

## **R Woman 871**

Chapter 871: must not lose dignity

Chu Jin meticulously applied concealer on Mo Zhixuan, and, ensuring nothing was noticeable, they went downstairs together.

By the time they descended, most of the people in the main hall had already arrived.

Tong Zhi, Mo Fengxu, as well as Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe.

All of them were family.

"Qingyi, have you been feeling better recently?" Chu Jin asked as he sat down next to Mo Qingyi, clearly concerned.

"Much better," Mo Qingyi replied with a smile in her eyes, "Now I can eat, drink, and sleep well. Don't worry about me, Chu Jin. By the way, mom mentioned that we have guests tonight, why haven't they arrived yet?" Mo Qingyi glanced curiously toward the door, unaware of the history between Li Xiangzhi and the Mo family, she looked forward to meeting this aunt.

It would be nice if she could be like Tong Zhi.

Chu Jin smiled and said, "They should be arriving any minute now."

Indeed, shortly after Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan took their seats, Li Xiangzhi and her daughter, along with the little golden child, came over.

Li Xiangzhi and Tong Qiaoqiao had specially waited for Mo Zhixuan to arrive before they entered.

Only this way could they attract more attention.

"Qiaoqiao, you've come." The Mo family matriarch said with a smile as she stood up from the head seat, "Qiaoqiao, you and your mother sit there. Oh, and let me introduce you, this is your younger aunt, this is your younger uncle, and these are their children, Xiangru and Yimo. This is your sister, Mo Qingyi, and this is Qingyi's husband, Duanmu Zhe."

Tong Qiaoqiao greeted each person very politely.

Li Xiangzhi said with a smile, attempting to ingratiate herself, "It's been years since I last saw you, I didn't expect my sister to be married with children now. These two kids are so handsome, just like their aunt."

In her heart, Li Xiangzhi was well aware that Tong Zhi couldn't possibly have given birth to these children; they were merely adopted by Tong Zhi.

Tong Zhi, not wishing to speak much with Li Xiangzhi, forced a smile and simply said "Thank you."

Seeing this, Tong Qiaoqiao cheerfully responded, "Auntie, I've always heard from my mother how beautiful you are. I didn't believe it before, but after seeing you today, you are indeed more beautiful than a fairy in heaven." Tong Qiaoqiao also knew how to speak pleasingly; with that remark, she both flattered Tong Zhi and improved Li Xiangzhi's image.

"Look at this child, always so sweet," Tong Zhi said with a full smile. "I didn't bring a gift for you due to the rush today, but I'll make sure to make up for it in a few days." After all, she didn't have deep feelings for this niece of hers as this was only their third meeting.

Tong Zhi had seen Tong Qiaoqiao twice before in the Superpower World, but at that time, Qiaoqiao was still young, and she herself was younger too.

Because of Li Xiangzhi, she never once held Tong Qiaoqiao when she was a child.

If it weren't for that blood relation, they would be no different from strangers to each other.

"Thank you, auntie. We're all family; there's no need to be so formal," Tong Qiaoqiao said with a winsome smile, having specifically chosen a chic off-the-shoulder dress and light makeup for the evening. Her look was at once charming and innocent, slightly provocative, and indeed she had that certain allure.

But with Chu Jin present, her presence was overshadowed.

If Chu Jin were not there, her own beauty would not be inferior to Mo Qingyi's in the slightest, not at all like someone who had borne a child.

"Qiaoqiao is right, sister, there's no need to be so formal. You're the elder, and Qiaoqiao is the younger one. She should be the one to properly honor you. How could we expect you to prepare a gift for her?" Li Xiangzhi chimed in, knowing Tong Zhi was somewhat displeased with her, but at this moment, she needed to win over Tong Zhi and everyone else here; she was determined to establish her roots.

Tong Zhi replied in a detached tone, "It's just basic etiquette, no need for thanks."

Li Xiangzhi pursed her lips and fell silent. She was no fool and could naturally grasp the implication behind Tong Zhi's words.

Basic etiquette.

She was mocking her, suggesting she lacked even basic manners.

Tong Qiaoqiao's smile remained unchanged as she picked up the conversation, "Auntie, I'm young and may lack in manners. Please don't take offense."

"It's fine," Tong Zhi replied with a smile, turning her head back, "I don't blame you."

It's the father's failure when a child is not taught properly.

Now that Tong Yuan was gone, the matter naturally fell upon Li Xiangzhi's shoulders.

When the atmosphere became tense, the Mo family matriarch quickly said, "Everyone is here now; let's not just talk. Let's start eating."

"Yes, yes, yes, food is the most important thing," Li Xiangzhi agreed with a laugh. "Little golden child, let's sit over here."

"I don't want to go there!" the little golden child stood there, eyes fixed on Bao Bao and Bei Bei.

"What's this, child? Why won't you listen again!" Tong Qiaoqiao crouched down and said softly, "Come sit with mommy, it's time to eat."

The little golden child looked a bit aggrieved, "Mommy, I don't want to sit in that chair. I want to sit in theirs." The little golden child pointed towards Bao Bao and Bei Bei's children's chairs.

Those were Bao Bao and Bei Bei's exclusive chairs; they had been using them since they were small.

Upon hearing this, Bao Bao and Bei Bei became distinctly wary of the little golden child.

"Little golden child, be good! Those are your brother and sister's. You're not allowed to sit there!" Tong Qiaoqiao scolded the little golden child while surreptitiously watching the Mo family matriarch's reaction.

"No, no, no, I want to sit there!" the little golden child burst into tears.

Chu Jin stood up immediately, "Qinghe, please go and fetch another children's chair from the back."

The Mo family matriarch also said, "Yes, yes, yes, go fetch another one quickly."

Tong Qiaoqiao expressed some embarrassment, "I'm sorry to trouble auntie and cousin-in-law."

Chu Jin gave a faint smile.

The Mo family matriarch slowly said, "It's no trouble at all; it's just a chair. I was not prepared enough and didn't think to get one for our little golden child."

Tong Zhi frowned slightly, looking from Bao Bao and Bei Bei to Xiangru and Yimo.

The chairs of Xiangru and Yimo were the same as those of Bao Bao and Bei Bei, so why did the little golden child specifically want Bao Bao and Bei Bei's?

It seemed only a trivial matter, but if one thought deeply about it, the implications were profound.

I hope it's not what I think it is.

Tong Zhi narrowed her eyes.

Qinghe soon returned with a child's chair in her hand, "Come on, little Jin, sister has set this up for you." Although Qinghe was just a servant, she had stayed with the Mo family for many years, so Bao Bao and Bei Bei usually liked to call her Sister Qinghe.

Upon hearing this, Tong Qiaoqiao's eyes flashed with a glint of coldness.

The servants of the Mo family really lacked perception! They don't see what they are, yet they dare to call themselves 'sister' in front of little Jin!

"I don't want this chair!" Little Jin pushed the chair away and cried out, "I want theirs! I want theirs!" While saying that, little Jin ran to Bao Bao and Bei Bei, and began furiously shaking Bei Bei's child chair, "Get down! Get down! I want to sit in your chair!"

"Little Jin, what are you doing! Stop it! Hasn't grandma already asked someone to get you a chair? Go back and sit down, no more fuss!" Tong Qiaoqiao walked over and said sternly.

"I just want her chair! I just want her chair!" Little Jin screamed and then began to cry loudly, kicking Bei Bei's child chair in a tantrum.

Clearly a spoiled second-generation brat.

To be honest, such children are truly unlikable, it's just that the parents had not yet reacted.

Bei Bei didn't speak, just watching little Jin while tightly gripping the edges of the child's chair.

Think you can take her things?

No way!

Tong Qiaoqiao looked apologetically at everyone, "I'm sorry, little Jin's father passed away early, it might be my fault for spoiling him, making everyone laugh."

"Get down, down!" Little Jin wasn't big, but he was surprisingly strong, shaking Bei Bei's child chair wildly, almost causing Bei Bei to fall off.

Mo Zhixuan had always been extremely protective of his daughters, seeing such a scene, he couldn't stand it and was about to get up, but his left hand was held down.

He turned his eyes, and Chu Jin was smiling warmly at him.

As husband and wife, he immediately understood the meaning behind Chu Jin's eyes.

Bao Bao and Bei Bei were growing up and should have the ability to protect themselves. They couldn't always grow up under the protection of their parents. Moreover, this was a matter between children; if adults interfered, the nature would change!

"Who allowed you to bully my sister!" Bao Bao slid down from his chair and pushed little Jin to the ground with a fierce expression, "This is my house!"

Little Jin fell to the ground and immediately started to wail, grabbing Tong Qiaoqiao's neck, "Let's go home! I don't like it here! They are all bad people!"

Tong Qiaoqiao frowned, "Little Jin, you can't say that! Bao Bao is right, this really isn't our home. You can't snatch Bei Bei's things. Okay, stop crying, it's time to eat."

Bao Bao protected Bei Bei behind him, holding her hand and saying to her, "Are you alright, sister? Don't worry, with brother here, no one dares to bully you!"

Bei Bei looked at Bao Bao and nodded firmly, their little hands clasping tightly together.

Seeing this, both Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan's eyes revealed a look of relief.

Bao Bao already knew how to protect his sister, which was great.

Little Jin kept crying for Bei Bei's child chair, regardless of how Tong Qiaoqiao tried to comfort him, he just wouldn't stop crying.

Bao Bao and Bei Bei moved past the child chair.

Seeing Bao Bao and Bei Bei sitting back on the child chairs, little Jin cried even louder. He walked over to Bei Bei and pointing at her, "You impolite child, I am a guest! You should yield to me!"

"You're still wetting your pants at this age? If you're not embarrassed, I'm embarrassed for you!" Bei Bei retorted, "So what if you are a guest? Does that mean you can throw a tantrum? You go take a look, which kid acts like you? I won't yield to you, what can you do to me!"

Bei Bei wasn't someone to be trifled with, it was just that she didn't want to bother with little Jin before.

"Bei Bei, don't talk nonsense! Children must be polite," the Mo family matriarch started speaking slowly, her eyes deep with unfathomable thoughts, "Little Jin is correct, guests should be treated as such. You should give your chair to him. Isn't there another one?"

Upon hearing this, Li Xiangzhi, who had not spoken until now, slightly narrowed her eyes, and a sharp light flickered within.

This Mo family matriarch was ultimately siding with little Jin.

Even though little Jin was being so unreasonable, she still insisted that Bei Bei give up her seat.

It seemed the rumors were true, Bei Bei was of average talent, and the Mo family matriarch didn't really think much of this granddaughter.

Moreover, even Chu Jin, the biological mother, didn't dare to utter a word. This indicated that Chu Jin's status in the Mo family wasn't that high.

It seems little Jin really could replace these twins.

"I won't!" Bei Bei pouted, "Why can't he sit in that one?" Clearly, both chairs were the same; little Jin was obviously just causing trouble! Bei Bei wasn't stupid!

"Bei Bei, be good," the Mo family matriarch continued, "Little Jin is a guest, you are the host, we mustn't lose our grace."

Hearing the Mo family matriarch's words, Li Xiangzhi's face changed.

In the Mo family matriarch's words was a clear implication that little Jin was an outsider!

Had she made a wrong move?



Chu Jin also spoke lightly, "Bei Bei, do you remember the story Mommy told you yesterday?"

Bei Bei nodded, "I remember."

Chu Jin smiled softly, "So what should you do now?"

Bei Bei said with a smile, "Of course, I should have the grace of an adult. Little Jin, this chair is yours." She slid off the child chair and went to the Mo family matriarch's side, acting coquettishly, "Grandma, I want to sit with you."

"Sure," the Mo family matriarch picked up Bei Bei, saying with a smile, "Grandma's big granddaughter will sit with grandma."

Chapter 872: The Best Education (Part 2)

Little Jin sat down on Bei Bei's child seat with an air of arrogance and triumph.

Bei Bei wasn't angry at all, she didn't even spare Little Jin a glance.

It's better to play less with children like Little Jin in the future.

In this children's struggle, it seemed as though Little Jin had won, but in reality, Little Jin had lost.

The behavior of children is decided by their parents; hence, it seemed Tong Qiaoqiao wasn't a very stable person either.

Tong Qiaoqiao immediately apologized, "Aunt, I'm truly sorry. It is all because I didn't discipline Little Jin properly. Ever since his father passed away, I had been worried that he would be aggrieved, so I rarely scolded him. I apologize, Bei Bei, please don't be mad at Little Jin."

Bei Bei said with a smile, "Auntie, you jest. I'm not angry at all." Compared to the unreasonable Little Jin, Bei Bei was simply an outstanding and good child.

Mo Qingyi also said, "Children need to be taught slowly, Qiaoqiao, don't be too hasty." After all, Little Jin had just lost his father, and some doting from Tong Qiaoqiao was normal.

Tong Qiaoqiao nodded, but her heart was somewhat complicated. Hearing Mo Qingyi's words, it seemed like she agreed that it was Little Jin's fault and she had no intention of defending Little Jin.

Didn't they say that Mo Qingyi did not think highly of these two grandchildren with average talents? Why now...

Just as Tong Qiaoqiao was about to say something, Li Xiangzhi beside her tugged at her hand.

Mo Qingyi continued, "Alright, everyone, let's start eating. It's just children playing around, there's no need to take it to heart."

Though it was claimed to be children playing around, everyone's impression of Tong Qiaoqiao and Little Jin had greatly diminished.

Especially Mo Qingyi, who had been full of anticipation for this cousin and aunt but did not expect them to be such vulgar people.

While Little Jin was causing a scene, neither Tong Qiaoqiao nor Li Xiangzhi showed any sign of guilt, as if whatever Little Jin did was justified, treating this place as if it was their home. They couldn't even teach a child properly!

A servant brought over cutlery specially for Bao Bao and Bei Bei.

Little Jin had just won a battle and now sat like a little emperor, arrogant and self-satisfied, pointing at Bei Bei's utensils and saying, "I want her plate and chopsticks."

Upon hearing this, Tong Qiaoqiao immediately looked up to gauge Mo Qingyi's expression.

She noticed that there was no obvious change on Mo Qingyi's face.

Little Jin was really too presumptuous and overbearing!

Mo Qingyi frowned impatiently, was this going to disturb everyone's meal?

"Tong Tianjin! Stop making a fuss right now!" Tong Qiaoqiao glared at Little Jin with a stern brow.

"I want her utensils!" Little Jin slammed his hand on the table.

"Say that again!" Tong Qiaoqiao reached out and grabbed Little Jin's ear, seemingly truly angry.

"Qiaoqiao, Little Jin is just a child! He doesn't understand! Hurry up and let go!" Li Xiangzhi immediately spoke out to stop her.

Mo Qingyi also intervened, "Qiaoqiao, your mother is right, Little Jin is just a child, don't take it too hard on him. Bei Bei, since Little Jin likes your utensils, just let him have them." Mo Qingyi appeared calm and continuously spoke for Little Jin, yet deep down she was also very displeased.

Little Jin was simply too spoiled! Such a young child was already so spoiled and petulant; growing up he wouldn't likely turn out to be good material!

Bei Bei was also a child coddled by her, yet she didn't have the temper that Little Jin had!

Bei Bei looked at Mo Qingyi with a beaming smile, her voice soft, "Grandmother, it's not that your granddaughter is stingy and unwilling to accommodate Brother Jin, but I have a compulsion for cleanliness, and if Brother Jin used these utensils, how could I continue to use them in the future?"

This statement implied that Little Jin was unsanitary, and also mocked him for being impolite,

After all, Little Jin was the older brother, and she was the younger sister; it was supposed to be Little Jin who yielded to her, but now the order had been reversed.

Little Jin, however, failed to grasp the meaning of her words, but the adults present understood it more clearly than anyone else.

Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi both revealed a hint of a smile. That was indeed the daughter of Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan.

Hearing this, Chu Jin chuckled softly, turned her head toward Mo Zhixuan and whispered, "What TV drama has your daughter been watching recently?" Why does it sound like there is a strong hint of palace intrigue?

Mo Zhixuan looked at Bei Bei, a tender and fatherly smile appearing in his eyes, speaking in a hushed tone, "Seems like it's 'Empress' Biography'? My daughter is smart."

"Empress' Biography" is a court drama that has recently become very popular.

Bei Bei didn't miss a single episode from start to finish and accumulated quite a bit of knowledge.

Mrs. Mo laughed and said, "In that case, little Tianjin, you should still use your own utensils. What Bei Bei said was right, whether it's children or adults, we need to pay attention to personal hygiene."

Tianjin wanted to say more, but was silenced by Li Xiangzhi's look. He took a spoonful of soup and then said, "Understood, grandma, I know." But in a blink of an eye, Tianjin was back to his good and obedient self, a stark contrast to his earlier behavior—it was like night and day.

The meal progressed in a rather unpleasant atmosphere.

"Grandma, here are the shrimp balls you love so much," Bei Bei said thoughtfully as she served the dish to the elderly Mrs. Mo.

"Thank you, Bei Bei." Mrs. Mo's eyes were brimming with kindness as she smiled at Bei Bei.

"Showing respect to grandma is what a granddaughter should do," Bei Bei said sweetly.

After the meal, Bao Bao took the initiative to peel an orange for Mrs. Mo, "Grandma, here's some fruit for after the meal."

Li Xiangzhi smiled and said, "These Bao Bao and Bei Bei are really sensible, knowing to show respect at such a young age."

Mrs. Mo also smiled and said, "These two children have always been very respectful. Don't be fooled by their age; they are quite perceptive. Xiangzhi, I remember that little Tianjin is actually older than Bao Bao and Bei Bei by two years, right?"

"Yes," Li Xiangzhi nodded, "But I don't have the good fortune of my sister. Our child is so naughty and troublesome, causing me and Qiaoqiao to worry endlessly."

Looking at Tianjin, Mrs. Mo continued, "Children need to be disciplined properly, otherwise they'll end up thinking they can climb ladders to the sky."

"You're right, sister," Li Xiangzhi said with a smile. "Actually, Tianjin wasn't always like this. I don't know what got into him today, maybe because he felt he was back in his own home. Don't worry, from now on, Qiaoqiao and I will surely discipline him properly! We won't let the Tong family lose face, nor will we disgrace Tong Yuan in heaven."

