

## R Woman 481

Chapter 481: are you very pleased with what you used?

Two Phoenix Empresses.

Those present were all a bit stunned.

But the happiest person had to be Zheng Chuyi.

Anyone could be the reincarnation of the empress, but Chu Jin could not—now heaven had finally heard her prayers, sending down the true empress to expose her true identity.

What made this inferior commoner think she was a cut above herself?

Even though Zheng Chuyi's kneecaps were shattered, and blood dripped from her forehead, she still crawled on hands and knees to Chu Jin, leaving behind two long streaks of blood on the white floor.

The pristine ground stained with vivid red blood even reflected the still-beautiful features of a face, mocking someone, it seemed.

Zheng Chuyi could have never dreamed that one day she would be reduced to such a state.

And she had never imagined that the person standing before her, so alluring in red, her face concealed by a veil, would be Chu Jin.

That person she'd created with her own hands.

"The empress is wise! This person dares to impersonate your holy visage under the light of day, and her crime deserves death!" Zheng Chuyi prostrated on the ground, her tone neither servile nor overbearing, word by word.

The true empress meeting the fake one; the real show had just begun.

That commoner would not escape death.

The voice was all too familiar.

A gleam of light flashed in Chu Jin's eyes as she looked down at Zheng Chuyi, "Lift your head."

Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi's heart shuddered. Why did she feel that the empress seemed strangely familiar?

The empress's divine majesty was like a towering mountain.

All things in the world would have to bow before her.

Zheng Chuyi slowly lifted her head; her face was marred by streaks of blood, and the wound on her forehead looked fierce. At this moment, she had lost all traces of the beauty she was known for in Superpower World.

Only her delicate willow-shaped eyes remained somewhat intact.

Chu Jin merely glanced at her before hurriedly averting her gaze, as if she had seen trash.

Though both were dressed in red, one stood high above, unmatched in her arrogance.

The other, however, groveled at her feet, the epitome of lowliness.

Seeing the once majestic Mrs. Ji reduced to this state was immensely satisfying.

Chu Jin would never forget how Mrs. Ji insulted her with the sapphire ring.

Now, the tables had turned.

Feeling great satisfaction, Chu Jin, hidden behind her veil, curled her lips into a very pleasant smile.

"Who are you? By impersonating me, what do you intend to achieve?" Chu Jin looked up at Chu Jin without any change in expression, her posture exuding extreme arrogance.

Just like that, she truly seemed the empress returned amidst burning desires, not at all intimidated.

The eyes not covered by the veil were filled with anger.

This was the second time Chu Jin and Chu Jin faced each other head-on.

Chu Jin had not forgotten the humiliation she suffered from this person last time; this time, she was determined to reclaim what was owed, with interest.

Incredible audacity, to even dare impersonate the identity of her, the empress.

As if she didn't know her own weight.

Even with all her abilities, she couldn't match the real empress—herself.

Guided by Xuanyuan Shangchen, Chu Jin was quite certain that she was the reincarnation of the empress.

She was destined to rule over the three realms.

Chu Jin was but a mere mortal. How could she compete with her?

Chu Jin's consciousness was slowly returning. She and the empress were one person and yet two; she could feel the world's population nestled within the empress's chest, as well as her compassion.

Her mind merging with the empress's, she heard a buzzing in her ears, and her eyes slowly regained clarity.

Seeing Chu Jin remain silent, Chu Jin continued staring at her with mocking eyes.

Wondering how long this person could keep up the pretense?

Before her, the true Phoenix, Chu Jin, was less than even a cocktail feather.

The entire room watched the two of them, not daring to say much.

Mo Feixue's heart was growing colder, yet she also felt a conflicted sense of relief.

The coldness stemmed from the possibility that if the empress was neither Chu Jin nor Zheng Chuyi, then what right did the Mo family have to ascend to the pinnacle of the three realms? Whether the empress was Zheng Chuyi or Chu Jin, she would still be on the winning side, after all, she was Mo Zhixuan's sister.

She felt fortunate because the Empress wasn't Chu Jin. To think that she, of noble blood in the Superpower World, was not the reincarnation of the Empress, yet a common person from the mortal realm had taken the Empress's position was this not the greatest irony?

Mo Feixue struggled with these two conflicting emotions, floundering helplessly.

Seeking self-redemption, she, however, couldn't grasp a lifeline to save herself.

Her heart was bound to the honor of the entire Mo family, yet she also cared for her own reputation.

If things hadn't progressed to this point, if the reincarnated Empress were, Zheng Chuyi, how wonderful that would have been...

Alas, things do not always go according to wishes.

"Senior brother, what on earth is going on? Who do you think is the real Empress?" Qin Qingchen whispered.

She had observed them carefully, both possessed the aura of royalty, and she found herself unable to discern who's the true Empress and who's the impostor at the moment.

This was strange indeed.

How could two Empresses appear out of nowhere?

Zhang Linzi was already dissatisfied with Chu Jin being the reincarnation of the Empress, and now hunched over, he walked to Chu Jin and knelt before her, "My lord, peace be upon you." Then, turning his gaze towards Qin Qingchen, he said, "Qingchen, come quickly and pay your respects to our lord."

Now, everyone was faced with a multiple-choice question.

In the end, who is the real Empress.

Zheng Chuyi and Zhang Linzi chose Chu Jin, while Qin Qingchen was fraught with indecision in her heart, she had already missed one opportunity and couldn't afford to continue making mistakes, which is why this time she had to hold on to her inner conviction, believing that her choice would not be wrong.

The Empress was a faith and a hope in her heart.

Not reproducible or profane by anyone.

Qin Qingchen straightened her back and declared firmly, "I'm sorry, senior brother, this time, I have to make my own choice." With these words, she knelt down once more.

"Fool! Qingchen, you're truly a fool!" Zhang Linzi looked disappointed, as if blaming himself, "Qingchen, trust your brother, this is our Empress, the one who will unify the three realms. Don't miss the treasure right before your eyes! Come quickly, or, when the time comes, even I will not be able to save you."

Zhang Linzi believed in Chu Jin as the Empress for another reason.

He once had the fortune to see a portrait of the Empress.

Chu Jin today looked exactly like the Empress from the painting.

Clad in red, her face veiled in red silk, even the position of the phoenix tail pattern on the scarf was exactly the same.

And, the sapphire ring on her finger, if he was not mistaken, was a treasure of the Xuanyuan lineage.

Everyone in the world might misidentify the Phoenix Empress, but Xuanyuan Shangchen would not.

Qin Qingchen knelt there, motionless, and turned a deaf ear to Zhang Linzi's words.

Seeing that Qin Qingchen remained unaffected, Zhang Linzi sighed, "Qingchen, oh! You've really disappointed me, your brother!"

For many years, Qin Qingchen had always been obedient to him, and together they had made it their mission to find the reincarnation of the Empress. He did not expect that today, his junior sister would suddenly disavow him.

This would be unacceptable to anyone.

"Never mind, Elder Zhang, to each their own. Let her be," Chu Jin waved her hand casually, looking down at the crowd, speaking in a compelling tone, "What about the rest of you? Are you willing to follow me and unify the three realms, to be the common master of this world?"

This statement carried a grand and imposing presence.

It was indeed befitting of an Empress.

The Azure Dragon, Vermilion Bird, and White Tiger were unsure about what to choose.

Since the Ancient Times, they had followed the Empress in pacifying the Nine States, embarked on military expeditions, and had never faced such a dilemma before.

At the same time, they were the most knowledgeable about the Empress, yet for the first time, they found themselves at an impasse regarding this matter.

Both women had the demeanor of the Empress, each radiating the air of a sovereign.

Unsure who to choose.

"This..." The Azure Dragon took the lead in expressing difficulty, and the other two also seemed to be in a dilemma.

Chu Jin was still trapped in overwhelming memories, unaware that the outside world had descended into such chaos.

"Jin, what's going on with you? Can't you speak up and slam this impostor?" Mo Qingyi said anxiously, convinced that Chu Jin was the reincarnated Empress. But Chu Jin stood there from beginning to end, as silent as if nothing was wrong, watching as everyone was about to be swayed by Chu Jin. How could she not be anxious?

Duanmu Zhe hurriedly covered Mo Qingyi's mouth, whispering.

"Don't talk nonsense! The majesty of the Empress is not something you and I can whimsically fabricate. Both of them have the likeness of the Empress. Right now, we can only watch and wait. No more talking, offending either side is to our disadvantage."

"Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird, the Empress is before you, why have you not yet paid homage?" Zhang Linzi looked at the three with authoritative eyes.

The three did not speak, their expressions complex.

At such a time, they could not make a hasty decision. One misstep, and everything could fall apart.

Just then, a domineering female voice filled the air, "You just said, you are the Phoenix?" Before anyone could react, including Chu Jin, the person had already flashed in front of her, reached out to grasp her chin, looked down upon her condescendingly, and the corners of her mouth curved slightly, "Seems like you've grown quite fond of using my face, haven't you?"

Chapter 482: Only I, Xuanyuan Shangchen, will not

Chu Jin looked down at Chu Jin from above.

Her right hand pinched the other's chin, her eyes brimming with a piercing coldness and an air of dominance that made her unapproachable, as if under her gaze, anything could be exposed for what it truly was.

A figure in white and another in red stood facing each other in confrontation.

This was the battle between the true phoenix and the false one.

The true grace of an empress should not rely merely on red garments to command presence.

Zheng Chuyi was mistaken.



Chu Jin was mistaken as well.

"Audacity! How dare you show such disrespect to the Empress!" Zhang Linzi rebuked sharply, drawing his longsword from his waist and slashing forward. Since both individuals possessed the aura of sovereigns, he might as well choose the one more suitable to be the Empress.

If one of them were gone, then the other would undoubtedly be the true Empress.

In any case, Zhang Linzi refused to accept someone who defied the world as the Empress.

The Empress was his lifelong belief; how could he allow someone who defied the world to destroy his faith and the Empress in his heart!

He would not permit such a thing to happen.

Thus, his blade was aimed at Chu Jin.

In the blink of an eye.

At that critical moment, Chu Jin cast a sidelong glance at him and said coldly, "To commit an offense against your superior is to court death!" A short sentence, yet it was filled with immense authority!

As her words fell, she waved her hand and a burst of purple lightning surged from her palm, striking Zhang Linzi's chest fiercely.

A spout of fresh blood sprayed from his mouth as Zhang Linzi fell to the ground, unable to move for a long while.

His cloudy eyes were filled with disbelief.

His pupils dilated as he struggled with the thought that the Empress he worshiped all his life had been abandoned by the Heavenly Dao and was now a pariah of the world.

He felt indignant on behalf of the Empress!

"Brother!" In the heat of the moment, Qin Qingchen couldn't care less, quickly crawling to Zhang Linzi's side. He placed his head on his lap and began to channel his spiritual power to heal him.

Then, he turned to Chu Jin.

"My liege, please quell your anger! Ignorance is not a sin. My brother was merely confused for a moment. In consideration of the loyalty my brother and I have shown in protecting our lord, please spare him this once,"

Chu Jin waved her left hand dismissively, while her other hand still pinched Chu Jin's jaw fiercely, the force causing her slender, delicate knuckles to turn slightly white. Her rounded fingertips with pink nails stark against the red veil, were eye-catching.

"Presumptuous! Do you know who I am?" Chu Jin swung her left hand in an attempt to break free from Chu Jin's grasp, but failed to shake her in the slightest, anger filling her beautiful eyes!

She was, after all, the reincarnation of the high and mighty Empress! How dare Chu Jin treat her like this!

So she really thought of herself as someone important?

"Who are you?" Chu Jin asked with a smirk, "Nothing more than a... very successful copy, it seems. I believe this is our second encounter, isn't it? Wang Xuxu."

"It seems you've forgotten the lesson from last time, haven't you?" Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, a chilling light flashing through them. She remembered that last time, Wang Xuxu was taken away by a group of police officers. Could it be that she was in league with them?

Suddenly, her mind conjured up a pair of deep, penetrating dark eyes.

Those eyes, they were too familiar.

Unfortunately, even with part of the Empress' memories, she still couldn't recall who that person was.

What purpose did he have in arranging for a Wang Xuxu to appear?

Why was he so determined to have someone impersonate her?

What conspiracy lay behind all this?

Chu Jin's complexion paled a bit; how had she recognized that she was Wang Xuxu?

Even if she was Wang Xuxu, she was also the Empress Junhuang, that extraordinary woman who had pacified the Nine States!

"Utter nonsense!" Chu Jin frowned, and gathering her spiritual power on both sides, she forcefully broke free from Chu Jin's hold, "I am the ancient Empress Junhuang, not someone a mere commoner like you can provoke!"

Chu Jin standing here today was no ordinary person.

Her abilities rivalled those of Chu Jin.

Moreover, with Xuanyuan Shangchen behind her, she truly had nothing to fear.

"You are Junhuang, then who, do you think, am I?" Chu Jin suddenly appeared in front of Chu Jin, producing an oil-paper umbrella out of thin air. With a light flick of the umbrella tip, the red veil fell to the ground, revealing a face identical to that of Chu Jin.

Their brows and eyes were like copies of each other, without the slightest discrepancy.

Zheng Chuyi looked at that face, and her entire being felt as if it had dropped into an ice cellar, chilling to the core.

Actually, the moment she heard the name Wang Xuxu, she had already guessed something, yet she hadn't expected -

that this so-called Empress was just a replica she had created with her own hands.

Ha, ha ha.

It turned out that from the beginning to the end, she was nothing but a joke. She prided herself as the most beautiful in the Superpower World, possessing the noble Bloodline of Fire Bathing, yet in the end, she lost to two commoners.

