

R Woman 211

Chapter 211: This spot is mine

Madam Mo lightly lifted her eyelids, glancing casually at Zheng Chuyi. "Since you are here, find a place to sit."

Madam Mo was well aware of Zheng Chuyi's scheming, but she simply preferred not to point it out.

Upon hearing this, a flicker of disappointment crossed the depths of Zheng Chuyi's eyes. She had thought that by mentioning her discomfort, Madam Mo would show her at least some concern. To her surprise, Madam Mo's reaction was so indifferent!

Did she not fear that in a fit of anger, Zheng Chuyi would leave the Mo family?

After all, she was the only one with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in the world. If she were to leave, how would Mo Zhixuan survive the Extreme Yin Night!

Zheng Chuyi took a deep breath, trying hard to calm herself. After all, tonight was the important night when she would measure up against this lowly commoner, and she couldn't afford to lose the grace of the number one beauty of the Superpower World at such a time.

She could not afford to overlook the big picture over such a trifle and miss out on the supreme position.

Although raging like a stormy sea within, Zheng Chuyi still maintained a dignified and prudent demeanor on the surface. She nodded gently at Madam Mo and spoke softly, "Alright, Auntie Mo, I understand."

Then she took delicate steps toward Mo Zhixuan. That vulgar person simply did not deserve to sit beside him!

Only she had the right to sit with him.

Zheng Chuyi went straight to Chu Jin's side, looking down at her with narrowed eyes, "Miss, please move aside, this seat is mine."

With these words, almost everyone's gaze shifted to Zheng Chuyi and Chu Jin.

Both were clad in white dresses, but Zheng Chuyi obviously fell short of Chu Jin, both in presence and facial features.

Chu Jin exuded an aura that seemed inherent and natural, her features as clear and defined as jade. Against the backdrop of her white dress, she seemed ethereally beautiful yet unassuming, like a celestial figure stepping out of a painting.

Meanwhile, Zheng Chuyi looked dull and lackluster next to her. Under the reflectance of white, her disposition seemed somewhat ordinary, a bit too bland.

"That lunatic!" Mo Qingyi cursed under his breath, ready to stand up and pull Zheng Chuyi away, but he was stopped by Duanmu Zhe beside him, "Don't meddle in the affairs between your brother and sister-in-law. Let them handle it."

Mo Qingyi thought it made sense. With Chu Jin's intelligence and combat prowess, he was sure to crush Zheng Chuyi!

He might as well sit back and enjoy the drama.

Auntie Tong was also looking excitedly in Chu Jin's direction. From what she knew of Chu Jin, this young lady might appear gentle, but she was not someone to be trifled with.

Madam Mo shared a similar sentiment. Being the mistress of the Mo family was not easy. If she couldn't even deal with Zheng Chuyi, how could she maintain a stable position as the mistress?

She also wanted to see the true strength of her future daughter-in-law.

According to Zhou Xunian, this future daughter-in-law also possessed a special ability.

And it was a rare one too, which she hoped to witness this time.

"Could you please move?" Seeing that Chu Jin was ignoring her words, Zheng Chuyi's voice grew a few decibels louder, while Mo Zhixuan continued to peel another shrimp and place it into Chu Jin's bowl, treating Zheng Chuyi as if she were invisible.

Chu Jin, on the other hand, was enjoying the shrimp peeled by Mo Zhixuan, her eating graceful, her eyes curving joyously, her gaze shimmering - a sight too enchanting to look away from.

Mo Zhixuan noticed that Gan Mingxie sitting opposite had raised his eyes toward the person beside him for the fifth time.

Zheng Chuyi was about to explode with anger. How dare this lowly commoner ignore her!

"Please move aside!" Zheng Chuyi's voice now carried a mix of anger and authority.

Anyone ordinary would surely submit to her imposing manner.

But she forgot that Chu Jin was far from ordinary in her eyes.

Hearing Zheng Chuyi's angry tone, Chu Jin put down the shrimp in her hand and slowly lifted her eyelids in an unhurried manner. Her eyes sparkled brilliantly as she tilted her chin upward like a queen. "I won't move. What will you do about it?"

Her calm voice, neither loud nor soft, was enough to stun the audience with such ease.

Zheng Chuyi could not believe Chu Jin would be so brazen. She slightly curled her lips, brushed a strand of hair behind her ear, and began to speak slowly, "Perhaps Miss Chu has forgotten who I am. Let me reintroduce myself. I am Zheng Chuyi, Zhixuan's fiancée, so this seat is mine!"

Zheng Chuyi emphasized the word "Chu" because subconsciously, she believed that Mo Zhixuan chose Chu Jin as his fiancée because of the character "Chu" in her name.

Otherwise, how could a mere commoner like her possibly become Mo Zhixuan's fiancée?

That supreme position was once mine, and now it can only be mine.

It's not something a mere commoner can even dream of touching.

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan's entire body immediately erupted with a dangerous aura, just as he was about to stand up and take action, he was held back by Chu Jin, who gently pinched his hand.

Feeling the soft warmth on his hand, the anger in Mo Zhixuan's heart slowly dissipated. He leisurely reached out with his chopsticks and picked up a large shrimp.

Chu Jin looked at Zheng Chuyi, a bright smile slowly spreading from the corner of her mouth, "Hm? Fiancée, Miss Zheng seems to have forgotten to add three words before this term."

Zheng Chuyi's beautiful eyes narrowed slightly, knowing that the people of the mundane world were always cunning. She had to be more cautious, "Which three words?"

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly and said to Zheng Chuyi, word by word, "Former, Engaged, To."

Chu Jin also knew a bit about the matter between Zheng Chuyi and Mo Zhixuan, knowing that they had once been engaged for three years.

But in the end, for some reason, they called off the engagement.

It was precisely because of this that Zheng Chuyi was always targeting her.

But was she so easy to bully?

Zheng Chuyi now understood the implication behind Chu Jin's words, her face flushing red and then turning white with rage, yet she still tried hard to maintain her dignified and proper demeanor.

"Are you going to give it up or not!" Zheng Chuyi's eyes practically burst with flames.

How dare a lowly commoner speak to her like this!

Compared to Zheng Chuyi's face, full of anger, Chu Jin's expression was exceedingly calm, maintaining an air of nonchalance throughout.

"I won't, what can you do about it?" Chu Jin lightly raised her brows at Zheng Chuyi, her tone light but with a hint of provocation.

She looked bright and arrogant.

Since Zheng Chuyi had already taken this step, there was no turning back now, especially with everyone at the table watching her.

If she didn't take back that position from this lowly commoner today, how could she face anyone in the Superpower World again?

Those sitting here today were all famous figures on the leaderboards of the Other World.

She, the number one beauty of the Superpower World, how could she lose to a mere commoner!

Zheng Chuyi clenched her fists, her eyes held low as if poisoned, determined to make this lowly commoner pay the price today!

"Whether you give it up or not is not up to you!" Zheng Chuyi's eyes narrowed slightly, and in her right hand, she quietly conjured a scorching fireball, reaching out to grab Chu Jin's shoulder, intent on pulling her off the chair so she would crash to the ground and become the laughingstock of everyone.

But the person in question just sat there, quiet and unmoved, as stable as a mountain, her expression unchanged.

Zheng Chuyi slowly narrowed her eyes, increasing the force in her hand, and a continuous stream of fireballs burst from her palm into Chu Jin's body.

Yet Chu Jin still sat there, safe and sound, her face too serene to even show the slightest fluctuation.

Zheng Chuyi watched Chu Jin incredulously, seemingly not expecting that Chu Jin would so easily withstand the fire-based special ability from her body.

This was a fire-based special ability!

One of the three terrifying abilities in the Superpower World, derived from a rare special ability fruit, which Jiang Mubai had recently obtained for her own protection.

She had thought that once she consumed the fire-based special ability fruit, this commoner would be no match for her!

Unexpectedly, this commoner simply ignored her fire-based special ability, which was too abnormal!

Zheng Chuyi slightly narrowed her eyes, increasing the quantity of fireballs in her hand.

But on Chu Jin's face, on her body, there was still not a trace of any anomaly.

Chapter 212: True Destiny Maiden

Zheng Chuyi was gathering her power when suddenly she felt a formidable force surging from the palm of her hand, scorching hot, turning into a sharp sword, and ferociously slashing towards her.

Terrifying! Powerful!

Its speed was so fast, she had no chance to dodge!

'Bang' went the noise.

A loud crash echoed in the air, and Zheng Chuyi's crystal shoes beneath her feet suddenly twisted, causing her to fall straight to the ground.

One of the crystal shoes, due to the unexpected force, slipped off her foot and skidded toward the wall!

The utmost embarrassment!

Instantly, the banquet hall fell into complete silence.

Chu Jin leisurely accepted the shrimp passed by Mo Zhixuan, her lips slightly curled up, her deep black eyes looking towards Zheng Chuyi, bringing with them a cold glint.

With a teasing tone and a smirk, she said, "Miss Zheng, the floor is slippery, you should... be careful."

Mo Qingyi looked at Chu Jin, her eyes nearly sparkling with stars!

She knew Jin would not disappoint her!

If she could, she would certainly jump up and clap for Jin without hesitation!

Simply too cool!

Zheng Chuyi had never experienced such embarrassment in her entire life. She bit her lip tightly, her face drained of any color, her beautiful eyes filled with endless malevolence.

She could hardly believe she had been defeated by such a lowly commoner!

A commoner unworthy of even carrying her shoes!

She wanted to get up from the ground, but an excruciating pain overwhelmed her, leaving her unable to muster any strength.

She had no idea what this lowly commoner had done to her.

Zheng Chuyi had never expected things to turn out this way, with everyone looking at her as if she were a joke.

All those scornful glances turned into invisible swords, piercing deeply into Zheng Chuyi's flesh, blood dripping profusely.

She wished she could find a crack in the ground to crawl into!

At such a time, not a single servant came to help her up. The people of the secular world truly were ungrateful, she thought. She had always been so kind to them, but now that she was in trouble, they just stood by without moving an inch!

In fact, without a glance from the Elder Mo, the servants had no authority to take initiative.

Gan Mingxie, too, was shocked. He had not expected a beauty from the Superpower World to be no match for a person of the secular world.

To his knowledge, Zheng Chuyi's cultivation in the Superpower World had a reputable ranking, so how could she lose to a commoner so easily?

It must be said, Chu Jin truly impressed him!

