

R Woman 461

Chapter 461: Extremely Yin Night (8)

Mo Qingyi retorted, "I'm simply speaking the facts, unless you want Zheng Chuyi to be despised by everyone as a homewrecker, which is, of course, another story whether my brother would fancy her."

Qin Qingchen's brows furrowed as she scolded, "Miss Mo, please speak with more respect!" Could the renown of the Eternal Empress be so easily insulted by an abandoned infant of unknown origin?

"Madam," Zhang Linzi also turned his gaze toward the Mo family's matriarch, "let me be frank with you, Qin Sanmei and I came here solely out of respect for Miss Zheng. Since she's not here now and has already annulled her engagement with the Mo family, we must take our leave!"

They had indeed come for Zheng Chuyi.

The complexion of the Mo family's old madam changed again and again.

Just as she glimpsed hope, they were about to let her down again.

Mo Qingyi was also stunned.

Standing there, she didn't know how to start speaking.

Two major figures known across the three realms had come for Zheng Chuyi.

This was... too unbelievable.

Was Zheng Chuyi... really that remarkable?

Mo Feixue calmly extended her hand to block Zhang and Qin's departure, and slowly began, "Gentlemen, please don't rush off. I give you my personal guarantee as the legitimate eldest daughter of the Mo clan that you will certainly meet Chuyi today."

Zhang and Qin stopped, their expressions clearly unhappy.

The old madam stood in the background, letting out a slight sigh. With things having reached this point, all she could do was to wait and see what unfolded.

"Is that true?" Qin Qingchen looked up at Mo Feixue.

"Naturally, it's true!" Mo Feixue replied with a firm tone, confidence flickering on her face.

Mo Feixue was smart. She knew that when she stopped Zhang and Qin, the matriarch didn't interject to stop her, effectively approving of her actions.

In this world, no mother could remain indifferent to her son's life and safety.

No matter how much she once despised Zheng Chuyi.

Now, however, she had to accept her.

To forgive her.

Qin Qingchen hesitated, then exchanged a glance with Zhang Linzi before saying, "Since that's the case, we'll trust you this time. Don't disappoint us again. You have one hour, and we must see Miss Zheng."

Mo Feixue smiled broadly, "Certainly, Chuyi will definitely arrive on time. Please follow me to the guest room to rest for a moment. Chuyi should be here shortly, and then we can discuss our strategy together."

Today's events had already been discussed with Zheng Chuyi in advance.

She believed that after today, Zheng Chuyi would officially become part of the Mo family and Mo Zhixuan would formally return to the Superpower World.

A powerful alliance.

The Mo family would finally reach the pinnacle of success.

And then, all three realms would look up to the Mo family.

Just thinking about it filled Mo Feixue with an overwhelming sense of vanity.

Under her leadership, the Mo family was finally about to see the light of day.

Hearing Mo Feixue's words, Qin Qingchen and Zhang Linzi nodded satisfactorily and followed behind her.

The expression of the old Madam Mo grew even more bleak.

She had never expected things to develop this way.

Mo Qingyi assisted the old Madam Mo towards the exit.

After settling Zhang and Qin in the guest room,

Mo Feixue turned to look at the old Madam Mo, and whispered, "Auntie, you've seen the situation for yourself. Now, with 50 minutes left of the one-hour period mentioned by Master Qin, you know what to do next."

The implication in Mo Feixue's words was very clear.

She wanted the old Madam Mo to personally invite Zheng Chuyi back and to officially vindicate her identity to outsiders.

That would be a sort of closure for Zheng Chuyi.

After all, there was no ignoring Zheng Chuyi's status.

She couldn't be wronged.

The first Saintess of the Superpower World.

A person who commanded half of the Superpower World's territory.

For the Mo family to have such a person as a daughter-in-law was to reach above their station.

Yet there still was someone as unreasonable as the old Madam Mo.

Acting unwillingly,

Little did she know how many coveted the Saintess from the outside world.

Upon grasping the subtext of Mo Feixue's words, the old Madam Mo straightened up, looking at Mo Feixue with a cold voice, "Did you orchestrate this, compelling Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen to act in this manner?"

Under normal circumstances, why would Zhang and Qin suddenly want to meet Zheng Chuyi?

Asking her to invite Zheng Chuyi back wasn't this tantamount to indirectly recognizing Zheng Chuyi's identity?

Could Mo Zhixuan bear it?

Could Chu Jin bear it?

"I don't have that capability," Mo Feixue raised her hand and flicked her hair back, "Auntie, you think too highly of me. Don't you see the status of Master Zhang and Master Qin? Without a reason, would they listen to me?"

What Mo Feixue said was reasonable.

Considering the status of Zhang and Qin within the three realms, indeed no one could command them.

But why did they behave with such deference when Zheng Chuyi's name was mentioned?

Mo Feixue softened her tone and continued, "Auntie, the situation has developed to this point, and we have no other choice. Let's go and invite Chuyi back together."

"Mom," Mo Qingyi, clutching the old Madam Mo's arm, spoke anxiously, "You can't go invite Zheng Chuyi!"

Should her mother personally invite Zheng Chuyi back?

Wouldn't that allow Zheng Chuyi to raise her tail sky-high in the future?

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If that's really about bringing Zheng Chuyi back, then what should Chu Jin do?

In her heart, no one but Chu Jin could be her sister-in-law.

Mo Feixue glared at Mo Qingyi and said fiercely, "You heartless dog! The Mo family has raised you for so many years, is this how you repay us? If you don't bring Chuyi back now, are you going to just watch Zhixuan die? It's one thing if you don't persuade Aunt Zhang, but you're here stirring up trouble, what is your intention?"

That word 'die' pierced straight into the heart of the old Madam Mo.

There's nothing more painful in the world than: parents burying their children.

Mo Qingyi was about to say something but was gently stopped by the old Madam Mo, who tapped her arm, silencing her next words.

After a long while, the old Madam Mo finally uttered two words, "...I'll go."

As a mother.

She couldn't just sit by and watch her son die.

Turning into a pile of dry bones.

If it could save Mo Zhixuan, she would do anything.

A look of joy appeared on Mo Feixue's face. "Aunt, are you serious?"

The face of the old Madam Mo was expressionless. "Lead the way."

"Okay, follow me this way," Mo Feixue said as she turned and walked ahead.

"Qingyi, you stay at home. Go to the study and talk to your brother, and don't tell him about this..." the old Madam Mo instructed Mo Qingyi.

"But..."

Mo Qingyi hadn't finished her sentence when she was interrupted by the old Madam Mo, "If you still want your brother to keep living, then say nothing."

"I understand..." Mo Qingyi lowered her head, looking somewhat dejected.

For Mo Zhixuan, and for Chu Jin.

At the same time.

Inside Huagui Park.

In the bedroom exclusively belonging to Chu Jin, two people, a man and a woman, were standing inside the not-so-large boudoir at the moment.

And Aunt Zhang was cleaning downstairs, completely unaware that there were two more people in the room upstairs.

Qiuse, pointing at the Konghou, said excitedly to the man beside her, "Changyin, look, that's Chuyi's ancient Konghou."

Changyin nodded slightly, "We should hurry and take it to find Sister Chuyi."

"Alright," said Qiuse as she took out a green brocade pouch from her pocket. As soon as the strings were untied, a strong light radiated from inside the pouch, almost blinding.

At the same time, a small, snow-white object suddenly darted out from behind the ancient Konghou.

It was tiny in size.

But its eyes were a glowing green, radiating a fierce light that made one's spine tingle.

Like a fierce beast seeing its prey!

Woo!

A low growl!

Changyin quickly shielded Qiuse behind him, raised his left hand to form a seal, and struck directly at the white object.

Seizing the opportunity, Qiuse clenched the brocade pouch, reciting an incantation.

—Capture!

The Konghou transformed into a ray of golden light and was drawn directly into the brocade pouch.

It happened too quickly.

The little White Tiger didn't even have time to react before the Konghou disappeared.

Wa woo!

The little White Tiger let out another angry roar, transforming its claws into a sword, and lunging straight for Qiuse's face!

