

R Woman 451

Chapter 451: Dong Shi Imitates Xi Shi's Frown

The scalding hot milk spilled all over Ling Que's chest, and the milky white liquid stained the blue fabric, creating a somewhat disheveled appearance.

The temperature of the hot milk had reached over 90 degrees. If she had been an ordinary person today, her chest would undoubtedly have been scarred.

This Chu Jin.

Clearly, she harbored ill intentions.

Or perhaps, she wanted to test me.

If Xuanyuan Shangchen wasn't treating this Chu Jin like a precious treasure, protecting her so dearly right now, Ling Que wouldn't have the leisure to play along with her act.

Chu Jin hadn't expected Ling Que to react in such a way. From her observations, Ling Que should have been a very proud person. Faced with such an incident, Ling Que should have questioned her angrily. How could she resign herself to silence and even be concerned about whether she had been scalded? This was far too irrational.

Things did not develop in the direction Chu Jin had anticipated.

This Ling Que, her schemes ran too deep.

Compared with her, I'm still far behind.

"I'm fine," said Chu Jin nonchalantly with a faint smile curling her lips, "Your clothes are dirty, let me get one of mine for you to change into."

Ling Que directly declined, "No need to trouble yourself, I should be heading back anyway."

"You should still change," insisted Chu Jin softly, "It would be uncomfortable to go back in wet clothes. We're about the same size, so my clothes should fit you. Or, do you mind that the clothes have been worn by me?"

Ling Que smiled lightly, "Since that's the case, then I shall not decline your generosity."

Chu Jin opened the wardrobe door upon receiving a response and took out a red dress, "This dress was just bought for me by Brother Xuanyuan. I haven't worn it even once. You'll just have to make do with it for your trip back."

The wardrobe was filled with red garments, hardly a single other color in sight.

She is trying to replicate the entire life of Jun Huang!

It's madness.

Ling Que couldn't help but think of the number one beauty of the Superpower World. Back then, the beauty was astonished by the portrait of the Empress, and from that moment became obsessed with red. Ever since, she showed herself only in red, ignoring all other colors. Red had nearly become her signature.

Now, a thousand years have passed; people have long forgotten about the Empress in her glorious red attire and only see the striking beauty in red as the number one beauty.

Red seems to have been made for the number one beauty, yet it isn't known that she is nothing but a pale imitation.

Red is indeed a challenging color to wear, and those of ordinary appearance cannot control its dazzling nature—any carelessness, and they become merely a foil to it.

And Chu Jin.

Isn't this the very idea she's playing with?

Ling Que accepted the dress, and Chu Jin affectionately took her arm and led her to the fitting room, "You change inside, I'll wait outside for you." Her words almost left no room for rejection.

"Alright." Ling Que entered, closing the door behind her.

Chu Jin stood outside the door, her lips curling into a mocking smile.

So Ling Que was nothing more than malleable clay to be shaped by others. I had overestimated her before.

A few minutes passed.

Ling Que came out of the fitting room, having changed into the clothes. Her features were not extraordinary, but her fair skin complimented the red dress, making her look not entirely unattractive, even lending her a unique charm.

Unfortunately, standing beside her was Chu Jin, bewitching in red, a beauty like jade. Compared with her, Ling Que could hardly find a trace of presence.

As the saying goes, without comparison, there is no harm.

Chu Jin, looking at her, said indifferently, "No wonder you were reluctant to wear my clothes. Indeed, one must choose what suits oneself. The color and style don't matter as much as the fit, just like some things in life—you cannot fight for what's not yours. The most important thing is to understand oneself," her words laden with implication.

Ling Que's smile remained unchanged as she casually flipped her hair and looked at her reflection in the floor-length mirror, her voice even, "You're absolutely right. A sparrow will always be a sparrow, no

amount of hopping can transform it into a phoenix. Understanding oneself is indeed vital. So, have you come to understand yourself?" As she spoke the last words, Ling Que's gaze shifted onto Chu Jin, the glow in the depths of her eyes nearly searing Chu Jin's.

A puppet dares to speak such audacious words before me.

How utterly presumptuous.

Chu Jin stared at her blankly, momentarily at a loss for words.

Indeed...

Even this facade I wear is false; what right do I have to mock Ling Que?

A sparrow will always be a sparrow.

Ling Que's words were a ruthless blow to the heart.

I'm nothing but a benefactor of Chu Jin's rising popularity.

Even my name matches hers.

I'm merely a replacement for Chu Jin.

No!

I must break free from this plight. There can never be two identical people in this world.

Before Chu Jin could compose herself, Xuanyuan Shangchen walked in from outside, holding a blue and white porcelain bowl from which steam was rising.

Both women before him wore floor-length red dresses. Xuanyuan Shangchen withdrew his gaze and approached Chu Jin, his voice deep, "Drink the medicine first."

"Okay," Chu Jin nodded, took the bowl, and downed the medicine, grimacing at its bitterness. Xuanyuan Shangchen promptly handed her a piece of candied fruit.

Ever since waking up, Chu Jin had drunk a bowl of such medicine every day. She never asked about the effects of the medicine.

And no one ever told her.

Her instinct told her that Xuanyuan Shangchen would not harm her, that he had a place for her in his heart.

He treated her well.

Chapter 452: pave the way well.

Xuanyuan Shangchen would care for her, protect her, and take care of her in every possible way.

He even helped her restore her appearance.

There was no longer any trace of surgery on her face.

It was as perfect as if it were natural.

Moreover, he never made any demands of her, unlike Madam Ji, who approached her with a purpose.

To Chu Jin, Xuanyuan Shangchen was like a beam of light in her life, illuminating the direction she should go.

He was mysterious, powerful, and could give her everything she wanted.

So, she had to hold on to him tightly.

She couldn't let anyone take him away.

Nor could she allow anyone to threaten her position.

But the arrival of Ling Que made her feel uneasy and filled with a sense of crisis.

This was the first time she had seen another woman by Xuanyuan Shangchen's side.

It was obvious that the two had known each other for a long time, and she could catch a special look in Ling Que's eyes.

Although Ling Que's facial features were not striking, her extraordinary demeanor was eye-catching.

The noble and elegant quality about her was innate, exuding from inside out.

Therefore, she was eager to drive away Ling Que, but obviously, she had underestimated her; that woman might appear gentle as water, but in reality, she hid a knife behind her smile and had quite a few tricks up her sleeve.

She was too impatient.

The most important thing right now was to hold on to Xuanyuan Shangchen tightly.

Then to use Xuanyuan Shangchen's hand to get rid of Chu Jin.

Only with Chu Jin completely out of the picture could she rest easy.

This time, she was no one's substitute.

She was determined to carve out a glorious future for herself.

"Thank you, Brother Xuanyuan," Chu Jin said as she took the preserved fruit Xuanyuan Shangchen handed to her, raising her eyes to express her gratitude.

Xuanyuan Shangchen didn't speak but reached out to ruffle her hair, the expression in his eyes hidden beneath the brim of his hat.

There they stood in front of her, one black and one red.

One stood like a jade tree.

The other, graceful and alluring.

The woman tilted her head slightly upward, her beautiful eyes glistened with a scattered brilliance, her side profile was flawlessly perfect, as if carved out, her skin soft enough to be broken with a mere blow, her red dress like blood, stunning beyond compare.

It was as though a familiar scene was replaying.

It somewhat pricked Ling Que's eyes.

The air was thin, making breathing difficult.

She had accompanied him till this day, but did she still amount to less than a substitute in his eyes?

She hoped that in Xuanyuan Shangchen's eyes, this substitute was nothing but a person fated to clash with him.

"Xuanyuan," Ling Que's lips curved into a fitting smile, her eyes slightly narrowed, hiding the bitterness within, her tone as usual, "If there's nothing else, I should be going."

Xuanyuan Shangchen nodded slightly, "Mhm, be careful on your way."

"I'll walk you out," Chu Jin said as she turned to follow Ling Que, her voice soft.

Ling Que did not refuse and let Chu Jin follow her.

They walked out of the villa's gate together. "This is far enough," Ling Que stopped and looked back at Chu Jin, her beautiful eyes calm and unruffled, as if no unpleasantness had ever occurred between them.

Under the dark night, the fiery red stood out particularly harshly, like the flowers of the afterlife that pave the path through purgatory.

At first glance, it was somewhat chilling.

The slight breeze brought an endless chill.

Chu Jin gazed straight into Ling Que's eyes and slowly said, "Brother Xuanyuan is mine."

An impatient declaration of ownership.

It was a display of insecurity.

And it was extreme insecurity.