He had always looked down on women, believing they could only live by clinging to men. Take Zheng Chuyi, for instance, who was clearly no longer betrothed to Mo Zhixuan but still shamelessly threw herself at him.

But Chu Jin was an exception. In her eyes and expression, he could see a kind of indifferent aura, giving off a sense of calm in the face of collapsing mountains, undisturbed by deer frolicking to her side.

Her identity must be more than just a commoner.

The happiest people in the room were undoubtedly the Elder Mo and Auntie Tong.

The Elder Mo, in particular, as she watched Chu Jin and nodded with satisfaction, knew that this young lady could shoulder the title of the Mo family's matriarch.

Jia Zhuo also recovered from her brief stupor, the moment barely giving her time to react.

She had thought that the commoner would certainly embarrass herself today, especially since her opponent was deemed the number one beauty of the Superpower World.

A person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing.

She never expected that it would be Zheng Chuyi who ended up falling to the ground!

She hardly saw how Zheng Chuyi fell.

Just now, Zheng Chuyi clearly had the upper hand. Could it really be, as that commoner said, that Zheng Chuyi slipped?

Without time to think too much, Jia Zhuo quickly rose from her chair and hurried to Zheng Chuyi's side. She helped her up and spoke to cover for her, "Chuyi sister, your shoes have such high heels, you must be careful when walking. Why don't you come sit by me? We haven't seen each other for a long time, and I want to catch up with you later."

Zheng Chuyi was still in severe pain at that moment, but she had to maintain a dignified smile on her face as if nothing had happened and nodded at Jia Zhuo, "Alright."

Today, she would definitely make that commoner pay the price!

"Alright, alright," the Mo family's matriarch opened her mouth at the right time, "Everyone, please continue eating, continue eating."

Zheng Chuyi sat down next to Jia Zhuo reluctantly; a servant immediately added a new set of bowls and chopsticks for her.

"Zhixuan, give Jin more to eat; look how thin she is." Amidst the dining, the Mo family matriarch suddenly spoke up.

Zheng Chuyi's hand holding the chopsticks paused slightly, her eyes lowered, filled with malevolence.

Mo Zhixuan, who was not much of a talker, nodded slightly to the elder and then picked out another rib for Chu Jin.

Chu Jin looked at the shrimp and shelled crab meat, and the ribs in her bowl, frowning slightly; she had almost twice the amount of food she usually ate for dinner today.

Following the matriarch's words, everyone's conversation flowed more freely.

With the intent to seek justice for Zheng Chuyi and turn the situation around, Jia Zhuo addressed the matriarch, "Auntie Mo, look, today we have such a good opportunity to gather for a meal, but just eating might be a bit monotonous. How about we add something else to liven up the occasion? I know Chuyi sister plays the konghou beautifully. Why not have her play a piece for us? I haven't heard Chuyi sister's konghou for a while."

As these words were spoken, Gan Mingxie also chimed in, "I've heard about Miss Zheng's exceptional konghou skills for a long time. If we could hear Miss Zheng play the konghou with her own hands today, it would truly be one of life's refined pleasures."

Zheng Chuyi, who was anxious for a chance to turn the tables, readily agreed with some modesty, "Since that's the case, then Chuyi will perform and hope my humble skills won't offend anyone's ears."

With that, she instructed a servant behind her, "Go to my room and bring the konghou here."

Hearing this, the servant involuntarily glanced towards the elder Madam Mo, who gave a subtle nod. Then the servant stepped away.

With so many people present, she couldn't well affront Gan Mingxie's dignity.

Zheng Chuyi could play almost all kinds of string instruments, but she was best at the konghou.

However, she had only learned the konghou in recent years. Upon discovering it, she studied tirelessly and practiced day and night, all to impress Mo Zhixuan.

The konghou, a type of harp, is an ancient instrument that's extremely difficult to learn, more than ten times more challenging than the guqin or guzheng.

Moreover, the konghou as an instrument had been lost for many years, and modern versions are but imitations of the standing harp.

But her konghou was a genuine artifact from the Ancient Era, capable of producing sounds that lingered for three days, possessing great spirituality. Only a True Destiny Maiden was qualified to master it, to play it. For others, it was nothing more than a mere mute instrument.

This was the source of Zheng Chuyi's confidence, as she was the only one in this room who could bring out the sound of the konghou.

"Chuyi sister, are you talking about the konghou?" Jia Zhuo feigned surprise, "The one from your room that has been passed down since the Ancient Era?"

Zheng Chuyi nodded modestly, "Yes, but I've only recently learned to play the konghou, and I'm not yet very skilled. I hope it won't displease everyone's ears."

"How could that be," Jia Zhuo continued, "I've heard that the ancient konghou is very spiritual, and only the true True Destiny Maiden can produce sound from it. I wonder if that's true. Once your konghou is brought here, I must certainly try it out."

In truth, Jia Zhuo had long known about Zheng Chuyi's possession of a konghou from the Ancient Era and knew that only those of the True Destiny Maiden's Bloodline of Fire Bathing could play it. Her purpose was to let the Mo family's elder Madam know that in this house, there was only one who was most suited to be the head mother of the Mo family.

After all, she was the true True Destiny Maiden, of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing.

"Certainly," Zheng Chuyi smiled gracefully, "I'd love to see for myself if the konghou is as spiritual as they say."

Zheng Chuyi's room was not far from there, so soon two servants arrived, carrying the konghou.

A low table had already been cleared to the side, and the servants placed the konghou on it.

This konghou, about 1.5 meters long, 1 meter wide, and weighing a hundred catties, with 74 strings, was made from thousand-year-old rosewood, carved with dragons and phoenixes, majestic and imbued with an aura of antiquity.

Gan Mingxie looked at the konghou with narrowed eyes, a hint of surprise flashing in his gaze.

Chapter 213: Treat the white bones and revive the dead

Gan Mingxie had long heard that Zheng Chuyi possessed an ancient Konghou from the Ancient Times.

This was the favorite instrument of the empress who had dominated the Three Continents during Ancient Times, and because it had remained close to the empress for an extended period, it had absorbed the auspicious energy and national fate of the empress, becoming a divine artifact of the present age.

Having been in daily and nightly company with the empress, the zither itself boasted an extremely proud air, just as Jia Zhuo had said, only a person of the True Destiny Maiden's Bloodline of Fire Bathing could play it; to ordinary people, it was nothing more than a mute zither.

But, that was just one aspect.

Secondly.

Legend had it that when the Konghou recognized a person of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing and that person played the instrument, it could resonate with mountains and rivers, beckoning the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix.

When the sound of immortality emerged, marvelous sights would appear, the lingering notes echoing for three days without end, and the phoenixes would descend upon the world.

It could bring the dead back to life, rejuvenate flesh on dry bones, heal severe injuries, sprout new branches on weathered wood, and revitalize all living things.

This was the real reason why Gan Mingxie had come here.

If the ancient Konghou truly possessed this kind of energy, then for the Underworld, it would be an invaluable treasure.

There was no knowing whether Zheng Chuyi had the capability to summon the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix.

Almost everyone present was seeing a real ancient Konghou for the first time, including Mo Zhixuan and the elder lady of the Mo family, whose eyes betrayed their shock.

They had all heard the rumors about the ancient Konghou.

Nobody had actually seen it, and now that they were facing the Konghou, it was inevitable that they felt overwhelmed by shock.

Feeling the astonished gazes of everyone, the corners of Zheng Chuyi's mouth curled into a faint smile.

The sight of the Konghou had also captivated Chu Jin.

In her previous life as a well-known talented woman in Capital City, she was proficient in the six arts of the gentleman.

She had naturally encountered the Konghou before, having been fortunate enough to be taken as the last disciple by a Konghou National Master, but the Konghou she had encountered were all modern modified versions; she had never seen such an ancient and primitive Konghou before.

Although it was her first encounter, this Konghou gave her an inexplicable sense of familiarity, as if she had seen it somewhere before.

That feeling of *déjà vu* was like meeting a friend for the first time after a thousand years.

This sensation was too wondrous.

Tong Zhi looked at the Konghou before her, with a trace of an unusual light in her eyes and said to Zheng Chuyi softly, "It's rumored that the True Destiny Maiden who plays the ancient Konghou can make mountains and rivers resound and summon the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix. I wonder if I have the fortune to witness this extraordinary sight today."

"Oh?" The elder lady of the Mo family looked at Tong Zhi with interest, "Is such a rare occurrence really possible?"

An ancient Konghou alone, although it had the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix carved on its body, claiming it could actually beckon the true Dancing Dragon and Phoenix seemed too exaggerated.

Tong Zhi nodded, "Sister, you may not know this, but the ancient Konghou was the beloved of the empress during Ancient Times, infused with the national fate and auspicious energy of the empress. Therefore, it is said that when a person of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing plays this zither, it can not only summon the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix, bring vitality to the land, but also heal severe injuries and bring the dead back to life."

The elder lady of the Mo family looked at the Konghou and said, "Is that so? Then today I must take a good look at this extraordinary sight."

Upon hearing the conversation between the elder lady and Tong Zhi, the expression on Zheng Chuyi's face changed repeatedly.

She naturally had also heard about this rumor, but after trying many times, she had never managed to beckon the sight of the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix.

As time passed, she forgot about the rumor; it was not that she doubted her own bloodline, but after all, rumors are just rumors, and a mere inanimate object at that; how could it possibly possess divine powers to truly bring the dead back to life and rejuvenate flesh on dry bones?

However, now that the matter was brought to the forefront, if she failed to summon the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix, her reputation would inevitably be somewhat compromised.

Zheng Chuyi pondered for a moment and, without diminishing her smile, spoke softly, "Aunt Tong, as you said, that's just a legend, after all. However, it is true that the ancient Konghou is extremely spiritual," she continued, turning her gaze toward Jia Zhuo, "Jia Zhuo, didn't you just say you wanted to test the tone of the Konghou?"

Jia Zhuo was a clever person, and naturally, understood the subtext in Zheng Chuyi's words; he quickly nodded without hesitation.

"Right, right, right, Chuyi sister, you didn't mention it, I would have forgotten. I will go try out the ancient Konghou now to see if it's really that spiritual."

Mo Qingyi at the side also became restless, was it just an old zither?

Was it truly so divine?

And that only a destined maiden could elicit sound from it?

This is far too ridiculous.

Without giving it much thought, Mo Qingyi stood up, "I'll give it a try as well."