How ironic, truly ironic.

Zheng Chuyi's eyes were filled with desolation. Perhaps, she was wrong from the very start. Eighteen years ago, she was wrong. She should not have betrayed Mo Zhixuan, should not have stepped out of the Superpower World, and she definitely should not have agreed to break off her engagement with Mo Zhixuan.

If it wasn't for her actions back then, how could she have ended up in such a state today?

What was the use of being the number one beauty? What was the use of having a high-ranking bloodline?

The things she desired, she had never truly obtained.

If time could start over, she would never let the incident from eighteen years ago repeat itself.

Scalding tears, line after line.

Unfortunately, in this world, there has never been a Regret Medicine to take.

That was, until Zheng Chuyi saw the Life Umbrella in Chu Jin's hand; her whole being came back to life. The eyes that had lost their luster suddenly filled with brightness. That Life Umbrella told her, in this world, she was not alone.

She still had hope.

She could still see the light.

The crowd inside the hall was stunned, as no one expected that behind this veil was such a face.

Had it not been for the different attires on the two of them, it would be hard to say which one was the real Chu Jin.

"Who are you? You are just a pitiful worm abandoned by the Heavenly Dao. What makes you think you can compare yourself to me?" Chu Jin turned her gaze to the crowd, "Or do you all believe that a person already abandoned by the Heavenly Dao, a defier of this world, could be the reincarnation of the Empress?"

Everyone knelt on the ground, and upon hearing her words, they looked at each other in dismay, none of them uttered a word.

"I believe Miss Chu is indeed our Lord Phoenix. Please, everyone, do not be deceived by the enchantress's lies," Qin Qingchen quickly stood up, wielding a whisk, and flung it towards Chu Jin, "Enchantress, you have impersonated my Lord; you deserve death. Reveal your true form at once."

Chu Jin was not afraid of the oncoming whisk, instead, she reached out to grasp it, pulling forcefully, Qin Qingchen was suddenly yanked off her feet and dragged to the ground. Chu Jin closed in, stepping on Qin Qingchen's face, grinding it mercilessly, "You blind thing, now I shall send you to hell!"

"What arrogance!" Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, and at the same time, a Tarot card swiftly flew from her fingertips, imbued with a lethal aura, transforming into a shadow that shot straight into Chu Jin's leg.

Chu Jin hadn't even reacted when she felt a fierce pain in her leg, and then, she found herself kneeling on the ground.

If someone were to look, they would surely notice that the Tarot card was none other than the upright Grim Reaper.

When the Grim Reaper arrives, not even gods can escape.

Chu Jin walked towards Chu Jin calmly and stopped in front of her, bent down, and gently pulled out the blood-stained Tarot card. A wicked curve formed on her lips, "You've dirtied my Tarot card, so tell me, should I send you to hell first?"

Under the light, the young girl's entire being radiated an edge that could not be ignored.

Chilling, captivating.

An unstoppable aura of a sovereign exuded from her.

It was breathtaking to behold.

"This face, don't you think it's time to give it back to me?" Chu Jin used the bloodied Tarot card to lightly flick Chu Jin's chin, forcing her to meet her gaze, eyes blazing like fire, intense and oppressive.

Chu Jin's heart began to panic,

because she realized she couldn't move, not even the strength to bend a finger.

Xuanyuan bro, where are you? Please come out and save me.

Chu Jin could only silently pray in her heart that Xuanyuan Shangchen would come out and save her.

If this continued, Chu Jin wouldn't really destroy her, would she?

At this moment, her eyes no longer held confidence, leaving only terror.

Because Chu Jin's hand had already slowly moved to her earlobe, with just a bit of force, her face would be bloodied, and her original appearance would be exposed for all to see.

It was hideous, unbearable, and could not withstand the light.

At this point, the question of who the real Empress was had its answer.

"Your Majesty, be at peace." The previously swaying crowd immediately fell to their knees before Chu Jin.

"You're worshipping the wrong person; she's not the Phoenix." Suddenly, a low voice came from outside the door.

Upon hearing the words, everyone hurriedly looked up, only to see a figure in black clothing, with an elegant carriage, slowly walking inside. He raised his sleek jaw ever so lightly, scanning the crowd, "Anyone might mistake the Phoenix, but I, Xuanyuan Shangchen, never will." His voice, hoarse yet not lacking in dignity, echoed in every corner of the hall.

#### Chapter 483: You Are Not Alone

Xuanyuan Shangchen still wore that black overcoat.

Atop his head perched a black hat, its dense shadow casting down, veiling his features, mysterious yet majestic.

The man exuded an aura of depth and suppression.

He came against the light, a vast expanse of snow brightness behind him, his figure slender. Although his face could not be discerned, based solely on that unique aura of death and the dangerous vibe, it was certain this person was Xuanyuan Shangchen.

He was the black Lycoris that walked amongst the mortals.

It seemed that truly, the Three Realms were about to fall into chaos.

Even Xuanyuan Shangchen had made his appearance.

Chu Jin watched the man who walked out from beyond the door, her eyes narrowing slightly, a feeling akin to the vicissitudes of time spontaneously arising. Yet, her mind remained blank, unable to recall any memories of him.

Xuanyuan Shangchen.

Although he hadn't clearly said those four words, Chu Jin's mind immediately conjured up the image of those characters, written with the flourish of a dragon and the dance of a phoenix.

Xuanyuan, in Ancient Times, was the surname of a nation.

And Shangchen, even more so, referred to an emperor's title.

In Ancient Times, the Rulers of the Nine States were none other than the Empress Jun Huang.

Without thinking, one knew that this man's entanglements with the Empress were no shallow matter.



Yet, that piece of history was sealed far too deeply, beyond anyone's ability to probe.

Xuanyuan Shangchen walked step by step.

Continuing until he stopped in front of Chu Jin.

Old acquaintances met, not recognizing each other.

In this life, he and she were destined to merely be passersby.

No matter what it took, in this life, he only wanted her to live well.

Not to be known as the Empress, nor to bear the Empress's responsibilities, nor to be the one abandoned by Heavenly Dao as a person against the world's order, but rather to be like an ordinary person, finding someone who loved her, to accompany her for life, to share weal and woe together.

He was willing to use his entire life to clear the path for her, to exchange for her current peace and calm, for tranquil years.

Bitterness, he would endure; hardships, he would take on.

Heavenly Dao and all that could be left to him to bear.

Some mistakes, once is enough.

"Miss Chu, you misunderstood. She is Jun Huang, you just happen to look like her," he said calmly, slightly lifting his eyes to gaze at Chu Jin.

Nobody knew how much pain Xuanyuan Shangchen had to bear to be able to speak such words to Chu Jin.

The people around stood stunned.

No one had expected such a twist in the tale.

Just as Xuanyuan Shangchen had said, anyone could mistake the Empress, except for him.

"Big brother Xuanyuan," Chu Jin immediately looked at Xuanyuan Shangchen with shining eyes, shaking her head in an attempt to break free from Chu Jin's restraint, pitiful and sorrowful, confident that big brother Xuanyuan would definitely come to her rescue.

"Don't move." Chu Jin's eyebrows turned cold as she suddenly increased her grip.

A crisp 'crack' echoed through the air, the sound of bone breaking indicating the force Chu Jin had exerted. Chu Jin's complexion turned pale in an instant, tears spilling as she cried out with a sobbing voice, "Big brother Xuanyuan, save me."

This Chu Jin was too ruthless with her move.

If it weren't for the fact that her facial features had been refined by trials, at this moment, they would have surely been severely deformed.

Anger flashed through Chu Jin's beautiful eyes.

"Are you trying to tell me that such a delicate flower could pacify the Nine States and become the sovereign of all under heaven?" Chu Jin's voice was tinged with scorn, casual yet resounding.

That statement held subtle implications.

The Empress's renown was universally acknowledged. How could it be equated with a weak woman, teary-eyed and only capable of crying for help?

"If I say she is, then she is," Xuanyuan Shangchen's voice suddenly turned colder. Pushing down the inner turmoil, the eyes hidden under the brim of the hat brimmed with bitterness, yet the demeanor he presented was overwhelmingly domineering.

Like a ruler.

Leaving no room for retort, those surrounding felt a shiver down their spines. Xuanyuan Shangchen, the title of Grim Reaper, was not unfounded.

If anyone could stand up to Xuanyuan Shangchen, it had to be Mo Zhixuan.

But unfortunately, the person standing opposite him was Chu Jin.

A natural high sitter, a soul purified by fire, an Empress who once pacified the Nine States.

"Who do you think you are?" Chu Jin slightly curled her lips, her tone crisp and cool, "But, as for who she really is, once I peel off the human skin mask on her face, the truth will come to light!"

Feng'er, you truly haven't changed from before.

Bright and flamboyant.

Your behavior and style are in no way inferior to that of a man.

When facing someone as dangerous as him, you never show any signs of fear.

Xuanyuan Shangchen's thoughts suddenly surged like a storm, and something named longing flooded his limbs and bones. At this moment, he only wanted to embrace her opposite him and flee to the ends of the earth.

Unfortunately, he couldn't.

He couldn't acknowledge each other, couldn't even meet, much less know each other.

"If she is not Junhuang, then who do you think is?" Xuanyuan Shangchen asked in a low tone, his voice a bit hoarse as if it were coming from the depths of hell.

"Miss Chu is naturally our lord Junhuang." Qin Qingchen stood up, "Mr. Xuanyuan, forgive my bluntness, but you currently have neither the right nor the position to question my lord, so please, step aside."

Qin Qingchen had heard a little about the events of a thousand years ago, which is why he conversed with Xuanyuan Shangchen with such a rigid stance.

Simply hearing a little had been unbearable for Qin Qingchen, let alone the person who experienced that period firsthand.

Therefore, Qin Qingchen's impression of Xuanyuan Shangchen was, to put it bluntly, extremely poor.

Xuanyuan Shangchen glanced at Qin Qingchen, a trace of mockery curled up at the corner of his mouth, "Elder Qin, you repeatedly claim Miss Chu is Junhuang, but do you know that Junhuang is my fiancée, Xuanyuan Shangchen? Or do you think that I would not recognize my own fiancée?"

This piece of news was rather explosive.

Upon hearing this, everyone around sighed and murmured among themselves.

Even Chu Jin herself was stunned, for the memory of this was utterly absent from Junhuang's mind—she did not even recall Xuanyuan Shangchen at all. What on earth was going on?

"Miss Chu," Xuanyuan Shangchen looked up at Chu Jin, his tone as calm as a still lake, "Or is it that you really wish to marry me so badly?" His tone carried a teasing hint, and for a moment, it was as if the two had returned to a thousand years ago.

Chu Jin's heart thudded on relentlessly.

In the past, Xuanyuan Shangchen had never spoken these words to her.

She knew Xuanyuan Shangchen always held her in special regard, but she hadn't expected to be his fiancée.

Happiness had come too suddenly.

No wonder he had been so good to her. So, there had been a reason for everything.

Thinking that from now on, she could live with Xuanyuan Shangchen forever, Chu Jin's heart felt as though it had been filled with honey, so sweet and so full, accompanied by a sense of superiority.

After all, Xuanyuan Shangchen was so exceptional.

In this life, to marry such a man and to be protected by him in this way, one could say it was a life not wasted.

This was the life many women dreamed of.

Chu Jin looked at him, a light smile playing on her lips, but the words she spoke were somewhat harsh, "Faces are a good thing, I hope you can have one too. The event from a thousand years ago cannot be verified by anyone, so if you alone claim Junhuang is your fiancée, who will believe it if you say it out loud?"

In one sentence, she not only implied Xuanyuan Shangchen was shameless but also clearly pointed out the doubts in his statement.

From beginning to end, she was exceptionally calm, her eyes shimmering with intelligent light, carrying a slight chill with them.

Xuanyuan Shangchen's lips curved into an indescribable arc as he bent down and placed one hand on Chu Jin's shoulder, the other hand moving to Chu Jin's chin. His fingertips had just touched her, when Chu Jin's hand clutching Chu Jin's chin recoiled as if electrocuted.

A trace of dark light flashed in Xuanyuan Shangchen's eyes, a slight pain.

But all this was caused by his own hands.

All he can do now is, make amends, keep making amends.

"I've said it, I won't mistake my own fiancée," Xuanyuan Shangchen helped Chu Jin to stand, looking up at Chu Jin, "Miss Chu, live your own life well, remember, you are not Junhuang, you are merely Chu Jin. Also, you are not alone."

The last sentence had a deep significance.

I'll protect you, a life without worries, peace and joy.

Regrettably, he couldn't speak these words aloud.

Chu Jin looked up at Xuanyuan Shangchen somewhat puzzled, trying to glimpse something in his eyes, but from the beginning to the end, she never saw his true face clearly, his features always veiled in shadows.

"Azure Dragon, Vermilion Bird, White Tiger, follow me and leave at once," Xuanyuan Shangchen, holding Chu Jin, began heading for the exit.

"Brother Xuanyuan," Chu Jin suddenly stopped in her tracks and looked up at Xuanyuan Shangchen, her tone a mix of coquettish frustration, "Just now, Miss Chu was so harsh to me; aren't you going to take revenge for me?"

Chu Jin was always one to return tit for tat, especially since Chu Jin had just made her lose so much face.

Her knees still ached from the encounter.

Chu Jin's lips curled slightly, "Do you mean to have a one-on-one challenge?"

Chapter 484: it's about time you gave me back this face

Chu Jin's thought process was simple.

Since she was Xuanyuan Shangchen's fiancée, then he would definitely help her get revenge.

She had tolerated Chu Jin for a long time and today presented the perfect opportunity to wash away her previous shame.

No.