A layer of undisguised scorn surfaced in Ling Que's eyes as she looked up at the starless sky, thoughtfully saying, "This time of night is indeed the time for dreaming. Take care of yourself." With that, she gave Chu Jin a faint smile, turned gracefully, and left, her tall silhouette like a blooming red lotus.

Chu Jin watched her retreating figure, her hands clenched into fists, her beautiful eyes filled with malicious intent.

She would make Ling Que realize that everything she now had wasn't just an empty dream.

The lights in the villa were bright but ultimately could not warm the heart.

Xuanyuan Shangchen stood in the study, his chin lifted slightly as he stared blankly at a painting on the wall, his silhouette somewhat forlorn.

The painting depicted the back of a woman in red, her black hair fluttering, emanating a chilling aura, pointing her sword towards the sandy city, blood dyeing the skies, surrounded by white bones and mountains of corpses, forming a sharp contrast with the red figure.

Even though the woman's face could not be seen, just by her graceful silhouette, one could imagine her breathtaking beauty.

The person in the painting was a silhouette from behind.

So was the person in the room.

Huagui Park.

The moon climbed up the branches.

The room was so quiet that all one could hear was the even breathing of the girl.

'Creak,' the door was slowly pushed open, the cold moonlight streaming through the window and onto the bed, clearly revealing the protrusion on the pristine white sheets under the night sky.

A tall and imposing figure walked in from outside the door, his chiseled features as if blended with the moonlight.

He was still dressed in that pristine, dust-free white shirt, walking step by step to the side of the bed and stopping to watch the girl's sleeping face, a vague smile playing at the corner of his mouth.

It was a warm smile.

He was usually reserved and rarely showed his smile, but when he did, it could melt glaciers and revive all things.

He didn't have much time left.

He had to pave the way before the night of extreme yin arrived.

Why had fate arranged for them to meet at such a time?

Mo Zhixuan let out a soft sigh and then, with a flick of his hand in the air, formed a gesture, and a pale blue barrier instantly enveloped the entire room.

Chapter 453: I am Chu Jin

A silent night.

The cold moonlight.

The light blue barrier, the tall figure standing with poise, his clearly-defined strikingly handsome features, all is quiet and peaceful.

The man slightly lowers his eyes, his gaze unreadable.

At this moment, his eyes are filled with only her.

Suddenly, from the quiet outdoors, a breeze picks up, lightning strikes, thunder rumbles, and the storm blends with the rain.

Large drops of rain hit the window.

Pitter-patter.

A bit piercing, and somewhat eerie.

As he embarks on this journey, his chances of survival are slim.

It is unknown whether he will have an opportunity to spend the rest of his life with her.

The rest of life seems so long.

Yet also so short.

Only after a long while does the man slowly raise his right hand, a string of transparent symbols congealing in his palm, resembling some kind of ancient script.

They carry a mysterious and weathered air.

His slender fingertips gently touch her forehead, those ancient characters slowly merge into the space between her brows, vanishing from the center of his palm.

As the symbols disappear, the man's complexion becomes paler.

A layer of fine sweat beads appears on his forehead, sharp as a sculpted ice.

The person on the bed, perhaps dreaming, reveals two shallow dimples on her jade-like cheeks, melting millennia of ice.

"Master, are you sure you want to do this?" Little White had slipped in at some point and spoke cautiously.

At this moment, the man's originally profound and cold phoenix eyes have turned a terrifying shade of crimson, chilling to behold, and his entire being exudes an intimidating aura that deters anyone from approaching.

White Tiger, being one of the Ancient Spirit Beasts, can unite in mind and spirit with the person it is bound to. Although Chu Jin is nominally its master, Mo Zhixuan is the one truly bound to it, so it knows the reason Mo Zhixuan is doing this.

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan glances at it, without speaking, the color of the symbol under his palm is slowly fading.

"Master," Little White walks to Mo Zhixuan's feet, looking up at him, reminding him, "There's only one day left till the night of extreme yin. Doing this will reduce your cultivation by a hundred years..." It was highly irrational for him to damage his own cultivation power at such a time.

The man remains composed, the string of symbols under his palm solidifies into a seal, before finally disappearing into Chu Jin's space between the brows.

Little White sighs softly, having spoken thus far, it no longer feels it appropriate to say more.

Having completed these actions, Mo Zhixuan slowly turns around, his gaze falling upon the ancient Konghou by the window.

He strides over, lays his hand upon the strings, and instantly, mesmerizing music spills from his fingers.

There is a beauty, unforgettable at sight. A day without seeing her is like madness in the heart.

The phoenix soars high across the sky, the world he travels searching for the phoenix. Alas, the lovely lady is not near the eastern wall.

...

Phoenix, phoenix, return to your land, soar the four seas in search of your mate.

It is the famous ancient guqin melody, "Phoenix Seeks Phoenix".

The tall figure and the Konghou are bathed together in the moonlight.

His well-articulated fingers on the cool, hard strings form a remarkably beautiful scene, extremely pleasing to the eyes.

Unfortunately, the sleeping girl never heard such pleasant music.

Little White beside him was completely astonished.

If it was not mistaken, that Konghou was a relic of the ancient empress.

When the Konghou sings, wonders appear, dragon and phoenix dance.

It's just a pity, the one playing is not of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, hence the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix did not grace with their presence.

With this thought, a look of regret shows in Little White's eyes.

This night, too short.

The exquisite celestial music sleeps with her.

The next day.

The golden sunlight spreads across the land, and when Chu Jin wakes up, it's already nine in the morning.

This is probably the latest she's gotten up since her rebirth, having slept very soundly last night without even having a single dream.

Feeling refreshed and at ease early in the morning, as if she were transformed.

Just out of bed, she notices a note left by Mr. Mo.

—Breakfast is ready in the dining room. I'll return in seven days. Do not worry.

His handwriting is as firm as his character, sweeping through a myriad like a command, powerful enough to pierce through paper.

Like he is himself, cool, serious, and meticulous.

Chu Jin can even imagine how he looked when he wrote this, with eyes lowered.

Lost in thought, her phone lights up.

Chu Jin picks it up—it's a message from her editor.

Linglong Dice:

(Ahhh! Miss, did you keep up with the pre-sales on DingDing site from yesterday?)

A slight smile plays on Chu Jin's lips, her fingers dancing over the screen.

Brocade of Beautiful Landscapes:

(I haven't had the chance to look. What about it?)

Linglong Dice:

(Image/Image/)

The excited editor can't type any words, but instead sends two images.

The first is the new book sales rankings on the DingDing site.

NO. 1: "Blooms like Brocade."

The second image shows the pre-sale figures for the new book.

Just one day into the pre-sale, and the number of reservations has already reached six figures.

Chu Jin replied with two smiley faces.

This result was expected.

Linglong Dice:

(Hey, beauty, I'm serious, how about riding this wave and starting a series?)

Given the current popularity of "The Return of the Past", starting a new series would definitely create a miracle in the literary world.

"The Return of the Past" has now become a myth in literary circles.

In recent days, whether it's the editorial department or the publishing houses, all sorts of literary circles have been discussing her.

Everyone is curious about what kind of person could write such beautiful prose.

Some even speculate whether "The Return of the Past" might be an elderly person's work.

Or perhaps someone who's already in their mid-forties.

After all, only someone who has experienced much of life could express such profound insights.

Little did they know, the "The Return of the Past" behind the screen was nothing more than a girl in her twenties.

Every time this topic came up, the editors felt a deep sense of accomplishment, and out of respect for the author's privacy, the website would not reveal personal information. Moreover, the more mysterious something is, the more people yearn for it.

Jinxu Riverside: (I don't have such plans at the moment, let's talk about it after I get through this busy period.)

Linglong Dice: (Ok, I'll wait for you. Oh, by the way, once all the books are printed, how about we hold a book signing event?)

Not to mention the literary talent of "The Return of the Past", but with that heaven-defying beauty, she could also attract a large fanbase.

A book signing event.

Chu Jin was deep in thought upon reading these three words.

She and Lu Yan still had a tough battle ahead, and the signing event was a must.

The event would only be beneficial to her.

A moment later, she replied, (Sure, when do you want to schedule it?)

Linglong Dice: (Did you just finish your college entrance exams?)

Jinxu Riverside: (Yes.)

Linglong Dice: (Then I'll discuss it with the chief editor, and we can talk about it after you start university.)

Jinxu Riverside: (Alright.)

Linglong Dice: (Which university are you planning to apply to?)

Jinxu Riverside: (Capital University.)

Four simple words, yet they revealed her determination and confidence.

Even though they were separated by a screen, the editor's heart trembled.

Capital University, a renowned global institution, ranked in the top ten internationally, with many students sharpening their heads just to get in. Those who manage to get accepted into Capital University are truly the best of the best.

