, "Be obedient, ignoring the advice of elders will lead to regret right in front of your eyes."

Helpless, Chu Jin had to lie down.

Now that Chu Jin had safely given birth, Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe returned home after nightfall.

Zi originally wanted to keep Chu Jin company for a while longer, but Mo Zhixuan disagreed, and forcibly sent Zi away.

On the way back.

Mo Qingyi sat in the car flipping through the photos of Bao Bao and Bei Bei, smiling tenderly, "Bao Bao and Bei Bei are really so adorable, the more I look, the cuter they get."

Seeing the two such adorable babies, even the greatest pain could be ignored.

Mo Qingyi's emotions were rippling.

"If you like it, we can also hurry up and have one," Duanmu Zhe said as he drove, "Oh, that's not right, it should be two. Brother Jiu gave me a book, and it has tips for having twins."

Mo Qingyi's eyes lit up upon hearing this, because she really fancied twins, "Really? Where is it? Let me see it quickly!"

Chapter 819: Super Daddy (Second Update)

Duanmu Zhe smiled faintly, "No need to rush, I've left it at home. When we get back, we can lie in bed and study it slowly." As he said the last sentence, a calculating smile flashed in Duanmu Zhe's eyes.

Mo Qingyi said impatiently, "Then drive faster! I want to have twins too!"

"I'll satisfy you!" Duanmu Zhe pressed down on the gas pedal, and the car shot off like an arrow released from its bow.

It wasn't until they got home that Mo Qingyi realized what he meant by studying it slowly in bed.

Sounds kept coming from the room.

Fortunately, the walls were soundproof, so the noise didn't reach Duanmu Canghai and Zhou Jin.

"Duanmu Zhe, you bastard! Stop it now!"

"Be good, once you've experienced all these positions, we can have twins."

"I don't want to have them anymore!"

"Swearing isn't nice."

"Mmm..." The rest of her words were swallowed whole.

It wasn't until the next afternoon that Mo Qingyi woke up; she curled up under the covers, hiding the bruises all over her body, and kicked Duanmu Zhe, "Was that book really given to you by my brother?"

Duanmu Zhe lay half-naked on the bed, looking thoroughly satisfied, "Of course. Ninth Brother even gave Xiuge a copy, I bet Xiuge and Sister Siyu can also make a pair of twins."

In the eyes of Han Zixiu and Duanmu Zhe, Mo Zhixuan was simply a winner in life.

Mo Qingyi narrowed her eyes, never expecting Mo Zhixuan could be such a person.

He appeared so abstinent and aloof on the surface, but behind the scenes, he was unbelievably sly.

Remembering the difficult positions from last night, Mo Qingyi's face turned red unconsciously! It was so shameful!

Duanmu Zhe also refreshed Mo Qingyi's perception of him.

Duanmu Zhe used to be so pure, but after marriage, he turned into a beast!

"Xiuge?" Mo Qingyi looked up at Duanmu Zhe, "Are you talking about Han Zixiu?"

"Yes." Duanmu Zhe contentedly lit a post-coital cigarette.

Mo Qingyi gave him a sharp look, and Duanmu Zhe's hand shook. He quickly extinguished the cigarette and threw it in the trash can, then pretended as if nothing had happened, "Yeah, Han Zixiu, Sister Siyu's husband."

"Han Zixiu's true form is a snake?" Mo Qingyi continued to ask.

Surprise flickered in Duanmu Zhe's eyes, "You know about this too?"

Now Mo Qingyi was shocked. She thought Ding Siyu was just making it up, but turns out Han Zixiu really was a snake! Thinking about it made Mo Qingyi swallow hard!

Duanmu Zhe was just a normal man, and she could hardly bear with him, let alone Ding Siyu with Han Zixiu...

Terrifying!

Horrible!

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Five days had passed, and today was the day Chu Jin was discharged from the hospital. Following tradition, the Mo family matriarch specially bought a string of firecrackers, which were set off as the children and Chu Jin got into the car.

Chu Jin had had a natural birth, so she recovered very quickly and was now able to walk normally.

Since new mothers shouldn't be exposed to wind, Mo Zhixuan wore a large overcoat that enveloped Chu Jin entirely, wrapping his arm around her waist and carefully escorting her away.