If it weren't for the limited space, it would have already taken on the White Tiger's full form.

If in its true White Tiger form, it would only take a minute to deal with these two inexperienced thieves.

"Junior Sister, be careful!" Changyin conjured a Longsword out of thin air and chopped fiercely toward the little White Tiger.

But the moment the sword touched the little White Tiger, it broke into two.

Changyin's face showed shock, and before he could react, Qiuse's scream rang through the air.

"Ah! Changyin, save me!"

Turning to look, he saw four bright red slashes suddenly appear on Qiuse's pale face!

Flesh laid open and blood splattered on the spot, a sight too gruesome to bear!

The bright red blood instantly stained her clothes.

This pretty face was probably going to be disfigured.

"Junior Sister!" Changyin immediately pounced to shield Qiuse, and his own back took a brutal hit from the little White Tiger's claw!

Cold sweat immediately broke out on Changyin's face.

Luckily, he was always calm, and in his panic, he didn't forget to pull a talisman paper from his bosom and activate the incantation. The talisman turned to ash instantly, and in the next second, the two of them disappeared on the spot.

The escape technique of the Changsheng Sect was always the best in the world, unmatched by anyone.

"Two foolish humans!" The little White Tiger licked its paws in the now empty room, squinting its eyes, and said, "Daring to dig on your White Tiger Grandpa's turf! Really weary of living."

Then, as if it remembered something, it tensely put down the melon seed and looked towards the place where the ancient Konghou had been, cursing to itself, "Damn it!" and then its body turned into a flash as it leapt out of the window.

It had failed to guard Brother Jin's ancient Konghou...

Qiuse and Changyin were directly teleported to Zheng Chuyi's residence.

Both had sustained serious injuries and supported each other as they walked into the inner room.

"Qiuse, Changyin, what happened to you two?" Zheng Chuyi quickly approached upon seeing them in such a state, her face turning pale with fright.

Qiuse struggled to lift her eyelids, speaking weakly, "Sister Chuyi, we're okay, don't worry. This is your ancient Konghou, keep it safe, don't let it get stolen again." With that, she handed the brocade pouch to Zheng Chuyi.

Zheng Chuyi was the recognized goddess of the Superpower World, and doing something for her was an honor for Qiuse.

It was the peak night of extreme Yin.

Zheng Chuyi needed the Konghou, and likewise, Mo Zhixuan did too.

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"You're hurt this badly and still say it's nothing!" Zheng Chuyi's face was stern, and she didn't take the brocade pouch from Qiuse's hand. Instead, she supported her arm with great concern and said, "Who

told you two to decide on your own to fetch the Konghou? It's just an inanimate object after all! Was it worth it for both of you to suffer such serious injuries for it? Come on, I'll take you to get treated."

As she finished speaking, she helped the two of them towards the upstairs.

These words hit right at the hearts of Qiuse and Zhang Ying.

Just with these words, they felt that even if their injuries were more severe, it would be worth it.

Zheng Chuyi always knew how to make a good impression.

Her use of language was particularly clever.

With just a few words, she could make people willing to give everything for her, even their lives, and those people would still feel grateful to her.

"What happened?" The three of them had just reached the stairs when they encountered Jiang Mubai coming down.

Zheng Chuyi said, "Mubai, Qiuse and Zhang Ying are hurt. You take Zhang Ying to get treated quickly, and I'll take Qiuse."

"Alright," Jiang Mubai nodded, then helped Zhang Ying to a guest room.

"Be careful. Where did you go? How did you get hurt so badly?" Jiang Mubai frowned slightly.

"Brother Jiang, do you need my help?" Shangguan Xiaoxiao popped up from nowhere, asking with a smile.

"No need. Go back where you came from," Jiang Mubai refused flatly, without any expression on his face.

Lately, he had truly been worn out by Shangguan Xiaoxiao's persistence.

"Ah," Shangguan Xiaoxiao said teasingly, "Brother Jiang, are you sure you want me to leave? This person has been injured by the Divine Beast White Tiger. Without our Shangguan family's unique secret medicine, he's likely to die; he probably won't even survive the night."

"Oh," she continued with a affected sigh, "what a pity, such a young life snuffed out so early, so pitiful..."

As she spoke, she walked away, shaking her head.

Injured by the White Tiger?

Jiang Mubai looked at Zhang Ying incredulously, wondering if he had tried to steal the elixir grass. How could he get injured by the Divine Beast White Tiger for no reason?

The wounds on his back, though they were ferocious and the white bones were clearly visible, didn't seem like the marks of a tiger's claws.

And, in this mundane world, how could an ancient beast like the White Tiger appear?

Jiang Mubai didn't take Shangguan Xiaoxiao's words to heart and turned to take Zhang Ying to the guest room. He helped him lie on the bed and then applied an elixir to his wounds.

At this moment, Zhang Ying had already lost consciousness and was passed out on the bed.

On the other side, after handing over the brocade pouch to Zheng Chuyi, Qiuse also fell unconscious.

Zheng Chuyi called a servant to clean Qiuse's facial wounds and then walked out of the room with an indifferent expression.

It was a stark contrast to her earlier anxious demeanor.

Timing the moment, Madam Mo and Mo Feixue should also have arrived.

Indeed, as soon as she went downstairs, a servant came to report.

"Miss Zheng, Miss Mo has arrived with the old lady; they are at the door. Do you want to see them?"

The corners of Zheng Chuyi's mouth lifted in a slight curve, "Yes, invite them in. Serve them the finest Zidian Yunwu tea. I'll be there shortly. If they ask, you tell them I'm recuperating due to poor health," she said.

"Yes," the servant replied and then left.

Zheng Chuyi touched her long hair, then turned and walked in another direction.

She had said it before: one day, she would return to the Mo family and take the supreme position. And look, that day had arrived, hadn't it?

Not only had she returned, but she was personally received by Madam Mo herself.

The feeling was truly delightful.

Didn't Madam Mo look down on her? Didn't she disregard the mother-daughter bond built over many years?

But in the end, wasn't she still pleading with her?

What help could that vulgar person provide her?

Today, she was determined to let her know who was the true Mistress of the Mo family.

Who could bring endless glory to the Mo family!

Zheng Chuyi walked leisurely to her own room.

After returning to her room, she changed her clothes at a measured pace, then burned incense and washed her hands before finally opening the brocade pouch to release the ancient Konghou.

How wonderful, the Konghou was back, and Mo Zhixuan was hers again.

Moreover, she was the reincarnation of the Empress!

She was destined to rule over the Three Realms.

Zheng Chuyi slowly walked to the Konghou, gently raised her hand, and plucked the strings.

There was only silence.

The cold, hard strings made no sound at all.

Zheng Chuyi's face gradually turned ugly, her eyes narrowing with intense anger.

If she couldn't play the Konghou, how could she prove her identity as the reincarnation of the Empress?

She had been able to play it before.

What was she to do now?

The fingers that Zheng Chuyi used to hold the strings were oozing drops of blood, yet she remained unaware.

A sense of panic mingled with confusion.

Especially thinking that Madam Mo and Mo Feixue were waiting for her in the main hall.

What exactly did that accursed mortal do to the Konghou?

Zheng Chuyi paced back and forth in her room—

Moments later.

She emerged from the room, looking a bit pale and unsteady on her feet, portraying a fragile appearance, "Aunt Mo, Sister Feixue, you've arrived." As she finished, she covered her mouth with a handkerchief and coughed softly.

"Chuyi, what's wrong with you? I just heard from the servant that you were not feeling well. Are you okay?" Mo Feixue asked with some nervousness.

"It's nothing," Zheng Chuyi replied with a forced smile. "Just a minor cold. By the way, what brings you and Aunt Mo here today?"

She knew the answer but asked deliberately, intending to subtly humiliate Madam Mo with her words.

Just to see the expression of pain on her face.

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Zheng Chuyi remained in her red dress.

Her complexion was a weak white, pitifully frail, easily stirring protective instincts in others.

Compared to her time at the Mo family, she seemed much thinner.

Yet the words she spoke were so piercing.