Linglong Dice: (When you have time, remember to create a Weibo account and get verified. Post updates occasionally, interact with your readers to keep up the current popularity.)

Jinxiu Riverside: (Yeah, got it. I have to go now, talk later.)

After sending that message, Chu Jin logged out of WeChat, opened her wardrobe, changed into a new set of clothes, and went to freshen up in the washroom.

Fifteen minutes later, she walked downstairs.

The sunlight streamed in through the window, casting a golden halo around her.

Otherworldly, serene.

An eighteen-year-old girl, her face free of makeup, untouched by any skincare products, her skin as smooth as congealed fat, fair with a touch of red, like pristine white jade, pure and flawless, in the prime of her life, embodying the saying that youth is an asset.

Aunt Zhang just walked in from outside and was momentarily dazzled when she saw the girl descending the stairs, "Miss, you're up. The master has prepared breakfast; I'll go heat it up for you."

It really must be hard for the master, to see such beauty every day and still keep himself in check.

"Hmm," Chu Jin nodded slightly, "By the way, Aunt Zhang, it's just us at home, so you can just call me Jin," her voice was soft but also warm.

Aunt Zhang paused for a moment, then replied, "Alright." Her expression was somewhat touched,

After breakfast.

Chu Jin left Huagui Park, holding an umbrella as she walked towards the crossroads.

She had just reached the crossroads.

A black stretch Rolls-Royce swiftly pulled up and stopped in front of her.

Then, the car door opened.

A middle-aged man stepped out and approached Chu Jin with a smile, "Young lady, may I ask if you know Master Chu? Is she here to set up her fortune-telling stall?"

The man, around 45 years old, was dressed in a traditional long gown and pants, with glossy leather shoes on his feet, reflecting blinding light in the sunlight.

In such scorching weather, he was wrapped up so tightly, one would wonder if he wasn't overheating.

Chu Jin offered him a faint smile, "That's me." Those three simple words carried weight.

"Huh?" Upon hearing this, the middle-aged man looked at her incredulously, "Are you Master Chu's assistant?"

According to rumors, Master Chu was divinely gifted, able to predict life and death, and could even snatch people from the hands of the King of Hell, making them a very mysterious spirit practitioner. How could it be a teenage girl?

Although everyone said that Master Chu was quite young, surely not this young.

Could this girl be even eighteen yet?

Claiming herself as Master Chu, who would believe it?

Chu Jin maintained her composure and spoke calmly, "I am Chu Jin. Do you need something from me?"

"You're saying you're Master Chu?" The middle-aged man laughed, "Little girl, have you graduated from high school yet? How old are you this year?"

Whose little miss was this, coming here to pose as Master Chu?

It must be because they don't get enough homework from their teachers.

Don't they know to respect their elders and love the young? To actually come and deceive him, an elderly person. Fortunately, he wasn't yet senile and could still distinguish right from wrong.

It was said that Master Chu hadn't appeared at this crossroads for a long time. He wondered if he'd be able to meet them today.

"I am indeed Master Chu as you said, guaranteed genuine," Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, "Whether you believe it or not, that's your business."

It all depends on fate.

Chapter 454: Extremely Yin Night (1)

She spoke indifferently, but there was a confident expression between her brows and eyes.

She stood upright in front of the middle-aged man, and although she was much younger and shorter than him, she did not seem any less imposing.

On the contrary, she seemed to have the upper hand.

As the two faced off, Chu Jin more closely resembled the one in control, her clean-cut, jade-like face showing hardly any expression, yet it inexplicably gave off a cool chill.

This was getting interesting.

He hadn't expected to meet such an intriguing person in the mundane world.

Rarely did anyone withstand his imposing aura.

And yet, his opponent was just a teenage girl.

The middle-aged man chuckled, removed his large sunglasses, and looked directly at Chu Jin, "Young lady, words alone are not proof. What makes me believe that you are Master Chu?"

As he spoke, he sized up Chu Jin without leaving any trace.

It was already 11 a.m.

The sunlight filtered through the leaves, mottling the ground. It was the peak of summer, yet the middle-aged man noticed that although the passersby on the side of the road were all sweating profusely, the young girl standing before him still looked refreshed, her white forehead not showing even a bead of sweat, and she had not even panted.

She had a pure and vibrant demeanor, obviously from a well-to-do family, with excellent upbringing.

Dressed in a white shirt and black pencil pants, paired with flat shoes.

A simple outfit, yet it exuded an aristocratic air.

Around her neck hung a red string, its pendant concealed within her clothing, its nature unidentifiable.

In her right hand, she held an oil-paper umbrella.

On the umbrella handle dangled a piece of green jade pendant, of excellent grade and lustrously translucent.

It was clearly an item with years behind it, very quaint.

Chu Jin smiled, turned around, sat down at the stall, and pointed to the seat opposite her, "Please, have a seat."

The middle-aged man glanced around, his eyes briefly flashing a touch of disdain, which quickly disappeared, then he bent down and sat across from Chu Jin.

Chu Jin said offhand, "Sir, you've come today for the sake of others." Though it was a question, she uttered it with the tone of a declarative sentence.

"A son in my family," the middle-aged man countered, "also counts as someone else?"

Chu Jin lifted her eyes to glance at him and said tonelessly, "Forgive my bluntness, sir, although you have a full forehead and square jaw, the bridge of your nose has a raised bone, and your children's palace is shallow, which shows a face that lacks descendants."

"Your family is wealthy, born into a century-old household. About a decade ago, there must have been a person in your family who accumulated great merit. If that person were still alive, your family's status would certainly be more illustrious by now, but..." Chu Jin paused, then continued, "But, you've been unable to discern right from wrong, heeding the words of a deceiver. The things you do, the words you say, have deeply hurt others. Back then you pressed forward without giving any leeway. Now, it's too late for regrets. I fear your visit has something to do with this highly meritorious person, right?"

Her tone was measured, neither fast nor slow, with a clear and melodious voice, her lips curling into a faint smile.

Every word was exact.

The middle-aged man had not yet recovered from her words and still stood there, slightly stunned.

Originally, he was reluctant to come here today; the spiritual energy was too thin in the ordinary world, incapable of nurturing any true talents or marvels.

Most were charlatans and swindlers.

Otherwise, there wouldn't be a division into four realms.

His presence here was due,

in part, to not wanting to disappoint his sister-in-law, as she touted Master Chu as all-powerful and infallible.

On the other hand, he was curious to see if this Master Chu was really as divine as claimed, since his sister-in-law was not a fool.

As long as there was a glimmer of hope, he would not let it slip away.

He intended to fully repay the debt owed to his sister-in-law's family from over a decade ago.

Now it seemed he had previously underestimated the ordinary world.

A commoner was apparently more formidable than spiritualists from the Superpower World.

This was a complete overthrow of his worldviews.

Could it be that their Superpower World was on the brink of extinction...

Chu Jin took out tarot cards from the drawer, quickly shuffled them, and held them out to the middle-aged man, "Draw one."

"Alright," replied the middle-aged man, who was no ordinary person himself. He recovered quickly, eyed the mystic star patterns on the back of the tarot cards, and cautiously selected one, placing it on the table.

At this moment, his attitude toward Chu Jin had undergone a significant change, from initial disdain to present respect.

Chu Jin glanced briefly at the face of the card.

Inverted: Third of Swords.

On the card's face, a red heart is pierced through by three intersecting swords, set against a backdrop of a raging storm. The heart is a bright red, signifying sincerity, yet it contrasts sharply with the gloomy clouds.

The Third of Swords suggests loss, heartache, sorrow, and also regret.

This is a card without hope.

The one in question, I fear, no longer has a chance at life.

Unless a turning point occurs.

Otherwise...

Seeing Chu Jin remain silent, the middle-aged man asked anxiously, "What do you think, Master? Can my nephew safely survive this disaster?"

"In every crisis lies another, within difficulty rests more challenge—the patterns of cause and effect circle endlessly," Chu Jin sighed softly, with slight irritation, "Why didn't you think about today a decade ago?"

The middle-aged man sighed as well, "Master Chu, I know you have immense powers. There must be a way you can save my nephew. Why don't you come with me?"

Chu Jin was about to decline when Zi, in the Space of Purple Thunder, with eyes lit up, spoke out, "Jin, just go with him. That man is of great virtue and carries a strong aura of purple qi. If by some blind luck we come upon a dead mouse, and you really save him, that would be a deed of great virtue. Then, even the Heavenly Dao may show you some favor."

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow slightly, "And what if we don't happen upon a dead mouse?"