Due to the phenomenon during the birth five days ago, the people of all three realms now knew that Chu Jin had given birth in this hospital, and at this point, many media reporters were squatting outside.

However, they stood far away, trying not to disturb Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin, just quietly recording and taking photos.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were not ordinary people, so their children were getting even more attention.

With the auspicious sign of the qilin bringing children, everyone had high hopes for the two kids.

"Bao Bao, Bei Bei, we're going home today," said the Mo family matriarch and Zhao Yan, holding the children and following behind.

Both grandmothers had smiles all over their faces, looking very happy.

The firecrackers went off as Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan got in the car.

The sound of the firecrackers was so loud it woke up the sleeping Bao Bao, who immediately started crying out loud.

Zhao Yan snugged the cotton jacket around Bao Bao and hurried towards the car, softly comforting, "Bao Bao is good, no crying now."

The Mo family matriarch followed, hurriedly covering Bei Bei's ears, "Don't be afraid, Bei Bei." Unexpectedly, Bei Bei didn't cry but instead opened her eyes and looked around curiously.

Seeing this, the Mo family matriarch chuckled and quickly got into the car, saying to Chu Jin, "Look, Jin, Bei Bei is such a brave child. She isn't even afraid of the sound of firecrackers, much braver than her brother."

Chu Jin smiled slightly and reached out, "Bei Bei, come to mommy."

As their eyes met, Bei Bei suddenly waved her little fists at Chu Jin, as if responding to her.

Five days had passed, and the skin of Bao Bao and Bei Bei had shed its redness, as pale as milk, soft and tender like gummy candies, their facial features also gradually becoming more distinct. Now, one could see faint traces of double eyelids.

This brother and sister pair were like two peas in a pod; if not for different clothing, it would be impossible to tell Bao Bao from Bei Bei.

Just as Chu Jin picked up Bei Bei, Bao Bao started to howl on the other side.

The cries were very loud.

Hearing her brother's cries, Bei Bei blinked her large eyes, her pupils whirling around, her mouth puckering as if she were about to start crying at any moment.

Seeing this, Chu Jin quickly held Bei Bei and gently shook her, "Bei Bei, be good, don't cry..."

Zhao Yan was holding Bao Bao, trying to comfort him for a long time, but Bao Bao still cried sorrowfully.

Mo Zhixuan said disdainfully, "This stinky boy only knows how to cry!" As his gaze shifted to Bei Bei, it softened again.

His daughter is such a good girl.

The Mo family matriarch looked up at Zhao Yan and continued, "Little Yan, quickly check if Bao Bao has wet himself."

Zhao Yan was also anxious, rocking Bao Bao gently in her arms, "I just checked, he's not wet."

"Then he must be hungry?" the Mo family matriarch stood up and took Bao Bao, "Let Grandma see if Bao Bao is hungry."

Zhao Yan hurried to her bag to prepare formula from a bottle.

Once the formula was ready, Zhao Yan tested the bottle's warmth against her face. Feeling the temperature was just right, she then placed the teat into Bao Bao's mouth, and as soon as he latched onto it, he stopped crying, greedily suckling.

Zhao Yan said with a smile, "He really was hungry, look at how well he's eating."

"Yes, look at that little one, just the thought tugs at the heartstrings," said the Mo family matriarch, her face emanating kindness as she looked at Bao Bao.

The words had barely left the Mo family matriarch's mouth when Bao Bao, seeming to realize something was amiss, spit out the teat, his eyebrows furrowing as he began to wail loudly.

"What's the matter, what's happened? Is it too hot?" the Mo family matriarch stood up, anxiously.

Zhao Yan tested the bottle against her face again, "It's not hot."

Chu Jin handed Bei Bei to Mo Zhixuan, then turned to the Mo family matriarch, "Mom, please give Bao Bao to me; he might be wanting breast milk now."

Don't be fooled by how little the children are, they can be quite picky because yesterday, Chu Jin breastfed them once, and now they refuse to drink formula.

Fortunately, Chu Jin's milk supply was plentiful. Otherwise, these two little ones would have to go hungry.