The Mo family matriarch sat uncomfortably, reached for the teacup before her, took a sip to conceal her emotions.

"Chuyi, I, along with your little auntie, came to see you," Mo Feixue chided playfully, "you really are something, leaving for such a long time without ever thinking to visit us."

Zheng Chuyi started with a light cough, then glanced at the Mo family matriarch before slowly beginning to speak, "Feixue sis, you know the situation between Zhixuan and me, and besides, Auntie Mo... might have some misunderstandings about me. Moreover, Zhixuan now has a fiancée, so it wouldn't be appropriate for me to disturb them."

Her voice was still gentle, a single sentence laden with many layers of meaning.

Mo Feixue responded with a smile, "Look at what you're saying. We're all one family. To speak like that is just too formal. Today, I came to take you back home with us."

"Back home?" Zheng Chuyi lifted her gaze in surprise, "Feixue sis, what do you mean by that?"

Mo Feixue continued, "Chuyi, as the Mo family's eldest daughter-in-law, you should naturally return with us to the Mo home. How can you stay at Mu Bai's place indefinitely? If this gets out to the Superpower World, what will people say, that our Mo family has no rules?"

Mo Feixue's words were already very clear, yet Zheng Chuyi still appeared to not understand, "Feixue sis, don't tease me. My engagement with Zhixuan was canceled long ago; he has found his true love now, and I will wish him happiness."

Zheng Chuyi spoke with an air of magnanimity, as if she truly had let go of all the past grievances.

Meanwhile, the Mo family matriarch had been silent, quietly listening.

Mo Feixue ran her fingers through her hair, "Chuyi, you can't talk like that. Your marriage to Zhixuan is destined by fate, and how can it be called off just like that? In this world, apart from you, no one else is qualified to marry Zhixuan, to become a part of the Mo family. Could it be that you no longer like Zhixuan?"

Zheng Chuyi's face showed hesitation, she seemed on the verge of speaking but stopped herself, "I... "

"All right, all right," Mo Feixue stood, walked over to Zheng Chuyi, and patted her on the shoulder, "Let bygones be bygones. Just come back with me and your little auntie. Zhixuan is waiting for you at home."

"This..." Zheng Chuyi first glanced at Mo Feixue, then turned her gaze to the Mo family matriarch, "I'm afraid that's not quite appropriate, Auntie Mo..." "

"Your little auntie is very eager for you to come back with us; otherwise, she wouldn't have come with me to fetch you. Isn't that right, little auntie?" Mo Feixue concluded the sentence by looking up at the Mo family matriarch, deftly tossing the topic to her.

A few seconds of silence filled the air.

Nobody spoke.

A touch of scorn flashed in the lowered eyes of Zheng Chuyi.

She hadn't expected the once high and mighty Mo family matriarch to have such a day.

The taste of swallowing one's own teeth along with the blood must not be pleasant, right?

This was only the beginning.

The main event was yet to come.

She would slowly deal with each one of those who had once humiliated her, without exception.

She would make them remember forever who the true winner was!

The Mo family matriarch composedly placed her teacup on the table before speaking softly, "Feixue is right, Chuyi. Come back with us." Her voice carried a hint of weariness.

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi curved her lips discreetly, "Auntie Mo, what did you say? I didn't catch that, could you please repeat it?"

The Mo family matriarch's voice had been neither loud nor soft—Zheng Chuyi could not have failed to hear. This act was simply meant to trouble her further.

Since the Mo family matriarch had made that decision, the mother-daughter bond between them had been severed.

Therefore, Zheng Chuyi had no qualms about openly breaking with the Mo family matriarch.

In the future, the entire Three Realms would be hers; who would she need to fear?

Who said that Mo Zhixuan could accept no one but her?

Who said that she was the only True Destiny Maiden of the Bloodline of Fire Bathing in the entire Three Realms?

She had every right to be proud.

Hadn't the Mo family matriarch been so arrogant before? In the end, she still had to beg her with a lowered voice.

How exhilarating it truly was.

The person before her was indeed the little girl she had brought up with her own hands.

An incredulous expression surfaced in the weathered eyes of the Mo family matriarch, her anger hard to contain, but thinking of Mo Zhixuan, she could only swallow her pride and remain silent.

"Chuyi," the Mo family matriarch raised her voice, "come back with me."

Zheng Chuyi gracefully lifted the cup containing the tea dregs, gently blowing away the tea foam on the surface, "Auntie Mo, I'm really sorry, I recently caught a cold and haven't been feeling well, so my thinking is a bit sluggish. I didn't quite catch what you just said. Could you please repeat it?"

Zheng Chuyi's voice was neither too loud nor too soft, just enough to reach every corner of the room.

The irony in her tone was unmistakably clear.

Mo Feixue, standing beside Zheng Chuyi, had no intention of easing the tension.

On the contrary, she was watching the drama unfold with relish.

In her eyes, this was all the fault of the Mo family matriarch.

If it weren't for the old Mrs. Mo's senility in driving Zheng Chuyi away, would there even be such an issue?

She should indeed be taught a lesson.

Otherwise, she would never stop taking advantage of her age to exert authority.

She would never realize where she had gone wrong.

The old Mrs. Mo, who had weathered many storms, maintained her composure and slightly raised her voice, "Chuyi, come back with me. It was my fault before."

Since she had already taken this step, she wasn't going to back down.

For the sake of the Mo family and for Mo Zhixuan.

Zheng Chuyi curled the corner of her lips and took a sip of tea, "I'm sorry, I still didn't catch that. Auntie Mo, you're getting on in years and can't speak clearly, please say it again."

The old Mrs. Mo lifted her gaze to meet Zheng Chuyi's eyes, "Come back with me."

Engaging with Zheng Chuyi in a battle of wits at this time was not a wise decision.

The Mo family, and some people, were waiting for her redemption.

"Go back?" Zheng Chuyi's lips curled into an undisguised sneer, "Auntie Mo, do you think I can still return? That day at the Mo family, the heartless words you said to me—didn't you consider today?"

"If you want me to go back with you, that's fine," Zheng Chuyi said pityingly after looking the old lady up and down, "Beg me, beg me and I will go back with you."

Holding her chin up proudly.

Arrogant in stance.

Clothed in red, mocking someone or other.

"Zheng Chuyi, aren't you just bored?" A crisp female voice rang through the air, "To treat an elderly person like this! And they call you the foremost beauty; I think the people of the Superpower World must be blind! With your manner, you're called the foremost beauty? What a joke! It seems your upbringing has gone to the dogs!"

"Old lady, don't be afraid, I'm here; that Zheng won't dare to bully you!" Shangguan Xiaoxiao stood right beside the old Mrs. Mo.

The old Mrs. Mo gave her a kind smile.

Possibly due to Shangguan Xiaoxiao's status, Zheng Chuyi did not dare to be insolent but merely frowned in disgust, "Miss Shangguan, this is a matter between Auntie Mo and me; it has nothing to do with you. Please don't meddle like a dog trying to catch mice."

The implication was that she was being nosy.

Mo Feixue incredulously turned her gaze toward Shangguan Xiaoxiao and gently tugged at Zheng Chuyi's sleeve, signaling her to stop.

Shangguan Xiaoxiao was someone she recognized.

This person was not to be offended.

"Miss Shangguan, I think you must be misunderstanding," Mo Feixue said with a beaming smile, "My aunt and Chuyi are as close as mother and daughter, how could Chuyi possibly bully her? We were just joking around. Isn't that right, Chuyi?"

Zheng Chuyi replied with a forced smile, "Right, just a joke. Why are you taking it so seriously, Miss Shangguan? The venerable matriarch of the Mo family, who could possibly bully her so easily?"

"Old lady, are they really not bullying you?" Shangguan Xiaoxiao had been standing outside the door for a long time and had heard the entire conversation inside.

It was sheer endurance that made her step forward.

"My dear child, thank you," the old Mrs. Mo said calmly, "They really haven't bullied me. Don't worry, this old woman is not so easily bullied by anyone."

"...Okay then, old lady, don't be afraid. If they dare to bully you, just tell me. I'll take care of them for you." Since the old lady was not willing to say more, it wasn't Shangguan Xiaoxiao's place to intervene too much in others' family affairs.