Both of them walked up to the Konghou, Jia Zhuo took a step back and said to Mo Qingyi, "Then let Miss Mo go first."

Although Jia Zhuo inherently looked down on someone of a lowly and commoner bloodline, she dared not offend Mo Qingyi easily.

She had long heard that the Mo family in the secular world had adopted a castaway infant, whom the old lady of the Mo family treasured like her own.

Despite Mo Qingyi's inferior bloodline, she was still raised by the old lady of the Mo family. To look down upon her would be to disrespect the old lady herself.

Jia Zhuo understood this principle well, especially since the Superpower World currently needed her brother Mo Zhixuan's help; she couldn't afford to offend Mo Qingyi all the more.

Mo Qingyi raised her eyebrows towards Jia Zhuo, "Thanks, sister."

Jia Zhuo's lips curled into a slight smile, "You're welcome."

Mo Qingyi leaned forward to sit on the stool, attracting the attention of almost everyone in the room. After all, it was everyone's first encounter with this ancient Konghou, and no one knew if the rumors about the instrument were true.

Unhurriedly, Mo Qingyi raised both hands, one in front of the strings and the other behind, plucking them gently.

Unexpectedly, the taut strings didn't even tremble, let alone produce any sound.

Mo Qingyi frowned slightly. Could this broken Konghou really possess some sort of spirit?

Refusing to be superstitious, she once again lifted her hand to gently pick at the strings, but the Konghou still made not a single sound.

It had seemingly become a mute instrument.

The eager expectation in the eyes of the crowd turned to disappointment.

And even more so, disbelief.

It turns out there were indeed such spiritual objects in the world.

Zheng Chuyi's eyes brimmed with triumph. She had never been fond of Mo Qingyi and was feeling extremely pleased at her embarrassment.

Not considering her own lowly bloodline, she fancied herself capable of playing the ancient Konghou – such delusional wishful thinking.

"What kind of rubbish instrument is this, it's even snobbish!" Mo Qingyi slapped the body of the Konghou, then stood up dissatisfied, and said to Jia Zhuo, "Sister, your turn."

Jia Zhuo nodded lightly, "Alright."

Jia Zhuo was no stranger to such instruments and was adept in her technique. She found the right position on the strings, but as she plucked them, the Konghou still did not emit a whisper of sound.

The string remained taut without a tremble.

Jia Zhuo had been prepared for this outcome, so her face did not show much surprise.

Besides, the whole purpose of this was to highlight Zheng Chuyi's revered Bloodline of Fire Bathing. If she were to successfully produce a sound, it wouldn't have been good news.

Jia Zhuo rose slowly, a smile on her face, "It seems the rumors are indeed true. This ancient Konghou has a great spirit; only a lady with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing and True Destiny can master it. Chuyi, it's your turn now."

"This is truly curious," Tong Zhi also stood up from her principal seat, her exquisite waist twisting as she walked over, "Speaking of which, this is also my first time seeing the ancient Konghou. Why not, let me join in the fun."

Zheng Chuyi had already been about to sit down at the stool in front of the Konghou, but when she saw Tong Zhi arrive, she immediately stood up and stepped aside, making a polite 'please' gesture to Tong Zhi, "Aunt Tong, after you."

Tong Zhi could also be regarded as an elder in the Superpower World, with a strength ranked among the top, and although she was not of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, she flaunted noble heritage within the Superpower World.

If even Tong Zhi was powerless against this Konghou, then wouldn't that make her own Bloodline of Fire Bathing appear even more distinguished?

However, Tong Zhi didn't sit down, she merely bent over slightly and lifted her hand to flick at the strings a couple of times.

Just like the previous attempts, the Konghou still made no sound whatsoever.

Tong Zhi narrowed her eyes slightly. As she lifted her hand again, a wisp of blue smoke tinted her fingertips as she tried to use the Spiritual Power within her body to shake the strings.

Unfortunately, the strings still showed no vibrancy, not even a faint, weak sound.

Tong Zhi's lips curved lightly, praising, "Worthy of being an ancient divine instrument, indeed a being of pride that once accompanied an empress."

Chapter 214: Self-awareness

Since the rumor about the ancient Konghou being able to recognize its master was true, the second rumor about it must be true as well.

A miraculous scene appears, the dragon and phoenix emerge.

Bringing the dead back to life, flesh growing on dry bones.

Thinking of this, a spark of light flashed through Tong Zhi's eyes.

"Aunt Tong, you flatter me," Zheng Chuyi smiled modestly. "For me, this Konghou is just an object, nothing prideful about it, I just happen to have mastered the technique to play it."

As she spoke, Zheng Chuyi slightly lifted her chin and slowly looked towards Chu Jin's direction, regrettably, there wasn't much expression on the jade-like face of her counterpart, much less any color of envy.

Zheng Chuyi's mouth curved in a slight smile, tonight, she would let this layperson know what the Bloodline of Fire Bathing is, what it means to be a True Destiny Maiden.

After all, out of so many people here, she was the only one who could control this ancient Konghou.

Perhaps even Mo Zhixuan could do nothing about this ancient Konghou.

"Look at her, so full of herself!" Mo Qingyi cursed under her breath with dissatisfaction, she couldn't stand Zheng Chuyi's complacent demeanor.

So what if she can play an old harp?

What's there to boast about!

Duanmu Zhe chuckled softly, "Heroine, you probably don't know, but this indeed is an ancient Konghou. I'm afraid none of these people here, apart from Miss Zheng, can truly control it." His expression was serious, with no hint of jest.

Mo Qingyi was about to pinch Duanmu Zhe's thigh, but her hand retracted midway as if shocked by electricity, shooting Duanmu Zhe a glare, "Duanmu Xiaosi, whose side are you on? How can you speak for that woman?"

"Mo Qingyi, I'm just being objective, besides, I'm stating the facts. Look, didn't you also fail to play the Konghou just now?"

Mo Qingyi huffed, "What's so great about an old harp? Maybe my Jin can control it too!"

In her eyes, Jin was an all-powerful goddess!

Hearing this, Duanmu Zhe seriously scrutinized Chu Jin, who was sitting there, then gently shook his head, "She won't be able to."

He had not seen anything extraordinary about Chu Jin.

How could an ordinary person possibly subdue the proud and highly spiritual ancient Konghou?

"I can't be bothered with someone who judges people through a crack in the door." Mo Qingyi looked down and poked at the green vegetables in her bowl, her gaze a bit resentful.

Whenever she saw Zheng Chuyi's arrogant and overbearing demeanor, it suffocated her.

Meanwhile, Zheng Chuyi had already slowly taken her seat, adopting the most professional posture as she caressed the strings, her head gently resting against the Konghou's stand, creating an effect of a light veil half-covering her face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Zheng Chuyi slightly raised her eyes, "Chuyi will now make a humble offering."

Zheng Chuyi's gaze subconsciously fell on Mo Zhixuan, but regrettably, he paid her no heed.

From beginning to end, his eyes were fixed on only one person.

Zheng Chuyi suppressed the jealousy and sourness filling her heart, her fingertips gently plucked the strings, and immediately a celestial sound spilled from them, like pearls dropping onto a jade plate, lingering in everyone's ears, long-lasting and dispersing slowly.

Feeling the surprised expressions on the faces around her, Zheng Chuyi couldn't help but let the corners of her mouth lift slightly, her heart swelling with even greater pride.

After all, she was the only one with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing.

Under the heavens, she was the only one who could play this ancient Konghou.

At this time, the Konghou was an even stronger symbol of her identity.

She believed that after tonight, Mo Zhixuan would definitely realize the noble status of her Bloodline of Fire Bathing and then decisively discard that lowly commoner. Then, there would be a good show to watch.

The sound just now was only Zheng Chuyi testing the timbre of the instrument.

The main performance was about to begin.

Her eyes slightly narrowed, she rested her head gently on the Konghou's stand, her fair fingers constantly dancing over the strings, divine music gushing continuously from her fingertips, like a delicate stream flowing through the heart, pure and refined.

The melody grew faster and more urgent, an oppressive feeling like an impending storm.

Everyone's heart was tense with the urgency of the zither music, daring not to slacken in the slightest.

The scene of a million horses galloping and a thousand armies roaring seem to manifest before their eyes. At times, the music was high and spirited, grand and powerful, at other times, it was low and supple, enchanting and entwining. Then, after a twist, it stirred and moved everyone once again.

It began with an urge to valor.

Observing Zheng Chuyi, who was playing the zither, Chu Jin slightly narrowed his eyes, his lips curling into a faint smile.

This Zheng Chuyi indeed had some skill, managing to play the famous pipa piece "Ambushed from Ten Sides" on the Konghou.

Almost everyone was intoxicated within the spirited and exuberant sound of the zither.

Gan Mingxie watched Zheng Chuyi with slightly narrowed eyes, feeling some doubt, could the rumors about the Konghou be wrong...

If this Zheng Chuyi could make the ancient Konghou recognize her as its master, why couldn't she bring out the miraculous sight of the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix?

Could there be some other mystery to it?

Once the piece finished, yet the audience was still lost in the elegant sound of the zither, unable to extricate themselves.

'Clap clap clap' Gan Mingxie was the first to start applauding, "Not bad, really not bad! Miss Zheng's zither skills are indeed superb; Gan admires them."

Jia Zhuo also followed with applause, "Chuyi, I haven't seen you for a few days, and your skill at the zither has grown so much."

Even the Mo family's old lady, who had always looked down on Zheng Chuyi, complimented her, "Indeed, not bad."

Hearing everyone's praise, the corners of Zheng Chuyi's mouth lifted in several degrees, restraining the excitement in her heart, she raised her head and looked in Mo Zhixuan's direction, "Zhixuan, what do you think?"

At these words, Mo Zhixuan slightly lifted his gaze, the man under the light appeared even more distinguished and aloof, his unfathomably deep phoenix eyes containing a chilling coldness.

His face, as delicate as an ink painting, lifted slightly, he glanced casually at Zheng Chuyi, and with thin lips barely parting, he grudgingly uttered three words, "It was passable."

Even with just those faint three words, Zheng Chuyi felt overwhelmed with honor.

This was his assessment of her, something many yearned for but could not obtain.

She looked toward Mo Zhixuan, the smile deepening at the corner of her mouth.

It seemed the position of the principal mother of the Mo family was destined to be hers.

"Miss Chu, what do you think?" Zheng Chuyi sent a challenging gaze towards Chu Jin.