"..." Zi said somewhat speechlessly, "Jin, you're really getting less and less romantically inclined! Even if we don't, it's not like you lose anything. At most, you'd waste an afternoon. But on the other hand, what if we do? That's the Heavenly Dao we're talking about—the all-powerful Heavenly Dao..."

Heavenly Dao.

Upon hearing this phrase, the words "backlash of the Heavenly Dao" suddenly popped into Chu Jin's mind.

His expression immediately turned cold.

As cold as frost.

Feeling the change in her host's mood, Zi subconsciously shrank her neck, her voice growing fainter, "Jin, if you don't want to go, then let's not... The Heavenly Dao and all that is just a fart..."

This Jin was too terrifying.

But the next second, Chu Jin's expression returned to normal, as if what had just transpired was merely an illusion. He looked up at the middle-aged man and smiled faintly, "In that case, I will accompany you. But let me be clear, I can't guarantee that I'll be able to save your nephew. I will do my best."

"Yes, yes, yes," the middle-aged man nodded eagerly, a glint of hope flashing in his previously dim eyes, "Master Chu, please follow me this way."

The middle-aged man stood up and opened the rear car door for Chu Jin.

Chu Jin packed the Tarot cards into his backpack, holding an umbrella in one hand and the bag in the other, and bent down into the car. The middle-aged man then took his place in the driver's seat.

Driving an extended version of a Rolls-Royce without a dedicated chauffeur, this man certainly had a story.

Chu Jin watched the rapidly passing scenery outside the window, his eyebrows slightly raised.

The Capital City's afternoon traffic was, as always, congested.

Meanwhile.

At the Mo family's residence.

The Mo family matriarch knelt in the prayer hall, devoutly striking a wooden fish in her plain linen robe, utterly devoid of any jewelry, the very image of austerity.

She was a stark contrast to her usual, richly adorned self.

Mo Qingyi was inserting incense sticks into the censer.

She had been a skeptic, but after all that had happened, she began to believe.

The chant of Buddhist sutras filled the air.

It was—

The Rebirth Mantra.

"Mother, should we inform my sister-in-law about this matter?" After placing the incense, Mo Qingyi walked over and asked with bowed head.

Upon hearing this, the Mo family matriarch slowly opened her eyes, "Let's not spread the word for now."

If Chu Jin was capable of playing the Konghou to invoke the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix, he was no ordinary man.

But there are always exceptions.

What if, on that day, she had merely blundered her way through? What if, just as Zheng Chuyi said, she had simply been imbued with Zheng Chuyi's spiritual energy?

After all, it was a night of extreme yin.

If she indeed possessed the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, it would be fortunate; if she were of ordinary lineage, it would only lead to a senseless death.

Originally, the matriarch wanted to put Chu Jin to the test.

Leaving the Bloodline of Fire Bathing aside, she was still a girl of extreme yin.

Chapter 455:

The Daughter of the Supreme Yin, is a woman born during the hour of Yin, on a Yin day, in a Yin month.

When the marriage was arranged for Mo Zhixuan, it was to guard against the calamity of today.

However, now, Mo Zhixuan is unwilling to let Chu Jin take this risk.

As a mother,

she couldn't say much.

Plus, she was very fond of Chu Jin, treating her like her own daughter, and if something truly happened to her on this trip, her conscience wouldn't be at ease.

So, she agreed to Mo Zhixuan's request.

Not to inform Chu Jin.

This matter, would be as if it never happened.

If Mo Zhixuan safely overcame this danger, the marriage would continue.

If... Mo Zhixuan really met with a mishap.

He had already paved a path for what would come afterward.

Everything would be as if nothing ever happened, like the wind leaves no trace.

"Has your brother come back yet?" After a long while, Madame Mo put down the Buddha Beads in her hands and looked up at Mo Qingyi with worry in her eyes.

"He's practicing calligraphy in the study." At times like these, everyone in the Mo family was anxious, only Mo Zhixuan remained calm.

"Practicing calligraphy..." Madame Mo sighed softly, and with Mo Qingyi's assistance, she stood up from the meditation cushion.

Just then, a servant walked in from outside the door, saying very respectfully, "Madame, Miss Feixue has arrived."

This person was Lan Auntie, who had followed Madame Mo for many years and was the most trusted amongst all the servants.

As her words fell, Mo Feixue walked in from outside, wearing a pair of sharp high heels, 'click-clacking' rhythmically, her chestnut brown wavy hair shining with a golden glow under the sunlight, exuding a mature charisma.

"Auntie." Mo Feixue greeted Madame Mo with a smiling face, in stark contrast to the somber atmosphere that hung over the Mo family.

Tonight's midnight hour would be the extreme Yin night, yet there wasn't a trace of anxiety on her face.

Logically, given how much she cared for her brother Mo Zhixuan, she should be very anxious at this time.

But instead, she was beaming.

Madame Mo frowned discreetly, "Feixue has come."

In contrast to Madame Mo's indifference, Mo Feixue was very enthusiastic as she hooked her arm, "Auntie, guess who I brought for you. I believe, as long as they are here, Zhixuan will definitely get through the extreme Yin night safely."

No wonder Mo Feixue was so composed; it turned out she had already found a solution.

"Who is it?" Hearing this, a look of joy flashed in Madame Mo's eyes.

Mo Feixue gave a soft smile, speaking somewhat mysteriously, "Well, this person, you know them too."

"I know them?" Madame Mo questioned in surprise, wondering who this person could be.

Mo Qingyi narrowed her eyes slightly, hitting the nail on the head, "The person you're talking about, couldn't be Zheng Chuyi, could they?"

At these words, Madame Mo's face darkened.

If not for Zheng Chuyi, how could Mo Zhixuan have reached this point today?

Even if Zheng Chuyi could rescue Mo Zhixuan from a desperate situation, deep down, she still rebuffed Zheng Chuyi.

Yet in Madame Mo's heart, she also hoped that Zheng Chuyi would come, for Mo Zhixuan was her only son.

As a mother, how could she just watch her child's life slip away?

The current situation left her feeling very conflicted.

After all, she had raised Zheng Chuyi herself.

She and Zheng Chuyi's biological mother were like sisters.

Chaos upon chaos.

Sorrow upon sorrow.

The expression on the old madam of the Mo family was very complex.

These days, Mo Qingyi had gained a decent understanding of the affairs of the Mo family in the Superpower World, including that past incident, and she knew all too well what the extreme yin night signified.

Based on what the old madam said, over time, apart from Zheng Chuyi, who possessed the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, no one could restrain the extreme yin night.

If there were no one with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing during the extreme yin night, what awaited those who faced the calamity was only—

"Scatter Like Ashes."

Back then, the arranged marriage between the Mo family and the Zheng family was probably also for this reason.

It's just that human greed knows no bounds.

If it hadn't been for that incident, Zheng Chuyi would've most likely already become Mo Zhixuan's wife by now.

And Mo Zhixuan would have already ascended to a high position, receiving the worship of countless people.

Zheng Chuyi too would have become the mother of an entire realm.

This was the reason why Zheng Chuyi had a change of heart, eager to return to Mo Zhixuan's side.

Only Mo Zhixuan could give her such a supremely prestigious position.

Similarly, the reason she chose to leave Mo Zhixuan back then was also due to this.

As the Superpower World's foremost beauty, adored by countless people, it led to her arrogant nature. In overestimating herself, she also underestimated the heart and abilities of the young man who had massacred a city.

Mo Feixue had never had a good impression of Mo Qingyi, and now seeing her address Zheng Chuyi by her full name, her expression grew even worse, "Obviously, it's not Chuyi."

After all, Zheng Chuyi was the Superpower World's foremost beauty.

How could she be casually referred to by a mere mortal from the secular world?

This Mo Qingyi really knew no proprieties; if she followed them to the Superpower World in the future, she would only bring shame to the Mo family.

Hearing that it wasn't Zheng Chuyi, both the old madam of the Mo family and Mo Qingyi quietly sighed with relief.

But if it wasn't Zheng Chuyi, then who could it be?

"Since it's not Chuyi," the old madam turned her gaze towards Mo Feixue and asked, "then who is she?"

Mo Feixue raised a hand to flick her curly hair, "Auntie, you'll know once you follow me; she's in the guest room of the main hall." With these words, she helped the old madam towards the main hall.

Lan Auntie and Mo Qingyi followed behind.

The yard of the Mo family was very large.

It took a full 10 minutes to walk from the Buddha Beads hall to the main hall.

Elsewhere.

The black Rolls-Royce sped along the Mountain Highway, roaring as it went.

It was clear that the middle-aged man was also a master of high-speed driving.

Drifting, gripping the curves with precision, every maneuver was executed flawlessly.