There were no other men in the car besides Mo Zhixuan, so Chu Jin did not shy away, she unbuttoned her clothes and began to breastfeed the child.

Sure enough, Bao Bao stopped crying, sucking contentedly on the milk, his plump little hands clinging tightly to the snowy peaks as if worried that someone might come and compete with him for nourishment.

Mo Zhixuan, busy entertaining Bei Bei, saw this and his face darkened immediately.

Damn!

The stinky brat dares to steal his benefits!

So frustrating! So frustrating!

"Don't we have formula? I heard the doctor say formula is more nutritious, and it contains minerals and vitamins that can strengthen a child's immune system. We should feed them formula, it's better for the children," Mo Zhixuan blustered in a serious tone.

As a man, he would absolutely not allow another "man" to compete for his own benefits!

"You must have heard wrong, Zhixuan," Zhao Yan furrowed her brows, "Breastfeeding is supposed to be healthier, better for both child and adult. When we were discharged today, the doctor specifically instructed me to let Jin breastfeed the children."

"That's right, Zhixuan, you definitely heard wrong," the Mo family matriarch chimed in, "Everyone says breastfeeding is better. Which quack told you formula was better? Some people turn to formula only because they can't produce milk due to physical reasons."

Unable to refute after being put on the spot by the two mothers, Mo Zhixuan could only say, "Oh, then I must have heard wrong."

The Mo family matriarch nodded with a smile, "You must have."

Bao Bao, suckling on the milk, fell asleep soon after. Even in his sleep, he would instinctively suckle every now and then, as if to make sure the milk was still there.

Seeing that he had fallen asleep, Chu Jin carefully adjusted her clothing. No sooner had the milk left his mouth than Bao Bao pouted, about to cry again. Chu Jin quickly offered the milk back to him.

Only then was Bao Bao satisfied.

Chu Jin, watching the infant with such a caring heart, her eyes curved into warm crescents, her gaze reflecting a tender warmth.

Mo Zhixuan watched from the side, his heart feeling even more tangled.

Ever since the children arrived, Chu Jin had stopped paying attention to him! His wife's eyes and heart were only for the children!

If he could do it all over again, he would never let Chu Jin have the chance to get pregnant.

The car soon stopped at the Mo family's residence. Chu Jin handed Bao Bao carefully to the Mo family matriarch, "Mom, be careful, he just fell asleep."

"All right," the Mo family matriarch received Bao Bao with a face full of affection.

Zhao Yan held Bei Bei.

Chu Jin was assisted out of the car by Mo Zhixuan's supportive embrace.

While holding Chu Jin, his hands always seemed to unintentionally skim past the front of her chest.

He wasn't sure if it was just his imagination or what.

Mo Zhixuan always felt that the size there had increased significantly, and it was exceptionally soft.

Chu Jin, with her hands looped around his neck, warned, "Mo Zhixuan, watch your piggy paws, or I'll chop them off."

Mo Zhixuan became even more frustrated!

Great, now that they had a child, he wasn't even allowed to touch her!

Since the child was still breastfeeding, he temporarily stayed in the bedroom with Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

The child was too small to sleep in a cradle, so he had to share a bed with the adults. Fortunately, the bed was big enough.

Mo Zhixuan carried Chu Jin back to the bedroom, followed by Madame Mo and Zhao Yan, who placed the two sleeping little ones on the bed.

"Jin, you rest first. We're leaving now. If the child needs a diaper change, just call out, and I'll be downstairs," Madame Mo said to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin nodded slightly and responded softly, "Thank you, both moms, for your hard work these past few days. You've been busy taking care of me and the children and haven't slept well. Please go rest for a while. Mo Zhixuan is here too, so you don't need to worry."

"Alright, then. We'll take our leave," said Madame Mo, linking arms with Zhao Yan as they turned and walked out the door.

Mo Zhixuan had also hired two maternity matrons, but since today was their first day, Chu Jin let them get familiar with the surroundings before they started work.

After Madame Mo and Zhao Yan left, Chu Jin walked to the bed, kissed the cheeks of the two children, and then lifted the cover to climb into bed.

The two little ones were so cute and so beautiful that she just couldn't get enough of watching them.