"I think it's not very good!" Before Chu Jin could speak, Mo Qingyi put down his chopsticks on the table and looked at Zheng Chuyi, "I think it's terribly unpleasant, not even a ten-thousandth as good as my sister-in-law's zither skills."

Hearing this, the corners of Zheng Chuyi's mouth curled up, the smile on her face deepened, and the scorn in her eyes was clear, "Oh, so Miss Chu is also skilled in playing the zither?"

Skilled in playing the zither? So what?

Even if she excelled in playing the zither, could she control the ancient Konghou before her?

Even if she truly had some Spiritual Power inside her, what of it?

In front of this Konghou, she was nothing but a lowly commoner!

A commoner that she had firmly trodden underfoot!

"Of course!" Mo Qingyi looked at Zheng Chuyi, "My sister-in-law's zither skills are great; a million times better than yours!"

"Oh, Jin can play the zither too?" Tong Zhi on the side put down her chopsticks in surprise.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "I occasionally indulge in elegance, but I can't say I'm exceptional. Aunt Tong, don't mind Qingyi's nonsense."

"Aunt Tong, my sister-in-law is just being modest," said Mo Qingyi turning to Tong Zhi, "If you don't believe me, let her try. She will guarantee to play a zillion times better than Zheng Chuyi!"

"Miss Mo, I understand you are close to Miss Chu," Jia Zhuo said slowly, looking at Mo Qingyi with a mocking tone, "but at this point, you really shouldn't make excuses for her. No matter how skilled Miss Chu's zither playing, I'm afraid she cannot control the ancient Konghou. After all, such an ancient spiritual object can only be played by the True Destiny Maiden. Miss Chu is, after all, just an ordinary person; her bloodline is after all, a bit inferior. One must have some self-awareness."

Jia Zhuo had long been displeased with Chu Jin, a lowly commoner. What right did a lowly commoner have to stand beside his ninth brother?

She had usurped the position that rightly belonged to Zheng Chuyi.

"Jia Zhuo, you're being too harsh," Zheng Chuyi chided, "Whatever True Destiny Maiden or not, in my view, everyone is born equal. I just happened to have mastered the technique of playing the Konghou, and maybe Miss Chu can really make this Konghou sound. Let her try."

Chapter 215: Not convinced? Let's have a one-on-one!

Although Zheng Chuyi said such words, deep inside she was extremely delighted.

Just because she was a mere commoner, did she really think she could compete against herself, the destined maiden of the Superpower World?

That's laughable!

"Since Chuyi has mentioned it like that, Ninth Sister-in-law, why don't you give it a try? Who knows if there is really only one True Destiny Maiden in this world," Zhou Xunian, who had not spoken until now, opened his mouth at the right moment.

Chu Jin really had no interest in dealing with this sort of situation and smiled faintly toward Zhou Xunian, "My skills on the zither are really not grand enough to justify such attention. I won't embarrass myself in front of everyone."

Jia Zhuo gave a light snort, speaking disdainfully, "Miss Chu, this has nothing to do with your zither skills, I fear you might not even have the capability to make this ancient Konghou produce a sound."

Even she could not move this ancient Konghou an inch, how could such a mere commoner possibly play it?

"Jin," the Mo family matriarch also put down her chopsticks and looked toward Chu Jin, "Since Jia Zhuo has mentioned it, you should give it a try."

Upon hearing this, the smile on Zheng Chuyi's face deepened, "Indeed, Miss Chu, please do try. Even if you really can't make a sound, it's not a big deal. It only means that you and this Konghou are not fated."

She was eager for this commoner to give it a try!

Only by doing so would the commoner recognize her own place!

Only by doing so would the commoner realize how great the gap was between them!

Only by doing so would Mo Zhixuan see her correctly.

Just a commoner, how could she compare with herself, the True Destiny Maiden?

Just when everyone thought Chu Jin would again make her excuses, she stood up unhurriedly, her clear voice resonating through the air, "If you insist so cordially, then I must respectfully comply."

Mo Zhixuan's lips twitched upwards almost imperceptibly.

Gan Mingxie, who was watching the girl stand up, saw a flicker of something unusual in his dark, hawk-like eyes.

Zheng Chuyi and Jia Zhuo's lips both curled up in a smug arc. The arrogant commoner really thinks she has some abilities! Soon, she won't even know how she met her end.

The drama is getting better and better.

Chu Jin walked step by step towards the Konghou, each step stirring up a fierce wind.

Under the crystal light, that person had skin as white as snow, eyes like the stars, otherworldly and beautiful, with eyebrows frosted over, exuding a sense of lonely pride and chilling coldness.

As she passed by Jia Zhuo and Zheng Chuyi, she did not even spare them a glance from the corner of her eye.

"How arrogant!" Jia Zhuo snorted coldly, "Not to have any real talent, yet still so presumptuous, it's such a waste of those delicate features, to be born into a commoner like her! It's sickening."

Jia Zhuo deliberately used her Spiritual Power to keep her voice low, so no one but Zheng Chuyi beside her heard what she said.

Zheng Chuyi gently tapped Jia Zhuo's shoulder, "Just wait, she won't be smiling soon."

This ancient Konghou was something the Empress had used; how could it be touched by a mere commoner?

In all the world, perhaps besides herself, the True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, no one else could play it.

"Miss Chu," Zheng Chuyi suddenly had an idea and called out to Chu Jin's retreating back.

"Say it." Chu Jin paused in her steps, turned her head to look towards Zheng Chuyi, her expression indifferent, her voice crisp and clear.

Zheng Chuyi smiled slightly and slowly spoke to Chu Jin, "It's so boring to just play the zither, why not add a little wager on it?"

Chu Jin glanced at Zheng Chuyi and then the corners of her crimson lips lifted slightly as she raised her chin with a chilling voice, "Can you afford it?"

That manner, somewhat too haughty.

Standing next to her, Zheng Chuyi was clearly more than a notch below her in terms of arrogance.

"How do you talk to Sister Chuyi? Do you know who she is?" Jia Zhuo couldn't help but scold.

A lowly commoner dared to be so arrogant in front of Zheng Chuyi, not recognizing her own status!

"So what?" Chu Jin looked in Jia Zhuo's direction, her lips curling into a mocking arc, "Are you dissatisfied?"

Chu Jin had taken a dislike to Jia Zhuo long ago, so she did not intend to give her face this time.

She would take her down a peg whenever possible.

"Yes!" Fire seemed to spew from Jia Zhuo's eyes as she retorted, always high and mighty within the Superpower World; a tiny commoner had the audacity to talk back to her, it was an insult, "I am not satisfied. You don't even look at your own status, yet you speak to Sister Chuyi this way!"

Isn't she just relying on the fact that she's the Ninth Brother's fiancée?

Strip away that outer coat of fiancée to the Ninth Brother, what else does she have left?

Nothing but a lowly person, fit only to serve and slave for her in the Superpower World.

Chu Jin glanced at Jia Zuo indifferently, her enchanting peach blossom eyes narrowed slightly, brimming with seduction, "Discontented? A duel then!"

I'll fight you until you admit defeat!

Problems that can be solved by force were never a big deal.

"A duel? With you? Miss Chu, you do have a big mouth!" Jia Zuo stepped forward, sneering, as if she could be scared of a mere commoner!

After all, she was a Third Order Water Elemental Mage of the Superpower World. Today, she would let this mundane world's peasant see her might.

She had been worrying about not finding an opportunity to properly teach this commoner a lesson. Who would have thought that the commoner herself would come knocking on her door?

A duel between a commoner and a mage from the Superpower World was akin to seeking death!

Let's see how her ninth brother would protect her then!

"Wow, wow, wow," Mo Qingyi excitedly grabbed the sunflower seeds next to her, saying with some thrill, "This is going to be a good show!"

Is this woman an idiot?

Provoking their Jin for no reason, wasn't this just asking for punishment?

"This..." The old Madam Mo looked towards Mo Zhixuan with some concern, whispering, "Won't Jin suffer a loss?"

After all, Jia Zhuo was a mage from the Superpower World, with combat prowess above that of Zheng Chuyi. It wouldn't be good if she injured her future daughter-in-law.

So, she was indeed somewhat worried for Chu Jin at this moment.

Mo Zhixuan also raised his eyes to the old Madam Mo, "It's fine, mother, Jin knows her limits, you don't need to worry."

Jia Zhuo really did need to be taught a lesson, otherwise, it would seem like his fiancée was an easy target!

Someone she could manipulate at will.

"Exactly, sister, that little girl isn't someone to be trifled with. Just be at ease," Tong Zhi echoed in agreement.

Although she hadn't detected any spiritual power from Chu Jin, she knew that this girl was anything but ordinary.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have easily thrown Zheng Chuyi to the ground.

Zhou Xunian also stroked his chin, waiting for the drama to unfold.

Why on earth did Jia Zhuo have to provoke Chu Jin of all people?

Was his ninth sister-in-law someone to be trifled with?

Right now, the happiest was undoubtedly Zheng Chuyi; she had long wanted to train this ignorant lower-class commoner properly.

"Jia Zhuo," Zheng Chuyi feigned annoyance at Jia Zhuo, "Miss Chu is a guest after all, how can you speak to her like this? What if you really hurt Miss Chu? Wouldn't that harm the harmony between us?"

She had always presented herself with an image of dignity and grace, so even now, she maintained that understanding demeanor.

"Chuyi, sister," Jia Zhuo glanced at Zheng Chuyi, "I know you have a kind heart, but this is between her and me, please don't interfere!"

With that, Jia Zhuo swiftly executed a sweeping leg kick, aiming to bring Chu Jin crashing to the ground.

The dress that this commoner was wearing was not very long, if she were to fall like that, the posture would certainly be amusing.

Then, with just a little trickery, she was bound to make her embarrass herself in public!

The Mo family certainly wouldn't want a commoner with a tarnished reputation as their future daughter-in-law.

Jia Zhuo's kick was quick, and Chu Jin immediately heightened her alertness, watching as Jia Zhuo's figure turned into a shadow rushing straight toward her.

She sidestepped, eyeing the shadow, squinted her eyes with pinpoint accuracy, and then lifted her right foot, kicking fiercely towards the direction of the shadow!

A direct confrontation!

A cold light flashed in Jia Zhuo's eyes; she didn't expect a commoner to have such agile reflexes!

It seemed she had to use her trump card!

Jia Zhuo's fingertips twitched slightly, and in an instant, three invisible needles imbued with a chilling aura shot straight toward Chu Jin's vital spots!