Chu Jin sat in the back seat, looking at the scenery outside the window, her brows slightly furrowed. This road was very familiar to her.

It led to Phoenix Manor.

Inside Phoenix Manor, there were only six estates in total.

Aside from the Mo family, the other five great families were all very mysterious, and held significant standing in Capital City.

The middle-aged man also cast a glance at Chu Jin through the rearview mirror, a trace of incredulity in his eyes.

The girl just sat there, as stable as Mount Tai, no matter how the car spun, drifted, or took sharp turns, she always remained calm and collected as if walking on flat ground.

If it were anyone else, they would have been scared witless today, screaming, and might have even thrown up.

Even Zheng Chuyi had not been spared back in the day.

His driving skills were renowned in the Superpower World.

If Zheng Chuyi found out that she was actually not as good as a common secular world person, given her temperament, how enraged would she be?

Chapter 456: Extremely Yin Night (3)

Thinking of Zheng Chuyi, the middle-aged man sighed softly.

That child, too arrogant and too self-confident, which led to such a foolish act back then.

In the eyes of the elders, a child will always be a child, no matter what mistake they have made, they can be forgiven.

Moreover, that child was Zheng Chuyi.

A woman who possessed both beauty and talent.

Not only of the noble Bloodline of Fire Bathing but also the chosen one.

In life, who can claim to be faultless?

As long as one truly repents, that's good enough.

The car was speeding. The middle-aged man withdrew his thoughts and glanced at the sharp features reflected in the rearview mirror, seemingly unintentionally asking, "Is Master Chu from Capital City?"

He always felt that Chu Jin was no ordinary person.

Perhaps she was not even from the mundane world.

Given the current level of Spiritual Energy in the mundane world, it was simply impossible to nurture a spirit practitioner like her.

With her current strength, even if she were in the three worlds of ancient martial arts, the underworld, or the Superpower World, there would hardly be anyone who could match her.

So, if she is not from the mundane world, where does she come from?

Whose disciple was she?

Was it possible to recruit her to the Superpower World?

Right now, the family was indeed in need of capable people.

Chu Jin replied indifferently, "Yes."

"So Master Chu must have lived in Capital City for many years, right?" the middle-aged man continued to ask.

Being harmless questions, Chu Jin truthfully answered, "I grew up in Capital City since I was young, and it has already been eighteen years."

"Oh," the middle-aged man nodded thoughtfully, then said, "Then in that case, your father must also be a genuine Capital City person."

An ordinary person would naturally not possess Spiritual Power, either someone is led through the entrance or it's inherited from the parents.

Logically speaking, an eighteen-year-old girl shouldn't possess such strong Spiritual Power. The middle-aged man could sense that Chu Jin not only had Spiritual Power but also was proficient in ancient martial arts, reaching a level beyond the Yuanying Stage.

Chu Jin smiled faintly, "Yes, they are all from Capital City." After speaking, she countered, "Listening to your accent, sir, you shouldn't be a Capital City person, right?"

Upon hearing this, a look of incredulity flashed across the middle-aged man's eyes and disappeared in an instant— both parents were born in Capital City.

And they had been living in Capital City for over a dozen years, or even longer.

This was very illogical, if her parents were ordinary people, how did they give birth to such an outstanding daughter?

Even if her parents were not ordinary people, living in the mundane world for such a long time, their Spiritual Power would gradually fade until it completely disappeared, not to mention training their own child to be a genius.

Even in the Superpower World, an eighteen-year-old child could not possibly possess such profound Spiritual Power, let alone have reached the Yuanying Stage in ancient martial arts.

It was simply an abnormal existence.

Of course, except for that person.

At the age of sixteen, he had once slaughtered an entire city single-handedly.

Because he himself was an existence close to abnormal.

If he hadn't left at that time, the Superpower World would have become the dominator of the three worlds long ago.

The car was speeding along the Fangshan Highway, so fast that only a blur was left behind, but the two people sitting inside were as indifferent and relaxed as if they were sitting on their own sofa.

Their conversation seemed simple, a question and answer without any flaws.

In fact, every sentence of the middle-aged man was filled with probing.

Whereas Chu Jin's replies, though seemingly ordinary, were impermeable.

"Master Chu has good eyesight," the middle-aged man said cheerfully, "I am not from Capital City, I came here to help my nephew through a difficult situation..."

Although he smiled, the worry filled his eyes.

"Don't worry, the righteous will have their way. Since your nephew is a man of great merit, heaven will not cut off his path," Chu Jin consoled.

Considering the cards, that man's present tribulation was completely related to decisions made back then.

Another important reason was the curse from within his own family.

After he left, the family members, fearful of his vengeance, had resorted to that curse.

Hearts can be so complicated.

"Then I'll take Master Chu's auspicious words..." The middle-aged man's words were cut off before he could finish as the car suddenly made a 180-degree turn, its body and tires entirely off the ground, tilting to one side.

Hisss—

Whoosh—

All around were the sounds of the wind calling and the piercing noise of tires rubbing against the pavement.

There were not many cars on the Mountain Highway.

Yet the rearview mirror clearly showed a silver-gray car closely following behind.

Moreover, from the rearview mirror, a red targeting reticle flashed past!

Although it was just a flash.

Chu Jin still caught it.

Trouble is coming!

Chu Jin narrowed his eyes slightly, about three people were approaching, and none of them were ordinary.

The weapons they used couldn't be purchased on the market.

The middle-aged man obviously noticed the car following behind as well.

Constantly shifting gears! Flooring the gas pedal!

Speed up! Speed up!

"Master Chu, hold tight!" No sooner had the middle-aged man's words fallen than the car, like an arrow released from its bow, sprinted out and accelerated more than tenfold on its already fast pace!

It was hard to imagine that an extended Rolls-Royce could go so fast! And it didn't even slow down when taking curves.

What was more terrifying was that the car behind didn't fall behind at all, closely following as if it could overtake them at any moment.

This won't do.

It would only lead to sitting ducks.

The other party could make a move at any time.

There was a risk of wreckage and fatalities.

Chu Jin frowned slightly, looking up at the roof of the car and said calmly, "Open the sunroof!"

Her voice wasn't loud but it was commanding!

It even made the middle-aged man's heart skip a beat.

Damn it!

To think that in his more than forty years of life, he would be intimidated by a young girl. But at such a moment, there was no time to think too much – he immediately pressed the button to open the sunroof.

Naturally, for safety reasons, luxury cars like Rolls-Royce aren't typically designed with a sunroof since it can reduce the body material's strength and, in case of a rollover, the roof wouldn't provide enough support and could cause secondary injuries to the driver.

Obviously, this car was a custom model.

Luckily, it had a sunroof.

No sooner had the sunroof opened than Chu Jin stood up nimbly on the leather seat, sticking half of her body out of the car.

Seeing her do this, the middle-aged man instinctively slowed down.

"Don't slow down. Keep going!" Her cool voice came from beside him.

The strong wind seemed not to affect her at all.

Her voice was still calm.

Now traveling at a speed of 240 mph, it was truly hard to imagine someone could calmly stick half of their body out of the car's roof at such high speeds.

Her hair flew in the wind, intertwining with the breeze.

The girl remained in her white clothes, looking at the car behind with a slight, definite curve at the corners of her mouth, her fingers moved slightly, and immediately a playing card appeared in her palm!

Her hair brushed past her red lips, over that stunningly bright curve.

It was breathtakingly beautiful!

The middle-aged man had no idea what she was going to do. He held the steering wheel tightly, with fine beads of sweat on his forehead.

Who would have thought that such a thrilling event could occur in the mundane world!

A strand of red thread aimed right at Chu Jin's forehead!

At the same time, she gently raised her hand, her peach blossom eyes narrowing slightly.

Whoosh—

A playing card flew out from between her fingers!

Despite the strong wind, it carried a piercing cold aura!

Crack!

The 0.2 mm bullet in the air was split in half!

But the playing card didn't stop there; it transformed into a sharp dagger and accurately hit the front left tire of the grey sedan!

"Fuck!" The driver's pupils widened dramatically, culminating in an expletive!

The sniper and the explosives expert in the car could only watch helplessly as the playing card burst the tire!

Powerless to retaliate!

Screech—

A piercing brake screech came from the wind, and a plume of thick smoke billowed up.

Chu Jin slightly curled her lips, watching as the car hit the guardrail before finally settling back into her seat.

The three people in the car got out, stomping in frustration, one of them gazing after the fleeing black car with narrowed hawk-like eyes said, "Notify Madam Jiu! Requesting backup!"

A bespectacled young man behind him quickly took out his phone.

Another person turned to the front of the car, bent down and turned his gaze towards the left wheel arch – to be precise, on the playing card.