Today, she wanted Chu Jin to disappear from this world forever.

She absolutely would not allow, in this world, for another person to have a face exactly like her own.

She was one of a kind.

If Xuanyuan Shangchen liked her, he might end up liking Chu Jin in the future.

After all, the two of them shared the same face.

Only by getting rid of Chu Jin could she eliminate future troubles once and for all.

With that thought, a smug look flickered across Chu Jin's eyes.

"Xuanyuan brother, help me." She subtly tugged on Xuanyuan's sleeve, acting like a bird relying on a person, pitying that she didn't realize a true sovereign would never showcase such womanly weakness.

She was a remarkable woman from Ancient Times, her chest filled with the world, her heart tied to the common people.

She never needed to use others to get what she wanted.

Nor did she need to rely on a man to live.

Everything she had came from her own hands and strategies.

Chu Jin's plan to use Xuanyuan Shangchen to eliminate Chu Jin was clearly impossible!

In Xuanyuan Shangchen's eyes, Chu Jin was nothing more than a person destined to face calamity.

Just like, a tool.

As long as she successfully shielded the sovereign from calamity and served her purpose, she would then become useless.

How could he possibly harm the person he had protected all his life for the sake of such a tool?



"Aren't you self-proclaimed as the Empress? You run to a man at the first sign of trouble, what kind of Empress is that? A weakling!" Mo Qingyi stood up from the ground and raised her middle finger at Chu Jin.

If they said Chu Jin was the reincarnation of the Empress, she would wholeheartedly agree, but after all this turmoil, for the Empress to turn out to be Wang Xuxu, how could she not be angry?

Mo Qingyi was indeed furious, Duanmu Zhe couldn't hold her back, and instead, had to stand up with her.

He lightly pressed on her shoulder, just in case she couldn't control herself.

Meanwhile, the others who were kneeling also stood up.

They were willing to kneel to Chu Jin, after all, she had unmatched strength, and the air and might of an empress, but Chu Jin? She was several levels lower, to say the least.

Raising a middle finger, one could say, is a highly insulting gesture.

Paired with Mo Qingyi's expression, it could be said to fully embody the gesture's disdain.

It was hard not to get angry at that.

"You!" Chu Jin's face turned alternately green and red with anger and her words came out heedlessly, "You lowlife! Azure Dragon, Vermilion Bird, White Tiger, why don't you just take this lowlife away, let her suffer a fate worse than death, send her to meet Lord Yama!"

In that moment, she even forgot to maintain a good image in front of Xuanyuan Shangchen. But then again, it wasn't her fault; it was just her nature.

"I don't care about others, but I, Qin Qingchen, only recognize Miss Chu as my master." Qin Qingchen also made his position clear. Their empress was sacred and inviolable; how could it be someone filled with mundane aura, now even speaking such coarse language?

Qin Qingchen was exceedingly loyal. It had been under the misguided influence of Zhang Linzi that he had become an enemy to Chu Jin, but now he had seen through it himself. Thus, he only recognized Chu Jin as his sole master, for this life and beyond.

"Qingchen, have you lost your senses? With things having progressed to this point, can't you see who our true master is?" Zhang Linzi looked disappointed, finding his junior sister hopelessly disappointing as she recognized a rebel as her master.

"Senior brother, there's no need to say more, my mind is made up; whether it's climbing a mountain of swords or descending into a sea of flames." Qin Qingchen's expression was resolute.

Zhang Linzi sighed helplessly.

How foolish! His junior sister was truly foolish, he sighed, and she would regret it one day.

"Hey, you two are just leaving me behind?" Watching Vermilion Bird and White Tiger, Little Dai felt speechless. So, they both had their own places to be, leaving her unwanted?

She was originally attracted by the imperial aura of the Empress, but now with things having taken this turn, there seemed no need for her to stay. Little Dai turned to Chu Jin, "Chu Jin, I'm leaving too. If you encounter any difficulties, remember to summon me at any time, and I will come at once."

After saying this, Little Dai transformed into a dragon, circling twice above everyone's heads before ultimately vanishing into the sky.

The sun broke through the clouds, bathing the earth in boundless golden light.

At this moment, the sunlight was just perfect.

"Who would've thought I'd have the fortune to witness such a marvel in this lifetime. It wasn't a wasted trip to this mortal realm." Mo Fengxu laughed contentedly, feeling that this was far more interesting than racing.

Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird, with only Xuanwu not seen.

One could live without regrets.

"Come back! All of you, come back to me! I command you in the name of the Empress to return!" Chu Jin yelled in a fit of pique, but alas, there was no response, be it the White Tiger that had transformed into a white cat or the Vermilion Bird that had become a five-colored feather fan.

Everything seemed to return to the origin, and Xuanyuan Shangchen's lips curved into a faint smile.

Wasn't this the outcome he had wished to see?

He had successfully stopped the Ten Great Beasts from returning to their positions.

His Feng'er had already smoothly dodged a calamity.

No one knew what kind of tribulations the return of the Ten Great Beasts would bring to the Sovereign Phoenix.

However, the journey had just begun, and there was still a long way to go.

"Xuanyuan brother, why won't you help me? They've all left? All three Divine Beasts have left; what am I going to use to unify the three realms?" Chu Jin looked at Xuanyuan Shangchen with anxious eyes, "Forget it, you might as well go and take revenge for me. Help me kill this Chu Jin. It's all her fault. If it weren't for her, how would the three Divine Beasts have left?"

"If you're capable, fight me one-on-one. What kind of skill is it to ask a man for help?" Chu Jin slightly arched her eyebrows and continued, "Forget it, both of you come at me together, so that later you can't claim I bullied anyone." Her lips curled up slightly, her demeanor wicked and arrogant, it was a bit wild.

The totem mark on her forehead disappeared without a trace when no one knew how.

Everything was as if nothing had happened.

Just when everyone thought an unavoidable dispute was imminent.

Xuanyuan Shangchen gave Chu Jin a glance and said coldly, "Apologize to Miss Chu."

Apologize?

Not only Chu Jin was stunned, but everyone around was too. No one had expected Xuanyuan Shangchen to utter such a sentence.

Had he picked up the wrong script?

Logically, shouldn't he be furiously defending his beloved? Why, instead, was he asking Chu Jin to apologize to Chu Jin?

Chu Jin was also somewhat unable to react. Could it be that she had misunderstood Xuanyuan Shangchen and he was actually a good person?

Looking at him dressed all in black.

It's hard to imagine him as a good person!

If he were a good person, why would he create a Chu Jin? Wasn't that just to torment her?

"Xuanyuan brother..." Chu Jin looked at Xuanyuan Shangchen with disbelief, her eyes red and brimming with tears, a sight that would make anyone pity her.

Xuanyuan Shangchen, expressionless, repeated in a cold voice that was full of danger, "Apologize."

Though it was only a brief two words, it sent a shiver down the spine, jolting one's mind.

This side of him was something Chu Jin had never seen before.

She knew Xuanyuan Shangchen was truly angry now.

But she didn't understand why Xuanyuan Shangchen's anger had surfaced. She was his fiancée after all; how could he ask her to apologize to Chu Jin? Especially when she was the one who had been wronged...

Looking at Xuanyuan Shangchen like this, Chu Jin suddenly recalled the scene when she first woke up and saw Xuanyuan Shangchen. Back then, he was like this too, and then without a word, he threw a living person into a pit of snakes.

The person struggled and cried out, but in the end, was gnawed to bone by the poisonous snakes.

She couldn't forget the despair on that person's face before death.

The sensation of being entwined and bitten by countless snakes.

And the heart-wrenching cries of that person.

Terror, penetrating to the core.

Yet, even in such circumstances, Xuanyuan Shangchen actually smiled as he finished his Western-style meal.

Therefore, Chu Jin mostly felt fear towards Xuanyuan Shangchen, and with that fear came admiration.

But she didn't know when it began, Xuanyuan Shangchen suddenly started to care excessively for her. Even her daily life and needs he took care of himself. Gradually, she forgot Xuanyuan Shangchen's true nature. But today, she suddenly remembered that this man was actually a demon, a Grim Reaper, a ruler who could take her life at any moment.

Thinking this, Chu Jin shivered uncontrollably and then took small steps to approach Chu Jin, whispering, "Miss Chu, I'm sorry."

"You can keep your apology," Chu Jin replied with a slight curl of her lips, her tone crisp, "You know, I'm a particularly petty person. I never like sharing my things with others, especially this face. When I see you parading around with this face, deceiving others, my insides twist uncomfortably. Tell me, what should I do about it..."

As she spoke, Chu Jin reached out to touch Chu Jin's cheek, her cool fingertips turning into what seemed like the edge of a blade, sharp and capable of peeling away the skin from her face at any moment.

"What do you want to do?" Chu Jin looked at Chu Jin with a pale face, retreating step by step, her steps uncertain, overwhelmed by helplessness. The feeling was too familiar, as though she had returned to the stage of South Bridge No.2 Middle School.

On that day, she was like this, and then she destroyed her own face.

The pain of broken bones, unforgettable for a lifetime!

"My face is my own. What does it have to do with you? Clearly, you're the one who looks like me. Yes, it's you. You did it on purpose, trying to look like me. My face is natural. Go away, Xuanyuan brother, save me..." Chu Jin's voice already carried an evident sob, and in desperation, she turned to Xuanyuan Shangchen for help.

Now, only Xuanyuan Shangchen could save her.

Unfortunately, Xuanyuan Shangchen just stood there, arms crossed, indifferent, showing no intention to help.

The heavy black clothes he wore were tremendously oppressive.

"Xuanyuan, won't you help her?" Ling Que asked softly from behind Xuanyuan Shangchen, having appeared at some point.

"As long as it makes Feng'er happy, what does a mere skin matter?" Xuanyuan Shangchen's response was ruthlessly cold.

Upon hearing this, Ling Que's eyelids drooped to hide the emotions in her eyes.

But, after all, Wang Xuxu was one of the very few people whose fate resembled that of the Sovereign Phoenix, even their Eight Characters were identical. That was the real reason why Xuanyuan Shangchen had chosen Wang Xuxu.

If something unexpected happened to Wang Xuxu, wouldn't all their previous efforts be in vain?

What exactly was he thinking?

"Don't worry, Feng'er won't kill her," Xuanyuan Shangchen said, as if he could see through Ling Que's doubts and spoke to explain.

Their voices were deliberately lowered, so no one else could hear them.

Ling Que nodded slightly and remained silent.

Chu Jin stumbled backwards, her expression full of panic, her face ghostly pale, her forehead covered with tiny beads of sweat.

Chu Jin pressed on step by step until she cornered Chu Jin against a column, lifting Chu Jin's chin with her hand, her lips curled slightly, her eyes brimming with endless coldness. She said deliberately, "It's about time you returned this face to me!"

#### Chapter 485: Indestructible Faith (Part 2)

"It's time you gave this face back to me."

Chu Jin was clearly smiling, but Chu Jin felt no warmth. Panic and a sense of helplessness swept over her entire body. She wanted to scream, but she couldn't muster any strength; her breath was as thin as a thread, leaving her feeling completely drained.

Without this face,

how was she supposed to live on?

By what means would she win Xuanyuan Shangchen's favor?

Why?

Why did the heavens give her hope only to dash it at the same time?

All she wanted was to live a good life.

To live above everyone else, at the Summit of the Azure Clouds.

But why were there so many people against her?



"No... don't, please don't do this." Chu Jin covered her face with her hands in horror, looking at Chu Jin with a complexion pale as paper, then turned her pleading gaze towards Xuanyuan Shangchen, "Brother Xuanyuan, save me..."

She was Xuanyuan Shangchen's fiancée.

He would surely save her.

But why did Xuanyuan Shangchen seem to turn a deaf ear?

If she didn't die today, she vowed to someday tear Chu Jin into ten thousand pieces and scatter her ashes to the winds!

"I'm sorry, no one here can save you," Chu Jin said with a slight curve of her lips, a smile blooming at the corner of her mouth like pear blossoms, "Didn't your mother ever teach you that you always have to pay back what you owe? Don't worry, I'll try to make it as painless as possible."

"Ahh—" A scream tore through the sky.

It was wretched beyond words, like the cry of a ghost.

Tong Zhi instinctively used her multicolored feather fan to shield her eyes, while Duanmu Zhe beside her swiftly pulled Mo Qingyi into his arms.

Chuyi slumped to the ground, a flash of satisfaction in her eyes, her hands clenched into fists.

The scene was somewhat cruel.

A heavy scent of blood instantly filled the air.

Chu Jin carelessly tossed the piece of bloodied skin from her hand to the ground, "Get lost. If I see you wearing this face and deceiving people again, well, you can imagine the consequences."

Her white shirt remained as pure as new-fallen snow, her features delicate as jade, her hair flying around her, her eyes as bright as the stars; she looked so perfect, as if she had stepped out of a painting, mesmerizing and impossible to look away from. Who could have imagined that such a celestial being could carry out such a bloody deed without flinching?

All it took was a flick of the wrist.

As an ancient empress, if her methods weren't harsh enough, how could she ever securely hold her throne over the Nine States?

To personally rip off the skin from Chu Jin's face was, for now, the cruelest punishment imaginable.

Wasn't that face what she prided herself on most?

"Ah, my face, my face, Brother Xuanyuan save me..." Chu Jin, covering her face with her hands, wailed and convulsed on the ground. The pain was too much—underneath her fingertips, her skin was a bloody mess of torn flesh.

The face had long since fused with her own, integrated flesh and blood. To have it forcibly torn off like that was a pain unimaginable to anyone.

Just looking on was enough to make one's skin crawl and face ache, let alone for the person experiencing it.

At this moment, Chu Jin was faceless.