Li Xiangzhi's words were a reminder that little Tianjin was now the heir to the Tong family.

Mrs. Mo nodded but did not speak further.

Tong Zhi also said, "Then please do discipline him properly. In our Tong family's century-long history, we haven't had any prodigal second-generation."

"Aunt, auntie-in-law, please rest assured, I will definitely educate Tianjin well in the future. I will help him grow into a man and make sure he doesn't disgrace our Tong family," Tong Qiaoqiao said with a smile.

Tianjin spoke at this moment, "Aunt grandma, grandma, everything tonight was Tianjin's fault. I shouldn't have treated my younger siblings that way. I'm sorry!" After speaking, Tianjin even bowed to everyone.

This was quite unexpected for everyone; no one had thought that Tianjin could change so much.

After all, before the meal, Tianjin had been crying unreasonably.

Tong Zhi immediately helped Tianjin up, "A child who knows his mistakes and corrects them is a good child."

"Thank you for teaching me, aunt grandma," Tianjin said fawningly.

A look of relief appeared in Mrs. Mo's eyes.

No matter what, Tianjin was the bloodline of the Tong family, and a boy at that. Tianjin would have to continue the family line in the future, so it was great that he was able to recognize and correct his mistakes at this time.

"Bao Bao and Bei Bei, let's go play together," Xiangru and Yimo approached Bao Bao and Bei Bei, completely ignoring Tianjin. They had never dealt with a child like Tianjin before, and the scene earlier had kind of scared Xiangru and Yimo.

"Let's go, let's go on the slide," Bao Bao and Bei Bei said as they took the hands of Xiangru and Yimo.

"I want to go too..." Tianjin looked pitifully at Tong Qiaoqiao.

With a stern face, Tong Qiaoqiao said, "Have you forgotten how you treated your younger siblings just now? You still think about playing with them? If I were your siblings, I wouldn't want to play with you either."

Her words were interesting, kind of reminding Bao Bao and Bei Bei of what happened earlier as if telling them they didn't have a forgiving heart. It was all in the past yet they still held a grudge! They were the children of Mo Zhixuan, and to completely lack magnanimity!

Hearing this, Bei Bei immediately said, "Aunt, you're not the worm in my and my brother's stomach, how can you know what we are thinking? Mom just told us the story of 'The prime minister's belly can support a boat' yesterday. How could we stoop to Tianjin's level? Those legs are his, aren't they?" In other words, if he didn't come of his own accord, what business was it of hers?

Bei Bei, speaking like a little adult, was quite the moral philosopher.

Tong Qiaoqiao's smile remained on her face as she turned to Chu Jin, "Cousin, you're really amazing, to be able to raise two such good children. If only Tianjin were half as sensible as Bao Bao and Bei Bei." Tong Qiaoqiao certainly didn't expect Bei Bei to be so articulate.

With all that chatter, it made her seem as if she had been arguing with a child all along.

Chu Jin simply smiled, "I haven't really managed them much; their father is the one who disciplines them more." Indeed, at home, it was often Mo Zhixuan who was more involved with the children, regularly telling them philosophically rich stories.

And Bao Bao and Bei Bei were very sensible and rarely needed to be disciplined.

"So all the credit goes to Cousin." Tong Qiaoqiao lifted her eyes to Mo Zhixuan with a smile, "In that case, please continue to offer advice on educating children in the future." She had been worrying about not having an excuse to speak with Mo Zhixuan! But Chu Jin had handed her such a good reason on a silver platter.

Mo Zhixuan's tone was indifferent, "Parents' actions are the best education for their children." In other words, children learn by example, and the way little Tianjin behaves has something to do with Tong Qiaoqiao and Li Xiangzhi as well.

This indifferent remark from Mo Zhixuan struck like a resounding slap directly across the faces of Tong Qiaoqiao and Li Xiangzhi.

The expressions of both stiffened in that instant.

Tong Zhi's lips curled into a smile as she stood up and said to the Elder Mrs. Mo, "Sister, I've eaten a bit too much; I'm going out for a walk."

Tong Qiaoqiao immediately followed Tong Zhi's footsteps, smiling, "Aunt, may I join you for the walk?"

"Sure, let's walk together then." Tong Zhi glanced at Tong Qiaoqiao.

As she turned around, Li Xiangzhi exchanged a look with Tong Qiaoqiao.

The two of them exchanged a quick, subtle blink, a silent understanding passing between them.

The pair then stepped out the door together.

Meanwhile, Mo Qingyi pulled Chu Jin aside for a whispered conversation in the room.

"What's with all the secrecy?" Chu Jin laughed as she looked at Mo Qingyi.

"Jin, my period is two weeks late, and I've been feeling nauseous recently, just like when you were pregnant with Bao Bao and Bei Bei. Do you think..." Mo Qingyi's face blushed with shyness, her lips hesitating before she continued, "Do you think I might be pregnant?"

Chu Jin was briefly taken aback, then asked, "Have you tried using a pregnancy test?"



Mo Qingyi shook her head, "That seems a bit unreliable. How about, you take my pulse for me?" Saying so, Mo Qingyi held out her hand in front of Chu Jin.

Chu Jin placed her hand on Mo Qingyi's wrist, lost in thought.

Mo Qingyi watched Chu Jin expectantly.

A minute later, Chu Jin released Mo Qingyi's wrist, her expression somewhat grave.

A hint of disappointment flashed through Mo Qingyi's eyes, "Am I not pregnant?" She had mistaken all her symptoms for pregnancy, fortunately, she hadn't given Duanmu Zhe or her in-laws any false hopes; otherwise, they would have been disappointed alongside her.

Chu Jin looked up at Mo Qingyi, "Judging by your pulse, you are indeed pregnant, about a month along."

Mo Qingyi gazed at Chu Jin, her eyes glittering with excitement, tightly grasping Chu Jin's hand, "Jin, are you telling the truth? Am I really pregnant?"

Chu Jin nodded.

"That's wonderful! That's just wonderful!" Mo Qingyi hugged Chu Jin excitedly. "I'm going to have a child, Jin! I'm so happy!" Tears of excitement shimmered in Mo Qingyi's eyes.

Her excitement was truly indescribable, such joy was beyond words.

Five years! An entire five years!

She had finally awaited this child.

"Qingyi, don't get too excited yet," Chu Jin pressed on Mo Qingyi's shoulders and continued, "You've recently recovered from a serious injury, and it's not the right time for this child." It had only been two months since Mo Qingyi's last operation; being pregnant now could significantly damage her health.

Upon hearing this, Mo Qingyi calmed down slightly, "Jin, what are you suggesting?"

"For the sake of your health, this child can't be kept," Chu Jin said bluntly.

Mo Qingyi stood there, her complexion turning pale.

Chu Jin continued, "Qingyi, you are still young. There will be plenty of opportunities to get pregnant in the future..."

"No!" Mo Qingyi grabbed Chu Jin's hand firmly, looking straight at her, "Jin, I must keep this child. I struggled so much to have it. Jin, please help me..." Mo Qingyi's eyes were filled with pleading; she truly didn't want to lose this child.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, her face utterly devoid of humor, and she spoke earnestly, "Qingyi, you've just recovered from a serious injury. Keeping this child could be dangerous during childbirth, both for the baby and for you. Qingyi, you really should think this through."

"Even if I have to sacrifice myself, I must keep this child," Mo Qingyi said with determination in her eyes.

"Qingyi, be rational. I know you want a child, but this isn't the right time. Let's nurse your health back to full and then there will be plenty of chances to conceive. Now is not the time to be headstrong," Chu Jin advised.

She was a doctor, and she knew the current state of Mo Qingyi's health.

"Jin, I really need this child, please help me..." Mo Qingyi's voice carried a hint of cry, "You are a mother too, you should understand how I feel, Jin, I'm begging you, even if it means sacrificing myself, please help me keep this child..."

Chu Jin sighed, "Qingyi, are you sure you have thought it through?"

"Yes," Mo Qingyi nodded firmly, "Yes, I have thought about it."

"Qingyi," Chu Jin hugged Mo Qingyi tightly, "You are being too foolish!"

"Jin, thank you." Mo Qingyi also hugged Chu Jin tightly.

For the sake of the child, Mo Qingyi was really prepared to do anything.

"By the way, Jin, don't tell Duanmu about this. I don't want to worry him, and if he knew, he would definitely not agree to me having the child," Mo Qingyi said as she let go of Chu Jin.

Chu Jin nodded, "Mmm, I know."

"Don't tell my mom and brother either," Mo Qingyi continued, "This matter should be known only to heaven, to you, and to me."

Chu Jin spoke again, "Then you shouldn't go to the military for now. You've just recovered from a serious illness, and if you go, the child will definitely not be safe. For the first three months, I will prescribe some pregnancy-preserving medicine for you to take. As long as you safely get past the first three months, the rest will be easier to talk about. If a natural birth isn't possible, we can consider a cesarean section when the time comes."

If Mo Qingyi really wanted to keep this child, then Chu Jin would do everything possible to help her.

Standing in the shoes of a mother, Chu Jin could quite understand Mo Qingyi's feelings.

She had waited five years for this child, and naturally, she didn't want to let go now.

"Okay, Jin, I'll listen to you," Mo Qingyi nodded again and again.

Chu Jin gave Mo Qingyi a look, then instructed, "Qingyi, your pregnancy is not the same as other pregnant women's. You must be extra careful. From conception to the birth of the child, you cannot have intercourse with Duanmu. Also, from now on, try to move around less and lie in bed more frequently."

"Mmm-mmm, I got it, Jin," Mo Qingyi nodded happily, her tears of joy flowing.

As long as she could give birth to this child, she was willing to pay any price.

While Chu Jin was happy for Mo Qingyi, she also worried for her.

"Jin, do you think it's a boy or a girl? Will it look like me or like Duanmu Xiaosi? What should I name the child?" Mo Qingyi's excitement grew as she contemplated more and more.

Chu Jin smiled, "Do you prefer a boy or a girl?"

"Boy or girl, both are fine, but I hope to be like you, blessed with both a son and a daughter. By the way, Jin, do you think my baby could also be twins like you?" Ding Siyu had triplets, Chu Jin had twins, it wouldn't make sense for her to have only one!

Chu Jin glanced down at Mo Qingyi's belly, "Based on the pulse, it should be a single child, but for specifics, you should go to the hospital to confirm. Better alert the doctor in advance to avoid her spilling the beans to Duanmu. Oh, and I recommend you see Doctor Li, she is quite responsible, and I'm quite familiar with her."

"Mmm-mmm, okay, thanks, Jin," Mo Qingyi said excitedly, hugging Chu Jin's arm.

Chu Jin smiled gently, "We're family; no need to be polite." Chu Jin felt very happy at the prospect of Mo Qingyi successfully having her own child.

For five whole years, probably only Mo Qingyi herself knew how tough her life had been.

That hardship didn't stem from the outside, but from within herself.

When Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi descended the stairs again, they saw the elderly Mrs. Mo and Li Xiangzhi chatting away happily.

Li Xiangzhi was very good at talking. She knew that the person she needed to please most right now was the elderly Mrs. Mo, so every word she uttered was music to Mrs. Mo's ears.

She talked about her difficult past.

She told stories of her and Tong Yuan, occasionally moving the elderly Mrs. Mo to tears.

As Chu Jin supported Mo Qingyi walking over, Mo Qingyi's eyes first fell upon the playing children nearby, and her smile grew even wider.

Soon, she would also have a child, a feeling very delicate indeed.

"Qingyi, Jin, you're here, come sit down," Li Xiangzhi called out warmly for Chu Jin and Mo Qingyi to take a seat.

"Aunt," Chu Jin greeted politely.

Chapter 873: who am I? Where am I?

Madam Mo looked at Mo Qingyi and laughed, "What's happened? Why are you so happy?"

"Guess?" Mo Qingyi slightly blinked, teasingly said, "Anyway, it's something that can make people happy."

"Something that makes people happy?" A hint of confusion flashed in Madam Mo's eyes, "Let me guess, hmm, did your military rank get promoted again?"

"No." Mo Qingyi shook her head.

"Won the lottery?" Madam Mo continued.

"That's not it either, Mom, keep guessing." Mo Qingyi smiled with her eyes.

"I won't guess anymore, I won't guess anymore, you young people have too many tricks, I can't keep up." Madam Mo waved her hand.

Chu Jin peeled an orange for Mo Qingyi and said with a light smile, "Alright Qingyi, stop keeping Mom in suspense, just tell us."

Mo Qingyi cleared her throat, coughed once, then said, "Alright, I'll announce the news now, Mom, please sit tight, I'm afraid you won't be able to handle it when the time comes."

Li Xiangzhi also looked at Mo Qingyi curiously from the side.

Madam Mo glanced at Mo Qingyi and said, "You little rascal, if you're just leading me on, I won't listen."

Mo Qingyi walked over and took a seat next to Madam Mo, wrapping an arm around her shoulder, and said with a grin, "Mom, you're going to be a grandmother."

A few plain words stunned Madam Mo; it took her quite a while to come back to her senses. She looked at Mo Qingyi incredulously and said, "Qingyi, what did you say? Say it again." At that moment, Madam Mo almost thought she was hallucinating.

Seeing Madam Mo's reaction, Mo Qingyi's eyes also became a bit moist. She took a deep breath and continued, "Mom, I'm pregnant."

Pregnant?

Really pregnant!

Madam Mo's eyes widened as she looked at Mo Qingyi, her gaze filled with deep surprise and disbelief; she felt like she was dreaming as she took in her surroundings.

"Qingyi, are you serious? You're really pregnant?" Madam Mo tightly grasped Mo Qingyi's hand. Because of her excessive force, her knuckles turned slightly white, and Mo Qingyi's hand started to ache from the squeeze. Madam Mo was truly very excited.

This feeling was even more thrilling than when she first heard the news of Chu Jin's pregnancy.

She had even prepared herself for the possibility that Mo Qingyi might not have children, but unexpectedly, when she least expected it, this child suddenly came into the world.

The joy was indescribable.

Mo Qingyi nodded, "Yes, I'm pregnant. Jin already confirmed it for me just now."

Madam Mo immediately turned her gaze towards Chu Jin and asked with a trembling voice, "Jin, is what Qingyi said true? You're not playing a joke on me, are you?"

"Mom, it's true, Qingyi is pregnant, she's been so for almost a month now, you're going to be a grandmother," Chu Jin walked over, tightly clutching Madam Mo's hand, with a smile in her eyes.

By now, Chu Jin somewhat understood why Mo Qingyi had to protect this child at all costs.

The continuity of life was not just for the sake of a family's legacy, but also the meaning of being born and living.

Take, for example, the vast Mo family.

If the Mo family's matriarch had not given birth to Mo Zhixuan and not adopted Mo Qingyi, today it would have been desolate and empty.

If a home lacks the presence of family members, it's just a building.

"Good, good, it's really too wonderful! Qingqing, Mom has finally lived to see this day." The Mo family's matriarch couldn't help but shed tears of excitement.

"Mom, why are you crying?" Mo Qingyi choked up as she wiped away the matriarch's tears.

The Mo family's matriarch smiled through her tears, her voice hoarse, "Mom's not crying, Mom is just so happy."

It was tears of immense joy.

Li Xiangzhi immediately said with a laugh, "Sister, you're blessed with continuous fortune and a prosperous family, which truly makes me envious. Qingyi, your aunt congratulates you here." With one sentence, she pleased the Mo family's matriarch and also congratulated Mo Qingyi.

In such an atmosphere, Li Xiangzhi naturally needed to make her presence felt more.

Mo Qingyi smiled at Li Xiangzhi, "Thank you, Auntie." Her previous dislike for Li Xiangzhi lessened by a lot right then.

"Does Little Zhe and your in-laws know this news?" The Mo family's matriarch looked at Mo Qingyi, then asked.

Mo Qingyi shook her head, "I haven't had the chance to tell them yet."

The Mo family's matriarch immediately said, "Then you quickly go back with Little Zhe and tell your in-laws the good news, they will surely be overjoyed, and it's also getting late. Pregnant women shouldn't



go out early or return late." Due to a pregnant woman's low vital energy, they can easily encounter some undesirable things, so they should not go out early or return late.

Mo Qingyi pouted discontentedly, "Mom, are you trying to hurry me away? I had planned to stay over tonight."

"Tonight you must go back and tell your in-laws this great news; they've been waiting for so many years," the Mo family's matriarch said with a warm smile, "You can come over again with Little Zhe tomorrow."

The Mo family's matriarch understood that as a mother herself, it wasn't appropriate to keep Mo Qingyi over for the night, as it would seem a bit disrespectful to Duanmu Zhe's parents.

"I know, Mom." Mo Qingyi took the Mo family's matriarch's arm, "I was just joking with you."

Qinghe soon brought Duanmu Zhe over.

Mo Zhixuan and Mo Fengxu were still playing with the children, and Little Jin was among them. This time he didn't cause any trouble, but he clung to Mo Zhixuan more than usual.

This made Bao Bao and Bei Bei look at Little Jin with guarded eyes, fearful that he might steal their daddy.

Li Xiangzhi kept casting glances over there, unintentionally or intentionally, a hint of brightness in her eyes.

From Mo Zhixuan's behavior, it seemed he didn't dislike Little Jin after all.

"Mom, you called for me?" Duanmu Zhe approached the Mo family's matriarch.

The Mo family's matriarch nodded, her smile warm, "Little Zhe, Qingyi has something she wants to tell you."

Duanmu Zhe looked at Mo Qingyi, somewhat surprised, "Hmm? What do you have to tell me?" He and Mo Qingyi were always together, barely having any secrets from each other. If there was anything to say, why couldn't Mo Qingyi just tell him directly, instead of having the Mo family's matriarch summon him?

Mo Qingyi kept her composure, rising from the sofa, "It's nothing much, just that it's getting late, and we should go home." Saying this, Mo Qingyi playfully winked at the Mo family's matriarch and Chu Jin.

Chu Jin and the Mo family's elderly matriarch kept their understanding to themselves, their eyes and brows brimming with smiles.

"It's still early," Duanmu Zhe looked down at his watch, "it's only 8 o'clock. We can still play for a while."