Chu Jin looked utterly content, but Mo Zhixuan's face was filled with hidden resentment.

These two little fellows were now even occupying their bed, and judging by Chu Jin's manner, she seemed to be planning to place the little ones between them...

At this thought, Mo Zhixuan's face grew even more resentful.

Mo Zhixuan, without even taking off his shoes, lay down on the bed to watch Chu Jin and asked with a fixed gaze, "Jin, in your heart, am I more important, or are these two little brats more important?"

Chu Jin knew what Mo Zhixuan was thinking. With a slight curve of her lips, she kissed him lightly on the lips and whispered soothingly, "Of course, you're more important."

Mo Zhixuan's face lit up, grabbing Chu Jin's hand, "Really?"

"Of course it's true," Chu Jin nodded slightly.

Mo Zhixuan finally felt balanced inside. He wrapped his hand around the back of Chu Jin's neck, leaned in with his lips, and deepened the kiss.

As the two of them were deeply kissing, a baby's cry wafted through the air.

Chu Jin immediately pushed Mo Zhixuan away and picked up the child, whispering soothingly, "Bao Bao, don't cry..."

Mo Zhixuan looked quite displeased—it was that darn kid again!

"What kind of man knows only how to cry! He can't even compare to a girl!" Mo Zhixuan said with disdain as he looked at Bao Bao.

"Bao Bao is still little. Didn't you cry when you were a baby?" Chu Jin said exasperatedly to Mo Zhixuan.

"Bei Bei isn't like him, though!" Mo Zhixuan said seriously to Chu Jin, "Jin, this child isn't foolish, is he?"

Compared to Bao Bao, Bei Bei indeed seemed much more well-behaved.

Bao Bao was the type who would cry if he didn't sleep well, cry if he didn't eat well, cry when wet, and cry upon waking.

Most of the time, Bei Bei was quiet unless she was truly hungry; otherwise, she wouldn't cry.

"You're the fool!" Chu Jin rolled her eyes at Mo Zhixuan.

Mo Zhixuan: "... What happened to him being more important?"

After Chu Jin comforted Bao Bao for a while, the baby stopped crying and opened his eyes, looking around curiously at Chu Jin, swinging his little hands in the air.

"Bao Bao, call me Mommy, I'm Mommy," Chu Jin said as she touched Bao Bao's nose with her finger.

Bao Bao, not understanding, just continued to blow bubbles.

Seeing Bao Bao like this, Mo Zhixuan's heart melted. He moved closer to Chu Jin and said to Bao Bao, "I'm Daddy, call Daddy."

"Pfft!" Bao Bao straightaway spat a faceful of drool onto Mo Zhixuan.

Mo Zhixuan: "..."

Watching the father and son who started off on the wrong foot, Chu Jin laughed playfully, "Serves you right! Who told you to always disdain Bao Bao? In the future, Bao Bao, don't call him daddy, call him 'silly dad,' 'stingy dad.'"

Mo Zhixuan pulled out a tissue to wipe off the drool on his face. Looking at the child who he couldn't hit or scold, his heart was all warmth.

Just then, Chu Jin felt a warm sensation on her arm and guessed that the child might have pooped or peed. She lifted the diaper and found a patch of yellow-orange inside.

As expected, he had pooped.

It had been so many days since the birth, but Chu Jin had never changed the child's diaper. Madame Mo and Zhao Yan always did it. Faced with this situation, Chu Jin was somewhat at a loss on where to begin.

Seeing Chu Jin like this, Mo Zhixuan, who had been feeling gloomy, immediately came over, "Did Bao Bao poop?"

Chu Jin nodded, "Yeah, what should we do?"

"Let me do it." Mo Zhixuan took Bao Bao and expertly changed his diaper, even washing his little bottom and applying some powder.

What was miraculous was that during this process, Bao Bao didn't cry at all. He just kept his eyes wide open, curiously watching Mo Zhixuan.

Chu Jin was also shocked by the scene unfolding before her.

She remembered on the day Bao Bao was born, facing his peeing and pooping everywhere, Mo Zhixuan looked completely at a loss. How had he improved so much in just a few short days?

It was quite unbelievable.