It would be difficult for anyone to look at her for even a minute, with the blood oozing from her face blending into the red of her dress.

Xuanyuan Shangchen, with obvious disgust, averted his eyes and said to Ling Que, "Take her back." After speaking, he strode out without looking back.

Ling Que glanced at Xuanyuan Shangchen, then walked over to Chu Jin with a marginally friendly smile, "Miss Chu, I wish you and Mr. Mo a long and inseparable life." After speaking, she bent down, mute Chu Jin's acupoint, hoisted her onto her shoulder, and departed.

Ling Que appeared slender, but her movements in lifting Chu Jin, who was 1.65 meters tall, were effortless, as if she weighed nothing at all.

Chu Jin had thought Ling Que had come for revenge on behalf of Chu Jin, but to her surprise, she instead offered such words to her.

Having never met Ling Que before, Chu Jin wondered where such comments originated from.

Chu Jin watched Ling Que's retreating figure, a flicker of confusion passing through her eyes, which were obscured by long lashes.

In the blink of an eye, the hall returned to calm.

Chuyi, once held high by everyone, was now lying on the ground, unable to move.

And Mo Feixue seemed as if his soul had left him.

The Empress turned out not to be Zheng Chuyi. Could it be that the Mo family is fated never to reach the highest position?

The once proud and arrogant Mo Feixue now looked like frosted eggplants, devoid of any vitality.

The Old Madame Mo, who strongly disliked them, gave them a disdainful glance and said sharply, "Someone, throw these two out!" As soon as she finished speaking, two corpses dressed in burial clothes appeared in the air with stiff movements and began dragging Zheng Chuyi and Mo Feixue out.

"I'd like to see who dares to touch me!" Mo Feixue suddenly came to her senses, her eyebrows shooting up. "Auntie, it's okay to drive me away, but if Zhixuan wakes up, how will you explain it to him? Don't forget, I am his only sister!"

At such a critical moment, how could she, as his sister, leave?

She needed to stay here, to accompany Mo Zhixuan through this difficulty, and then personally take him to the Superpower World.

Even without a Saintess, Mo Zhixuan could still unite the three realms with his ability.

At that time, the Mo family would still be the Mo family.

Zheng Chuyi, on the other hand, did not struggle and let the corpses drag her out, expressionless and lifeless, with a gray defeat across her face, looking no different from a walking corpse.

Mo Zhixuan's only sister.

The implication behind Mo Feixue's words was too profound. It wasn't just about being Mo Zhixuan's sister – there was clearly a threat hidden within.

The Old Madame Mo sighed helplessly and waved her hand, at which the corpses immediately released Mo Feixue and vanished into thin air.

"Auntie, I was wrong before. I shouldn't have treated you that way. I apologize to you here, Feixue. I hope you, as my elder, will not take offense at my junior. Actually, the reason I did that was all for Zhixuan's sake," Mo Feixue, who was quick to catch on, immediately apologized to the Old Madame Mo.

But the words she spoke were not so pleasant to hear.

In front of everyone, she had left no room for the Old Madame Mo.

"Forget about it," said the Old Madame Mo tiredly, slightly raising her hand.

"Sister-in-law, are you all right?" Mo Fengxu immediately stepped forward to support the Old Madame Mo.

Tong Zhi, who wanted to support the Old Madame Mo, retracted her hand in an instant, shaking her five-colored feather fan, her expression unfathomable.

The Old Madame Mo shook her head. "I'm fine. Everyone has been tired all morning, let's go have a meal first."

Tong Zhi let out a sigh. "Sister, at a time like this, who can eat? Since we still have a few hours, let's go check the Yin and Yang Bagua Array first. Ensuring Zhixuan safely gets through the Extreme Yin Night is the top priority."

On the Extreme Yin Night, a hundred ghosts walk the earth.

Then, the entire Mo family will become a slaughterhouse for a hundred ghosts.

Qin Qingchen flicked her dust-whisk and said with a grave countenance, "Old Madame Mo, Madam Tong, my master and I have just inspected it, and relying on a mere Yin and Yang Bagua Array alone won't withstand the March of a Hundred Ghosts during the Extreme Yin Night."

In the crowd, Zhang Linzi's figure had already disappeared.

Qin Qingchen's eyes did not shift; the situation being what it was, she respected her senior brother's choice.

"Then, in Master Qin's opinion, how should we respond?" The Old Madame Mo immediately looked at her with anxiety.

This Extreme Yin Night was different from any before. She knew that.

Beyond the March of a Hundred Ghosts, there were also those from the Demon Realm, all waiting for this opportunity to ascend to heaven in one leap.

All eyes were covetously fixed on the young man who would lay waste at dusk.

It was said that he possessed an undying and indestructible heart, and that consuming it would grant one eternal life, existing alongside heaven and earth!

The Extreme Yin Night was when he was at his weakest, but it coincided with the thickest density of Ghost Qi, thereby providing this opportunity.

Some had laid in wait for many years, just for a day like this.

"We need to set up the array anew, seal the gates of life," Qin Qingchen said as she took out a stack of talisman paper from her Qiankun Bag. "First, paste these talismans on every door inside the mansion, then prepare willow branches, cinnabar..."

"Good, I'll have someone prepare it right away," the Old Madame Mo took the talisman paper and handed it to a servant beside her. "Do as Master Qin says."

The servant did not show any sign of surprise and took the talisman paper, then withdrew.

"These can only guard against ghosts, not against people," Tong Zhi said with a worried look and a flick of her feather fan. "Moreover, these things can only fend off lesser spirits. Should we encounter evil spirits that have practiced for a thousand years, I'm afraid they'll be of no use."

Duanmu Zhe said firmly, "Aunt Tong, don't worry. As long as I'm here, whether they be human or ghost, I will not let them step a foot into the Mo household!"

"And us!" Zhou Xunian led a group of people in from outside. "We will live and die with Brother Nine; we will not live a coward's life!" The group of young men were boiling with enthusiasm.

Mo Zhixuan had once faced death nine times to protect his clan, ensuring their safety throughout their lives.

So whether he was Brother Nine, or Nine Ye, or that youth who would kill with every ten steps taken, the City Slaughterer.

In their hearts, he was an undying faith.

How, at such a time, could they forsake the belief in their hearts? How could they stand still and do nothing?

Chapter 486: My Lord Phoenix is here!

Zhou Xunian's arrival solved the pressing crisis for everyone.

Behind him followed quite a few men and women, all of whom were masters who could speak authoritatively in the Superpower World.

They had all volunteered to follow Zhou Xunian here.

"Xunian," the Mo family's old madam looked at Zhou Xunian, very moved, "Thank you, and thank all of you."

The so-called phenomenon where people tend to kick a man when he is down; the Mo family's old madam had not expected that at such a time, there would still be people who would step forward to advance or retreat together with the Mo family.

"Aunt Mo, you shouldn't be so formal. Mo Zhixuan's problems are our problems. Everyone agrees, right?" Zhou Xunian turned to look at the crowd.

"Right! Mo Zhixuan's problems are our problems!" Everyone spoke in unison, their faces all showing firm expressions.

"Thank you, everyone." The Mo family's old madam bowed to the crowd.

"Aunt Mo, please don't do this." Someone nearby quickly supported her.

"Sister-in-law Jin, you're here too? That's really great!" Zhou Xunian only then noticed Chu Jin, unable to hide his excitement.

Zhou Xunian had a good impression of Chu Jin because firstly, Chu Jin was very good-looking, and as someone who had a thing for beauty, and secondly, because Mo Zhixuan genuinely liked Chu Jin very much.

Also, there was Chu Jin's unique temperament, which made people feel very comfortable at first glance.

In summary, this was a woman who could match Mo Zhixuan.

Moreover, he had always felt that Chu Jin was the one who could lift the curse from Mo Zhixuan's body.

Because Chu Jin was the second person after Zheng Chuyi who made Mo Zhixuan feel warmth.

Having Chu Jin there on the night of extreme Yin added an extra layer of security.

"Xunian." Chu Jin smiled slightly and greeted him.

"Let me introduce her to everyone, this is Mo Zhixuan's fiancée, and soon to be our Sister-in-law Jin," Zhou Xunian cheerfully pulled Chu Jin to introduce her to the crowd.

"Nice to meet you, Sister-in-law Jin." The crowd spoke in unison, their voices loud and almost deafening.



Their presence was overwhelming.

Coming from the Superpower World, none were ordinary people. At this moment, they were testing Chu Jin in another way, to see whether she truly had the qualifications to be the wife of 'Number Nine' and take that position among them.

If it were a normal girl now, she might be startled and lose her composure with such a sudden outburst.

But Chu Jin just stood there, her posture casual, yet exuding an innate grandeur, neither arrogant nor impatient.

"Nice to meet all of you." Chu Jin grinned, her voice not loud but clearly reaching everyone's ears, as her personal aura effectively subdued the group's aura.

"Hey, what's your name?" A young girl who appeared rather youthful stepped forward, her tone somewhat unfriendly though she was quite beautiful—a blooming beauty.

Chu Jin looked at her and simply said two words, "Chu Jin."

"What a common name," the girl said with a trace of disdain in her eyes, then continued, "Chu Jin... so, is Chu from sister Chuyi's Chu?"

The young girl was not old but asked a very sharp question. Luckily, it was Chu Jin standing there today. Had it been anyone else, they might not have been able to keep their footing.

Clearly, here was another die-hard fan of Zheng Chuyi.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrows slightly and replied in an even tone, "Chu from the Chu River and Han Border, Jin from magnificent mountains and rivers." Her voice was light and gentle, like the sun after rain, able to warm people's hearts.

"Hey, do you know who sister Chuyi is?" The girl spoke again, her bright apricot eyes staring at Chu Jin as if trying to burn a hole through her.

"Xianxian, stop messing around!" Zhou Xunian immediately interrupted Mu Xianxian, lowering his voice, "Apologize to Sister-in-law Jin right now!"

Mu Xianxian snorted coldly, turning her head with haughty defiance, "You admit that she is your ninth sister-in-law, but I certainly don't. In my heart, no one but Chuyi can be my ninth sister-in-law. If you think I'll call her ninth sister-in-law, that's just not happening—no way, not even through a window!"

In her heart, Zheng Chuyi was the most beautiful.

Expected to call someone else ninth sister-in-law? Is that even possible?

Though this Chu Jin looked okay, seeing how young she was and yet willing to marry the cursed Ninth Brother, it was clear she was after his power and wealth. A woman who would throw away her life for fame and fortune didn't deserve to be her ninth sister-in-law at all.

"Ninth sister-in-law, don't be angry, Xianxian is young and doesn't understand," Zhou Xunian said apologetically to Chu Jin.

Hearing this, Mu Xianxian immediately countered, "Zhou Xunian, you little bootlicker!"

Mu Xianxian had never been afraid of anyone as she grew up. Known as the little tyrant of the Superpower World, she wasn't really bad at heart, just naive and inexperienced. She always wore her emotions on her sleeve, speaking her mind without beating around the bush.

Zhou Xunian's face darkened, "Mu Xianxian, if you say one more word, do you believe I will send you back to the Superpower World right now!"

"Fine, I won't say it!" Mu Xianxian pouted discontentedly, "What's so great about that!" After all, she'd find an opportunity to properly 'educate' this delusional woman who wanted to be her ninth sister-in-law.

Chu Jin watched Mu Xianxian, a faint smile curving at her lips. This little girl was quite interesting. With a bit of polishing and the right guidance, she certainly wouldn't be ordinary in the future.

"Where is this master's 40-meter broadsword?" Zi in the Purple Lightning Space suddenly went full drama queen, "Watch me chop this melon-headed kid to pieces..."

"Ninth sister-in-law, I'm really sorry, ha, about Xianxian..." Zhou Xunian awkwardly scratched his head, wishing he had never brought the troublesome Mu Xianxian with him.

"It's okay," Chu Jin smiled lightly, "children will speak their mind." She truly didn't take Mu Xianxian's words to heart; after all, who didn't have a hot-blooded youth?

Mu Xianxian threw a super exaggerated eye roll at Chu Jin, declaring her dissatisfaction without words.

Meanwhile, Zi in the Purple Lightning Space made a face at her. It was a wonder this melon-headed kid had lived till today.

How come she hadn't been beaten to death on the streets?

Could it be that no one carried a 40-meter long broadsword with them?

It was about time.

Suddenly, the sky outside the house darkened.

It was as if a black cloth had been thrown over the surroundings, silently bringing a chill to the air.

A wild wind arose.

Whoo—

Hooo—

It sounded like the wailing of evil spirits, exceedingly mournful.

The wind was so fierce, it caused the windows to rattle violently.

Everyone promptly became alert.

"Don't panic, everyone. According to the 10 Heavenly Stems, there are 5 Yin ones: Yi, Ding, Ji, Xin, Gui. The time isn't right yet, this is just those evil spirits trying to show off," Qin Qingchen flicked her dust whisk and spoke softly with a calm expression.

But inside, she was somewhat astonished.

If these evil spirits dared to make trouble now, before the time had come, what would happen when the Ghost Qi was at its strongest...

"Master Qin, what should we do now?" Tong Zhi asked.

Qin Qingchen pursed her lips and didn't respond. Before there had been any sign in the sky, she was somewhat confident, but now it was apparent she had underestimated the danger of this extremely Yin night.

The atmosphere in the room grew tense.

No one spoke. Chu Jin glanced outside the window, her eyebrows slightly furrowed. Then, with a subtle movement of her fingers, a deck of Tarot cards immediately appeared in her palm.

Her expression cold, she tossed the Tarot cards into the air, and everyone's gaze was drawn to her sudden action.