Duanmu Zhe also really enjoyed spending time with the children.

Although he didn't have children of his own yet, seeing the smiles on the children's faces brought him immense satisfaction.

"Mom and Dad go to bed at nine sharp, let's hurry back," Mo Qingyi, hanging onto Duanmu Zhe's arm, couldn't contain the joy in her eyes.

Duanmu Zhe was utterly confused and continued to be so, until Mo Qingyi took him outside the gates of the imperial palace, still somewhat dazed.

"What's going on, Qingyi?"

Mo Qingyi gave a secretive smile, "Let's go home first, I'll tell you when we're back." They still had to drive home, and Mo Qingyi was afraid Duanmu Zhe would get too excited to drive properly.

"So mysterious?" Curiosity sparkled in Duanmu Zhe's eyes, "What on earth happened for you to be so happy?" It had been a long time since he had seen Mo Qingyi this happy, a joy so infectious it seemed to radiate from within.

"Get in the car first," Mo Qingyi got to the car before Duanmu Zhe and opened the passenger door, sitting down.

Duanmu Zhe felt as if a cat was tickling him inside, his curiosity unbearable, but no matter how he asked, Mo Qingyi simply wouldn't spill the beans.

Ten minutes later, the car stopped in front of the Duanmu family's villa.

As soon as Mo Qingyi stepped out of the car, Duanmu Zhe circled around to her side, propping one hand on the car body and the other on the door, trapping Mo Qingyi between him and the car with a "car dong" move.

Under the starlight, a sly twinkle fleeted across Mo Qingyi's eyes, like a cute little fox.

"Come on, tell grandpa what happened," Duanmu Zhe leaned in, his forehead almost touching Mo Qingyi's, their breaths intertwining in an intimate atmosphere.

Mo Qingyi's lips curled into a faint smile, "I'm not telling, it'll kill you with curiosity."

"Are you really not telling or just pretending?" Duanmu Zhe's voice was low and husky.

"Of course I am..." Before she could finish her sentence, Duanmu Zhe cut her off with a kiss, murmuring, "Then I'll just keep kissing you until you tell."

Mo Qingyi clung to his neck, getting lost in the kiss he led.

That kiss was far too long, leaving both of them gasping for air.

Mo Qingyi, with her hands around Duanmu Zhe's neck, looked at him earnestly, her eyes dark and intense. She spoke slowly, enunciating each word, "Duanmu Zhe, I'm pregnant."

When Duanmu Zhe heard these seven words, he was totally stunned, unable to react.

"What did you say?"

"I'm pregnant!" Mo Qingyi repeated, her tone light.

Duanmu Zhe froze on the spot, his expression almost petrified. He didn't even know how to express his excitement.

Two thoughts appeared in his mind.

Who am I?

Where am I?

"Duanmu Zhe? Have you gone dumb?" Mo Qingyi waved her hand in front of his face.

Duanmu Zhe still wore that dazed expression.

It seemed he had really gone dumbfounded.

"Duanmu Zhe?" Mo Qingyi patted his head.

In that moment, Duanmu Zhe snapped back to his senses, grabbed Mo Qingyi's hand, and then hugged her tightly, trembling slightly without saying a word.

Joy, happiness, bittersweet feelings...

All of these emotions mingled together.

After a long while, Duanmu Zhe finally burst out, overwhelmed with emotion, "Qingyi, tell me I'm not dreaming, tell me..."

This child's arrival was utterly unexpected.

In fact, Duanmu Zhe had prepared himself to never be a father in this lifetime!

But unexpectedly...

"Silly, of course this isn't a dream, this is real. I'm going to be a mother, and you're going to be a father," Mo Qingyi patted Duanmu Zhe's shoulder.

This wasn't a dream; all of this was truly happening.

"That's wonderful, just wonderful!" Duanmu Zhe, thrilled, picked up Mo Qingyi, "I'm going to be a dad! Qingyi! I'm going to be a dad! I'm so happy! I'm so thrilled! Thank you!"

After so many years of anticipation, how could he not be thrilled?

"Put me down! You're making me dizzy spinning me around like that!" Mo Qingyi slapped at Duanmu Zhe's hands.

She was in the early stages of pregnancy and, unlike other pregnant women, was experiencing severe reactions. Duanmu Zhe's spinning made Mo Qingyi feel a surge of nausea, more intense than motion sickness.

Duanmu Zhe immediately became anxious and set Mo Qingyi down, "Qingyi, are you okay?"

The moment Mo Qingyi's feet touched the ground, she covered her mouth and rushed to a nearby trashcan to retch.

Duanmu Zhe patted Mo Qingyi's back frantically, "Qingyi, are you alright? Why such a strong reaction?"

"Give me water," Mo Qingyi reached out to Duanmu Zhe.

Duanmu Zhe quickly stood up, fetched a bottle of mineral water from the car, opened it, handed it to Mo Qingyi, and kindly drew a few napkins for her as well.

"Qingyi, are you okay? Why are you still throwing up?" With the news of Mo Qingyi's pregnancy, Duanmu Zhe had been overjoyed, but now seeing Mo Qingyi vomiting like that, he was deeply concerned.

After rinsing her mouth, Mo Qingyi finally felt better, "I'm fine, haven't you watched TV dramas? Pregnant women vomit."

Chapter 874: If You Can Bear It, Then Bear It

The two entered the house.

Zhou Jin and Duanmu Canghai were watching TV in the living room.

"Mom and Dad, we're back." Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi walked in hand in hand from outside.

"Little Zhe and Qingyi are back," Zhou Jin said with a smile, looking up, "This is the jackfruit Uncle Lin brought over this morning. It's really sweet. Come and try some."

Two plates of peeled jackfruit were on the table, golden in color, full of flesh, and emitting a mildly sweet aroma.

However, as soon as Mo Qingyi smelled the scent, she covered her nose and ran to the bathroom, squatting beside the toilet and vomiting violently.

The sense of smell of a pregnant woman is different from others.

Seeing Mo Qingyi like this, Duanmu Zhe was just about to follow, but Duanmu Canghai pulled Duanmu Zhe back, looking a bit anxious, "What's wrong with your wife? The jackfruit doesn't even stink, why is she reacting so strongly?"

Zhou Jin glanced at the jackfruit on the table and then at Mo Qingyi in the bathroom. A glint of realization flashed in her eyes, and she immediately stood up, grabbing Duanmu Zhe's hand tightly, "Little Zhe, tell Mom, is Qingyi... is she pregnant?"

Indeed, a woman's intuition can be much finer than a man's.

Duanmu Zhe looked at Zhou Jin and nodded seriously, "Yes, Mom, congratulations, you're going to be a grandmother."

"Really?" Zhou Jin's voice shook with excitement, her eyes brimming with tears.

The heartache she felt upon seeing Mo Qingyi's infertility report was equal to the elation she felt now!

"Really!" Duanmu Zhe nodded, "You're truly going to be a grandmother!"

Zhou Jin burst into tears immediately.

Duanmu Canghai was still relatively calm; he turned to Duanmu Zhe and asked in a deep voice, "So, am I going to be a grandfather?"

The term 'grandfather' felt very unfamiliar.

Duanmu Canghai had never been a grandfather before; he had only been a grandfather-in-law.

"Yes, Mom and Dad, congratulations, you're about to be promoted," Duanmu Zhe was equally thrilled.

"Canghai..." Zhou Jin hugged Duanmu Canghai uncontrollably.

Duanmu Canghai hugged his wife tightly, murmuring, "Good, this is really wonderful, so wonderful..."

After they embraced for a moment, Zhou Jin immediately pushed Duanmu Canghai away, wiping the tears from her face, she turned to Duanmu Zhe, "Go check on Qingyi and see how she is doing!"

"Alright, I'll go right now." Duanmu Zhe ran towards the washroom.

Watching Duanmu Zhe leave, Zhou Jin took the two plates of jackfruit to Duanmu Canghai's hands, "Canghai, distribute these plates of jackfruit to Auntie Wu and the others, then have someone prepare some acidic and sweet fruits, and also, by the way, heat up a glass of milk. Never mind, I'll heat the milk myself, just go and prepare what I told you."

"Got it, I'll go right away." Duanmu Canghai carried the jackfruit toward the servants' quarters.

Zhou Jin went to heat the milk.

Pregnant women should drink more milk to replenish their energy.

The couple sprang into action.

Thus, when Mo Qingyi and Duanmu Zhe came out, the spacious living room was unexpectedly empty.

"Where are Mom and Dad?" Mo Qingyi looked around curiously.

Duanmu Zhe also a bit baffled, said, "They couldn't have sneaked off to the bedroom to secretly eat the jackfruit because you couldn't stand its smell, could they?" He noticed the absence of the two plates of jackfruit from the table.



Mo Qingyi raised an eyebrow slightly, "That shouldn't be possible, right?" Zhou Jin and Duanmu Canghai were not those sorts of people.

No sooner had she spoken than Zhou Jin came over with a warm glass of milk from the kitchen's direction, "Qingyi, Mom warmed some milk for you, drink it while it's hot."

Duanmu Canghai also came from another direction with a tray full of fresh fruits, "Qingyi, these are the fresh fruits your Mom asked me to prepare for you. I wasn't sure what you liked most, so I had a little bit of everything prepared."

"Come on, drink the milk first, then eat the fruit." Zhou Jin took Mo Qingyi to sit on the sofa and continued, "Qingyi, pregnant women should drink more milk; it helps with calcium supplement, and it's also good for the baby's skin."

Mo Qingyi looked at Zhou Jin with some surprise, "Mom, you already know?"

"Yes, Little Zhe told us, you really should have informed us about something as big as pregnancy!" Zhou Jin chided.

Mo Qingyi smiled faintly, "I just confirmed my pregnancy today. Before that, it was simply a guess."

Zhou Jin said with a laugh, "Have you been to the hospital? How far along are you? When is the due date, so I can prepare everything."

Mo Qingyi shook her head slightly, "I haven't been to the hospital yet, but I had my sister-in-law check my pulse. She said I'm almost one month pregnant now."

Zhou Jin had absolute trust in Chu Jin's medical skills.

Hearing this, Zhou Jin nodded and said with a smile, "Based on that, your due date should be around May next year. That's a good time, the weather is neither cold nor hot, perfect for the confinement period."

Duanmu Canghai then spoke up, "Qingyi, you've been injured before, and now that you're pregnant, you should be even more careful. Tomorrow, let Little Zhe help your brother report that it's best you don't go to the military base until the baby reaches its first hundred days. Stay home and take good care of yourself."

"Exactly, exactly, your dad has thought everything through. Little Zhe, hurry up and take care of this matter tomorrow," Zhou Jin also added.

"Alright, mom and dad, don't worry," Duanmu Zhe was very happy as well.

"That's wonderful... truly wonderful..." Zhou Jin held Mo Qingyi's hand, her face brimming with joy.

The next day.

Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan came to visit the Duanmu Family with Bao Bao and Bei Bei.

Chu Jin's main purpose was to bring medicine for Mo Qingyi.

Upon hearing Chu Jin's words, Zhou Jin said with surprise, "Madam Chu, does Qingyi need to take so many medicines?" Medicine has its toxic side, and Zhou Jin was worried about the effects on the fetus.

Chu Jin said with a light smile, "Auntie, you don't need to worry, the medicines I've prescribed are all for stabilizing the pregnancy and won't affect either the adults or the child. Qingyi has been injured before, so her constitution differs from that of an ordinary pregnant woman. She needs to pay more attention to rest, avoid overwork, and not get angry. We will need to trouble you and uncle to look after her more in our daily life."

"Alright, Madam Chu, we will certainly pay more attention. But are you sure the medicine is alright?" Zhou Jin was still somewhat concerned.

How many pregnant women these days take medicine?

Chu Jin shook her head slightly, "It's really fine, please don't worry."

Mo Qingyi took hold of Zhou Jin's hand to comfort her, "Mom, don't worry. Don't you trust my sister-in-law's medical skills? These traditional medicines don't have the strong side effects that Western medicines do."

With those words, Zhou Jin was reassured, "Then I'll leave everything in Madam Chu's capable hands."

"You're too polite, we're all family here," Chu Jin said with a faint smile.

Bao Bao and Bei Bei were playing very happily at the side.

Mo Qingyi, looking at Bao Bao and Bei Bei, her face showing a hint of a smile, called out, "Bao Bao, Bei Bei, come here for a moment."

"Auntie!" Bao Bao and Bei Bei ran over to Mo Qingyi without a moment's delay.

"Bao Bao and Bei Bei, do you think auntie has a little brother or a little sister in her belly?" Mo Qingyi, touching her stomach, looked at Bao Bao and Bei Bei with a smile.

Previously, Bao Bao had accurately predicted the gender of Ding Siyu's child in her belly, so surely today he could do it again.

Mo Qingyi was filled with anticipation for Bao Bao and Bei Bei's answer.

"It's a little brother," Bao Bao and Bei Bei said in unison.

"Really?" Mo Qingyi arched her brows, a smile playing at her lips.

Chu Jin patted Bao Bao and Bei Bei's little heads and said softly, "Right now, the baby in auntie's belly is not fully developed yet, how can you two tell?" An embryo at one month was still like a little tadpole, so the credibility of Bao Bao and Bei Bei's claim was not high.

"It's a brother!" Bei Bei patted his chest, "I guarantee it!"

"Yes!" Bao Bao was also very serious, "I guarantee it too!"

The children couldn't actually see, but rather they possessed a special ability. As soon as Mo Qingyi asked the question, the words 'little brother' naturally flashed in their minds.

Of course, whether this was reliable or not was another matter.

Seeing the two children so adorable, everyone else laughed softly.

The imperial palace.

In the east wing room.

Tong Qiaoqiao was educating Little Jinzi with Li Xiangzhi.

Li Xiangzhi spoke earnestly, "Little Jinzi, you must make your grandmother proud. You have to outdo Bao Bao and Bei Bei."

Little Jinzi pouted, his eyes red as he said, "Mom, Grandma, I don't like Bao Bao and Bei Bei at all! Let's leave here quickly!"

Back at home, Little Jinzi was a little tyrant who could bully other kids as he pleased, and none of them dared to fight back. But since arriving at the Mo family, he'd lost this privilege.

Bao Bao and Bei Bei were not ones to mess with. Without even touching them, they would fight back immediately!

They didn't know to yield to him at all!

Little Jinzi was used to bullying others. Now, he couldn't bully Bao Bao and Bei Bei, which made him very uncomfortable!

So he didn't want to stay here. He wanted to go back to the place he'd lived before and become the little tyrant again, bullying anyone he wanted without anyone daring to retaliate!

Upon hearing this, Tong Qiaoqiao squatted down to be at eye level with Tong Tianjin and then spoke.

"Tianjin, this place is the imperial palace, not somewhere just anyone can live. Besides, you live here with the best foods and drinks and so many fun things to do. If you leave, you'll never find a place as good as this. Think about where we used to live. Can it compare to here? Have you ever played in such a big amusement park before? Have you ever eaten so many delicious things? This is what the imperial palace has to offer. Think about it, do you still want to leave?"

Tong Tianjin thought about the changes since coming here and then shook his head, "I won't leave, I want to stay here. But, Mom, I really hate Bao Bao and Bei Bei, they are bad kids! And Xiangru and Yimo, they actually want me to call them auntie and uncle! I am older than them! They should call me big brother! I really hate them! I don't want to play with them!"

Li Xiangzhi laughed, "You don't need to bother about those wild kids Xiangru and Yimo. Don't call them any auntie or uncle. I don't know where they get the nerve to make you call them that – they're just foundlings! You don't know how many times more noble you are! It's only Tong Zhi who thinks of those two foundlings as treasures. It's truly embarrassing!"

Tong Qiaoqiao immediately stopped Li Xiangzhi's words, "Mom, don't talk nonsense in front of Tianjin, be careful not to offend Tong Zhi."

"Afraid of her? Why should I be?" Li Xiangzhi sneered coldly. "We don't live off her, and what I said is just the truth. She should look at what kind of pedigree our Little Jinzi has and then look at those two

wild children. They actually want our Little Jinzi to call them auntie and uncle – where does she get such gall! Little Jinzi, you don't bother with them, just call them by their names. You're a genuine bloodline of the Tong family, how can you be compared to those wild foundlings?"

Li Xiangzhi did not take Tong Zhi seriously.

Especially after Tong Zhi proposed to the Mo family matriarch last night that they should move out of the imperial palace as soon as possible.

Tong Zhi really knew how to meddle. How did their living in the imperial palace bother her?

Why should she put her oar in?

The more Li Xiangzhi thought about it, the more upset she became.

Upon hearing this, Tong Tianjin nodded seriously, "Alright, Grandma, I understand." Little Tianjin was so young but already so full of himself, thinking he was above everyone else because of his Tong family bloodline.

Li Xiangzhi went on, "Little Jinzi, but for now, you can't have any conflicts with Bao Bao and Bei Bei, understand? Even if you want to bully them, you can only do it sneakily, placing obstacles in their path – you can't make it obvious. On the surface, you still have to get along with them well."

After all, Bao Bao and Bei Bei are the Mo family's direct lineage.

Plus, according to Li Xiangzhi's observations from last night, the Mo family matriarch didn't seem to dislike the twins as much as she'd imagined; on the contrary, she seemed rather fond of them.

Li Xiangzhi was uncertain if this fondness was genuine or just a performance for their benefit.

So, Little Jinzi must not offend Bao Bao and Bei Bei for the time being.

"Why though? I just find them annoying, and I really want to beat them!" Tong Tianjin said through clenched teeth!

Li Xiangzhi sighed, feeling sorry to see her grandson so aggrieved. Then she said,

"Little Jinzi, be good. We are under someone else's roof here. Just like Bao Bao said last night, this is their home. While in their home, we must keep our heads down and make everyone happy, especially your great-aunt. If you can make her happy, you'll get whatever you want in the future."

Tong Tianjin looked at Li Xiangzhi, puzzled, "Grandma, why isn't this our home? I like it here, and I like that huge amusement park. But Bao Bao says he is the owner of the amusement park, even though I am older and have the Tong family's bloodline. If anyone should be the owner, it should be me! How can it be his turn?"