The old Mrs. Mo had been away from the Superpower World for a long time and did not recognize Shangguan Xiaoxiao, nor did she know her status.

She nodded with a smile, "Good."

With that said, the old Mrs. Mo raised her gaze again toward Zheng Chuyi, "Chuyi, are you willing to come back with me now?"

Zheng Chuyi looked at Shangguan Xiaoxiao, a deep hatred flashing in her eyes, thinking of how she would deal with this little wretch after she unified the three realms.

"Since Auntie Mo has personally asked, I will go back with you," she said. This matter wasn't over.

But with Shangguan Xiaoxiao present, she couldn't act too excessively. Once at the Mo family, she would settle the score with the old Mrs. Mo and Mo Qingyi.

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The car was parked just outside the door.

It was as if the car was intentionally tailored to Zheng Chuyi's tastes.

The fiery red vehicle shimmered under the intense sunlight, giving off a glaring red light.

Mo Feixue personally stepped forward to open the passenger side door for Zheng Chuyi, "Chuyi, get in."

Zheng Chuyi smiled lightly, leaning into the car, her smile meeting the sunlight and reflecting into the eyes of Jiang Mubai, who stood on the second-floor balcony.

How long had it been since he had seen Zheng Chuyi smile like that?

Indeed, the Mo family was her true destination.

Jiang Mubai's eyes were somewhat dimmed, obscure, and indistinct.

His hands gripped the stainless steel railing tightly, the grip gradually strengthening, and although his expression remained unchanged, veins were already bulging on his hands.

Suddenly, a light pat came on his back.

"What's wrong, Jiang brother, can't you let her go?" Shangguan Xiaoxiao asked teasingly.

The relationship between the three of them was very complicated.

She liked Jiang Mubai.

Jiang Mubai liked Zheng Chuyi.

And Zheng Chuyi, her affections lay elsewhere.

Shangguan Xiaoxiao never dreamed that such a melodramatic plot would unfold around her.

Instinctively, she disliked Zheng Chuyi.

It wasn't because Jiang Mubai liked her.

It was because she felt that Zheng Chuyi had serious character flaws.

Despite having an extremely beautiful face, she was just not likable.

Knowing full well that Jiang Mubai liked her, yet she still deliberately kept things ambiguous with him, as if the whole world should revolve around her.

Jiang Mubai glanced at Shangguan Xiaoxiao, speaking indifferently, "Stop talking nonsense."

After spending some time together, Jiang Mubai's attitude towards Shangguan Xiaoxiao had changed.

He now considered her a friend.

At the same time, he had made it clear to Shangguan Xiaoxiao that their relationship was merely platonic.

Shangguan Xiaoxiao was well aware of Jiang Mubai's feelings for Zheng Chuyi. She said with a faint smile, "If you can't bear to let her go, just admit it. There's no shame in that. It doesn't fit your style to deny it. That Zheng Chuyi is heartless, you've cared for her so well for so long, and she didn't even bother to say goodbye to you before leaving. That's really impolite."

Not just rude, but also high and mighty.

Presumptuously so.

Her haughtiness stemmed from Jiang Mubai's affections.

At her words, Jiang Mubai remained silent, his gaze following the direction of the departing red car, his eyes as deep as a cold pond.

Following his gaze, Shangguan Xiaoxiao spoke, "Jiang brother, since Zheng Chuyi doesn't like you anyway, why don't you consider me? I'm not inferior to Zheng Chuyi. I can cook for you, warm your bed, and even tell you jokes..."

Jiang Mubai gave her a look, then quickly walked towards the house.

Shangguan Xiaoxiao followed closely behind, chattering non-stop.

Regardless of how fortified Jiang Mubai's defenses were, she was determined to conquer them.

The red car sped along the road.

Mo Feixue was driving, with Zheng Chuyi sitting in the passenger seat next to her.

And the elderly Madam Mo was sitting in the back.

Mo Feixue took out sunglasses from the storage compartment and placed them on the bridge of her nose, "Chuyi, I heard that Akiko and Chang Yin also came, how come I didn't see them today?"

Zheng Chuyi spoke naturally, "You know what that girl Akiko is like, always so fond of playing around. It's their first time in the secular world, so naturally, they're a bit curious. Right now, they're probably off enjoying themselves." She didn't mention a word about their injuries.

She had also forgotten that those two were injured because of her.

"Oh, I see." Mo Feixue nodded thoughtfully.

Today could be said to be the happiest day for Mo Feixue since she had come to the secular world.

The moment she had long awaited was finally about to come true.

The elderly Madam Mo leaned back in her seat, closing her eyes slightly, hiding a tumult of emotions, feigning sleep.

Elsewhere.

The black Rolls-Royce sped along the Mountain Highway.

To Chu Jin's surprise, the middle-aged uncle didn't drive the car into Phoenix Garden, but continued towards the peak of the mountain.

The middle-aged uncle was very excited.

One could say that this trip to the secular world fundamentally challenged his beliefs.

Considering carefully, the middle-aged uncle asked, "Master Chu, may I boldly inquire about your lineage?" His words were tinged with respect without him realizing it.

Reverence is due to the strong.

In this world, age does not matter, only strength does.

Chu Jin had earned his respect through her actions, and even though she was young enough to be his daughter, he still held her in high esteem.

From the bottom of his heart.

As for his question about her lineage?

That was something that actually stumped Chu Jin.

If she were to say that she had no master, only a system that allowed her to 'cheat,' would that frighten him?

Without the system, she wouldn't possess this Spiritual Power.

Everything she had in this life was beyond what she dared to dream of in her previous life.

Sensing the host's emotions, Zi spoke slowly, "Jin brother, to be honest, the Spiritual Power within you truly has nothing to do with the system. It's all because of your excellent foundation and high talent..." Zi wasn't wrong; aside from providing ancient martial arts secrets, the system had everything else being cultivated by Chu Jin herself.

There were reasons why she was able to be reborn from the flames.

Chapter 466: Extremely Yin Night (13)

But Chu Jin could never directly tell someone that the reason for her remarkable skills was her exceptional talent, could she? That would be too narcissistic!

So, Chu Jin could only bluff and said, "My master, the elderly gentleman, has already passed away."

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged uncle apologized profusely, "I'm truly sorry, I didn't know your master has already..."

"It's alright," Chu Jin said indifferently with a faint smile, "My former master passed away many years ago; the ignorant are not at fault."

Passed away many years ago?

But Chu Jin was only eighteen years old.

Yet her cultivation was deeper than those who had trained for decades. With such Spiritual Power, it couldn't be obtained overnight. If her master had been gone for a long time, then had she been self-taught all these years?

Wasn't that too exaggerated?

The middle-aged uncle suddenly remembered the words on the tablecloth during the fortune-telling session, "Ancestral Fortune-Telling, to predict the future, for events ahead, to exorcise demons, sincerity brings efficacy."

Ancestral Fortune-Telling?

Thinking of these four words, the middle-aged uncle's pupils slightly contracted. Could it be that he had guessed wrong before?

Her parents were not just ordinary people.

They were like her, hidden experts.

If that was really the case, he would definitely have to visit them given the chance.

It was not easy at all, to have raised such a graceful and talented daughter in a world where Spiritual Energy was so weak.

How could the children in the Superpower World with abundant Spiritual Energy bear this?

Even if those children ate spiritual fruits every day for a hundred years, they couldn't reach Chu Jin's level.

Someone like Chu Jin, if placed in the Superpower World, would be a defiantly extraordinary being.

He must quickly find a way to win her over and not let people from the other two worlds get an opportunity.

If the Superpower World were to miss out on her, it would be a tremendous loss.

"Master Chu, were your ancestors also fortune-tellers?"

Gazing at the swiftly passing scenery outside the window, Chu Jin replied, "Yes, it's been passed down from my ancestors, but my father stopped fortune-telling and switched to business by the time it was his turn. I got on the path of a fortune-teller due to a fortuitous coincidence."