The cards thrown into the air did not scatter messily but, as if endowed with life, neatly and orderly formed a card array in midair.

Mu Xianxian scoffed in dissatisfaction, "Bluffing! All bark and no bite, it's just a deck of paper cards. Who doesn't know how to do that? Just showing off for attention!"

Suddenly!

With a snap.

The crystal lights exploded suddenly, and the room plunged into darkness.

Darkness can bring endless fear.

Wraiths and ghostly shadows, borrowing the sinister Ghost Qi, wandered among the people, but since the time had not yet come, they could not cause any real harm—merely psychological panic.

"Big Brother Zhou! Save me!" Mu Xianxian, frightened, jumped onto Zhou Xunian, her legs tightly winding around his waist like an octopus.

Mo Qingyi also shrank her neck, subconsciously burying her head into Duanmu Zhe's chest.

Suddenly, in the darkness, there was a series of 'crackle and pop' noises.

Then came screams, and wails of agony.

Bang bang bang—

Suddenly, a brilliant golden light flashed in the room, and everyone looked towards the source of the light and sound. They saw the girl who had been standing there now commanding the Tarot cards, stabbing at those ghostly shadows, her clear and agile form seemingly merging with the darkness.

Each Tarot card transformed into sharp daggers!

All around were screams.

It sent shivers down one's spine.

Seeing Chu Jin had made her move, Qin Qingchen immediately felt assured, holding his whisk, and swinging it around, "My lord, Phoenix is here, all you lonely souls and wild ghosts better retreat quickly!"

No sooner had he finished speaking, the screams around them disappeared instantly, and the room was once again bright.

The hearts of the people settled slightly.

Mu Xianxian jumped down from Zhou Xunian, and said with curiosity, "Whoa! Who is this Phoenix? So awesome, just the name alone scared these little ghosts like that?"

Chu Jin casually snatched a Tarot card from the air.

It was—

The Hanged Man!

In a certain sense, The Hanged Man is a card without vitality, representing disappointment, despair, sacrifice, death...

But if you look at it from another angle, adversity is where one seeks life.

There must be death for rebirth, drawing The Hanged Man in such a situation is not necessarily a bad thing.

At the same time, The Hanged Man corresponds to the three concentric circles in the Wheel of Fortune.

Chu Jin's brows slightly furrowed as she came to a conclusion. Her red lips parted lightly, "Master Qin."

"Present." Qin Qingchen's face was full of respect.

Chu Jin gave her orders methodically, "Please, set up the Qian Kun Formation immediately in the southeast corner of the courtyard, using the vitality of all things as the Array Eye. Bring those whose zodiac signs are the snake, horse, monkey, and rooster to guard the formation's base. The Door of Life, remember, you must guard the Door of Life and the formation's base tightly, not even allowing a fly to get in."

"Good, my lord, rest assured, I will definitely complete the task," Qin Qingchen nodded, "Those born in the year of the Snake, Horse, Monkey, and Rooster, please follow me this way."

A group of people followed Qin Qingchen outside.

Mu Xianxian was stunned; this Chu Jin seemed to be quite extraordinary.

My lord.

Could it be that Qin Qingchen had become muddleheaded? To actually address a mortal as "my lord"?

"Xunian," Chu Jin then turned her gaze toward Zhou Xunian, tossing the Tarot cards in her hand to him, "This is the Septagram Array. Take seven people with the elemental property of water to the direction of the main gate and stand in the formation of the Sepstar. Put forth all your effort and ensure that the main gate is well-defended!"

"Sure thing, Ninth Sister-in-law. Leave this task to me," Zhou Xuanian quickly selected seven people from the crowd and rushed outside.

"Brother Zhou, wait for me," Mu Xianxian hurriedly followed, but internally she was curious why these people were so obedient to a woman's words!

Zhou Xunian, this bumpkin, was one thing, but even Qin Qingchen treated her words as if they were a holy decree.

In the blink of an eye, there were only a few people left inside the room.

At this moment, Chu Jin was like a born commander, fearless in the face of danger, radiating a soft light that was dazzling to the eye.

The Mo family matriarch watched her and knew that Mo Zhixuan had not chosen the wrong wife.

This person was a natural born leader.

An eye-catching existence.

"Jin, do you need any help from me?" Tong Zhi stepped forward and asked.

"Aunt Tong, you have a Five-Colored Phoenix Fan—the Vermilion Bird is associated with fire. Please take Duanmu to guard the northwest direction."

Having spent so long with them, Chu Jin naturally knew that this Duanmu was no ordinary person.

"Alright," Tong Zhi nodded, "Duanmu, follow me."



With a grave expression, Duanmu Zhe followed Tong Zhi away.

"Master Chu, do you think there's anything I can help with?" Mo Fengxu approached, and he was still more accustomed to calling Chu Jin "Master Chu."

Chu Jin glanced at him and then said, "I'll trouble you to fetch some Hellfire and use it to light a candle, using Mo Zhixuan's birth characters as the wick. Light an Everbright lamp and make sure it doesn't go out before dawn tomorrow."

"Sure, you can count on me. I'll go right now," Mo Fengxu nodded solemnly and started toward the door.

Mo Feixue stepped forward to follow, "Uncle, I'll go with you. An extra person means extra strength." She was not willing to comply with a mortal's arrangement; she would rather follow Mo Fengxu.

This feeling was too unpleasant: a group of people from the Superpower World obediently following a mortal's commands. If word of this got out, would the Superpower World still have any dignity left?

The commander today should have been her, Mo Feixue, but unfortunately, regarding the matters of the Night of Extreme Yin, she couldn't offer any help at all.

"Jin, what about me? Can I be of any help?" the Mo family matriarch asked.

"Aunt, please take Xiao Bai and guard the back door."

Upon hearing this, Xiao Bai immediately jumped onto the Mo family matriarch's shoulder, speaking in human language, "Brother Jin, mission acknowledged!"

"Brother Jin, Brother Jin, what about me? Where should I go to help?" Mo Qingyi looked up at Chu Jin with anticipation.

Chu Jin pulled out a shining Crystal Ball from her pocket and stuffed it into Mo Qingyi's hand, asking, "Do you know where your brother is?"

Mo Qingyi nodded, "I know."

Chu Jin looked at her, "Then your task now is to take me to him!"

Chapter 487:

"Alright, Jin, I'll take you there," Mo Qingyi nodded and began to lead Chu Jin toward the door, when suddenly she realized she had an extra crystal ball in her hand, "Jin, what is this?"

Walking beside her, Chu Jin glanced down at it and said, "This is an energy crystal, keep it safe. When necessary, you can use it for self-defense." She had a feeling that, despite having taken every possible precaution, tonight at the Mo family's place would not be peaceful.

Anything given by Brother Jin was naturally no ordinary item, so Mo Qingyi instinctively gripped the crystal ball tightly, sounding somewhat worried, "Jin, if you give this to me, what about you? What will you do?"

"Don't worry, am I called 'brother' for nothing? I won't be in any trouble," Chu Jin reassured her, turning to look at Mo Qingyi, "Remember, after you take me to your brother, go back to your room, lock the doors, and no matter what you hear or see, do not go outside."

Mo Qingyi knew what the night of extreme yin signified.

At such a time, everyone was fighting for Mo Zhixuan, and she didn't want to be just a bystander, unable to help.

But for now, she obediently nodded, "Okay, I understand."

The two of them continued on their way inside.

This was the first time Chu Jin had learned that the Mo family actually had such an underground castle hidden away.

The narrow stone path on either side was lined with bright red otherworldly flowers.

The deeper they walked inside, the thinner the air and the colder it became.

Mo Qingyi's face grew paler, her teeth chattering from the cold, "Jin, aren't you cold?" It was strange, it wasn't this cold when she first came here, but this time, why had it changed so much?

The temperature must have been below zero by now?

Yet, looking at Chu Jin, she remained indifferent, not even frowning slightly.

And on Mo Qingyi's eyebrows, a layer of white frost had already formed.

Chu Jin stopped, took off her coat, and draped it over Mo Qingyi, "Qingyi, I can already sense your brother's presence. You go up first; I'll find him on my own."

It was clear this place was built after the pattern of the underworld. Without spiritual power, Mo Qingyi naturally couldn't withstand the severe cold; if she continued further, her life would be in danger.

Moreover, the deeper one went, the lower the temperature; inside, there was not a single living thing, not even an insect to be found.

It was hard to imagine how Mo Zhixuan could bear staying here.

Mo Qingyi hesitated, "Jin, are you sure you'll be alright alone?"

"I'll be fine, go back now. Remember to lock the door and get a good night's sleep. When you wake up in the morning, everything will be fine," Chu Jin urged Mo Qingyi back in the direction they came from.

Feeling uneasy, Mo Qingyi said, "Jin, we've made a promise to enroll at Capital University together, and in a few days, we're supposed to go to C City with Xinran for a trip. Don't forget our agreement."

"I won't forget," Chu Jin replied with a faint smile, "Hurry back now, see you in the morning."

Mo Qingyi tugged at the coat on her and trudged back slowly, looking back every three steps, obviously worried.

Only after Mo Qingyi disappeared down the stone path did Chu Jin slowly withdraw her gaze and continue walking inward.

"Jin, this place is really eerie; be careful," Zi from the Purple Thunder space warned.

"Hmm, I know," Chu Jin responded as she kept walking, getting closer to the familiar aura in her memory. If she had guessed correctly, Mo Zhixuan should be right around the next turn, in that room.

There, the chill was most intense, not a trace of life to be found.

"Jin, why do I feel so sleepy, I can hardly keep my eyes open... Huh, why are there two Jins..." Zi in the Purple Thunder space swayed and finally collapsed on a stone table, as the white mist inside the space grew denser, soon obscuring Zi from view.

As Zi had said, the energy fields here were indeed bizarre, managing to even block the Purple Thunder space.

Chu Jin held her breath, her footsteps becoming lighter subconsciously.

The temperature kept dropping, and the chill intensified; it made Chu Jin's jade-like features appear even more rosy and radiant. Her entire being seemed to merge with the simple white shirt she wore.

Chu Jin noticed that within the otherworldly flowers lining the stone path, some red crystals had been placed. The red crystals were naturally fiery, but sadly, they still could not suppress the overwhelming chill.

She turned a corner.

And suddenly the space opened up before her.

No longer was it a constricted stone path, but a large wooden door came into view. At the door stood two cadavers dressed in ceremonial robes, stiffly opening the door for Chu Jin as she approached.

Chu Jin took a step forward and entered, just as she crossed the threshold, a 'creak' sounded behind her, and the door closed.

Inside, the decor was ancient and elegant. A faint scent of sandalwood lingered in the air. Although the setting had changed, the atmosphere remained unchanged, and the temperature had plummeted to its utmost limit, with a pervasive coldness enveloping everything.

Having crossed the front hall, Chu Jin lifted her hand to part the beaded curtain and was about to step inside when she suddenly found herself in a frigid embrace, "Why have you come?" a low, magnetic voice asked from above her head.

Cold, colder than she had ever felt before.

Chu Jin never knew that a person's body temperature could be this low.

Although Mr. Mo didn't have much warmth to him before, it was never to this extent. His body seemed devoid of any signs of life.

Devoid of life?

A twitch crossed Chu Jin's brow as she reflexively caught his wrist.

Little did she know, the moment she grasped his wrist, everything began spinning around her and she was suddenly swept up horizontally into his arms, striding purposefully inside.

From Chu Jin's perspective, she could clearly see his slightly protruding Adam's apple and the delicate yet severe jawline, his complexion somewhat pale, and his thin lips devoid of any color, looking extremely weak, but still retaining the demeanor of a strong person.

Strong people are like that, no matter what the circumstances, they still stand as powerful figures.

"We agreed to face things together, why would you leave me behind?"

If Mo Fengxu hadn't stumbled upon her by accident, she would still be in the dark about this whole matter.

If she hadn't come today, would Zheng Chuyi be the one to show up here?

And then, would the one Mr. Mo intended to hold in his arms also be Zheng Chuyi?

Zheng Chuyi is the Superpower World's foremost beauty, and what's more, they once had an engagement... If it were Zheng Chuyi who appeared here today, would Mr. Mo embrace her as unhesitatingly as he is doing now?

If that were the case, wouldn't that mean she had no role to play?

The title of ex-fiancée is truly an irksome thing.

At this thought, Chu Jin subconsciously frowned.

Mr. Mo remained silent, his phoenix eyes deep and unfathomable, his stride quick as if he was... anticipating something.

"I'm talking to you," Chu Jin said, seeing that he remained silent.

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Outside the Mo family estate.

Wearing a shroud, a corpse dragged Zheng Chuyi to the gate before vanishing into the air.

The sky was dark and heavy, a blanket of gloom that mirrored Zheng Chuyi's entire being, like withered wood and ashes.

With things having reached this point, she truly had no way out.

But she was not willing to give up.

She couldn't accept being destroyed like this, unable to stomach that what originally belonged to her was being taken away by someone else.

She was the Empress.

She was the Saintess.

She was also the Superpower World's number one beauty, but why had she fallen to today's plight? Why did this happen?

Since childhood, she was without parents, and the only brother she had depended on had died.

Now, even the last lifeline she clung to was about to be severed.

Why was fate so cruel to her?

Chapter 488:

Why must everyone make things difficult for me?

Why?

Zheng Chuyi's expression became increasingly ferocious.

It seemed as if she hated everything to the point of wanting to annihilate heaven and earth.

"Hehehe..." Zheng Chuyi clenched the soil beneath her tightly, letting out a sinister chuckle from the depths of her throat. It was unclear whether she was repenting or filled with rage. Her once pure white fingers were now filthy, sullied by the mud.