Discontentment filled Tong Tianjin's face as he spoke.

Li Xiangzhi smiled and said, "Little Jinzi, you are a sensible child. If you listen to Grandma, all of this will belong to you one day, including that large amusement park. Without your permission, no one else will be allowed to play there! As for Bao Bao and Bei Bei, they will be like two piles of dog poo; you'll be able to bully them however you want!"

As long as Tong Qiaoqiao successfully becomes involved with Mo Zhixuan, and Little Tianjin proves himself superior to Bao Bao and Bei Bei, he will naturally inherit everything in due course.

The water from one's own pond shouldn't flow into others' fields. After all, Tong Tianjin's surname is Tong.

It's always necessary to help one's own family.

The Mo family matriarch isn't a fool.

She knew what she had to do.

Li Xiangzhi had planned the future very well.

Bao Bao and Bei Bei were worthless, and it was only right that the excellent Tong Tianjin would inherit the leadership.

Upon hearing this, Tong Tianjin's eyes lit up, and he asked in some disbelief, "Grandma, is everything you said true? Will I be the leader in the future? Can I bully Bao Bao and Bei Bei as much as I want?"

"Of course, you are Grandma's little darling, and Grandma would never lie to you," Li Xiangzhi said with a smug smile in her eyes, "But from now on, you must listen to Grandma. Whatever Grandma tells you to do, you do it, got it?"

"Ok, Grandma, I'll listen to everything you say," Tong Tianjin nodded.

"My little Tianjin is so obedient," Li Xiangzhi said with satisfaction as she caressed Tianjin's cheeks, then picked up a bowl of bird's nest soup from the table and handed it to him, adding, "Tianjin, this is the bird's nest your mother stewed personally for your grandaunt. But since your mother got up too early and caught a cold, she can't deliver it herself, so you'll bring it to her, ok? Remember to have a good chat with your grandaunt and make her laugh a lot."

Looking at Tong Qiaoqiao, Tianjin asked with some confusion, "Grandma, isn't my mother standing right there in good health?" Besides, this bird's nest wasn't even stewed by Tong Qiaoqiao; it was stewed by the servants...

Li Xiangzhi laughed, "Just remember that from now on, your mother caught a cold because she got up early to stew bird's nest."

Tong Tianjin was a clever child, and upon hearing this, he immediately understood Li Xiangzhi's meaning and nodded quickly, "Ok, Grandma, I will definitely let Grand-Aunt know about my mom's filial piety."

"Good, off you go," Li Xiangzhi said as she patted little Tianjin's head and continued, "Also, find a chance to show your grandaunt the new special ability you've learned recently."



Without comparison, there is no hurt.

Those two little useless ones surely didn't possess even a hint of special ability.

If the old Madam Mo could only see such an outstanding child like little Tianjin, she would surely grow more and more disgusted with those two useless children, transferring all her care and love onto Tianjin.

Li Xiangzhi's calculations were clicking and clacking in her mind.

Old and cunning, that was all there was to it.

Unfortunately, in her scheming, she ended up losing the grand Tong family.

Little Tianjin went off with the bird's nest towards where old Madam Mo stayed.

Watching Tianjin's retreating figure, Li Xiangzhi stood up from the ground and said with a smile, "Next, we should prepare for the second step." Time was pressing; they had to accelerate the pace and complete the entire plan.

Tong Qiaoqiao nodded.

Old Madam Mo sat in the living room, knitting sweaters for Bao Bao and Bei Bei.

Although one could buy ready-made sweaters nowadays, old Madam Mo insisted on knitting sweaters for Bao Bao and Bei Bei every year before the fall.

She wasn't knitting sweaters, but weaving a dense affection.

She loved Bao Bao and Bei Bei, perhaps even more than she loved herself.

"Grandaunt," little Tianjin said, carrying the bird's nest steadily towards old Madam Mo.

"Tianjin, you're here, where is your mother?" old Madam Mo lifted her gaze to Tianjin.

Although last night's behavior had displeased old Madam Mo, after all, it was in the past, and since Tianjin was just a child, there was no need to take him too seriously. Not every child could be as outstanding, sensible, and obedient as Bao Bao and Bei Bei.

Just the thought of the two adorable Bao Bao and Bei Bei filled old Madam Mo's eyes with doting smiles.

To take a step back, since Tianjin was now the only lineage of the Tong family, it was bearable, so old Madam Mo bore with it.

Anyway, they wouldn't stay in the imperial palace for too many days.

Little Tianjin handed the bird's nest to old Madam Mo, "Grandaunt, my mom has a slight cold, so she can't visit you for now, but this bird's nest is specially stewed by her for you, for a full five hours. Please try it."

Upon hearing this, a flicker of surprise crossed old Madam Mo's eyes, "Your mother is thoughtful." Tong Qiaoqiao was also a good child with filial piety, to think that she would stew bird's nest herself for her.

Tianjin said with a smile, "Grandaunt, this is what my mom should do. You are the elder, and she is the younger, it's right for her to honor you. And just like my mom, I will also take good care of you in the future." Influenced by Li Xiangzhi and Tong Qiaoqiao, Tianjin's insincere words flowed easily.

But old Madam Mo listened with great pleasure, for children don't speak falsehoods, and besides, this Tong Tianjin was of the Tong family's bloodline, and the Tong family were always upright, virtuous, and kind.

"Good child," old Madam Mo's face brimmed with kindness, "Then let me taste this bird's nest soup."

Chapter 875: perform a show

"Sure, please try it quickly; it won't taste good once it's cooled." Xiao Jinzi nodded eagerly.

Bird's nest soup is a tonic and naturally wouldn't be made in large quantities, so after just a couple of sips, the old Madam Mo finished it and smiled, "Your mother's cooking skills really aren't bad at all--give her my thanks when you go back."

"Granny, you're too polite; this is all my mother should do." Xiao Jinzi said with a smile, his eyes landing on the sweater on the sofa with a bit of curiosity, "Granny, what are you doing here?"

Old Madam Mo explained with a smile, "Autumn is approaching, and this is a sweater I'm knitting for Bao Bao and Bei Bei."

"Granny, you're amazing--you can even knit sweaters!" Xiao Jinzi's eyes shone with admiration, and he continued, "My grandma can't do anything! She has never knitted a sweater for me. It's nice to have a grandma... I wish I had one too..." As he spoke, Xiao Jinzi's gaze gradually dimmed, looking very pitiable.

Old Madam Mo's heart softened at this pitiful sight, and she quickly embraced Xiao Jinzi, comforting him, "Good child, don't be sad. You have a granny too; from now on, granny will dote on you."

Xiao Jinzi began to cry out loud, "Granny, thank you. I want a sweater like this too; could you give me one?"

"Of course, I can." Old Madam Mo nodded, picked up the tape measure beside her, and said to Xiao Jinzi, "Come here, let granny take your measurements."

Xiao Jinzi rubbed his eyes, and a quick flash of triumphant gleam passed through his swollen red eyes.

Having charmed Granny so successfully, his grandma and mother would surely be very happy when he got back.

Old Madam Mo took Xiao Jinzi's measurements and wrote them down seriously.

After all, Xiao Jinzi was two years older than Bao Bao and Bei Bei, so his height and size were different.

Looking at Old Madam Mo with anticipation, Xiao Jinzi said, "Granny, when will you finish? I can't wait to wear it, and you're the first person to make clothes for me."

Xiao Jinzi appeared very excited.

Old Madam Mo replied with a smile, "Don't worry; once I finish Bao Bao and Bei Bei's clothes, I'll make yours. I'll have someone send it to you then. Rest assured, it will be done before autumn."

At these words, a hint of impatience flashed through Xiao Jinzi's eyes. Those Bao Bao and Bei Bei are so annoying! They're everywhere! Now they're even competing with him for Granny's attention!

Shameless!

Xiao Jinzi's eyes flickered, and embracing Old Madam Mo's arm, he cooed, "Granny, could you please knit my sweater first? No one has ever knit one for me before; I'm not as fortunate as Bao Bao and Bei Bei to have a grandma who makes clothes for them..." His voice was filled with grievance as he spoke.

Indeed, Xiao Jinzi was quite pitiable.

He had no father and no grandparents...

He lacked so many loving and caring people around him.

In that instant, Old Madam Mo's heart melted.

She looked at Xiao Jinzi and continued, "Alright, alright, granny promises you. Don't be sad anymore, Xiao Jinzi."

"Thank you, Granny. You're the best." Xiao Jinzi hugged Old Madam Mo's neck excitedly and acted spoiled.

Old Madam Mo also smiled happily.

Li Xiangzhi stood outside the door, very satisfied with all that was unfolding.

Everything was proceeding in an orderly fashion according to her plan.

Seeing that Xiao Jinzi had completed the task so brilliantly, Li Xiangzhi left quietly.

"Granny, I don't really have anything to thank you with, so how about I demonstrate the special ability I've recently learned?" Xiao Jinzi looked at Old Madam Mo considerately.

Old Madam Mo smiled and said, "It's hard to be so sensible at such a young age, then go ahead and perform it for granny."

Xiao Jinzi happily demonstrated his newly learned special ability for Old Madam Mo.

Old Madam Mo watched happily and even applauded, "Xiao Jinzi is really amazing."

With that, Xiao Jinzi became even more proud of himself.

He scoffed inwardly at Old Madam Mo; she had seen nothing yet. The truly impressive abilities were yet to come.

But then he thought about it; those twin brothers were just good-for-nothings after all and probably couldn't even learn the most basic special ability, no wonder Old Madam Mo applauded for him.

For a moment, Xiao Jinzi was extremely proud and proceeded to demonstrate an even more advanced special ability to Old Madam Mo.

Just then, the voices of Bao Bao and Bei Bei came from outside the door, "Granny, Granny, we're back!"

Hearing the voices of Bao Bao and Bei Bei, Xiao Jinzi held his head even higher. Those two good-for-nothings would surely be stunned when they saw the outstanding him-- after all, not everyone can learn special abilities.

"Bao Bao, Bei Bei, over here." Old Madam Mo stood up with laughter in her eyes.

"Granny, we've missed you so much." Bao Bao and Bei Bei climbed onto the sofa, one massaging Old Madam Mo's legs, the other kneading her shoulders.

Old Madam Mo was overjoyed and couldn't stop smiling.

Xiao Jinzi was still performing his water-based special ability, creating a water dragon that surged directly towards Bao Bao.

Bao Bao didn't even glance at Xiao Jinzi, unsure what he was proud of. Water-based abilities were the lowest level in the Superpower World; he'd stopped playing with that when he was two. Yet, Xiao Jinzi was now showing it off like treasure.

Nonchalantly, Bao Bao picked up a grape from the table and tossed it toward the water dragon.

Instantly,

There was a splash, and the backwash drenched Xiao Jinzi from head to toe.

Xiao Jinzi hadn't even had time to react before he was completely soaked; he stood there, stunned.

What happened?

The water was supposed to drench Bao Bao, so why did it end up on him instead?

Xiao Jinzi had intended to use this opportunity to teach Bao Bao and Bei Bei a lesson, to make them recognize his prowess.

But instead, it was he who ended up drenched!

Could there be some problem here?

Before Little Gold could react, a slapping sound arose from the air, "Wow! Little Gold, you're so amazing, the show you've performed is so incredible!" Bao Bao played the trick of playing dumb.

Bei Bei also said with a face full of admiration, "Yeah, that's right, Little Gold, you're really impressive, perform another one for us, please."

The two siblings sang praises in turn, leading Little Gold in circles.

Madam Mo couldn't detect anything amiss and truly thought that Little Gold was performing some kind of show.

Little Gold looked at Bao Bao and Bei Bei with a smug expression and spoke, "Wait, I'll perform another one for you."

Little Gold once again conjured a water dragon, only this time, he shifted his target toward Bei Bei.

Bei Bei curled her lips slightly. Though she didn't understand special abilities, she was trained in ancient martial arts, Qimen Dunjia, and Bagua, and solving a minor low-level special ability wasn't a problem for her.

Don't think that Bao Bao and Bei Bei are only four years old, but they are clever indeed, no one can take advantage of them.

And so, Little Gold was once again drenched by the water.

His clothes were completely soaked through.

Bei Bei jumped up and clapped her hands, "Wow, Little Gold, you're so great, it's really fun, why not perform another one for us?"

Watching someone get drenched like a drowned rat, of course, was amusing.

The key was, Little Gold had no clue that he was being deliberately fooled by Bao Bao and Bei Bei, and continued to act arrogantly and domineeringly in front of them.

Even soaked, he thought he was better than two nobodies!

In front of Bao Bao and Bei Bei, Tong Tianjin was full of a sense of superiority.

Little did he know, in the eyes of Bao Bao and Bei Bei, he was just a clown jumping on the beams.

"Qinghe, quickly get a clean towel, look at this child, all drenched!" Madam Mo said with a face full of distress, "You silly child, it's fine to perform, but why get yourself so wet?"

Little Gold said with a grin, trying to please, "As long as it can make Grandma and my younger siblings happy, even if Little Gold has to pay more, Little Gold is willing."

Bei Bei also said with a smile, "Little Gold, you really have filial piety."

Madam Mo turned toward Qinghe, "Qinghe, quickly send Little Gold back to the east wing room, don't let the child catch a cold."

Qinghe glanced at Madam Mo and then answered, "Okay, madam, I understand."



To show how well-behaved and clever he was, Little Gold obediently followed Qinghe away.

However, no sooner had Little Gold left, Bao Bao and Bei Bei couldn't hold back any longer and burst into loud laughter.

The two little fellows laughed so hard they couldn't even stand up straight.

"You two little mischievous sprites!" Madam Mo said laughing as she poked Bao Bao and Bei Bei's heads, "You are not allowed to trick Little Gold next time."

Although Madam Mo was old, she was not confused; she obviously knew that what happened just now was related to Bao Bao and Bei Bei.

She also saw through Little Gold's tricks.

Because she saw through Little Gold's tricks, that's why Madam Mo didn't expose Bao Bao and Bei Bei's lies, but went along with Little Gold's narrative.

It seems now that Little Gold isn't as naive as he appears on the surface; this child, though young, harbors no small ambitions, and at such a tender age, he already knows how to scheme. Did he really think her two grandsons would take that lying down?

"Grandma, wasn't it fun just now?" Bao Bao laughed so hard he couldn't straighten his back.

"Enough, enough, stop laughing," Madam Mo said, holding Bao Bao and Bei Bei's hands and speaking with a smile, "Bao Bao and Bei Bei, Little Gold, you see, he's not like you; he has been without a father since he was little, if in the future he doesn't provoke you, then don't provoke him. After all, he won't be staying here for many more days."

"No father?" Bei Bei looked at Madam Mo, a fleeting look of pity in her eyes, "Then he's really pitiful, grandma, where is his father?"

Bei Bei, kind-hearted since childhood, instantly regretted her actions just now upon hearing that Little Gold had no father.

A child without a father is the most pitiable.

Bei Bei's big eyes turned red.

Madam Mo sighed, "His father left him when he was very young, so, if possible, let him have his way from time to time; he's a pitiful child too."

"Okay, grandma, I understand." Bei Bei nodded her head considerably.

Bao Bao puffed up his cheeks, and then said, "Grandma, although he is quite pitiful, having no father can't be his capital to bully others. If he doesn't bully me, that's fine. If he bullies me and my sister, I will certainly fight back." Bao Bao is a very calm baby, and in temperament, he's more like Mo Zhixuan.

Bei Bei is a throwback, with a brain like Chu Jin and a temperament a bit like Madam Mo.

Kindness, that's her greatest weakness.

Madam Mo nodded, "Naturally, the grandchildren of the Mo family must not be bullied by others."

Bao Bao and Bei Bei are the darlings of Madam Mo's heart, of course, she wouldn't allow others to bully them.

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At the roadside bakery.

Duanmu Sheng sat in her office, opposite her were Lin Hong and his wife, Lin Lan.

The assistant brought three cups of hot tea to the three of them, and the rising steam seemed to create a barrier between their gazes.

Duanmu Sheng took a sip of her tea, then spoke with a brimming smile, "Aunt and uncle, please have some tea."

"We're not thirsty, Sheng Sheng, no need to be so polite. Actually, the reason we came here was to discuss something with you," Lin Lan said softly, a hint of hesitation in her eyes.

Duanmu Sheng smiled faintly, "Aunt and uncle, I've been raised under your watchful eyes since I was little, whatever it is, just speak to me directly."

Duanmu Sheng could tell that Lin Hong and Lin Lan had something serious to say.

"Sheng Sheng, take a look at this first." Lin Lan handed a document to Duanmu Sheng.

#### Chapter 876: The Mystery of Situ Ya's Birth

Duanmu Sheng took the file and pulled out a letter from inside.

This was the blood letter that Lin Xiyuan had left behind on that day.

Such a letter could only be seen by close kin, but now, through a special method used by Lin Lan and Lin Hong, Duanmu Sheng could also see this letter.

As Duanmu Sheng looked at the letter, her eyebrows were tightly furrowed.

Rather than a letter, it was more accurate to say that this was Xi He's confession.

It clearly outlined how Xi He had transformed into Lin Xiyuan, how Lin Xiyuan had sabotaged the relationship between Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi, and even how the poisoning and shooting of Mo Qingyi had been the work of Lin Xiyuan.

Upon seeing this letter, Duanmu Sheng was so angry that she trembled all over.

She had never imagined that Xi He could make such a comeback, taking over Lin Xiyuan's body—no wonder that day Lin Hong and Lin Lan had such strange expressions after reading the letter.

"Uncle, Auntie, where is Xi He now?" Duanmu Sheng asked Lin Hong and Lin Lan, her expression somewhat stern.

The thought that Mo Qingyi had almost been killed by Xi He made Duanmu Sheng wish she could kill Xi He herself.

This Xi He was truly something, having deceived everyone.

Even she had not seen through Xi He.

Lin Lan sighed, "Your uncle and I also don't know where she is now, Sheng Sheng, I know our Lin family has wronged your family, and I can't face your parents anymore. But rest assured, as soon as we see Xi He, we will definitely call the police."

They had been searching for Xi He for a long time, but despite the time that had passed, there was still no word from Xi He.