Chu Jin looked at the three needles flying towards her and curled her lips into a cold smile.

Playing dirty, were they?

Well, she was more than willing to play along!

Chu Jin's eyes narrowed, and she extended two fingers, effortlessly catching the needles that were only centimeters away from her vital spots out of thin air!

Chapter 216: To keep you company to the end

Jia Zhuo seemed not to have expected that the silver needle she shot out would be detected by Chu Jin, and while Chu Jin was inspecting the silver needle, Jia Zhuo swiftly attacked towards her direction.

Chu Jin, as the figure charged at her, didn't dodge, her pupils deepening in color. Her right hand gathered strength subtly as streaks of purple lightning traveled from her dantian to her hand, her right hand transforming into a blade sharp as a sword.

She cleaved directly towards the residual shadow, and at the same time, bolts of purple lightning ferociously struck Jia Zhuo!

Amidst the flash of lighting, Chu Jin lightly lifted her right foot.

With a 'bang!'

A loud boom suddenly filled the air.

Yet Chu Jin still stood there, one foot lightly stepping on Jia Zhuo and the other on the ground, holding three silver needles in her hand, eyes lowered, her face serene as jade, and the corners of her mouth slightly curled up in a wicked smile.

The chilly voice echoed in the air, "Do you submit now?"

It wasn't loud, but it resonated with force, clearly reaching everyone's ears.

The scene was somewhat shocking.

Nearly everyone could not believe their own eyes.

She had easily pinned Jia Zhuo to the ground!

Jia Zhuo lay on the ground in a disheveled state, her features twisted, her brows and eyes filled with barely resisted pain.

She could not have imagined that she, a high and mighty Water Elemental Mage from the Superpower World, would be trampled underfoot by a mere mortal.

Like a mere ant!

Such great humiliation!

Even though she was stepped on, Jia Zhuo still managed to squeeze out these two words through gritted teeth, "No! Submit!"

She was a Third Order mage of the Superpower World; how could she possibly bow before a mere mortal!

How could she possibly submit to a mere mortal!

A lower mortal, how could they so easily defeat her? There must be Mo Zhixuan secretly helping!

Yes!

"Not submitting?" Chu Jin leaned slightly forward, bending down to bring the three silver needles in her hand close to Jia Zhuo's face, whispering, "What is this?"

Jia Zhuo looked at Chu Jin in astonishment, never expecting that Chu Jin would actually have caught the silver needles she had shot. She had thought Chu Jin had merely dodged them.

This was terrifying!

Even in the Superpower World, it was rare for anyone to catch her silver needles with their bare hands!

Could this also be Mo Zhixuan secretly helping?

Otherwise, how could a mere mortal have the capability to catch her silver needles?

At this thought, Jia Zhuo's heart calmed slightly. Losing to Mo Zhixuan was not a disgrace!

Jia Zhuo pressed her lips tightly together, saying nothing!

The Superpower World also had its rules; one would rather die than submit to a mere mortal!

Better to be killed than humiliated!

And with so many people present, surely this mere mortal wouldn't dare to kill her outright!

"Not talking, huh?" Chu Jin, holding the three silver needles, smiled slightly, her peach blossom eyes glittering.

What others saw was astonishing beauty.

But what Jia Zhuo saw was panic.

"What... what do you want to do?" Jia Zhuo's whole body trembled.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Tell me, what if I stick these three silver needles into you?"

As she spoke, Chu Jin picked up a silver needle and aimed for Jia Zhuo's body.

Jia Zhuo's pupils dilated in fear as the silver needle approached, a look of terror filling her eyes.

The needles had been coated with their family's ancestral peerless poison; it would seal the throat upon contact with blood with no antidote available!

"Don't!" Jia Zhuo's voice, tinged with the edge of tears, rang out, "I submit, I submit..."

She was truly frightened! She could feel that Chu Jin was not joking.

The person in front of her did not seem like a mere lower mortal or only a teenager, but rather like an Asura who had crawled back from hell!

"That's more like it. If you had submitted earlier, you wouldn't have had to suffer so much," Chu Jin straightened up slowly, releasing her foot, flicking her fingertips, and the three silver needles flew straight into a wooden pillar a few meters away, burying a third of their length into the wood!

At the same time, a clear voice rose in the air, "Miss Jia Zhuo, if you ever compete with someone in the future, it's better not to resort to such underhanded tactics. After all, not everyone is as easygoing as I am!"

Zheng Chuyi took a few steps back, her face slightly pale. She hadn't expected Jia Zhuo to be defeated so easily!

"Miss Chu is quite skillful," Gan Mingxie looked over in Chu Jin's direction.

Chu Jin curved her lips slightly, "Just some fancy footwork—I've made a fool of myself in front of Mr. Gan."

"How about that, I told you my brother Jin is amazing, didn't I? But you didn't believe me," Mo Qingyi swept a glance over the crowd and slowly spoke.

Brother Jin just now was truly dashing!

Just as Chu Jin was about to return to her seat, Zheng Chuyi's voice rang through the air, "Miss Chu, wait a moment."

"What is it?" A pair of sparkling peach-blossom eyes calmly looked towards Zheng Chuyi.

Zheng Chuyi helped Jia Zhuo to sit down at the side, the corners of her mouth lifted slightly, "Miss Chu, aren't you going to try this ancient Konghou?"

Chu Jin's playful nature suddenly surged, and she slightly raised her eyebrows at Zheng Chuyi, "Try? Why not, didn't you just say you wanted to raise the stakes? Tell me, how do you want to play?"

Zheng Chuyi raised her chin with arrogance and said, "My bet is very simple, I'm just afraid Miss Chu can't afford it!"

"Let's hear it," Chu Jin said with a neutral tone.

Almost no emotion could be seen on her clear and distinguished features.

Seeing Chu Jin take the bait, Zheng Chuyi slightly curved her lips, a hint of triumph flashing in her eyes, and she began to speak slowly.

"We won't talk about playing the instrument. Miss Chu, if you can make this ancient Konghou produce a sound, I will gift the Konghou to you as the bet. But if you can't make it produce even the slightest sound, then you will break off your engagement with Mo Zhixuan, and for the rest of your life, you will be my slave. How about it?"

By all accounts, this bet seemed to be one Zheng Chuyi was sure to win.

That's why Zheng Chuyi was so confident.

After all, she was the True Destiny Maiden.

Just as Chu Jin was about to speak, Mo Zhixuan suddenly stood up and quickly stepped beside her, lightly embracing her shoulder and said in a deep voice, "We're not playing anymore. You have school tomorrow; I'll take you home."

This ancient Konghou was exceedingly sinister; how could he let her take such a risk?

Break off the engagement? Be a slave?

Neither of these options could he agree to.

Seeing Mo Zhixuan protect a commoner like this, Zheng Chuyi bit her lip with a feeling of discontent, almost overflowing with jealousy in her heart.

Why should this commoner receive his favor?

She, the True Destiny Maiden with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, in what way was she inferior to this commoner?

Chu Jin slightly lifted her gaze, gently patted Mo Zhixuan's arm, "Let me try; don't worry, I won't be in trouble."

Then she turned her head to look at Zheng Chuyi, her red lips parting slightly, "Miss Zheng, this bet seems a bit unfair to me, I want to add one more condition."

Zheng Chuyi suppressed the sour taste in her heart and looked calmly towards Chu Jin, "Go ahead."

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, "If I win, not only do I want this ancient Konghou, but I also want you to be my slave for life!"

"Fine!" Zheng Chuyi spoke without hesitation, "As you say. Everyone present is a witness. I hope Miss Chu won't go back on her word later and do something despicable!"

She was certain she wouldn't lose anyway!

She was just waiting to have this lowly commoner be her slave and serve her for life!

She wanted this commoner to pay the price she deserved, to send her to the Eighteen Layers of Hell!

To ensure she could never turn over in this life or the next, forever!

Thinking this way, Zheng Chuyi's heart was extremely pleased.

The thought of stepping on this commoner ruthlessly made her feel very comfortable.

Jia Zhuo, who was sitting aside, also curled his lips into a slight arc.

This commoner had no chance today; after tonight, she would forever live under Zheng Chuyi's control.

Then, he could torture her however he liked, to fully avenge today's humiliation!

Chu Jin's lips curved slightly, and she slowly uttered four words with conviction, "I'll accompany you to the end!"

After speaking, she walked towards the Konghou.

"Wait," Zheng Chuyi called out to Chu Jin's retreating figure again.

"What now?" Chu Jin's brows lifted slightly, her tone slightly impatient.

This Zheng Chuyi was truly troublesome.

Zheng Chuyi's eyes smiled, "Empty promises mean nothing. Let's draw up a written agreement to prevent some people from regretting it later!"

Chapter 217: Give Up Earlier

A written pledge?

Chu Jin's interest intensified even more.

"Are you sure?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly at Zheng Chuyi, her tone slightly cool.

A triumphant flash crossed Zheng Chuyi's eyes, barely containing her excitement, "Of course!"

Of course, a written pledge was necessary—tonight, she was determined to make this commoner completely hers!

A mere mortal dared to vie with her for that position! What overconfidence!

As long as the written pledge was set in black and white, Mo Zhixuan would have no ground to stand on later!

She wanted this commoner to serve her as a slave forever!

Let's see who could protect her then!

At her side, Jia Zhuo was also thrilled, suppressing the pain in her body as she rose from her chair, "Sister Chuyi, I'll go prepare for you."

"Good, then I'll trouble you," Zheng Chuyi nodded.

"Jin..." Mo Zhixuan looked down at her, the concern in his eyes evident.

This was probably the first time Mo Zhixuan had shown such expression for a woman.

Why should a commoner monopolize it when he himself had not yet enjoyed such concern?

Zheng Chuyi's fists clenched involuntarily, she bit her lip as she looked at the two in front of her, finding it unbearably irritating!

"Don't worry," Chu Jin squeezed his hand, signaling him to be at ease.

"Little Zhi," the elder Mrs. Mo sitting at the main seat also looked worriedly at Tong Zhi, "You don't think something will go wrong, do you?"

Even if this future daughter-in-law possessed a special ability, when it came to the matter of a bloodline, no one could defy the heavens.

In the Superpower World, there was only one Bloodline of Fire Bathing Chosen Daughter, and that was Zheng Chuyi.

Not to mention this spiritually barren ordinary world.

The elder Mrs. Mo knew all too well that there were no such things as the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in this ordinary world!