The middle-aged uncle nodded thoughtfully, "I see, then I hope you don't mind me asking one more question, do your honorable parents currently reside in Capital City? I always admire the strong and I'll find time to pay them a visit one of these days."

Upon mentioning this, Chu Jin's eyes dimmed for a moment, then in a normal tone she said, "My father is dead, and my mother... is in a vegetative state."

Her serene voice clearly lacked excessive emotion, yet it carried an inexplicable tinge of sadness.

He had blurted out again.

The middle-aged uncle wished he could smack himself in the mouth.

For being so talkative, for being so talkative!

Now look what you've done.

You've hit a nerve with the master, haven't you?

The middle-aged man hurriedly explained, "Master Chu, I'm really sorry, I... don't be sad..."

He had never experienced something like this and didn't know how to comfort Chu Jin, anxious sweat beading on his forehead.

"Sir, where are we headed?" Chu Jin deliberately changed the subject. She wasn't accustomed to garnering others' sympathy with her life story.

The car kept driving up the mountain.

If Chu Jin remembered correctly, besides a large forest, there were no houses or residents on the mountain.

So, what was he planning to do?

"Kidnapping a minor girl?" Zi from the Violet Thunder Space spoke faintly.

"If that's really the case, then this kid is going to be unlucky. I truly sympathize with him..." Who did he have to provoke, if not their family's Jin, the prodigy.

But judging by the uncle's appearance, he didn't seem like a bad person.

"I'm going up the mountain to fetch something," the middle-aged uncle explained, "You don't have to worry, it won't take too long."

Chu Jin smiled calmly, "Okay." Seeing that the middle-aged uncle was reluctant to say more, she didn't feel it was right to inquire further.

Phoenix Garden.

The red sports car stopped outside the manor gate.

Kicking up a cloud of dust.

Immediately, a servant approached and respectfully opened the car door.

Zheng Chuyi got out of the car amidst the surrounding crowd's attention.

She held her chin up as she strode step by step into the Mo family's gate among the crowd.

A glimpse of triumph curved at the corners of her mouth.

The Mo family's servants were very familiar with her by now. Wherever Zheng Chuyi went, she was greeted with a respectful, "Good day, Old Madam, Miss Zheng."

Everyone subconsciously chose to ignore Fei Xue.

This made her look somewhat displeased.

After all, she was the acting patriarch of the Mo family. How could she not have any presence?

"Chuyi, come with me. Master Zhang and Master Qin have been waiting for you," Fei Xue, suppressing her discomfort, linked arms with Zheng Chuyi and led her toward the VIP room.

The old Mrs. Mo followed behind, her eyes dark.

Why did it have to be Zheng Chuyi?

She wondered if there was any news from Master Chu yet...

"Miss Zheng." When Zhang and Qin saw the group enter, they were extremely excited and got up quickly, hurrying to meet them. Even though they had never seen Zheng Chuyi before, the distinguished red she wore allowed them to recognize her; this was indeed Zheng Chuyi.

The Empress, in her lifetime, only loved this one shade of red.

Even when she galloped on the battlefield, her war robe was red.

Red like victorious blood.

Overshadowing the thousand colors of this world.

"Master Zhang, Master Qin," Zheng Chuyi greeted them with much decorum.

How could they, Zhang and Qin, accept the honor of being called masters by Zheng Chuyi?

This was tempting the wrath of the heavens.

Chapter 467: Flaw

Zhang Linzi wiped the perspiration from his forehead, "Miss Zheng, you are too polite. You can just call me Little Zhang or Little Qin."

Little Zhang, Little Qin?

Upon hearing this, surprise flashed in the eyes of the old Madame Mo.

The ever imposing Zhang Linzi, when had he ever shown such humility?

To actually refer to himself as a junior in front of Zheng Chuyi!

The old Madame Mo almost thought she was hallucinating.

In the entire Three Realms, no one dared to address these two as Little Zhang or Little Qin directly.

Even the rulers of all worlds would treat these two with due respect upon meeting them.

The old Madame Mo narrowed her eyes slightly, truly at a loss as to why Zhang and Qin held such reverence towards Zheng Chuyi.

Could it be that Zheng Chuyi, aside from being the first beauty of the Superpower World, held some other identity?

What secrets lay hidden beneath all this?

Mo Feixue, on the other hand, was not too surprised; she knew that Zheng Chuyi was the reincarnation of the Eternal Empress, so she felt especially honored instead.

Not everyone could get as close to Zheng Chuyi.

Nor could everyone become the inseparable friend of the Eternal Empress.

In the future, she could even become in-laws with Zheng Chuyi.

Just thinking about it filled her with an unparalleled sense of honor.

"Little Qin, Little Zhang." Zheng Chuyi was by no means polite and nodded slightly towards the two of them with an air of superiority.

She was, after all, a reincarnation of the ancient Empress; it was only right for them to show her respect.

"This way please," Qin Qingchen led Zheng Chuyi towards the inside of the house, "Mind the steps."

If one had not witnessed it with their own eyes.

No one would believe that two powerhouses who ran rampant in the Three Realms would treat a junior from the Superpower World with such deference.

Even a bit gingerly, at that.

The guest room was suffused with the fragrance of sandalwood.

The purplish smoke curled gently, lending the room's silhouettes a somewhat ethereal appearance.

With Zheng Chuyi present, Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen felt as if they had found a pillar of strength.

They hardly needed to verify anything.

Merely the sight of her blood-red garments was proof enough that the person before them was the reincarnation of the Empress.

The same red.

So enchanting, yet so bewitching.

However, none of them noticed a trace of black Qi within Zheng Chuyi's Qi Sea.

Returning to the Mo family in such a way, Zheng Chuyi's vanity inflated to its limit.

Yet, she still maintained a composed facade.

"Miss Zheng, please take a seat here," Qin Qingchen led Zheng Chuyi to the seat of honor.

Zheng Chuyi smiled gracefully, then seated herself with a slight tilt of her body.

She didn't feel there was anything improper about it.

The old Madame Mo also sat down promptly afterward.

The air was quiet.

"Master Zhang, Master Qin, now that Chuyi has returned, can we discuss the matter of the Extremely Yin Night?" After a moment, the old Madame Mo began speaking slowly.

"Yes, Master Zhang, Master Qin, there's no time to delay. We should discuss our strategy now, to ensure that Zhixuan safely gets through the Extremely Yin Night." Mo Feixue quickly followed up with her remarks, deeply concerned for Mo Zhixuan.

She genuinely cared for her younger brother.

After all, the Mo family was waiting for him to carry on the legacy.

If Mo Zhixuan were lost, it would be difficult for the Mo family to ascend to the highest position.

And without reaching that highest position, where would their honor come from?

"With Miss Zheng present, the Extremely Yin Night is hardly worth mentioning," Zhang Linzi stroked his beard, his eyes twinkling with confidence.

Zheng Chuyi also smiled faintly.

Proper, dignified.

Upon hearing his words, the old Madame Mo's heavy heart gradually eased, "That's good to hear. With Master Zhang's assurance, I can rest much easier."

"So Aunt Mo asked me to return just for the Extremely Yin Night?" Zheng Chuyi spoke with a smile, "Then, if there was no Extremely Yin Night, does that mean you never intended to let me come back in this lifetime?"

Her words were somewhat heart-piercing.

Given Zheng Chuyi's past actions in the Superpower World, if there was no Extremely Yin Night, the old Madame Mo would never have forgiven her.

Nor would she have brought her back to the Mo family against her will.

With the current situation in mind, prioritizing the bigger picture, Mo Feixue replied with a smile, "Chuyi, what do you mean by that? Since you were a child, your little aunt has always treated you as her own daughter. How could she mistreat you? Even without the Extremely Yin Night, you're still the Mo family's only eldest daughter-in-law."

"Is that so?" Zheng Chuyi ended her smile and turned her gaze to the old Madame Mo, locking eyes with her. Her beautiful eyes contained a light scorn, indescribable in meaning, "I'm afraid Aunt Mo doesn't think the same, does she?"

She was trying to push the old Madame Mo to rock bottom.