In any case, Xi He owed Duanmu Zhe and Mo Qingyi an apology.

Duanmu Sheng was still rational, "Uncle, Auntie, I know this has nothing to do with you. After all, you were kept in the dark too. By the way, you've come this time because of the matter with Yuya, haven't you?" Duanmu Sheng was an understanding person; she naturally knew why the Lins had come.

"Yes, Sheng Sheng, look, can you help me pass a message to that child?" Lin Lan nodded, her eyes flickering with plea.

In Xi He's blood letter, it was mentioned that actually Lin Yuya was Lin Xiyuan's twin sister.

That year, Lin Lan was carrying twins, but during childbirth, she was informed that one of the babies was innately deficient and had died at birth.

The stillborn baby was left to the hospital to handle, and unexpectedly, when the child was thrown away, she miraculously survived and was found by the unwed Qin Ling.

Qin Ling was Lin Yuya's adoptive mother.

In order not to let Lin Yuya know that she was found, her adoptive mother spun a lie, telling Lin Yuya that she had divorced her father.

Now, Lin Hong and Lin Lan wished to acknowledge Lin Yuya as their own.

They had already lost their daughter Lin Xiyuan; they had to acknowledge Lin Yuya no matter what.

This was the only good deed Xi He did before she left.

Upon seeing the letter, the Lins did not believe this fact. They took ten days to investigate the matter and also had blood samples taken for comparison before confirming that what Xi He had written in the letter was true.

Actually, when Xi He saw Situ Ya at the bakery, she had secretly been vigilant, as the girl's brows and eyes looked too much like Lin Xiyuan, prompting an investigation that finally unearthed the long-buried answer.

It turned out that Situ Ya was truly a child of the Lin family, and moreover, she was Lin Xiyuan's twin sister.

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Sheng pursed her lips, "Auntie, I can help you with this, but I have one condition."

"What condition, tell me." Lin Lan was eager.

As long as it was within her power, she would surely satisfy Duanmu Sheng.

Duanmu Sheng continued, "Let me borrow this letter for a while. Xi He caused so much harm to my brother and sister; I don't want them to be kept in the dark."

Could Xi He, after committing so many wrongdoings, really think she could just walk away?

Such a person must pay the price.

Upon hearing this, Lin Hong nodded, "Of course, it's fine. With Xi He using our Xiyuan's body to commit so many wrongdoings, it's only reasonable for Little Zhe and Qingyi to seek accountability." Lin Hong had always been reasonable. In speaking, he never imagined that the daughter he'd lived with for four years could actually be someone else.

This was too horrifying!

Lin Lan nodded in agreement, "Your uncle is right, Sheng Sheng. You can take this letter without hesitation. One of these days, your uncle and I will also personally come to apologize, as it's also our fault for not disciplining properly."

The Lins were not bad people; they had simply been deceived by Xi He.

Duanmu Sheng added, "Uncle, Auntie, I'll call Yuya over right now. When she arrives, I'll personally talk to her about this matter."

"Really?" Lin Lan's face showed excitement. "Sheng Sheng, I really can't thank you enough."

Just the thought of seeing her biological daughter soon had Lin Lan extremely excited.

Duanmu Sheng nodded, then picked up the handset from the office desk and dialed a number.

The call was quickly connected, and Duanmu Sheng made up an excuse to invite Situ Ya over.

After hanging up the phone, Duanmu Sheng turned to Mr. and Mrs. Lin and said, "Uncle and Auntie, Ya Ya's company is quite close to here. You two go and rest in the compartment for now, and when the time comes, you can see how things unfold before appearing."

After all, Situ Ya was still unaware of this matter. Bringing it up all of a sudden, she might have some trouble accepting it.

With Mr. and Mrs. Lin present, there were many things that were difficult to voice out loud.

The Lins, being understanding folks, naturally knew what Duanmu Sheng meant by "rest." They quickly stood up and said to Duanmu Sheng, "Sheng Sheng, we will leave everything in your hands then."

Duanmu Sheng smiled and nodded, "Don't worry, I will handle it."

Mr. and Mrs. Lin turned and walked towards the compartment in the office.

This compartment was where Duanmu Sheng usually took her noon rest. Inside, one could clearly hear all the sounds from the office.

Mr. and Mrs. Lin hadn't been gone long when a knock sounded on the office door.

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

The assistant entered with Situ Ya.

Upon entering the office, Situ Ya plopped herself down on the chair opposite Duanmu Sheng like a lord, with no regard for her image, she propped her feet up on the desk. "What's the big rush to find big sister? Don't you know that I deal with millions in a matter of minutes?"

Situ Ya was living very freely now. The past was dust, and she felt that she was becoming more and more like a person.

"Yes, yes, yes, I know you're a busy person. Here, have a drink first. You love iced coffee the most." Duanmu Sheng smiled as she handed a drink to Situ Ya.

"Oh, what about you and that little Black Charcoal?" Situ Ya took the drink, raised an eyebrow, and asked casually.

Actually, she was quite concerned about her little sister Duanmu Sheng.

She just couldn't understand what Duanmu Sheng saw in Zi Qi, that little Black Charcoal.

He didn't have any manliness at all.

"What could be going on between him and me?" Duanmu Sheng had not expected Situ Ya to suddenly bring this up, a trace of unease flickered in her eyes.

"Tsk tsK tsK, still playing coy, little one, do you think I don't know you?" Situ Ya's mouth curled into a smile. "I say, Big Sheng, your taste is really unique to fancy such a little Black Charcoal. Oh, by the way, I saw little Black Charcoal on the street yesterday. Guess what he was doing. Haha, he was fighting with two kids over a candied haw! Haha, to think such a grown man didn't know how to be ashamed!" Situ Ya couldn't help but laugh out loud at the story.

A grown man like Zi Qi could actually do such a thing!



In fact, those two kids were Bao Bao and Bei Bei, but Situ Ya didn't recognize them.

Imagining the scene made Duanmu Sheng laugh too, "Enough about me. What about you? How have you been lately? You're getting on in years. Why haven't you found a partner yet? If you keep going like this, you'll end up an old maid!"

"No rush, no rush, I'm still a young Fairy," Duanmu Sheng said as she swung her legs leisurely.

Duanmu Sheng gave her an incredulous look, "Keep it up and you'll be an old Fairy."

Situ Ya immediately retorted, "What's wrong with being an old Fairy? An old Fairy is still a Fairy."

Duanmu Sheng shook her head wordlessly, "Okay, okay, you're the Fairy, you're the biggest. By the way, Ya Ya, ahem... you don't mind if I ask you a question, do you?"

"Go ahead, ask away, I'm the most straightforward Fairy here." Situ Ya patted her chest, her face beaming.

Duanmu Sheng carefully chose her words in her mind, then slowly began, "Ya Ya, all this time I've never heard you talk about your father. He... What kind of person is he? Is he good to you?"

Situ Ya's expression remained normal, "My mom told me that he divorced her while she was still pregnant with me." After all these years, these matters no longer bothered her.

She was not willing to let her mother's life be fooled by two men, the last one even directly taking her life.

But fortunately, she had avenged her.

"So, all these years, you've never seen your father?" Duanmu Sheng continued.

Situ Ya shook her head, "No, but... why are you suddenly asking about this?" There was a touch of confusion in Situ Ya's gaze.

Duanmu Sheng gave a faint smile, "Nothing much. I was just asking. By the way, do you still remember Lin Xiyuan?"

"I remember," nodded Situ Ya. "What about her? Did her parents find her?"

"No, not yet," Duanmu Sheng shook his head, then continued, "Actually, Lin Xiyuan has a twin sister. It's just that when Lin Xiyuan's mother was giving birth in the hospital, someone told her that the baby had died in her womb due to congenital deficiencies, and when she was born, the doctors dealt with it. But unexpectedly, the baby that was thrown away miraculously survived and was even adopted by someone. Unfortunately, her parents have always been in the dark about this, still believing that their child had long been dead..." By the end, Duanmu Sheng let out a deep sigh.

The Lin couple in the next room also couldn't stop crying. If only they had been more careful back then and taken the child home themselves, none of this would've happened...

No one would've thought that the fetus condemned to death by the hospital would actually come back to life.

Flesh and blood separated, and that separation lasted over thirty long years...

Hearing this, Situ Ya frowned slightly, "There's such a thing? That hospital is too irresponsible! How could they do such a thing! What about now? Have Lin Xiyuan's parents found their child?"

Duanmu Sheng didn't answer but instead asked, "Ya Ya, if you were that child, would you blame them?"

Situ Ya thought for a moment and then said, "Well, this isn't really Lin Xiyuan's parents' fault, but if they had been more careful, this wouldn't have happened. There is a difference between the dead and the living, after all. However, the main responsibility still lies with the hospital. If they hadn't made a misjudgment, this situation wouldn't have arisen." Perhaps because she wasn't the protagonist, Situ Ya was still somewhat rational.

In fact, it's the hospital that should be blamed for such an incident. After all, they are the professionals. Could a doctor really not tell the difference between a dead person and a living one?

Upon hearing this, Duanmu Sheng breathed a sigh of relief and then said, "Ya Ya, if I say, just if, you were Lin Xiyuan's sister, what would you do?"

Situ Ya rolled her eyes somewhat speechlessly, "Psh, how many 'ifs' are there in this world?"

Duanmu Sheng fell silent for a moment, then handed Situ Ya an envelope, "Ya Ya, take a look at this."

While opening the envelope, Situ Ya said, "What's this? So secretive."

Duanmu Sheng smiled faintly, "Open it, and you'll see."

Actually, upon further thought, Qin Ling might very well know that Situ Ya was the child of the Lin family, otherwise, she wouldn't have named her Lin Yuya.

After all, her last name isn't Lin.

Where did this character 'Lin' come from?

However, why does she keep hiding this fact, not telling Situ Ya?

There are still many mysteries in this affair.

Situ Ya opened the envelope, and the smile on her face gradually solidified.

The envelope contained the results of a DNA test.

It showed that Lin Hong and Lin Lan are her biological parents.

The test report was stamped with an official seal, and it didn't look fake...

Situ Ya pursed her lips, tossed the report at Duanmu Sheng, and pretended to be nonchalant, "Big Sheng, what kind of joke are you playing with me? It's not even April Fools' Day."

The feeling of suddenly becoming the protagonist from being a mere spectator is really unpleasant!

Suddenly having two more parents was something Situ Ya found hard to accept.

Duanmu Sheng's expression was very serious, "Ya Ya, I'm not joking with you, this is true. Lin Xiyuan's twin sister is you, you are the biological daughter of uncle and auntie. The incident back then wasn't their fault, and I hope, you can forgive them."

Situ Ya slumped into the chair, mumbling to herself, "This can't be real, this can't be real..." Images of herself walking on thin ice all these years flashed before Situ Ya's eyes...

For vengeance, she bore the weight of humiliation and laid low for a full seven years.

At the age of seven, she became a lonely orphan, surviving day by day on the streets.

While other children were being spoiled by their parents, she was already at the scrapyard, haggling with the junk dealers.

While other children were enjoying ice cream and lollipops, she was worrying about her next meal.

Until, at the age of twelve, she met Situ Pinging.

Situ Pinging worked at a nightclub, which is to say, she was a prostitute in the mouths of others.

Situ Pinging was not kind to her; beatings and scoldings were common, and she even wanted to train Situ Ya to be just like her.

Over the years, through wind and rain, Situ Ya thought this was her fate.

But she never expected that she shouldn't have lived like this at all.

Just because of one mistake, she was cast into a bottomless pit of hell.

Born into a family of privilege, her biological parents, yet she, their biological daughter, had been roaming the streets since she was a child...

She should not have had to endure those hardships.

Thinking about all the experiences over the years, a deep sense of grievance surged in her heart, and Situ Ya burst into tears.

Why was fate so unfair?

When she was at her most difficult time, her biological parents did not even show their faces, and now that she had become successful, they showed up!

But what use was that?

Could they make up for the pain she had endured for so many years?

She did not need parents before; naturally, she did not need them now!

"Ya Ya, don't cry, aunt and uncle are right here. Whatever you want to say, whatever grievances you have, you can tell them yourself," Duanmu Sheng said, patting Situ Ya's shoulder and comforting her in a low voice.

At the same time, Lin Hong and Lin Lan rushed out of the partition, hugging Situ Ya tightly, and cried, "My daughter, my poor daughter, it's all mom and dad's fault..."

Duanmu Sheng quietly left the office, giving time to the family of three.

However, Duanmu Sheng had not been standing outside the door for three minutes before Situ Ya ran out from inside.

Before Duanmu Sheng could react, the Lin couple also ran out, both with tears streaming down their faces.

"Aunt and uncle, what's the matter with Ya Ya? Won't she accept you?" Duanmu Sheng quickly steadied Lin Lan, who was about to fall.

Lin Lan's eyes were swollen from crying, "Sheng Sheng, Ya Ya doesn't want to accept us, it's all my fault, all my fault. If only I had given the child one more glance back then, none of this would have happened..."

"Xiao Lan, this is not your fault, it's mine, it's mine as a father. If I hadn't asked the doctor to dispose of the baby directly, Ya Ya wouldn't have had to suffer so much!" Lin Hong was also overwhelmed with remorse.

Back then, in order to avoid Lin Lan being even more saddened by seeing a stillborn, he did not let Lin Lan have a look at the child and had the hospital take care of it.

Duanmu Sheng sighed and continued, "Aunt and uncle, these things take time. Ya Ya is a kind girl, and I believe that one day, she will forgive you. After all, this matter is not your fault."

"I am going to sue Grateful Women's and Children Hospital; I will sue them into bankruptcy!" Lin Lan said with intense indignation.

Grateful Women's and Children Hospital was where Lin Lan had given birth back then.

Lin Hong also said, "Right, sue them! I'm going to call the lawyer right now!"

If it weren't for the hospital's negligence, none of this would have happened today!

Lin Lan composed herself and looked up at Duanmu Sheng, "Sheng Sheng, thank you for today. Your uncle and I are going back first. If you can, I hope you can help persuade Ya Ya. Your uncle and I will also find a way to apologize to her."

Duanmu Sheng nodded, "Don't worry, aunt, when I have time, I will definitely try to persuade Ya Ya."

After Lin Hong and Lin Lan left, Duanmu Sheng also took the blood letter and left the bakery.

She had to tell Duanmu Zhe about Xi He.

At the Duanmu Family, Duanmu Sheng specifically arranged to meet Duanmu Zhe in the garden to discuss the matter.

Mo Qingyi had just become pregnant and had a special constitution that could not withstand any shocks.

"Third sister, did you ask me to come to the garden because you have something to tell me?" Duanmu Zhe was the first to speak.

Duanmu Sheng nodded, "Yes, Little Zhe, take a look at this first."

Duanmu Zhe curiously took the blood letter and then slowly, the smile on his face solidified.

His expression turned very ugly.

"Who gave this to you?" Duanmu Zhe looked at Duanmu Sheng, his face filled with the stormy anger of an impending tempest.

He had never expected Xi He to make a comeback!

Mo Qingyi got hurt and had been unable to conceive for many years, he thought it was just an accident, but he had not realized that all of this had been plotted by Xi He beforehand.

This Xi He, even dying a hundred times would not be enough to quench the anger!

Such a person was utterly disgusting!

"Aunt and uncle gave this to me, but they can't find Xi He now either. Don't blame them for this, uncle and aunt didn't know. These things were all done by Xi He alone," Duanmu Sheng continued.

"Don't worry, I am not the kind of person who cannot distinguish between gratitude and grudges," said Duanmu Zhe as he turned and walked away.

Duanmu Sheng asked anxiously, "Little Zhe, where are you going?"

"I'm going to the police station!" Duanmu Zhe replied with only four words.

Chapter 877: I'll beat you to death, you little bastard

Of course, at such a time, it was an all-out manhunt, capturing Xi He and bringing her to justice.

"Be careful on the road," Duanmu Sheng told her, going up on her toes to say it.

At some point, a light rain had started to fall from the sky.

The drizzle gradually grew heavier until it turned into a downpour.



Everyone on the road was in a rush, except for the petite figure under the row of Chinese Parasol trees, who was still strolling in the rain, soaked through, yet she walked on as if she didn't feel the cold, lost and dispirited.

On her face, it was no longer possible to tell whether it was rain or tears.

Her eyes were red and swollen, terribly so.

However, this did not mar her beauty; on the contrary, it added an alluring charm.

It made one unable to resist the urge to embrace her, to offer her warmth and care.

This person was precisely Situ Ya.

Ever since she ran out of the bakery, her emotions had been anything but calm, with all that had happened over the years repeatedly flashing before her eyes.

Only she knew how hard the journey had been and how much suffering she had endured.

Standing on the sidelines, one could understand the Lin couple, but now that she had become the protagonist of the story, Situ Ya couldn't understand them at all.

She hated them!

After so many years, why did they have to dredge up the past, why did they have to come and disrupt her peaceful life?

Why, why!

A black sedan sped past Situ Ya, splashing the water from the roadside all over her.

If it had been any other day, Situ Ya would have chased down the driver even if she had to run her legs off, but today, she didn't have the heart for it...

She didn't even notice that she had been drenched from the splash.

She wandered aimlessly forward as if her spirit had slipped away from her.

"Hey, isn't that the little dwarf?" Zi, sitting inside a car, spotted Situ Ya walking by the roadside.

Ever since Situ Ya had given Zi the nickname "Little Black Charcoal," Zi had also come up with the nickname "little dwarf" for Situ Ya.

At 1.65 meters, Situ Ya wasn't really short, but she certainly seemed so next to the 1.86 meters tall Zi.

"Slow down, I see someone I know," Zi called out to the driver in front.

The driver immediately slowed down the car.

Zi rolled down the window, stuck her head out, and said in a very annoying tone, "Hey, little dwarf, taking a walk in the rain, you're quite the romantic, huh?"

But unexpectedly, instead of snapping back at her as usual, Situ Ya just continued to walk forward soullessly, without showing a hint of vitality.

It was then that Zi realized something was amiss and urgently told the driver, "Guang, stop the car, stop the car quickly."

The driver immediately stopped.