Having finally found a daughter-in-law who satisfied her greatly, she didn't want a bet to ruin it all.

She knew full well that Zheng Chuyi was not joking in the slightest.

"Sister," Tong Zhi smiled, gently patting the elder Mrs. Mo's hand for reassurance, "Don't worry. Like Xunian said, who knows if there's only one Bloodline of Fire Bathing Chosen Daughter in the world?"

Although Tong Zhi said this, she felt a hint of worry mixed with anticipation in her heart.

She was looking forward to witnessing that miraculous event.

"Mo Xiaosan, how can you still eat so happily?" Duanmu Zhe watched Mo Qingyi cracking melon seeds in a somewhat speechless manner.

This foolish girl, at such a critical moment, still cracking melon seeds so carefreely!

Didn't she realize the gravity of the situation?

"What? Does my eating melon seeds bother you?" Mo Qingyi held out some melon seeds to Duanmu Zhe with a grin, "How about you have some too?"

Duanmu Zhe picked up a melon seed, speaking calmly, "Aren't you close to your sister-in-law? She's in trouble now, shouldn't you be helping her instead of sitting here? Or do you really want her to cancel the marriage with your brother and become Zheng Missy's slave?"

"Hehehe," upon hearing this, Mo Qingyi chuckled, her cat-like eyes twinkling with cunning, "My Jin losing? Just wait and watch the drama unfold. It's not yet certain who will serve whom!"

Mo Qingyi knew Chu Jin very well and knew that her Chu Jin never entered a battle unprepared. If she didn't have confidence, would she have boldly accepted Zheng Chuyi's challenge?

Duanmu Zhe placed the peeled melon seed into a plate and continued, "So you trust her that much?"

Mo Qingyi lifted her chin, her gaze fixed on the person under the crystal light, a glint flashing in her eyes, "Absolutely."

Her trust in Chu Jin was unconditional!

Zhou Xunian also felt a vague sense of worry. He had originally just wanted Chu Jin to try playing the Konghou; he hadn't expected things to escalate to this level.

If Jin were unable to play the Konghou, how would they even begin to resolve this?

Would Jin actually be forced to serve Zheng Chuyi as a lifetime slave?

Now it seemed the situation had indeed taken a serious turn.

The calmest person in the hall had to be Gan Mingxie, whose pair of pitch-black eagle eyes serenely gazed over, excitement flickering in their depths.

He hadn't expected the harvest from his visit to the mortal realm to be so great, not only had he witnessed the legendary ancient Konghou, but he also saw such an interesting affair.

This place was much more entertaining than the cold Underworld.

Jia Zhuo quickly returned, and unlike when she left, she now had two pieces of white paper in her hand.

Ignoring Chu Jin, she walked straight to Zheng Chuyi and stopped, "Sister Chuyi, these are the prepared documents."

Rather than calling them documents, they were more accurately described as a contract.

It was a unique master-servant contract from the Superpower World that required a blood oath. Once the contract took effect, the loser would be bound for eternity, unable to escape their servitude.

Mo Zhixuan recognized the contract at a glance, and his dangerous phoenix eyes filled with coldness, "Jia Zhuo, aren't you going too far?"

"Too far?" Jia Zhuo smiled lightly, "Ninth Brother, how am I going too far? Miss Chu herself agreed to this. I'm just offering some help."

Since this commoner had already accepted the challenge, she would not let her have a chance to turn things around!

Once she signed this contract, even with Mo Zhixuan's abilities, he would be helpless!

Zheng Chuyi immediately picked up a pen and signed her name on both pieces of paper.

"Miss Chu, it's your turn," Zheng Chuyi said, very pleased as she handed the pen and paper to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin slightly curved her lips, took the paper, and without hesitation, signed her name on it.

No sooner had Chu Jin finished signing than Zheng Chuyi eagerly snatched the paper from her hand, unable to mask the excitement in her heart at the sight of the signature, her mouth curling up in a deep arc.

"We each have a copy; I hope Miss Chu can still be as composed by then." After verifying the signatures, Zheng Chuyi handed one of the papers to Chu Jin.

"I equally hope Miss Zheng can keep enjoying her triumph." Chu Jin slightly curved her lips, carelessly stuffing the paper into Mo Zhixuan's hand before she walked towards the Konghou.

The smile on Zheng Chuyi's lips stiffened for a moment. Commoners will be commoners—struggling on her deathbed at a time like this!

The closer Chu Jin got to the Konghou, the stronger that familiar sensation became, mixed with a tinge of time-worn sentiment.

She slowly inclined her body to sit by the Konghou, her heart inexplicably filled with sorrow as she gazed at the unfamiliar yet familiar instrument before her. Her hands unconsciously stroked its body, and as she admired its exquisite carvings, that sad feeling intensified.

The sensation was like meeting an old friend not seen for many years, suddenly reunited.

Every pair of eyes present was intensely fixed on her.

Not even daring to breathe loudly, for fear of missing something.

At that moment, Chu Jin was completely in another space.

Now, she could not sense any of the unusual gazes from the outside; it was as if all things in the world had vanished into nothingness, and all she could see was this ancient Konghou before her eyes.

To others, this might just be an instrument.

But through this Konghou, she saw scenes invisible to others, felt emotions unfelt by others.

Whether sad or joyous, mournful or happy.

The emotions had already fused with the Konghou into one.

Seeing her motionless for a long time, Zheng Chuyi couldn't help but speak up, "Miss Chu, everyone's time is precious, could you please hurry up?"

She could hardly wait to trample Chu Jin ruthlessly under her feet.

"Exactly," Jia Zhuo chimed in, "Miss Chu, I've always said, one must know their limits. Not everyone has the Bloodline of Fire Bathing. It would be better for you to concede early, to avoid wasting everyone's time here."

This lowly commoner dares to fantasize about mastering the Konghou once used by an empress—it's a laughable pipe dream!

The voices reaching her ears abruptly pulled Chu Jin back to reality, the sorrow in her heart gradually dissipating, leaving just a single tear at the corner of her eye.

Her pale, delicate fingers slowly caressed the strings of the Konghou. With a slight tilt of her gaze, every smile, every gesture, was exceptionally pleasing to the eye, her movements graceful and professional—yet these were not merely for show.

As Chu Jin moved, Zheng Chuyi's smile grew even more triumphant.

Tonight, she was destined to be the center of everyone's attention!

The next second, Chu Jin lightly plucked a string with her index finger.

Everyone held their breath in anticipation, following Chu Jin's actions.

Zheng Chuyi too stared intensely at Chu Jin's hand as it touched the string, her heart lodged in her throat.

Chapter 218: that's all

Although she already knew the outcome, she was still looking forward to this moment of embarrassment for the lowly commoner.

Everything was as Zheng Chuyi had expected, and no sound poured out from Chu Jin's fingertips.

The tense strings of the instrument did not even tremble.

A sharp pain immediately shot through Chu Jin's index finger, and unbeknownst to the others, a drop of bright red blood quickly fell along the string to the body of the instrument, merging with it and then disappearing without a trace.

"Pfft—" A snicker immediately filled the air, Jia Zhuo standing beside Zheng Chuyi laughed smugly, "Lowly blood is lowly blood, a commoner is a commoner! To actually think she had any ability! Sister Chuyi, congratulations, you've gained a new slave, and I must say, you have to lend her to me to play with for a couple of days."

Zheng Chuyi brushed the hair in front of her chest behind her ear, barely able to contain her inner glee, and said in as flat a tone as she could manage, "Don't worry, Jia Zhuo, you can play as many days as you like, it's just a slave after all."

A lowly commoner wants to usurp my place?

She has to be stable enough to stay put, but look, she's not only fallen, but also fallen so miserably!

Tsk, tsk, there's my slave.

Just the thought of it was exceedingly amusing.

"Sister Chuyi," Zhou Xunian stood up excitedly, "are you serious? She's my ninth sister-in-law, how can you make her your slave!"

Zheng Chuyi glanced at Zhou Xunian and spoke calmly, "Xunian, what makes you think I'm joking? According to the bet, she's no longer related to Zhixuan—bets must be honored! She will be my slave for all eternity."

With that, she handed a piece of paper to Jia Zhuo beside her, "Go, cut her finger, let the blood seal the oath and bind the contract forever!"

After tonight, there will no longer be Chu Jin in this world! Only a slave belonging to Zheng Chuyi!

Chu Jin paid no attention to everything happening around her and did not hear any of it, as her mind was completely immersed in the Konghou, feeling the abnormal sensation at her fingertips, and the sadness in her heart. Slowly, she closed her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling slightly, and a single teardrop clung to her lashes, ready to fall.

Mo Zhixuan noticed this scene, a trace of shock swiftly flashing through his deep eyes.

What is this?

Empathy!

Even the typically unfathomable and superior Mo Zhixuan couldn't hide the shock in his heart!

To empathize with a relic of an ancient empress!

This...

Unfortunately, besides Mo Zhixuan, no one noticed Chu Jin's anomaly.

The elder Mrs. Mo sighed, she knew it would end this way, it was a matter of bloodline, and no one could defy nature! She should have stopped it from happening, futilely causing her to lose such an outstanding daughter-in-law, what a pity...

Is Zheng Chuyi really the only one with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in this world?

It left a bad taste in the elder Mrs. Mo's mouth.

Tong Zhi also silently sighed, she had not expected things to turn out this way. Initially, she thought that even if Ah Jin couldn't evoke the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix, at the very least, she should be able to play this ancient Konghou. She did not expect that the Konghou would be so proud.

Not even Ah Jin could sway it in the slightest; she had miscalculated.

Gan Mingxie, on the other hand, was disinterested altogether; he had always known this outcome. Watching Chu Jin's silhouette, the sparkle in his eyes gradually faded—he had placed too high expectations on this commoner.

Indeed, how could a mere mortal world produce a True Destiny Maiden with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing?

"No, Jin won't lose to Zheng Chuyi just like that..." Mo Qingyi's eyes instantly reddened.

"Silly girl!" Duanmu Zhe rubbed Mo Qingyi's head helplessly, consoling her, "Why don't you plead with Miss Zheng later? Perhaps Miss Zheng will give you face and spare your sister-in-law."

Hearing this, Mo Qingyi immediately stood up and placed the sunflower seeds on the table, walking toward Zheng Chuyi to plead, "Sister Zheng, can you just act as if this bet never happened, please? How could Jin be your slave?"