Chu Jin didn't know that after she fell asleep, Mo Zhixuan always learned these things from the old Madam Mo and Zhao Yan.

Now, changing diapers was a piece of cake for him, let alone washing them.

"When did you learn to do this?" Chu Jin asked, slightly raising an eyebrow as she watched Mo Zhixuan. Not only that, she also noticed that Mo Zhixuan's movements when holding the baby were extremely proper, much more capable than her, the mother.

"Do I really need to learn this?" Mo Zhixuan passed Bao Bao to Chu Jin, "Hold this little stinker for a bit, I'll go wash the diaper."

Chu Jin took Bao Bao and said with a smile, "Bao Bao, see how great dad is? When you grow up, you have to listen to dad, okay? Don't be naughty, and don't forget your mom after you take a wife..."

Mo Zhixuan walked to the washroom with a look of disgust, holding the diaper. Upon seeing the undergarments Chu Jin brought back from the hospital in the basin, he decided to wash them as well.

Although there were many servants in the imperial palace, Mo Zhixuan did not want others to handle their intimate apparel.

Half an hour later, Mo Zhixuan came out of the washroom.

Chu Jin was breastfeeding Bao Bao.

Seeing this, Mo Zhixuan's face darkened again. He looked at Chu Jin with some displeasure, "How many times does this little stinker eat in a day?" Besides eating, sleeping, and crying!

Could he really be an idiot?

Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, "All babies are like this. When they're hungry, they need to eat. How else will they grow?"

As she was breastfeeding Bao Bao, Bei Bei also woke up.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan were both focused on Bao Bao, probably feeling ignored, Bei Bei immediately started to howl.

This howling truly upset Mo Zhixuan, who immediately went to Bei Bei, bent down, and took her in his arms, "Bei Bei, don't cry, daddy's here."

It was either coincidence or something else, but as soon as Mo Zhixuan picked up Bei Bei, she actually stopped crying. However, with tears still in her eyes, she kept nudging her head into Mo Zhixuan's chest, as if searching for something.

"My daughter is so adorable." Mo Zhixuan said, looking at Bei Bei in his arms, and instantly forgot all his displeasure.

But soon, Bei Bei started to cry loudly again.

No matter how Mo Zhixuan tried, he couldn't console her. Chu Jin reminded him, "Mo Zhixuan, see if she has peed."

Mo Zhixuan felt the diaper, "No, it's still dry."

"Then she must be hungry. Come take Bao Bao and give Bei Bei to me." But as soon as Chu Jin put Bao Bao down on the bed, he started to cry loudly.

Anyone could tell he hadn't eaten his fill.

Seeing this, Mo Zhixuan handed Bei Bei to Chu Jin, "It's okay for a boy to be hungry for a bit, feed Bei Bei first."

Chu Jin took Bei Bei, lifted her shirt, and started to nurse her. Sure enough, as soon as she began feeding, Bei Bei stopped crying.

But Bao Bao was still wailing loudly.

Mo Zhixuan stared steadily at Chu Jin and did nothing about Bao Bao. What could crying for a while do to a boy? It was good to exercise his lungs a bit.

Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, a bit helplessly, "You could comfort Bao Bao too."

This man, really, he had forgotten his son now that he had a daughter!

"Oh." Mo Zhixuan said as he picked up Bao Bao and softly cooed to him.

But the more Mo Zhixuan tried to comfort him, the louder Bao Bao cried.

Mo Zhixuan paced back and forth anxiously, "Bao Bao, be good, don't cry, okay? We'll wait a bit, wait for your sister to finish and then we'll feed you, okay?"

Bao Bao didn't care about any of that; as long as there was no food, he would just cry!

Listening to the child's cries, Chu Jin was also very anxious, but Bei Bei was not done eating yet.

It seemed they needed to come up with a solution for the future.

Seeing the little bastard in his arms who only knew how to cry, Mo Zhixuan's forehead began to sweat lightly, "Bao Bao, please don't cry, okay?"

"Wah wah..." Bao Bao's cries grew even more sorrowful.

Mo Zhixuan was about to collapse, so he threatened, "If you cry again, I'll send you to the big bad wolf!"