Zi grabbed an umbrella and rushed into the rain, tilting the entire umbrella over Situ Ya before noticing that Situ Ya's clothes were completely drenched and her face had almost turned as white as a sheet of paper.

"Here, take this," Zi said, stuffing the umbrella handle into Situ Ya's hands before taking off her own coat and draping it over Situ Ya.

During the entire process, Situ Ya remained silent, like a lifeless puppet.

When Zi's fingers accidentally touched the skin on her neck, she realized that there was no warmth to her body at all, as if she were a block of ice.

"Lin Yuya, what happened to you? Did someone bully you?" Zi asked, somewhat puzzled.

She wondered who would have the nerve to bully Lin Yuya!

Do you have any idea how miserably the last person who bullied her died?

"Lin Yuya, Lin Yuya?" Seeing Situ Ya not speaking, Zi poked Lin Yuya's face with her hand.

Must say, this tiger mom's skin elasticity is really good.

It's just a bit icy.

Who knew, Zi was fine not poking, but once she did, Situ Ya closed her eyes, and everything went black as she completely fainted.

Faking an injury?

Zi stood there dumbfounded, not knowing what to do!

He swore, he really didn't do anything!

Oh my god, is there any surveillance on this stretch of road?

Zi looked anxiously at the roadside.

"Sir, quickly carry that girl back, if this continues, she'll get sick!" the driver stuck his head out of the window and shouted loudly.

This Great National Division really doesn't know how to show sympathy for the fairer sex, watching a girl fall right in front of him without offering a hand to play the heroic rescuer!

No wonder he's still without a girlfriend at his age.

His brain must be full of shit, right?

The moment that girl fell, the driver felt pain just watching it.

Pick her up?

How is he gonna do that?

Zi looked at Situ Ya lying on the ground with great difficulty, not knowing where to start!

He's never held a tiger mom before!

His precious first time!

Today it looks like this shorty is getting lucky!

Seeing Zi dilly-dallying like that, the driver got anxious, wishing he could carry Situ Ya back himself, so he urged, "Sir, please hurry up, the rain is getting heavier and there's a typhoon coming! Let's get back quickly!"

Facing the driver's urging, Zi clenched his teeth, steeled his heart, stomped his foot, closed his eyes, and picked Situ Ya up off the ground.

At one meter eighty-six, Zi picked up the one meter sixty-five Situ Ya as effortlessly as an eagle carrying a chick.

In the car, the driver: "... Hey! Great National Division, stop pretending! I saw you molesting the little lady!

In broad daylight, can't you be a little more reserved?

Seeing that the Great National Division didn't usually take an interest in any woman, it turns out he has a crush.

With this thought, the driver couldn't help but sneak another peek at Situ Ya.

From the side, she did look like a very attractive girl.

"What are you looking at! Don't look!" Noticing the driver's sneaky glances, Zi immediately reached out to pull down his suit jacket, covering Situ Ya's face.

This was just a subconscious action, even Zi himself didn't feel whether his behavior was inappropriate.

Once in the car, Zi held Situ Ya in his arms and said to the driver, "Guang, turn off the air conditioning, turn on the heater."

"Turn on the heater?" The driver was somewhat surprised. In the middle of summer, the Great National Division must be crazy, wanting to turn on the heater! "Sir, aren't you hot?"

"Not hot, just turn it on quickly." He's holding an ice block in his arms! Hot my ass!

As for why Zi kept holding Situ Ya in his arms, he explained it like this.

This person is so frozen, if I were to just put her aside and ignore her, she would definitely freeze to death.

Using a popular phrase, Chu Jin and Situ Ya are huddling together for warmth!

Yes, that's huddling together for warmth.

The driver, with mixed feelings, turned on the heater and then asked, "Sir, is this young lady your girlfriend?"

Zi is usually friendly and never harsh on her subordinates, which is why the driver dared to ask.

"No, she's not," Zi answered lightly.

Zi and Situ Ya indeed weren't close. Combined, they'd only met on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, and 9th times, right?

It was nine times, right?

Zi couldn't remember either.

The driver then asked, "Sir, is this young lady someone you fancy?"

Zi then said, "Not really, I'm not familiar with her."

Driver: "... Ha, stop pretending! Taking advantage of someone and still saying you're not familiar!

How had he not realized that the Great National Division was such a gentlemanly rascal in front of him!

One thing on the outside, another on the inside!

Crafty, so crafty!

Just when the driver was about to say something else, Zi went on, "Guang, stop chatting and speed up! The typhoon is about to hit."

The driver immediately said, "Okay." No sooner had the words left his mouth than he sped up.

But inside, the driver was ranting how the Great National Division's pretense disease was getting worse and worse—he was obviously concerned about the young lady in his arms, yet insisted on saying a typhoon was about to hit!

When he was carefree in the rain just now, he didn't seem worried about a typhoon, did he?

Now he's all of a sudden concerned!

Ha, men!

It seemed the driver had forgotten that he too was a man...

The sedan quickly stopped at the Guoshi Residence.

Before the driver could even open the door, Zi had already rushed inside with Situ Ya in his arms.

The driver was stunned!

So that Great National Division really cares about that young lady, yet insists on saying the opposite, claiming they're not familiar!

Look!

Got slapped in the face, didn't he?

Zi was used to being on her own, so she didn't hire any servants.

She carried Situ Ya straight upstairs, shoved her into the bed covers, but then upon second thought, stuffing someone in all wet like that was definitely not right! That would surely cause health issues! Situ Ya was already showing signs of a fever as it was.

What to do?

With the difference in genders, surely it wouldn't be appropriate for him to change her clothes, right?

That won't do!

A true man stands tall and upright—how could he change clothes for a woman!

Besides, it would tarnish Situ Ya's reputation.

Thinking this, Zi silently put down the buttons he'd unfastened halfway and quietly fastened them back up for Situ Ya.



What if Situ Ya woke up and made him take responsibility for her? Wouldn't that mean he'd both lose his wife and his soldiers?

No, no!

That's too much of a loss!

Zi patted Situ Ya's cheek and said softly, "Lin Yuya, wake up and change your clothes!"

Lin Yuya's face was a flush of red with no response.

"Little Lin, get up and change your clothes! Sleeping in wet clothes is bad for your health!"

"..."

"Little Jade, wake up!"

"..."

"Little Ya, get up and change your clothes! Wake up! Little fool? Little dwarf? Little madcap? ..."

"..." Situ Ya still had no response.

Zi looked at Lin Yuya and sighed.

If that's the case, he would have to, simply have to, just call Brother Jin! Ask Brother Jin for help!

After all, there isn't much distance between the Guoshi Residence and the imperial palace.

With that thought, Zi dialed Chu Jin's number.

It took a long time for the call to be answered on the other side, and Zi started, "Jin, are you at home?"

It took Chu Jin a while to answer the call, "Yes, I'm at home. What's up?"

Zi hesitated before speaking, "Are you busy right now? I have a favor to ask of you."

"Not busy. What is it? Just tell me."

Zi continued, "Jin, can you come over to my place right now? It's quite urgent."

Upon hearing this, Chu Jin immediately said, "Okay, wait for me, I'll be right there." Zi rarely asked for help, so it must be no small matter since he did today.

So, Chu Jin left Mo Zhixuan behind in a hurry and dashed out the door.

Mo Zhixuan: "..."

Zi Qi, my 50-meter long sword is ready!

You're on your own!

Tomorrow, I have to beat that little brat Zi Qi to death!

Mo Zhixuan silently got up and walked to the restroom.

Meanwhile, Chu Jin arrived at the Guoshi Residence in no time at all.

It took less than ten minutes from start to finish.

When she arrived, Zi was already waiting downstairs. Seeing Chu Jin, Zi ran over excitedly, "Jin, you've arrived!"

He just knew Jin was the best, that Jin wouldn't leave him hanging!

"Zi, what's wrong? Why did you rush me over here?" Chu Jin looked at Zi with concern.

Zi said with a smile, "It's not me, it's someone else. Jin, come with me. I have a friend who seems to be sick, and it's not looking good."

Chapter 878: Origin

Things are really bad now, yet you can still laugh. Is there something wrong with this kid?

Such a silly child.

Chu Jin suddenly felt a sentimental pang akin to an elderly mother's, thinking, when will this silly child ever grow up?

"Where is the person? Hurry and take me there," Chu Jin spoke up.

"In my bedroom, come with me," Zi turned and led the way, with Chu Jin immediately following.

Only when they reached Zi's bedroom did Chu Jin notice, this kid Zi is not simple at all! He even managed to trick a young girl into his bed!

This kid, who always seems so innocently silly, turns out to be quite capable when it comes to flirting with girls.

The young girl is quite pretty too. Chu Jin suddenly felt like a mother-in-law meeting her future daughter-in-law.

After all, Zi was a "child" she had seen grow up. When she first met Zi, he was nothing more than a blowhard little chubby kid.

In a blink of an eye, Zi had grown up and reached the age to marry and have children.

"Brother Jin, please check on her quickly. She got caught in the rain, and her clothes are soaked through," Zi pulled back Situ Ya's blanket.

It was then that Chu Jin came back to her senses and anxiously said to Zi, "Are you stupid? The girl's clothes are all wet like this, and you didn't even think to change them for her."

Zi scratched his head and replied, "I mean... wouldn't it be inappropriate? What if she holds me responsible? Brother Jin, you don't know, Lin Yuya is like a tigress, I shouldn't mess with her, I really shouldn't!" By the end, Zi was waving both of his hands defensively.

Really shouldn't mess with her!

They say women are like tigers.

But Lin Yuya is even more terrifying than a tiger!

"Even if she really does hold you responsible, that would be your gain! What, you wouldn't be happy?" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly.

"That would be my loss! Besides, I don't want to get married so soon!" Zi blurted out.

Get married?

Are you sure it's not "marry off"?

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly.

Did she mishear, or did Zi misspeak without thinking?

Zi is a scary person indeed.

But with the current situation, Chu Jin couldn't afford to think too much. She turned to Zi and said, "Do you have any girls' clothes here? I'll go change her."

At that, Zi made a face as if he was dumbstruck, "How could I possibly have girls' clothes here?"

"Don't you have a long shirt at least? Bring one over," Chu Jin looked towards Zi.

"I do have that, I'll get it," Zi immediately turned around and dug out a shirt from the wardrobe and handed it to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin took the shirt and helped Lin Yuya to her feet, draping her over her shoulder and said to Zi, "Lead the way."

"Huh?" Zi still looked puzzled.

Chu Jin said with a hint of exasperation, "To the bathroom." This child is getting sillier by the minute!

Zi then realized and led Chu Jin towards the bathroom.

Chu Jin took Lin Yuya into the bathroom and shut the door.

After ten minutes, they came out of the bathroom.

Lin Yuya was wearing the shirt, which was just long enough to cover her buttocks, shielding the parts that would otherwise stir imagination.

Chu Jin helped Lin Yuya back into the bed and covered her with the blanket, then called out to Zi outside, "Come in now."

Zi then pushed the door open and came in, asking with concern, "Brother Jin, what's wrong with Lin Yuya? Is she okay? When will she wake up?"

Chu Jin released Lin Yuya's wrist after checking the pulse and replied, "This girl used to have a very good constitution, hardly ever got sick. Naturally, her cold is much more serious than the average person. Moreover, she has had a rush of qi to the heart, probably because she was stressed about something. She won't wake up anytime soon. Probably not until midnight. I will prescribe some medicine for her, and someone will bring it later."

"That's good," Zi breathed a sigh of relief. "Brother Jin, thank you for coming all this way in the middle of the night."

When he called Chu Jin, it was already past 8 p.m., and now it was well after 9 p.m...

Having troubled Chu Jin all night, Zi felt somewhat remorseful.

Chu Jin smiled and patted Zi on the shoulder, "No worries, you've got to be strong." She was quite willing to help with such matters.

As for Mo Zhixuan...

He must be feeling terrible!

"Be strong?" Zi was somewhat puzzled by Chu Jin's words. "Strong in what sense?"

He was finding it increasingly difficult to understand Brother Jin nowadays.

"By the way, what did you say that girl's name was?" Chu Jin asked, instead of answering.

"Lin Yuya, 'Lin' as in forest, 'Yu' as in jade pendant, 'Ya' as in elegance," Zi explained very patiently.

"Do you have feelings for her?" Chu Jin winked at Zi.

"What feeling could I possibly have for a tigress? Who would complain that their life is too long?" Zi's response was laden with disbelief.

No feelings, and yet you can explain her name so clearly?

Chu Jin smiled faintly and then said, "I'll be heading back then. She might get feverish tonight, just feed her some fever-reducing medicine when that happens."

"Alright," Zi nodded, "Take care, Brother Jin." As he spoke, Zi followed Chu Jin's footsteps.

Chu Jin immediately turned back and stopped him, "No need to see me out. Just stay here and take good care of Lin Yuya."

"Oh, okay, then take it slow on your way, Jin." Zi stopped walking and watched Chu Jin leave.

Not long after Chu Jin had left, someone sent over a set of clean women's clothes and some cold medicine.

Following Chu Jin's instructions, Zi prepared a wet towel and placed it on Situ Ya's forehead.

Situ Ya did not sleep soundly due to the fever, and her lips and cheeks were flushed red.

Zi propped his head with his hands, staring intently at Situ Ya without blinking, occasionally reaching out to check her breathing.

He was terrified that she might stop breathing at any second.

He was really worried for Situ Ya.

Zi suddenly realized that when Situ Ya was quiet and peaceful, she actually resembled a person.

As time ticked away, by the late hours of the night, Zi felt his eyelids growing heavy with sleepiness and finally, he lay down on the bed and fell asleep.

When Situ Ya woke up, everything around her was silent, and the dim yellow light left her momentarily disoriented.

Looking around at the décor, it was clear she was no longer in her own home.

Situ Ya pressed her temples, feeling a headache, and she remembered seeing Little Black Charcoal's face just before she fainted.

It was then that Situ Ya noticed someone was lying asleep beside her bed.

Oh.

Isn't that Little Black Charcoal?

Situ Ya squinted slightly and nudged Zi, "Little Black Charcoal, Little Black Charcoal..."

In his sleep, Zi felt as if a fly was incessantly buzzing in front of him, and without thinking, he swatted away the annoying fly.



But no sooner had he swatted it away, the fly returned.

"So annoying..." Zi opened his sleepy eyes and looked up, only then realizing that Situ Ya was awake.

Seeing Situ Ya, Zi was momentarily stunned, then quickly came to his senses.

"Oh, you're awake? Still feeling the fever?" Zi reached out to touch Situ Ya's forehead.

Yes, the skin under his palm was still hot to the touch; she seemed to be running a fever.

"Seems like you're still a bit feverish," Zi muttered, "Take some fever reducer first."

With that, Zi took out a fever-reducing pill and handed it to Situ Ya, "Take the medicine first, I'll go get you some water."

Situ Ya took the pill in a daze, still trying to comprehend what was happening.

Little Black Charcoal's behavior today was a bit off, wasn't it?

He was being this nice to her?

Could it be that her fever had made her delirious or hallucinate?

Before Situ Ya could fully recover her wits, Zi had returned with a glass of water, "Here's the water, take the medicine quickly."

Situ Ya numbly took the glass and mechanically swallowed the pill with water.

As soon as the pill was down, Zi passed her a piece of chocolate, "Have some chocolate, Jin said the medicine is quite bitter."

What the hell!

Does Little Black Charcoal have a screw loose?

Why has he suddenly become so domesticated, so considerate?

Situ Ya reached out to touch Zi's forehead, a bit speechless, "Little Black Charcoal, you're not the one who's sick, are you?"

"You're the sick one, how could I be sick?" Zi raised his eyebrows slightly.

Situ Ya swallowed and finally realized she wasn't dreaming, "Um, is this your house?"

"Yeah, it is. Oh, and it's still nighttime. You should go back to sleep now; we can talk about anything else tomorrow." Zi helped Situ Ya back onto the bed, forcefully making her lie down, and then tucked her in.

Situ Ya was left flabbergasted by Zi's actions.

What the hell!

How did this guy transform from Little Black Charcoal into a little caring man?

"Go to sleep now, I'll be next door. Call me if you need anything. Oh, and these are the clothes Jin prepared for you; you can change into them when you wake up tomorrow." Zi's gaze fell upon the clothes on the bedside table.

"Oh," Situ Ya nodded.

"I'll head out now, good night." Zi walked out of the bedroom naturally and closed the door behind him.

"Good night," replied Situ Ya, still not fully recovered from her daze.

Once Zi was gone, she pinched herself hard.

"Ouch..." That really hurt!

So this wasn't a dream after all!

Embracing complex emotions, Situ Ya burrowed into the covers, covering her entire head with the blanket.

The next day, well past nine in the morning, Situ Ya finally woke up leisurely.

She hadn't expected to sleep so soundly in someone else's house...

Getting out of bed and lifting the covers, Situ Ya realized she was wearing a man's shirt, and other than that shirt, she had no other clothes on...

Luckily Little Black Charcoal hardly counted as a man, otherwise she would have really been at a loss!

What a relief, what a relief!

Feeling a lingering fear, Situ Ya patted her chest, then picked up clothes from the bedside table and went into the bathroom.

Inside the bathroom, she saw brand-new toiletries and didn't stand on ceremony with Zi, tearing open the packages to use them.

Situ Ya's illness struck fast and disappeared just as quickly, and now she seemed as if there had been nothing wrong with her at all.

When she stepped out of the bedroom, she realized how big the place really was—it was like a palace. She was on the 5th floor, and wherever she went, everything was lavish and opulent, but... it lacked a bit of liveliness.

This huge mansion didn't even have a single servant.

Who would have thought Little Black Charcoal was not just dark, but also stingy!

He couldn't even bear to hire a servant!

Such a man would definitely never find a wife in the future.

Situ Ya made her way downstairs.

In the living room, a man was sitting on the sofa, engrossed in a newspaper. With his tanned skin, thick brows over sharp eyes, and chiseled features, he was dressed in a suit of smoke gray leisurewear. Sunshine poured in through the window, casting a warm halo over him.

He was distractingly handsome, the man before her looking as if he had stepped right out of a fashion magazine.