Zheng Chuyi looked at Mo Qingyi with a mocking curve at her lips, "Are you begging me?"

Never did she expect Mo Qingyi to have such a day, Zheng Chuyi felt exceedingly satisfied inside.

"Yes," Mo Qingyi nodded frantically, "Sister Zheng, I was naive before, I didn't understand things, please forgive me. I beg of you, please let Jin go this time, okay? From now on, I'll listen to everything you say, anything you say, just as long as you release Jin."

"Who do you think you are! Your begging means I have to listen? Let me tell you, this slave is set in stone!" Zheng Chuyi's beautiful eyes gleamed with cold ruthlessness.

How could she give up such a golden opportunity!

This mortal, doomed to be her slave, pleas from anyone would be futile.

"Jia Zhuo," Zheng Chuyi turned her head toward Jia Zhuo, her voice carrying a hint of triumph, "what are you standing there stupidly for? Hurry and go make that slave sign the blood contract."

"Oh, right, Sister Chuyi," Jia Zhuo quickly came back to her senses, excitedly and strode towards Chu Jin.

At that moment, Mo Qingyi stopped pleading with Zheng Chuyi, instead, she looked at Zheng Chuyi with a cold expression, "Zheng Chuyi! Must you really drive people to a dead end?"

Her voice was tinged with some hoarseness.

Zheng Chuyi shook her head with a laugh, speaking arrogantly, "No, you are wrong, I'm not driving anyone to a dead end, a mere slave is not a person at all, and moreover..."

However, she had not finished her sentence.

Suddenly, the air vibrated with the enchanting sound of the konghou, like jade pendants chiming, celestial music winding around beams, gradually rising, as if coming from beyond the heavens.

Jia Zhuo, who had been gleefully heading towards Chu Jin, was startled, her complexion turning green then white, and the contract in her hands dropped to the ground.

Was she having auditory hallucinations?

The smile on Zheng Chuyi's face stiffened at the edges, an ominous premonition welling up inside her.

Hallucination, it must be a hallucination, how could a mere mortal have the ability to play the konghou.

Zheng Chuyi comforted herself in her heart.

On hearing this, everyone was startled, holding their breath as they instinctively looked forward.

They saw the girl who had been sitting quietly before the konghou was now incessantly plucking at its strings, and in an instant, haunting celestial tones poured out from between her fingers, like mist, like smoke, seeming distant yet so near, baffling yet captivating and impossible to extricate oneself from.

Her slender white fingers striking the strong strings painted an exceedingly beautiful scene.

The girl bathed in crystal light had become one with the ancient konghou, her eyes slightly closed, her delicately carved face emanating a glimmering cool light, giving off an ethereal and immaculate aura, inspiring awe and deterring any frivolous thoughts.

A single tear, clinging to her long lashes, now sparkled brilliantly, like a diamond in the night, shining conspicuously.

The sound of the konghou grew slower and slower, shifting from its initial ethereal entwinement to now a melodious tune tinged with sorrow, resonating endlessly, tugging at the heart of every listener.

The tear on her long lashes finally dropped onto the body of the instrument, disappearing instantly, and at the same time, the girl's exquisite, beautiful peach-blossom eyes slowly opened.

In that moment, she made everything else lose its color; one look could captivate a city, another look could captivate a country.

Everyone noticed that her black pupils were slowly turning red.

Under the light, they gleamed with a bewitching luster, extremely enchanting.

The clash of white and red was overwhelmingly shocking, making it impossible for one to look away.

Even Gan Mingxie, who was always extremely composed, showed a hint of shock in his eyes.

The Mo family matriarch, Tong Zhi, as well as the rest of the crowd, were all taken aback, not knowing how to react.

No one had expected the situation to take such a turn.

And how could an ordinary human have such eyes? Could this be...

The once slow melody of the konghou suddenly shifted, becoming faster and more urgent, enough to make people's breaths erratic.

Suddenly, before everyone's eyes emerged a scene of tender words between lovers, of grudges and expectations, which then transformed radically, into the valor of warriors heading to battle.

The red in the girl's eyes intensified, growing more bewitching, as she immersed herself in the music, her hands playing faster and faster on the konghou, so fast they became a blur, leaving onlookers dazzled.

The music became ever more frenetic, making it impossible to breathe, as if something was about to break free from the rousing melody at any moment.

Chapter 219: My Lord Holy Peace

Time ticked away, second by second, yet the urgent piano music showed no signs of stopping. Instead, it quickened, a mixture of lamentation and revelry, of roars and screams, sprinting forward without seeming out of place, but instead imparting an exhilarating feeling.

Hanging by a thread, a blood sacrifice to the heavens.

Someday, the phoenix shall be reborn from the ashes, returning through fire!

The Empress's fame shall echo throughout the ages!

Threads of auspicious energy with a red glow spread within the music, quickly enveloping every corner of the banquet hall in that enchanting red.

Under the red mist, the girl in white appeared all the more ethereal, as if placed within the void.

Shocked expressions filled almost everyone's eyes, many unable to believe the sight before them, as if it were a dream, yet the urgent piano music continued.

The next second, something broke through the music, letting out a long, heavenward howl!

What's this sound?

A dragon's roar!

The pupils of everyone present sharply contracted.

The dragon and phoenix that were originally carved on the body of the konghou seemed to come to life, emerging from the sealed instrument through rebirth.

A marvel unfolds! Dragon and phoenix appear!

Golden Dragon and Golden Phoenix circled overhead, dancing together, and in that instant, the red mist faded, and a soft golden light enveloped the entire banquet hall.

It was the first time for everyone present to witness such a spectacle.

Nearly everyone was stunned, their hearts pounding, too scared even to breathe loudly, while the girl playing the konghou remained calm, continuing to pluck the strings.

No one present could have imagined that an ordinary person could play the konghou and evoke the miraculous sight of Dancing Dragon and Phoenix!

The music was no longer as frantic as before. Its melody grew more and more melodious, like celestial music from the heavens, bringing a wave of tranquility.

Plants that had seemed dead by the side were now as if revived, growing new branches and sprouting green leaves at a visibly rapid pace.

Underworld.

The King of Hades, who had been asleep for a thousand years, suddenly opened his eyes. His ears twitched, and his eyes filled with shock, as he quickly climbed up from the cold jade bed and respectfully performed a nine-bows-three-kowtows ritual towards the east, "May my master be safe and sound."

"Father, the Great Witch's predictions were right, you indeed awoke today," said the youngest princess of the Underworld, Gan Yuying, who walked in holding a jade plate with a smile.

"Where's your elder brother?" the King of Hades asked calmly, with a rather grave expression.

Gan Yuying placed the jade plate on the cold bed and answered truthfully, "Brother has gone to the human world."

The King of Hades frowned slightly, exuding a commanding aura, "Yuying, quickly go to the human world and tell him to come back immediately. I have a more important task for him."

"Yes Father, I will go now," Gan Yuying bowed and prepared to leave. Just as she was about to step out, she seemed to remember something and said, "Father, don't forget to look at the Five Elements Jade Plate."

Although Gan Yuying was usually more playful, she was still quite meticulous when it came to important matters.

Ancient Martial Arts World.

Under a towering tree, two men were playing a game of chess. One wore a black robe, and the other a white robe, an old man and a young one, mirroring the black and white pieces on the board.

Suddenly, the pupils of the elder in the white robe slightly contracted, instinctively looking towards the east, his eyes filled with shock.

He quickly stood up and respectfully performed a nine-bows-three-kowtows ritual towards the east, "May my master be safe and sound."

Seeing this, the young man in the black robe immediately stood up, helped the kneeling elder to his feet, and asked with some confusion, "Grandfather, what's the matter with you?"

The elder in the white robe stroked his beard, looking quite the sage. He gazed towards the east with a grave expression and said slowly, "Changchen, go to the Oracle Tower immediately and check if there is anything unusual there."

"Alright, Grandpa." As soon as he finished speaking, the man in the white robe turned and left.

Superpower World.

A middle-aged man in a suit and leather shoes hurriedly pushed open a wooden door, "Grand Elder, Grand Elder."

Upon hearing this, an old man with a weathered face who was meditating in the inner sanctuary slowly opened his eyes, "There's no need for panic, I am well aware of the situation."

The middle-aged man sat down opposite the old man, "Then, Grand Elder, what do you think we should do now?"

"A miraculous sight emerges, the Dragon and Phoenix appear, the Phoenix oversees the realm," the Grand Elder began slowly, his voice resonating like a great bell, "I remember, that ancient konghou is in Chuyi's hands, is it not?"

At these words, the middle-aged man seemed to recall something, a glint of enlightenment flashing in his eyes, "That's right, Chuyi is indeed a lucky child."

Having said this, he continued, "However, I have seen her play that ancient konghou on several occasions before, and I paid close attention each time, but never noticed anything unusual. Why then, has the seal been removed this time?"

Speaking of this, the middle-aged man still felt somewhat doubtful in his heart. Whenever Zheng Chuyi played that konghou, he paid extra attention to her, yet he had never found anything out of the ordinary. So why, this time, did it trigger the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix?

The Grand Elder slowly closed his eyes again, took up a wooden fish mallet, and began tapping the wooden fish, "You need not doubt. In all the world, there is none but Chuyi who carries the Bloodline of Fire Bathing. Not every performance on the konghou will draw forth the spectacle of Dancing Dragon and Phoenix. It requires a harmony of the right time, place, and person. You should rejoice that she is one of our own in the Superpower World. By the way, where is she now?"

The middle-aged man thought about it and realized it made sense. After all, in this world, only one True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing existed. Apart from Zheng Chuyi, no one else had the skill to even evoke a sound from that konghou, let alone cause the spectacle of Dancing Dragon and Phoenix.

"Grand Elder, Chuyi went to the secular world a few days ago."

At this, the hand of the Grand Elder holding the wooden fish mallet paused slightly, and he opened his eyes, his piercing gaze filled with distaste, "What is she doing in that filthy place? She is the foremost beauty in the Superpower World; is she not afraid of being tainted by the filthy auras of mortals? Who took her there?"

In his eyes, even mentioning the secular world felt like an insult.

How could such a foolish girl go to such a place on her own.

After some thought, the middle-aged man replied, "It was Mo Bai who took her there. According to Mo Bai, Chuyi went to find Zhixuan."

"That's for the best," the Grand Elder nodded, "Since Chuyi has gone there, it is certain that Zhixuan must return without fail. Send word to prepare for the succession ceremony at any moment."