Chapter 820: Chu Ge

Threats had no effect on Bao Bao, who, upon hearing the words, let out even more heart-wrenching wails.

Hearing Bao Bao's cries, Chu Jin felt very distressed. Having no choice, she turned Bei Bei around in her arms and said to Mo Zhixuan, "Mo Zhixuan, you feed Bao Bao."

Mo Zhixuan instantly understood, walked to Chu Jin's left, sat on the bed, reached out to lift Chu Jin's clothes, and deftly unfastened the inner buttons, allowing Bao Bao to latch onto what had originally been his privilege alone.

At this moment, Mo Zhixuan's heart was bleeding.

Both little ones had latched onto milk, stopped crying, and were sucking contentedly as they drifted off to sleep.

Seeing that the two little ones had fallen asleep, Chu Jin gently placed Bao Bao and Bei Bei down on the bed.

Perhaps Chu Jin's milk was too plentiful, or maybe the two little ones had sucked for too long, but now Chu Jin felt as if her milk were gushing out like water from a faucet, wetting her nightgown and unable to be stopped.

"Mo Zhixuan, quick, hand me some tissues."

Mo Zhixuan looked at Chu Jin and mused, "I've heard that breast milk is blood transformed. We can't just let tissues reap the benefits."

Before Chu Jin could react, Mo Zhixuan had already pounced over, propped his hands above her shoulders, trapping her between him and the bed, his gaze deep as he swallowed unconsciously, his sexy Adam's apple sliding up and down.

"Mo Zhixuan, the kids are still here!" Chu Jin pushed at Mo Zhixuan.

"It's fine, they're already asleep," Mo Zhixuan said in a muted tone.

Indeed, the children were already soundly asleep and sleeping very sweetly.

For a moment, the atmosphere became somewhat ambiguous.

A wet patch had spread across the front of Chu Jin's chest.

While Chu Jin was still coming to terms with the situation, Mr. Mo's head had already buried itself in her chest, drawing out that sweet fluid, the room so quiet that only breaths and swallowing sounds could be heard.

A blush spread across Chu Jin's cheeks.

After quite some time, Mo Zhixuan looked up, satisfied, and said to Chu Jin, "Very sweet." Now he didn't have to worry about fighting the little ones for his privilege!

"Shameless!" Chu Jin pushed Mo Zhixuan away, took out a new nightgown from the cabinet, and entered the washroom.

When Chu Jin came out of the washroom again, Mo Zhixuan was lying next to the children, sleeping sweetly.

Seeing this tender scene, Chu Jin's lips curved up, her dimples shallow, casting a soft glow.

She walked over to the three of them, lifted the blanket, and gently covered them.

In the evening, Zhao Yan and Mrs. Mo came to bathe the two little ones.

Originally, Mrs. Mo and Zhao Yan planned to use the bathroom for the children's bath, but since Chu Jin had never seen a child bathed before, the two elderly women stayed in the room to bathe them.

As children are naturally fond of water, Bao Bao and Bei Bei, who had been crying while undressed, immediately stopped crying once they touched the water.

Chu Jin sat at the head of the bed, smilingly watching the two little ones bathe.

Suddenly, her gaze landed on Bei Bei's left shoulder.

There, on Bei Bei's left shoulder, was a birthmark in the shape of the English letter "W."

On either side of the W were marks resembling wings.

W.

Wings.

Chu Jin looked at the birthmark, squinted slightly, and suddenly thought of the tarot card she had drawn for Xuanyuan Shangchen last time.

It was the Ace of Cups.

This birthmark greatly resembled the Ace of Cups card.

The Ace of Cups symbolizes a new beginning.

When the Ace of Cups appears in a tarot reading, it signifies opportunities for happiness and joy in life.

Similarly, the Ace of Cups also represents a new start.

The Ace of Cups card features a W, a cup, and a dove of peace.

Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, then asked, "Have you two moms decided on names for Bao Bao and Bei Bei yet?"

"Not yet," Mrs. Mo shook her head. "We haven't come up with any nice names."

"How about this," Chu Jin pushed down the thoughts in her heart and continued, "Let's call Bei Bei 'Chu Ge,' after the dove of peace. What do you think?"