Taking advantage of the gap in conversation between Zheng Chuyi and the old Madame Mo, Qin Qingchen exchanged a glance with Zhang Linzi, a hint of doubt flickering in his eyes.

Having partnered with Qin Qingchen for so many years, Zhang Linzi, of course, understood the meaning behind those eyes.

He quickly got up without a word and walked towards the door.

Qin Qingchen also stood up, apologizing to Zheng Chuyi with a smile, "Miss Zheng, I will step out for a moment."

Zheng Chuyi nodded slightly, "Go ahead."

Inside the room, Zheng Chuyi pressed the old Madame Mo firmly.

Outside, Qin Qingchen voiced his doubts to Zhang Linzi, "Brother Zhi, don't you find Miss Zheng a bit odd?"

Although the very first glance at Zheng Chuyi had convinced them of her identity as the reincarnation of the Empress, particularly because of her red dress which solidified that belief without a doubt.

However, after a few minutes of interaction, she gave off a very strange feeling.

There was no trace of the demeanor or presence one would expect from the Empress on Zheng Chuyi.

Chapter 468: Can't Afford to Lose This Person

"Strange?" Zhang Linzi lowered his voice, "What's strange? Qingchen, are you overthinking things? Apart from the Eternal Empress, who else has the ability to invoke the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix?"

To common people, the ancient Konghou was nothing more than a mute instrument, let alone playing it.

"Perhaps, someone else besides her managed to invoke the Dancing Dragon and Phoenix?" Qin Qingchen retorted, "How can you be so certain it was Miss Zheng? After all, we've only heard Mo Feixue's one-sided story."

They hadn't seen with their own eyes who had played the Konghou.

Zhang Linzi stroked his beard, a glint of sharpness flashed through his eyes as he continued, "But aside from Miss Zheng, who else has had contact with the Konghou? After all, that ancient Konghou is now her possession."

Women's intuition is always very mysterious, and Qin Qingchen continued, "Leaving all that aside, don't you find her silhouette strange? Apart from that red dress, which part of her resembles the Empress in any way?"

That picture of a skeleton forming the path and blood as the offering, the captivating figure in red.

The Empress's silhouette could not be imitated by just anyone.

Most importantly, the heart of the Eternal Empress was vast and boundless, so how could she be so oppressively forceful towards an old man?

The hearts of women are as delicate as dust, which is why the more Qin Qingchen thought about it, the more she felt something was amiss.

If they mistook someone else for the Empress, it could lead to grave consequences.

Upon hearing this, Zhang Linzi's expression changed momentarily as the image from that painting emerged in his mind; he narrowed his eyes slightly and said, "Qingchen, it's been a thousand years, many cycles of reincarnation; a slight change in the Empress's appearance is inevitable. We cannot simply deny her identity as the Empress because of these superficial changes."

One by one, Zhang Linzi refuted Qin Qingchen's doubts, yet the caution in her heart did not diminish but instead grew heavier.

Was the situation really as simple as Zhang Linzi analyzed it to be?

Zhang Linzi patted Qin Qingchen's shoulder, "I understand the worries in your heart, rest assured, the Empress is the Empress, no one can replicate her. Think about it, if she were not the reincarnated Empress, how would the Superpower World have named her the Saintess? You know what kind of person the Dugu old man is, how could he recognize the wrong Empress?"

Thinking about it, if Zheng Chuyi were not the reincarnated Empress, how could the Superpower World have made such a decision?

Perhaps his consolation had an effect, Qin Qingchen nodded, "Alright, I understand."

"Then let's go in. Later, we'll find a way to have Miss Zheng bring out the ancient Konghou, which will also spare you the heavy suspicions," Zhang Linzi said in a hushed tone.

"To be completely fail-safe, that would be best," Qin Qingchen collected her emotions and turned to enter the house.

Zhang Linzi followed behind her, his expression unchanged.

The two entered the room, taking up positions on either side of Zheng Chuyi, as if they were her personal guardians.

Qin Qingchen examined Zheng Chuyi discreetly.

Perhaps it was her beauty that conquered Qin Qingchen, causing her to gradually lower her guard.

In ancient texts, the Empress was described as possessing a stunning countenance capable of captivating an entire city.

"Aunt Mo, if I remember correctly, Mo Zhixuan seems to have a marriage arrangement with Miss Chu, doesn't he? Now you're constantly saying I'm the rightful bride of the Mo family. Today, you must give me an explanation for this, otherwise, when the night of extreme Yin arrives, I'm afraid I'll be powerless to help," Zheng Chuyi looked towards the Mo family's elderly Madame with a smile that did not reach her eyes.

"What do you want?" the elderly Madame Mo raised her eyes to look at Zheng Chuyi.

Zheng Chuyi's lips slightly curled, "Break off the engagement. Have Mo Zhixuan and Miss Chu break off their engagement, and then, if it's not too much to ask, kneel on the ground and beg me to marry Zhixuan."

Under the current circumstances, Mo Zhixuan had to submit to her, otherwise, the only thing awaiting him was to "Scatter Like Ashes."

Otherwise, the elderly Madame Mo wouldn't have come pleading with her in such a low voice to return to the Mo family!

"Zheng Chuyi, don't push it too far!" Mo Qingyi walked in from outside, his tone unfriendly.

"Heh," Zheng Chuyi's mouth curled up, her face showing a mocking sneer, "And what are you supposed to be?" Now she was no longer the Zheng Chuyi of before, she did not need to consider Mo Qingyi's feelings.

Merely an abandoned infant from the secular world.

And a star of calamity to boot.

"Fei Xue," Zheng Chuyi turned towards Mo Feixue, then spoke, "For someone of average talent, ordinary bloodline, and who is also a star of calamity, they have no qualifications to be entered into the Mo family's genealogy, right? As the acting patriarch of the Mo family, how can you allow such a person to bring shame upon the Mo family? You know well what should be done."

Grasping Zheng Chuyi's underlying intent, Elder Mo stood up immediately, "As long as I'm here, no one will bully Qingqing!"

As soon as Mo Zhixuan went into seclusion, Zheng Chuyi was already eager to take charge in the Mo family.

All she relied on was the fact that she could save Mo Zhixuan.

Once she lost this advantage, she would be nothing.

"Aunt Mo," Zheng Chuyi said demurely and wisely, "You'd better think this through. Are you really willing to sacrifice Zhixuan over this illegitimate wild seed? As the next Saintess of the Superpower World, I naturally cannot become sister-in-law with such a person, and the Mo family cannot possibly have descendants who are stars of calamity! A disgrace to the family name! You might not mind the disgrace, but the Mo family cannot afford to lose this face!"

Chapter 469: The Picked-Up Child (Part 3)

After the words were spoken, the room fell into an eerie silence.

The matriarch of the Mo family trembled lightly all over with rage.

They were taking advantage of Mo Zhixuan's weakness, pushing her towards death.

But among those present, whether it was Mo Feixue, Zhang Linzi, or Qin Qingchen, not a single one was willing to speak up for the old Madam Mo.

At this moment, the mother and daughter only had each other.

Isolated and unsupported.

Accusing Mo Qingyi of being a calamitous lone star was indeed orchestrated by Mo Feixue, but it was not fabricated out of thin air.

Qin Qingchen and Zhang Linzi were both masters.

They would not lie about such a matter.

Nor would they jest with their own reputation.

The fate of Mo Qingyi was indeed peculiar.

Being born into the Mo family was fortunate.

If she had been born into a normal family, she would've only brought endless disaster to relatives and friends.

"Don't be afraid, Qingqing. As long as I'm here today, nobody can bully you," the old madam comforted Mo Qingyi in a soft voice.

"Mom, I'm not scared," said Mo Qingyi, but her reddened eyes betrayed her.

Seeing that the old madam did not reply, Zheng Chuyi stood up from her chair directly, "What's it going to be, Aunt Mo? Have you made up your mind? Do you want Zhixuan to live, or this bastard to live?"

She and Mo Qingyi had a long-standing grudge.

If Mo Qingyi hadn't stirred up trouble, she and Mo Zhixuan wouldn't have arrived at this point, nor would Chu Jin have managed to steal the Konghou, leaving her unable to play it now.