He reached out and pulled out the playing card, a curl forming at the corner of his mouth, "Interesting." A dark light flashed in his pitch-black eyes.

At the same time, the face with its pure and refined features and that flying black hair intertwined in his mind.

He didn't expect to encounter such an opponent in the mundane world of Hua Nation.

Interesting.

Chapter 457: Extremely Yin Night (4)

The man held the playing card in his hand, scrutinizing it carefully.

A very ordinary club jack.

The tires had burst beyond repair, yet that card remained intact.

If one hadn't seen it with their own eyes, who could believe that such a small playing card could possess such power?

Moreover, it happened in such strong winds.

An ordinary person would probably struggle even to stand.

Let alone ordinary people, even those who practiced cultivation wouldn't be able to remain as composed under those circumstances.

But she did.

No wonder Zheng Chuyi went to great lengths to get rid of her.

To Zheng Chuyi, this person was indeed a profound threat.

It had been a long time since he had encountered such a formidable opponent.

The black club jack, under the sunlight, emitted a faint glow.

Ordinary yet mysterious.

Understated yet dazzling.

The man slightly lifted his sinister eyes, a playful curve forming at the corner of his mouth.

He had investigated Chu Jin before.

The records showed that her family for three generations were ordinary, with low-grade bloodlines.

Her parents were just average merchants.

Logically, a family like that shouldn't produce someone with Spiritual Power.

Yet Chu Jin not only possessed Spiritual Power, but her talent was also exceptionally high.

This was somewhat beyond reason.

On the Mountain Highway, after a deadly curve, the stretched Rolls-Royce had vanished without a trace.

"Failed?" In another villa, a woman in red, who had been comfortably basking on a chaise lounge, sat up abruptly at the report from her subordinate, her perfect willow-shaped eyes narrowing dangerously.

It appeared she had underestimated Chu Jin.

She had intended to take advantage of the night of extreme yin, when Mo Zhixuan was absent, to eliminate Chu Jin. Yet, she hadn't expected that even with Aaron personally taking action, the mission would still fail.

Could it be that besides Mo Zhixuan, Chu Jin had the support of other formidable figures?

Chu Jin was merely common folk, incapable of having such skills. So, who besides Mo Zhixuan could be standing behind her?

Zheng Chuyi walked up to the floor-to-ceiling window, gazing out at the view.

Suddenly, the image of a figure clad in black flashed through her mind.

A black trench coat, a black hat.

A determined jawline, a tall and straight stature.

Like a black lycoris walking among humans.

Mysterious and powerful.

Had the failure of this operation been related to that mysterious man in black?

Thinking of the man in black, Zheng Chuyi's expression grew even more somber.

Besides Mo Zhixuan, he was the only person who did not take her seriously.

He even trampled on her dignity.

What was Chu Jin's relationship with him?

Why would he help Chu Jin?

In terms of beauty, she was in no way inferior to Chu Jin!

In terms of bloodline, she was thousands of times more noble than Chu Jin!

As for status, comparing her to Chu Jin was like comparing the moon to mud.

She was the moon.

Chu Jin was the mud.

Not even worthy of being compared to mud.

In the secular world, Chu Jin was nothing but a well-known waste.

These men must be blind, to rally around such a waste.

If it weren't for Chu Jin, all these honors should have been hers.

The hands hidden under the red sleeves clenched tighter.

"Where is Aaron now?" Zheng Chuyi finally spoke after a long while, her tone still gentle.

The woman standing behind her shrank back, answering tentatively, "Mr. Aaron is still on the Mountain Highway. The vehicle was attacked and cannot be driven normally; they are waiting for support."

The woman was familiar with Zheng Chuyi's methods; as beautiful as her face was, her heart was just as ruthless.

So-called beauty can be venomous, just like this.

Zheng Chuyi coldly said, "Useless!" At the same time, she picked up the scissors from the windowsill and leisurely started trimming a flourishing rose bush.

The red roses were blooming radiantly.

Merging unexpectedly with the red figure.

Indeed, it's said that no flower can compete with a woman's beauty.

The woman nearly stared in awe.

This was the first time she realized that such stunning beauty could exist in the world.

No wonder Mr. Jiang was willing to go crazy for her.

If she were Mr. Jiang, she too would have been inescapably ensnared.

Zheng Chuyi elegantly pruned the rose's branches and leaves, a cold smile curling at the corner of her lips – a stark contrast to her brilliant features.

Suddenly, the scissors moved to a rose flourishing in full bloom.

Snip—

The flower fell as the hand moved.

The red rose drifted down to the wooden floor, its petals scattering everywhere.

Seeing this, the woman shuddered inwardly, fearing that with one wrong move, she could end up like that rose.

Her back bent even further in submission.

"Give me the phone." Zheng Chuyi tossed aside the scissors and reached out with her slender hand, her face darker than ever.

The woman was startled, then handed over the phone from her pocket.

Zheng Chuyi took the phone and dialed a number, her gaze lowering.

Beep—

Within seconds,

The call was answered.

"Chuchu," came a magnetic voice from the other end, tinged with intriguing intimacy, like the whispers between lovers.

"Aaron," Zheng Chuyi began in a cool tone, "you really are an absolute waste!"

Compared to Aaron, Zheng Chuyi's attitude could only be described as appalling.

Chapter 458: Extremely Yin Night (5)

But Aaron didn't care at all. Holding his phone in one hand and clutching his heart with the other, he said, "Chuyi, such words really break my heart! The moment I saw your message, I flew back to Hua Nation immediately. I can sacrifice my life and shed my blood for you, how can you speak of me like this?"

With a hooked corner of her mouth, Zheng Chuyi responded, "If you can't even deal with a lowly commoner, what are you if not a waste of space?"

"Chuyi," Aaron began with a smile, half-joking, half-serious, "Am I really that worthless in your heart? I know I can't compare to Mo Zhixuan, but am I really that bad?"

Beauties are meant to be conquered.

Aaron liked Zheng Chuyi, so he would think of every possible way to conquer her. As the saying goes, 'Even if I die under a peony, I will be a romantic ghost.'

Over time, even Aaron himself didn't know if what he felt was love or just fondness.

But he was fixated on having her.

Having her.

No matter the cost.

It had become an obsession in his heart.

"You want to impress me?" Zheng Chuyi closed her eyes briefly and then continued, "Fine, then show me some real strength. I give you three days to bring me Chu Jin's corpse. Can you do it?"

The gentle female voice passed through the phone's screen and entered Aaron's ears clearly.

Zheng Chuyi never concealed her true nature in front of Aaron.

Yet it was this aspect of her that made Aaron unable to extricate himself.

Because both he and Zheng Chuyi were the same kind of people: ruthless and born from bloodshed.

Aaron let out a light laugh, his expression serious as he said, "Chuyi, I want to see you."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi also laughed shortly, replying coldly, "You want to see me? Do you think you're worthy?"

"Chuyi, it's been three years, and you're still so heartless," Aaron's voice sounded somewhat forlorn.

And wasn't that just because he loved this cold and merciless her?

Compared to other women, Zheng Chuyi was not only beautiful but also genuine.

Even though he knew she was only using him, he was still willing to give her everything, including his life and fortune.

And Zheng Chuyi, she had grasped this very point.

If there was a fool willing to give her everything, then she would certainly not waste such resources.

"Enough," Zheng Chuyi continued, "it's useless to talk too much. Unless you come see me with Chu Jin's corpse in tow, let's never meet again."

Her words were extremely decisive, with no hint of jest.

Given Aaron's capabilities, even with the mysterious man in black supporting Chu Jin, it shouldn't be difficult.

After listening, Aaron's face showed a troubled expression. From the confrontation that day with Chu Jin, it wasn't going to be easy to deal with her.

If they were to fight one-on-one, he suspected it would be hard to determine a winner.

All these years, he had only ever been bested by Mo Zhixuan.

And now, there was Chu Jin.

A woman at that.

For the first time in his life, Aaron had lost to a woman.

The feeling... was indescribable.

Partly thrilling.

And partly... nerve-wracking.

He was eager to face her in battle again.

Yet feared failure.

And involuntarily, the vision of her face, carved as if from jade, surfaced in his mind—

Those icy cold methods.

And the last scene, where the corner of her mouth curved into a sinister yet challenging smile.

She was indeed an interesting adversary.

And also the first beauty of the nation.

If there were no Zheng Chuyi in this world,

Then he would surely have fallen madly in love with her.

Unfortunately, with Zheng Chuyi there, no other angel could catch his eye.

To him, all the women in the world, except for Zheng Chuyi, were nothing but tools for warming the bed and satisfying lust.