Because it had already been agreed that Bei Bei would take the Chu Family surname,

Chu Jin directly chose the name Chu Ge for her.

Although Bei Bei was of average talent, she was filled with Spiritual Energy and was destined for extraordinary encounters. What was more strange was that Chu Jin couldn't see Bei Bei's future trajectory; her inner sea was a vast expanse of white, through which she could faintly see some malevolent energy.

But Bao Bao was different; in Bao Bao's inner sea, a halo of colorful holy light could be seen.

Given Bei Bei's unique Five Elements and her distinct talents, it was essential to use a special name to subdue the potential malevolent energy within her.

"The dove of peace?" Mrs. Mo narrowed her eyes slightly. "The dove of peace represents peace, friendship, unity, sanctity. It's quite good. I have no objections. Little Yan, what about you? Do you have any better suggestions?"

Peace, friendship, unity, sanctity—these were precisely what the three realms needed. Mrs. Mo knew that Chu Jin must have her reasons for naming Bei Bei as such.

Mrs. Mo turned to look at Zhao Yan.

"I have no objections either. What about Bao Bao? We've settled on a name for Bei Bei. What will Bao Bao be called?" Zhao Yan looked at Chu Jin.

Chu Jin smiled lightly, "I won't think of a name for Bao Bao. I'll leave it to you." Chu Jin was able to give Bei Bei this name because of the birthmark she saw on her.

She hoped the dove of peace would bring Bei Bei a different fate.

"That's beyond me," Zhao Yan said hurriedly, waving her hand and adding, "Let's leave it to our in-law, then."

Mrs. Mo, beaming, said, "Alright, then I'll try to settle this within three days." With the children already born but their names still undecided, Mrs. Mo was feeling a bit anxious.

Just then, Mo Zhixuan pushed open the door and walked in.

Chu Jin looked up at Mo Zhixuan, smiled, and said, "Mo Zhixuan, I just came up with a name for Bei Bei. Can you guess what it is?"

Mo Zhixuan extended his hand to pass the talcum powder to Zhao Yan, then said, "Could it be named Chu Bei Bei?"

"No, that's not it," Chu Jin shook her head.

"Chu Ying Ying?" Mo Zhixuan continued to guess.

It seemed that such ABB names were quite popular now.

"Still wrong," Chu Jin shook her head again.

"Then what is it?" Mo Zhixuan was somewhat curious.

Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan and very seriously uttered two words, "Chu Ge."

Mo Zhixuan raised his eyebrows and asked, "The ge as in dove of peace?" Perhaps it was the telepathy between spouses, but Mo Zhixuan immediately thought of the dove of peace.

"Clever," Chu Jin smiled softly.

"It's a beautiful name." Mo Zhixuan was helping Bei Bei get dressed, a warm glow flickering in his eyes.

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Elsewhere.

In a military family's home.

"Doctor Li, I beg you to save my daughter, she's so young, she hasn't even experienced love, she can't die," a man in his forties, dressed in military uniform, pleaded with a doctor in a white coat.

"Yes, Doctor Li, please save my daughter," said a woman of similar age standing beside the man, also dressed in a military uniform.

From the interior design and environment of the house, it wasn't hard to see that this was a military family.

"Please rest assured, even if there's only one percent chance, I will not give up," Doctor Li adjusted his glasses before continuing, "However, unfortunately, those two bullets hit Xiyuan's heart. Although they have been removed now, whether she can wake up is still unknown. Nobody can guarantee it."

The woman lying on the hospital bed was Lin Xiyuan, a 20-year-old and the daughter of the couple standing before him.

Lin Xiyuan was a high-ranking military doctor in the army, and two months prior, during a mission, she was accidentally shot and had been in a coma ever since.

A doctor cannot heal themselves, and even with Lin Xiyuan's excellent medical skills, she was helpless to cure her own condition.

Hearing this, Lin's father's eyes immediately turned red, he then asked, "Is there really no other way? I only have Xiyuan as my daughter..." By the end, his voice was close to choking up.

Lin Xiyuan's external injuries had mostly healed, but her consciousness remained in a coma, and she had not woken up till now.