The carefully manicured nails were also broken into irregular shapes.

Her appearance was particularly wretched.

If anyone were present, they would probably find it hard to believe that this was the same high and mighty beauty of days past.

Zheng Chuyi's eyes poisoned with hatred stared at the sky as she spoke with immense bitterness, "Was I wrong? Was I wrong? I just wanted to take back what belonged to me! Am I at fault?"

"No! You are not to blame, they are." Suddenly, a hoarse feminine voice filled the air, sounding muddy as if it belonged to a woman of seventy or eighty, yet the articulation was very clear—every word penetrated Zheng Chuyi's ears.



At the sound, Zheng Chuyi looked up.

In the dark night, amidst the dense fog, a woman shrouded in a black veil was walking toward her. Her hands were clasped in front of her lower abdomen. Her hair reached her waist, fluttering lightly, and her lips were red and teeth white. The only flaw was the ferocious mask covering the left half of her face, which marred the beauty of her visage.

Her figure and face suggested nothing more than a girl in her late twenties, yet her voice was so old and muddled.

"Who are you?" Zheng Chuyi asked, full of wariness.

"Who I am doesn't matter. What matters is that I can help you," the woman replied step by step as she approached Zheng Chuyi. Her face was expressionless, but her voice was exceedingly sure.

Even though Zheng Chuyi was now fallen from grace, at her core, she was still that proud beauty. She forced herself to stand up from the ground and walked in the other direction.

She would never let anyone see her as a laughingstock!

Never!

"I don't need your help!" In her life, she had never relied on anyone for survival! How could she now, in the mortal world, let herself be easily schemed against?

"Really?" The woman's lips curled into a strange arc as she suddenly blocked Zheng Chuyi's path, "Are you just going to watch as an inferior mortal enjoys bliss with Mo Zhixuan, basking in their perfect union? Are you... truly content with that?"

How could such an inferior mortal be worthy of Mo Zhixuan?

No! She was not content! Zheng Chuyi stopped in her tracks, clenching her fists in humiliation, her eyes brimming with malice.

But what could she do about it? That vulgar person now had the lightning superpower to protect her; she was no match for her.

Moreover, no one believed anymore that she was the reincarnation of the Empress.

The woman's words were a direct hit to the heart.

They completely shattered Zheng Chuyi's psychological defenses.

Watching the changes in Zheng Chuyi's expression, a gleam flickered at the bottom of the woman's eyes. She then said, "Grand Priest, oh, Grand Priest, in your past life, you died at the hands of Jun Huang. Unexpectedly, in this life, you still can't escape her palm. It seems I overestimated you."

The old voice, paired with a youthful face, seemed so eerie in the darkness of the night.

It was like a witch in an ancient castle, emitting an evil laugh.

"Grand Priest?" Upon hearing this, Zheng Chuyi looked up in confusion, "I don't understand what you're saying! Could you please step aside?"

"In your past life, you were the Grand Priest who commanded awe across the Nine States, following Jun Huang through battles and campaigns, achieving countless meritorious deeds. Without you, how could a mere Jun Huang easily pacify the Nine States, unify the countries, and establish a peaceful and prosperous era? Yet, Jun Huang harbored wolfish ambitions, desiring the Nine States all to herself. After achieving fame and success, she shockingly threw you into a pit of ten thousand snakes. You helped her seize this prosperous realm, but alas, you didn't even retain a complete corpse in the end, truly pitiful..."

At this point, a look of pity appeared on the woman's face.

Zheng Chuyi listened, her face unchanged, "Why should I believe you? Besides, how could a lowly commoner truly be the reincarnation of an empress?"

The corner of the woman's lips revealed a curve, "Whether what I'm saying is true or not, you'll understand very soon." As her words fell, the woman clothed in black stretched forth her hand and made a gesture, sending a golden light flashing into Zheng Chuyi's mind.

Memory fragments crazily flooded into Zheng Chuyi's mind.

Her head felt like it was splitting.

She clasped her head with both hands, letting out a miserable scream, "Ah!"

The arc at the corner of the black-clad woman's mouth grew more intense.

After a moment, Zheng Chuyi's state gradually returned to calm.

The black-clad woman looked at Zheng Chuyi and slowly spoke, "I told you I could help you. Do you remember now, Grand Priest?"

"Who exactly are you?" Zheng Chuyi suddenly looked up at her, "What is your purpose?"

No one helps you without a reason.

Unless she wants to use you for some unspeakable secret.

Zheng Chuyi was not a fool; she understood this very well.

The woman in black glanced at her, "Someone who is indignant for you. You gave so much for Jun Huang, regarding her as a sister, but what did you get in the end? Grand Priest, I thought that in this life, you would be wiser, but unexpectedly, you still lost to her. She snatched away Mo Zhixuan, stole the

glory that should have been yours. Without Jun Huang, how could the seat of the ancient empress belong to her? Without her, how could you have fallen to such a state today?"

Zheng Chuyi's lips were pursed, a torrential hatred brimming in her eyes.

The woman in black looked at her, the arc of satisfaction growing on her lips. She continued, "Grand Priest, pull yourself together. The Three Realms are still waiting for you to unify them. Moreover, tonight is the Extreme Yin Night, when Mo Zhixuan is at his weakest. Seize the opportunity and slaughter the Mo family to the last! Only by removing Jun Huang, can you truly avenge the past and unite the Three Realms."

"Slaughter the Mo family to the last?" Disbelief flickered in Zheng Chuyi's eyes. Setting aside the fact that Old Madam Mo had raised her, earlier, making Old Madam Mo kneel to her was merely meant to humiliate her, and she hadn't intended to take her life.

Furthermore, Mo Zhixuan still occupied a special place in her heart; she wanted to win him over, not to harm him.

Besides, with her current abilities, how could she be a match for the Mo family?

The woman in black chuckled, her laughter full of eerie mischief, and brought her head close to Zheng Chuyi's ear, whispering low, "If you cannot possess it, then might as well... destroy it."

The last three words were said with bone-chilling coldness.

Zheng Chuyi's eyes widened, and a surge of perverse satisfaction swept through her heart.

Indeed, since she can't have it, then no one else shall.

The woman in black straightened her back, pulling out a flag from her capacious sleeves, handing it to Zheng Chuyi, "This is the Hundred Ghosts Banner. At midnight tonight, when you activate it, countless ghosts will descend, and you will become their master."

Having said this, the woman in black no longer glanced at Zheng Chuyi, turned around, and left, vanishing into the endless night, leaving only her words in the wind, "Grand Priest, I wish you good use of it."

Meanwhile, Zheng Chuyi, holding the Hundred Ghosts Banner in her hands, spread her arms wide, her long hair whipping about. Pulsating black miasma erupted from her body, and at the same time, her red clothes burst into fragments and fell to the ground,

Exposed under the cover of darkness was a bright yellow robe. Zheng Chuyi's entire aura transformed, sinister and venomous. The scars on her body disappeared, and a black pattern of the flower of death appeared on the left of her forehead.

She looked towards the Mo family, her lips slowly curling into a smile.

Tonight, the entire Mo family will become a slaughterhouse.

A storm of blood and carnage is about to arrive.

Tonight, it isn't just the Mo family in turmoil, but also the Superpower World, the Ancient Martial Arts World, and the Underworld.

All three realms are waiting for the return of the empress of the fire-bathing bloodline.

They witnessed omens in the sky, the Vermilion Bird, Azure Dragon, and White Tiger awoke, blessings descended upon the land of China. Unfortunately, before the empress could officially return, it all came to a sudden, silent halt.

The Xuanwu remained still.

Could it be that someone has stopped the empress from reclaiming her throne?

In the Superpower World, the Elder handling the chess pieces frowned slightly; things weren't developing as he had anticipated.

Zheng Chuyi had not returned for several days, and now there was no news of her whatsoever. The ceremony for the succession of the Saintess was ready; all that was left was waiting for her return.

"Xingyuan," the Elder raised his hand and placed a chess piece in the center of the board, speaking solemnly, "Come here."

"Elder." Xingyuan respectfully walked over and stood beside the Elder.

"Investigate this matter. Where is Chuyi now? What is the current situation with Zhixuan?" the Elder asked coldly.

"Certainly." Xingyuan retreated respectfully.

The Superpower World had an extensive intelligence network, spanning all three realms. Thus, it didn't take long for Xingyuan to return.

However, his expression wasn't quite right. "Elder, I've found out."

"What's the matter?" the Elder looked up at Xingyuan, "Speak."

Xingyuan hesitated, but eventually he leaned in and recounted the entire situation to the Elder.

After hearing the full story, the Elder's expression grew colder by the second.

A fierce aura erupted from his entire being.

The man was cloaked in an especially somber mood.

It took a while, but he finally spoke softly, "Alright, you may leave for now,"

However, before Xingyuan could step outside, the Elder spoke again, "Wait, additionally, inform them that, effective immediately, I'll be entering seclusion. All clan affairs will hereby be managed entirely by the Second Elder."

Xingyuan, although puzzled, still replied respectfully, "Understood, Xingyuan comprehends. Do you have any other orders, Elder?"

"No more. You may leave," the Elder waved him away, his expression unreadable and grim.

Xingyuan did as told, carefully closing the door behind him as he left.

The Elder sat alone inside the room, his face terribly grim, and the chess piece between his fingers instantly turned to dust.

He hadn't anticipated things would come to this.

Zheng Chuyi turned out not to be the reincarnation of the empress.

Mo Zhixuan, to his surprise, refused to return with Zheng Chuyi.

The Elder's eyes narrowed slightly, a sinister light flickering within. Even if Zheng Chuyi was not the reincarnation of the empress, she was still the sole possessor of the superpower World's Bloodline of Fire Bathing. She couldn't be allowed to be bullied by outsiders so casually.

Today was the night of extreme Yin—an auspicious night.

If Mo Zhixuan safely made it through the night of extreme Yin and chose to remain in the secular world, it would pose a threat to the Superpower World. Who knew if he would defect to one of the other realms in the future? After all, humans are fickle creatures.

If he were to align himself with any one of the other two realms, the Superpower World would have no choice but to bow down. His years of careful planning would all have been in vain.

To ensure his peace of mind, it was imperative to eliminate Mo Zhixuan while he was still vulnerable. If he could seize Mo Zhixuan's immortal heart during this opportunity, all the better.

It would also serve to avenge Zheng Chuyi.

Thinking of this, a smug smile appeared on the Elder's lips, somewhat chilling.

Mo Zhixuan, oh Mo Zhixuan, I gave you a chance.

Yet you failed to grasp it.

You renounce kingdoms and beauties alike, seeking your own death.

If that's the way it is, then don't blame me for being ruthless!

The Elder closed his eyes and then vanished into thin air.

The Ancient Martial Arts World.

The awakening of the empress had alarmed the Ancient Martial Arts World. Consequently, all influential figures within the sects convened together.

There was nothing more thrilling than the return of the empress.



"Master," a disciple stood up respectfully, "As you've seen, the sky showed omens; a phoenix dominates the world—surely it means the ancient empress has awakened. We can't continue to sit by idly! Please make a decision quickly."

"What Changcheng says makes sense," an elderly figure joined in, "Brother, the other two realms are not blind—they must have sensed that our lord has returned. If we remain idle at this moment, I fear we will become nothing more than vassals under the feet of the other two realms in the future."

Chapter 489:

All three realms wanted to struggle for supremacy.

Yet, they all lacked an opportunity.

No one wanted to become a trapped beast, no one wanted to bow down and submit.

Therefore, once these words were spoken, the crowd below burst into discussion immediately.

"We must take advantage of this opportunity to find the reincarnation of the Empress and bring her back to the Ancient Martial Arts World before anyone beats us to it. The Ancient Martial Arts World must not perish on our watch."

A conflict was inevitable!

The Underworld felt the same.

All three realms were eyeing that position, all scrambling for the reincarnation of the Empress.

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The moment Mo Zhixuan covered her, Chu Jin was stunned.

As she looked at Mo Zhixuan, she pushed against his shoulders and said somewhat helplessly, "What are you thinking, joking around at a time like this?"

"Do you think I'm joking?" Mo Zhixuan looked at her earnestly, "Hmm?" his tone rising slightly at the end.

His body was very cold, chilling to the bone. His thick, long lashes were covered with a layer of frost, white and seemingly about to fall off.

"Can you get up first and talk properly?" Chu Jin suddenly found it hard to meet his eyes.

But Mr. Mo leisurely watched her, his voice low, "Look at me."

Chu Jin pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Mo Zhixuan pinched her ear gently, "Becoming brave, aren't we? Who let you come here? Do you know how dangerous your situation is right now?"

"I don't know, how dangerous is it?" Chu Jin looked at him, retorting.

"Because I might at any moment..." At this point, he suddenly leaned closer, his thin lips near Chu Jin's ear, slowly whispering three words.

"Uncle Mo, can you please be serious?" Chu Jin pushed Mo Zhixuan away and sat up on the bed, earnestly looking up at him, "I came here to help you."

This was already the umpteenth nickname after 'Daddy Mo', which Mo Zhixuan was immune to by now.

"I am serious," Mo Zhixuan walked to the table, poured a cup of tea, and handed it to Chu Jin, "Hurry back. Rest assured, your husband won't let you become a widow."

In fact, Mo Zhixuan really wasn't joking.

On the night of extreme Yin, it was truly very dangerous. Inside his body lurked a severe Ancient Cold Poison, a poison from Ancient Times, which had now spread throughout his every vein, fused with his very blood and bones. The so-called curse was also due to this cold poison.

Previously, Zhang Linzi said that only a woman with the utmost Yin could contain the curse within his body, but it was just an attempt to fight poison with poison, transferring the cold poison into the body of the woman through some special methods.