Situ Ya was slightly stunned, a question flickering through her mind...

Hmm.

Since when had Little Black Charcoal started exuding such a masculine charm?

Could this guy be an impostor?

Situ Ya approached him, noticed that Zi Qi hadn't seen her yet, and so she cleared her throat softly and coughed lightly, "Ahem."

At the sound, Zi immediately put down his newspaper and lifted his gaze toward the source of the voice, smiling, "You're awake, how do you feel? Still have a fever?"

"Mhm, I'm fine now. Thank you for yesterday," Situ Ya said somewhat awkwardly.

She was not accustomed to Zi Qi being so serious all of a sudden, and she felt a bit... moved.

It had been years since anyone had given her such a warm feeling.

"Why be polite? If it was as it was yesterday, I would've taken you in even if you were a stray dog. The typhoon yesterday was really strong!"

Word has it that many buildings in Superpower World were blown away!

No sooner had he spoken, than the gratitude in Situ Ya's heart was blown clean away!

Dammit!

Did this guy even know how to speak?

How could one compare people to stray dogs?

Especially someone like her, a fairy as beautiful as a flower.

"Got anything to eat?" Situ Ya rolled her eyes, "I'm starving to death here!" There's no point being polite with someone like Zi Qi!

"Yeah, come with me. I haven't eaten yet myself, since I was waiting for you!" Zi stood up and headed toward the dining room.

Zi was someone who valued etiquette greatly. When he had guests over, he would never leave them behind to eat alone.

Of course, snacks were excluded.

"Little Black Charcoal, you're this nice?" Situ Ya looked at Zi, squinting slightly.

"Could you not phrase it as a question? I've always been this nice," Zi corrected her.

"I don't believe that for a second!" Situ Ya walked straight to the dining table and grabbed a glass of milk, preparing to chug it down.

But then Zi's voice came from behind her, "Hold on."

"No way. Are you that stingy?" Situ Ya frowned slightly, "You won't even let someone have a sip of milk?"

Zi handed her a piece of toast slathered with spread, "You shouldn't drink milk on an empty stomach, have some toast first."

Situ Ya paused briefly, looking at Zi, before quickly recovering and slapping Zi's shoulder in a chummy manner, "Bro, thanks a lot."

"Shorty, behave," Zi reached out and patted Situ Ya's head.

He treated her like an adult would a child.

Ever since seeing Situ Ya's fluffy little head, Zi had wanted to ruffle it.

Indeed, as he had suspected, it felt pretty good to the touch.

No wonder all these young people are into cat-sniffing and whatnot these days...

"Get lost!" Situ Ya smacked Zi's hand away, "Take your paws off me!"

Zi simply smiled, took a seat at the table, and started eating breakfast.

Situ Ya sat down opposite him to eat as well.

By the time they finished breakfast, it was already past ten o'clock.

The weather was incredibly nice.

Situ Ya pulled out a few banknotes from her wallet and laid them on the dining table, "This is for the medical and clothing expenses. Thank you for everything yesterday. Don't worry, if you ever run into any trouble, you can count on me!"

"Keep the money!" Zi pushed the banknotes back with utter calm, "I don't need it."

What would he do with money?

Can you eat money?

Comical!

"But I don't want to owe you anything! It's your money, and I still have to pay back what I owe." Situ Ya pushed the money back again.

Zi looked up at Situ Ya, speaking indifferently, "Money can be repaid, but favors are harder to return. Think about it carefully—if it weren't for me yesterday, you would have fainted in the pouring rain and might not even be alive right now."

Knowing there was a deeper meaning to Zi's words, Situ Ya said directly, "Just say what you want."

Zi smiled slightly, looked at the clock on the wall, and said, "Well, it's almost noon, time for lunch. How about this—you cook me a meal with your own hands, and we'll call it even. From then on, we'll be square."

Situ Ya's cooking skills were remarkably good!

The thought alone was enough to make Zi drool!

"Are you kidding me? We just had breakfast! Are you a pig? Eating again!" Situ Ya looked at Zi somewhat speechlessly.

Zi wasn't offended but just laughed and said, "Shortie, you'd better watch your language. Remember, I'm your creditor right now."

This Situ Ya, really wasn't playing along! After all, she had taken care of her all night without rest!

Really!

"Such a nag!" Situ Ya rolled her eyes, then said, "Where's the kitchen? Take me there."

"Alrighty." Zi was immediately all smiles, leading Situ Ya toward the kitchen.



The kitchen was large and spotless, with every kind of kitchen tool available. Its only flaw was that it was too new!

One could tell at a glance that the kitchen was seldom used.

There wasn't even a bottle of cooking oil, salt, soy sauce, or vinegar!

Then, surely the refrigerator was empty too!

Situ Ya shook her head in resignation and walked to the refrigerator, pulling open the door.

Against all expectations, the refrigerator was full!

But there were no vegetables inside.

Instead, it was stuffed with all kinds of snacks!

Spicy strips, potato chips, bread, chicken feet, five-spice sunflower seeds, beef jerky, dried fruits, pork floss...

Coke, Sprite, Fanta, Mello Yello...

And assorted carbonated drinks.

Situ Ya never would have thought that Zi Qi, a grown man, could be more into snacks than a little girl!

Eating so much junk food, yet he doesn't seem to gain an ounce more than anyone else.

Zi casually took out a bag of chips from the refrigerator, opened it, and started munching away.

A tall, 186-cm handsome guy holding a bag of chips and nibbling on them...

Well.

The scene was rather aesthetic.

When you're good-looking, even eating crap can look good.

Situ Ya, somewhat speechless, said, "Didn't we just eat?"

Zi blinked innocently and said, "Hmm, what does eating a meal have to do with snacking?"

Yeah, there's really no argument against that.

Zi continued eating the chips, and seeing Situ Ya like this, assumed she wanted his chips too. Without a second thought, he grabbed a chip and stuffed it into Situ Ya's mouth.

"Here, it's really tasty."

Taken by surprise, Situ Ya chewed a couple of times and agreed, "Indeed, not bad. What brand is it?"

A look of wariness flashed through Zi's eyes. Seeing Situ Ya like this, could it be that she had set her sights on his chips? No way! He could give Situ Ya anything, but not the snacks in the fridge—of course, that included the bag of chips in his hand. "I think it's Lay's? Barbecue flavor. If you want some, there's plenty in the supermarket—I can go with you to buy them."

"Such a miser." Situ Ya closed the fridge door with a swipe, "Your kitchen doesn't even have the basics for cooking, what am I supposed to make? I'm leaving."

Zi immediately blocked Situ Ya's path, "We can go buy those basic supplies."

Situ Ya sighed, "I give up! Fine, let's go. What do you want to eat for lunch today?"

To get Situ Ya to cook this meal, Zi had already prepared a menu. He took out a small piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Situ Ya, "Here, it's all listed here."

Situ Ya looked at the menu on the piece of paper and immediately bristled with anger!

"Are you a pig? Eating so much!"

The menu listed over thirty dishes.

Sweet and sour fish, spicy crayfish, garlic eggplant, braised pork ribs, chicken stew with mushrooms...

"If I can't finish, I can save it for tomorrow, the day after, and the day after that. Anyway, that's not for you to worry about." Zi smiled faintly.

Not often did he get the opportunity to have Situ Ya cook for him; Zi certainly couldn't let this chance slip by.

Situ Ya's culinary skills were unmatched in all the three realms.

Having tasted Situ Ya's cooking, Zi had been dreaming of that flavor ever since.

"I hope you eat yourself silly!" Situ Ya turned around, puffing with anger.

"Where are you going?" Zi followed immediately.

"To the supermarket!" Situ Ya answered irritably.

Chapter 879: announce your name

Zi immediately caught up with Situ Ya's pace, "I'll go with you, I know there's a fresh supermarket nearby, the vegetables and meat are very fresh."

In the end, they drove there.

The fresh supermarket wasn't far, just over ten minutes away.

Zi pushed the basket, while Situ Ya was in charge of buying the ingredients.

Because they were shopping with a purpose, they bought things quickly.

However, Situ Ya was very meticulous in selecting items, smelling the meat to check its freshness, and looking at the production dates of soy sauce and vinegar.

Watching Situ Ya being so earnest, Zi felt as if she was getting to know her all over again.

Nowadays, there really aren't many girls who can cook.

Before long, the shopping basket was full, and when it was time to pay, Situ Ya took care of it, so Zi didn't compete with her.

The two returned to the Guoshi Residence.

Zi was in charge of carrying in the bags full of ingredients, while Situ Ya followed behind empty-handed.

"You could at least carry something; you're going to kill me!" Zi complained, out of breath.

Situ Ya rolled her eyes at Zi, "Don't you know I'm a girl? No wonder you still haven't found a girlfriend."

"So girls can't carry anything?" Zi retorted, dissatisfied.

"Have you ever seen a fairy doing such heavy lifting?" Situ Ya placed her hands on her hips, with an expression that challenged Zi to dispute her.

Zi, somewhat speechless, said, "You also said that's a fairy, are you one?"

"If I say I am, then I am!" Situ Ya glared at Zi, "Keep whining like that, and watch me stop taking care of you!"

Zi immediately said with a flattering smile, "Yes, you are, you're a fairy, you're the most beautiful fairy in the whole world."

Situ Ya was finally satisfied.

When they reached the kitchen, Situ Ya had Zi wash the vegetables and assist her, while she took control of the cooking.

Cooking is actually a pleasure, and Situ Ya was very serious about it.

In the small kitchen, neither of them spoke, yet the atmosphere wasn't awkward.

After a full three hours, Situ Ya finished cooking all thirty dishes on the menu, sweating profusely and panting.

"Hard work, little fairy!" Zi obsequiously wiped the sweat from Situ Ya's brow.

Situ Ya said with disdain, "Look at you, a big man and all grown up, and you can't even fry a dish!"

Zi, with a smile, said, "Without my incompetence, your genius couldn't shine, could it?"

Situ Ya was too lazy to bother with him and sat down at the dining table to eat.

After bustling in the kitchen for over three hours, she was really hungry!

Zi had already started gobbling down his food.

Midway through the meal, Zi looked up at Situ Ya and casually asked, "Little dwarf, what was the matter with you last night? Got dumped by your boyfriend?" Seeing Situ Ya behaving as if nothing had happened, no one would think that she could have displayed such an uncontrolled demeanor yesterday.

It was also Zi's first time seeing Situ Ya like that.

If it wasn't for someone who was heartbroken to the point of despair, they couldn't possibly have acted that way.

Zi was somewhat curious; what could have caused Situ Ya, such a strong and optimistic person, to become like that.

Apart from heartbreak, Zi couldn't think of any other reason.

"You're the one who got dumped! A dog can't spit out ivory!" Situ Ya gave Zi a disdainful glance.

Zi retorted with a smile, "Then why don't you spit out some ivory for me to admire?"

"Just eat, can't even silence your mouth with food," Situ Ya said as she picked up a pork rib and stuffed it into Zi's mouth, effectively silencing him.

After Zi finished the pork rib, he said, "Lin Yuya comrade, I'm serious! What's the matter with you? Tell me, maybe I can help. Some things, when you talk about them, might not be so hard to bear. They say the outsider sees most of the game, those involved get confused."

In light of the delicious meal, Zi was willing to be Situ Ya's trash can.

Situ Ya thought about it and agreed, this matter shouldn't only be bottled up inside her, she should talk about it with someone else. One more person might mean one more solution.

So, Situ Ya hesitated, then slowly began, "I'll ask you a question first. In a hospital, while delivering twins, it was discovered that one of the fetuses was already dead in the womb. Upon hearing this, the expectant mother and the child's father, without a second thought, let the hospital dispose of the child, not even glancing at the baby. Many years later, it turns out that the disposed child was adopted and is living well in this world. The biological parents want to recognize this child. If you were this child, what would you do? Would you forgive them?"

As Situ Ya broached this topic once more, her face bore a light expression.

She no longer had the difficulty accepting it as she did yesterday.

After hearing Situ Ya's words, Zi slightly furrowed his brow, then spoke, "First of all, there are no parents in this world who don't love their own child. Then, this matter is entirely caused by the irresponsibility of the hospital; it has nothing to do with the parents. If it were me, I would forgive the biological parents."

Situ Ya frowned slightly and raised her voice to object.

"How can the biological parents be blameless? If they had taken a closer look at the child then, perhaps they would have realized the child was still breathing. A living person is very different from a dead one, but they didn't even glance at the baby. That's heartless! Those kinds of people don't deserve to be anyone's parents!"

Zi smiled faintly; he thought he understood the crux of Situ Ya's troubles.

"Lin Yuya, how do you know the parents weren't heartbroken? Having an unborn child die in the womb is the most heartbreaking thing for any parent. They might not have looked at the child because they feared it would make them more sorrowful. Also, even if they had looked, they might not have been able to tell the child was alive. Doctors and nurses are professionals. If they couldn't tell the child was alive, how could laypeople possibly realize? Hmm, your thinking seems a bit too extreme."

Situ Ya continued, "And do you know how much suffering the child endured out there over the years, how many cold stares she received? How many times she nearly lost her name over a trivial issue? And at that time, what were her biological parents doing? They were enjoying family bliss with another child, a family of three! Do you think that's fair?"

As Situ Ya spoke, her eyes began to redden slightly.

Zi shook her head, then spoke up, "Unfair, of course it's unfair, but this unfairness isn't something parents impose on their children, it's something the hospital imposes on both the children and the parents. You only see the children's unfairness, yet fail to see the parents' plight. Whom can they share their sorrows with? The child they carried for ten months just disappeared, and although they should have been a family of four, due to a mistake, they lost a child for no reason at all."

As these words fell, the knot in Situ Ya's heart began to slowly dissipate.

Yes.

When you think about it from another perspective, actually, Mr. and Mrs. Lin have been wronged too.

She lost her parents, but they also lost a daughter they had carried for ten months.

Zi continued, "The thing is, once you figure it out, everything will be okay. Don't fixate on it too much, think about it, am I right?"

Situ Ya took a sip of her cocktail, remaining silent, with a somewhat heavy expression.

Although Zi's words were very sensible, she couldn't digest them right away...



"Give me some time to think..." Situ Ya pressed her temples.

Zi stopped eating too, and watched Situ Ya as she continued, "Lin Yuya, you're the protagonist of this story, aren't you?" Although it was a rhetorical question, it was delivered with the force of a statement.

Situ Ya lifted her gaze to Zi, then nodded her head, "Yeah, I am that child."

"See it in a positive light," Zi patted Situ Ya's hand, continuing, "Actually, this is a good thing. From now on, you have an extra pair of parents who love you. The events of that year, they were helpless too."

Situ Ya bit her lip, staying silent.

Zi then asked, "Right, who are your biological parents? Tell me, I might know them."

Situ Ya sighed, then replied, "Lin Hong and Lin Lan."

The Lin family is a big family in the Superpower World, Zi said with some surprise, "The General Lin?"

Situ Ya nodded, "Yeah."

Zi continued, "I may not be clear about others, but I am very clear about General Lin's character. He is extremely kind, even three-year-olds respect him a lot. Having such a father is your good fortune."

"What about Lin Lan?" Situ Ya went on to ask.

Zi thought for a moment, then said, "Mrs. Lin is also very virtuous. They seem to have a daughter named Lin Xiyuan, who previously served as a military physician in B sector and was injured in a mission. Overall, that entire family is very good."

Zi had a very good impression of the Lin family.

"Really?" Situ Ya's eyes twinkled with doubt.

Listening to Zi Qi speak so highly of them, could he have come to advocate for them?

"Of course, it's true!" Zi nodded earnestly, "I have dealt with General Lin before. In any case, he is a very upright person, and the praise for their family is high in the military too. It's not just my evaluation, but everyone's."

With that, Situ Ya felt much more at ease.

She stirred the chicken soup in the bowl with her spoon, "Okay, I got it. I'll think it over." Not until that moment did Situ Ya realize that if she were indeed the biological daughter of Lin Hong and Lin Lan, then Lin Xiyuan would become her own older sister.

Now that she thought about it, her features did bear a strong resemblance to Lin Xiyuan's.

Possibly Lin Xiyuan had known about these matters all along; otherwise, she wouldn't have asked her to deliver that letter to the Lins.

However, things were still a bit confusing. If Lin Xiyuan knew she was her sister, why didn't she tell her the truth sooner?

Had the missing Lin Xiyuan returned yet?

Situ Ya furrowed her brows slightly.

"Stop thinking about it and eat. Nothing is more important than eating," Zi patted Situ Ya's hand.

Situ Ya put her thoughts aside and began to eat.

Suddenly, as if she remembered something, Situ Ya continued, "Speaking of which, Little Black Charcoal, about my clothes yesterday... did you help me change them?" As she said this, Situ Ya's expression became somewhat unnatural.

"Of course not!" Zi shook his head directly!

How could he possibly do something like that?

"If it wasn't you, then who was it?" Situ Ya raised an eyebrow slightly, as there was no third person in the building besides her and Zi.

"I asked Jin Ge to change them for you," said Zi with a nonchalant expression.

"Jin Ge?" Situ Ya exploded in anger, slamming the table and rising to her feet, "Little Black Charcoal! What on earth were you thinking, letting a man help me change clothes! Ah!"

Having another man change her clothes was even worse than having Little Black Charcoal do it himself!

"No, no..." Zi said helplessly, "My Jin Ge isn't a man, she's a woman, and she is a hundred times more beautiful than you." With that, pride filled his eyes.

If Jin Ge is beautiful, it's as if he's beautiful too!

Jin Ge's glory is his glory!

"You're sure she's a woman?" Situ Ya cooled down a bit, skepticism in her eyes.

"Absolutely! And a hundred times more beautiful than you!" Zi emphasized once more.

"Pfft," Situ Ya rolled her eyes, "What kind of Fairy could be a hundred times more beautiful than me? Stop bragging!"

"It's a super beautiful Fairy," said Zi, his eyes shining.

"Who? State your name!" Situ Ya's eyes displayed her disdain.

"She is the one you call Madam Ji. You should know Madam Ji, right?" Zi added.

Chapter 880:

Lady Nine?

Lady Nine personally changed my clothes for me?

For real?