No matter what, she had to deal with Mo Qingyi, this thorn in her side.

"Auntie, don't hesitate," Mo Feixue also spoke up, "Is a real son not as good as a bastard? Think about it. Our Mo family is a prestigious family of a hundred years, we certainly can't let a foundling with an unknown origin contaminate our bloodline, what would people say if this gets out? Wouldn't they laugh at us?"

Foundling, bastard.

Each word deeply scorched Mo Qingyi's heart.

She thought she did not care about these things.

But when she truly faced these accusations, she realized just how fragile she was, how easily defeated.

She could barely stand.

She didn't know whom to hate.

Zheng Chuyi or Mo Feixue.

Or perhaps, the one who gave birth to her.

The old Madam Mo's face was also a bit pale. At this moment, she was caught in a dilemma. Zheng Chuyi had completely changed from the little girl she had raised by hand; she had changed inside out.

The person who disappointed her the most was Mo Feixue.

She never expected that she would stand with Zheng Chuyi.

They had become birds of a feather.

The two people in front of her, she had personally watched them grow up.

She never thought that Mo Feixue would one day stand on the opposite side.

The most unpredictable thing in this world is the human heart.

The fastest thing to change is also the human heart.

Nobody knows whether the person standing opposite you is a human or a ghost.

Right then, a woman's voice sounded from outside the door, unusually pleasing to the ear.

"Sister, the house is so lively today, why didn't you call me? Look, everyone's here; I almost missed such an exciting scene." A figure with a graceful figure walked in slowly, twisting her slender waist.

Upon seeing the newcomer, a glimmer of hope swiftly kindled in the depths of Mo Qingyi's eyes, "Aunt Tong!"

"Look at my poor niece, tell Aunt Tong, who has bullied you? I'll help you get back at them," said a calm voice that filled the entire room, drawing all eyes to Tong Zhi.

She held a rainbow feathered fan in her hand, wore high-heeled shoes on her feet, and displayed an elegant posture with outstanding facial features. She was dressed in a jade green cheongsam, with a white fox fur draped around her neck, and her hair was simply pinned up with a green hairpin.

It was a beauty that transcended age, intelligent, elegant, brimming with charm.

Just like the gentle breezes of April, softening hearts and dazzling onlookers.

"Xiao Zhi, how come you're here?" The old Madam Mo lifted her eyes to look at Tong Zhi, a hint of surprise flashing in her eyes.

With a playful scolding, Tong Zhi said, "And to think, if I hadn't come, my poor grandniece might have been bullied to death. What kind of mother are you, allowing a few outsiders to bully your own daughter like this?"

While speaking, she gently wrapped an arm around Mo Qingyi's shoulder and lightly waved her rainbow feathered fan.

"Don't be afraid, with Auntie Tong here, no one can bully you today."

The brief sentence rang with forceful conviction.

"Auntie Tong, it's not right for you to say that, no one here is bullying anyone, we are just cleaning house, doing what needs to be done," Zheng Chuyi took over the conversation without changing her expression.

Her mouth curved in an appropriate arc, gentle and graceful, which was probably everyone's first impression of her.

Little did they know, beneath such a beautiful facade hid a filthy heart.

"Presumptuous!" Tong Zhi's gaze turned cold, "Since when was it your turn to speak at the Mo family?"

Zheng Chuyi was not angry; instead, she provocatively looked towards Tong Zhi, "Considering you are an elder, I will call you Auntie Tong, and I do hope you'll act the part. Whether or not it's my place to speak

at the Mo family, really isn't up to you to decide," she turned her gaze to the Mo family matriarch, "Auntie Mo, don't you agree with what I'm saying?"

This statement carried an implicit threat.

Zheng Chuyi regarded herself as a reincarnation of an empress and didn't take anyone seriously.

To her, Tong Zhi was nothing to be afraid of.

Had Tong Zhi shown her a shred of decency when she left the Mo family that day, advising her to stay, she would not have treated Tong Zhi this way.

But what happened that day? Tong Zhi did not utter a word to keep her.

On the contrary, she humiliated her, pushing her to be with Jiang Mubai.

The Jiang family was nothing but a nobody in the Superpower World; how could Jiang Mubai be a match for her?

This Tong Zhi was simply too presumptuous!

Today, she intended to turn the tables on those who once laughed at her.

The Mo family matriarch looked somewhat forlorn as she gently tugged at Tong Zhi's sleeve and said in a low voice.

"Tong Zhi, you don't need to handle this matter. Rest assured, I won't allow Qingyi to be wronged. You take Qingyi to rest first; I've got this under control."

This was not the time to confront Zheng Chuyi head-on.

That's why the Mo family matriarch chose to calm things down and take a step back.

"Sister, what's wrong with you today? Haven't you realized that Zheng Chuyi has already climbed over your head?" Tong Zhi looked rather upset, as she had never seen her sister so weak before.

The Mo family matriarch sighed, "Tong Zhi, be good and stay out of this, I know what I'm doing." Her voice was as low as it could be.

And so, besides Tong Zhi, no one else heard her.

"Sister!" Tong Zhi's brow furrowed, clearly unwilling to see the Mo family matriarch endure in silence.

The Mo family matriarch suddenly looked up and said seriously, "Tong Zhi, I hope Zhixuan can live a good life."

A very ordinary remark, yet it carried an undertone of helplessness and a mother's sorrow.

They say that motherhood is fortified by strength.

As long as Zhixuan could live well, she was willing to do anything.

Hearing this, Tong Zhi's eyes dimmed for a moment.

She knew what day it was, or she wouldn't have bothered coming to the Mo family at all.

"So, are you done whispering to Auntie Mo, Auntie Tong?" Zheng Chuyi said, observing them with a sneering smile on her lips.

Tong Zhi looked up unapologetically and said sternly, "You disrespectful brat!"

"Outrageous!" Qin Qingchen's eyes turned frosty as he took a few steps forward, his sleeve sweeping out.

A fiery red orb burst from his sleeve, hurtling toward Tong Zhi at high speed.

"Child's play." Tong Zhi slightly curved her lips, not taking the fireball seriously. With a casual flick of her five-colored feather fan, the fireball disappeared into thin air.

Zheng Chuyi smiled demurely, "Young Qin, there's no need for you to intervene. No matter what, Auntie Tong is still my elder. If you act like this, people who don't know better might think I instructed you to do so."

Qin Qingchen glanced at Zheng Chuyi, then stepped back respectfully, acknowledging her words.

Tong Zhi recognized Qin Qingchen and a flicker of confusion passed through her eyes.

Why would two people such as Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen stand behind Zheng Chuyi?

And when Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen recognized the five-colored feather fan in Tong Zhi's hand, surprise crossed their faces.

Tong Zhi knew them.

Yet they didn't know Tong Zhi, but they recognized the fan in her hand.

"Auntie Mo, since you are reluctant to respond to my query, it seems I am allowed to make the decision on your behalf." At this point, Zheng Chuyi paused before continuing, "Fei Xue, why wait any longer, take action. It's time to restore peace to the Mo family."

"Alright." Mo Feixue nodded gently and started walking towards the Mo family matriarch and Tong Zhi; simultaneously, a Magic Wand appeared in her hand.

With each step she took, a layer of impenetrable ice formed beneath her feet.

"Fei Xue!" Tong Zhi stopped Mo Feixue with an outstretched hand, her eyes full of warning, "What are you planning to do?"

Chapter 470: your brother Jin

Mo Feixue spoke rudely, "Aunt Tong, this is a matter of the Mo family. Please step back and don't let an illegitimate child of unknown origin damage our harmony."

The best way to make someone disappear is to make them truly disappear, forever.

That was exactly what Zheng Chuyi and Mo Feixue had in mind.

An illegitimate child doesn't deserve to live in this world.

Tong Zhi narrowed her eyes slightly and said with commanding authority, "The world must be upside down! Who did you say is an illegitimate child? Qingyi is the granddaughter of the Mo family's senior line, and she is my only great-niece. I'd like to see who dares to touch a hair on her head today!"