The middle-aged man bowed respectfully, "As you command, Grand Elder, I understand."

"Oh, and another thing," the Grand Elder continued, "the other two worlds must already know of this matter. We cannot afford to let our guard down at such a time. Send someone to guard Chuyi day and night, and we cannot allow any mishaps. Also, choose a date and arrange for the Saintess's coronation ceremony. As soon as Chuyi returns, we'll proceed with it immediately! Also, inform her that she should prepare herself during this period; a Saintess must act the part of a Saintess."

After giving these instructions, the Grand Elder picked up the wooden fish mallet again and resumed tapping the wooden fish, "You may leave if there is nothing else. The secular world is no place to linger. Have Chuyi bring Zhixuan back soon."

"Yes, Grand Elder, I understand," the middle-aged man rose slowly and departed.

Banquet Hall.

The sound of the konghou continued, evolving from the initial mellowness to a now ethereal and illusory quality, like a breeze rising and falling by one's ear. The sound grew lower and lower, and as it faded, the colors of the Dragon and Phoenix hovering above everyone's heads also weakened until they disappeared into thin air.

All returned to normal, as if nothing had happened.

The performance concluded, but the audience remained transfixed by the shocking spectacle they had just witnessed.

Chu Jin slowly withdrew her hands from the strings, her complexion somewhat pale. Noticing this, Mo Zhixuan moved quickly to support her by the shoulders.

He held her shoulder with one hand and grasped her wrist with the other.

Chu Jin could feel that his body was colder than ever, especially the hand holding her wrist, which felt as if she were touching millennia-old ice.

Wisps of cold mist entwined around his fingers, and a steady flow of Spiritual Power transferred from his palm into her meridians, easing her discomfort as it slowly dissipated from within her body.

After a moment, he finally spoke in a low voice, "Jin, you've worked hard."

With just that deep utterance, he immediately brought everyone back to the present.

Various emotions played across the faces of the audience, and the room was left with nothing but the sound of their soft breathing.

Chapter 220: Why Not Go to Heaven

If it hadn't been with their own eyes, none of them would have believed that an ordinary person could actually play the Konghou and invoke the miraculous sight of the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix!

Zheng Chuyi almost stood frozen in place, her steps unsteady as she retreated two steps back, feeling her blood run in reverse, her hands and feet growing cold, cold sweat layering upon her with a face nearly white as paper, as the image of the Dragon Phoenix Resonance kept surfacing before her eyes.

Why!

Why could a mere commoner accomplish what she, a True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, had not!?

She was the True Destiny Maiden!

Why could a commoner take everything from her out of thin air?

First, he took Mo Zhixuan from her, took that supremely exalted position, and now he had come to take away her Konghou, to take away the honor that belonged to her!

It was all because of that commoner, that shameless, lowly commoner, Zheng Chuyi clenched her fists, her pale palms pinched to the point of oozing blood, her features twisted in anguish.

Just moments ago, she had been smug in her ability to play this ancient Konghou, but now, reality had delivered her such a vicious slap!

She, a True Destiny Maiden with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, was actually inferior to a lowly little commoner!

This blow was ten times more painful than death itself!

What a joke! A complete joke!

"Puh—" Zheng Chuyi clutched her chest, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood, the vivid red stain spreading over her white dress, a shocking sight.

"Chuyi sister, are you alright?" Seeing this, Jia Zhuo steadied his emotions and quickly supported Zheng Chuyi.

Zheng Chuyi, however, collapsed into Jia Zhuo's arms, devoid of any warmth, her beautiful eyes cast in gloom as though dead and decayed.

"Hah," Mo Qingyi sneered contemptuously, "Zheng Chuyi, you also have your day. From now on, you are the slave to my sister-in-law, how does it feel, exhilarating isn't it?"

"Miss Mo," Jia Zhuo looked coldly at Mo Qingyi, "you still lack a conscience. Chuyi sister is already like this, and you still find the mood to mock her!"

Chu Jin sauntered over to Zheng Chuyi nonchalantly, her crimson lips slightly curling up, "Play the game, accept the loss. Miss Zheng, the same sentiment goes for you."

Chu Jin had heard every word of Zheng Chuyi's previous speech clearly, so now, she had no intention of letting Zheng Chuyi off the hook.

"Chu Jin! Don't go too far!" Jia Zhuo glared at Chu Jin, "You don't even look at what status you have, what status Chuyi sister has!"

Chu Jin arched an eyebrow, a devilish smile on her lips, "Miss Jia Zhuo, it seems you are still not convinced."

"I..." Jia Zhuo suddenly fell silent.

She certainly hadn't forgotten how she'd been trampled underfoot just a moment ago.

That feeling, she didn't want to experience it a second time!

Mo Zhixuan also walked over to Chu Jin's side, standing in front of Jia Zhuo and Zheng Chuyi, pulling a piece of paper from his pocket and handing it to Zheng Chuyi, his cool lips barely moving, "Play the game, accept the loss, sign this."

His voice was deep and magnetic, a very pleasant tone.

Yet Zheng Chuyi and Jia Zhuo heard a kind of panic in that voice.

Zheng Chuyi looked up at Mo Zhixuan incredulously, her voice trembling, "... Zhixuan, what did you say?"

Mo Zhixuan's stern features remained undisturbed as he repeated in a low voice, "I said, sign this."

"Zhixuan, do you know what this is?" Zheng Chuyi looked toward Mo Zhixuan, her teeth biting her lower lip, reluctant to concede, "This is a Blood Covenant! How can you let me sign this? How can you let me be a slave to a commoner?"

Today she had already lost all face to this lowly commoner, and now, she was supposed to lower herself to become a slave to this commoner?

Impossible! She, the True Destiny Maiden of the Superpower World, how could she become a slave to an ordinary person!

"Exactly! Ninth brother, how could you treat Sister Chuyi this way! By doing this, the Great Elder will never let you off! Sister Chuyi is the only one with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, the True Destiny Maiden!"

"Heh," a light laugh suddenly emanated from the air, and Tong Zhi rose to her feet, slowly approaching as well, "The only True Destiny Maiden with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing? Jia Zhuo, you're not young anymore, aren't you afraid of throwing out your back by making such grand claims?"

"Lady Tong, what do you mean by that?" Jia Zhuo looked towards Tong Zhi and narrowed his eyes slightly, "Could it be that there is another person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in this world besides Sister Chuyi?"

The corner of Tong Zhi's mouth quirked up, "Have you forgotten the two rumors about the ancient Konghou?"

The ancient Konghou could only be played by a True Destiny Maiden with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi felt the last string in her mind snap!

No! Impossible!

How could a lowly common person possibly possess the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!

How could a lowly common person be worthy of having the same bloodline as hers!

"Are you joking?" Jia Zhuo did not take Auntie Tong's words to heart, "Perhaps there's a mistake in the rumors? How could a trivial common person possess the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!"

Tong Zhi too laughed, "If the rumors were mistaken, then why couldn't you play that Konghou either?"

Jia Zhuo was stunned, the color draining from his face.

Tong Zhi continued, "Speaking of which, Jin's bloodline is actually one rank higher than Chuyi's. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to evoke the Dragon Phoenix Resonance."

"You're talking nonsense!" Zheng Chuyi suddenly bolted upright, her face twisted fiercely, "She's just an ordinary person! A lowly commoner, where did she get the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!"

Wasn't it enough for this commoner to have taken everything from her? Now she even wanted to snatch her Bloodline of Fire Bathing!

"Chuyi, don't be agitated," Tong Zhi patted Zheng Chuyi's shoulder and spoke, "Being a slave to someone with a higher bloodline is your good fortune, you should be happy about it."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi's face instantly turned ashen. She could only turn her gaze towards Mo Zhixuan, her eyes red and swollen, her voice hoarse, "Zhixuan, help me, I don't want to become a slave, I can't become a slave, I am the True Destiny Maiden, how can I be a slave to an ordinary person..."

She looked somewhat pitiful, eliciting a sympathetic response.

Nobody would have thought that a woman who was always seen as superior in the Superpower World, the number one beauty, would be brought so low.

"Sign it," Mo Zhixuan emotionlessly shoved the contract into Zheng Chuyi's hand, "This is the bitter fruit of your own making."

At that moment, Jia Zhuo, whose expression had been dark, suddenly lifted his head, a gleam flashing in his eyes. He raised his voice and said, "In fact, Sister Chuyi is the one who truly evoked the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix! This commoner, she merely benefited from the windfall! Without Sister Chuyi, she wouldn't even have the ability to play the Konghou! How could she possibly evoke the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix!"

Jia Zhuo thought for a moment, with the Spiritual Energy in the common world being so thin, it was impossible for another person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing to exist!

"Fuck!" Mo Qingyi couldn't help but let out a curse, "Miss Jia Zhuo, with skin as thick as yours, why don't you just ascend to heaven? The Konghou was clearly played by our Jin, what basis do you have to claim it was Zheng Chuyi's merit! Damn! You really have no shame!"

"Miss Mo, stay calm," Jia Zhuo analyzed coolly with a casual glance over the crowd, "From what I understand, there is no second person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in this world! The reason Miss Chu could play the Konghou is all thanks to Sister Chuyi's merit, because Sister Chuyi played it first, only

she stopped the music too soon before the dragon and phoenix could arrive. That allowed Miss Chu to take advantage of the situation. Therefore, the person who truly evoked the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix should be Sister Chuyi! After all, only Sister Chuyi is the one with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing!"

Hearing Jia Zhuo's words, Zheng Chuyi immediately stopped crying, her previously lifeless eyes suddenly filled with brightness, "Yes! Jia Zhuo is right! I am the real person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing. The ancient Konghou is mine! The Dancing Dragon and Phoenix were also caused by me! All the credit goes to me, it has nothing to do with this commoner. So, it's not me who should become a slave! It's her!"

With that, Zheng Chuyi pointed her finger violently towards Chu Jin!

A smug curve formed on her lips!

A mere commoner daring to compete with her! In the end, the winner was still herself!

She knew it, there was only one person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in this world, and that was herself!

Chu Jin glanced sideways ever so slightly, watching Zheng Chuyi with a casual smile on her lips, and her clear voice rose in the air, "If Miss Zheng feels it's unfair, she can try to play the Konghou again. Hmm, I can even lower the requirements, not expecting Miss Zheng to evoke the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix, only asking you to be able to play the Konghou. If you can do that, consider it your win, how about it?"