"I'm sorry..." Doctor Lin sighed, "Under these circumstances, I'm powerless, unless a miracle happens."

Just then, an excited voice came from inside the house, "Lin Hong, Lin Lan, come quickly, Xiyuan has woken up!"

Upon hearing this, the three of them changed their expressions and rushed into the room.

Next to the bed sat an old man, his white hair indicating his age, and he was holding Lin Xiyuan's hand on the bed, his expression full of excitement.

"Xiyuan!" Lin Lan threw herself over, "Xiyuan! You've finally woken up!"

"Xiyuan!" Lin Hong also stood in front of Lin Xiyuan with a strained voice.

However, Lin Xiyuan looked at them woodenly, her eyes like they had no focus, her gaze somewhat lifeless.

"Xiyuan, what's wrong with you? Speak to me! I'm your mom, Xiyuan!" Lin Lan cried out anxiously.

But Lin Xiyuan just kept looking at them, not speaking, then turned her gaze to the clock on the wall.

"Doctor Li, come quickly and see, see what's wrong with my Xiyuan!" Lin Lan anxiously grabbed Doctor Li's wrist, pulling him to the bedside.

Doctor Li approached, standing beside the bed, he first checked Lin Xiyuan's body temperature, then took out a flashlight and shone it into her eyes. Following a series of professional examinations, Doctor Li exclaimed, "A miracle! This is simply a miracle in the history of medicine!"

Nobody had expected that a person who'd been in bed for two months could actually wake up.

"Uncle and aunt, please rest assured, Xiyuan is now in no serious condition, she is recuperating well," Doctor Li looked at Lin Hong and Lin Lan, smiling reassuringly.

"Really?" Lin Lan grabbed Doctor Li's hand excitedly, continuing, "You say she's alright now, then why isn't she speaking?" Lin Xiyuan looked almost like an idiot.

Doctor Li smiled faintly, then said, "Auntie, there's no need to worry. Xiyuan is currently experiencing a blockage of her senses due to sleeping for too long; it will pass soon."

As if to confirm Doctor Li's words, no sooner had he finished speaking, than Lin Xiyuan raised her eyes to look at everyone, "Grandpa, Dad, Mom, Li Xiang."

"Xiyuan, you've finally woken up; all these days have been dreadfully worrying for your mom!" Lin Lan hugged Lin Xiyuan excitedly.

Both Grandfather Lin and Lin Hong were in tears of joy.

Lin Xiyuan was the sole treasure of the Lin family, and her waking up was undoubtedly the greatest joy for the family.

"I'm sorry for making you all worry these past days," Lin Xiyuan said, her complexion quite pale and her voice very weak.

"Xiyuan, is there anything specific you're craving? Mom will go cook it for you," Lin Lan let go of Lin Xiyuan, asking with concern.

Lin Xiyuan was about to speak when Li Xiang intervened, "Let's not rush to let Xiyuan eat just yet. Let her drink some water first; it's been many days since she had food, her digestive tract may be different from normal people's."

"I'll get Xiyuan some water right away," Grandfather Lin said, getting up promptly.

Grandfather Lin quickly came over with a cup of water, and possibly from many days without water, Lin Xiyuan drank a whole cup.

Following that, Li Xiang gave some more guidance and pointers before leaving the Lin family.

"Mom, I'd like to go out and bask in the sun," Lin Xiyuan looked up at Lin Lan.

Before Lin Lan could respond, Lin Hong had already pushed the wheelchair over, "Xiyuan, sit in the wheelchair, and your mom and I will push you."

"Alright, thank you, Dad," Lin Xiyuan nodded her head.

Then Lin Xiyuan added, "Grandpa, Dad, Mom, could you step out for a moment? I wish to change my clothes."

"Okay, okay, we'll head out right now," Lin Hong led his father and wife out of the room.

Lin Lan seemed a bit worried as she said, "Xiyuan, do you need my help?"

"No need," Lin Xiyuan smiled slightly.

Ten minutes later, Lin Xiyuan, having changed her clothes, sat on the edge of the bed, gasping for air. Just merely changing her clothes left Lin Xiyuan unable to bear it, feeling as though all her strength had been drained away.