Greed, selfishness, opportunism, fantasies, vanity, jealousy—these were their labels.

Millions of women couldn't compare to a single Zheng Chuyi.

After thinking it over, Aaron said, "We need a long-term plan for this; Chu Jin is no ordinary person. I misjudged her before. Chuyi, if you trust me, then meet with me first. I guarantee my life as a pledge, and next time, I definitely won't let you down."

There was silence on the other end of the line for a minute, "Do you really want to see me that much?"

"Of course, Chuyi, you are the love of my life..."

Before Aaron could finish, Zheng Chuyi cut him off directly, "Enough, save those disgusting words for the flirts around you."

"Chuyi, so will you see me?" Aaron pressed on.

"Do you have a good plan?" Zheng Chuyi countered without answering, reaching out to pick a rose and carefully smelling it by her nose.

The fragrance of flowers was intoxicating.

Aaron spoke gravely, "What about my apprentice, Chu Jin? With such a valuable card in hand, Chuyi, being as clever as you are, why not make good use of it?"

Mentioning Chu Jin was a mistake.

The very mention of Chu Jin made Zheng Chuyi even angrier; that waste had been exposed before she could even take pride in her, what a waste of her careful planning.

"You taught that disciple yourself, don't you know what kind of person she is?" Zheng Chuyi asked coldly, then continued, "Three days later, with Chu Jin's corpse, meet me at Zen Palace!"

With that, she hung up the call.

There were probably very few people who dared to hang up on him with such fury, except for Zheng Chuyi.

Chapter 459: Extremely Yin Night (6)

Aaron looked at his phone screen, now gone dark, and a helpless curve touched the corners of his lips.

**

The Mo family.

Mo Feixue led the elderly Madam Mo to the VIP room at the front hall.

A party of four.

They moved slowly, the silence was such that only their footsteps could be heard.

The VIP room was filled with curling wisps of purple smoke, permeated with the scent of sandalwood, creating an otherworldly ambience despite being indoors.

Through a layer of pearl curtains, one could see the figure seated in the armchair.

It seemed there was also someone standing behind that figure.

Mo Feixue stopped in front of the curtains, glanced at Madam Mo, then lifted the curtain and whispered, "Aunt, you go in first."

This was the basic etiquette of a younger family member toward an elder.

Madam Mo stepped forward into the room without hesitation.

Mo Qingyi also wanted to follow, but Mo Feixue suddenly let go of the curtain and cast a sidelong glance at Mo Qingyi before striding into the room with heads held high, the very picture of arrogance, like a proud peacock. To her, Mo Qingyi was like an insignificant flower by the roadside, unworthy of any consideration.

If it had been a different time, Mo Qingyi would surely have cowered and retreated without hesitation.

But not now.

Although she was usually somewhat willful, she could distinguish the gravity of situations.

This was not the time for her to cause further trouble for the family.

Nor could she afford to offend Mo Feixue.

Mo Qingyi took a deep breath and followed into the room, her face devoid of emotion.

"Master Zhang! Master Qin!" Madam Mo expressed surprise upon recognizing the people inside the room.

She had not expected the individuals Mo Feixue had mentioned who could help Mo Zhixuan to be Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen.

Zhang Linzi was a prophet of the Ancient Martial Arts World. He had some acquaintance with Madam Mo; he had previously divined for Mo Zhixuan, but, unfortunately, he had declined Madam Mo's request to help Mo Zhixuan through the Night of Extreme Yin.

The reason was the fear of repercussions from the Heavenly Dao.

After all, the curse on Mo Zhixuan originated from the Heavenly Dao, and no one in this world can contend against it.

Qin Qingchen was the only female Master of Figures who traveled between the three realms, her abilities and reputation on par with Zhang Linzi.

Either of them could shake the three realms with a mere stomp of their foot.

Zhang Linzi had previously turned down her request, and Qin Qingchen had had no dealings with the Mo family before, so how could these two appear together at the Mo family residence?

It was all very odd.

No matter the intentions behind Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen's visit, the very fact that they were willing to come meant that the danger of the Night of Extreme Yin was halved.

Mo Feixue indeed possessed some capabilities.

To have invited both of them together, Madam Mo regarded Mo Feixue with eyes full of approval.

"Madam Mo," both Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen rose to their feet and nodded in respect to Madam Mo.

"Master Zhang, Master Qin," Mo Feixue, who followed behind, greeted them too.

"Acting Patriarch Mo," Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen said in unison.

"I am only the acting patriarch," Mo Feixue smiled faintly, "this position will be returned to Zhixuan sooner or later, just call me Feixue."

"Thank you both for your willingness to lend a hand and ensure the safety of my son through the Night of Extreme Yin, my gratitude knows no bounds," Madam Mo bowed in thanks.

Mo Qingyi, standing beside her, bowed as well.

Qin Qingchen quickly reached out to steady Madam Mo, "It's nothing but a simple effort, you shouldn't be so formal, Madam Mo, or you'll make me feel guilty."

"What Qin has said is right," Zhang Linzi stroked his beard with an easy demeanor, "it's nothing but a simple effort, Madam Mo needn't be so courteous."

A simple effort?

Memories of an incident from a month ago came back to Madam Mo.

Back then, when she had merely hinted at the matter to Zhang Linzi, he had paled dramatically, hurriedly waving his hands to refuse, "Madam Mo, it's not that I don't want to help you, my abilities are simply limited. For this matter, you should seek other experts. I still wish to live peacefully for a few more years."

Only a month had passed, how could Zhang Linzi have such a drastic change of heart.

Madam Mo frowned discreetly.

She had a feeling that the situation was not as simple as it seemed.

Lost in thought, Zhang Linzi moved in front of Mo Qingyi, scrutinizing her from head to toe.

Mo Qingyi felt a chill down her spine under that examining gaze and unconsciously took a few steps back, clutching Madam Mo's sleeve tightly.

After a moment, Zhang Linzi slowly began, "This girl's aptitude is very poor, she has a murderous fate, and will surely bring ruin to her husband and children. Madam Mo, why would you keep such a person by your side?"

Damn it!

Mo Qingyi was almost ready to explode.

Her fate was murderous, destined to ruin her husband and children?

Could this annoying old Taoist be blind?

Madam Mo's expression also soured, but still, she managed a smile, "Master Zhang, this is my daughter, Mo Qingyi."

"Master Zhang is right," Qin Qingchen spoke up as well, "this girl caused the death of her parents at birth, becoming an orphan. Fortunately, she was adopted by the Madam Mo, which is why she's been able to live until today. She is born under an ominous star of solitude. Madam Mo would do well to deal with her sooner rather than later, to prevent future calamity for the Mo family."

These two men, every word a stab to the heart, were harmonizing in their efforts, clearly intending to drive Mo Qingyi away.

It was unknown whose bidding they were doing.

However, as both masters were existences akin to deities, who could have the power to command them?

Doomed to be a lone star of Tiansha, fated to cause the death of parents, and reduced to an orphan...

These words transformed into sharp swords, piercing straight into Mo Qingyi's heart.

Blood oozed profusely; she could barely stand steady.

Was it really because of these reasons that she was abandoned by her birth parents?

"The two masters must be mistaken," the matriarch of the Mo family spoke calmly, "Qingyi has been raised by my own hands. If she really were the lone star of Tiansha, wouldn't I, as her mother, have long lost my life? How could I have possibly survived unharmed to this day?"

Qin Qingchen slowly said, "Madam, please do not take offense. I am habitually blunt. I have said what I needed to say; whether you listen or not is for you to consider." He assumed an air of grave seriousness.

Zhang Linzi on the side echoed, "This humble one has wandered the three realms for many years and has never spoken falsely. However, ultimately, it is a family matter for Madam, and it's best for you to decide. This humble one should not intervene."

Standing to the side, Mo Feixue slightly curled her lips.

Whether it was the matriarch of the Mo family or Mo Zhixuan, these two would eventually have to return to the Superpower World.

Superpower World prides itself on its pure bloodlines, which cannot be casually tainted by a mere mortal.

The Mo family certainly could not tolerate an adopted daughter tarnishing its name.

The matriarch knew better than anyone what kind of destiny her daughter she had raised for many years held.

Even if she truly were the dreaded lone star of Tiansha, she would never abandon her.

If it were not for the unique marks on their bodies, the matriarch would have doubted whether the two men before her were indeed the real Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen.

"Thank you for your kind words, masters. Since Qingyi is my only daughter, I shall never abandon her," the matriarch said with resolute insistence.

Mo Qingyi's eyes reddened slightly, and upon hearing the words, she tightly gripped the matriarch's sleeve, her body trembling slightly.