Situ Ya jumped up excitedly, "Aaah! Little Black Charcoal, tell me you aren't lying to me, that it really was Lady Nine who personally changed my clothes!"

Zi spoke with some speechlessness, "What's there to lie about, it's just a change of clothes."

Knowing that Zi never lied, Situ Ya excitedly hugged her.

"Aaah! My goddess actually changed my clothes for me! I'm so happy! So thrilled! Zi Qi, why are you so adorable!"

Chu Jin wasn't just a hundred times more beautiful than her, but clearly a thousand times, even ten thousand times, okay?

Situ Ya was really too excited!

Her most admired person was Chu Jin! She was also very clear about Chu Jin's experiences.

Having grown up in the secular world since childhood, her blood not only hadn't been assimilated, but she had also counterattacked to become the National Goddess!

If a woman could live to be one-tenth of what Chu Jin was, her life would be complete.

The only regret was that she had been asleep when the goddess came yesterday!

"Little cutie, why didn't you wake me up when my goddess came yesterday?"

Zi was a bit confused.

Women! Ha!

Fickle creatures!

One second she's Little Black Charcoal, the next she's Little Cutie!

"You were sleeping like a pig, it would have been strange if I could've woken you up!" Zi said somewhat speechlessly.

Chu Jin had a lot of fans, it wasn't at all surprising that Situ Ya was one of her fan girls.

"You're the one who's like a pig!" Situ Ya smacked Zi on the head hard, "Can't you speak properly?!"

Situ Ya was still completely caught up in her excitement.

"Right, are you and my goddess on good terms?" Situ Ya looked at Zi.

"Better than good!" Zi said very proudly, "She and I, we are like bros, okay?"

After eating, Zi suggested going back from Situ Ya's place, but Situ Ya refused because her personal driver was already waiting at the door for her.

Just right, Zi had eaten her fill and didn't want to move a muscle.

Situ Ya mentally complained wildly about Zi.

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

This person really has no sense of gentlemanly decorum, not even offering to see her out the door, no wonder she's still single.

She didn't understand how her goddess became such good friends with someone like Zi!

Imperial Palace.

Bao Bao and Bei Bei were outside playing with Lin Yuze.

The three little ones were having a great time together.

Tong Tianjin, to show his dedication to training his special ability, didn't join them in their fun, rather he was in the yard practicing his ability.

Just then, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan passed by the yard, and prompted by Tong Qiaoqiao, little Tianjin immediately approached them, very sensibly speaking up, "Uncle, Auntie Uncle, hello."

"Hello, little Tianjin, what are you doing here? Why aren't you playing with Bao Bao and Bei Bei?" Chu Jin asked with a smile.

Mo Zhixuan also nodded slightly behind her.

Little Tianjin was only a child, and even if Mo Zhixuan were aloof, he would see no point in having an issue with a child.

Little Tianjin humbly replied, "Uncle, Auntie Uncle, little Tianjin knows he doesn't have much talent for learning special abilities, so he doesn't dare to slack off, nor does he want to waste time frittering away, that's why he didn't go play with them."

The words seemed to mock, implying that Bao Bao and Bei Bei had no talent and also didn't know how to strive hard! He was also putting on a show for Mo Zhixuan.

Any discerning person could see that he was many times more outstanding than those two good-for-nothings!

Chu Jin, with a gentle smile, patted little Tianjin's head, "Little Tianjin, studying special abilities is certainly important, but you mustn't neglect your rest because of it. You need to balance work and play. Your uncle and I have things to tend to, we'll be leaving now. If you need anything, you can ask the servants."

With that, Chu Jin and Mo Zhixuan turned and left.

Little Tianjin immediately followed their steps, addressing Mo Zhixuan, "Uncle, little Tianjin is not skilled in learning, and he has come across some difficulties in the mental techniques, please could you give me some guidance."

Mo Zhixuan's eyes already showed impatience.

Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan and spoke in a light tone, "It's rare for little Jinzi to be so eager to learn, as his uncle, you should really take the time to instruct him. I'll be off then, come find me later." It was only normal for Mo Zhixuan to mentor little Jinzi, who did not have a father.

Chu Jin also felt sympathy for little Jinzi; she knew how hard life was for a child without a father.

Especially after having Bao Bao and Bei Bei, Chu Jin grew even more fond of children.

Therefore, she had no guard up against a small child like little Jinzi.

Hearing what Chu Jin said, Mo Zhixuan had no choice but to stay. He turned to little Jinzi and asked in a low voice, "Is there anything you don't understand?"

Little Jinzi expressed his doubts.

Mo Zhixuan sighed inwardly; this kid was truly slow. Such a basic superpower technique, Bao Bao had cast aside by the age of two. Yet here was Tong Tianjin at six, still grappling with such rudimentary abilities.

Indeed, a child without a father had a much tougher life than ordinary children.

Tong Tianjin had intended to show off to Mo Zhixuan the Second Level Superpower he had recently learned, but to his utmost surprise, he found himself on the receiving end of Mo Zhixuan's deep sympathy.

In consideration of the fact that Tong Tianjin had no father, Mo Zhixuan began to personally guide little Jinzi's movements.

Little Jinzi felt overwhelmed with honor and surprise.

This was undoubtedly the first time his uncle had taken the hands-on approach to teaching a child's superpower, as those two good-for-nothings simply didn't possess such aptitude.



The more little Jinzi thought, the happier he became. Under the ideological indoctrination of Li Xiangzhi and Tong Qiaoqiao in the past two days, little Jinzi even began to wish that his uncle would truly become his father.

Then he wouldn't have to be without a dad, and, what's more, he could live here forever, becoming the overlord of that amusement park.

Grandma had also said that if he did well, he might even inherit his uncle's position and become the master of the imperial palace in the future.

Then, he could drive away whomever he wanted!

Excitement filled little Jinzi's heart, and his footsteps became lighter and more buoyant.

Mo Zhixuan's expression was stern as he said in a deep voice, "You must concentrate, do not get conceited! Otherwise, you'll never advance beyond Second Level!"

"Yes." Little Jinzi immediately reigned in his wandering thoughts.

Tong Qiaoqiao hid behind a rockery, her lips curling up in a faint smile as she watched the big and small figures interacting.

The silhouettes of Mo Zhixuan and little Jinzi truly resembled that of a father and son!

Her son was just that promising!

After a while, Tong Qiaoqiao came over with a bowl of sour plum soup, "Little Jinzi, you've been studying for so long, you must be tired. Come here, mom has made you some sour plum soup." As she finished speaking, she acted as if she had just noticed Mo Zhixuan and said with a hint of surprise, "Cousin, what are you doing here?"

Before Mo Zhixuan could reply, Tong Qiaoqiao continued, "Little Jinzi, did you pester your uncle? With such a busy uncle, how could you be so thoughtless!" Her tone was full of reproach.

Mo Zhixuan spoke in a grave tone, "The child encountered some problems with the heart method, so I helped him."

Tong Qiaoqiao responded with a smile, "Then thank you, cousin. I didn't know you were here a moment ago, so I only prepared one bowl of sour plum soup. You drink it, cousin. You must be tired from teaching little Jinzi his superpower." Tong Qiaoqiao offered the bowl of sour plum soup to Mo Zhixuan.

Mo Zhixuan refused, "No need, I have other matters."

He looked somewhat cold.

In front of others, Mo Zhixuan always wore the same expression.

"Uncle, one day as a teacher is akin to a lifetime as a father, please have some," little Jinzi added, "Besides, my mom's cooking has improved, I guarantee once you try it, you'll want it again."

"Tomorrow, I'll have someone come over to instruct you on the Second Level technique. I have something to take care of today, so I'll be leaving now." Mo Zhixuan glanced down at little Jinzi before stepping away.

As Mo Zhixuan was about to leave, Tong Qiaoqiao devised a plan. She twisted her ankle and collapsed directly in front of Mo Zhixuan!

It was a classic ruse often successful in the art of seduction.

But today, it was likely to fail.

Mo Zhixuan quickly stepped back, skillfully avoiding Tong Qiaoqiao's body, and she fell squarely onto the ground!

Little Jinzi cried out in alarm, "Mom!"

Tong Qiaoqiao had not expected Mo Zhixuan to just watch as she fell and not even offer a hand to help her up!

No matter what, she was his cousin!

Fortunately, there were no other people around! Otherwise, it would have been too embarrassing!

Was Mo Zhixuan even a man at all?

Tong Qiaoqiao lay on the ground, bit her lip, and then moaned, "It hurts so much! Cousin, could you please help me up?"

Mo Zhixuan gave Tong Qiaoqiao a cold look and stepped around her, his voice icy, "What, if I don't help you, can you not get up?"

"Yes, it would trouble you to lend a hand, my foot seems to be sprained, it's so painful..." Tong Qiaoqiao's voice had taken on a cry, her eyes misty with tears, pitifully endearing and immediately garnering a sense of compassion.

Mo Zhixuan spoke bluntly, his tone cold and intimidating, "Then you can lie here for the rest of your life." With those words, he walked away directly.

The expression on Tong Qiaoqiao's face froze instantly, a chill spread through her heart, and she even started to have second thoughts.

This cousin of mine is really too scary! Did he notice something?

"Mom, are you okay?" Tong Tianjin walked over to Tong Qiaoqiao, looking very anxious as he asked.

"Mom is fine." Tong Qiaoqiao shook her head.

"I'll help you up." Tong Tianjin supported Tong Qiaoqiao's arm.

In fact, Tong Qiaoqiao was perfectly fine; she was simply faking a fall, hoping that Mo Zhixuan would notice her through this incident.

Unexpectedly, Mo Zhixuan didn't even glance at her!

Only when Mo Zhixuan's figure was completely out of sight did Tong Qiaoqiao get up from the ground.

"Tong Tianjin, did your uncle praise you for being smart just now?" Tong Qiaoqiao looked at Tong Tianjin.

"No," Tong Tianjin shook his head, "But my uncle didn't scold me either. I think he's quite satisfied with me. He was very patient in explaining the things I didn't understand."

Hearing this, Tong Qiaoqiao quietly breathed a sigh of relief; at least Mo Zhixuan didn't dislike Tong Tianjin.

After all, considering how much better than those two useless ones Tong Tianjin was, there was no reason for Mo Zhixuan not to like him.

"That's good." Tong Qiaoqiao reached out and patted Tong Tianjin's head. "Do you like your uncle?"

Tong Tianjin nodded, "I like it. I want him to be my dad."

"Shush!" Tong Qiaoqiao immediately made a silencing gesture, looking around, "Tong Tianjin, you can't talk nonsense like this in the future. Nothing's set in stone yet!"

If someone overheard this, they would lose their chance to stay with the Mo family.

"Mom, then you have to work hard." Tong Tianjin patted Tong Qiaoqiao's shoulder.

"Qiaoqiao!" Li Xiangzhi emerged not far away.

"Mom, why are you here?" Tong Qiaoqiao looked at Li Xiangzhi, a flicker of confusion in her eyes.

"I heard that Zhixuan was here teaching Tong Tianjin the mind technique, so I came over to see. Eh, where's Zhixuan?" Li Xiangzhi curiously surveyed the surroundings.

After hearing that Mo Zhixuan was here, Li Xiangzhi had hurried over, but she didn't see him anywhere.

Tong Qiaoqiao pursed her lips and relayed the day's events to Li Xiangzhi.

"Mom, Mo Zhixuan doesn't see me as a woman at all. I'm his cousin; there was no chance for anything between us from the start. He just doesn't fancy me. You don't know how embarrassed I was just now..." Tong Qiaoqiao's face was a picture of awkwardness.

It was mostly because Chu Jin, a beauty like that, was around Mo Zhixuan; it wasn't strange that he didn't fancy her.

Li Xiangzhi spoke somewhat exasperatedly, "What kind of talk is that? You're already thinking of backing out? If Mo Zhixuan was that easy to hook, he wouldn't be Mo Zhixuan! Don't you know how many women out there want to get close to Mo Zhixuan but have no opportunity? You're right by his side, first in line to benefit from his proximity—don't even think of backing out now! That's really disappointing!" Li Xiangzhi gave Tong Qiaoqiao's head a frustrated poke.

"I..." Tong Qiaoqiao sighed. "Anyway, I've already tried using my beauty as a strategy, but he doesn't fancy me, and there's nothing I can do about it."

It's not that he didn't try, but Mo Zhixuan simply didn't fancy him...

What could she do about that?

A shrewd light flashed in Li Xiangzhi's eyes, and a slight smile appeared on her lips, "Silly child, that's not how you use a beauty strategy."

"What do you mean?" Tong Qiaoqiao turned to look at Li Xiangzhi.

Li Xiangzhi continued to maintain a mysterious smile, speaking softly, "Come here, let mom teach you a move."

Tong Qiaoqiao leaned in to listen, and after hearing Li Xiangzhi's words, a smile also appeared on her lips.

Indeed, experience is the mother of wisdom—these words rang true.

Meanwhile.

Mo Zhixuan had just stepped out from behind the rockery and saw Chu Jin standing on the wooden bridge, feeding the koi fish.

She wore a green, figure-hugging dress that made her already fair skin even more dazzlingly white. With her slender waist, she didn't look at all like the mother of two children.

The artificial lake was full of blooming lotuses, the flowers appearing especially delicate against the backdrop of the leaves. The gentle breeze brought waves of fragrance with it.

Yet, with Chu Jin standing there, the lake full of lotus leaves and flowers seemed to lose their original color.

She was truly a beauty that outshone the flowers.

"Jin." Mo Zhixuan was momentarily lost in thought, then he walked over, his eyes filled with softness.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan approaching, Chu Jin handed the porcelain bowl in her hand to him, her tone indifferent, "Is that Tong Qiaoqiao really your cousin, after all?"

She had just witnessed that scene while doubling back to retrieve something.

Tong Qiaoqiao's attitude clearly indicated that she had feelings for Mo Zhixuan.

If Tong Qiaoqiao really was Mo Zhixuan's cousin, she wouldn't have disregarded propriety like this—after all, they are blood related.

Even though Mo Zhixuan hadn't paid any attention to Tong Qiaoqiao, Chu Jin still felt a bit uncomfortable seeing it.

Anyone would be displeased with a woman who harbored intentions towards their husband.

Chu Jin originally thought Tong Qiaoqiao's plight was quite sympathetic, but now, she didn't have a shred of sympathy left!

Mo Zhixuan's expression was as calm as usual, still unaware of what had transpired, and slowly began to explain, "Tong Qiaoqiao is my uncle's only child. I have mentioned the incident from back then to you before, so of course, she is my cousin."

"If she really is your cousin, she shouldn't be harboring those kinds of thoughts about you," Chu Jin put her hand on Mo Zhixuan's chest, "Mo Zhixuan, don't try to wriggle out of this, I saw everything clearly just now."

With those words, Mo Zhixuan realized what was happening.

A hint of a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, and he said with a teasing tone, "Is Jin getting jealous?"

So Jin could get jealous too, huh.

This feeling was very nice!

Mr. Mo declared he was very happy!

"You're still laughing!" Chu Jin immediately grabbed his ear, "Tell me, do you have feelings for her as well?"

"No, no!" Mo Zhixuan raised his hands in surrender, "There's only one person in my heart, and all other women are no different from men in my eyes."

"Mo Zhixuan, was your face made from the corner of a city wall? Be careful Bao Bao doesn't learn bad things from you!" Chu Jin poked Mo Zhixuan's head.

"It's all self-taught, what's there to learn?" Mo Zhixuan held Chu Jin's hand, smiled, and said, "So? Are you not angry anymore?"

Chu Jin deliberately frowned, "Angry! Of course, I'm angry! I'm very angry!"

She really could carry her threats through.

"I'm wrong, I'm wrong! Brother Jin, please calm down!" Mo Zhixuan immediately raised his hands in surrender again.

Chu Jin looked at Mo Zhixuan with a cool tone, "Stand there and feed the fish as you reflect! Without my permission, you are not allowed to leave!"



"Where are you going then?" Mo Zhixuan asked, watching Chu Jin's retreating figure.

"I'm going to supervise you from the pavilion ahead; it's too hot here." It was logical since the sun was blazing down.

Mo Zhixuan silently sighed and could only stand there to feed the fish and reflect.

The boss's orders—who dared not obey?

So there Chu Jin sat in the pavilion, legs crossed, cracking sunflower seeds, while Mo Zhixuan had to stand under the scorching sun to feed the fish without a word of complaint.

Yet in his heart, he was plotting.

Tonight he must make Chu Jin call him "daddy" in bed!

Yes, that's right, just like that.

Thinking thus, Mo Zhixuan felt a lot better in his heart.

Elsewhere.

At the bottom of Situ Ya's company building.

Situ Ya had just walked out of the underground parking lot when she encountered Mr. and Mrs. Lin.

The couple had clearly been waiting there for a long time, and when they saw Situ Ya, smiles appeared on their faces, "Ya Ya."

Situ Ya instinctively turned to leave.

"Ya Ya." Mr. and Mrs. Lin quickly followed after her.

"What do you want?" Situ Ya's voice was somewhat cold; she suddenly didn't have the courage to face Mr. and Mrs. Lin.

"Ya Ya, please forgive your father and me, okay? We have not stopped thinking about you these past twenty years..." Lin Lan began, and then her knees buckled, and she knelt down on the ground, "Ya Ya, come back home with us."

"What are you doing? Get up!" Situ Ya was so shocked she too knelt down, her eyes involuntarily beginning to redden.

Zi Qi's words echoed in her mind.

She had lost her parents for more than twenty years, and it was the same for them; they had lost their daughter of ten months' pregnancy for over twenty years...

Putting herself in their shoes, their situation was not easy either, and it wasn't deliberate abandonment.

"Ya Ya, forgive your father and me..." Lin Lan held Situ Ya tightly and sobbed uncontrollably.

They had already lost one daughter; they couldn't lose another.

"Please stand up first, we can talk properly," Situ Ya helped Mr. and Mrs. Lin to their feet.

"Ya Ya... come back with us for a visit, okay? You still have a grandfather; he's over ninety years old now. Ever since he heard you were alive, he's been waiting at home every day for you to return..." Lin Lan looked at Situ Ya hopefully.