A woman of utmost Yin, if lucky, could possibly melt away the cold poison.

Another solution was a person with the true Bloodline of Fire Bathing. Those of the Bloodline of Fire, associated with fire, could raise temperatures and melt ice.

In those days, Zheng Chuyi was the only one in the Superpower World with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, so naturally, she became Mo Zhixuan's fiancée.

Indeed, whether it was the woman of utmost Yin or the person with the Bloodline of Fire Bathing, neither could easily resolve the Ancient Cold Poison. There were great risks involved, and any slight misstep could lead to death.

This was also the real reason why Mo Zhixuan kept the truth from Chu Jin.

As a man, he could not gamble with her life.

However, if he could just get through tonight safely, he could in future live like a normal person and feel the warmth of the sun.

Furthermore, he could, in due course, be crowned king.

"I won't go," Chu Jin took the cup of water, looking at him seriously, "Since I'm here, I never planned to leave."

Mo Zhixuan sighed softly, "Be good, don't make me worry." His voice carried a bit of helplessness. What could he do when faced with such an obstinate person whom he could neither scold nor beat; he could only plead with good words.

At midnight, he would lose control and enter the most difficult moment of his life. At that time, Chu Jin, to him, would be like a natural furnace...

No matter what, he could not risk transferring the cold poison to her.

"Trust me, I'll be fine, please go back, okay?"

"I came here to help you, trust me, I can definitely resolve the poison inside you." Chu Jin looked up at him, her eyes filled with tiny, enticing stars of light. For a second, Mo Zhixuan was stunned.

"Do you know what you're saying?" Mo Zhixuan regained his senses, his tone steady.

"I do." Chu Jin watched him unwaveringly, her eyes filled with resolute determination, "I am willing to do this, and I also trust myself. Mo Zhixuan, please trust me, okay? Or do you not really consider me your fiancée? For such a big matter, you would rather inform Zheng Chuyi and not tell me?"

Chu Jin was still a bit upset about this matter.

Mo Zhixuan sighed, a deep darkness filling his phoenix eyes. After a moment, he let out a helpless smile, "Are you jealous?"

"No," Chu Jin's expression remained normal.

"Jin," Mo Zhixuan reached out to cradle her face, locking his gaze with hers, "Listen to me, things are not as simple as you think. Trust me, go back home. Don't get involved in this mess, I can take care of myself."

Chu Jin looked at him, blinked lightly, and said nothing.

From her expressive eyes, Mo Zhixuan already saw the answer.

"Do you know what the night of extreme Yin means?"

"I do, Mo Zhixuan, don't reject me, or you'll lose me forever."

Her voice was somewhat cold, devoid of any joking tone.

Mo Zhixuan's expression also turned cold in an instant.

Having lived again, Chu Jin never thought she would love someone so wholeheartedly.

The appearance of Mo Zhixuan disrupted her entire plan, making her life more than just about revenge.

"Since you've entered my life, don't talk of giving up so easily. Trust me, and trust yourself." Chu Jin then spoke, her voice gentle yet each word struck deep into the heart.

Mo Zhixuan closed his eyes briefly, then enveloped her in his arms, "Alright, I trust you."

Chu Jin pulled Mo Zhixuan deeper inside. The two of them, one at 1.65 meters and the other nearing 1.9 meters in height, formed the most adorable height difference with Chu Jin walking ahead and Mo Zhixuan following behind.

"Sit here, and I'll first unblock the meridians in your body," Chu Jin brought Mo Zhixuan to the round platform surrounded by the flowers of the other shore, the core of the Yin and Yang Bagua Array.

Upon hearing this, Mo Zhixuan crossed his legs and sat down while Chu Jin positioned herself behind him, her hands gathering spiritual power, channeling it into his body to concentrate the cold poison in one place.

Both were enveloped in the red hue of the flowers of the other shore, a fiery red expanse, making the handsome man and beautiful woman in this setting a feast for the eyes.

It wasn't of this world.

Soon, a pale red barrier enveloped them, as if completely isolating them from the world.

Time ticked away by the minute, by the second.

Beneath the surface, the two remained cross-legged at the core of the array, seemingly unchanged. Yet, upon closer inspection, one would notice Mo Zhixuan's complexion, now as white as paper, his forehead beading with sweat layer upon layer, as he fought against the cold poison within his body, enduring a pain unimaginable to others.

Above ground, everyone was ready, silently waiting for the onslaught of a hundred ghosts.

By now, the sky had turned completely dark, like a piece of black cloth, with strong winds howling and mournful wails incessant.

Ding-ling-ling—

Suddenly, a crisp sound of bells rang from a distance.

Getting closer and closer.

Then, there was the roaring of a great army, as if many people were running on the ground all at once, shaking the earth.

Qin Qingchen stood within the Qian Kun Formation, her ears twitching. She suddenly opened her eyes, "They're here, finally here. Everyone, be careful, defend the gate of life ruthlessly! Do not let a single ghost or specter through."

The same was happening in several other directions!

Everyone was on heightened alert, bracing themselves.

Whoosh—

In almost an instant, ghosts and wandering spirits from all over surged toward them, clawing and gnashing their teeth, emitting a frightful noise that made one's scalp tingle.

Although it was called a night parade of a hundred ghosts, this sight was anything but simple. The magnitude of the assault could be described as thousands upon thousands.

Most of these were the spirits of evildoers unable to reincarnate, forever wandering the mortal realm, filled with intense resentment, and now they were bolstered by the ghost qi of the extreme yin night.

They came on fiercely.

Qin Qingchen, wielding her whisk, activated an incantation, scattering the incoming lesser ghosts' souls, but even so, countless more charged and roared toward them.

Besides ghosts, there were evil cultivators.

"Charge, everyone! If we can break through the life gate of this formation, we can get in. Then, seize the Immortal Heart, divide it, and ascend to higher realms together," someone shouted.

This call inspired their spirits, and both the ghosts and evil cultivators spared no effort, desperately pressing inward.

They were all seeing red.

Ascension, ascension to higher realms.

At this moment, that was the only thought in their minds. Usually unable to see the light of day, they wouldn't miss such a golden opportunity.

As more ghosts and evil cultivators amassed, Qin Qingchen's complexion turned paler and paler. If this continued, she wouldn't last much longer.

"Master Qin, what should we do? We can't hold on much longer!"

"Just hold on a little longer, everyone keep holding on. We must believe that evil will never overcome good! We must defend the life gate!" At that moment, Qin Qingchen focused solely on defending the life gate, not wanting to disappoint the Empress.

Yes, she firmly believed that Chu Jin was the Empress.

"Alright! For Brother Jiu, brothers, we must hold our ground to the end!"

The situation on Tong Zhi's side was also dire. Armed with the suzaku fan, she carved out a path of blood one after another! Her face was devoid of color, yet despite this, she persisted, and Duanmu Zhe, fighting at her side, was relentless, slaying one ghost after another.

But it seemed as if these beings were endless, with one after another coming forth.

"By my blood, I summon the Vermilion Bird!" Tong Zhi bit her fingertip and traced a blood symbol in the air. She wasn't the Empress; she couldn't summon the Vermilion Bird by her mere presence.

Boom—



A red light flashed in the sky as a giant, fiery red bird emerged from the darkness, spewing hot fireballs. Wherever it went, the flames consumed everything in its path.

The smaller ghosts burned by the fire immediately "Scattered Like Ashes."

Zhou Xunian guarded the main gate where the strongest righteous energy traditionally resided. With door deities providing protection, not many ghosts dared to boldly rush through the main gate. Hence, compared to other areas, he had it relatively easy.

All he needed to do was protect the Septagram Array.

Madame Mo and Xiao Bai were also entangled with the ghosts at this moment.

Xiao Bai had transformed into a fierce tiger, its roar echoing. Gradually, the lesser ghosts no longer dared act so rashly, and their numbers began to dwindle. It seemed the situation was slowly improving.

Just then, the bell that had disappeared rang out again.

It was like the bell of doom.

The number of ghosts, which had been decreasing, suddenly surged in numbers once more.

"Hahaha—" A bizarre laughter suddenly echoed, overpowering the wails of ghosts and howls of wolves.

Upon hearing this, everyone instinctively looked up.

That glance revealed something alarming; the people who were originally defending their respective positions had suddenly appeared together in one place.

It was as if an invisible hand was pushing them.

Everyone was startled—

By then, it was too late. Countless lonely spirits and wandering ghosts flooded towards the Mo family mansion.

"Tonight, I shall slaughter the entire Mo family. Not a single soul from this place shall escape!"

Chapter 490:

"Tonight, I will slaughter the entire Mo family; not a single one of you here will escape!"

The resolute voice, carrying waves of hatred, spread through the air into everyone's ears.

This voice, all too familiar.

Upon hearing this, everyone glanced at each other, seeing shock in the other's eyes, and finally, they looked up ahead.

They saw that the swarm of lonely ghosts that had been rushing forth were now neatly lined up in two rows, emitting spine-chilling cries, a grand welcome from a hundred ghosts that was alarming to the heart.

Stepping out from between the rows of ghosts was a tall woman.

Dressed in a bright yellow robe, her hair tied up high, the black flower of death on her left temple was particularly eye-catching. If Zheng Chuyi in red was enchanting and playful, then Zheng Chuyi at this moment was completely demonized, oozing a ghostly qi that penetrated the soul.

"Zheng Chuyi?!" Tong Zhi recovered from her shock, staring incredulously at Zheng Chuyi.

Upon these words, everyone else was stunned; no one had expected the person to be Zheng Chuyi.

The Zheng Chuyi they saw now was the polar opposite of her usual self.

"Sister Chuyi? That's great, are you here to help us?" Mu Xianxian looked at Zheng Chuyi with elation in her eyes, full of smiles. Children admire beautiful things, and Zheng Chuyi's reputation in the Superpower World was indeed not bad, so all families with unmarried daughters regarded her as a role model.

Zheng Chuyi was that shining standout at the peak, her every move deeply influencing others.

"Look," Mu Xianxian turned to Zhou Xunian, "Sister Chuyi is so powerful, she's much stronger than that Chu-named woman inside!" With that, she started walking towards Zheng Chuyi but was quickly pulled back by Zhou Xunian's swift reaction.

Aside from Mu Xianxian, the others all had grave expressions.

No one was a fool; they had already seen the abnormalities in Zheng Chuyi.

Those in the Superpower World never dealt with chimei and wandering ghosts; Zheng Chuyi's ease in summoning a hundred ghosts suggested she had utterly fallen into the demonic way.

But no one could figure out why the foremost beauty of the Superpower World had turned out like this?

Could it be someone impersonating Zheng Chuyi, framing her?

Or perhaps someone was using this opportunity to sow discord between the Mo family and the Superpower World.

The minds of the crowd were diverse, their thoughts spinning.

"Why are you pulling me? Are you crazy?" Mu Xianxian struggled, dissatisfied with Zhou Xunian's restraint, "I'm going to join Sister Chuyi. Together, we'll save Ninth Brother and drive that Chu-surnamed woman away."

Mu Xianxian didn't like Chu Jin at all, feeling that Chu Jin had stolen everything that rightfully belonged to Zheng Chuyi.

Such a vain and greedy woman deserved to be scorned.

"Stop messing around!" Zhou Xunian's face was stern, more serious than ever as he said firmly, "Look closely, is that your Sister Chuyi?"

Zhou Xunian had never lost his temper with her before, always smiling and cheerful.

At that moment, Mu Xianxian dared not move; her face whitened with fear, her eyes reddening.

Looking up at Zheng Chuyi again, her face registered more shock. She had been too hasty and hadn't noticed that Sister Chuyi was now enveloped in a surge of ghostly and evil qi.

Indeed, this was not the Sister Chuyi she knew.

Mu Xianxian instinctively grasped Zhou Xunian's hand tightly, her voice tense, "Brother Zhou, I'm sorry."

Zheng Chuyi swept a cold glance over everyone, the corner of her mouth curling into a sinister smile, "If you know what's good for you, hand over Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin immediately. Out of respect for old times, I'll leave you a whole corpse! Otherwise, I'll make sure you have no place to be buried."

"Who, who, who are you?" A female friend of Zheng Chuyi's, who had always admired her, stepped forward with a panicked and incredulous expression, unable to understand how their idol could suddenly have changed like this.

"Who do you think you are to talk to me like that? Looking for death!" With a flick of her wrist, Zheng Chuyi unleashed a powerful blast of cold light from her sleeve, striking the woman squarely. She cried out in pain as her body, like a kite with its string snapped, spiraled several times in the air before plummeting rapidly toward the ground.

The blackened Zheng Chuyi, not only had her attire changed, but her combat power had also skyrocketed many levels. Ordinary people were no match for her.

"Sister Ying!" Mu Xianxian cried out, throwing caution to the wind as she leaped to catch Bai Ying. When Zheng Chuyi shot her a fierce glare, a powerful force instantly knocked Mu Xianxian to the ground.

"Puh" Both fell to the ground, spitting out mouthfuls of bright red blood.

"Ying'er!"

"Xianxian!"

Two anxious voices rang out in the air as Zhou Xunian and another young man quickly morphed into shadows and helped the two to safety among the crowd.

"Brother Zhou, she's definitely not Sister Chuyi. Sister Chuyi would never do this to me," Mu Xianxian said with a pale face, her thoughts not on her own injuries but on vindicating Zheng Chuyi at this critical moment.

"Yes, I believe in Xianxian, that definitely isn't Chuyi." The Zheng Chuyi they knew was beautiful, kindhearted, generous, dignified, and gentle. How could she possibly become what she was now? Since childhood she had grown up in the Superpower World, how could she ever say such harsh words as slaughtering the entire Mo family.