"Master Zhang, Master Qin, Auntie," Mo Feixue spoke up at just the right moment, "Our purpose today is to help Zhixuan overcome this difficulty. Any other discussion is pointless..."

"Feixue is right," Qin Qingchen said with a smile, "Madam, please lead us to the Yin and Yang Bagua Array first."

Zhang Linzi stood up from his armchair.

A looming crisis was thus easily defused by Mo Feixue.

The matriarch's previous misgivings about Mo Feixue began to dissipate.

"This way, please," the matriarch said, leading the way, with the others following behind.

It was still that cold underground palace.

The path was lined with blossoming red spider lilies.

Flowers without leaves.

It resembled the road to death.

As you walked further in, apart from the spider lilies, there were places decorated with red crystals.

The melding of cold and warmth.

Curiously, the spider lilies here were not scorched like the ones outside in the courtyard.

Instead, they seemed to bloom even more exuberantly.

Red as fire.

Somewhat eerie.

The path was narrow, allowing only one person to pass between the red crystals and spider lilies.

Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen held Compasses in their hands, their expressions grave as they adjusted their pace to the turning speed of the Compasses.

The atmosphere was quiet, with no one speaking.

Occasionally, they would encounter people dressed in burial clothes, moving stiffly as they transported red crystals. Upon seeing these individuals, both Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen would show fleeting expressions of shock.

The Mo family's ability to animate corpses for their own use was indeed not to be underestimated.

The group continued on their way, through the stone corridor and into a stone house within the Yin and Yang Bagua Array.

"Madam, there seems to be no problem with the Yin and Yang Bagua Array, but..." Qin Qingchen began, showing a troubled expression.

Zhang Linzi also sighed.

"But what?" the matriarch asked anxiously, "Speak freely, Master Qin. If there's anything I can do, I will fulfill your request."

"It's actually not a significant issue," Zhang Linzi stroked his beard, "We need to meet with the future mistress of the house to discuss countermeasures."

The future mistress.

It was Zhang Linzi who had first proposed finding the girl of Taiyin.

But she had already promised Mo Zhixuan that she would not involve Chu Jin. By mentioning Chu Jin now, was Zhang Linzi not putting her in a difficult position?

The matriarch frowned, "Is it necessary to meet her?"

"The future mistress of the house is a person of good fortune and possesses the Bloodline of Fire Bathing. Madam need not worry about her safety. With the mistress there, Nine Ye will surely survive this ordeal unscathed," Qin Qingchen said.

"But I promised Zhixuan that I would not involve Jin in this matter; she is, after all, just an ordinary person..." the matriarch expressed her concern.

Zhang Linzi laughed, "Madam, you misunderstand. The mistress my third sister and I wish to meet is not that ordinary person, but rather, Zheng Chuyi, Miss Zheng." She is also the sole master recognized by the ancient Konghou.

And the reincarnation of the Empress.

Chapter 460: Extremely Yin Night (7)

Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen came here to see Zheng Chuyi.

The extraordinary girl who played the konghou.

The destined one, the Eternal Empress reincarnated, whose playing of the konghou could beckon the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix.

She could resurrect the dead and mend flesh and bone.

Bring life to all things.

And there was an ancient prophecy circulating throughout the three realms:

When the marvel appears, the dragon and the phoenix dance.

The phoenix reigns over the world, uniting the three realms.

This was only the first two lines.

The last two lines have always been unknown to later generations.

— —

When my master returns, it will be a prosperous era for the world.

We will compose a picturesque land of rivers and mountains together.

— —

Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen were not just the Prophet and the Master of Figures; they were also witnesses to history.

And protectors of the Empress.

They were born for the Empress.

The two had been waiting for many years, and now they had finally received news of the Empress's return.

Their thousand years of waiting had come to fruition.

How could this not excite people?

If it hadn't been for Zheng Chuyi, they would not have taken the risk to get involved in this matter.

Nor would they have appeared here.

The night of extreme Yin was already fraught with danger, not only for the person undergoing tribulation who was hanging by a thread, but also for those around them who could be implicated.

But with Zheng Chuyi there, it was different.

Zheng Chuyi, as a reincarnation of the Empress, carried the auspicious energy with her, blessing that was extensive. She could not only help Mo Zhixuan safely through the night of extreme Yin but could also transmit her own purple energy to others.

This was also what the common saying meant:

When one achieves the Dao, even their chickens and dogs ascend to heaven.

They were merely basking in Zheng Chuyi's light.

Without Zheng Chuyi, Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen's strength alone would not be sufficient to deal with the backlash of the night of extreme Yin.

In the face of Heavenly Dao, everyone is a frail existence.

Of course, except for the Eternal Empress.

Because she is an extraordinary existence, blessing the world, coexisting with the Heavenly Dao.

When the Mo family matriarch heard that the persons Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen wanted to see was actually Zheng Chuyi, her brows furrowed slightly, "The two masters might not know, but Zhixuan and Chuyi's marriage has already been annulled, and she is not here now, so you may not be able to see her today."

The Mo family matriarch could never have expected that Zhang and Qin would make such a request.

What exactly was their true purpose in wanting to see Zheng Chuyi?

Could it be that they came because of Zheng Chuyi?

The marriage had been annulled?

Upon hearing this, Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen looked incredulously at the Mo family matriarch.

Had the Mo family gone mad?

To actually dissolve the engagement with Zheng Chuyi!

If they couldn't meet the reincarnated Empress, wouldn't their trip have been in vain?

"Old madam, is this true?" asked Qin Qingchen, raising his gaze to the Mo family matriarch.

"Yes," the Mo family matriarch nodded slightly.

The air fell silent for a few seconds.

The expressions on Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen's faces were somewhat peculiar.

No one spoke.

No one could rival the Empress's grace.

Yet the Mo family had actually annulled the engagement with the reincarnated Empress.

Wasn't this outrageous?

"Fei Xue?" Qin Qingchen turned his puzzled gaze to Mo Feixue.

If it hadn't been for Mo Feixue telling them that Zheng Chuyi played the konghou, and that Zheng Chuyi and Mo Zhixuan were engaged... how would they have appeared here?

Now the Mo family matriarch was saying that the engagement between Mo Zhixuan and Zheng Chuyi had been annulled!

Was this not playing with them?

Originally, they did not believe that Zheng Chuyi was the reincarnation of the Empress.

But, several months ago, they had personally witnessed a heavenly phenomenon, the dragon and phoenix gathered together.

The dead wood sprouted leaves.

After all, this ancient konghou was only in the hands of the most beautiful woman in the Superpower World.

Moreover, the Superpower World had already named Zheng Chuyi as the Saintess.

This made it hard not to believe.

"Master Qin," Mo Feixue began with a smile, her demeanor poised, "Don't worry, Chuyi and Zhixuan have been childhood sweethearts, inseparable since they were young. So, it doesn't really matter whether there is an engagement because Chuyi will marry Zhixuan sooner or later. Besides, it's the night of extreme Yin today, and Chuyi will definitely come. Auntie, isn't what I'm saying right?" At the end of her statement, Mo Feixue raised her gaze to the Mo family matriarch, the corners of her lips slightly upturned, the curve pronounced.

If the Mo family matriarch knew the proper measure, she would naturally know how to respond.

Any clear-sighted person should be able to see that Zhang and Qin had come for Zheng Chuyi.

In other words, Mo Zhixuan's life and death were now entirely in Zheng Chuyi's hands.

The fate of Mo Zhixuan's life hung on her single thought.

Perceiving the deeper meaning behind Mo Feixue's words, Mo Qingyi couldn't help but speak up, "Sister Fei Xue, what you're saying isn't right. Now my brother's fiancée is Chu Jin, what does that have to do with Zheng Chuyi? They say it's better to demolish a temple than to break up a marriage, what exactly is your intent here?"

Mo Qingyi had recovered from her earlier distress.

She had made up her mind that as long as her mother still wanted her, she was still the happiest person in the world.

She had her mother, her brother, and her sister-in-law.

Moreover, having been born into a prestigious family and been widely exposed to the world since a young age, she wasn't really afraid of Mo Feixue.

This Mo Feixue was indeed laughable, assertively claiming that Zheng Chuyi would marry Mo Zhixuan, but from where did she draw such confidence?

With Zheng Chuyi being such a white lotus, how could she be worthy of Mo Zhixuan?

At this, Mo Feixue immediately turned her gaze towards Mo Qingyi, speaking with full authority, "I was speaking to my aunt, who gave you the right to interrupt?"

Serving for a long time as the acting patriarch of the Mo family, she naturally bore an air of authority.

Of course, this aura was still not as imposing as Mo Zhixuan's.

To truly intimidate Mo Qingyi would be somewhat difficult.