Upon hearing this, Zhang Linzi stroked his beard thoughtfully, realizing that she was Tong Zhi.

No wonder, no wonder.

"Senior line granddaughter? Aunt Tong, you must be dreaming," Mo Feixue scoffed. "She wishes to be a descendant of the Mo family? Aunt Tong, out of respect for you as an elder, let me give you a piece of advice. It's best you also stay away from this calamitous star, lest you bring disaster upon yourself."

Tong Zhi was already known for her fiery temper.

How could she tolerate such insulting words, especially when the one being insulted was the great niece she held so dear?

In a moment, she was seething with rage.

"You, Mo Feixue, I truly misjudged you before! Watch as I teach you a lesson today, you insolent cur!" Tong Zhi said angrily, waving her fan.

Snap!

A gust of wind rushed forth, and Mo Feixue's magic wand was sucked right out of her hand and into Tong Zhi's. Feixue stumbled backwards several steps until Qin Qingchen reached out to steady her. Only then was she able to regain her balance. That's when everyone noticed a clear handprint on her previously flawless face.

Who would have thought that after such a long time in the ordinary world, Tong Zhi's spiritual power remained so great, almost unfathomable.

Mo Feixue, who had been the acting patriarch of the Mo family for quite some time, when had she ever suffered such a loss?

And to be slapped in the face in public, no less, was unprecedented.

A humiliation most shameful.

"Little Zhi," the old Madam Mo tugged at Tong Zhi's sleeve, "you should go. I will handle this. Don't you want Mo Zhixuan to live on peacefully?"

The more the situation escalated, the less likely it was that Mo Zhixuan could be saved.

"Sister, don't be foolish, do you really think relying on Zheng Chuyi will let Zhixuan get through the Night of Extreme Yin safely? That's impossible! Have you forgotten who played the konghou last time? Don't worry, I've already sent someone to notify Jin. She'll be here soon," Tong Zhi assured her.

"Little Zhi..." the old Madam Mo looked at Tong Zhi, at a loss for words.

Of course, she remembered who had played the konghou last time.

But, there are always exceptions to everything.

After all, Chu Jin was just an ordinary person from the secular world. What if, as Zheng Chuyi said, Chu Jin's ability to play the konghou was merely an accident, and furthermore, merely due to being in proximity to Zheng Chuyi's spiritual energy?

No one knew the nature of her bloodline.

After all, in the Superpower World, there was only Zheng Chuyi with a Bloodline of Fire Bathing, let alone in the secular world where spiritual energy was scarce.

After that incident, she had thoroughly investigated Chu Jin's background.

Her family had been ordinary people for three generations.

"Little Zhi, stop fooling around, take Qingyi and leave," the old Madam Mo urged, pushing both Tong Zhi and Mo Qingyi towards the door.

"No one is going anywhere today." Two daggers with chilly glints shot from Zheng Chuyi's hands, pinning themselves into two large pillars near the doorway.

At the same time.

Bang!

The door was shut.

"Let's put aside the matter of the calamitous star for a moment. Aunt Mo, let's talk about our issue. Shouldn't you kneel down and repent to me now, and then, beg me to give Zhixuan another chance?" Zheng Chuyi curled her lips slightly, looking as smug as could be.

It could be said that she was completely unrestrained by now.

After all, she was intended to rule over all three realms in the future.

Making an old person past her prime kneel before her.

This line, fearful as it was, could only be uttered by Zheng Chuyi, and no one else.

Tong Zhi exploded on the spot, "Zheng Chuyi! You heartless wretch! What nonsense are you spouting? After all, it was my sister who raised you. Aren't you afraid of divine retribution for your actions?"

Zheng Chuyi looked up slightly and said sharply, "Tong Zhi, this has nothing to do with you. I'd advise you not to be a busybody, otherwise, don't blame me for being rude."

"I would like to see exactly how you plan to be rude!" It's really a world turned upside down, with a junior daring to speak such madness.

As she finished speaking, Tong Zhi leapt into the air, and her five-colored feather fan transformed into a gigantic firebird spitting flames in mid-air.

Flames hurtled towards Zheng Chuyi, striking at her.

The room was unbearably hot.

Seeing this, Qin Qingchen and Zhang Linzi immediately flew over to shield Zheng Chuyi from the flames, each taking out their treasures.

On one side, Mo Feixue also joined in.

No matter how good Tong Zhi's skills were, she was no match for two people, let alone three. Gradually, she began to lose ground in the battle against them.

"Pfft!" A stream of fresh blood traced an arc through the air.

Tong Zhi's body, like a kite with its string cut, fell to the ground along with the five-colored feather fan.

"Little Zhi," the Mo family's old lady quickly leapt forward to catch Tong Zhi, "Are you alright!"

"Aunt Tong!" Mo Qingyi's voice was somewhat hoarse.

Tong Zhi's mouth was edged with streaks of blood, her voice weak, "I'm fine, sister. Believe me, Jin will find a way. Do not kneel to Zheng Chuyi. You are the acting matriarch of the Mo family. You can kneel to the heavens above and the earth below, but never to villains!"

"Don't talk now, focus on circulating your spiritual energy for healing." The Mo family's old lady gripped Tong Zhi's wrist, infusing her with spiritual energy.

"Aunt Mo, time waits for no one. Could you please hurry up? If it gets any later, it won't be as simple as kneeling in repentance," Zheng Chuyi said leisurely, taking a seat on the grand master's chair and delicately savoring a cup of tea in a relaxed posture.

Mo Qingyi stood up, "Zheng Chuyi, don't push it too far! Be careful, my brother won't let you off when he wakes up!"

Zheng Chuyi's face was full of mockery. With a wave of her hand, a dagger flashing with cold light shot straight towards Mo Qingyi's vital point.

Originally, she wanted to use Mo Feixue's hand to get rid of Mo Qingyi.

Who would have thought that Mo Qingyi was so eager to die?

The dagger came too fast, hardly giving anyone time to react.

Mo Qingyi just stood there, her pupils dilating, the reflection in her eyes filled with the cold light of the dagger.

Closer and closer.

The heartbeat quickened!

It was like the Grim Reaper had suddenly descended.

Unable to breathe, unable to dodge.

Just as the Mo family's old lady was about to intervene, Qin Qingchen stopped her with a motion in the air, immobilizing her from a distance. She couldn't move at all and could only watch as the dagger shot straight towards Mo Qingyi's vital point.

Time seemed to have frozen.

At the same time.

A "bang" resounded through the air.

It was the sound of a door being kicked open.

A slender and elegant figure walked in from outside the door, strolling as if in a peaceful garden, the corner of their mouth hooked with a carefree curve, a bit lazy, a bit rakish, with a touch of charming devilry.

Eyes like starlight were hidden in the shadows, revealing only a finely chiseled jawline, as delicate as carved jade.

With each step she took, lotus blossoms seemed to bloom beneath her feet.

"Who would have thought that the renowned Ancient Martial Prophet and the Master of Figures, who has just recently turned the three realms upside down, would join forces to bully three unarmed women. Truly an eye-opener," her voice was neither too loud nor too soft, perfectly reaching everyone's ears.

The sarcasm was undisguised and deeply cutting.

Each word, charged with an impressive pressure, formed into invisible swords, leaving people breathless.

At the same time, the dagger that was only 0.01 millimeters from Mo Qingyi's face suddenly stopped.

As if someone had pressed the pause button.

Bizarre, yet incredible.

Everyone present was stunned.

Just watching her.

Zheng Chuyi looked at the slender figure, eyes swimming with deep hatred.

Zhang Linzi and Qin Qingchen sized the person up, their expressions turning sour. As famous masters, this was the first time they were openly ridiculed without any face-saving measures, and yet they had no grounds to refute her.

But one thing was certain, this person was not from any of the three realms.

That is to say, she was just an ordinary person.

"And who might you be?" Zhang Linzi narrowed his eyes, speaking with authority.

The person chuckled lightly, tilting up her chin slightly. Eyes like peony blossoms caught in the waters were revealed to all, stunning and captivating.

She slowly opened her mouth and in a very light tone, uttered three words, "Your bro Jin."