So, this person definitely isn't Zheng Chuyi!

"She is Zheng Chuyi! You two just don't want to admit the truth. If you don't believe it, once we catch her, everything will come to light!" Tong Zhi stated the facts expressionlessly. As she finished speaking, she raised her hand and drew a blood talisman in the air, "Vermilion Bird, come forth!"

A blaze of fire broke through the darkness! The Vermilion Bird transformed into a fierce sword blade and viciously hacked towards Zheng Chuyi!

Zheng Chuyi let out a cold laugh, gently lifted her left hand, and snatched a banner from the air, "With Qingjun here, Hundred Ghosts heed my command! Tonight, I shall dye Mo family with blood, exterminate them all!"

No sooner had she finished speaking than the orderly spirits all transformed into ferocious ghosts, charging at the crowd with bared fangs and brandished claws.

Woo woo—

The desolate and hoarse screams of ghosts encircled everyone's ears in an instant.

Ghosts of varying forms.

Some with mouths ejecting putrid, blood-red tongues; some carrying their own heads; some with bodies swarming with maggots emitting foul odors; and even some crawling out from underground... The scene was like that from a disaster movie, reminiscent of a zombie siege, causing extreme horror.

The faint-hearted would be scared to death at a single glance.

Swish, swish, swish—

Qin Qingchen, wielding a duster, continually lashed at the attacking ghosts. Whichever spirit the duster touched, it shattered, "Scattering Like Ashes".

Despite this, more ghosts kept emerging, one after another. Not only did their number not shrink, but it seemed to grow.

Their only target was to breach the Mo family compound and turn it into a slaughterhouse.

Realizing this was not working, Qin Qingchen, while fending off small ghosts, turned her head to Tong Zhi and said, "Mrs. Tong, to catch the thief, first catch the king; we must capture Zheng Chuyi first!"

"Alright!" Tong Zhi exchanged a glance with her, then leaped into the air, "Vermilion Bird, return!"

The Vermilion Bird, entangled with the ghosts, immediately turned into a streak of red light and flew back to Tong Zhi, turning back into the multicolored feather fan.

Tong Zhi, holding the multicolored feather fan, quickly struck towards Zheng Chuyi's fatal point.

Qin Qingchen also leaped into the air, swung her duster, and the tail of the duster instantly extended, wrapping around Zheng Chuyi's waist like the hand of the Grim Reaper from the depths of hell, binding her hands together.

At this moment, Zheng Chuyi was tightly bound by the duster, defenseless; however, the curve of her mouth was particularly sinister.

Now is the time!

Tong Zhi seized the moment, concentrating all her Spiritual Energy into the multicolored feather fan, merging with the divine power of the Vermilion Bird, transforming into a sharp long saber, and viciously slashed at Zheng Chuyi!

Yet, as Zheng Chuyi watched the saber smashing towards her, there wasn't a trace of fear in her eyes; instead, the smirk on her face deepened, mocking to the extreme.

"With such petty skills, you still want to fight me? Tong Zhi, Qin Qingchen, you think too highly of yourselves!"

She was Qingjun from the Ancient Times! The Qingjun who had fought and slain countless enemies alongside the sovereign; if it wasn't for the sovereign's betrayal, this famed empress of later generations wouldn't have come into play! Hearing this, Tong Zhi and Qin Qingchen exchanged looks, but before they could react,

Boom—

A deafening explosion occurred, and Zheng Chuyi shot into the sky. The duster that had bound her burst into fragments of fur, scattering all over, while the saber formed from Spiritual Energy shattered into pieces.

Tong Zhi and Qin Qingchen were both struck to the ground by the backlash of the Spiritual Energy, with different degrees of internal injuries, blood seeping from their mouths, hands covering their chests, their expressions full of pain.

At this point, their heart channels might already be shattered.

Too terrifying!

How could there be someone who could launch a counterattack in such a dire situation, defeating both Tong Zhi and Qin Qingchen at the same time!

At this moment, everyone who was fighting the ghosts unanimously looked up into the sky!

The protective Vermilion Bird, anxious, quickly transformed into a streak of red light, spitting out hot fireballs toward the sky, densely packed like raindrops, heading straight for Zheng Chuyi.

Bang, bang, bang—



Zheng Chuyi dodged one fireball after another, her sinister eyes suddenly shooting towards the Vermilion Bird.

"Ignorant beast! I see you are tired of living! Back in the day, if not for the Ten Great Beasts' mutiny, dealing with me would not have been possible with just a feeble sovereign! Today, I must snap your wings to ensure you can only crawl for the rest of your life, lowly as insects!"

As she spoke, Zheng Chuyi's features contorted ferociously, and she thrust her hands towards the direction of the Vermilion Bird, fearless of the fireballs. At this moment, her heart and eyes were filled only with the thought of revenge!

The powerful malevolence swept over with Zheng Chuyi's movement. In an instant, the earth shook and trembled, and people on the ground forcibly steadied themselves but gave the ghosts the upper hand. Numerous spirits surged towards the interior of the Mo family residence.

Fortunately, Qin Qingchen had previously ordered people to affix talisman paper to the doors. The ghosts couldn't enter immediately and could only hover outside, battering at the door. The talisman paper's Spiritual Power was limited, and with so many ghosts, it wouldn't last long.

Suddenly, a mournful cry sounded from the sky.

A fiery red bird plummeted rapidly, like a dilapidated kite.

With a thud.

The Vermilion Bird crashed to the ground, its bright blood staining the earth. The once radiant and vibrant feathers suddenly lost their luster, turning dull black, as its body shrank rapidly until it was the size of a sparrow.

Tong Zhi vomited a mouthful of blood from the depths of her heart in panic, "Vermilion Bird!"

"Vermilion Bird?" Zheng Chuyi's lips curled into a sarcastic and cold arc, "Where is your Vermilion Bird? That's nothing but a little sparrow. See, this is the fate of those who betray me!" With those words, she stepped on the back of Tong Zhi's hand, tiptoed, and ground down hard.

Tong Zhi was drenched in sweat in an instant, the pain was too much to bear! Fingers connected to the heart, and at this moment, her fingers had been broken inch by inch.

"Little Zhi!" The Mo family's old madam noticed the situation here and screamed out, charging at Zheng Chuyi with the dragon-headed cane.

Zheng Chuyi coldly glanced at her, "Old thing! Seeking death!" With a light wave of her hand, a transparent barrier instantly appeared in the air, repelling the old madam.

"Zheng Chuyi, just kill me," Tong Zhi suddenly looked up at her, preferring death to dishonor.

"Kill you? It won't be that easy," Zheng Chuyi looked down at her with a pitying gaze, increasing the pressure on her foot, "The real show is just beginning. I told you, I won't let you have a place to be buried!"

\*\*

The Mo family.

Below ground, the midnight hour had come, and Chu Jin was acutely aware of the drastic changes happening to Mo Zhixuan's whole body. An overwhelming chill emanated from him, making breathing difficult.

Even bending his fingers took a great deal of effort.

"Jin, while I can still control myself, you need to leave now!" Mo Zhixuan suddenly opened his eyes and pushed Chu Jin toward the platform below. At this moment, his pupils had turned to icy silver, as bright as the full moon, different from his stern appearance before, now with a hint of devilishness.

His skin was many times paler than usual, the cold poison within Mo Zhixuan was taking effect.

At this time, he still retained some of his rationality.

Warmth flowed from Chu Jin's body, melting away the deep layers of ice. This warmth was redemption, like sunlight in winter, and instinctively, he wanted to absorb more. Although the chill in his eyes intensified, he did not hesitate to push Chu Jin away.

At this moment, a single thought filled his mind.

She must live well.

Even if it meant sacrificing himself, she must live well.

"Calm down, don't be like this," Chu Jin put her hand on Mo Zhixuan's shoulder, looking at him with determined eyes, "Everyone is waiting for you to come back. Believe me, I can save you."

"Go now!" Mo Zhixuan spoke coldly, "Fool, this is my own tribulation. It has nothing to do with you. Leave quickly!"

"Mo Zhixuan! I am determined to save you, even at the cost of my own life, you have to live well for me!"

Chu Jin knew the meaning of the Extreme Yin Night, and she knew what Mo Zhixuan was fearing.

But without Mo Zhixuan, she would have died under that bullet long ago.

Without him that day, how could there be a her today?

So, she had no regrets.

What if she succeeded? It was just a mere Extreme Yin Night?

Time seemed to freeze in that moment.

....

Right then, Chu Jin suddenly opened her eyes, gathered Spiritual Power in her left hand and lightly touched his pulse. A visible wisp of ghostly light traveled along his veins, slowly moving to his chest and neck.

Chu Jin swallowed that ghostly light into her mouth and gulped it down quickly. Instantly, a piercing coldness! The temperature in her body was dropping rapidly, her skin pale as paper, yet her lips were a bewitchingly bright red.

The cold poison had been successfully expelled, Chu Jin breathed a sigh of relief. Looking at Mo Zhixuan with his eyes closed, a relaxed smile appeared on her lips, then she completely lost consciousness and collapsed to the ground.

Mr. Mo appeared to be sitting there, but in reality, he had long since passed out.

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The ground was still the scene of endless slaughter.

The crowd and the ghosts were entangled, both sides fighting furiously, with many already bloodstained.

Zheng Chuyi hung Tong Zhi, the old madam of the Mo family, and Qin Qingchen in the air, wielding a long whip. With every step, she lashed out.

Crack—

Skin split and flesh burst open, the sight was excruciating to watch.

However, the three people suspended in the air remained silent, their lips tightly pressed together, their faces covered in cold sweat.

The talisman paper stuck to the door had long since lost its Spiritual Power, and countless lonely ghosts swarmed forth. Wherever they passed, chaos ensued, and suddenly, corpses dressed in shrouds appeared in the air, blocking the small ghosts' path.

But the number of corpses was far fewer than that of the ghosts.

The crowd was steadily pushed back.

In terms of the situation, it appeared Zheng Chuyi and the ghosts had gained the upper hand.

Zheng Chuyi pointed her finger in the air, and in an instant, the three people hanging upside down crashed to the ground.

Bang, bang, bang.

The three of them had barely any life left in them. Now, their consciousness was still clear, but their bodies were tortured to the point of extreme exhaustion. The only thing they could feel was pain, an endless, surrounding ache.

There was not a single spot on their bodies that was intact.

"Auntie Mo! Auntie Tong! Master Qin!" Zhou Xunian clenched his fists, his face twisted in rage. He hated his own incompetence, that he couldn't do anything for the three of them. The feeling was worse than death.

"Auntie Mo!" Mu Xianxian was so frightened that her small face turned pale. She covered her mouth tightly and couldn't stop sobbing.

"Zheng Chuyi, do you have no humanity? That's Auntie Mo, the woman who raised you with her own hands! How could you repay kindness with evil? Do you have no humanity?" Zhou Xunian roared, his eyes red with rage.

Zheng Chuyi laughed softly, "They brought this on themselves. I've said it before, tonight, I will make the Mo family bleed a river. Zhou Xunian, don't be hasty. It's almost your turn." Saying so, she pulled out a net-like object from her pocket.

Mu Xianxian immediately stumbled several steps back, "No! No! You're lying, you're not Sister Chuyi, you're not! You are definitely not Sister Chuyi, my Sister Chuyi is not like this." Mu Xianxian hugged her head with both hands, unable to believe the truth.

It wasn't just Mu Xianxian who couldn't believe it, none of the others could accept that this ruthless woman before them was the same beauty they had once held in such high esteem.

Zheng Chuyi glanced over the crowd, the corners of her mouth curling into a sinister smile as she tossed the net-like object into the air.

The net grew larger in the air, emitting black qi.

"Tian Luo Earth Net! Capture!"

In an instant, the net trapped everyone inside the house, and, drained of Spiritual Power, they could only struggle helplessly within it.

"Hahaha." Zheng Chuyi let out a pleased laugh, then summoned the Hundred Ghosts Banner and issued a command, "All ghosts heed my order. Tonight, even if you must dig three feet into the ground, find Mo Zhixuan and Chu Jin for me! Tear them to shreds! Consume their flesh and blood! Ascend to the heavens!"

"Zheng Chuyi, release us!" Zhou Xunian tore at the net fiercely, his eyes bloodshot, his entire being consumed by fury.

Others took out knives and Magic Artifacts they carried with them, trying to cut through the net. But sadly, all efforts were futile.

This net was no ordinary object; how could it be easily destroyed?

Unless it met its true master.

Otherwise, aside from Zheng Chuyi, no weapon could cut through it!

Zheng Chuyi watched them coldly, her eyes filled with mockery. Now, she had nothing to fear.

She had become the master of fate.

Just then, the bright interior of the house suddenly filled with curling white smoke.

Faint and gentle, it was quite hazy.

It was as if something could walk out of the white smoke at any moment.

Zheng Chuyi also furrowed her brows and heightened her wariness. This was not part of her plan. Where did this white smoke come from?

Suddenly, amid the extreme despair of the crowd, a series of footsteps came from afar.

From ethereal to tangible.

One step, another step, each one landing on the very hearts of the crowd.

Zheng Chuyi looked around frantically, but aside from the footsteps that grew clearer and clearer, she could sense nothing else out of the ordinary.

"Who's there!" Zheng Chuyi surveyed her surroundings non-stop, "Come out! Stop playing tricks!"

She could feel that the newcomer meant no good.

But the only answer she got was the footsteps, becoming increasingly distinct.

"Come out at once!" Zheng Chuyi wielded a whip, lashing wildly in the air, "Who are you, exactly? Show yourself! What skill is there in playing tricks and pretending to be a god?"

Crack, crack, crack—